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The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

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SOCIETY AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

BY WILLIAM J. POTTER.

If the fundamental question of the relation of individual existence and of individual welfare to the aggregate power and well-being of society could be settled, with it some of the foremost problems of the day in social, political and ethical philosophy would find their solution. This fundamental question is behind the struggle that is going on between labor and capital. It is involved in the various theories of socialism, communism, anarchism, which are now claiming public attention. In political science, it is behind the problem whether government shall be protective, educational, paternal, or merely representative of such conditions and needs as are strictly common to all individual citizens. And in ethics the most perplexing problems are concerned, not with the relation of one individual to another, but with the relation between a single individual on one side and the whole aggregate of individuals, as represented by public opinion, custom, law, on the other side. Are there, then, any general principles bearing upon this central question of the relation of the individual to society which will help toward a solution of these specific problems?

It seems to me that there are such principles. And one of the first among them is that nature in this matter should be our teacher; not material nature merely, but nature in its broad meaning as including man as well as the physical universe—nature as covering the whole of that spinal world-plan by which, as science assures us, from the amorphous, chaotic mass of primitive matter, with whatever forces were inherent in it, there came successively all the various orders of being known to earth, on an ascending scale of organic capacity and function, until man was reached, with his commanding intellect, his moral sense, his creative purpose and will to be guided by reason and right.

And how has nature, or the power within or behind nature, wrought in this world-process? Not to go into details, it has worked by the method of differentiation; that is, by successive separations of the amorphous mass of primitive matter and the gradual production of specific and individual forms of existence, each still in some way dependent upon or related to the parent mass and its forces, but taking on organic vitality, functions and

power of its own. As this process of concentrating the forces of existence and life in specific forms has continued, the organism has become more complex and capable, its functions more various and effective, its power both more extensive and more exquisite. To make strong species and individuals as instrumentalities for continuing its energy and developing its life, appears to be nature's aim. And this is done through the instinct of self-preservation; or the natural impulse of every organic existence to maintain and hold its existence against all opposition. From this instinct have come the labor and struggle for food, the storing of food for future use, the efforts to defend life and strengthen its powers of resistance to disaster, the desire and acquisition of property, and the strife for property beyond any immediate need as representing enlarged means of living. Some of the developed phases of the instinct of self-preservation are common to all orders of animal life and some of them are peculiar to the human race. In short, it may be said that nature produces strong, capable, masterful individuals and races through the principal of *selfism*; or of each being put under necessity to care for its own existence, to maintain its own rights, to provide for its own sustenance and prosperity. Thus faculty is trained and skill and power acquired.

But this concentration of energy in individual faculty and power is clearly not nature's highest nor final achievement. This is means, not an end. So far, at least, as concerns the forms of life below man, it does not appear that the individual organism exists for its own sake, but for the sake of the species to which it belongs; and the species again, it may be, for the sake of some larger realm of life. Nature insists, by the necessary conditions of existence, that the individual shall make itself as strong and bring itself as near to perfection as possible; yet not for the sake of its own power and glory (for these soon pass away), but that it may transmit so much of added power and organic perfection to the common stock of the race of which it is a part. Nature's aim is higher, broader, richer life; better forms for retaining and maturing life; organisms in which intellectual emotion and skill shall attain mastery over brute force. Though the individual, therefore, is instinctively compelled to live and struggle for self-existence, yet the outcome of individual existence is by no means confined to the individual career and attainment, but it goes to

shape and modify the current of this unceasing tide of ascending, universal life.

What, then, is the application of this lesson from nature to the problem of the relation between individual man and human society? The lesson, in its first part, is plainly this: There can be no sound plans for the development of human society, no social-reform schemes, no settlements of disturbing social problems, which ignore and try to leave out of account this element of natural energy applied to individualistic ends; this instinct to seek, acquire and preserve the things that gratify individual life. The instinct may take a high form or it may take a low form. It may be degraded to the miser's passion, which merely clutches and hordes possessions without caring for their uses; or it may appear in the daily industry and economy of the mechanic, to the end that he may have a house of his own for his wife and children, and put within it the things that shall make it a home; or it may show itself in the sagacity and enterprise of the merchant or manufacturer, who easily makes a millionaire's fortune, while he organizes industries on a large scale and furnishes employment to a whole community. The impulse to individual acquisition and to secure a more advantageous position in the world may, of course, be nourished to excess and become an unjust and grasping passion; it may grow abnormal and become a disease; but in itself it has been such a fundamental condition of the world's evolution and progress, both in physical nature and in humanity, that I think that those persons who now propose to reorganize society without this factor should understand that their scheme not only revolutionizes human society to its foundations, but goes below humanity to antagonize the order of things in nature; and for success, therefore, their first measure should be to ask for a different plan of the universe than that under which mankind have come into being. Dangerous as is the impulse to individual acquisition when developed to excess, it is not so fatally dangerous as would be the organization of society without this impulse at all, if such a thing were possible. The former produces very serious evils, but evils which society as it advances may throw off. But the latter would produce stagnation and stop the wheels of all advance. With all its evils, the impulse to individual property, individual freedom, individual advantage, has been the main motive-power of the world's progress. It has been the nourisher of noble ambitions. Through it human faculty has been elicited, intellectual resources have been developed as would not otherwise have been possible, and character has been disciplined to self-control and to mastery of material forces. The time certainly has not yet come for omitting this factor from the motives of human activity.

But there is a second part to nature's lesson. The various schemes of social reorganization that are pro-

claimed have their cause in certain social evils which cry aloud for remedy. The ambitions and energies of individuals in enlarging the sphere of their own existence, though to so great an extent the motive-power of civilization, are constantly running to excess and driving on rough-shod over the weaker members of society. Hence, there are wrongs, injustices and cruelties; selfish and despotic assertion of power on the one side, unjust deprivations and slaveries on the other side. Yet here, too, nature may teach us and indicate the remedy. In the lower realm of life, while the individual is carefully trained as a concentrator and distributor of vital energy, the individual development, activity and aggrandizement are not the end. These, we have seen, are only instrumental. The end is the furthering and improving of the life of the species. The end, therefore, is not individual, but general, universal. The same law holds good for humanity, with the added force that it becomes for humanity a moral law. Individual human beings, through the instincts of self-preservation and self-aggrandizement, which are by nature especially strong in the earlier years of life, are made concentrators of those energies which keep the whole social organism in healthful activity and progress. Nature has put a tremendous force into these instincts and has thereby produced strong individual agents as effective centers of her power. But individual acquisition, pleasure, power, are not the end with man more than with the orders of life below him. The end is the common good, the general well-being. Every individual right maintained, every individual acquisition gained, every position of individual advantage secured, carries with it a corresponding obligation to society.

And here is where the law of ethics and the obligations of religion bear upon social problems. Man knows through his reason and conscience that there is a higher realm of life than that which is indicated in the natural impulse to seek individual property, pleasure and power. He knows the higher and larger objects which all individual acquisitions should be made to serve. He is gifted with the faculty to judge life by its mental, moral and affectional wealth. Though he sees that no statute-law can or ought to equalize all human beings in respect to faculties, acquisitions or influence, yet he recognizes that the law of justice should come to the aid of the weak and ill-conditioned against the encroachments of the strong and the excesses of self-interest, and that precisely in proportion as any person has been able to utilize the vital energies of the universe to his own profit and power, such person owes back to the universe a corresponding service of benefit. The special acquisition, whatever it be—wealth, sagacity, learning—is not his to use for his own selfish pleasure and increased advantage. It belongs to the great world-forces whence it came. Their aim is ever larger,

better, nobler life, and to the furtherance of that aim he is bound by the highest moral and religious obligation to give back his special talents with interest.

Nor let it be said that this is to apply a merely ideal ethics to evils that require the stern treatment of law and governmental authority. Statute-law should, indeed, be dictated by justice, and governmental authority must meantime keep the peace between clashing self-interests. Yet the appeal to moral law is no idle nor ineffective method for dealing with practical social evils. Again and again have classes and races of mankind been lifted to the enjoyment of their rights and liberties by the surely wrought effects of that appeal. These are the meliorations which mark the progress of the higher civilization, for which individual self-interest and enterprise only furnish the rough material.

THE NEED FOR FREE THOUGHT EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

How little the American people really understand the nature of true freedom is shown by the disrepute which attaches to the term *free-thinker*. The merest tyro in ethics knows that free thinking is the very first condition of all freedom; that without it no freedom of any kind is possible. The man, or body of men, that can enslave thought, that can dictate what others shall, and shall not, think and believe, has his gyves on the wrists, and his hand on the throat, of Freedom. Nay, more, he who would bind Freedom hand and foot, must put a stop to free thought. If thought be free, all else will soon be free; if thought be in bonds, all else will soon share its captivity. And this the oppressors of the earth have at all times known but too well; they know it but too well to-day. The greatest foe to human liberty at this hour, the greatest foe to our Republic and all that it means, is the Church, which combats and discredits freedom of thought.

Partially conscious of this, we have, in our political theory, drawn a sharp line between the State and the Church, declaring that the two have separate and independent functions. So far, this is well. But, so long as the Church is allowed to teach her doctrines, without being called upon to defend them at the bar of science, so long will she exercise a darkening and enslaving influence upon men, so long will she unfit men for being worthy citizens of a free Republic.

And yet, while the Church is so strongly entrenched in the affections, habits and prejudices of the people whom she has enslaved, we cannot hope to cite her before the bar of reason and compel her to show cause why she should not be treated as a spiritual charlatan. Indeed, so far has the tyrannical influence of the Church extended that even men who are ready enough to dis-

pute her claims have been bamboozled into thinking that it is bad taste to speak against them. Charlatanry has surely won its crowning victory, when it has stopped the mouth of honesty and surrounded itself with the halo of reverend sainthood.

But, though we cannot at present call upon the Church to substantiate her supernatural claim to direct and enthrall men's thoughts, we may do something to weaken her influence and to protect a portion, at least, of our people from her obscuring teachings.

It may, perhaps, be thought sufficient for this end, if young people are prudently kept away from those places where these teachings are to be heard, and if such teachings are excluded from the public schools; but this is, in reality, a mistake. If we will protect young people from ecclesiastical obscurantism, we must go farther than this and put something in the place of the Church's teachings. The truth is, these teachings are pretended solutions of questions that not only exist, but that force themselves upon every thoughtful man and claim his deepest attention. To put men off, as the Church does, with an authoritative answer, which is, indeed, no answer at all, is a piece of the most utter frivolity, an unsurpassable lesson in intellectual impiety and dishonesty—the source of all other dishonesty. The great questions with which the Church deals we must ourselves take up, bring them to the attention of young people and encourage these to exercise their deepest reflection on them. It is by no means necessary that we should offer complete answers to these questions, as the Church does; indeed, we cannot do so, without imitating the Church's impiety; but we can state the questions correctly and encourage persons to place themselves in an earnest, scientific attitude toward them. Only in this way can we rear a race of earnest men, bravely conscious of their own limitations and of the awful mystery that surrounds their lives.

I think the advocates of free thought have been far too remiss in this matter. They have not sufficiently guarded those whose education was in their hands from obscurantist influences, and they have not prepared any means for increasing, by a rational and scientific education, the number of intelligent and devoted free-thinkers. While every obscurantist sect, small or large, has its educational institutions, in which its soul-enslaving dogmas are taught and impressed with more or less tremendous sanctions, free-thinkers have not a single institution where pure science and the earnest scientific attitude with reference to all questions are inculcated; nay, they even permit institutions founded, like Girard College, for the furtherance of free thought, to fall into the hands of enslaved thinkers.

And, yet, it is perfectly evident that our battle for free thought against the powers of time-honored charlatanry will be in vain, until exercise in free thought is

made an essential part of education, until perfect piety of intellect is made the basis of morality. It is not enough to refrain from the Church's teachings and methods; we must replace them by other teachings and methods. Above all, we must have institutions where there is an atmosphere of free thought—a thing which is sadly lacking in our public schools and in many higher institutions of learning that do not professedly teach the Church's doctrines. Our attitude toward science in the highest things must not be merely negative to the Church's attitude, it must be positive. If we could only make it so, we should soon come to the conviction that our public education needs to be reformed from the very foundation—to be stripped of its mediævalism, its sentimentality, its formality, and placed upon a basis of science and of nature.

I shall never believe that the free-thinkers of the United States are really in earnest, until they begin to establish schools of their own for the diffusion of the principles and methods of free thought. Here we have much to learn from the Roman Catholic Church, whose members, while compelled to pay their share of the public school tax, nevertheless establish schools of their own, in order that their children may be reared in the teachings and atmosphere of their faith. If free-thinkers had half the earnestness of Roman Catholics, free thought would make more rapid progress than it does.

I hope a new impulse will be given to free thought and intellectual piety by THE OPEN COURT. If so, I wish to take advantage of that impulse to call the attention of free-thinkers to the need of a new education conducive to free thought. I wish to see whether, among the open-handed free-thinkers of our country, there be not one or two who would turn their liberality in the direction of an educational institution for the children of free-thinkers, and whether there be not earnest-minded teachers, weary of the trammels of orthodoxy and intellectual slavery, who would combine to establish an educational institution pledged to impart a scientifically-based education extending to all the faculties of body and soul. I am convinced that the results attained by a single such institution, managed by persons aware of the magnitude and importance of the enterprise, would be so striking that it would soon be imitated throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever there are men and women that have not bowed the knee to the Baal of authority and habit.

What is needed, to begin with, is an institution of higher education, a college or academy for young men and women who have arrived at that period of life when they begin to frame for themselves a theory of the universe and of life and to lay out their life plans. It is then that young people can best acquire that habit of earnestness and piety to truth which is the very

essence of free thinking. Who then will aid in raising that first bulwark of free thought—a free-thought college?

KATZENJAMMER.

BY W. D. GUNNING.

Katzenjammer is a German word which means "cat-sickness." Our neighbors on the Rhine express by this word a mood of mind or malady of body which results from night-life.

The cat, as every one knows, is addicted to the old vice of the feline race, nocturnal wanderings, leading often to noisy demonstrations on roof-poles. Domestication has not eradicated the old jungle-habit of the race.

If there is one lesson which nature teaches to all her children more clearly than any other it is that day is the time for action and night the time for sleep.

"Now came still ev'ning on and twilight gray
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad.
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch and these to
Their nests were slunk."

This is Milton's picture of nature in times when the world was paradise, that is, a garden of delight.

From the inwreathing of Orion's nebula will come the axial rotation of the planets to be born of that nebula. The oldest fact recorded in the history of a globe is its axial rotation. But when the stomach came nature was stronger in hunger than in the rotation which brought the alternation of day and night. Struggle to supply the need of the stomach drove many forms of life into night-work. The owl, the night-hawk, the whip-poor-will became nocturnal. All the felines became night-prowlers.

Nature, speaking one language to her children in light, spoke another language in heat. The sun with his shafts of light to waken the sleeper sent shafts of heat to drive him deeper into the shade. All tropical lands have been given over to Katzenjammer. Like the stillness and solitude of a polar night is the stillness of a tropic day. Like the noises of Bedlam are the screechings and howlings of a tropic night. Our own Arizona, in summer, is a scene of Katzenjammer. Neither insect nor scorpion nor rattlesnake will disturb you by day. The heat makes them nocturnal. As the cat, transplanted to other climes, retains something of the old equatorial cat, so does tropic man, transplanted, retain a tendency to night-life. I have observed in the colored men of the South a strong tendency to Katzenjammer. The pine woods of Florida are often vocal with their night melodies.

We have gone astray with the cat. Katzenjammer is an old disease and in one phase it has killed more human beings than all microbes, those shafts of unarmed Mars. I have sometimes thought that the best act recorded of any god was an act of father Zeus on

Olympus. Zeus was not permitted to rattle a thunder-bolt at a man without the consent of the synod of gods. He was not allowed to hurl a bolt without the consent of the Involuti, the solemn veiled gods. Once, from his throne on Olympus, he saw a man at the foot of the mountain in the most unnatural Katzenjammer. He sprang to his feet, seized the hottest bolt in the armory of Olympus, wrote on it *sus philco* and hurled it at the unnatural wretch. It struck and stuck and from that day the disease which spread among mortals has been known under the name which Zeus wrote on his thunder-bolt. The only crime which was flagrant enough to cut the red tape of heaven was that which gendered a contagious and hereditary scourge. That scourge has destroyed nations. The Katzenjammer of King David destroyed the autonomy of the Jews. The debased old King died of the disease gendered, according to Greek mythology, at the foot of Olympus. The bolt which Zeus threw, by a fiat of Olympus or Sinai or Meru, or any other god-throne, would stick in his posterity to the end of his line. Solomon came with the bolt which rotted the loins of his father, burning his blood. Rehoboam came, a copy of his father Solomon. Then came the cry "To your tents, O Israel," and the Jewish nation was rent in twain.

What a young fellow for Katzenjammer was Alcibiades! Politician and night-prowler he was. The Athenian dinner party was, like our own, an affair of the night and the bill of fare, like our own, was written in a foreign tongue. Unlike our own, it was not graced with the presence of woman. At the Athenian dinner party, Socrates, who, with all his virtues, was somewhat addicted to Katzenjammer, was a good symposiarchos, a *majister bibendi*. He is said to have played on musical instruments late at night and doubtless this was the real and sufficient cause of his taking off. But the best picture of Athenian night-life was Alcibiades prowling about the streets and entering, an unbidden guest, any house where he saw the lights and heard the night revel. His cat-sickness, Katzenjammer, wreaked itself in the cutting off of the tail of his dog. Katzenjammer was a large factor in the decline of Athens and the chief factor in the fall of Rome. What a Katzenjammer band was that of Cataline! What Katzenjammer was that of Nero, fiddling to the light of burning Rome!

Still greater was the Katzenjammer of Ahasuerus, written in Hebrew scripture. This great king, with his court and his satraps, was on a drunken revel one hundred and eighty days. It closed in a grand climax lasting a week. The government of Persia was gloriously drunk. The king sent messengers to Vashti, the queen, demanding that she present herself to his night revelers. She refused to go. Her language is not reported, but I think the letter she sent to her husband was in words like these :

MY DEAR HAS :

When you have had enough of this Katzenjammer and you and your ministers of state and satraps are sober and washed and your palace is fumigated it will give me pleasure to hold a reception with you. But you will excuse me from presenting myself as an exhibition to the caterwauling government of Persia and Medea.

Your most loving,

VASHI.

What was the sequel? - Vashti was dethroned and divorced, the Supreme Court of Persia deciding that such an example of insubordination must not stand as a "precedent" to other wives. The Supreme Court of Persia made a sort of Dred Scott decision. It ruled that a decent wife has no rights which a drunken husband is bound to respect. (Lawyers and judges who, time out of mind, have sought the highest wisdom in the remotest antiquity, may find this decision in Parmashata Reports, Volume 28th, Has vs. Vashi; decision rendered by Chief Justice Parshandatha; associate Justices, Daphlon, Aspasha and Hammedatha; no dissenting opinion. Our courts, reverend conservators of society, will find much in this decision to buttress their opinions on the woman question.)

Ahasuerus then married a Jewess whose name was Esther, and this Esther, with the crown of Vashti on her brow, instigated a bit of night-work on her own account. It began with the hanging of Haman and ended with the murder of seventy-five thousand men, women and "little ones." No; this was not quite the end. Ahasuerus called on the godly Esther and said (I give a free translation): "My dear, your wishes have been carried into execution. I cannot tell you exactly what has been done in other parts of the kingdom, but here in the royal palace alone are five hundred murdered men lying in their gore. You can dabble your hands in their blood if you wish. And now, my dear, my lamb, is there anything else I can do for you?" And Esther said: "Yes, let men hang. (This is literal.) Let the Jews do to-morrow as they have done to-day and let the ten sons of Haman be hanged." And Ahasuerus said: "Very well, my dove, it shall be done according to the sweetness of your will." It was done, and a modern pulpit, whose name is Talmage, preaches a sermon in praise of the noble Esther and reprobation of the "flashy" (his own word), the flashy Vashti.

This is rather a sickening sequel to a hundred and eighty nights of Katzenjammer. I am afraid that Will Shakespeare was addicted to a mild sort of Katzenjammer. Byron's life was filled with Katzenjammer and the vices incident to night-life. Byron died early of cat-sickness. And poor Burns, instead of going to bed early and honestly like his Cotter, went Katzenjammer like his Tam O'Shanter.

"Give me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms around my deary"

I am afraid the canny hour with his Anna was long drawn out.

"The Church and State may join to tell,
To do such things ye maun na,
The church and state may gang to hell,
And I'll gang to my Anna."

The Church and State were right and Burns went to his Anna—and his grave. How fares it with us? The army of night-toilers is increasing and night-revelers are multiplying. The world of business and fashion dines at six and goes Katzenjammer till the small hours of the morning. Our White House was given over during the last administration to social Katzenjammer—and the President is dead.

"Can these things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud?"

The struggle of the organic world is two-fold, for sunshine and for nutriment. What has sent the Sequoia of California spiring up into the heaven three hundred and fifty feet? Search for the sun. Environed by shrubs this tree itself would have been a shrub. But its neighbors are pines and cedars which rise to the height of two hundred feet, weaving a curtain of interlacing bows between the sun and the weeds below.

Plant your potato in a cellar and mark the pale and sickly hue of the vine which attempts to grow from it. Its disease is Katzenjammer, that is, night-sickness. Look at your pea-nut. Struggle against enemies in the air has driven this member of the pea family to develop its pod in the ground and the vegetal virtues which come from impact of light and actinic beams of the sun are wanting in this plebeian nut—which is no nut at all. Look at the mole and then at the bat. Their embryotic history shows that they were derived from a common ancestor. Struggle for life drove certain members of this family higher into the air and others into the ground. The sun-seeker gained in eye and brain. The earth-burrower lost its eyes and retained only brain enough to guide it through the ground. The bat lapsed when it fell into Katzenjammer, that is, night-prowling.

I do not know what was the health of the tiger and lion before they went into Katzenjammer. The dissecting knife of Gerard shows that now these nocturnal felines suffer much from consumption. I know not the flavor of the ancient pea before it became a pea-nut. I know that the topmost, sun-drinking peach has a richer flavor than the peach below. I know the character of the ancient orange which grew in the shaded recesses of the tree, for it survives in the wild orange. I know that the fruit grew luscious as the tree learned to push it out on the sun-lit periphery.

On the tree of life where now is our peripheral humanity? With less wisdom than the orange tree Igdrasil has been pushing its human fruit inward to the shade. We want a peripheral humanity, lit by beams of science and sweetened and mellowed by actinic rays of the sun of righteousness.

In these thoughts I am saying my words of welcome to a new-born journal which through long years to come may do noble work in winning men from spiritual Katzenjammer. Scratched and thorned your hands may often be in trying to reach the shaded, centripetal fruit on Igdrasil and bring it out to the periphery. Ancestral tendencies are against you, but they are not omnipotent. By pruning and enriching I have lifted the state of an orange tree, abolishing thorns and letting the sunlight in to dispel the infestations which in dark coverts were eating the tree's life. In hopeful moods I have thought that I may have wrought similar amelioration on men, here and there a man, causing thorns of bigotry to abort and sending shafts of light into the dark recesses of the mind where infestations of superstition were eating the soul's life.

Prune and fertilize; fertilize to fullness of life and healthful growth and the *vis viva* will prune. Let your shafts of light in on the dark coverts where superstitions do knot and gender.

In the *darkest* covert dwelt Yahweh, the god of Israel. No beam of light pierced the shekinah, the holy of holies, where Yahweh was enthroned. Even his throne on the firmament was pavilioned with darkness.

"He bowed the firmament and came down
With storm-clouds under his feet.
He rode on a thunder-cloud and flew
And shot forth on the wings of the wind.
He veiled himself in a mantle of darkness
And shrouded himself in dark waters and masses of cloud."

His shekinah to-day is the sunless recesses of the human mind. Let the shekinah of your temple be all ablaze with light! Couch not, shudder not, before the awful sanctities of darkness.

KING VOLTAIRE.

BY FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND.

The seventy years of preparation for the French Revolution can have no name so appropriate as the Reign of Voltaire. His literary influence began in 1718 and gradually became greater, especially during his last thirty years, than any other author has ever wielded consciously for so long. Luther's leadership was comparatively brief, and Goethe's had no such definite aim or triumphant success. No other thinker ever saw the great reform, which cost him a whole life in exile, finally become through his efforts universal and permanent in all civilized lands. Rightly does Lowell say that: "To him more than to any other man we owe it that we can now think and speak as we choose." He led Europe out of the persecutions and religious wars which had cursed mankind ever since the advent of Christianity. The tolerant and otherwise human measures of Frederic of Prussia and Catherine of Russia were avowedly accomplished under his direction; and so,

in reality, were the corresponding reforms in all Roman Catholic lands. Even the Pope acknowledged Voltaire's primacy and, when he playfully expressed a wish to get the ears of the grand inquisitor, sent him word that the inquisition no longer had either ears or eyes. The English sovereigns and archbishops openly favored his great work; as did the Swedish, Danish and Polish monarchs; so that he said: "I always manage to keep four kings in my hand." Goethe calls him the universal source of light; Condorcet declares that no one else ever had such an empire over men; and Rousseau confesses that from him came his own original inspiration. Among other contemporaries who owned Voltaire's supremacy were Chatham, Franklin, Turgot, Diderot, D'Alembert, Gibbon and Goldoni. No wonder that his out-of-the-way retreat was crowded with admiring visitors; or that his last visit to Paris was such an ovation, as was never received by any other author. It was all the more glorious because the nominal king did not dare to let him enter the palace or be honored with a public burial. Even the announcement of his death was forbidden, in a terror amply justified in 1791, when free France carried his ashes to the Pantheon, with such universal homage as few other dead men have ever received and none of them deserved so well.

His greatness as an author would be more apparent if the man had not been greater still, so great, in fact, as to devote himself, from first to last, to fighting one of the worst of evils, with a zeal which made him seek to give point and force, rather than luster or finish, to his works, and own that he had too much baggage to reach posterity. He wrote for his day; and it was dark and bloody enough to need every word. The wealth which he won in commerce was freely spent in finding readers. Among his most kingly words are these: "Those who say I sell my books are wretches, who try to think in order to live. I have lived only to think. No, I have never peddled my thoughts!" His use of more than a hundred fictitious names is not like an ideal king; but most of the actual ones have been only too ready to employ worse frauds. Very few have been so ready as he to take sides with the persecuted. His treatise on *Toleration*, which, according to Franklin, dealt bigotry so unexpected and heavy a blow as was almost fatal, was called out by a wrong which the government at first refused to right, and which his friends advised him to overlook. An aged Protestant, named Calas, was tortured to death at Toulouse, early in 1762, on the charge of having murdered his son, in order to prevent his conversion to the Catholic church, which had, in fact, so blighted the young man's career as to make him hang himself. All the property was confiscated, and the daughters of the family were imprisoned in convents in order to force them into apostasy. This outrage on Protestant girls had long been customary and had been

joined in by Fenelon. Another such victim, Elizabeth Sirven, had been scourged into insanity and had drowned herself soon after her release. Her father, mother and sisters escaped the fate of Calas by a flight which left them beggars and cost the life of an unborn child. Both families found a deliverer in Voltaire. It cost him 50,000 francs and three years of constant labor, including the writing of countless letters and the publication of seven pamphlets, to get the sentence of Calas revoked, the daughters released and the family provided for. To obtain justice for the Sirvens took ten years, though their trial had lasted but two hours. These iniquities were probably not the first of the kind; but we owe it to Voltaire that they were the last; just as his protests, when La Barre was beheaded, in 1766, with the approval of Louis XV., for some boyish ebullitions of irreverence, saved the history of France from being stained by any more such records. This time, however, the sentence was not annulled; nor was another of the young blasphemers, who had fled to Prussia, ever permitted to return. Indignation at these outrages and their apologists moved Voltaire to keep St. Bartholomew's day in anger and humiliation (while Toulouse and other cities made it a public jubilee), to sign letter after letter with that war-cry against the bloody church, "*Ecrasez L'Infame*," to write his sharpest books and to scatter them broadcast by every artifice. He was nearly seventy at the time of the execution of Calas, but before reaching eighty he published a hundred new books, mostly satires of the persecutors, or pathetic pictures of the sufferings of the victims, among whom Servetus was not forgotten. To this period belong some of his most impressive and original writings, those tales now fortunately accessible to English readers in Eckler's spirited version. And he then compiled, in part from matter already published, that stupendous arsenal of weapons against bigotry, the *Philosophic Dictionary*, of which a good translation was bequeathed us by Abner Kneeland. The main difficulty in giving any adequate idea of the merits of Voltaire's writings is that the keenness of his wit is dulled by handling. Perhaps this extract from a work of his not yet translated, nor likely to be, *Le Sottisier*, may give some hint of the pleasure which can be enjoyed by reading him in the original. A Jesuit was once asked, why so many fools were admitted into his order. "Oh, well," he answered, "we have to have some saints of our own." But Voltaire's best works were those commemorated in the inscription placed upon his sarcophagus, in the majestic ovation of 1791, "He avenged Calas, Sirven, La Barre."

With these names was recorded that of Montbailli, who was executed on a false charge of murdering his mother. His innocence was established, and his wife saved from perishing likewise, by Voltaire. One more name, at least, ought to have been placed beside these

four. General Lally had been beheaded in 1766 as a traitor, because he could not prevent the English from conquering India. For thirteen years he had an indefatigable champion, who called himself "The Don Quixote of the unfortunate," kept busy at it night and day, even when he was almost eighty, and signed his letters as "The Ghost of Voltaire." Finally, as he was on his death-bed, a message came, saying that Lally had been pronounced innocent. He ordered the good news to be written out in large hand and set up before his eyes, and then dictated his last letter to the son of the murdered soldier, saying that the dying man revived at hearing of this great act of justice and would die in peace. This we know he did, four days later, May 30, 1778. He had the more right to do so, as he might have thought, not only of the Sirvens and Calas, but of other Protestants rescued from the galleys where they had been sent for sheltering their ministers of girls made happy and honored mothers, instead of wretched nuns, of cottages built and marshes drained for poor peasants, of large sums loaned without interest, of debtors released from prisons, of servants assisted by the master they had robbed to escape the gallows and become honest men, of free schools, plantations of trees and great improvements in agriculture, of the reduction of taxation throughout an entire province, of the sale of grain at low prices during famine, of a colony of more than a hundred families of exiles furnished with comfortable homes and provided with the best of markets for their watches and other manufactures, of a hospitality which filled his house, not only with transient visitors from all parts of Europe, but with permanent dependents, so that Ferney has been called a Noah's Ark crowded with all the wild and tame beasts; of a boundless charity attested by a formal declaration of the village officials, that no one who dwelt there had ever asked relief in vain, and of a sunny gayety and courtesy which kept his home always bright. He delighted to say: "I have done a little good; it is my best work." He would have done much more if greater heed had been given to his entreaties, that war should be given up, all serfs emancipated, women kept no longer in subjection, all classes protected equally, commerce relieved from heavy tariffs, the clergy and nobility compelled to pay their share of the taxes, meat allowed to be sold and eaten in Lent, Paris supplied with water-works, the weights, measures and laws made uniform all over France, capital punishment restricted greatly, or else relinquished, trial by jury introduced, torture of prisoners and confiscation of property of criminals abolished, lawyers heard for the accused, witnesses examined publicly and prisons cleansed from the diseases then so deadly. "You have a right to say, 'The nations will pray that their kings may read me,'" writes an admiring monarch.

Voltaire was more of a reformer than a revolutionist. His earlier writings praise England as a political model; but in 1762 he published his opinion, that the best of all governments is a republic. His declarations, that all men are born free and equal, and that despotic and monarchical mean the same to all sensible men, were made before our Revolution, which he favored so warmly as to lament the reverses of the Continentals and strike a medal to Washington. A quarter of a century before the taking of the Bastille, he stirred up great excitement in Paris by predicting the French Revolution. Rightly did it honor him among its prophets. After it had failed for the time, his memory was still so mighty against Napoleon, that he did his utmost to blacken it.

It was love for liberty and humanity which led Voltaire to make war upon Christianity, then much less innocent of cruelty or tyranny than now. His main arguments are the persecutions which the Church was then carrying on, and the atrocious precepts and examples in the Old Testament, still too much in honor for the safety of morals. Ingersoll's indictment is not more complete or more witty than his; but Voltaire was much less shocked by the absurdities in the Bible than by the immoralities. He anticipated Colenso, and declared that, if he should see the sun stand still and the dead arise, he should exclaim: "Behold the evil principle undoing what the good has wrought!" But he objects to no miracle so sharply as to that of Ananias and Sapphira, which enabled the clergy to say: "Give me all thy property, or I will bring about thy death." He calls Paul the real founder of Christianity, but always speaks of Jesus with respect, saying: "He would have condemned our Christianity with horror," "I defend Jesus against you, in denying that he scourged the innocent buyers and sellers in the temple, or drowned the two thousand pigs and withered the fig-tree, which were the property of others." Among the texts against which he protests is: "Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." He pictures a fair Parisian reading this for the first time and throwing down the book. She is told that the author is St. Paul, but answers: "I don't care who he is: he is very impolite. My husband does not write to me in that way. Are we slaves? Nature does not tell us so." The sight of all these errors did not lead Voltaire to deny the necessity of religion; though to the question what he would put in place of Christianity, he answers: "What! A ferocious animal has sucked the blood of my neighbors; I tell you to get rid of it; and you ask me what is to be put in its place?" His own faith in God was proof against not only the sins of his worshipers, but the defects of his works, though the Lisbon earthquake made it necessary to suppose that there are limits to his

power. Voltaire was undoubtedly sincere in building the first church ever dedicated to God; and we may hope that there was something besides cowardice in his occasionally taking the consecrated wafer and expressing, on his death-bed, his hope to die in the Catholic religion and be pardoned by the Church. It would have been more manly, if not more kingly, for him to have adhered to the declaration made a few days earlier: "I die worshipping God, loving my friends, hating none of my enemies and detesting superstition."

He found much that deserves hatred in what was then called religion; and he pointed this out so plainly that he holds a place in history among the unbelievers. This makes it important to remember that he is one of the great philanthropists. It would be scarcely fair to say that he was a philanthropist, because he was an unbeliever. Voltaire was an unbeliever, because he was a philanthropist.

The real grandeur of his life cannot be realised without careful study of such biographers as Parton and Morley in English, Pompery, Bungener and Desnoiresterres in French, or last and best of all, the German Mahrenholtz. His irritability, vanity, duplicity and timidity are not to be denied; but they did not make him less of a king than Louis XV., who sinned much more deeply against the seventh commandment. All Voltaire's faults are unimportant in comparison with that broad and lofty philanthropy which he practised constantly, even toward those who wronged him, and which he often expressed thus: "The noblest privilege of humanity is the power of doing good." "I know of no really great men, except those who rendered great services to our race." "I am ashamed of having peace and plenty in my own house, when three-fourths of Europe suffers." "My health grows weaker day by day; and I must hasten to do good." "The more we think, the less unhappy men will be; you will see golden days; you will make them; this idea brightens the last of mine."

Descartes set about explaining the phenomena of the two worlds—the world of thought and the world of extension. But, in order to operate on a sufficiently solid basis, he let unwittingly slip in two more suppositions. He assumed in support of our thinking a permanent unitary substratum, calling it thinking *substance*. And dealing similarly with extension, which he believed to be the fundamental characteristic of the outer world, he assumed an extended *substance*.

These sundry distinctions form the leading principles or elements of his system. And it is an historical fact that most problems which have occupied modern philosophy have grown out of the attempt to unify the various existential presuppositions thus prominently brought to notice by Descartes. For genuine thinkers cannot rest satisfied until they believe they have discovered the veritable bond of union that holds together the divers facts of the universe. The multifarious phenomena of our varied world, how they come to form the one closely connected whole which we mentally realize, this precisely is the quest that from time immemorial has been the ruling passion of the philosophical mind.

The most stubborn of all difficulties in the way of unification arose at once from the impossibility of conceiving how the two substances of our known world—being evidently, as a matter of fact, in closest intercommunication—at all manage thus to influence each other. It is obviously quite incomprehensible how a material substance, with its space-occupying motions, can in any way affect or be affected by a spaceless mental entity possessing no parts to be moved and having no sort of community of nature.

This psychophysical riddle has ever since formed the central problem of philosophy and the most essential impediment to any kind of monistic view. In spite of all efforts at solution, it remains to this very day utterly unintelligible how the mere moving to and fro of brain-molecules can at all induce or cause the conscious state, with which we actually find it connected, or how our spaceless and, therefore, immovable volition is capable of imparting motion to our bodily members.

The Cartesians, in order to account for so utterly enigmatical an occurrence as the intercommunication of body and mind, felt compelled to assume what they called a *concursum divinum*, each time body acted on mind or mind on body. And with this introduction of miraculous intervention they here, at the start, relinquished for good the philosophical ambition of constructing a monistic world-conception.

The monistic task was, however, soon undertaken from another point of view. Descartes himself had expressed the idea, without working it out, that the two substances may possibly exist united in the divine being. Spinoza, through monotheistic and cabalistic associations probably already predisposed to Monism, devoted

MONISM IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY AND THE AGNOSTIC ATTITUDE OF MIND.

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part I.

Descartes opened what is generally called modern philosophy by pointing out, as immediately evident, only our own individual thinking. He then professed to discover, as innate part-content of such thinking, the certainty of the existence of a supreme being. And, as deception is altogether incompatible with divine perfection and holiness, he thought, moreover, that our unhesitating belief in the existence of an extended, outer universe must necessarily be grounded on its actual reality.

With the help of these three existential statements,

the best part of his beautifully contemplative life to the philosophical unification of the divers and disconnected principles of the Cartesian system. This he conceptually effected by imagining the supreme being to be itself an absolute, all-containing substance, of which thinking and extension are but two of an infinite number of other, to us, unknown attributes. The different bodily things he looked upon as so many divers modes of the infinite attribute of extension and the different souls or minds as so many special modes of the divinely-rooted attribute of thinking. And, harmonizing both spheres, he assumed, in eternal accordance, the order and connection of thought to be ever the same as the order and connection of things. The divine substance, with its attributes, is thus the *natura naturans*, the all-enfolding matrix and manifesting ground of the individual souls and extended things which constitute the *natura naturata* or that which assumes conscious and particular being through partial revelation of the all-comprehending and undivided potentiality of God.

This kind of Monism, based on our conception of substantiality, to which Spinoza gave most perfect and classical expression, a Monism identifying God and nature—*Deus sive natura*—has always irresistibly fascinated many of the greatest minds. And when we remember the pantheistic turn all religions are apt to take; when we consider, furthermore, what a central influence, through the Eleatic sages, the same monistic conception gained on the philosophical thought of antiquity; what vivifying inspiration during all the rigid lengths of the middle ages it has afforded to the religious contemplation of Christian mystics; how, in the rise of modern free thought, it nerved to sublime martyrdom the dauntless mind that first on our earth conceived the infinity of worlded space with one mighty pulse of quickening power throbbing through it all; what source of liberating enthusiasm and rapturous delight Spinozism, with its *Gott trunkheit*, then came to be to such men as Lessing, Goethe, Novalis, Schelling, and through them, to the whole civilized world; what honor has been done in our own days to that once so execrated name by representative thinkers of all nations and denominations; when we consider all this, we may rest assured that the Monism of Substantiality will not soon lose its magic spell over the brooding mind of man.

Yet, nevertheless, it is clear that within, as well as without, the divine substance the phenomena of thought and those of extension remain to our understanding totally unrelated to each other, so far, at least, as their actual intercommunication is concerned. This philosophical inclusion within one and the same absolute renders in no wise intelligible how the experienced interaction or correspondence is brought about. Indeed, Spinozistic Monism really rests on the erroneous identification of logical reason in the sphere of thought

with actual cause in the sphere of reality. Its principle of explanation is *ratio*, not *causa*. A logical reason, however, though definite concepts may consistently follow from it, is utterly impotent to produce any effective display whatever among the actual things of the extended universe. And this alone is sufficient reason why Spinozistic Monism cannot be a correct interpretation of our world.

To the orthodox world Spinoza's naturalistic pantheism seemed simply an impudent and offensive display of atheism. Yet, for all that, among the faithful themselves, the same monistic propensity labored through Father Malebranche's meditation to bring comprehensive unity into Descartes' distracting trilogy of God, Thought and Extension.

Had not Descartes when, while doubting everything, he began to cast about for immediately evident reality and truth, actually found the idea of an all-perfect God as the most certain of the contents of thought? And was it not this certainty of the existence of such a most real being that alone rendered sure the reality also of the extended world? It is quite clear that our perception of things is no effect or result of our own doing. It is clear, also, that extended things cannot of themselves affect in any way our thought; consequently, it is only through God that we perceive them. We have obviously no perception of things save in the world of thought. These things in the world of thought come to us through God. Therefore, we see all things in God and, "with St. Paul let us then believe"—so exclaims Malebranche—"that in him we live, and move, and have our being."

The reverend Father, entangled in these monistic thoughts, innocently believed he had saved his orthodoxy—which prescribes a personal creator separate from created things—by simply declaring that these things, besides being seen by us in God, have also an existence of their own external to God.

Many of our theologians, at present, partly or wholly imbued with the Monism of transcendental idealism or with that of substantiality, are laboring with all their might to reconcile the two utterly incompatible conceptions, the conception of personality, namely, with that of immanency. Persons, indiscernible, ever identical monadic existencies, can neither include *as part of themselves* other persons or things; nor can they be included as *integral part* by any kind of other substance or being. It is of the essence of personality to be rigorously autonomous. Leibnitz rightly said monads have no windows and he made them, consequently, evolve all their conscious states from within, every monad in utter isolation, only for itself. This compelled him to have recourse to miraculous intervention, in order to make the countless hosts of monads compose—in spite of their separateness—our one,

all-involving cosmos of interacting existents. Leibnitz who, with his keenly logical mind, had long dwelt on the subject, knew right well that the conception of an autonomous, spiritual entity excludes the possibility of its acting on other existents or its being acted upon by them. It is a fanciful illusion to indulge, as many do, in the notion that such a spiritual entity, by getting somehow a body, may become competent to act by means of it on other spiritual entities. The construction of such a body and the action upon it are precisely the riddles we desire, above all, to have solved. Monism is altogether incompatible with a world consisting of monads and it is time that this should be distinctly understood. Whoever adopts Monism of any kind has to drop indiscerptible personality for good. And whoever believes in spiritual personality, divine or human, can never consistently become a monist. Spiritual persons of an anthropomorphic constitution are, in truth, what Professor Hæckel so characteristically calls them, "gaseous vertebrates," a type of being so well known among us that our many spiritualistic fellow citizens find no difficulty whatever of visibly realizing any desired number of specimens.

Kant, like Descartes, formed a starting point and nucleus for various monistic speculations. For, though he had centralized the faculties of the understanding in the synthetical unity of apperception, an all-combining power emanating from the intelligible world, and constituting our intelligible Ego, he left within our mental constitution unconnected the different categories and the two forms of sense-presentation. He left also completely in the dark the way in which the things-in-themselves affect through our senses our general sensibility, though such affection was the only evidence he had of the existence of such things-in-themselves. Lastly, besides our world of experience within time and space, and besides the world of things-in-themselves inferred from sense-affection, he assumed also an intelligible world, the veritable home of the supreme intelligence and of our own innermost being. The nearest approach he himself ever made toward Monism consisted in the suggestion, that possibly the reality peripherically affecting our sensibility may be the same reality which centrally constitutes the intelligible world.

On the uncertainty of things-in-themselves, Fichte soon-constructed his Monism of the almighty Ego. As we cannot possibly know from experience through what kind of influence our perceptions arise, why may they not altogether originate through some intrinsic activity? Had not Kant shown that such an intrinsic activity, endowed with free causation, constitutes the moral kernel of our being. And, indeed, our productive imagination is quite equal to bring forth the world. Is not the world, representing spectacle displaying itself in dreams, undeniably the exclusive creation of that

intrinsic faculty? It stands to reason, then, that it is the originating act of the Ego itself that creates the world we know—the world which is thus, in fact, only the expression of the vivifying self-movement of productive thought. This view, not quite absolute yet, may be called the Monism of subjective idealism or of self-acting thought.

In the course of time moral considerations, which were really grandly predominant in Fichte, induced him theoretically to admit the existence of fellow creatures, that is, the existence of ever so many other world-creating Egos. And to explain how the productive imaginations of the sundry Egos are actually realizing, not each a different world, but only a different aspect of one and the same world; to solve this very ancient riddle, he simply assumed a unitary power present in them all and directing their thought in harmony with an all-comprehensive plan.

Such an amplification reduces, however, the monistic system virtually to a monadology, which we have seen can never become monistic.

THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

BY B. W. BALL.

In the present cosmopolitan condition of the civilized world the two hemispheres are such close neighbors that they are daily and hourly interchanging gossip. Henry Ward Beecher in his latest lecture dwells complacently on the contrast between Europe and this great continent of America in the fact that while Europe presents the aspect of a regular field of Mars and bristles with the bayonets of standing armies, this continental country is held in subjection by 15,000 soldiers all told. While this is a gratifying fact to us dwellers of the New World, we know very well that if this continent of North America was as populous as Europe and was occupied by a number of great nationalities speaking different languages and actuated by immemorial rivalries and hostile tendencies and traditions, to say nothing of differences of race and creed, it would, like Europe, doubtless present the spectacle of vast standing armies ready at a moment's warning to become belligerents. For why should not like causes and conditions produce like effects here as elsewhere? But fortunately for the peace of this hemisphere we are the only great nationality in it. We are America in fact and when the word America is used it is understood to mean the United States, which are a new-world community in their entire social and political organization. Our neighbors are not at all formidable in a military sense and all of them combined would be no match for us. Thus we are not under the necessity of living in an armed state.

We are wholly outside of the European group of nations, not more isolated from them physically by an intervening ocean than we are socially and politically by

our unprecedented institutions. Our relations with European states are almost wholly commercial, so that consuls are alone needed to take care of our foreign interests. It is true that there are American ministers resident at the various European courts, but they are rather gentlemen of leisure, seeing Europe at the expense of the federal treasury, than actual diplomatists. Such appointments are rather the rewards of political partisanship than serious ones meaning business. This great continent or America is even now largely a wilderness, wild nature being in the ascendant over most of its surface still. It probably does not contain a population of a hundred millions all told, while Europe territorially its inferior, contains certainly three or four hundred millions, more or less, of men of different races, languages and religions, ranging all the way from Englishmen and Frenchmen, in the northwest, to Slavs, Turks and Greeks, in the southeast. Man here is not yet a weed, as he is in crowded Europe. We are thus, by reason of our isolation and favorable environment and the continental roominess which our fifty or sixty millions of population enjoy, a pacific community attending to business and party politics principally. But if there were rival social systems here and race hostilities and if the old and the new stood face to face here as they do in Europe, we should probably exhibit a European belligerency and preparation for conflict. Our late civil war showed that we can throw ourselves into war as furiously as we do into business pursuits and money-making. Only a war here means necessarily a civil war, because we must fight each other when we fight for want of outside foemen worthy of our steel. Of course our little standing army is a mere frontier police. It does not hold anybody in subjection at all, except possibly a few Indians. An English writer who has recently been making the tour of this great continental country, says, in his account of it, partly in joke and partly in earnest, that "in a few generations the whole earth will be one big, dead-level America, as like as two peas from end to end, and dressed in the same stereotyped black coat and round felt hat, enjoying a single, uniform civilization." Doubtless the cosmopolitan civilization of to-day tends to uniformity social and political and to a uniformity of dress, language, ideas and modes. But the uniformity of European and American civilization never will take the form of a dull, unvarying Chinese stationariness presenting just the same unchanging aspect from century to century. It will be a uniformity of movement and progress attaining to ever new plans of elevation and amelioration. Our institutions being most in accord with reason and common sense are likely to become universal. De Tocqueville, over half a century ago, came hither to study the workings of popular government, because he saw that the Old World was moving in a democratic direction.

Europe, though the smallest of the continents, yet, by reason of the vastness of its sea-coast and its interpenetration by midland seas, is in all respects the most powerful. In fact, it has been and is the focus and radiating center of civilization. But its nationalities present this anomaly, that while their upper classes and intellectual circles are the very high water-mark of humanity, its lower orders or masses are left in a state of semi-barbarism, as we know in our large cities to our cost. For the stream of proletarian immigration from abroad begins to be a menace to popular government in our great centers of population. As I have said, Europe being the continent that dominates all the rest, until the European nations disarm, war will continue to be more or less the normal state of mankind, as Hobbes insisted that it was.

We are told that it is a period of the reign of force in Europe emphatically at the present time. Each of the great European powers is armed *cap-a-pie*, because the rest are. Germany, the foremost of the European group of nations since 1870, owes her leadership to the fact that she has been and is disciplined for war as no other nation is. In fact, the traditions of Prussia, the central state of the German Empire, are all martial. She was created by the sword of her great warrior-king, Frederick, who fought nearly all the continental nations for years single-handed to make his country the nation that she is. Germany is compelled by her position, political and geographical, both, flanked as she is on the one hand by France and on the other by Russia, to be armed to the teeth. Semi-barbaric Russia, with her vast population wielded by a single despot, whose whim is law, and with her traditional gravitation toward Constantinople, is a constant menace to all the states of western Europe. Since her humiliation in 1870, France has put herself in such a state of military preparedness as she was never in before, even in the palmy days of Napoleon I. She is impregably fortified on her northeastern frontier, where she suffered such ignominious defeat, so that a German army can only invade her a second time by way of Belgium. Her military force is counted by millions. Of the three military empires of Europe, Austria is the weakest and it is said that without the backing of Germany she would be no match for Russia, in case of a war with that power. But Bismarck is anxious to keep the peace with Russia, as long as there is a probability of another conflict with France. As for Great Britain, she does not pretend to be a land-power in the sense in which Germany, Russia and France are. Furthermore, she is not merely a European power but a sort of cosmopolitan empire, extending round the whole globe. She is never in readiness for war at short notice, as the great continental powers are, because "the silver streak" makes invasion of her difficult. But her vast wealth and unlimited mechanical

means of arming herself by sea and land are such as to make her an invincible adversary in the long run, when she is fairly in for a serious struggle. As for Italy, since her unification and the reduction of the Pope to the civil level of an ordinary subject, she must be classed with the great European powers. As for Spain, Denmark and Sweden, they are of as little military account as Belgium. Thus is the continent of Europe, near the close of this nineteenth century, an armed camp throughout or, in the language of Plutarch, "an orchestra of Mars," its chief nationalities relying solely upon a display of force to maintain their rank and prestige. When we take into account the current enginery and terrible instruments of destruction and havoc which are employed in the battles of the present day, the historic periods most noted for violence and bloodshed in the matter of warlike capability sink into insignificance when compared with the present.

Europe has everywhere a redundant population straitened for room and for means of subsistence. In view of this fact, it would seem that it would be wiser, as it certainly would be more humane, to expend the enormous sums which are necessary to support her standing armies in transporting her superfluous myriads to wilderness regions of the earth, to the fertile solitudes of the dark continent, for such a disposition of them would increase the area of civilization and a civilized occupancy. Of course, military discipline is not without its advantages. It is a promoter of manliness and of the spirit of order and subordination without which society would be disintegrated, as it is likely to be here if things go on as they are going now. Prussia, the foremost nation of Europe in the intelligence and high average of its population, has been under a strict military discipline from the days of the father of Frederick the Great down to the regime of Bismarck and Von Moltke.

A nation may be demoralized and debased by an excessive devotion to the sordid pursuits of peace, such as gambling in stocks, political log-rolling and a too eager chase after lucre. Thus far no nation has been recognized as great and formidable which has not been first-class in the matter of force, whether for purposes of aggression or defense. The lion and the eagle have been thus far the favorite emblems of national power and greatness. It was not the philosophy of Kant, or the poetry of Goethe and Scheller, or the science of Humboldt, which gave to Germany the leadership of the European group of nations and brought her suddenly to the front in continental politics, but the invincible legions and victories of Kaiser Wilhelm, Bismarck and Von Moltke won against Austria and France at Sadowa and Sedan. These exhibitions of martial power changed the opinion of the nations of both hemispheres at once in regard to Germany, whose people had been previously

regarded as impracticable dreamers. Now the German language has everywhere superseded the French as a necessary study by those who would obtain a liberal education.

It was Germany's display of overwhelming military power which called the world's attention to the fact of her intellectual supremacy. Generally the strongest nations are the foremost in every respect. When Greece could boast of an Alexander the Great, the conqueror of Asia, she could at the same time show one equally great in the intellectual order, viz.: his tutor, Aristotle.

The nations of Europe have not only been able to conquer, colonize and hold in subjection the outside world, with its barbaric continents and isles, but they have also produced the noblest poetry and reflective thought, while science and civilization, in its highest sense, are European. We are an outpost and projection of Europe toward the sunset, but greatly modified in figure and feature and intonation and inflection of voice by nearly three centuries of new-world inhabitancy. Thus have the most virile and martial of races and nations been also the most intellectual.

ETHNOLOGICAL STUDIES.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

One of most interesting books in the department of sociology that has recently appeared here is M. Elie Reclus's *Les Primitifs*. The author belongs to that distinguished French family, all of whose members seem to be devoted to some literary or scientific work. The best known of the Recluses is Elisée, the famous geographer and ardent socialist. Elie, whom I have just mentioned, is the elder brother of Elisée and, if he does not enjoy such a wide-spread reputation, is a man of no ordinary parts. Another brother, Onésime, has published books of travel, while a fourth, Armand, an engineer by profession, has associated his name with the Panama canal, about which enterprise he has printed several reports and pamphlets. A fifth brother, Paul, is one of the ablest Paris surgeons. The three sisters of these remarkable brothers have published translations, novels and scientific studies. A cousin, Mme. Pauline Kergomard, *née* Reclus, is an authority in France on the education of children and has written largely on pedagogic subjects. I do not know whether I have exhausted the list of the notable members of this famous family, but I have said enough to show you that it is worthy of Galton's attention. But, perhaps, the most interesting fact for us, at least in connection with the Recluses, is that all of them—I think there is no exception—are outspoken free-thinkers.

A friend gives me the following account of M. Elie Reclus's last volume, mentioned at the beginning of this letter: "The work," we are told, "is a study in

comparative ethnology, the first in a projected series, and is to be supplemented by another volume if this one is favorably received. The present studies are five in number, and one chosen in extremes of latitude, thus offering a diversity of customs and manners peculiarly interesting. One is astonished to find, in regions so remote from what we are pleased to call civilization, features of life so strikingly indicative of the social as well as the generic unity of the human family. The hyperborean amid his eternal snows and ices, dominated by a bleak monotonous nature, is as tenacious of his claim to manhood as is the most polished metropolitan. It is remarkable that these benighted races of the western hemisphere, commonly called Esquimaux, or eaters of raw flesh, invariably distinguish themselves from the rest of humanity by the name of *quoit*, which signifies man. M. Reclus divides them into two peoples—the oriental and the occidental, the Tadits of Greenland and the Tadits of Alaska. While his graphic pictures of their family and community life reveal to us a far from civilized state of existence, yet we are bound to recognize here and there striking resemblances to familiar institutions.

“Such discoveries rather detract from our boasted superiority and, from an evolutionary point of view, they are profoundly significant. They show us, as above remarked, the oneness of mankind and lead us to consider in a new light the complex fabric called modern civilization. A just pride in the gigantic achievements of the scientific world disposes us to exaggerate the merits of a society whose every institution, after all, is but a medieval heritage. Such books as M. Reclus’s are calculated to awaken healthful reflections on this point and to call attention to imperfections nearer home.

“But the crude, discordant side of primitive life is not all that is given in these studies. A chapter on the *Nairs*, or warrior nobility, on the coast of Malabar, reads like a romance. It is a people dominated by the feminine principle. Hereditary descent is on the side of the mother, the priestess of the household, whose prime minister is the eldest daughter, and in whose presence her sons never sit without invitation. Of this marvelous race, called prehistoric, but a fragment remains. They are hedged about by a new and unsympathetic civilization with which they refuse to mingle, preserving with singular tenacity their antique customs and a proud individuality that is the admiration of all who come in contact with them. A traveler, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, describes them as a splendid people. ‘The *Nairs* of the antique type,’ he says, ‘unite the martial boldness of the Spartan with the grace and gallantry of the middle age chevalier. Every *Nair* is a lord in his country, living upon his revenues or on a pension conferred by the king. They are the best formed, the most gracefully-

proportioned and the handsomest people that I have ever seen and they make the finest soldiers in the world.’ But they fight only with their equals. A *Nair* would consider himself utterly disgraced should he cross arms with an inferior race. The women also are spoken of as nobly proportioned and beautiful in face. They wear but little clothing and prefer, as has been shown, to leave their native shores rather than submit to be costumed according to the requirements of a ‘more refined civilization.’

“It is very interesting as well as instructive to follow M. Reclus through all the complexities of his many-sided studies. It may fairly be said that ‘truth is stranger than fiction.’ Few brains would be able to weave an imaginary picture that could rival these real ones. And when we consider how intimately all these distinct phases of society, however obscure, are linked in with the philosophy of the great whole, we cannot too highly appreciate the author’s effort to introduce these remote peoples to modern progressive thought as subjects of serious study. In this work we see the infantile beginnings, the gropings of blind instinct of races without industry, art or science, the victims of helpless ignorance. We also see the strange, grotesque perversions of human nature under such abnormal circumstances.

“Thoroughly versed in the historical and sociological sciences, M. Reclus has gone into this work with a view not only to amuse the curiosity of his readers, but to aid in laying the foundation of exactness in those sciences which are of primary importance to humanity at the present day, as they are the condition of constructive social progress. We hope soon to see the second of the series, which will certainly be greeted with interest.”

Paris, December.

APHORISMS FROM THE STUDY.

BY XENOS CLARK.

The most exasperating thing about a foolish man is that he never perceives his own folly.

By a man’s opinion of death you may learn what he has done in life.

The chief objection to puns is the company they commonly keep.

The same knowledge that teaches us to criticize compels us to forgive.

Poetry is the sunrise of the mind.

The love of life in those whose life is lovely is so strong that it even can lead them to think the dread of life in those whose life is dreadful a needless illusion.

The difficulty of attaining good ends measures their stability when achieved.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of *THE OPEN COURT* is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1887.

SALUTATORY.

A country like this, vast in extent, with resources undeveloped and with such a sparse population to the square mile, is not a country of a leisurely class of men devoted to purely intellectual pursuits, to the dissemination of ideas and the advancement of truth for its own sake. But absorbed as the people of this new country necessarily are in material, industrial interests, yet there are many who, in the intervals of business and exacting bread-and-butter pursuits, desire to keep themselves informed in regard to the best thought of the day. They know, in spite of the fact that professors and teachers of the old theologies still keep droning formulas and creeds which have ceased to live in the faith of reason, as though nothing had occurred to discredit them, that a radical change has come over the spirit of the world's dream; and although a people as prosperous as the American people must be more or less conservative in both religion and politics, whatever the established order

of things, temporal or spiritual, there is an increasing number who are hungry for ideas, for new truth, for the advanced thought of the time, who have ceased to believe in the traditions of the past, however hoary with years and authoritative they may be; who know that all the truths which enlighten mankind and advance civilization, are the acquisitions of experience and the revelations of reason, and that the canon of truth is by no means closed, but still open for ever new additions and amendments as the years roll away and the mind penetrates ever deeper the mystery of things.

Thus, while political and commercial journals with their news from all lands and their comments on current events reflecting the popular mind, and that portion of the press devoted to the old orthodoxies by whatever name they are called, are certain of a most liberal support, there is room, we trust, for a journal like *THE OPEN COURT*, which, recognizing an element of truth in all religious systems, will aim to distinguish between this and the errors with which the truth is encrusted and to give to rational religious thought a firm basis in science.

THE OPEN COURT will encourage freedom of thought untrammelled by the authority of any alleged book-revelations or traditional beliefs, afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion, by able thinkers, of all those great ethical, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is now demanded by the practical needs of the hour with an urgency hitherto unknown, treat all such questions according to the scientific method and in the light of the fullest knowledge and the best thought of the day, advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom in religion and exact justice for all, help substitute catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for theological dogmatism and humanitarianism for sectarianism, and, at the same time, emphasize the supreme importance of practical morality in all the relations of life and of making the well-being of the individual and of society the aim of all earnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominence will be given to the positive, affirmative side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter, with their fascination for many minds, which, as Lewis says, "the unequivocal failure of twenty centuries" has not sufficed to destroy, and the discussion of which is not without value, will by no means be wholly ignored.

THE OPEN COURT, while giving a fair hearing to representatives of the various schools and phases of thought, will be thoroughly independent editorially, asserting its own convictions with frankness and vigor. It will aim to be liberal in the broadest and best sense

and to merit the patronage of that large class of intelligent thinkers whom the creeds of the churches and the mere authority of names can no longer satisfy.

Bound by allegiance to no particular party or religious sect, this journal will sound a note of warning on occasion of any ecclesiastical encroachment upon American liberty, whether threatened by the powerful hierarchy whose head resides in Europe, where it is the undisguised enemy of popular freedom and popular education and whose assaults upon the free common school of America is as insidious as it is persistent, or by that restless pietism which aims to arrest liberal thought in its practical effect, by the revival of ecclesiastical laws in the professed interests of morality, and which, not satisfied with so much of the union of Church and State as still survives in this Republic, in existing anomalous statutes and established customs, is zealously working for additional legislation to secure the official recognition of theological dogmas by the National and State governments.

American liberty is by no means what it ought to be, even, so long as honest convictions anywhere within our bounds disqualify a man as a witness, or the property of ecclesiastical bodies is exempted from it just proportion of taxation, or theological teaching is included among the compulsory exercises of our public schools, or public money is appropriated for the endowment of sectarian institutions, or any class suffer legal disability of any kind on account of their religious opinions. While these evils remain, a journal devoted to equal and exact justice for all, irrespective of religious belief, cannot be without a mission.

THE OPEN COURT will aim to keep the banner of truth and reason waving above the distractions, party contentions, theological controversies and social and political crazes of the hour; to submit all opinions to the crucial test of reason and recall men from their aberrations to sanity and the pathway of truth.

To the American people, cosmopolitan in character and quick alike in opposition to wrong and sympathy with right, so far as they can recognize them, we confidently appeal, sure in the end of a favorable verdict from such a tribunal on the great questions which are to be tried in THE OPEN COURT.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has kindly sent us for publication in the next issue of THE OPEN COURT his paper on "Unitarianism and its Grandchildren." This remarkable production, by one of America's most radical thinkers and brilliant writers, has been read before several eastern societies, and it has made a marked impression; but it has never been printed, having been reserved at our request for the columns of this new journal, whose readers may expect in the essay a rare intellectual treat.

In an article printed in *The Index*, entitled "The Incomplete," Professor W. D. Gunning, referring to the Plateau experiment, observed that its "analogue is the material universe," and he added that "no thoughtful man can witness the Plateau experiment without feeling that his mind may be standing at the very threshold of creation." The Plateau experiment has often been applied to typify the genesis of the solar system. It may be tried by anyone who has a delicate touch. Put alcohol into water until the mixture will hold olive oil in suspension. Fill a glass globe with this fluid and pour into it olive oil. The oil will diffuse itself through the fluid which will hold it as the heavens hold a nebula. Take a stiff wire and bend it at one end into a crank by which you can rotate it. Let the other end be smooth enough to turn freely in a socket, which must rest firmly on the bottom of the glass globe. Insert on the middle of the wire a little disc, jagged on the rim. Place this wire in the globe and rotate it. For delicate experiment the rotation should be accomplished by clock-work.

* * *

Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in a remarkably thoughtful paper on "The Country Press in Ethics," read before the Illinois Press Association a few days ago at its annual convention, said:

In the words of the immortal Lincoln ours is a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." Hence the purity, strength and permanence of our form of government and its benign influence upon the great family of nations rests upon the morals of the masses. And in turn the moral sense of the masses is to a considerable and steadily increasing degree due to the ethics taught by the country press. The cause of this increasing influence of the press in ethics is neither remote nor obscure. With increasing intelligence among the people, morals steadily tend toward a non-theological basis. A scientific foundation for ethics is rapidly becoming an imperative necessity, without which a moral interregnum impends. A regulative system based on theological dogmas has ceased to regulate with any great force. Old theology is moribund and with its decay dies its regulating power. It no longer is master of the public conscience; its foundations, built on the superstitions and idiosyncrasies of visionaries and ambitious men have given way and under its crumbling walls the influence of its moral code is fast disappearing. In the place of the supernatural, people seek a code of natural ethics. This will not be found in the average preacher's study, but it should and will in good time be reached through the editorial sanctum.

* * *

Prof. Ernst Haeckel states his "Monistic thought" as follows:

Scientific materialism, which is identical with our Monism, affirms in reality no more than that everything in the world goes on naturally—that every effect has its cause and every cause its effect. It therefore assigns to causal law—that is, the law of a necessary connection between cause and effect—its place over the entire series of phenomena that can be known.

* * * * *

In order, then, to avoid in future the usual confusion of this utterly objectionable Moral Materialism with our Scientific Materialism, we think it necessary to call the latter either Monism or

Realism. The principle of this Monism is the same as what Kant terms "the principle of Mechanism" and of which he expressly asserts *that without it there can be no natural science at all*. This principle is quite inseparable from our Non-miraculous History of Creation and characterizes it as opposed to the teleological belief in the miracle of a Supernatural.—*The History of Creation, vol. 1, p. 37*.

Strictly, however, our "Monism" might as accurately or as inaccurately be called Spiritualism or Materialism. The real materialistic philosophy asserts that the vital phenomena of motion, like all other phenomena of motion, are effects or products of matter. The other, opposite extreme spiritualistic philosophy, asserts, on the contrary, that matter is the product of motive force and that all material forms are produced by free forces entirely independent of matter itself. Thus, according to the materialistic conception of the universe, matter or substance precedes motion or active force. According to the spiritualistic conception of the universe, on the contrary, active force or motion precedes matter. Both views are dualistic and we hold them both to be equally false. A contrast to both views is presented in the *Monistic* philosophy, which can as little believe in force without matter as in matter without force.—*The Evolution of Man, vol. 2, p. 456*.

Monism and Dualism—Unitary philosophy or Monism, is neither extremely materialistic nor extremely spiritualistic, but resembles rather a union and combination of these opposed principles, in that it conceives all nature as one whole and nowhere recognizes any but mechanical causes. Binary philosophy, on the other hand, or Dualism, regards nature and spirit, matter and force, inorganic and organic nature, as distinct and independent existences.—*Haeckel's Ibid, vol. 2, p. 461*.

With many the word Agnostic means simply one who neither affirms nor denies the existence of a personal, intelligent Deity; one who feels that the data he possesses are insufficient to warrant affirmation or denial in regard to the matter. To this class evidently belonged Mr. Darwin. In one of his letters published since his death, he wrote:

I am, indeed, asked to attach a certain amount of weight to the judgment of the large number of intelligent men who have implicitly believed in God, but here again I see what an insufficient kind of proof this is. The safest conclusion seems to be that the whole subject lies beyond the range of human understanding. And yet a man can do his duty.

In another letter (to John Fordyce) Mr. Darwin wrote:

Moreover, whether man deserves to be called a Theist depends upon the definition of the term, which is much too large a subject for a note. * * * I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, that an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind.

But of all the definitions and statements of Agnosticism, those of Prof. Huxley are, perhaps, the most important, for he brought the word into use. In 1884 he wrote:

Some twenty years ago, or thereabouts, I invented the word "Agnostic" to denote people who, like myself, confess themselves to be hopelessly ignorant concerning a variety of matters, about which metaphysicians and theologians, both orthodox and heterodox, dogmatize with the utmost confidence; and it has been a source of some amusement to me to watch the gradual acceptance of the term and its correlate, Agnosticism. * * * Thus it will be seen that I have a sort of patent right in "Agnostic." It is my

trade mark and I am entitled to say that I can state authentically what was originally meant by Agnosticism. Agnosticism is the essence of science, whether ancient or modern. It simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe. * * * I have no doubt that scientific criticism will prove destructive to the forms of supernaturalism which enter into the constitution of existing religions. On trial of any so-called miracle, the verdict of science is "not proven." But Agnosticism will not forget that existence, motion and law-abiding operation in nature are more stupendous miracles than any recounted by the mythologies and that there may be things, not only in the heavens and earth, but beyond the intelligible universe, which "are not dreamt of in our philosophy." The theological "gnosis" would have us believe that the world is a conjurer's house; the anti-theological "gnosis" talks as if it were a "dirt-pie" made by two blind children, Law and Force. Agnosticism simply says that we know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena.

Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his "Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought," refers to "Monistic solutions in which mind is looked upon as the property or manifestation of matter (Materialism); where matter is made the outcome of mind (Spiritualism), or, in the third place, when mind and matter are taken to be the opposite of one and the same mysterious reality (Monism proper)."

Haeckel wrote in 1884:

I believe that my Monistic convictions agree in all essential points with that natural philosophy which in England is represented as Agnosticism. * * * I also believe that the Monistic natural religion will slowly and gradually, but surely and steadily, supplant the supernatural ecclesiastical religions, at least in the consciousness of the educated classes.

G. H. Lewes wrote as follows:

It may be noted that Metaphysics, refusing to adopt the Methods of Science, has received the protection of Theology, but only such protection as is accorded to a vassal, and which is changed into hostility whenever their conclusions clash, or whenever argument threatens to disturb the secular slumber of dogma. Treated as a vassal by Theology, it is treated by Science as a visionary. Is there no escape from this equivocal position.

Says Prof. Huxley in *Lay Sermons*: "The improver of natural knowledge absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such. For him, scepticism is the highest of duties; blind faith the one unpardonable sin. And it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, the annihilation of the spirit of blind faith; and the most ardent votary of science holds his firmest convictions, not because the man he most venerates holds them, not because their verity is testified by portents and wonders, but because his experience teaches him that, whenever he chooses to bring these convictions in contact with their primary source, nature, whenever he thinks fit to test them by appealing to experiment and to observation, nature will confirm them. The man of science has learned to believe in justification; not by faith, but by verification."

THE BASIS OF ETHICS.

A PAPER (SOMEWHAT REVISED AND WITH A FEW ADDITIONS)
READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE
OF CHICAGO JANUARY 14, 1887.*

BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

*Fellow Members of the Society for Ethical Culture—
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

We are associated here as a society for ethical culture, so it behooves us above all to be clear and definite as to what is the basis of ethics or *what is good and bad*.

Let us now consider some examples of the use of the word "good." What is good for a clock? If it is protected from being broken; if it is kept well oiled; if it is so altered that it keeps more correct time—all this is called good for the clock, irrespective of any benefit the owner may have from it, but looking upon it exclusively as a mechanism. What is "good" in this case? It is the preservation of the clock from destruction, sudden or slow; it is an increase of that specific quality which is the special feature of the clock—that of keeping time.

What is good for the sparrow? I mean the sparrow tribe. If it has plenty to eat; if the weather is mild; if there are no birds of prey that may kill it; if there are no other animals that will eat the always limited amount of food upon which its existence depends; if the strength and intelligence of the sparrow tribe increase, so as to better endure the hardships of its struggle for life and a living; if it takes good care of its young so that they all reach maturity—what is the good in these cases for the sparrow tribe? It is its preservation from destruction; its growth; the strengthening of its powers of self-preservation; but, especially, the increase of its intelligence. To the sparrow tribe the various circumstances tending to its preservation are accompanied by sensations of pleasure; those tending to its destruction are generally, though not always, accompanied by pain. When we speak of what is good for the sparrow tribe, we think of pleasures and pains only as a secondary consideration.

What do we call good for men? In the first place all that we found to be good for the sparrow, with the same general conclusion: That good, for man, is his preservation or growth—bad, his destruction or decline.

What do we call good for our child? Firstly, we assume that whatever causes pleasure is also beneficial to it; that whatever causes pain, is in some way hurtful to it. We use here the words "beneficial to it." Does that not mean again "what preserves it and makes it grow?" We all agree, I think, that we call good for our child (without thinking of its pleasure or pain now

or later) that which makes it grow bodily and mentally. We deem good for it all that will make it equal to or greater than ourselves.

I find it necessary to give some explanations here which may at first appear to be outside of the scope of this discussion.*

What I think a conception to be: If a child sees an apple for the first time, the lens of the eye will throw a photograph of it on the retina, which photograph, as we now know, is fixed there for a short time, in a similar way as in a photographer's camera. From this photograph, through nerve-fibers, an analogue of the photograph is assumed to be brought to the gray matter of the child's brain, making a record there upon living, feeling matter; this has received the name photogram—in this case the photogram of an apple.

We may assume that at the same time the child first sees the apple it also tastes and smells and eats the same. Through the tongue and connecting nerves a record of its taste upon living, feeling matter is produced in the gray matter of the child's brain simultaneously with the photogram. So it is with the odor of the apple through the nose and the nerves connecting it with the gray matter of the brain; and so, also, living records of the several motions and sensations in eating the apple are simultaneously made on the child's brain. The gray matter of the brain lies on the surface thereof and is recognized as the seat of conceptions and ideas. It consists of hundreds of millions of brain cells, which again are little oblong globes of living protoplasm. The gray matter is underlaid by the white matter, which consists of innumerable nerve-fibers connecting the various parts of the gray matter in all directions between its parts and with the various organs of the body. The cells of the gray matter bearing the photogram or sight-record and those cells bearing the taste-record of the apple being in a conscious or active state with increased blood circulation at the same time, it suggests itself that the connecting white nerve-fibers are especially stimulated thereby to an increased blood circulation and growth. If later, of the photogram and taste-gram, the one is stimulated to consciousness by excitation through the eye or tongue, the other is stimulated to partial consciousness through the connecting white nerve-fibers without external excitation.

So if the child sees the apple again at another time, it is the living, feeling photogram of an apple resulting from its first sight, which is stimulated thereby and feels, or, as we say, becomes conscious of the apple. This photogram is the *ego*, for the instant; it has been asleep until the newly-formed photogram of the apple awakens it—that is, brings it into a state of consciousness.

*I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Messrs. Ernst Prussing, W. M. Salter, B. F. Underwood and my daughter Mary for assistance in giving my ideas literary form, the latter also for assistance in originally preparing the paper.

* I bring forward here, I believe, substantially the views of the great French psychological investigator, Th. Ribot.

For further explanation, let me state that instead of one photograph and one photogram being formed by the first sight of the apple, a very large number of similar photograms is formed. The apple must be presumed to be moving when the child sees it; the child changes its position when it looks at the apple. This explains more easily, too, how the photograms produced by the second sight of the apple find the photograms produced by the first sight.

The photogram of the apple will excite the memory or living record made by the taste of the apple. This will enter into partial consciousness without a new excitation coming through the tongue and in a similar way hundreds of other living records or memories will be partially excited indirectly. This combination of living records makes the conception of an apple.

An idea I deem to be a combination of conceptions and, therefore, to be embodied in the form of very complicated combinations of living, feeling organisms in our brains.

Now, what is good for ideas, or rather for the organisms, the forms of which are the ideas? It is their preservation, their gaining strength, their growth, the increase of their combinations with other idea-organisms and the increased control over them.

The organized whole or society of our living ideas constitutes our soul.

What has been stated as good for an idea is also good for their organized society, the soul, to wit: Preservation and evolution of its activities and sensations, especially their form.

Of the *reality* (that is the whole) we observe, *matter** is an abstraction; *energy* is an abstraction; *life* is an abstraction; *feeling* is an abstraction, and *form* is, to us, the most important abstraction.

The following has been given to me by our fellow member, Mr. Alexander S. Bradley, as Herbert Spencer's theory of the basis of ethics: "All conduct conceived of as good is such as must necessarily tend to happiness. You cannot imagine any conduct conceived as good which would tend to unhappiness. That is the ultimate standard of right and wrong, what conduces to the happiness of the human race in the true sense of the word." Upon my remark: "Then the good conduct of an individual may result in unhappiness to himself individually?" Mr. Bradley continued: "Proximate pleasures and pains are to be disregarded in consideration of remote results, in the same way as we take disagreeable medicine or have a leg amputated because we anticipate a greater amount of happiness as the result."

I answered him: "I will illustrate my idea of what is good by an example from the animal kingdom. A favorite dog of mine attacked a hen with a brood of chickens. The hen, although by far the weaker animal,

re-attacked the assailant and pursued it, risking even death or long misery from wounds as a consequence of her action, and bravely drove off the enemy. This act of the hen to protect her young, regardless of her own safety, we all, I think, call good."

Mr. Bradley replied: "I think your example does not conflict with the view of Spencer. The happiness that all beings feel in the love to their offspring has become a permanent quality of animal nature by inheritance and development. Acts conducive to the happiness of the offspring are acts conducive to the happiness of the parent. These acts are undertaken instinctively, impulsively, without thought of consequences, but they are more or less the acts tending to the happiness of individuals. The fear of proximate pain from the dog was overmastered by the impulse for acts conducive to the happiness of the hen tribe."

I said: "I think it is only the impulse of self-preservation—the hen viewing the young as part of herself."

Mr. Bradley: "Yes, but that instinct arose in the race from the experience of individual members that such acts produced a larger surplus of happiness than acts detrimental to self and offspring." (Here ends the dialogue.)

My opinion is that the self-sacrificing moral sense of the human mother for the protection of her child, as that of the hen for the protection of her chickens, is evolved by what Darwin calls "the survival of the fittest."

At first, in the hen tribe, an attack of a dog on the chickens would cause pain to the hen, and as a simple reflex action she would bite back, the same as she would if personally attacked. The idea of attachment to the chickens (which is a living organism in the brain) and simultaneous therewith that of her fighting talent (also such an organism) began to form, or if they already existed separately they combined. Their combination (in the white nerve-fibers) began to get stronger and a moral sense was formed, perhaps with certain members of the hen tribe in a higher degree than with others. As the hen tribe grew numerically stronger and the attacks of dogs were often repeated, such hens and their offspring survived in whom the above-mentioned organisms of ideas and their combination were most evolved. This process continued. In each hen the above-mentioned organisms of love and fighting talent and their combination was stimulated to growth by their use, so that they generally became stronger than the living organisms of the idea of fear. Moral sense became prominent in the society of idea-organisms. It preserved the tribe; and because of its power of preservation we call it "good."

Mr. Bradley has quoted Mr. Spencer as saying: "You cannot imagine any conduct conceived as good which would tend to unhappiness." My idea of this I

* I have this from my venerable friend, Professor K. Th. Bayrhammer.

will convey in an example. I think a physician may frequently be in the position of treating a critical patient so, that he will suffer pain up to his death for the purpose of attempting to save his life. Such life thereafter probably has an equal measure of happiness and unhappiness, so that the idea in saving it must be that ordinary human life itself is a great boon.

In revising this paper I introduce from Herbert Spencer's Data of Ethics the following:

"Among the best examples of absolutely right actions to be named, are those arising where the nature and the requirements have been molded to one another before social Evolution began. Consider the relation of a healthy mother to a healthy infant. Between the two there exists a mutual dependence which is a source of pleasure to both. In yielding its natural food to the child, the mother receives gratification, and to the child there comes the satisfaction of appetite—a satisfaction which accompanies furtherance of life, growth, and increasing enjoyment. Let the relation be suspended, and on both sides there is suffering. The mother experiences both bodily pain and mental pain; and the painful sensation borne by the child, brings as its results physical mischief and some damage to the emotional nature. Thus the act is one that is to both exclusively pleasurable, while abstention entails pain on both; and it is consequently of the kind we here call absolutely right."

Is not here the preservation of the human race, depending on such act, fundamental to the pleasure sensation?

In the education of children by their parents, which will be generally recognized as a moral proceeding, the society of ideas of the parents in respect to the later life of the child (which ideas are living organisms in their brains), are by their activity stimulated to growth, which growth is accompanied by pleasure sensations to them.

Experience of the parents in education will result in the formation of additional ideas, which will intimately unite with the society of ideas already in their brains. This also will bring with it, growth to the idea-organisms.

The sensations of pleasure of these idea-organisms are the pleasure in education; and as education is "good," are the pleasure in the "good." The action of this society of ideas ensures the preservation and the mental and physical advance of the family.

As by experience growing life is accompanied by pleasure sensations, that of civilized man (in his last evolved part, his brain) more so than that of the savage, and still more so than that of the animal; the thought of the further evolution of its form and its long continuance causes pleasure in us, that is, awakens in our brain the *memories* of pleasures actually experienced.

When deeming it the greatest good we can do for ourselves to work for immortality, which work is a pleasure in itself, we think of the pleasures (the rewards) it will bring us in the future, only as a second thought. If we think of such pleasures however, we may think of them as *further evolved from those we feel*.

A verse of a hymn (sung to a beautiful melody) to me and two comrades, about the age of fifteen, and which has been strongly refreshed in my memory, while studying this thought, describes them best. The verse is:

Was noch kein Auge sah,
Was noch kein Ohr vernahm,
Was je hienieden
Kein Menschenherz empfand:
Das hat Gott denen
Mit Huld beschieden,
Die bis ans Ende
Getren ihn lieben.

This course of thought has led us to the conviction that we cannot reach the basis of ethics without taking immortality into consideration. Examining Mr. Spencer's standpoint, that there must be a surplus of pleasure over pain to make life desirable, in the view, that ordinary healthy growing life is a pleasure in itself, we are also led to the thought, that the long lasting continuance of the most evolved form of human life, that is, immortality, is the important question in determining *what is good for man*.

If good be happiness only, then the higher degree, the more evolved form of happiness, is a greater good. But as all happiness has the factor of *time* as an essential element, its duration must be considered in determining its value. This consideration alone brings us to immortality, so that, whether we adhere to the happiness theory, or to the existence theory (meaning preservation and growth), if we will do good, do our duty, we must endeavor to learn about immortality all we possibly can. If some people are indifferent about this idea as far as they are personally concerned, they still should be concerned about it for the sake of their children and other relatives and friends, yes, and their people.

We owe this equally to our ancestors, going back to the first we can trace—those who lived millions of years before us. If *we* are here to-day, we owe it to our ancestors' long and successful work and struggle—to the always repeated self-sacrifice of mothers for their offspring. We owe it to them especially, to do our utmost, to preserve the greatest result of their work and struggle and suffering, the greatest result of evolution, namely, *the human soul*, and to help its further growth.

Think of the relation of a man to his own children. He can so educate them and provide for them that they may have as large a surplus of happiness in life as possible. This surplus may be reached at the expense of the duration of existence of his children or their offspring.

If I imagine a given territory occupied by two societies of equal strength in daily intercourse and intermingled with each other—one society believing that the surplus of happiness in life is the good, and the other that existence is the fundamental good—I feel certain that in the competition for existence, which is unavoidable, the former will gradually disappear from the scene, and the latter will eventually occupy the whole territory alone.

So I deem it of the greatest importance that we have as the leading member of the society of ideas, which is our soul,—as our *conscience* or leading *inner voice* (what it really is), this:

Preserve and evolve the human form of life, above all the human soul, regardless of pleasure or pain.

I think we all admit that so far the basis of ethics or the good has been a vague generalization of all generally accepted special cases of good. This offers an analogy to the "composite photograph" that Mr. Galton produces from many photographs, assumed to have something in common.

What we now call good, besides preservation, is that which we observe in nature and call *evolution*. To make a further definition, it is that process in nature, by which on our globe, from simple organisms, the plant, the animal, the savage man, the civilized man have been gradually developed, which process is now continuing, evolving the man of the future.*

Especially good I deem to be the evolution of form, through which thereafter, the same labor will produce a greater evolution than it did before.†

The process of evolution is an inherent, self-acting process. The continuance of evolution on our globe is the widest generalization of "good," at present, possible. So far we cannot do anything beyond our planet. Science gives us the conviction, however, that evolution is taking place throughout the universe—that God and the universe are one—are the *continuous ALL* of which man is a limited part and phenomenon.

When thinking of what is good or bad for man, of whom do we think? Honestly speaking, perhaps first of ourselves and, in this connection, not of our bodily but of our spiritual welfare. Though probably, in the first place, of our welfare in this life, still I am sure that nearly all of us are thinking in a vague manner of some kind of immortality, some kind of existence after death, as the thought naturally suggests itself that what is good in our present life will also be good for the future. I wish to lay great stress upon what I say here: This thought of a life after death is the most important feature of the "what is good for ourselves and those

who are dear to us" (even if we look upon immortality as a possibility only, not a probability) when we take the relative length of time of this life and that of the *beyond* into consideration.

What, then, is good for the beyond? I answer, whatever will make the beyond more certain to us and what will make us greater in the beyond. That is the real basis of ethics. I hear the protest: "But we do not and cannot know anything of the beyond." To this I must answer: That is an error; we can. Let us look first to a most simple living individual being, the *amœba*. It is a lump of protoplasm, which absorbs food and grows, then divides in two and makes two beings, like the parent being, only smaller at first; the latter absorb food, grow and divide again. There is no natural death among the *amœba*. Death can only result from want of food or forcible destruction. Immortality is the natural state.

And now let us look to man. Physiology shows us that our children are the continuance of our bodily existence, not of what we are to-day, but of what we were near the time they were born. Of what we were at that time, they are the continued existence, as much, if not more so, than we ourselves are to-day. The living, feeling so-called matter, which then lived and felt and thought in our form, has been replaced by other matter again and again. The form only is what has continued in us. In our children the form gradually developed; in us it commenced to decline.

A deeper insight into the nature of the soul is furnished by modern psychology; an erroneous conception of its individuality is destroyed, but its immortality is given back to us. The souls of posterity, it is shown, will be the further evolved souls of men of to-day—that is, the totality of the souls of the human beings of the future is evolved from the souls of the human beings of this day. Modern psychology has been called a psychology without a soul. This is a great error. Nothing but the bad, egoistical part of the soul-conception has been removed—that is, the permanent barrier between our soul and that of our fellow beings and also the permanent barrier between each of us and the great continuous *ALL*; the conviction is settled that we are but temporarily individualized parts thereof.

I have expressed, before, to the society my view, that it is a duty to hold firm to the conviction, that we can understand the nature of ethics. I will here quote from Goethe: "Man must hold firm to the belief that what appears incomprehensible to him is comprehensible, since otherwise he will not investigate." I will now say that I deem it of the utmost importance for us all, to convince ourselves, that the future of our souls, their preservation and evolution, lies in our posterity*; that

* This is substantially Herbert Spencer's definition of *evolution*.

† Prof. Ernst Mach points out that the nature of science is *labor-saving* in thinking.

*To impress this idea has been Gustav Freitag's life work.

is, however, only if we are good. Decline and annihilation, sooner or later, are the nature of the bad.

Preservation and evolution, then—that is immortality—of our soul, that is the true basis of ethics. What we value in us as our soul, what places us above the savage, is *form*. Gradually there has been evolved from the rude soul of our distant ancestors our soul of to-day—our present civilization—and we hope it will further evolve in our posterity.

Matter is indestructible, energy is indestructible, life is indestructible, though it can, apparently, be put to long rest, while form can be destroyed; but there is also no limit to its possible evolution. The capacity to evolve form again is indestructible, but to evolve the form of life which we name *the human soul*, that is the work and struggle of millions of years.

DISCUSSION OF MR. HEGELER'S ESSAY.

A stenographic report of the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Hegeler's essay is given below:

REMARKS BY MR. PRUSSING:

In the views which Mr. Hegeler has expressed of matter and form in general, I believe I coincide, if I have correctly understood his meaning. As he wished to give the basis of ethics, in accordance with his views of the existing world (and, of course, we can only speak of ethics if we limit our province to our earth). I understood him to say that the basis of our ethics is the growth and preservation of the soul of mankind—perhaps I do not use his very words—preservation and development of the soul of mankind. He calls that immortality of the soul. It may be granted that there is a reason for using that expression, just as well as any similar one, as long as we mean by it that the soul of mankind, what he in another term expresses to be our civilization, has the nature of the immortal, as it will exist as long as mankind will itself exist: provided that it cannot go beyond the existence of mankind in its abode on this globe. If this is the sense of his meaning, I coincide with him fully. I believe that actually our faith and our belief that mankind will exist forever, as far as we are concerned or our children, is a great spur for our action. Nobody who is kind at heart can do without this spur. And as this has been the experience with all nations that have tried to step forward in the course of civilization, it has formed itself into the belief or creed of the immortality of the soul. If this belief has, in religions, taken a different form from that which Mr. Hegeler has depicted to us, it was perhaps what we would call superstition; and we have had to struggle hard with the consequences of such superstition; perhaps, for that reason, it may be advisable at present to use different terms for this idea. If you speak to a Christian or to a Mohammedan of the immortality of the soul, he will mean the immortality of his own personal inward being, his soul, that of the individual. He will connect with that idea an eternal life somewhere else, in heaven we will say, not on this earth. As this belief, as I have said before, has caused great harm to the world, to mankind on earth, I mean—sometimes it has called forth good actions, but I believe the balance is loaded down by the great woe it has given rise to in this world—as this belief, I say, has brought more evil into this world than good, we should be very careful in using such terms. Immortality of the soul, in the sense which Mr. Hegeler has used it, means nothing more than

“the good of mankind as long as it may exist on this globe.” With the destruction of mankind there can be no immortality of the soul any more, and, therefore, translated into plain English so that everybody can understand it, it means: We must work, if we want to act ethically, for the good of mankind, for those that live with and come after us. Of course we cannot benefit those that have gone before us, those that are dead. They have benefited us, and all we can do regarding them is to honor ourselves by revering them in a grateful mind.

Now, the question is whether we can reconcile this idea of an ethical basis with the views that Mr. Hegeler has given us of the work of nature. If I understand him correctly, he says preservation and growth, or development, is in itself “the good” for the world, and whatever is good for the world is the basis of ethics.

I cannot concede that. I have found cases of development in the world which have not served the good of mankind. Development is not always a right development. Mere growth is not always growth in a right direction. Mr. Hegeler says the fittest will survive. Yes, so they will, but the fittest for survival are not always the good, are not always the best. I do not take it that mere force, mere strength, which is actually the cause of surviving, must naturally be good, ethical, virtuous. I have a different basis for my ethics, although I say that development is a part of that basis, but not all of it. I consider development the means for the attainment of the real end or intention (if I can use that expression, although it is, perhaps, not well chosen); but let us say for the present that it is the intention of mankind to develop. I know that development gives pleasure and that it generally conduces to the well-being of mankind; but not every development, not development in every direction, leads to that end. Suppose that you want to acquire the properties of beauty: You will do it by developing your body in such forms as will be considered by the majority of the opposite sex, or by your own sex, or your tribe, as beautiful; gymnastics are a means for it, dancing another, etc. Instead of developing his body now in a harmonious way, suppose some man goes on to develop it until he converts himself into an athlete. He will be highly developed, but the beauty will be gone. He may astonish you, he may frighten you. He may enact tool-hardy things which will be called almost barbarous. He is so highly developed that it overreaches all beauty. Is the development in this case actually of great value? I can find no other basis of ethics than this: *Good is that which tends to the best interests of mankind, what will make mankind the happier in the very best sense of the word.* Do not take it to mean that every individual must be happy. On the contrary, a man may sacrifice his personal happiness, yea, even his life, in order to enjoy that happiness which makes him an ethical person; but if he does it, if he sacrifices his life for the good of society, for the good of mankind, all other considerations conducing to his own happiness are of trifling worth to him. The idea that he does act for the good of mankind, for posterity or for the present, for mankind in general, elevates him above all merely personal considerations. This is his principle; to act it out, his highest happiness, his dignity, his honor, the worthiest object of his life. I base my ethics on this idea that we must, under all circumstances, seek the best interests of mankind, irrespective of our personal happiness, and that the means to that end are development of body and soul, continuous growth, in short, what we call education. The education, then, of our children should be such as to teach them what is good for mankind; that those measures which we should employ, in order to lead an ethical life, are what we style virtues. They are not the end of our acting. They are the means employed by us in the same way as the architect or the builder will employ his square to lay it to the column with which he wants to support the building. Just in the same way we should act squarely, we should act right and true, because it is the means of producing

the greatest happiness of all mankind. As long as we have that view and keep it in our mind, we will never act wrongly. As soon as we leave that out of our consideration, we will be apt to act in our own personal interest. We would probably act selfishly instead of for the general good. So, then, what we call right is the employment of such means as will be approved and commended by every reasonable being; but the end and object of our acting is and always should be: The greatest happiness of mankind in general.

REMARKS BY MR. STERN:

I find it at all times exceedingly difficult for me, as a layman, and I apprehend it is the feeling of the majority, not only to discuss but to picture to my mind such abstractions as those to which the essayist of the evening has been treating us. Like the inexperienced swimmer on the shore, I try to cling to a life-line to avoid getting into deep water.

Now, we will all admit that the basis of ethics, the true basis of ethics, is the seeking and furthering of the good. Of course the question comes in what is good? Good is not an absolute thing. It is relative. Then it is the best we know. The essayist of the evening has given us one of the starting points by which to judge of the good, experience. Survival is the result of the experience of the past and the general tenor of the essayist's remarks tended that way. I admit the efficacy of that, but the potent force in the advancement of ethical good is the imagination, without which there is no ethical progress. Without the imagination there is no true ethics. I think that the essayist appreciates and knows it, but he did not touch upon it. That is the life-line, and the only one that I know of, that will keep us safe in any of these abstract subjects. It is only by projecting ourselves by aid of the imagination into an advanced moral state that we can gradually bring ourselves and humanity up to it. I see no other way. Experience alone teaches us only of the past. It is imagination which represents progress in ethics. The form of immortality of the soul that was shown to us here is a sort of sublimated pantheism. I recognize in it nothing else. How can we imagine such a state; how can we picture to ourselves such a state by the mere photograph that has been imprinted upon our minds from actual experience? By imagination we are projected beyond ourselves into that which might be and which we can attempt to follow. Taken in that view, I think that the constant search for the right, for that which is good, which tends to the survival of the fittest and the bettering of our conditions, is true ethical progress. Upon all other matters I think the essayist has only done justice to his subject. I mean this not as a criticism, but simply to supplement a point that I think the gentleman did not fully explain, and one which assists me at all events in forming a connecting link between his various ideas and give them, to my mind, an appreciable life and intensity.

REMARKS BY B. F. UNDERWOOD:

My calling here this evening was accidental and your kind invitation extended to me to participate in this interesting discussion, although highly appreciated, is quite unexpected; and the few remarks I can now make will add nothing to the value of the discussion. The essayist, and the speakers who have followed him, have spoken best, I think, in what they have affirmed. Mr. Hegeler's statement of his own position was stronger and more satisfactory than his criticism of Spencer's ethics, the main truth of which is that the ultimate test of morality is happiness. An act is right or wrong, as it benefits or injures mankind, as it augments or diminishes the sum total of human happiness. If the transcendentalist speaks of the "categorical imperative," and declares that "I ought," is more authoritative than any considerations of utility; still, in order to know what we ought to do, we have to go to experience and learn what has been promotive

of happiness. The whole history of civilization, from the dawn to the present time, is a record of experiences which have educated us into our present moral conceptions and emotions.

If you say that a moral act often involves suffering to the individual who performs it, the reply is that society is an organism, so to speak, of which individuals are but so many units, and since the well being, and even the existence, of the individual members depend upon the existence and security of the collective body, its interests become of primary importance and must be guarded, even though individual members suffer. Whatever, therefore, promotes the highest social interests is pronounced right. This is public utility, the general good.

But we do not always stop to consider a vast train of circumstances that must follow a given act. A large part of our moral life is lived without calculation, without deliberation. We have in us the organized experience of countless generations who preceded us, and who, having through ages acted in accordance with moral rules and principles, slowly learned by experience, have transmitted to civilized men of to-day the results, as a legacy, in the form of moral intuition. The moral sense, as it is called, thus evolved from the multiplied experience of men, has become a part of our mental constitution and may be as sensitive to a moral bruise as tactile sense is to the prick of a pin. The lowest creatures have no sight, no hearing, no taste. Their whole structure serves the general purpose of performing, without division of labor, the simple functions of life. Slowly life, as it is developed, differentiates into several senses,—taste, hearing, seeing, etc., with corresponding organs. Similarly there has been evolved out of experiences of men who originally could have made no ethical distinctions, the lofty moral conceptions of to-day. The race has learned by experience courses of conduct which are promotive of its well-being and, at the same time, it has acquired a moral sense, which intuitively responds to the distinctions which we have learned to make. This is Spencer's position briefly, and of course very imperfectly, stated.

REMARKS BY MR. ZIMMERMAN:

This subject is one that seems ever to be young and ever to be fresh and promises never to be settled. As many different individuals as there are, as many different opinions of what is right and what is wrong. What is right and what is wrong? What is good and what is bad? Those four words comprise the whole foundation of ethics; but, as has been remarked by all the speakers, I think, preceding, right and wrong are relative things, not absolute. Suppose that you transplanted an Ethiopian from the deserts of Africa into our city and gave him full swing, presenting him with some of our fine buildings, and tell him that he will be much happier here than in the desert, running about without any clothing, without any decent food, without any of the other luxuries that we have, would he be happy? There would not be a thing that he could enjoy of these luxuries that you have and enjoy so abundantly. That which he was brought up to he would much rather have than what you have got. So with right and wrong. Where do they originate? That is the vital question. My answer is with the beginning of life right and wrong originate. The *amœba* which Mr. Hegeler referred to, one of the lowest forms of animal life, is nothing more or less apparently than a mass of gelatine or some substance like that; it breaks in two and the two creatures, the parent and its offspring, turn and attempt to devour each other. You look on with your natural sympathies; you see them struggling, contending one against the other, one to overcome the other. Now, when you look at that you say there is a sense of right and wrong developed there and you cannot avoid a feeling that there is something going on which is the germ of right and wrong. The one that is devouring the other feels that it is doing right; the other that it is being wronged and,

therefore, the sense of right and wrong begins there. You feel this same idea up to the highest development of animal life, but it is the same thing. All life is a contention, a fight, a struggle. The inferior must ever give way to the superior. The one that has to give way is always the one that is wronged. The one that is successful does not see it in that light at all. Right and wrong are relative, not absolute, things. So, therefore, what is good and bad, in the same way, is relative, not absolute. What is good to one is bad to the other invariably.

As our time is so limited, I have brought a number of notes, but I will only read you one, which expresses my ideas very closely. It is from a law book on criminal law, from a class of lawyers who are regarded perhaps with a little aversion by ethical people; but this is the expression which the author substantially gives. I have modified and abbreviated it somewhat.

"In all nations and countries the highway of human progress is paved with the bones of its weaklings, which are cemented together with their blood. The strong tread down and trample out the feeble and, by ending them, diminish the average weakness of the race, while the survivors from this ever-raging conflict are those who are strongest and who are thus strengthened in both body and mind can transmit their acquired vigor to succeeding generations until the acquired vigor falls under opposition, when a decay sets in until the strong again become weak and are themselves overthrown."

This is virtually a synopsis of the world. You saw the Roman Empire, its rise, its flourish and its fall; the Grecian, the Egyptian, the Peruvian, the Mexican, in fact all nations of past histories have gone through just this process and it is ever going on.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM OUR JERUSALEM CORRESPONDENT —A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW.

To the Editor:

JERUSALEM, January 28, 1887.

Since midnight of the 7th of January this city has, as you know, been the scene of the most tumultuous and maniacal excitement, it is safe to say, that has been known among human-kind since in Noah's time the fountains of the great deep were broken up and hurled in all-engulfing inundation upon the distracted sons and daughters of Belial. Immediately preceding that terrible hour Jerusalem seemed to give fair promise of remaining forever in the semi-unconscious condition which has been its lot during so many centuries. The spirit of slumber seemed to pervade the place no less during sunshine than after dark. The motley inhabitants walked through the narrow and crooked streets of the ancient city as if they were the bodies of the saints which once arose in their grave clothes and came forth from their sepulchers and appeared to many. Scarcely even could it be said that in the market-places—where the sleepiest Jew or American generally is aroused into a semblance of animation—was there any interest manifested in the things of this world. The contingent of pilgrims that is always to be found in the Holy City had dwindled to a handful and even they were not of the enthusiastic kind. Jerusalem was in danger of passing from sleepiness to coma. Upon this lethargic city, with its drowsy people, suddenly was sprung the most tremendous seismic cataclysm of history, accompanied by phenomena which make it in the eyes of many the chief event in the career of the globe. The daily papers have given you full accounts of that awful diapason of world-discord, that hideous outburst of hell-music which aroused the slumbering city at the ushering in of the 7th of January and which awakened a third of the children and delicate women only to send them into convulsions and speedy

but merciful death. They have told you that when the paralyzed survivors succeeded in making their way to the doors and windows of their houses they were met by the appalling spectacle of an ocean of phosphorescent flame which surrounded their city on all sides, rising in enormous billows of light up and up till it reached the zenith and casting a brilliant but unearthly radiance over all objects in heaven and on earth; that in the clear space in the center of this well of flame, in the remotest heavens suddenly appeared a figure of dazzling splendor, begirt with iridescent garments and wearing a chaplet of diamonds "each one of which (in the language of a Chicago reporter then stopping at Jaffa and who came up to Jerusalem the next day) was estimated by a Jewish diamond broker to be worth at least as much as the Koh-i-noor." Circling about in mid-air, and slowly descending, this figure was soon recognized by a Second Adventist tourist from America—Abijah Higgins by name—who happened to be out for a promenade along the Via Dolorosa by moonlight, to be none other than the long-looked-for Messiah. Terror had up to this moment sealed the lips of the dumbfounded populace; but upon Abijah's rushing frantically through the streets yelling, "It's my Lord," the word was passed from mouth to mouth and in a short time the most hideous possible hullabaloo and confusion arose. The heterogeneous character of the city's population gave rise to the most various ebullitions of feeling. The Christians were, of course, exultant. Although there were not many of them who had believed with any vital faith in the doctrine of millenarianism, there was a more than Pentecostal conversion among them, and they ran about the city wildly crying, "Hallelujah! He's come! He's come!" And to the shrinking Jew or incredulous Mohammedan whom they met would be addressed the triumphant cry, "Didn't we tell you so?" The Jews were divided in opinion as to the nature of the phenomenon. Some said it was Elijah come again; others, that it was Jehovah himself come to sweep their persecutors from the face of the earth; others said that they were sore afraid that it was the Christians' God; others were simply nonplused and said they should wait till daylight before giving up all hope. The Mohammedans were at first convinced that the Prophet had made his visible appearance again, in order to carry on a crusade against the Giaours who are pressing the Ottoman Empire so hard; but upon observing that the person was unaccompanied by female attendants, they lost hope and joined their howls of despair to the Jews' wails. The luminous figure meanwhile descended toward that part of the city in which the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is located and when it was about a thousand feet from the earth a stentorian voice split the air, seeming to penetrate every nook and corner of the city, saying, "At last! At last! I am come to claim mine own. Tremble, O ye Gentiles! The day of your reckoning is at hand. I am he ye call Jesus." And the figure sank gently to the earth and disappeared within the precincts of the Holy Church.

All this happened three weeks ago. Since that time, what a prodigious change has come over this once sleepy town! All the world over the news went flying that the Lord had reappeared in Jerusalem and the most unparalleled excitement has ensued. From every point on the globe where the knowledge of Christianity has penetrated expeditions have been crowding in upon us. Asiatics, Africans, Europeans and Americans have swept in by the thousand and those now here are only the advance guard of the mighty host upon the way. From thirty thousand people within the walls Jerusalem's population has already swelled to near a million, within and immediately without the gates. From all over the world the telegraph brings accounts of the organizing by pastors and Sunday-school superintendents of excursions to the Holy Land to see the Lord, and the latest report is that the great transatlantic steamship companies have, at a special meeting

of their stockholders, resolved to withdraw their vessels from the British and American trade and carry passengers direct to the Holy Land, via the Mediterranean, if the craze continues. The question how to feed this great multitude of strangers is already causing some anxiety. Only yesterday there was a report that an aged Millerite from Maine had been found wandering about the plains outside the Zion gate in a semi-demented condition from lack of food. To-day a delegation of the leading citizens and most prominent visitors of the place called on the Lord at his temporary headquarters in the Church, with the request that he take into consideration the question of the physical sustenance of the great army of pilgrims. Upon his saying that he thought they ought to be able to manage the commissary department for themselves if he took charge of the army on field days, I am told the committee suggested that he might feed the multitude as he did before in another place. I am told that his reply was to the effect that the times had changed, that it was no longer necessary to perform that kind of miracle, and that during his present sojourn on earth he should utilize natural forces as far as possible, making use of supernatural expedients only as a last resort and mainly in the interest of missionary work among the infidels and heathen, which work would take up a large share of his time and energy during the next thousand years.

Much of the foregoing information has been communicated to you through the daily press. But you will remember that almost the first manifesto which the Lord issued to the world since his descent—a manifesto promulgated through the Archangel Michael on the morning of the 9th and published in the New York daily papers of the 10th inst.—was to the effect that he would see no newspaper men; that he had heard they always made mistakes in reporting conversation and that he was preparing an announcement which, when completed, would be given to the press. As, however, he expressed in the same manifesto his willingness to see other professional men, provided they were duly respectful—he had always admired humility—and did not ask for personal favors, I concluded that I would risk a call, knowing as I did that I should probably find him at leisure, as the awe of his followers is so great that they are afraid of close association with him, preferring to see him afar off, when he takes his daily walk along the Via Dolorosa for exercise.

As I had at the time of calling no intention of reporting the interview, I consider this report to be in no sense a violation of good faith. Furthermore, when I called I announced that I had "come upon an errand."

Going toward the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at about half-past ten yesterday morning, I found the edifice surrounded by an immense crowd and was obliged to obtain the services of a guard before I could get near the entrance. Having finally reached the church, I delivered my card to a very important looking functionary who stood at the portal, and, having looked me over rather contemptuously, I suppose on account of my modest raiment, he at last opened the door and told me to pass within. A lackey dressed in gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments bade me follow him and led me past the various chapels of the place, in which the warring sects of Christendom had been accommodated by the lordly Mohammedan rulers, and on an extemporized dais in the center of the church I beheld a man of magnificent physique, of kingly bearing and of a stern but thoughtful countenance, who was engaged in writing upon a parchment. Unaccustomed to regal pomp and ceremony and having in mind the meek and lowly Jesus of old, I was about to go up to the personage, offer my hand and announce the object of my visit, when the functionary at my side commanded me to bow three times to the earth and say, "All hail, King of heaven and earth." This done, I was permitted to advance to a low seat in front of the king, where I sat down and waited his pleasure.

Looking up from his writing, presently, the Lord saw me and immediately opened conversation. His voice was strong and resonant; he spoke rapidly, without gesticulation, and in forcible but not euphuistic English, a slight imperfection in his pronunciation of the *th* indicating that English was not his native tongue.

"I perceive that you are an American," he said. "I am always glad to meet persons from your country, although the pleasure is one which I do not often experience, owing to the heterodox opinions of most of your countrymen."

"Yes, Sir," I said, "it is true that but few of us have credited the predictions of your reappearance, but I trust that the holy and useful lives that have been led by many of our great men may have enabled them to find grace in your eyes. There are Washington, and Jefferson, and Emerson, and Longfellow—"

"My humble friend," interrupted the Lord, "the names you mention are indeed familiar to me, but I do not remember meeting the gentlemen to whom you refer. You must certainly know that mere morality is not sufficient to admit a soul to the sacred presence. I said of old, and I repeat it now, 'Unless a man believe, he shall be damned.'"

"But," I interjected, "I thought the learned doctors had decided that you meant to prefix a syllable to that word and change the vowel and make it read 'condemned.'"

"What I said I said," was the reply, "and I have no patience with the sickly effeminacy which would seek to change that good old English word damn into *damn* in order to please the granny school in the Church. God is God in all tongues and damn is damn. What would be the use of a hell unless there were damnation?"

Receiving no reply, he continued:

"Did I not say, emphatically, that I would come again, in power and great glory in the clouds of heaven, and that 'this generation should not pass away until all these things should be fulfilled?' I never heard that the worthies you speak of believed this word."

"They could not believe it, Sir, because they could not reconcile it with the fact that that generation to which you spoke had passed away without the fulfillment of the prediction," I ventured to interpose.

"Facts have nothing to do with the virtue of belief," was the reply. "They should have believed in spite of facts. Indeed, that statement was made simply as a shibboleth by which to sort out the sheep from the goats. The design was that each generation must take that asseveration to refer to itself and believe and act accordingly. How many in each generation since the other time have had this faith? Very few. They are the sheep. Your fellow-countryman, William Miller, was one of the greatest of these sheep. He was worth a dozen strait-laced Washingtons or pantheistic Emersons and great is to be his reward. In a few weeks, when my arrangements are completed for the resurrection of the just, I shall raise him first and appoint him Grand High Herald of the Kingdom."

"Sir," I asked, "do you mean by 'the resurrection of the just' those of righteous and honorable lives who have been upon the earth in times past?"

"By no means," was the reply. "That is a common misunderstanding of the phrase. By it I mean *just* those who have in the past believed that *this* (their) generation was to behold the second advent. The resurrection of all merely good men might overpopulate the earth. But we can easily accommodate all who have believed, at any given time, in the immediate advent of the Son of Man, so called. If the number proves greater than I expect—I have not made any very careful calculations; I leave all arithmetical work to my servant Daniel—we can easily hitch another planet to the earth and establish an overflow meeting of the saints, as it were."

"My Lord," said I, "would you object to giving to a poor man a brief outline of what you propose to do while you are here? It is a subject of great importance to me and my future movements will be largely controlled by any information you may vouchsafe."

The lord looked at me searchingly. "You're not one of those newspaper men in disguise, are you?" he said. "You don't intend to sell this news?"

"I have no such intention at present," I said, guardedly.

"Well, my humble servant," continued his omnipotence, "I may say that the first thing I shall do after issuing my pronouncement will be to apply the torch to various portions of the habitable globe. This in order that the Scripture may be fulfilled. 'The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth, also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up.'"

"But, Most Worthy Master," I remonstrated, "that will surely subject you to the reproach of being called an Anarchist and will besides cause a great deal of suffering and great loss of ecclesiastical and other precious property."

"I can't help that," was the reply. "It is necessary that there should be a general house-cleaning in this old world and fire is a great purifier. And the fulfillment of prophecy cannot be stayed by considerations of individual convenience."

"Following the great conflagration will come the first resurrection. This process will probably occupy several days, on account of the great care which the Recording Angel must exercise in determining just who are to be raised and in bringing the work well up to date. It would be very embarrassing, you know, if one of my subordinates should resurrect a man whom I should subsequently discover must be reinterred. The next thing to be done will be the remodeling and rebuilding of Jerusalem. My present quarters in this church are very unsatisfactory and not at all of the kind to which I have been accustomed. I must say that I like more majesty and grandeur and extension about my habitation," and the Lord gazed discontentedly about at the somewhat contracted area and tawdry decorations of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. "You should see my official mansion in the City of God; no gilt work there—foundations and superstructure all of the genuine yellow metal, veneered with gems. I haven't time to mention all the particulars, but you can read all about the materials in Rev. xxi:18-21, for the palace is built to harmonize with the walls. I do not know but I shall bring the New Jerusalem down from home—perhaps it would be as easy as to try to make over this old nest of rookeries. But in some way I shall certainly establish quarters to which I shall not be ashamed to invite Pa and Parry."

"Next I propose to take in hand the infidels. I shall send out some of the resurrected Millerites and Chiliasts of all descriptions—men of gigantic intellects all of them—to convert the so-called scientists, and if they do not readily succumb to argument, I shall try other means of bringing them to their senses," and the Lord toyed significantly with an elaborately ornamented gold paper-knife, in the shape of a Turkish yataghan, which lay on his writing table. "Of late years these men have become very bold and I must give them a lesson. This is, indeed, the main reason for my advent at this time. A few years more and it would have been too late. There is one particularly blatant infidel in your country, one B—— I—— by name, who some years ago caused great travail of spirit to one of my most doughty lieutenants, T——*, of Brooklyn. I know all about it, for T—— gave us full particulars one morning in his prayer. I mean to have a personal interview with that fellow and if he doesn't come round very quickly, I—I'll have him bastinadoed."

*I suppress these names, not desiring to anticipate the Lord's work of warning or of reassurance.

"Most Potent Seignior," I here interjected, "there is at present in my country a controversy raging with respect to the future lot of the heathen who have not heard the 'glad tidings of great joy.' One party says that these heathen, inasmuch as they have not accepted the only Saviour, are doomed to hell. The other party says that as such heathen have not accepted Thee, because they never heard of Thee, it were unjust to punish them for their misfortune and that they will have a chance of knowing Thee in the future. What is the truth about this matter, O King?"

"About the heathen who are already dead," was the answer, "I cannot now speak. But those who are now alive and have not heard of me, will hear very shortly and with no uncertain sound. You remember the promise in the second Psalm, 'I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance: thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.' That doesn't look as though we were going to err on the side of pusillanimity, does it? I purpose sending out very soon an immense army of my retainers to conquer the heathen and bring them before my throne and they will soon cease their troubling. At any rate, I am determined they shall all be baptized. Any who demur will be broken with a rod of iron, as promised. And death will not come to end their sufferings. Everybody has got to live a thousand years. Oh, we shall all be very happy."

"But it will be a big job to convert all the heathen and the infidels," I ventured to remark.

"Not after I bind Satan," was the reply. "The Devil is at the bottom of most of the antagonism to Us. He received a dreadful scaring the other night and fled to the uttermost parts of hell when I came down, and as he is an exceedingly crafty and fleet-footed personage, I suppose it will be some time before my servants take him. But as soon as he is safely bound and tumbled into the pit, our work will be much simpler."

"If no one is to die for a thousand years," I observed, "and marrying and giving in marriage are to continue, how will the world contain the vast population that will come upon it, in addition to the large number who are to be resurrected?"

"The population will not increase so rapidly as you think, my unsophisticated friend. You remember my servant Isaiah said that in the millennium 'the child shall die an hundred years old; that is, the child shall cease to be a child and become a man at that age. Now, if parents find that their children are to be dependent on them for a hundred years instead of a dozen, will not there be a positive check to increase of population? Think of the misery of nursing a lad of sixty through an attack of the measles, or listening to the wailings of a girl of thirty-five in the agonies of teething! The birth-rate of the world will greatly diminish as a result of this wise provision."

"Then the Talmudian calculation that in the millennium each Israelite will have sixty thousand children, or as many as the total number of the Israelites who went out from Egypt, is incorrect?"

"Obviously."

"The Sibylline books declare that in the millennium there will be no more seas, no more winters, no more nights; that everlasting wells will run honey, milk and wine. Is this prophecy correct?"

"I do not think we can escape the obligation of drying up the sea. Rev. 21:1 says plainly, 'There shall be no more sea,' so we shall have to get rid of the ocean in some way. Probably we will turn it into fire at the time of the universal conflagration. But the other predictions were only the vagaries of a distempered intellect, as was also the prediction that during the millennium men would be, as before the fall, two hundred yards high."

"How, may I ask," said I, "do you reconcile the promise of your universal and triumphant reign during the millennium with

the statement in Revelation that at the end of the thousand years the nations of the earth shall, under the leadership of the liberated Satan, attack the saints in their stronghold?"

"Now, now, my good fellow," was the somewhat testy reply, "you mustn't ask me to explain the Apocalypse. There are limits to even omniscience. I doubt if the Holy Spirit himself, who dictated Revelation, could explain it. Now, I've got other things to do besides talking to you. I haven't been so busy in a million years. So I'll wish you good morning."

"But, Sir, the beasts in Rev—"

"Beast me no beast. Good-day. Raphael, show this person the way out. If I am so pestered with questions again I'll have to forbid the premises to these callers."

And taking up his pen, the Lord went on with his writing, not noticing the profound salaams with which I signaled my departure. I fear that I offended him by my last questions. This may prove very unfortunate to me. The ways of the East are dark, and in case you do not hear from me again, you may surmise that your correspondent has met the fate of those who incur the enmity of powerful eastern potentates. But if this letter reaches you and gets in type, and helps to dispel the prevalent illusions and wild reports concerning the Lord and his plans, I shall be content.

SPECIAL.

BOOK NOTICES.

TO THE POET-LAUREATE. *Louis Belrose, Jr.* Brentano's, Washington, D. C., 1887.

This spirited and musical poem, in the fascinating meter of *Locksley Hall*, is a defence of scientific thought against Lord Tennyson. Whatever doubt may exist about the meaning of *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* ought to disappear after a careful perusal of the longer and much poorer poem published with it. The whole volume is meant to discredit liberal views of science and politics, by making them appear hostile to morality, and Mr. Belrose is entitled to the thanks of the friends of intellectual liberty and popular government for his defence of scientific thought.

EIN LEBEN IN LIEDERN, GEDICHTE EINES HEIMATHLOSEN. Milwaukee, Wis. Freidenker Publishing Co.

This little volume of poems contains, as its title suggests, the portrayal of a life in song. The author is an evolutionist and his work has, in addition to its poetic merit, a scientific interest. He acquaints us with the various stages of his intellectual development and religious growth, the rise of his hopes and fears, his early faith, his first doubts, his despair in feeling the basis of his religious belief crumbling away and, at last, his satisfaction and joy as he grew into broader thought and attained to higher ideals of life and duty. The love songs abound in fine sentiment and show a refined taste and love of nature. The ideas are elevated and the language simple and elegant.

THE SUNDAY LAW OF MASSACHUSETTS. What it is as construed and interpreted by the Supreme Judicial Court. How it is observed and non-observed and what had better be done in relation thereto. *By a Member of the Massachusetts Bar.* Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, 1887.

This little pamphlet gives not only all the statutes in full, which cannot be found together elsewhere, but also an accurate and impartial summary of the decisions, some of which have great effect, for instance, in destroying the value of notes and pre-

venting prosecution for fraud. Due attention is called to the fact that the Sabbath is openly broken with impunity by railroads and other corporations, the community appearing to be in favor of the law but against its enforcement. To get rid of the demoralizing effects of laws which people are not expected to obey, it is urged that the Sunday statutes be reduced in Massachusetts, as they have been in other States, sufficiently to make it possible to carry them out. The plan in the pamphlet is to forbid all labor not needed to secure "reasonable personal comfort" or rescue of property "from actual waste," and make proper allowance for travel as well as for "recreation, social intercourse or whatsoever other pastimes be of good report." These recommendations will have all the more effect from the scholarly and dispassionate tone in which they are offered. But it should be remembered, that what needs most to be reformed, not only in New England but even in Chicago, is public opinion, which at present looks at Sunday amusements with a cowardly asceticism worthy of St. Simon Stylites.

MIND, the English quarterly review for January, contains very interesting essays in philosophical and psychological research, the first of which is on "The Perception of Space," by Prof. Wm. James, which he discusses in a matter-of-fact way with great penetration in his quaint and original style. Prof. H. Sedgwick treats of "Idiopsychological Ethics," in reply to the views of Dr. Martineau. James Ward continues his papers on "Psychological Principles." Under the general head of "Research," J. M. Cattell details "Experiments on the Association of Ideas"; J. Jacobs, "Experiments on Prehension"; Francis Galton, F. R. S., gives supplementary notes on "Prehension in Idiots." Prof. J. Dewey discusses "Illusory Psychology," and replies to Shadworth Hodgson's strictures. Prof. C. L. Morgan discusses "The Generalization of Science." There are able critical essays by Prof. H. Seth, T. Whittaker, J. Sully, Grant Allen and Prof. R. Adamson. The book notices include an account of recently published philosophical and psychological works. Edited by G. Croom Robertson, and published by Williams & Norgate, London.

THE ART AMATEUR for February offers a premium of \$100 for the best design for a new cover for the Magazine. This will give a fine opportunity for young designers to try their skill. The drawings must be sent by the first of March, 1887. This number opens with a fine bold sketch of Tennyson made in October, 1886. The old poet certainly does not look as if he had lost either vigor or independence by becoming a lord. Montezuma gives a *pot-fourri* of entertaining gossip and Greta her usual Boston correspondence. There is an interesting account of the Stewart collection which is to be sold by auction in New York in March. This is well illustrated by spirited sketches from paintings of Meissonier and Gerome. Among the decorative designs is a charming little panel representing Winter by Froment. A good deal of space is given to architecture and the decoration of rooms in city and country houses while ceramics, amateur photography and needle-work have their due share of attention and those who wish to employ the Lenten Season in the pious work of embroidering chasubles and other vestments can find instructions for that also. The ever-entertaining correspondence suggests as many questions as it answers. *The Art Amateur* continues its good work of diffusing sound principles of art through the country, besides affording much practical assistance to the amateur who cannot obtain professional instruction. We wish it would give, also, a little more art matter suited to the general reader, such as biographies of living artists, criticisms of schools and of celebrated works.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNAWARES.

A song welled up in the singer's heart,
 (Like a song in the throat of a bird),
 And loud he sang, and far it rang,—
 For his heart was strangely stirred;
 And he sang for the very joy of song,
 With no thoughts of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
 A heavenly patience grew.
 He fared on his way with a benison
 On the singer, who never knew
 How the careless song of an idle hour
 Had shaped a life anew.

—*Alice Williams Brotherton in January Atlantic.*

So strong was the bent of his mind in an humorous direction that some theologians have accused him of want of reverence for religion; which accusation may be true of the sticks and stubble men call religion, but not of the genuine article, as we will see by and by. Some of the more strenuous patriots desired the Committee of Safety to require the Episcopal clergy to refrain from praying for the King. "The measure," said Franklin, "is quite necessary; for the Episcopal clergy, to my certain knowledge, have been constantly praying these twenty years that God would give to the King and his council wisdom, and we all know that not the least notice has ever been taken of *that* prayer."

In one of his conversations with John Adams he wittily distinguished Orthodoxy from Heterodoxy by saying "Orthodoxy is *my* doxy and Heterodoxy is *your* doxy." In another place he remarks, "Steele says that the difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England is only this: that the one pretends to be infallible and the other to be never in the wrong. In the latter sense we are most of us Church of England men, though few of us confess it and express it so naturally and frankly as a certain lady here, who said, I do not know how it happens, but I meet with nobody, *except myself*, that is always in the right."

It is related of Franklin, but I do not know how truthfully, that, when a boy, he slyly advised his father to say grace over the whole barrel of pork and so save time at dinner.

He specially excelled in delicate irony. In a letter to his friend De Chamount (whose house he had occupied at Passy) he says: "As to Tinck, the maitre d' hotel, he was fairly paid in money for every just demand he could make against us and we have his receipts in full. But there are knaves in the world no writing can bind, and, when you think you have finished with them, they come with demands after demands *sans fin*. He was continually saying of himself, I am an honest man, I am an honest man. But I always suspected he was mistaken, and so it proves."—*From a lecture on Benjamin Franklin by W. Symington Brown.*

THE PARKER TOMB FUND.

A fund is now being raised by the friends and admirers of Theodore Parker to improve the condition of his tomb, in the Old Protestant Cemetery, Florence, Italy. The list of subscribers to date is as follows:

| | |
|---|---------------|
| Miss Frances Power Cobbe, England, | £1. |
| Rev. James Martineau, D.D., " | 1 guinea. |
| Professor F. W. Newman, " | £1. |
| Miss Anna Swanwick, " | £1. |
| Rev. Peter Dean, " | 5 shillings. |
| Mrs. Catharine M. Lyell, " | 1 guinea. |
| Miss Florence Davenport-Hill, " | £1. |
| William Shaen, Esq., " | £1. |
| Mme. Jules Favre, Directress of the State Superior Normal School, Sevres, France, | 10 francs. |
| M. Joseph Fabre, ex-Deputy, Paris, France, | 10 francs. |
| M. Paul Bert, of the Institute, " " | 10 francs. |
| Professor Albert Reville, " " | 10 francs. |
| M. Ernest Renan, of the French Academy, Paris, France, | 10 francs. |
| R. Rheinwald, publisher, Paris, France, | 10 francs. |
| Mme. Griess-Trant, " " | 3 francs. |
| Rev. Louis Leblois, Strasburg, Germany, | 5 mares. |
| Miss Matilda Goddard, Boston, Mass., | \$25.00 |
| Mrs. R. A. Nichols, " " | 5.00 |
| Caroline C. Thayer, " " | 10.00 |
| F. H. Warren, Chelmsford, " " | 5.00 |
| F. W. Christern, New York, " " | 5.00 |
| Mrs. E. Christern, " " | 5.00 |
| Louisa Southworth, Cleveland, O., | 10.00 |
| S. Brewer, Ithaca, N. Y., | 1.00 |
| E. D. Cheney, Boston, | 5.00 |
| A. Wilton, Alexandria, Minn., | 2.00 |
| David G. Francis, New York, | 5.00 |
| Robert Davis, Lunenburg, Mass., | 5.00 |
| H. G. White, Buffalo, N. Y., | 5.00 |
| M. D. Conway, " " | 5.00 |
| A. B. Brown, Worcester, Mass., | 5.00 |
| Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Tenafly, N. J., | 5.00 |
| Theodore Stanton, Paris, | 5.00 |
| J. Cary, M. D., Caribou, Me., | 1.00 |
| Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, B. A., Basingstoke, Eng., | 5.00 |
| A Friend, Philadelphia, Pa., | 5.00 |
| Jacob Hoffner, Cincinnati, O., | 5.00 |
| Charles Voysey, London, England, | 10 shillings. |
| Count Gobiet d'Alviella, Brussels, Belgium, | 20 francs. |
| Luther Colby (Editor <i>Banner of Light</i>), | \$10.00 |
| B. F. Underwood, Boston, Mass., | 5.00 |
| James Eddy, Providence, R. I., | 10.00 |
| Chas. Nash and Sister, Worcester, Mass., | 5.00 |
| Fred. H. Henshaw, Boston, Mass., | 5.00 |
| Rose Mary Crawslay, Breconshire, Eng., | £2. |
| Geo. J. Holyoake, Brighton, " " | 5 shillings. |
| James Hall, St. Denis, Md., | \$5.00 |
| S. R. Urbino, Boston, Mass., | 5.00 |
| E. C. Tabor, Independence, Iowa, | 5.00 |
| Mentia Taylor, Brighton, Eng., | £1. |
| G. W. Robinson, Lexington, Mass., | \$5.00 |
| G. P. Delaplaine, Madison, Wis., | 5.00 |
| Mrs. L. P. Danforth, Philadelphia, Pa., | 5.00 |
| P. B. Sibley, Spearfish, Dak., | 1.00 |
| M. J. Savage, Boston, Mass., | 5.00 |
| Wm. J. Potter, New Bedford, Mass., | 10.00 |
| Caroline de Barrau, Paris, | 10 francs. |
| Joseph Smith, Lambertville, N. J., | \$2.00 |
| John H. R. Molson, Montreal, Canada, | 5.00 |
| Miss Kirstine Frederikson, Denmark, | 1.00 |
| Mrs. T. Mary Broadhurst, London, Eng., | £1. |
| Miss A. L. Browne, " " | 10 shillings. |
| R. Heber Newton, Garden City, N. Y., | \$5.00 |
| S. C. Gale, Minneapolis, Minn., | 10.00 |
| R. E. Grimshaw, Minneapolis, Minn., | 5.00 |
| E. M. Davis, Philadelphia, Pa., | 5.00 |
| Mrs. Rebecca Moore, London, Eng., | 5 shillings. |
| Axel Gustafson, " " | 5 shillings. |
| Zabel Gustafson, " " | 5 shillings. |
| Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, New York, | \$5.00 |
| Annie Besant, London, Eng., | 5 shillings. |
| Fredrik Bajer, Deputy, Copenhagen, Denmark, | 3 francs. |
| Mlle. Maria Deraismes, President y the Seine-et-Oise Free Thinkers Federation, Paris, | 5 francs. |
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THE MISSION OF SECULARISM.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

In the pursuit of all human enterprises a clear definition of purpose is a chief condition of success. It secures efficient co-operation; it prevents aberrations; it obviates illusions and misconstructions. The progress of *Secularism* has undoubtedly been retarded by such stumbling-blocks. Its doctrine has been mistaken for a gospel of sensuality and egotism, for a depreciation of the higher in favor of the lower propensities of the human mind. "Earthly things should subserve the divine," says our pious brother. "We should encourage the beautiful, the useful will encourage itself," says our æsthetic sister.

Now, the truth is that, in a normal state of social conditions, the beautiful and the *divine* (*i. e.*, the moral metaphysical principle), as well as the useful, will encourage themselves, an excess on either side being naturally followed by a reaction in the opposite direction. When the pursuit of power and wealth had secured the citizens of Rome a surplus of material blessings, the love of arts began to unfold a profusion of spontaneous blossoms. When the sophists of Greece wasted an undue proportion of time on hyperphysical speculation, the satire of Aristophanes, and the practical protest of the Cynics, brought their countrymen back from cloud-land to earth. After the rush for paradise had led the hosts of Islam from conquest to conquest, the victors devoted their leisure to architecture, to rational agriculture and science. When the population of China seemed to sink in the marasmus of selfish sensuality, Confucius, with signal success, though without an appeal to the authority of any supernatural agencies whatever, inculcated the duties of a sublime altruism. Speculative religion, *i. e.*, the study of spiritual manifestations and cosmological traditions, has received all the attention it deserves, even among barbarous nations, in the very earliest ages of authentic history. The normal progress of social development leads from militant barbarism to the organization of a military commonwealth, to political stability and the recognition of civil rights, to co-operation, industry and wealth, to art, literature, refinement and science. Nations grow as trees grow and have to spread their roots and acquire stamina before they can produce flowers and fruit. The promise of the rose

slumbers in the unsightly root of the thorn, and spring-time will swell the buds of the wild mountain-flower as well as of the best-nursed garden plant.

But about the time which forms the significant turning-point of our chronological era the nations of the Aryan race were stricken with the plague of a moral epidemic. An Asiatic pest, the poison of the life-blighting doctrine of pessimism, crept over the moral atmosphere of the mediæval god-gardens; for a series of centuries the light of reason underwent an eclipse, the ethical standards of millions of our ancestors were perverted, first by an insidious depreciation, and afterward by a remorseless suppression of their normal instincts. The ideal of human endeavors was no longer the Beautiful or the Useful, but the *Woeful*; a capacity for self-torture became the standard of human virtue, the renunciation of all earthly blessings the measure of human merit; health, manhood, freedom, science and industry were sacrificed on the altar of antinaturalism, and during a millennium of madness the progress of sixteen nations of the noblest race was limited to the invention of new instruments of torture.

As the waters of the pent-up stream gradually rose against the dam, its embankments were constantly strengthened; the vast and powerful organization of the mediæval church seemed to defy the very hope of resistance; but nature at last prevailed. The pressure of the accumulated waters finally burst their fetters, and the flood of revolt, forcing its way through ever-widening gaps, inaugurated that era of rapid progress which in the course of the last fourteen decades has tried to retrieve the delay of a long series of centuries.

But the guilt of a thousand years' crime against Nature has not yet been expiated. The river has broken its dam, but its ancient bed has been overgrown with weeds and choked with drift-sand; the rushing flood has torn out new channels and wastes its waters, surging in eddies and shallows here, dashing against hopeless obstacles there; an undoubted advance in the right direction is attended with an undoubted aberration and abuses of a suddenly-regained freedom.

Orthodoxy, the religion of antinaturalism, proposes to remedy the evil by reconstructing the dam, and thus putting an end to further progress, as well as to its abuse.

Secularism, the religion of reason, proposes to confine the river to its normal banks, and limit its waste without

hindering its progress. Anarchism, the religion of revolt, proposes to break all flood-gates and give Nature a chance to work out her own salvation.

Time has proved the futility of the first plan by the power of a reaction, which was only strengthened by resistance and delay. But the violence of that reaction, though its unaided strength may surmount all obstacles, cannot dispense with guidance on its forward way. Nature cannot at once accommodate herself to abnormally-changed circumstances, and we must admit that the normal instincts of the human race, which anti-naturalism has failed to suppress, have at least been sadly perverted. The long-suppressed love of personal liberty has been perverted into a love of license, a hatred of laws and authority, a tendency to nihilism and reckless self-help. The suppression of harmless recreations has begot a furtive delight in vicious pleasures and a tendency to evade the appeals of reform, asceticism having masqueraded in the guise of virtue till its victims have forgotten to distinguish her garb from its counterfeit. The suppression of natural science has driven the submissive into stolid nescience—contented renunciation of intellectual pursuits—the bolder into pseudo-science, the morbid mysticism and neo-gnosticism that finds supporters in the ranks of the most sincere apostates from the tenets of the established creed. They have exchanged the drugs of their spiritual poison-mongers for an equally baneful antidote, like opium-eaters who break the thralldom of their habit only to find themselves fettered by the bane of the liberating specific. The suppression of free inquiry has fostered the loathsome vice of hypocrisy. People who for generations saw their holiest rights outraged in the name of a pretended truth of revelation, have avenged their wrongs on truth itself, by making ethics a synonyme of cant and hiding their private theories on the highest interests of their species behind a mask of habitual dissimulation.

The main purpose of Secularism has been tersely defined as the problem of rescuing the human mind from its exile in ghost-land; but many of our brethren have endured that exile till they have become strangers in the house of their Mother Earth. They are still biased by an hereditary lack of trust in the competence of their natural instincts, and it is the mission of Secularism to revive that trust. We must redeem the imputation of *worldliness* from its implied reproach, and restore the *cosmos* of our wonderful earth to its ancient associations of beauty, bounty and self-maintaining order. We must replant the groves of Pan and awaken the God of fields and forests from his long slumber; we must teach the votaries of Nature to worship their God in his own temple. Earth must once more become the cherished home of all her children. Her blessings must no longer be sacrificed, neither in offerings to the Moloch of supernaturalism, nor in the mad riots of

rebellious vice. We must demonstrate the identity of virtue and happiness by teaching the refugees from the bondhouse of asceticism to distinguish the monitions of their normal instincts from the morbid cravings of vice, and the rights of natural liberty from the claims of lawless insolence. A religion of reason and science will make conformity an honor rather than a reproach to its confessors, and reduce dissent to a synonyme of infidelity to the laws of Nature. The exponents of that religion will invite, rather than discourage, free inquiry; knowledge will become an aid to faith, and converts will no longer be obliged to renounce their allegiance to truth and self-respect.

Secularism will be at peace with all other religions, except the pseudo-religion of that earth-blighting insanity that teaches the antagonism of body and mind, and would sacrifice the living to the dead as it sacrifices the realities of the present world to be chimeras of ghost-land. Against the life-poisoning delusions of that dogma, Secularism invites the alliance of all saner creeds, even in the name of religion itself, since neither physical nor moral health has ever encountered a deadlier foe than the system that inculcates the vanity of secular pursuits and depreciates the blessings of earth as so many evils in disguise. To how large an extent that truth has already been tacitly recognized, may be inferred from the fact that millions of our fellow-men even now devote all the energy of their working days to a pursuit of those temporal blessings which their Sunday creed continues to denounce as sinful vanities. The doctrine of Pessimism has thus in a two-fold sense become a sham-religion, and the mission of Secularism involves the task of obviating the danger of the moral interregnum threatened by the collapse of a more and more evidently spurious basis of ethics. The solution of that task does not require the preternatural aid of a new revelation, but only the re-establishment of a truth which long guided the pursuit of happiness before the world of our forefathers was darkened by the shadow of the dreadful eclipse, the truth, namely, that the highest physical and the highest moral welfare of mankind can be only conjointly attained.

POSSIBILITIES.

BY ROWLAND CONNOR.

The first clear indications of human existence in this world seem to come from the last pre-glacial period. The date of these indications cannot be given with any approach to accuracy. The flung-out hypotheses of our wise men will lasso the exact truth some day; but as yet we can only affirm that the race of man is many thousands, possibly even hundreds of thousands, of years old. There is no doubt, however, that pre-glacial man, alike in Africa, Asia, Europe and America, was only a

hunter of other wild animals and a miserable savage. Long ages passed before the cave-dwellers ceased to break the marrow-bones of the ancient mammals of Europe, and through all those ages man was still a savage. His progress at first seems to have been almost immeasurably slow. The germ of nothing that can be called civilization is discoverable until a comparatively recent time, and what that germ was, or when it first appeared, is more a matter of speculation than of knowledge. But there was a germ; and it grew; and real civilizations budded from it in the Nile and Euphrates valleys, and a few other spots, and blossomed brightly some five or six thousand years ago.

But these blossoms could not live. They were hemmed in by the wilderness growths of savagery, and slowly died. But, dying, some pollen was blown to European soil, and there helped to fertilize some other early blossoms that gave us the greater civilizations of Greece and Rome. But these, too, were blighted. Northern and Eastern hosts of barbarians were flung upon and trampled over them, and for a thousand years civilization struggled to live. Only recently has a civilization bloomed, so profuse, so hardy, with roots so deep and spreading, that savage growths recede before it. It cannot be crushed, or even badly injured, by the same enemies that dealt so cruelly with its immature and restricted predecessors of former times. This last civilization is destined to possess the earth.

What are some of its possibilities?

Although, compared with the age of his ancestral tree, the civilized being is very, very young, already the distance between him and the savage is so vast that they seem to belong to distinct orders. The anatomist's probe and scalpel may find them both alike, but, between the beastly savage who cannot add two and two, and the man who can lovingly read *The Data of Ethics*, there is apparently less real kinship than between the former and the chimpanzee. And yet the disciple of the philosopher has sprung from his barbarian ancestor almost as suddenly as the butterfly springs from the grub. There is a mysterious potency in civilization. It puts an elixir into the blood, or recombines the atoms of the gray matter of the brain, or mingles a new element somehow or somewhere with the chemistry of man's make-up, so that he is transformed, and we cannot from his long past, but only from his recent development, prophecy what he may become. Ages of worm-life and a thousand years of chrysalis, but the wings began to unfold only yesterday.

I put especial emphasis upon the comparative newness, as well as the assured perpetuity, of modern civilization, because only as we do so can we rationally account for the amazing growths it must soon produce. The "lost arts" of the ancients have caused some sceptics to question the permanency of our analogues

modern productions. But circumstances have changed. What is born to-day in invention, or art, or science, or philosophy, will live forever, if we wish it to live. And it will not only live, but it will continually reproduce. Printing, for instance, which is practically new, has given us within the last fifty years a host of other arts, and professions, and machines innumerable; but a hundred experimenters, who are carefully watching it, could prophesy with calm conviction concerning a host of other arts just starting from it. Men are yet living who trod the deck of the first steamboat on the Hudson river, and men are not old who ante-date the familiar railway and telegraph; but of what are these not the parents, and of what children yet unborn will they not be the sires hereafter!

Not only is inventive genius more fertile with each succeeding year, but our assimilation of inventions is more rapid. Less than ten years ago the writer listened to the first lecture on the telephone in New York city, and was amused, with other auditors, when the curious little toy reproduced the notes of a choir on the opposite side of the river. Its practical usefulness was then a dream of the inventor. But three years afterward, in the primeval woods of the great Northwest, he sat in the locomotive cab of a logging railroad while the engineer climbed down to unlock a rough box nailed to a tree, that the telephone within it might bring him his orders from the camp "boss." Our progress in inventions and in the practical assimilation of their results will be much more rapid in the next fifty than in the last fifty years. We have not yet fairly learned to handle the new tools we are working with.

Attempts to predict the future of man on the earth have been made very often, but are mostly of a fanciful nature. They have been designed to furnish amusing reading, and have seldom paid much regard to the necessity of a basis of fact. Utopias, also, are many, but their authors have written them chiefly as pleasing methods of advocating some pet social theory, and they are therefore useless for our present purpose. By confining ourselves strictly to legitimate deductions from present knowledge, I believe that some broad outlines of the future may be drawn with considerable accuracy. The unavoidable errors will be those arising from a non-consideration of unknown forces yet to be discovered.

Of mechanical inventions there are several just at hand which will be followed by results fully as important as those due to the steam engine. One of the first in order of time will be the submarine boat. Its feasibility has already been demonstrated in New York harbor—a feeble beginning, indeed, but no more imperfect than the beginnings of gunpowder and the printing press. Of the knowledge to be acquired under the waves, and of the changes in commerce and

naval warfare sure to follow the practical success of submarine navigation, there is room for abundant speculation. But we may be reasonably certain that Jules Verne's imaginary *Twelve Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* will have its wonders surpassed by the stubborn facts of one hundred years hence.

Closely following submarine navigation, or perhaps, preceding it, will come the safe navigation of the air. The inflated balloon has blocked the way of invention for many years, but, now that its principle is seen to be erroneous, and we know that the successful flying-machine must be heavier and not lighter than the atmosphere, the production of a practical machine may be looked for during this generation.

Of more curious interest, though not likely to be followed by as important practical results, will be the perfecting of the "electroscope"—that remarkable instrument which virtually telegraphs rays of light, and, by throwing them upon a metallic disk, enables us to look upon actions taking place at a distance with the same ease and distinctness with which we now receive sounds by the telephone. Some combination of these two instruments will enable us in the future not only to talk with distant friends but to look at them while we are talking; and that which is possible to-day within a distance of fifty miles becomes possible on the morrow across the Atlantic ocean.

Long before any one of the above inventions is brought to perfection, however, the new glass, recently invented in Germany, and which is said to add almost fabulously to the power of the microscope, will become the agent of wonderful discoveries, and presumably, at a later date, we may expect analogous additions to the power of the telescope.

It is evident that we stand at the thresholds of four wonderful worlds, and hold in our hands the crude weapons to be perfected for their conquest—the ocean world, the aerial world, the world of the infinitely little, and an astronomical world as far surpassing our present one as that of the observer with a Lord Rosse telescope exceeds that of the Chaldean shepherds. And instruments, of which the present electroscope is the forerunner, will bind together the scientific conquerors of these worlds in so close a communion of workers that they will seem to be the inmates of a common workshop, and each one will have the help of the accumulating riches of all.

That all railways, including those of city streets, will soon be run by electricity, and that all heavy trucking and other similar work will be done by the same agent, rendering horses useless, except for pleasure purposes, I regard as almost a self-evident proposition. The same agent will also be employed in the domain of household economy in manifold ways, lessening greatly the disagreeable and enervating drudgery now insepar-

able from housekeeping employments. When breakfast can be prepared with about the same amount of labor as now attends the touching of an electric button, as it will be some day, the momentous and perplexing servant girl problem will be forever solved.

Our sources of mechanical power will greatly change. We now dig from the bowels of the earth, at great expenditure of labor, the compact sunshine of the coal-beds, stored away ages ago, and neglect entirely, as a source of power, the sun-heat poured daily upon the surface of the earth. Invention has already been directed toward this source, and must soon succeed. Sun-power should before this have taken the place of coal in all inland places. On the sea-coast, however, the immense tidal energy, which now daily goes to waste, may profitably replace it. I do not think our coal mines will ever be exhausted. Long before that point can be reached, mankind will be using a more economical source of power.

Vast commercial, industrial and social changes will follow the attainment of the possibilities already indicated and will largely occur within the next one hundred years. Still greater changes, however, will follow certain other attainments, which, fortunately or unfortunately, will be of later date, and will be reached gradually. One of the greatest of these, to come with measured tread, and to be perfected many years hence, will be the preparation of all food by laboratory manufacture. Organic chemistry is steadily moving in this direction, and, eventually, the nutrition needed will be exactly adapted to the wants of the body, and will be furnished on demand. At present we are fed bunglingly. The processes of digestion are seldom completed. Bodily force is dissipated in the disposal of waste and injurious matter, and the normal energy of each person is kept very far below its possible or maximum limit. Of course, all kinds of farming and pastoral life, for profit and livelihood, will be ultimately abolished, and the forms of social organizations will be correspondingly changed.

Side by side with the gradual attainment of this result will be the mastery over all contagious and infectious diseases, whether their origin be traceable to poisonous effluvia or microscopic germs. But long before the abolition of diseases, we may expect the extermination of all ferocious and unnecessary animals, noxious weeds and insects, and the numerous parasites which now infest the human body and rob it of much strength. Moreover, it is apparent that the abolition of disease, the extermination of all varieties of animal and vegetable enemies, the possession of a perfectly adapted and nutritious food, and the accompanying discoveries which will prevent the ossification of the tissues, or those equivalent and analogous changes which produce old age, together with the cessation of that large part of the

struggle for existence which is connected with these important factors, will result in a great prolongation of human life—not an old age of “labor and sorrow,” but a lengthened maturity of vigor and wholesome enjoyment.

Thus far the possibilities indicated are supposed to be desirable, or at least not objectionable, and may come to pass without the necessity of any serious revolution in human nature. And if all men were thoroughly moral, and were disposed to exercise whatever power they might possess for the good of their fellow men, no one need wish for any limit to their future greatness. But, unfortunately, of some men it may be said that they are thoroughly immoral, and many others, if not immoral, are certainly weak or stupid. The great bulk of men have not that intellectual and moral development which would allow them to possess power with safety to themselves and others. No right-minded person, for instance, would wish to give to the brutalized Russian serfs dynamite enough to blow up the Ural mountains. They might use it, instead, to annihilate the German Empire. But we must face the fact that this supposed power in the hands of the ignorant serf may at some time in the future, and perhaps very soon, become the real power of every man, good, bad or indifferent. The discovery of our ability to store or box electricity is a terrible fact, when we consider its possible consequences. As yet only a few are masters of the secret; but it will become a common property, and is susceptible of astounding modifications. To-morrow, any man, good or bad, may have in his pocket, or in his pipe, power enough, and subject only to his will, to annihilate whole communities. That the ordinary man of the world will be forced to assume this awful responsibility, it seems to me no one can doubt. Will he, before that time comes, cease to be the same man with whom we are now most intimately acquainted? Give to our present biped acquaintance the ability to exterminate armies with a lightning flash, added to the power of sailing at will through the air, or of passing at will and in safety beneath the ocean waves, and he would depopulate the earth.

If the human race is to be preserved, the progress of scientific invention and discovery will make necessary the complete extinction of all immoral and weak men. This may be effected by natural causes or by social decree. I mention these two methods because I believe that our rapidly-developing civilization can be assimilated only by certain progressive races, and by the best portion of these races. It is a well-ascertained fact that few savage races, if any, can endure civilization. They are blighted by its glare, and, in close contact with it, perish in a few generations. This process will continue more rapidly hereafter. There is no hope of an earthly immortality for the great mass of mankind, and, among the progressive and enlightened races, self-pres-

ervation will necessitate the extinction of vice and crime of all kinds, as well as the cessation of all war. Social convulsions of the most gigantic kind may first intervene, but I have no doubt that ultimately power will remain in the hands of those who are most worthy to use it. In the nature of things nothing else is possible.

When the storms have blown over, the survivors of mankind will possess powers almost divine. Bodily energy and brain force will be wonderfully developed. Men will perceive more clearly, learn more readily, think more accurately than they do now. Problems, now difficult, will almost solve themselves. All mere schooling will become exceedingly rapid. Difficulties which now vex the ablest, will be readily disentangled by immature minds.

And perhaps, even, at last, men may be able—say one thousand years from now—to evolve a religious and philosophical creed which shall contain imperishable germs.

THE HARMONY OF THE SPHERES.

BY PAUL CARUS, PH.D.

Some months ago a pamphlet was published by Dr. B. M. Lersch, *Ueber die Symmetrischen Verhältnisse des Planeten Systems*, (On the Symmetrical Proportions of the Planetary System), which is of more than ordinary interest, since it is the conclusion of a series of scientific aspirations, thus affording an unusual gratification to the human mind. Its subject is the arrangement of the planets in our solar system, and its result is the discovery of the law which governs the revolutions of the celestial bodies—a law revealing the simplicity which underlies the most complicated phenomena and furnishes evidence of the harmonious grandeur of the creation.

Even in the Pythagorean era the harmony of the spheres was recognized and taught as the rythmical sounds produced by the proportionate motion of the celestial bodies; and although the idea was rejected by Aristotle, who considered it an ingenious but erroneous hypothesis, it has been transmitted to us, not because accepted by the people of later ages—who rather agreed with Aristotle's view—but for the reason that the idea was too striking to be easily forgotten.

The fact that we do not hear the music of the skies does not disprove it; because, as Pythagoras said, we are accustomed to it from our infancy, and modern physicists, who cannot, on the ground of their scientific theories, object to the possibility of sound produced by the motion of heavenly bodies in ether, may say that at least the human ear is incapable of perceiving sounds with such long intervals of undulation.

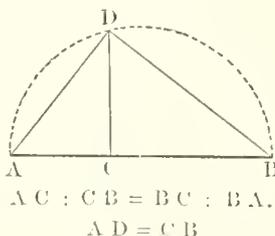
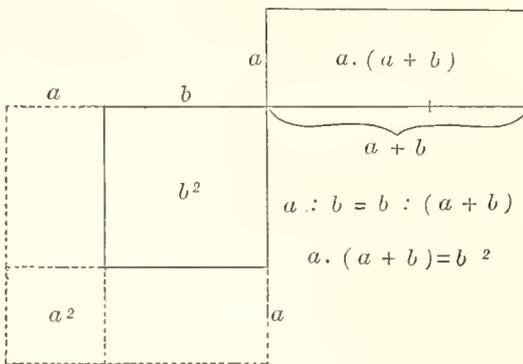
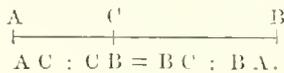
Interesting though it may be, the question whether the orbits of the stars resound with music will not be

included in this discussion, which shall be strictly confined to the consideration of whether the planets, in their circuits, are harmoniously arranged. However romantic this idea seems to be, it is, nevertheless, more than simple poetry and it contains the germ of a cosmic truth.

Pythagoras' doctrine of the harmony of spheres rests on the theory that *number is the essence of things*. Modern chemistry shows the importance of the numerical proportions in the elements of the different substances; and more marvelous still, as we learn from the *Law of Multiples*, the different chemical combinations take place according to geometrical principles.

Of all geometrical proportions that of the *extreme and mean ratio* is at the same time the most simple and comprehensive in its application. Euclid understood it and the subject is treated in his 30th proposition of the 6th book. Owing to its many remarkable corollaries, the ancients called it *proportia divina*; it is known in Germany as *the golden cut*.

It depends on the division of a line into two unequal parts, in such proportion that the smaller segment is to the larger as the latter is to the whole. The rectangle constructed with the smaller part and the whole is equal to the square of the larger. Again, if a right-angled triangle be erected upon the whole line, with its right angle situated in the perpendicular line drawn from the point of division, then the smaller of the sides containing the right angle is equal to the larger portion of the line which is thus divided in the mean and extreme ratio.



These and other corollaries are of great interest to mathematicians, and whoever understands something of the seductive harmony of geometry must be impressed with its grandeur and beauty, as other people are by the harmony of music or beauty of form, which, we must remember, is merely applied mathematics.

The harmony of the universe which, in addition to other evidences, favors the truth of that philosophic view which I call *Monism*, is in its ultimate principles based on mathematics and can be proved from geometrical axioms.

Johannes Kepler, the first strong adherent and most powerful defender of the Copernican system, held, if, as Pythagoras taught, our planets in their circuits round the sun move in rythmical distances, a planet should exist between Mars and Jupiter. He considered, the space between their orbits was too great to correspond with the intervals between the other planets, which revolve around the sun in distances regularly increasing.

This suppositional planet could not be found, but Kepler indicated the region in the skies in which it should be situated.

Two centuries afterward Kepler's idea was verified; for, although the missing planet was not found, a larger number of smaller ones, generally called asteroids or planetoids, were discovered to be in this area. They amount to about 300 in number and are either a failure of a planetary formation or the ruins of a larger body which, by some unknown agency, was shattered into many fragments.

This discovery, based upon the theory of celestial harmony, revived the interest in the law of proportion regulating the intervals between the orbits of the heavenly bodies.

Professor Titus, of Wittemberg, was the first astronomer who hazarded and established a formula of the distances between the planets. He said that in round numbers the distance from the sun to the first planet, Mercury, was 8,000,000 geographical miles (each geographical mile equaling 4.66 English miles); to the second, Venus, 8+6 million miles; to the third, our Earth, 8+ (6×2); then to Mars, 8+ (6×4); to the Asteroids, 8+ (6×8); to Jupiter, 8+ (6×16); to Saturn, 8+ (6×32) and to Uranus 8+ (6×64) million miles—a mixture of an arithmetical and geometrical series, as mathematicians would style it.

Facts agreed pretty well with this theory, although there are trifling differences, and *Titus' series*, as it was called, served for a long time as an excellent aid for remembering the distances of the planets in round numbers. But when, in 1846, *Galle*, at that time director of the Observatory in Breslau, discovered the most remote planet, Neptune, and calculated that its distance from the sun is about 600,000,000 miles, while, according to Titus, it should be over 700,000,000, the reliability of

this series was destroyed and, consequently, it is now regarded by astronomers as a mere curiosity.

Notwithstanding this failure, the aspiration of finding the law of the rhythm of our solar system was not abandoned. Professor A. Troska,* ceasing to regard distances as the proper clue to the solution of the question, ventured on a new explanation, which he published in 1875.

His theory is that twice the time of one planet's revolution is equal to the sum of the revolutions of its two neighbors. Thus, twice the period of the circuit of Venus, which is 450 days, is approximately equal to the revolution of Mercury, its interior neighbor, and that of the Earth, its exterior, for Mercury revolves in 87 and our Earth in 365 days, which make 452. Again, by doubling this number ($452 \times 2 = 904$), we have the sum of the revolutions of Venus (225) and Mars (686), which together are 911 days.

Again, this number doubled (=1822), is about equal to the addition of the revolutions of Earth (365) and one of the Asteroids (1,500), together 1,865 days.

This proportion is also applicable to the orbits of the exterior planets. The sum total of the periods in which Saturn and Neptune complete their circuits is $10,759 + 60,186 = 71,045$, which is nearly equal to twice the revolution of Uranus, that is, 61,374 (the exact period being 30,687).

When we consider the entire series of the planets, "the law of duplication" is still sustained; for the sum of the days of revolution of Mercury (1), Earth (3), one medium Asteroid (5), Saturn (7) and Neptune (9), occupy nearly twice the period necessary for the revolutions of the interposed planets—Venus (2), Mars (4), Jupiter (6) and Uranus (8).

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| Mercury..... | 87.97 days | Venus..... | 224.70 days |
| Earth..... | 365.26 " | Mars..... | 686.98 " |
| Asteroids..... | 1,500. " | Jupiter..... | 4,332.59 " |
| Saturn..... | 10,759.22 " | Uranus..... | 30,686.82 " |
| Neptune..... | 60,125. " | | |
| | | | ————— |
| | | | 35,928. days |
| | | | × 2 |
| | ————— | | ————— |
| | 72,836. days | | 71,836. days |

Showing the slight difference of about $\frac{1}{10}$ of the total.

Professor Troska admitted that this ratio is only approximately 1:2; if calculated with more accuracy, it is 1:2.03.

Other investigators have approached the problem from a different standpoint and in the year 1854 an exceedingly interesting work was published by Professor A. Zeising, who recognized that nature manifested a wonderful tendency to construct according to the proportion of the extreme and mean ratio. We constantly detect the application of this law; it controls

the shape of many crystals and flowers, the construction of animals and particularly of the human form. Wherever a constant proportion exists, it generally depends upon that ratio which is termed *the golden cut*; and it is with awe and amazement that we thus recognize the mathematical harmony of the world.

It is additionally interesting to discover that artists in their creations unconsciously apply the same remarkable principle. In architecture, as well as in statuary and in painting, as Zeising showed in the above mentioned book, the *proportio divina* is repeatedly introduced, as in the Sixtina Madonna, by Raphael, and other masterpieces.

Professor Pfeiffer, of Dillingen, lately enlarged Zeising's doctrine and, among other additional observations, he corroborated the importance of this proportion in the planetary system. The apparent lack of regularity in Professor Troska's series subsequently induced other scientists to re-investigate the question and thus led to its final solution.

A mathematician, Dr. M. B. Lersch calculated the periods of revolution when bodies revolve in distances of the extreme and mean ratio, which is 1:1.61. Basing his calculation on the famous law, which is established by Kepler, that *the squares of revolution are proportionate to the cubes of the mean distance*, he discovered that if two planets move at distances of 1:1.61, they must revolve in periods which are as 1:2.03. This number, however, agrees better than Professor Troska's "law of duplication" with facts and concurs strictly with the ratio of the periods in which the planets revolve. From this we may fairly infer that the Divine proportion is the regulative law of the circuits of heavenly bodies.

In consequence of this consideration, we cannot deny that the revolutions of the fixed stars may follow the same principle; we must recognize it as a universal law which governs the movements of the ponderous masses of suns as well as the formation of the tiny limbs of the smallest insects.

Thus the harmony of the cosmic laws may be recognized as an established fact; and the most advanced scientists of to-day, like Pythagoras of yore, look for explanations of the problems of nature in the mysteries of number or proportion.

There is unity in the structure of the universe and there is unison in the laws of nature. If the scientist presupposes such harmony to exist universally in the domain of his investigation, he will never err, because, as Plato said, *the Laws of Nature are geometrical thoughts of God*.

Conscience does not come from natural or hereditary good, but from the doctrine of truth and good, and a life according thereto.—A. C. 6208.

* I am indebted to Professor Troska for the facts here mentioned, through an item from his pen in *Was Ihr Wollt*, Leipzig, 1886.

A THEOLOGICAL PARADOX.

BY MINOT J. SAVAGE.

That a house should seem to stand and the people continue to live in it as though nothing had happened, and this after all of its foundations had been removed—this is the paradox which I have in mind. And it is one of so striking a nature that one will hardly find it true in any other domain except that of theology. So remarkable a sight as this is worth looking at. Let us, therefore, consider it a little and see what lessons it may have for us.

The theological structure which orthodox Christianity has erected is clear-cut in outline, bound part to part, and thoroughly consistent with itself. As now we examine a few of the main features of the "plan of salvation," all this will appear.

1st. This world—a province of God's universal kingdom—is in a state of rebellion. Every man, woman and child is born into this rebellious condition. The state of nature is one of alienation from God and all good. No matter how good a man may be, in the ordinary sense of the word, he is a rebel; and this fact taints all that he is or does. And until he "throws down the arms of his rebellion," no natural virtues can at all avail to put him in right relations to God.

This is perfectly reasonable on this governmental theory of the world. Sir Harry Vane's virtues did not make him any the less a traitor to the king. So it is rational and logical for Mr. Moody to say: "Morality don't touch the question of salvation." Of course not, on the basis of this supposed theory and the supposed facts.

2d. God, against whom this causeless and wicked rebellion has been raised, has a perfect right to choose as to what terms he will require as the condition of forgiveness. Man, who deserves only death, has nothing to say on this subject.

3d. In order to maintain the majesty of his government and the inviolability of his laws, God is under the necessity of making such a public example of his hatred of sin, as well as of his love, as will justify in the eyes of his intelligent creation his extending a free pardon to rebellious man. To this end the second person of the Trinity takes on human nature and suffers the penalty of the broken law. This secures the double end of vindicating God's justice and displaying his forgiving love.

4th. Now he is free to pardon all those who accept this offering as made on their behalf. And they have no right to complain if pardon is refused on any other terms.

5th. On this theory the Church is made up of those who have accepted these terms. Such persons become the nucleus of a growing army of loyalists. It is their business to fight against whatever tends to continue this

rebellion and to do all they can to induce God's enemies to lay down their arms.

6th. Those who become loyal are the willing subjects of God's kingdom and so entitled to share God's final victory and the blessings of his heaven. Those who remain rebellious are followers and friends of Satan, the leader of God's enemies, and must expect to share his ultimate defeat and the pains and penalties of his prison-house.

This is the general scheme of things on which all the activities of the Orthodox Church are based.

Now, everybody knows that the entire foundation of this whole theological structure is the story of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man. If man has not fallen, then this world is not a rebellious province of God's great kingdom. If man is not fallen, all the talk about providing terms or conditions of forgiveness is uncalled for. If man is not fallen, there is no need of the stupendous miracle of an incarnate and crucified God. If man is not fallen, the radical distinction between the Church and the world breaks down. If man is not fallen, the popular dreams of heaven and hell are only dreams and do not accurately represent the future destiny of man and woman.

How stands this question then? Plainly, thus: In no civilized country to-day is there a boy or girl of fourteen years of age who has not the means of knowing that the story of the fall of man has no more reasonable basis of belief than have the stories of Hercules. Not only has it no rational support, it is beyond question disproved. That is, another story as to man's origin and nature is so thoroughly established that, but for the theological bias, no intelligent person could be found who would think for one moment of questioning it.

Even the Biblical support for the story of the Fall is almost wholly confined to the theological discussions of one man, Paul. The older and greater prophets say nothing about it. It appears in the Old Testament only after the contact of the Jews with the Persians, at the time of the captivity. For all competent scholars know that the early parts of Genesis, containing the story, were not composed until the time of or after the captivity. This, then, is a Pagan, Persian legend, and only that. It is a Pagan way of trying to account for the sorrows and evils of life. According to the orthodox theory, Jesus was God coming to earth to save man from the results of the Fall. And yet, curiously enough, he does not seem to know anything about it.

But even though the Bible were full of it, from beginning to end, still we know, on other grounds, that it is not true. A belief in the *Ascent* of man has taken the place of a belief in his *Fall* in the minds of all free and competent students.

Of course, it is to be expected that all those who still believe the story of the Fall should keep on in their

endeavors to "save" people after the old methods. But now comes the wonder of our *theological paradox*. Those who still believe this story are not nearly enough to continue the activities of the Churches on their present basis. Thousands of persons who do not believe it at all any longer still help to continue all these old activities just as though nothing had happened. Many among those who do this are ministers; that is, they have seen the entire foundation of their theological house taken out and yet go on living in it, and asking others to come into it for safety, as though they believed it still founded on the everlasting rock. And yet it ought to be plain, to even the feeblest intellect, that if this race of ours is not a "fallen" one, then—whatever else it may need—it does *not* need to be "saved from the effects of the Fall."

Let us now note two or three great evils that result from this paradoxical condition of affairs.

1st. It is kept up at a terrible cost of the sincerity of those who are even "silent partners" to what must hereafter be only a pretense, though ever so "pious" a one.

2d. Only less serious than this is another evil. If a physician thinks a patient is ill of a certain disease, of course he will treat him for that. But should he find out that the disease was of entirely another character, what would he do? And what would people be justified in saying if he should keep on doctoring him for the first supposed disease? If the human race has fallen, and the old theory about it is true, then, of course, a certain method of treatment is rational and helpful. But if it has not, and the old theory is not true, then the old treatment is not only injurious, but it stands square in the way of such a course of medicine as might put the patient on his feet. Consider, therefore, the waste of time, of money, of thought, of devotion and enthusiasm that has been going on for a thousand years. That the world has gradually been improving is no justification of these theories. For, in the first place, it has improved more rapidly by as much as these old beliefs have become less and less influential. And, in the second place, patients often improve in spite of, and not because of, their doctors. And, in the third place, during the periods of the most rapid improvement, a thousand other agencies have been at work, through the activity of thousands who had rejected the old beliefs.

If only all the intelligence, the time and the money of the civilized world (which are now wasted on the old methods) could be directed to finding and curing the *real evils* of the world, the long-dreamed-of "kingdom of God" (the real kingdom of man) might be brought to pass in a single century. In the nature of things there is no reason why this old world should not become a garden, filled with intelligent and happy peoples.

In giving up the dreams and legends of the past, nothing is lost but illusions; and what is found is "the

truth that"—in old theological phrase—"is able to make men wise unto salvation." And *this* salvation is from the *real* evils that destroy human happiness and human life, and not from *shadows*.

MONISM IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY AND THE AGNOSTIC ATTITUDE OF MIND.

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part II.

And now to Schelling's Monism, which, together with Hegel's, fruitfully and nobly inspired so many minds, but, it must be confessed, also deranged not a few.

Drawing strength from Kant, from neo-Platonic traditions, from the great mystic, Jacob Boehme, from Bruno and from Spinoza, Schelling worked out a monistic system of transcendental realism. Transcendental *realism* it has been called, because it assumes that the objective world is not merely a product of thought, but that it pre-exists as eternal reality within the source of all being. When the creative Ego, by force of its productive imagination, evolves the world, as Fichte taught, surely it does not evolve it at random out of nothing but mere fancy. The process of mental realization can be only a bringing into consciousness of some definite content already subsisting in the depth of being. On the one side there is the power of consciously realizing this content; but on the other side there is the content itself. Both these moments, subject and object, the ideal and the real, spirit and nature, are thus identical and constitute together the absolute reality, which is the all-containing and all-efficient matrix of whatever there is in existence. We find, then, two different propensities operative in the absolute. The one "positive, real, productive, realizing the infinite in the finite. The other negative, limiting, ideal, redissolving the finite into the infinite." The former in its manifestations constitutes the realm of nature, the latter that of intelligence; both together, our known world.

In this kind of world-conception a source of being, potentially containing everything, is presupposed and treated as a logical totality, from which any sort of particular configuration of concepts may be conveniently deduced. And the interest we may take in such an interpretation of nature depends thus wholly on the genius of the propounder and very little on the actual truth of nature itself. The logical drift of all systems of transcendental realism is to conceive the source of being as unconscious. Hartmann, in our time, has made this conception the central idea of his system, a Monism of unconscious, transcendental will, logically evolving the world.

Hegel, the classical propounder of transcendental *Idealism*, is an extreme representative of the anti-naturalistic mode of interpreting nature. His system is unmitigated Panlogism, a Monism of self-evolving logical

reason, of the formal, deductive sort. Thought, with Hegel, is uncompromisingly identical with being. The task he proposes is to gain an understanding of the all-comprehending ground of such being, which ground he unhesitatingly pronounces to be eternal and absolute reason and nothing else. To be able to accomplish this task, we have to place ourselves in an attitude of expectancy and observation, merely noticing and confirming with our discursive reason the self-unfolding of the content of absolute reason. This occurs by dint of a dialectical process, which begins with the most comprehensive concept coming into ken and bringing with it its equally comprehensive negative. The synthesis of this thesis and antithesis evolves a less comprehensive but more concrete concept, which again brings with it its negative and so on and on, till the most concrete concepts are reached. The keeping in mind, then, as much as possible, of the whole series of evolved concepts, together with the manifold relations they bear to one another, and unifying the whole in as complete an "idea" as we can form—in proportion as we succeed in this our individual reason approaches absolute reason.

Hegelianism has indulged in such absurd abuses of productive imagination that it is no wonder it became the laughing stock of natural science. But the idea of the universal reason progressively evolving itself in the revealed world, imparted suddenly meaning and order to the scattered, disconnected and seemingly purposeless facts of human history. And it is chiefly to this Hegelian "idea" that we owe the manifold and very successful attempts to discover in the records of the past the course of development in human affairs.

Pessimism is, in truth, the consistent practical outcome of any kind of system, assuming as pre-existent an all-containing and all-efficient potency, through whose affections, emanations, manifestations or creations our known world comes into being. For, according to our moral standard, the production of something not only infinitely lower than its producer, but destined, moreover, to pass through a life full of strife and misery, must be looked upon as a most grievous and deplorable misdeed, to be atoned for only by utter inhibition of the mischievous activity. This sentiment, finding expression in one form or another, has played a very prominent part in religious life. Its awful implications seized hold of and goaded almost to misanthropic madness the impetuously emotional mind of Schopenhauer.

Deep down at the root of our being, where Kant had shown that our innermost nature, the intelligible, or, far more truly, the *volitional* Ego, issues with its power of free causation into manifest existence, morally to control and to overcome the baneful enchainment of natural events, into whose torturing meshes its own pernicious cupidity had entangled itself; there, at the root of our own and of all being, the blissful peace of eternal tranquillity

was ruthlessly broken and convulsed by that enormous guilt that brought in its train a world of endless suffering—the life-creating, malefic guilt that, with blind and frivolous desire, followed the treacherous allurements of temporal existence.

This is the central idea of the Monism of Will, the philosophical enunciation of which filled the life of that strange human being, who fretted through his allotted span of time under the name of Arthur Schopenhauer.

Hume was the first to draw prominent attention to one of the most significant of all contrasts, the one, namely, obtaining between the logical nexus connecting ideas, and the causal nexus connecting matters of fact. The former is purely analytical, the latter altogether synthetical. Kant made this all-important distinction the pivot of his entire philosophy. Before him all thinkers had proceeded according to the logical, analytical method. They endeavored to evolve the particulars of knowledge from a pre-existing, all-including totality. Kant set about constructing knowledge from the scattered and unconnected particulars given to sense by dint of definite combining powers, with which our mind finds itself endowed.

Kant, in spite of most strenuous efforts, could not see his way to a monistic system on this basis, for—and this is the emphatic conclusion of his entire theoretical philosophy—the combining faculties of our mind refuse to work on any kind of material which is not given through the senses. How this sense-material is actually given remains to Kant as enigmatical as to the philosophers of the seventeenth century, only their world of extended material things outside the mind has become to Kant a world of unknown things-in-themselves, and this through the discovery of the mental constitution of sensible qualities and of time and space.

Now, on the strength of Kant's assumption of a synthetical power of a purely mental or spiritual nature, our neo-Kantians, probably at present the most influential school of thinkers, are teaching a spiritual Monism, which generally goes by the name of Transcendental Idealism, but which is distinguished from Hegel's Transcendental Idealism by being synthetical instead of analytical. They simply deny that any sense-material is given from outside. All our conscious states, even the most elementary, are already through and through synthetical products, and form in every respect integral parts of one and the same unitary consciousness. And, as the combining and conscious power is of a mental or spiritual nature, it follows that the entire content of consciousness must necessarily be a product of that synthetizing power. Thought is then identical with being.

Truth or knowledge is the rethinking on our part of the eternal thought of the universal intelligence. And as thought is identical with being, it is clear that so far

as our thought has become identical with the divine thought, we have ourselves become divine beings.

This monistic system is incontestable, as soon as we admit that the only synthetizing power in the world is intelligence. But it is obvious enough that intelligence, as such, has not the very slightest power to originate and to endow with efficiency the forces that make up our real world.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, under the inspiration of the two great generalizations of our scientific era, the interconvertibility of forces and the evolution-hypothesis, has worked out with most comprehensive grasp, profound penetration and exquisitely subtle thought that great system of "Synthetic Philosophy," which we all so highly admire. Following with genuine philosophical zest the monistic bent, he has also attempted to crown the whole majestic structure by an all-comprehensive outlook, showing how the infinite variety of physical and mental phenomena forming our manifest world all issue from one single absolute power. According to this conception, all physical occurrences, as well as all mental states, are but so many different modes of this one Absolute.

Now, it is evident to Mr. Spencer himself that the only immediate knowledge we have of the physical world consists in mental states of our own. If, then, as Mr. Spencer teaches, these mental states are themselves really modes of the eternal power, on which they would then entirely depend, there is not the slightest reason why we should assume, moreover, another second source of dependence outside that power. We would then see all things directly in and through the only and infinite source of existence—this being exactly what Father Malebranche once taught. Our mental states, in all their diversity and complexity, including every kind of awareness of our own existence and nature, body and all, would then be nothing but passively-received flashes of revelation, coming to us from the impenetrable depth of the all-efficient but unknowable energy.

This is one of the ways of showing the utter untenability of Mr. Spencer's Monism of the Unknowable. There are other ways, which we will, however, not at present follow.

The truth is, our conscious states are in no wise modes of any infinite and eternal power, whether knowable or unknowable. They are simply that which science proves them to be, namely, very definite functions of a most specific organ—an organ minutely and accurately known by us in a symbolical manner within our own perception, but whose intimate nature as a thing-in-itself remains, thus far, entirely unknown. This is evidently the actual state of things. Why should we want to make it appear otherwise?

Professor Bain has likewise sought to establish a monistic view of matter and mind, and this within the

limits of the subjective idealism of the association-philosophy; a system of thought which, in its entire scope, he has elaborated with consummate psychological tact, extensive knowledge and admirable accuracy of observation and statement. With him matter and mind are only different expressions for objective and subjective consciousness, the former having extension, the latter being extensionless. The same being or substance is "by alternate fits object and subject," experiencing at one time extended, at another time unextended consciousness. We have, then, "one substance with two sets of properties, the physical and the mental—a double-faced unity."

As this two-sided monistic manifestation of many things and feelings takes place altogether within our own individual consciousness, we are naturally somewhat curious to know whether there are other double-faced beings in existence besides ourselves; also whether there are things outside our consciousness corresponding to its material perceptions. And, if so, we wish to gain some little insight how all these double and single-faced substances come in reality to be interdependent parts of one and the same world. Perhaps some one some day will inform us.

Materialism is ill adapted for monistic purposes. Its presupposition has to be dualistic. It must start either with ultimate elements of matter *and* force, or with ultimate quantities of mass *and* motion. When it transcends its realism, it becomes something quite different, something that generally goes by the name of Dynamism. We have, then, in existence only the reciprocal play of immaterial forces, usually conceived as a plenum of energies, irradiating from centers of power. On such a foundation, Priestley already sought to establish a monistic view of body and mind, and this by means of the very simple device of making mental efficiencies form part of the forces, that in their interaction constitute the world. Many thinkers have followed his example, and, of course, one cannot be much astonished to find individual power-complexes display mental properties when one has oneself introduced these very properties into their constituent elements.

The Brooklyn *Citizen*, after examining the official reports of the standing of the Roman Catholic church in this country, published in *Sadlier's Catholic Directory* for 1887, says:

Boston, the metropolitan see, to which the other two dioceses of Massachusetts are suffragan, has 400,000 Catholics. Truly is "the Boston of Collins and O'Brien" not "the city of Winthrop and the Puritans." Last year there were born there over eleven thousand children, and of this number over seven thousand were Catholics. "A steady annual growth of seven in eleven," says the Boston *Pilot*, "independent of the gain by immigration, will, in the course of one generation, make Boston the most distinctly Catholic city in the world."

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1887.

DARWIN AND HIS WORK.

Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, died on Wednesday, April 19th, 1882, at his quiet home at Down, England. So retired was the life led by him, that not until two days after his death did the news reach the London papers, but everywhere, as soon as the sad fact was announced, there was a spontaneous outburst of loving regret from the people of every nation where his work was known. Rarely in the world's history has a man of science been so widely recognized during his lifetime, or so sincerely mourned at the time of his death. His own countrymen showed him all the honor possible, in a national way, by claiming for, and awarding him, a place among their immortals in Westminster Abbey, and among his coffin-bearers were the great scientists, Wallace, Hooker, Huxley, Lubbock, and others as distinguished.

Soon after his death the general desire to show

honor to his memory for his grand work of enlightenment found expression in a Darwin fund, to which came contributions from Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States, in addition to what was given by his own nation and its colonies. A part of this large fund was used in the erection of a commemorative statue, while the surplus is held in trust by the Royal Society of Great Britain to be used in the promotion of biological research.

The statue, when completed, was unveiled in the great hall of the Natural History Rooms of the British Museum, on the 9th of June, 1885, the addresses being made by Prof. Huxley, in presentation, and by the Prince of Wales in acceptance for the Museum. It is recorded that on that occasion "around the statue were congregated the most representative men of every branch of culture, from the Prince of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury to the opposite extremes of radicalism and free thought. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there can scarcely ever have been an occasion on which so many illustrious men of opposite ways of thinking have met to express a common agreement upon a man to whom they felt that honor was due."

What were the services which commanded for this modest, unpretentious student this world-wide admiration and appreciation? He had, living, made no claims to superiority of intellect or knowledge; he was a man of domestic tastes, quiet habits and unassuming mode of life. He had never been prominent on public occasions, was rarely heard at great dinner parties; he cared nothing whatever for the world of fashion, was no authority on art, shone little in the phosphorescent light of *belles-lettres*. Huxley answers our question in his address in behalf of the Darwin Memorial Committee: "The causes of this wide outburst of emotion are not far to seek," he said. "We had lost one of those rare ministers and interpreters of nature whose names mark epochs in the advance of natural knowledge. For whatever be the ultimate verdict of posterity upon this or that opinion which Mr. Darwin propounded; whatever adumbrations or anticipations of his doctrines may be found in the writings of his predecessors, the broad fact remains that since the publication, and by reason of the publication, of 'The Origin of Species,' the fundamental conceptions and the aims of the students of living nature have been completely changed. From that work has sprung a great renewal, a true 'instauratio magna' of the zoological and botanical sciences. * * * The impulse thus given to scientific thought rapidly spread beyond the ordinarily recognized limits of biology. Psychology,

ethics, cosmology, were stirred to their foundation, and 'The Origin of Species' proved itself to be the fixed point which the general doctrine of evolution needed to move the world."

Intellectually, Darwin was of royal pedigree and family. His paternal grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, was one of the pioneer teachers of the theory of evolution long before his illustrious grandson was born; he was a thinker, philosopher and poet, author of "Zoönomia," "The Botanic Garden," "The Temple of Nature," and other works. His great-grandfather, Robert Darwin, is described in local records as "a person of curiosity," with "a taste for literature and science," and "an embryo geologist." His grand-uncle, Robert Darwin, was the author of a work on botany of considerable repute. His father, Robert Waring Darwin, was a physician of eminence at Shrewsbury and a Fellow of the Royal Society. His father's brother, Sir Francis Darwin, was noted as a keen observer of animals. Another uncle, Charles Darwin, who died at twenty-one, was author of a valuable medical work. His mother, who died while he was yet a child, was a daughter of the famous potter, Josiah Wedgewood, a careful and painstaking observer. Among his cousins, on the mother's side, were Hensleigh Wedgewood, the Philologist, Sir Henry Holland, and Francis Galton, the scientist and authority on heredity. His wife was a Miss Wedgewood, his cousin, and his sons are eminent in science.

But not wholly to pedigree or family predilections is the work and fame of Darwin due. That, in great part, is owing to rare personal qualifications—to his unswerving devotion to the study of Nature, to his phenomenal patience, to his careful observation, to his unwearied perseverance and continuity of purpose, to his generous recognition of fellow-students, to his genuine and rare modesty, and to his grandly simple rectitude of character.

Charles Robert Darwin—the Darwin of the Darwins—was born at Shrewsbury, England, February 12th, 1809. His family were in good circumstances, and no unpropitious "environments" hindered his natural bent toward scientific investigation. Family connections, neighborhood tendencies, and inherited proclivities combined to make him the fine character he was.

His scholastic education commenced at Shrewsbury, where, as a school-boy, "coming events cast their shadows before," in his delight in collecting shells, minerals, eggs, coins, etc., showing his bias toward investigation and classification. At sixteen he was sent to the University at Edinburgh, where one of his earliest papers, prepared for an Academical Society, was on "The Floating Eggs of the Common

Sea-Mat," setting forth his discovery of organs of locomotion in this low form of marine life.

From 1827 to 1831 he was a student at Christ College, Cambridge, where he was fortunate in having the companionship and guidance of such thinkers as Prof. Henslow, Airy, Sidgwick, Ramsay and others.

He was only twenty-two, an age at which most young men are busy "sowing their wild oats," when the chance of accompanying Capt. Fitzroy, on the government ship *Beagle*, on a voyage of scientific discovery round the world, was presented to him. Though he understood that the trip would be of several years duration, and might be in some respects dangerous; though his services were to be gratuitous (with the privilege only of retaining as his own the specimens collected on the trip), yet he eagerly accepted the opportunity; and his five years of exile from home and friends were years of delight to his soul, and during those years was laid the foundation of all his noble after-work of discovery and experiment. His work as a writer began when, after his return, he contributed three volumes to the series recording the observations made during the voyage of the *Beagle*—"Volcanic Islands," "Geological Observations on South America," and his valuable Essay on "Coral Reefs."

Three years after his return, at the age of thirty, he married a cousin, Miss Emma Wedgewood, daughter of his uncle Josiah Wedgewood. Within a few years of his marriage he built his family mansion at Down and instituted the beginnings of his series of practical experiments, the results of which, when long afterward presented to the public in his "Origin of Species," were accepted as indisputable testimony to the truth of what had been until then held as theory only, but which, when thus fortified, was accepted by the world at large, as well as by brother scientists, as incontrovertible and demonstrated truth.

He gave the best years of his life to these experiments, forsaking for them all public emoluments and honors, and all other pursuits. "Early to bed and early to rise; wandering unseen among the lanes and paths, or riding slowly on his favorite black cob, the great Naturalist passed forty years happily and usefully at Down, where all the village knew and loved him," wrote Grant Allen; yet, every day probably, in all these years, he was, with deliberation, with careful exactness and thoughtful judgment, making experiments of all kinds with plants, insects, birds and animals; browsing in all the highways and byways of literature and ferreting out the secrets of individual experience for facts bearing on the subjects in mind; trying in every thinkable way to test the accuracy of his biological surmises. His admiring

and admirable friend and scientific compeer, Alfred R. Wallace, says, on this point, that soon after his return from his memorable Beagle voyage "he had already perceived that no explanation but some form of the derivation or development hypothesis, as it was then termed, would adequately explain the remarkable facts of distribution and geological succession which he had observed during his voyage, yet he tells us that he worked on for five years before he allowed himself to speculate on the subject, and then, having formulated his provisional hypothesis in a definite shape during the next two years, he devoted fifteen years or more to continuous observation, experiment and literary research, before he gave to the astonished scientific world an abstract of his theory in all its wide-embracing scope and vast array of evidence in his epoch-making volume, "The Origin of Species." If we add to the period enumerated above, the five years of observation and study during the voyage, we find that this work was the outcome of *twenty-nine* years of continuous thought and labor by one of the most patient, most truth-loving and most acute intellects of our age."

Alfred Russell Wallace, with a modesty characteristic of both himself and Darwin, omits to state, in the sketch from which the foregoing paragraph is taken, that the publication of the "Origin of Species" was hastened because of a striking memoir which he (then absent on a voyage of tropical discovery) had sent on to Darwin in 1858, with a request that he forward it to Sir Charles Lyell for presentation to the Linnean Society. To Darwin's surprise he found, on reading it, that it contained his own theory of natural selection, not worked out in detail as he himself was working it out, but still complete in spirit and essence. Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, who were aware of Darwin's own unpublished work, both urged him to publish a few extracts from that work in the same journal in which Wallace's paper was to appear, and the two contributions were read together before the Linnean Society, July 1, 1858. "That double communication" says Grant Allen, "marks the date of the birth of modern evolutionism." Darwin decided that it was time to give to the world some of the results of his experiments with his conclusions in regard to them and "The Origin of Species" was published in November of the following year, 1859. Says the writer last quoted from, "that book was one of the greatest, the most learned, the most lucid, the most logical, the most crushing, the most conclusive that the world has ever yet seen. Step by step, and principle by principle, it proved every point in its progress triumphantly before it went on to demonstrate the next."

The work excited immediate attention and

aroused hot discussion, and in less than six weeks after its publication was in such demand that it had become famous and a second edition was called for and put upon the market. Darwin was over fifty when "The Origin of Species" was published. It was to have been one of a long series which he contemplated, but ill health prevented him from finishing that series to his own satisfaction before his death, at the age of seventy-three, though doubtless the most important ones were given to the public, since other scientists, by their work in the same direction, filled up the gap thus left. In spite of his constant work and study Darwin was for a great part of his life a semi-invalid, but he made every moment of available time of purpose to science. Among the works published by him were "The Descent of Man," which awoke still further opposition and discussion from orthodox thinkers, though the battle had been in effect won by the earlier work, "The Variation of Animals and Plants Under Domestication," "Emotional Expressions of Man and the Lower Animals," "Insectivorous Plants," "Fertilization of Orchids," "Movement and Habits of Climbing Plants," "The Effect of Cross and Self Fertilization," "Power of Movement in Plants," and "The Formation of Vegetable Mould Through the Action of Worms." In regard to this last work it may be noted as an instance of his remarkably painstaking experimenting, that having early had his attention called to the subject, from a suggestion from his father-in-law, Josiah Wedgewood, soon after he built his family mansion at Down, in 1842, he began to spread broken chalk over a certain field, which he let remain undisturbed to the action of earth-worms until 1871, when a trench was dug to test the results, an experiment taking twenty-nine years!

His experiments were never absent from his thoughts. In his garden and his conservatory some of these were ever in progress. Col. Higginson tells us how, on a certain visit to Darwin, when he remained over night, he happened to look out of his window very early in the morning 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? 'O, 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.'"

Every one who ever met the great Naturalist—lofty and noble in figure, as in mind—bears testimony

to his lovable qualities. "To that charming candor and delightful unostentatiousness which everybody must have noticed in his published writings," says Mr. Allen, "he united, in private life, a kindness of disposition, a width of sympathy, and a ready generosity which made him as much beloved by his friends as he was admired and respected by all Europe." No one was so much surprised at the honors shown him as himself. John Fiske says: "When I first met Mr. Darwin in London, in 1873, he told me that he was surprised at the great fame which his book instantly won, and at the quickness with which it carried conviction to the minds of all the men on whose opinions he set the most value."

He mingled little in general society, but enjoyed the personal acquaintance and friendship of most of the leading scientific men of Europe and this country. Two or three years of his earlier married life were spent in London, and we read of him at this period in the Carlyle reminiscences as dropping in of an evening for a friendly chat with Mrs. Carlyle, or of her taking a drive with him to see his new house at Down, and again of Carlyle being absent "at dinner at Darwins," etc. He was not at all a self-assertive, self-conscious man or Scientist, but only a sincere lover of science, and an ardent investigator of the ever-tempting, tantalizing and beckoning promises of revelation of the wonderful mysteries of the Universe. His grandfather's words in his poem, "The Temple of Nature," might have been his own invocation.

"Priestess of Nature! while with pious awe
Thy votary bends, the mystic veil withdraw;
Charm after charm, succession bright, display,
And give the goddess to adoring day!"

S. A. U.

SCIENCE vs. THEOLOGY.

Science emphasizes the importance of investigation. It says investigate and then believe or disbelieve according to the weight of evidence. Theology says, believe first and then investigate if you choose, but be careful that investigation does not weaken your faith. Science teaches that doubt is necessary to inquiry and that inquiry is necessary to intellectual progress. Theology, by condemning doubt, discourages impartial search for truth and, at the same time, courage and independence of thought. The faith of the man of science is conviction founded upon evidence. Theological faith does not admit of proof or verification. The authorities of science are those who have made their subjects matters of years of laborious study; yet an appeal from their statements is always open to any one who can show their error or inadequacy. The authorities of theology are ancient characters who are held in veneration on account

of their alleged inspiration, and appeal from whose declaration is pronounced sinful and perilous.

The object of science is Nature—the world of phenomena, whose ongoings are open to our observation and contemplation. The object of theology is the supposed attributes, plans and purposes of the unknown cause of phenomena. Science is knowledge classified and methodized. For convenience we label a certain class of facts astronomy, geology, chemistry, biology, etc., but all these sciences are but segments of a circle, parts of one great science—the science of the universe. All the sciences being related, there can be no complete knowledge of any without thorough knowledge of all.

When we go beyond the region of observation and experience, and beyond the possibility of data for our beliefs, we pass from the region of science to that of theology. Theology begins where knowledge ends. The empire of science is continually enlarging, while that of theology is yielding its territory just as fast as the complex groups of phenomena in which it entrenches itself are shown by scientific discoveries to belong to the region of law and causation. Miracles, like ghosts, vanish as the light approaches. Theology is retreating from field to field, and is now pleading for the right to recognition as the science of that which is beyond phenomena—the light that never was on land or sea. The various conceptions of the eternal mystery in regard to which theology dogmatizes are but so many mirrors from which men see reflected their own mental and moral faces. Man projects ideally his own intelligence and volition out upon the field of phenomena and imagines that he is studying the plans and purposes of God, when he is unconsciously studying his own nature. This illusion is the foundation of theology which, carefully analyzed, reveals not the plans and purposes of Infinite Intelligence, but the conceptions and feelings of man, formulated into dogmas and made realizable to the ignorant by ritualisms which appeal to eye and ear. The key to theology is anthropology, because the actual object of theology is a conceptual being entirely human in its intellectual and moral characteristics. The existence of that power in which we move and live, which rounds a pebble and forms a planet, which germinates a seed and evolves an animal, even the wonderful structure and yet more wonderful mind of man, is indubitable, though one declines to limit it by definitions or to give it human attributes.

Science shows that the present order of things is the product of the modification of pre-existent orders. All leading scientific thinkers regard evolution so well established as not likely to be shaken in its main conclusion. From simple conditions has grown a world diversified in appearance and teeming with differentiated life. The higher forms have a genetic kinship with lower forms. As structural modifications have resulted in the body, so

mental modifications have resulted in the mind of man. Language, government, art, morals and religion have grown from the most rudimentary conditions. Judaism and Christianity can be shown to have grown out of earlier religious systems. Christianity gained its great conquests only when it had assimilated much of the Paganism with which it was confronted, and it persists to-day only because, ignoring those portions of the New Testament teachings which are ascetic, or impracticable in this age, it adopts the maxims and conforms to the requirements of our modern industrial civilization.

Fortunately moral character and conduct do not depend upon theological dogmas. Ethics is the science of human relations. The moral law is a generalized expression for the sum total of actions conducive to our well-being. The moral sense is no doubt innate, but it is an implication of evolution that innate or connate tendencies are the acquisitions of centuries, the experiences of ancestors organized in the race in the form of predispositions; so that instincts and intuitions, and even the old metaphysical *a priori* "forms of thought," are experiential in their nature—*a priori* in the individual but experiential in the race.

Modern science, in a truly reconciliative spirit, fuses into a synthesis whatever valuable there is in the old conceptions with the newly-discovered truth, and it is equally opposed to the dogmatism of theology on the one hand and to mere iconoclasm on the other. It destroys only to rebuild, only to get possession of the ground; and it would preserve whatever valuable materials there are in the old structure, for use in the erection of a fairer and nobler edifice for humanity.

In an article giving "A Thought-Reader's Experiences," in the December number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Stuart Cumberland, the most celebrated of the so-called mind-readers, says that in his experiments he is always blindfolded so that his attention may not be distracted by light or movement, that in working out actions, such as imaginary murder tableaux, he prefers holding the patient's hand in his own, "so that all the nerves and muscles may have full play." He never, he says, gets a "mental picture" of what is in the subject's mind and depends wholly upon impressions conveyed to him through the action of the subject's physical system while his attention is concentrated. Mr. Cumberland states that he has never seen a successful experiment of reading thoughts without contact, "unless there had been opportunities for observing some phase of physical indication expressed by the subject, or unless the operator was enabled to gather information from suggestions unconsciously let fall by somebody around. I have on several occasions managed to accomplish tests without actual contact, but have always been sufficiently

near to my subject to receive from him—and to act upon accordingly—any impression that he physically might convey." "In my case," he adds, "thought-reading is an exalted perception of touch. Given contact with an honest, thoughtful man, I can ascertain the locality he is thinking of, the object he has decided upon, the course he wishes to pursue, or the number he desires me to decipher, almost as confidently as though I had received verbal communication from him.

* * *

David A. Wasson, who died in Medford, Mass., in January, after a long and painful struggle with disease—the result of an injury to his spine sustained many years ago—was a philosophical thinker, a poet and a man of exalted character. His papers, contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American Review*, *The Index* and other publications, are all marked by vigor and originality of thought, an earnest and conscientious spirit and fine literary taste, and many of them are worthy of collection and reproduction in permanent form. Hampered though he was by physical infirmities, which increased year by year, whatever he wrote bore the stamp of the thinker and the artist. No one who knew him well can forget the charm of his personality, and none familiar with his writings, who know under what painful disadvantages most of them were produced, can fail to feel a deep and pathetic interest in his philosophical and literary work.

* * *

The papers announce that Mr. Beecher is now at work on his *Life of Christ*, that after its completion he will write his own life and that then the two works will be sold together by subscription. The *Springfield Republican* gives the publisher a hint as to the heading of their announcement, thus: "The Lives of Christ & Beecher, by the Latter." The *Republican* mentions that Rev. E. F. Burr, author of "*Ecce Calum*," dedicated one of his books to President Scelye, of Amherst College, and another to the Supreme Being.

* * *

In a tribute to her husband, whose death was announced a few weeks ago, Elizabeth Cady Stanton gives this illustration of Mr. H. B. Stanton's readiness, when addressing an audience, to take advantage of any unexpected occurrence:

On one occasion he was delivering a temperance lecture on the platform covered by a thick oil-cloth that protruded two or three inches over the edge of the boards in front. In the midst of one of his most eloquent passages he was comparing the inebriate's downward course to the Falls of Niagara, and the struggle with drink to the hopeless efforts of a man in the rapids. Just as he reached, in his description, the fatal plunge over the precipice, he advanced to the edge of the platform, the oil cloth gave way under his feet and in an instant he went down headlong into the audience, carrying with him desk, glass, pitcher and water. Being

light and agile, he was quickly on the platform again, and immediately remarked with great coolness: "I carried my illustration farther than I had intended to. Yet even so it is that the drunkard falls, glass in hand, carrying destruction with him. But not so readily does he rise again from the terrible depths into which he has precipitated himself." The whole house cheered again and again, and even Gough never struck a more powerful blow for temperance.

* * *

A lady relates this of her servant, a spinster about forty years old, who had a settled aversion to the male portion of mankind: "One day she asked for my library ticket to go to our village library for a book to read. I recommended two or three books which I thought she would find within her capacity, but she found that they were all out and she choose a book for herself. It was Darwin's 'Descent of Man.' 'Why did you pick out this book, Biddy?' I asked her, in surprise. 'Sure, ma'am,' she replied, 'it says its about a daycent man, and if there's one daycent man top of ground I thought I'd like to be radin' about him; but it ain't about any man at all, ma'am; its all about mon-keys, sure.'"

* * *

Dr. Edmund Montgomery writes:

I perfectly agree with Mr. Hegeler that living faith in the unbroken continuity of organic "form" and conscious participation in its further development, have to become the positive and central inspirations of the scientific creed. It is this fact of nature which is really the superindividual, realistic basis of the unity of mankind and of all its social and ethical striving. The mystery of love in all its phases arises from the fundamental organic unity—a unity rendered wondrously mystic and magnetic through the estrangement of individuated personality. Every one so isolated and yet so completely one with all the rest. The ready self-sacrifice for Love's sake, and especially the joyous sacrifice of parents, attest sufficiently how deeply and instinctively rooted this feeling of organic unity really is. Being universal among unperturbed classes of humanity, it affords an organized, impressible and altruistic medium for the emotional reception of the scientific creed. But as the same nature-rooted sentiment has been falsely interpreted by supernatural and anti-social theories of life, it devolves upon science to give it a solid, incontestable basis in vital organization.

* * *

The Century Magazine prints for the first time the words of Abraham Lincoln given in an official reprimand to a young officer who had been court-martialed for quarreling: "Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right, and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite." This is not, in our opinion, sound moral teaching. It would never develop strength of character nor promote a strong sentiment of justice among men, with respect for the right of one another. The man who voluntarily allows others to impose upon him encourages imposition. The man who submits to

injustice to himself, when he can prevent it, encourages injustice to others, and, however amiable his disposition or good his intentions, his conduct weakens the safeguards of social order. The truly just man respects the rights of his fellow men, and insists upon his own. "The killing of the dog would not cure the bite," but it would prevent his biting some other person less able, perhaps, to escape or to defend himself.

* * *

Auberon Herbert, in *A Politician in Trouble About His Soul*, says of Herbert Spencer:

With the most faithful appreciation of scientific work, he has seen that the world belonged neither to the physicist, nor to the chemist, nor to the biologist; but that it was something larger than any world of theirs. He has seen, as Carlyle, and Emerson, and Ruskin, and Walt Whitman have seen, each in his own way, the wonder and the miracle in which we are all enveloped—the marvel of the knowable world and the marvel of the unknowable world, lying beyond the enchanted mountains and their impassable barrier; he has looked through the nature that surrounds us to the meaning at the heart of it all; he has used science as the interpreter of the sacred thing, but not stayed in it, as if it were the sacred thing itself. We owe it to him more than to any man—unless, perhaps, it be Emerson—the power to realize the harmony and unity embracing all things, the perfect order and the perfect reason, in the light of which men may walk confidently with sure aims. We owe to him new possibilities of that faith, of which the theologian, with his combined pettiness and rashness, has almost robbed the world.

* * *

THE following notice of THE OPEN COURT is from the editorial columns of the Boston *Herald* of Feb. 24:

THE OPEN COURT, which takes the place of the *Index* and is now published at Chicago as a fortnightly, is a great improvement on that rather unequal journal and brings to the front, with their affirmations of positive thought, the principal radical thinkers of the country. There is a welcome field for such a paper, though its home would seem to be in the East rather than in the West. But one is too happy to have such a paper in existence to be too critical as to the quarter of the country in which it appears. Many of the old stand-bys are here in their proper place, but one recognizes a more philosophical tone of thought, a more constructive view of life, a stronger grip on things essential. This is to be encouraged. An objection to much that is called new thought is that it is nothing but articulated nonsense. THE OPEN COURT in its initial issue is comparatively free from this sort of utterance. There is not an article in it which a thinking man can afford to skip and if the periodical can be maintained at its present level it will speedily become one of the influential papers of the United States in all that pertains to vital thinking. It will be an honor to any man to reach the public through its columns.

* * *

Mr. Zimmerman's speech in the last issue of THE OPEN COURT was the only part of the discussion of Mr. Hegeler's essay that was printed from the stenographer's notes without revision or correction, and it contains some errors which in justice to Mr. Zimmerman should be indicated. In the fifth line for "those for" read *these few*; in the seventh line instead of "can" read *again*. In the eighth line after "until" read *at last*, and after "vigor" omit "falls under" and substitute *feels no invigorating*.

UNITARIANISM AND ITS GRAND-CHILDREN.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

In the statistics, Unitarianism appears one of the smaller sects. In reality, it is the largest. The fallacy arises from the fact that Unitarianism is not viviparous, does not bring forth its young alive; it is oviparous, and most of its eggs, like those of the cuckoo, are hatched in other nests than its own. The bad name of the cuckoo comes from the European species, which shove other eggs out of the nests they invade before depositing their own. The American cuckoo respects the brood of other birds, and leaves its child to be brought up with them, and for a time be confused with them. When the broader wing develops in the Congregational nest, or the Episcopal, or the Quaker nest, there is a good deal of fluttering and scolding among the parent birds; but the new creature is strong, not easily pitched out, and is gradually adopted as one of the family. If Unitarianism recognized all its children in other churches, and outside of all churches, it would feel patriarchal as Abraham, the father of generations. The late Dean Stanley said that, while he was in America, every sermon he preached had some of Channing in it, and every sermon he heard was largely from Emerson. Yet he did not attend any Unitarian Church. Channing is a Unitarian father; Emerson one of his children, Theodore Parker another. These two children were from eggs laid in the nest once called "infidel;" they were repudiated, but are now objects of parental pride. Then Parker and Emerson found nests in which to lay their young. Transcendentalism and Parkerism, children of Unitarianism, gave birth to the germs of new departures. The Free Religious Association, the Ethical Society Union, the Agnostic philosophy, are thus grandchildren of Unitarianism. If all who are really of one blood could be gathered together, a great force might be generated. There is a growing tendency in the old household of liberal faith to build for itself a larger mansion; so that its grandchildren may mingle with its children, and not merely come for an occasional visit, but stay for a long time. On the other hand, some of us fear that the homestead is not large enough for a house that can include all the liberal family. We know that, whether beside Tiberias or Winnepesaukee, such houses of the true and free cannot be made with hands; and suspect that it might even be better if Unitarianism were to give up denominational housekeeping altogether and live on its children and grandchildren, who would be all the better for its culture and experience.

Thirty-five years ago I came from an orthodox church into the Unitarian Church to find it hotly militant. Many besides myself must look back on those

old disputes with sorrowful wonder. The polemical spirit of those days has passed away before a discovery which has changed every thinker's point of view. We are now evolutionists. We regard each other not as soldiers of one or another camp, but as minds representing various stages of development—buds or blossoms, or fruits more or less ripe, to be dealt with not by bruises but sunshine. We have also learned two other things: 1. That the persistence or decline of doctrines depends much less than we used to think on their truth or untruth. The world is fashioned by evolutionary forces. Even an untrue dogma may survive so long as it produces the man valued by society and helps the average world better than the truth. 2. We have learned that dogmas may not be what they seem, and that where any faith bears sweet fruit, loveliness of life, charity to all, the mere orthodox name does not alter the organic truth of that faith any more than it would affect the character of a peach tree if you should label it prickly pear. He that deviseth liberal things is liberal, whether he can rightly analyze his liberalism or not.

The controversial method is thus discredited. Our zeal is transferred from the abstract to the practical side of our truth. To propagate a doctrine means to make it a factor in human evolution. The more we fight for it the less we advance it, for the man we fight is the man we have got to enlighten. And if we cannot show in ourselves, in our families, in our societies, better types of character than his, we cannot by any reasoning touch the spring that moves that man—who is average mankind, organized through ages by ecclesiastical selection, but moralized by social selection.

The defect of most liberal organizations arises from the fact that they were pre-Darwinian. Positivism, with its elaborate scheme for a Church of Humanity, already, in its second generation, appears antiquated. Transcendentalism included the idea of development, but it was based on the optimistic view of nature; the law of evolution reveals nature "red in tooth and claw," dependent on man for restraint and direction. The Free Religious Association was a Declaration of Independence, and it was followed by a sort of confederation for the security of individualism rather than for co-operation. The union of societies for ethical culture, formed this year in New York, is the only liberal organization constituted since the revolution in the aims and methods of progress caused by study of the laws of evolution. We may, in a sense, call that ethical movement the great-grandchild of Unitarianism.

Nearly every Unitarian feels that he is able to keep abreast of most movements. He has no creed to keep him from being a Free Religious Associate, a transcendentalist, a rationalist, an ethical culturist, an agnostic even. And yet these new departures have had to develop themselves outside of Unitarianism. Somehow

they have not found the ancestral atmosphere congenial to a farther religious and ethical evolution. Is there any necessary cause behind this fact?

What are the aims of a liberal Church? Its primary aim is to cultivate the whole higher nature of every individual it can reach. This is a great task. Every soul is dogged through life by its hereditary animal; to restrain that animal, tame it, domesticate it, and harmonize it with the higher purposes of life, is a work requiring the finest art and profound science. The good shepherd of the new age, unable to frighten the wolf from his educated flock with incredible hells, nor bribe it with a upine paradise, must, nevertheless, alarm animalism with the actual consequences of evil, and invest virtue with her every charm, that the sense of honor may grow strong enough to subdue every degrading tendency. For that work the Unitarian society seems fairly constituted. It holds two great doctrines which fit it for such ethical service—the dignity of human nature, and the salvation of every man by his own merits. A generation thoroughly trained on those two principles would be a virtuous generation.

I heard Emerson say—it was more than thirty years ago—"I do not hear the preacher, but gladly help in his support; it is important to have in town a man occupied with its humanities." I could not help feeling that something must be wrong, or else he himself would be still the great preacher in his ancestral church. The three greatest intellects of our own time—Emerson, Darwin, Carlyle—were all trained for the pulpit; but neither found it adequate for his large aim. It might do for "the humanities," but not for humanity. And this brings us to consider another aim of every liberal church. It must have some mission to the world. It must not merely cultivate individual natures for personal happiness, domestic life, or the social circle; it must influence the state, the world, the conditions under which society is evolved, the forces by which humanity is fashioned. Self-culture is but a variety of selfishness unless it is humanized. Science studies all things impartially; morality distinguishes the good from the evil; but religion means to fall in love with the good. To seek it everywhere, to make sacrifices for it, to demand the whole world for it, is as essential to rational religion now as it was to those who, of old, gave their lives joyfully in hope of a renovated earth.

Jesus was an evolutionist. The travail of his soul was a purified and renewed earth. It was to be brought about by human toil as a harvest. A small seed fed and watered till as a tree it fills the earth, was the similitude of his faith. But his truth fell amid briars of superstition; it was choked as it sprang up. When he died and appeared no more among men, his followers located his new earth beyond the clouds, where they supposed he had gone; they lavished their enthusiasm and their sacri-

fices on another world, and abandoned this to its supposed diabolical ruler. The aim of the living Jesus was thus overthrown by the phantom of a risen Christ. After its long slumber of centuries the idea of Jesus has awakened, in our own time; again there rises before religious faith the vision of a renovated world to be secured by human effort. The dream of immortality remains, but the rosy heaven which so long absorbed religious enthusiasm is steadily superseded by the hope that this great lump of earth is to be leavened with truth, and justice, and beauty; and by the belief that it is to be brought about by the labors of man.

Yes, in our own age, for the first time since Jesus went silent, has the cry of the poor been heard by religion, and the salvation of man from actual evils become the supreme end of any church. Good men in many churches have indeed heard that cry, churches have adopted their charities; but Christianity never promised the salvation of this world from the evils which afflict and degrade it, never proposed to exterminate pauperism, disease, despotism, never threw itself on the side of any cause that concerned man simply in his earthly condition. It was heresy to deal with human sufferings as not included in the providence of God; it was sacrilege to devote to man any treasures consecrated to God. If that providence had done for man as much as man has done for him, every human desert would be blossoming like the rose.

If now once more the brave voice of Paul, warning the Athenians that God needs nothing at all at men's hands, is heard, we owe it primarily to the Unitarian movement. The germ of a human religion was planted when reverence ceased to believe that man's chief end was to glorify God, to pay God for dying for him, to sound his praises for the surprising mercy of not damning the whole human race to all eternity. Unitarianism proclaimed a new God and a new man; that implied presently a new heaven; that again a new earth.

But every new divinity must for a time propitiate the preceding one. The old forms and phrases are used, though with new meanings, and there is apt to be a sort of compromise—a father-and-son arrangement. By that means Christianity inherited the temples of Paganism, and by a like process Unitarianism inherited the temples of Puritanism. The father generally holds a mortgage on the estate of the son, but when the grandson comes the continuity becomes strained. For this third person is the spirit which finds the letter a burdensome heritage. The living spirit is sharper than a two-edged sword; it is always a divider. It questions the forms which the new faith has derived from the old. And that is the spirit which is searching Unitarianism to find whether it is able to meet the demand it has awakened—to deal with the social, moral, national, human questions which have supplanted theology. Fifty years ago Unitarianism

gave up from its pulpit the noblest genius this country ever produced, because he could not celebrate the sacramental symbol of a dogma which Unitarianism had taught him to repudiate; yet fifty-five years ago that same preacher, Emerson, was able to bring an humble abolitionist from Boston common into his pulpit, from which, for the first time, the slave's cause was heard by people of wealth and influence. And during all that struggle for humanity the Unitarian, alone among churches, had a witness for justice in every community and, above its official hesitations, wrote in faithful and fearless pulpits a record of which it need not be ashamed.

Fifty years is a long time. It is probable that in most Unitarian congregations a preacher's eloquence would outweigh his dissent from their theology and disuse of any sacrament. But, in the presence of great issues affecting humanity, men whose hearts burn within them lose their interest in theology, in ceremonies; the ritual solemnities become literally impertinent. The adequacy of a church to the issues of its time is solely a question of whether that church is able to attract to itself the moral genius of its time. And that no church can do without being the very best organ through which moral genius can influence the fine issues for which it is finely touched. Is Unitarianism drawing to itself and giving free course to the moral genius of its time? Yes, in one sense; no, in another. Yes, if its children and grandchildren be reckoned with it, and its sons who have carried its thunder into certain orthodox churches. Sydney Smith once wrote to a friend: "I preached a sermon this morning on peace, as good as any of Dr. Channing's; in fact it was Dr. Channing's." The like may be said of many sermons now charming Boston and New York, only they are somewhat more heretical than Channing's; for the meal may be bear's meat if the grace is liturgical. When some one spoke of the apparent decline of Unitarianism, Dr. Bellows said a better phrase were the decline of apparent Unitarianism. The suggestion seems still true.

Whatever may be thought of the Unitarianism which is leavening churches called orthodox, I cannot help feeling that the societies which have no theological tests ought to be able to form a unity so complete, a fraternity so free, a ministration so various, that the religious genius now starved in uncongenial professions shall be recalled. Very slight modifications of structure may be followed by vast changes of function; a grain-weight of bone may make all the difference between the earth-bound and the heaven-soaring creature; and it may be that some small changes might make Unitarianism into the real American Church.

Simply to drop the name Unitarian might have great results. The question of the Trinity is now of only infinitesimal importance. What serious person is willing

to sever himself from his ancestral church on so paltry a question as whether the deity exists in three persons or one? People are concerned now to know whether there be any God at all or not, but whether he has three persons or three or three thousand, is of no importance whatever. That battle-field is cold. The Unitarian surrendered the whole thing with the authority of the Bible. If the Bible is not God's Word, what it teaches about his personality is of mere literary interest. For reason or science there can be no such question. The man who believes God has several persons, or a million, has as much fact to support him as the man who says he has one, since, apart from "revelation," neither knows anything at all about it. The Unitarian name is an anachronism, and, I suspect, is kept up from loyalty to the fathers and a lingering militantism.

But more, the Unitarian name, arrogant toward orthodoxy—as if alleging that it does not hold the divine unity, a sort of "bloody shirt" waved in its face—on the other hand misrepresents the thinkers so labeled. It obstinately suggests that they are devoting their lives, their scholarship, their freedom and power, to a small theological negation. So long as people can hear preached in Trinitarian churches, as they do, the fatherly tenderness of God once distinctive of Unitarian doctrine, the humanity of Jesus, the sacredness of man, they will not care for the mystical word with which such realities are connected. And if it be said that such preaching in orthodox churches is dishonest, the Trinitarian may ask whether it be any more honest for those who affirm the Universal Love to prompt that love with prayers; or for those who reject the vicarious atonement to still consecrate the blood of Jesus?

However, names are difficult things to deal with; they get into trust deeds, and bind the living to bury the dead. Therefore, the only way to get rid of such a misnomer as "Unitarian," is to earn the right characteristic name, to work up to it, live up to it, until the world can read the true name on their forehead, as they read "Quaker" on the brow of George Fox and "Methodist" on that of Wesley.

The ear of the world has never been caught but by some gospel of salvation. But from what can a Unitarian save the world? He cannot aspire to convince the world of the truth of a theological creed, for he has none; he cannot propose to save the world from hells and devils that do not exist. From what, then, can he save it? The world is daily teaching us how and from what it must be saved. Outside of the churches—alas! outside—societies are formed to confront the manifold evils of the world—temperance societies, purity societies, woman's rights, man's rights, anti-capital, socialistic leagues. Each a satire on the churches, and each a rough-hewn stone in the church of the future—the Church of Man. They are rough, these movements,

out of proportion, stumbling-blocks to the refined and reasonable, because they are detached from the centers of religious sentiment and culture, which alone might shape and polish them.

But who is equal to these things? Religion has so long been occupied with making poor God comfortable, and pleased with himself, that we have no training for these social and moral issues. A poet says "new occasions teach new duties," but they do not teach us how to fulfil them. The Bible having ceased to be a guide, because it requires casuistry to make it out a moral book, we have been left to the laws of nature; and now find nature even less moral than the Bible. The anxious mother asks her liberal pastor: "Will you please give me a reason for my son why he should not gamble?" "Well, we didn't study that subject at the divinity school." "Or," she proceeds, "perhaps you will give me an answer for my daughter who, after hearing your beautiful sermon on God as revealed in nature, asked whether we should follow our nature." "Ah, Madame, that is a difficult question. I must look it up some day. By the way, how did you like my view of agnosticism last Sunday?"

When our good minister goes out into the world he is even more helpless. There he finds capital entrenched in the natural law of supply and demand, and labor hurling at it the equally natural stone with which conservation of force supplies its hand. The Golden Rule is transformed to the Rule of Gold. It is the struggle for existence. The millionaire cannot exist without his million any more than the workman without more wages. Steadily rises the storm. They used to tell us in the anti-slavery agitation that God would end the wrong in his own good time; but when it was ended that way, so much hell-fire was brought to the work, that it looks as if it might have been better to do the work ourselves. If the people had been as fully instructed by their pulpits in the moral facts of their own country, as in those of ancient Judea, there would have been no slavery and no war. And as one sees an anarchist nation steadily forming in hostility to the existing nation, while its moral guides are exhuming Jerusalem or speculating on the unseen world, a shuddering fear arises lest what we are witnessing should turn out to be the reversion of a race to barbarism. What corruption in great corporations, what baseness in politics! With what cynical hypocrisy is the polygamy of Utah outlawed in such ingenious terms as to leave unrestrained the baser polygamy of our cities, which leaves its victims without respect or shelter! What rebuke of this do we hear? Where is any Sinai? Among all the exhausted craters I see but one summit beginning to dart out the sacred flame. The movement which in largeness, freedom, influence, may claim to be successor to that of Channing, of Parker, of

Emerson, is one in New York, which is trying to found religion on pure morality—on the actual salvation of man. The moral ignorance of educated people is a necessary result of the long confusion of morality with theology. A learned and veteran Unitarian minister has lately stated that we liberals are all living morally on elements bequeathed from orthodoxy to our atmosphere. I fear there is a good deal of truth in that. It may account for the feebleness of our protest against the combination of churches to defy constitutional rights of conscience and establish their average theology, their Sabbath, their bible in every State; and, by exempting their church property from taxation, tax every man so far for their support. It accounts for the fact that Bible societies go on circulating a Bible containing thousands of admitted errors, while one in which most of them are corrected is at hand. That deliberate circulation of exposed falsities as the Word of God could not continue if the liberal teachers of this country were not infected by an atmosphere inherited from ages of pious fraud.

I do not mean to intimate that these orthodox men are not good men. But they are under the epoch of religious militantism. We know the duty of soldiers.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

The captain who, in private life, would scorn untruth, on the battle-field will deceive his foe by every stratagem. For himself he would not harm a fly; for his flag he will kill thousands of men. So have many tender-hearted men, enlisted as soldiers of the church militant, slain and burnt those whom they regarded as enemies of Christ; and, now that holy massacres of heretics are out of date, they resort to deception and stratagem. But it is all to win souls for Christ. It is to save human beings from a fearful doom. "E'en their vices lean to virtue's side." They are zealous to save men from a fictitious hell. I wish we were all as zealous in saving men from real hells. When the Christian soldier lays aside his armour you have a kindly, honest, moral man. He will vote with his theological antagonist for the right thing. If we could only get all the good moral men who make such sacrifices for their theologic flag—even sacrifices of veracity and charity—to set our common cause, the salvation of man from moral and social evil, above their creed, above the ceremonial service of God, the millennium might cease to be a mere dream. Men cannot thoroughly serve two masters. So long as they believe in a deity who needs something at men's hands, that service will be the supreme thing.

Positive begets negative. The militantism of the church produces an antagonist militantism. So long as the barbarous laws of Moses are imposed on us—Sabbatarian law, law of blood for blood, blasphemy laws—there will be revivalists of common sense to show up

the mistakes of Moses. Biblical immoralities and absurdities cannot be consecrated without recoiling in resentment and ridicule.

But the time seems ripe for the formation, between these militant hosts, of a religion based on what all believe—on what no sane man doubts. The Ethical Society marks an era. A hundred years ago five American colonies sent a few delegates to Annapolis to consult whether there might not be established in the confederated colonies some kind of uniformity in trade laws and other urgent matters. They came to the conclusion that nothing could be done so long as the States were isolated by jealousy and without political solidarity; so they issued a summons to the States, and our Union was formed, each State reserving its self-government, but each contributing to form a central power representing interests they had in common. Puritan colony, Quaker colony, Episcopal Virginia, Catholic Maryland, Baptist Rhode Island, and the rest, formed a Union, neutral as to their creeds, but strong to protect and advance them all, and guarantee the freedom of all in each. A hundred years from now the historian of religion may have to trace moral results proportionately grand to the recent convention of delegates from four or five societies for ethical culture. Among those delegates were several varieties of theoretical belief. But it is no theory that right is right and wrong wrong; that the evils of the time should be dealt with; that the ethics of society and of the home should be studied with more care and taught with more earnestness and wisdom.

Such co-operation does not demand that men should abandon their several creeds or churches. We all believe in justice, charity, freedom, truth; let us study the moral laws and their application to our condition. To some this may be subordinate to a doctrinal scheme, but they can lend a hand, be it only a left hand. But to Unitarianism, and to the phases of liberalism descended from it, this ethical religion supplies the only hope of any renewal of the life which once made the land bud and blossom under the breath of great spiritual leaders. The wine of those great vintages has gone into old bottles. All the better. The ethical union is not for any denomination, but for mankind. In the ethical union advantage may be derived from the varieties of experience and training represented in the different sects. They have all progressed farther than is supposed. In London Cardinal Manning once invited my co-operation to secure purer and cheaper water for the poor of the city. Dr. Adler tells me that he is receiving letters of encouragement for his Society for Ethical Culture from orthodox clergymen. All these have the same practical problems to deal with as the unorthodox—social, domestic, moral. The same ethical chaos surrounds us all—good instincts vulgarized by fanaticism, impurities fostered by false methods of dealing with

them, popular sentiment utilized by demagogues for base ends, crime flourishing through unscientific codes, the reformer doing that which seems right in his own eyes, without trying to see eye to eye with his brother. What heart can see any dove hovering over this chaos without an emotion of hope that its brooding may bring peace and order?

What can a liberal society do? Let it found in its community a society for ethical culture. Let it invite all, especially all public teachers, to come and consider purely moral and social subjects, theoretical and practical, social and domestic, local and national. Let the prevailing moral ideas be thoroughly searched. Let the practical methods be revised. Discipline in the home, the school, the prison; corporal punishment; the purpose of punishment, and its methods; the difference between vice and crime; how to deal with intemperance, licentiousness, pauperism; what instruction should be given boys and girls concerning sex, and the dangers, bodily and moral, amid which they move; marriage laws; poor laws; labor laws; amusements and pleasures: these and other urgent matters, about which there might be a harmony such as that which prevails among scientific men as to principles and methods, are left in crude confusion because the comparative study which elicits truth is here wanting. The clergy, to whom moral instruction of the people is entrusted, have no means of having their traditional notions checked. The preachers are not preached to. Dr. Holmes once suggested the danger that the pulpit might relapse into Paganism for lack of moral instruction. Most of the clergy are cultivating American fields with the ploughs of ancient Palestine. If a better plough were shown them there is really nothing to prevent their adopting it, though they might label it Palestinian. There ought to be an ethical school in every community in which moral science shall be studied. Sir James Mackintosh said that "morality admits no discoveries;" he declared, and Buckle followed him, that there has been no important variation in the moral rules of life for three thousand years. That stationariness has been due to the domination of dogma over the social, domestic, and political life of mankind. It is not true, however, that no progress in moral ideas, even with these disparagements. The virtue of self-truthfulness, impossible so long as the self was believed satanic, has appeared. Compassionateness for animals, unknown to the Bible, has been arising under the Darwinian era. Toleration, on moral grounds, is a new virtue, though feeble as yet and not able to keep the atheist from being boycotted. These latest moral buds and fruits prove that while theories grow gray the tree of life is renewed. Ecclesiastic cherubim no longer guard it from our approach. Its leaves are for the healing of the nation. Its fruit shall be righteousness, joy, and peace. But the time

of its ripe fruit is not yet. Morality is still largely monastic, puritanical, sour. The virtue of youth is bruised because the young man is taught by his mother and his pastor lessons of life which he presently finds do not correspond with the facts. We have free thought; we now want mature thought. Theology has run its career and now rests in the tomb of the unknowable. Nothing is heard there but the tolling of the bell and chant for the soul of the departed. However we may long to know the unknowable, to pierce the veil of the future beyond this life, we must turn from such longings and make the most of what is left us—the power to be ourselves a providence and to answer prayers. If you cannot get what you have set your hearts on, you must set your hearts on what you can get.

COMMENTS ON MR. HEGELER'S ESSAY.*

BY W. M. SALTER.

I consider that Mr. Hegeler has given us an important philosophical theory of ethics. His view seems to go with Spencer's up to a certain point. That is good which tends to the continuance of life, in ourselves and in others, and not only that, but to a greater quantum (quantity) of life, Mr. Hegeler laying special stress upon the soul-life as distinguished from the merely physical-life.

Spencer says that all our judgments of good and bad imply that life is desirable. Mr. Hegeler does not dispute this. But Spencer says, desirable, because life affords a surplus of pleasure over pain. Mr. Hegeler says, irrespective of this; according to him, life is desirable for itself alone. Spencer holds that if there were not more pleasure than pain, or if there were only equal amounts or more pain than pleasure, life would not be desirable; and then good and bad would have opposite meanings to those they now have; good would mean those actions that tend to shorten life and bad those actions that tend to prolong it. Mr. Hegeler holds that even if there is no surplus of pleasure or, I should suppose, if there is an actual surplus of pain, life is still to be desired, for it is a good in itself.

What, then, according to Mr. Hegeler, are the functions of pleasure and pain? They are not ends in themselves, but rather signs that ends are being accomplished; pleasure accompanies the maintenance and growth of life, pain its disintegration and decay. By our desire for pleasure and our dislike for pain we are influenced in the direction of those actions that tend to build up life and hindered from doing those that lead to destroy it. But pleasures are not rationally to be sought for their own sake, but because they are con-

joined with those actions that promote life. Spencer, on the other hand, cannot speak of the functions of pleasure and pain, because they are ends in themselves, the one to be sought, the other to be avoided; but he can speak of the functions of life, namely to give us a surplus of pleasure over pain. We naturally crave pleasure and avoid pain; according to such a view as Mr. Hegeler's, these desires are the machinery by which life is built up; only by using the machinery do we accomplish anything; but the structure to be reared is different from the machinery to be used. According to Spencer, the "machinery" becomes the end. To take another illustration; a locomotive is fed with coal and gives forth steam; only on this condition does it run; but its end is to run. Suppose now that it became a conscious being and felt pleasure in consuming the coal and emitting the steam, and thereupon came to the conclusion that the pleasure was the purpose for which it existed, it would be like the man who because he finds pleasure in the things that build up his life thinks that pleasure is the end and not life itself. Suppose that the things that gave pleasure tended to destroy life, as does in some rare instances, perhaps, happen; suppose the ordinance of nature were different from what it is; then, according to the logic of Spencer's view, we should seek pleasure though life were destroyed, on the ground that cessation of life is better than a surplus of pain; while according to Mr. Hegeler's view we should endure pain and renounce pleasure, because this would be the only means by which we could live, and life is the paramount end. Possibly I am in this overstating Mr. Hegeler's personal convictions, but I am only seeking to bring out the implications of his theory. If Mr. Hegeler would not hold that life is desirable in case it is attended with more pain than pleasure (even with much more), then the distinctness of his theory vanishes, and instead of *life alone* he admits pleasure also as an end; and then his theory, to have any philosophical value, would have to tell us *how much* pleasure must be in life to make it supportable or desirable? He has expressly said, not necessarily a surplus of pleasure over pain; must it then be an equal amount? or, if not so, then half or quarter as much? It seems to me, we are driven to rough calculations of this sort, if on the one hand we do not hold with Spencer that pleasure is the paramount end, and yet, on the other, allow that it is something of an end and admit that life absolutely without pleasure and full of pain would not be desirable.

Which is the right theory? I shall not attempt to answer. I have wanted to bring out clearly Mr. Hegeler's theory in my own mind, rather than to criticize it. I think, however, as between the two, that Mr. Hegeler's theory comes nearer the facts of life. The life-instinct is wonderfully deep in the race. There is nothing that we shudder at so as destruction. There

* At a meeting of the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago succeeding that at which was read "The Basis of Ethics" by Mr. E. C. Hegeler, printed in the first issue of this Journal. In the next number will be given still further comments and criticisms made that evening.

may even be those who would rather live on in entire unhappiness than be blotted out altogether. They would rather live in misery than cease to be. And though there be few in number, there are many who would rather live, if but a little happiness is granted them once in a while, and all the rest of their existence is unhappy. The little oases in the midst of which they may linger now and then, redeem the dreariness of the desert through which they pass; they would rather go on, if an oasis is somewhere ahead, than give up the march because the desert is so wide. I suspect there are many people who do not have as much happiness as unhappiness in life; occasionally we hear of one willing to die, yes, even to take his or her life; the number of suicides is actually increasing. But I suspect that the mass of those to whom life is a long struggle, with many disappointments and little pleasure, would yet rather go on, and look on death with dread, altogether apart, too, from fears of what may come after. For myself, I would say that in searching for the truth I would rather be baffled a thousand times and have the discomfort and sense of frustration accompanying such experiences, if the thousand and first time I found the truth, than to forego the search at the outset, because I knew there would be more pain than pleasure attending it. Others might not think the result worth the trouble; I should. I should rather have the mortification and shame of defeat in the wrestle with an evil habit a hundred times over and at last win the victory, though I never thought of it again or my life ended immediately thereafter, than not undertake the struggle because there was to be more mortification than joy attending it. The amounts of pleasure and pain in a life or in the life of a race seem to me a poor means of estimating its value; but the amount of life, the amount of attainment, physical attainment, intellectual attainment, moral attainment, this, whether applied to an individual or the whole race, seems to me a high way of estimating the worth of their existence.

But here I am trespassing on the field of criticism which I had not meant to enter. The question, however, is, not which do I happen to regard as supreme, life or happiness, or which do any of us, but which is it rational to regard as supreme? It may be that because Mr. Hegeler's theory comes nearer to the facts of life it is thereby no truer as a theory; for though men do regard life as worth having, though it brings to them more pain than pleasure, it may still be asked are they reasonable in so doing, and, on those conditions, would not a perfectly rational mind rather not live at all? So Spencer thinks, and Spencer's view may be truer as an ethical theory though Mr. Hegeler's comes nearer to the facts of life. As to whether Spencer's theory is the truer of the two I shall not undertake to say, though I incline to think not.

THREE LIVE THOUGHTS.

Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.—*Watson.*

Be perfect! Countless harmonies slumber in thee, to wake at thy bidding—invoke them, call them into life by means of thy nobility! Canst thou suffer the base, the perishable in thy nature to put to silence the noble and the immortal?—*Schiller.*

The repressed and unhappy are in ten-fold more danger from temptation than those who feel they are having their share of life's good. The stream that cannot flow in the sunshine seeks a subterranean channel; in like manner, when circumstances or the inconsiderate will of others impose unrelenting restraint upon the exuberant spirit of youth, it usually finds some hidden outlet which cannot bear the light.—*E. T. Roe.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM BOSTON.

To the Editors: JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS., Feb. 10, 1887.

We are a little lonely here in Boston without *The Index* coming punctually every week with its inspiration of noble words, turning our thoughts to large and commanding themes of interest.

Somehow I feel as we might when there had been a wedding in the family and the bride has gone far away. We hope the change is for happiness and good to all, and are disposed to treat the bridegroom who has borne away our treasure with all courtesy and prospective affection, but, nevertheless, we do feel lonely and a change has come over the old relations. So, while we welcome THE OPEN COURT and are hopeful of all the good it is to bring us, we yet wonder if anything can be as good as the old familiar friend, and we trust that they who receive it will like a letter from the old home.

Yesterday was the day appointed for the woman suffrage hearing at the State House, and the weather smiled upon it as it has hardly smiled for two months, and the occasion was worthy of the weather. The audience was large, as usual, and, while mostly composed of the staunch men and women who have followed this movement for years, there were some new faces and a sprinkling of remonstrants. The committee were thoroughly courteous and considerate. The cause of the petitioners for municipal suffrage was represented by Mr. Blackwell, Mrs. Stone, Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Shattuck and others, and Mr. Fay, a very gentlemanly lawyer from Brookline, appeared for the remonstrants.

While fortunate in their choice so far as the personal traits of their representative appeared, he was hardly a powerful advocate, for he gave away the whole general principle, by showing something very like approbation for the plan of allowing women to vote on the license question, and was only strenuous in his opposition to municipal suffrage, especially in large cities.

He took occasion to thank Col. Higginson for his article in *The Forum*, wherein he has stated all possible objections to woman suffrage with an ability which the remonstrants have never been able to command. This brought up the veteran colonel, whose trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. Distinctly ranking himself with the petitioners, he fortified the claim for woman's suffrage with the noblest words of James Otis, and Benjamin Franklin, and Charles Sumner, and showed that the women who had spoken had adhered closely to these doctrines which were

at the foundation of our civil constitution. Those who had misunderstood his position and feared that the mists of conservatism were obscuring his light, rejoiced with exceeding joy over this full and candid utterance.

The meetings of the Hermetic Club have been noteworthy this winter. Mr. W. T. Harris has on two Tuesdays expounded the Bhagavadgita, and at the last session Mr. Emery, of Concord, took his place as chairman and conducted the discussion with great ability. It was curious to hear the old veteran, Mr. Pillsbury, bringing out his stern plea for practical work in the midst of this philosophic speculation.

A lady of Boston has received as her guest, and kindly given to many the opportunity of meeting at her house, Mr. Mohini, a Brahmin of remarkable scholarship and eloquence. Having had in early life the advantages of education in an English school, he speaks our language with great correctness and beauty, and is thoroughly versed in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. I am told that he is equally at home in both the French and Italian language and literature. Having passed through a period of doubt and agnosticism, as he says most young Brahmins do, he is now a devoted Brahmin, accepting revelation as authoritative, but not confining it to the sacred books of his own nation, but believing that the divine light shines through all sacred books and all religions. While we may not accept his beliefs, we cannot but admire the breadth and catholicity of this thought. He is still quite young and very pleasing in appearance and manners, and his influence is very strong upon some of his hearers. It indicates a wonderful advance in freedom of thought and in real liberality in religion, that those whom in our childhood we were taught to renounce as heathen are now welcomed among us to teach us of their wisdom as well as to learn of ours.

The "ladies' night" of the Liberal Union Club, on February 26th, will be an interesting occasion. Miss Eastman will be the speaker. She always speaks on religious themes with great earnestness, true insight and wide observation. Liberals need bonds of union, not to separate them from others, but for richer communion among themselves and for making their work broader and more effective.

With best wishes for the success of THE OPEN COURT, I am,
Very truly yours,

EDNAH DOW CHENEY.

LIMITATIONS OF THE HUMAN FEELING.

To the Editors:

FAIRFIELD, IOWA, Feb. 20, 1887.

An aged negro couple, living alone in the Skunk river valley, in Lee county, Iowa, frightened by rising water, attempted to reach higher ground in their wagon. The water was but two or three feet deep, yet, reaching a bad place in the road, the team was unable or refused to go farther and the old couple were left there in helplessness and peril, although their cries were, after awhile, answered from the shore and the calling back and forth lasted some time; so far as is known, no serious effort was made to rescue the unfortunates. They remained there prisoners all night in bitter and increasing cold, awaiting the rescuing party that never came. On the following morning cries were again heard by those living near, yet or some inexplicable reason no aid was sent. Not until late on the second day did any one go to them; then they were both found dead in the now frozen water beside their wagon, having attempted to unhitch the team.

All accounts of this heart-rending tragedy agree that the old couple were of that simple, child-like purity of life so common among the older generation of colored people and were dearly beloved by their white neighbors, and that the water was at no time so deep or the current so swift as to render it impossible or

even hazardous for strong men to reach them. Why, then, this apathy and inhuman inaction on the part of those who knew the situation? I have seen men swim torrents to rescue animals from a less painful and perilous situation! It would seem that of all suffering and danger this case should have been most powerfully appealing. Reverence for age and piety, sympathy for helplessness, added to the common feeling of humanity, should irresistibly have drawn any normal person to share their peril and suffering in an attempt to relieve them. The people who stood by and saw these venerable, virtuous and helpless ones of their own kind perish miserably were not savages nor brutalized peasants. They were average people of the middle working class.

The case is a disheartening puzzle. Shame and indignation seem more appropriate to it than philosophizing, yet doubtless it shows a limitation of the feeling of humanity which may be in some degree traced out and accounted for. A son or any relative would have rushed impetuously into danger to rescue the loved ones. Is it not almost as certain that near friends and associates on an equality would have done the same thing? We are forced to believe that had the old couple been white instead of black they would not have been left to their pitiable fate. No one with highly-developed altruistic feelings can see any human creature perish so without desperate efforts to save them.

The limitations then are the various degrees of selfishness left in human kind by an imperfect and faulty system of moral and emotional training. The sympathies of most people very much need broadening. Their love is intense enough when it comes near to themselves, but it rapidly loses force as it reaches out toward the great body of the race and is well nigh intercepted by the slight barrier of race difference. When the religious sentiment is centered more on humanity and less on self and the supernatural, such an incident as that on which these thoughts are founded will be impossible.

F. B. TAYLOR.

FREE-THOUGHT LYCEUMS.

To the Editors:

In the first issue of your new fortnightly I find an article by Thomas Davidson on the need for free-thought education. It interested me very much, the more because I have here since 1884 argued the necessity of a more liberal and comprehensive intellectual education than that given in the public schools. Will you kindly grant me the space for a few remarks on the proposition with which Mr. Davidson closes his paper.

I think he is mistaken if he believes that a free-thought college will do much good; it is not in the colleges that the mind is framed, as far as the feelings of fear and hope, of reverence and esteem, are concerned. It seems to me, at least, that the young people of about eighteen years, or of whatever age they may enter a college, should be sure already of being and remaining on the right side. The time for imbuing them with really liberal principles, even though they do not at once grasp all the consequences thereof, is when the period of maturity begins; and then the instruction they receive should cease to be merely elementary. The time usually decisive in determining the moral and religious, as well as the intellectual, character, is, on an average, that from the age of thirteen to eighteen. What free-thinkers want, therefore, in my opinion, is a good free-thought lyceum, to which pupils can go after graduating from the grammar room. A carefully-educated and half-way diligent boy or girl ought to be ready for the lyceum at the age of thirteen, and if he has then gone through a course of instruction of half a decade, he may safely be allowed to go to any college or university, no matter who manages it, or what the religious views of the faculty are.

Let nobody say that a free-thought school for children, or a free-thought kindergarten, might as well be proposed. With children under thirteen years almost everything depends upon the home in which they are brought up. Of course, it would be best not to send them to the public schools at all, considering their average character; but then, here a little care on the part of the parents may prevent bad consequences, while beyond the age of thirteen it cannot. My idea is that to the lowest class of such a lyceum pupils should not be admitted under thirteen nor over sixteen; they should be ready for the best of American universities latest at the age they become citizens. Let there be no more colleges in the United States, but better schools preparing for them, as pointed out by Dr. Paul Carus in one of *The Index* issues of July, 1886.

Very respectfully,

THOS. H. JAPPE.

ETHICAL CULTURE AND MONISM.

To the Editors:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22, 1887.

I have just received the first number of your new paper, and, as I am a *lawyer*, as well as a *theologist*, I want to make a polite bow in *OPEN COURT* and respectfully ask to be admitted to your bar. It is easy to see that ethical culture is to have prominent standing in your *COURT*, and it deserves it; and, because I am in sympathy with the new movement, I desire to enter a brief "demurrer" to the policy of some of its chief apostles.

I think they are too outspoken and unguarded in so frequently publishing their negations in regard to God, prayer and the future life. They have a perfect right to proclaim their opinions, but I fail to see what these questions have, necessarily, to do with ethical culture. I do not believe in concealment and hypocrisy, but I would not unwittingly shock and drive away any person whose co-operation is to be desired. All intelligent men know that belief has very little to do with morals, and that some of the best men have been known as atheists and agnostics, and that the same is true of many theists and believers in prayer and the future life. Why cannot all liberals work together in the new departure of ethical culture without having their respective peculiar opinions continually paraded? I have reason for thinking, from personal observation, that this friendly hint deserves careful consideration.

Let not this ethical culture movement be hampered with a *creed*, written or implied. I have not had time to examine Dr. Montgomery's Monism, and shall reserve my opinion until the case is fully heard in *OPEN COURT*. I call myself a Rationalistic Theist, but I find *my* theism well expressed by Professor Haeckel, as follows:

"The more developed man of the present day is capable of, and justified in, conceiving that infinitely nobler and sublimer idea of God which alone is compatible with the monistic conception of the universe, and which recognizes God's spirit and power in all phenomena without exception. The monistic idea of God, which belongs to the future, has already been expressed by Giordano Bruno in the following words: 'A spirit exists in all things, and nobody is so small but contains a part of the divine substance within itself, by which it is animated.'"

I close this hasty note with a suggestion I have made in another connection:

"It was once said by a master of English literature and a keen observer that 'language is a device to conceal one's ideas;' and may it not be possible that, after all, truly scientific and candid men have substantially the same theory of the universe, and really mean the same thing, while they use very different words to express their meaning?"

R. B. WESTBROOK.

There has never been a great man who has not been either the victim of laws or the object of human ingratitude.—*Castelar*.

DRIFTING.

FIRST VOICE.

Drifting, along the dreary waters drifting,
Night on the waves, and ne'er a star o'erhead,
Never a gleam o'er all the waste uplifting,
Never a ray thro' all the darkness shed.
Drifting, along the dreary waters drifting.

Whither away, O, soul across the ocean?
Dark is the night and dangerous is the sea,
Sweeter were life with all its wild commotion,
Better were death than life like this can be.
Whither away, O, soul across the ocean?

SECOND VOICE.

O, heart, why wilt thou weary me with wailing?
Worn are we both and wasted with the strife,
Far from the toil and tears we twain are sailing,
Leaving behind the bitterness of life.
O, heart, why wilt thou weary me with wailing?

Be still, sad heart, and cease thy vain repining—
Be patient, for the night will soon be past,
Somewhere at a golden shore is shining,
Thither the flood will bear us at the last.
Be still, sad heart, and cease thy vain repining.

WALTER CRANE.

THE AGE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER."

BY W. F. BARNARD.

This our age that wears upon its front the symbol of the truth,
Grandest age of all the ages in the promise of its youth,
Seeking out the great world-purpose, seeking it but to obey,
Lifting man up into manhood, thrusting ignorance away,
Bearing all of gathered knowledge that the human mind has won
From the distant primal ages to the latest cycles run,
Very light of light within it, light of truth if that be light;
Throwing gleams upon its pathway that erstwhile had slept in night,
This, this age finds its accuser in a lover of the past,
Blaming all our growing freedom, saying we have failed at last.
He who sang in early manhood songs that filled all men with strength,
Ends his singing, falls in darkness, lays his lyre down at length.
Broken spirit, broken purpose, all his nobler hope resigned;
Crying after vanished shadows in the blindness of his mind.
Oh the woe, the silent anguish, when a heart that once was free,
Free in hope and free in purpose, murmurs "Night: I cannot see."
If the blind say in the morning "Day is vanished it is night."
Is the morning's glory lessened? is there aught the less of light?
To us all the past is vanished; to us comes a newer earth:
All the present days and deeds are but the pangs and throes of birth.
Say you there is more of sorrow; say you there is more of tears;
Backward turn your thoughts and borrow nobler days or grander years.
Nobler days; of truer purpose. Noblest days are those that find
Man through freedom working upward; granting kingship to the mind.
Wickedness, aye, yes and virtue: virtue for its own true sake;
Needing not the fear of hell to keep its little life awake.
Sadness, badness, yes we own it. Was the past the better then?
Were men good for love of goodness, or from fear of God and men?
Crave you happiness; deserve it by the greatness of your lives;
He alone is truly happy who most truly lives and strives.
Is it better that a nation knows no wish but to obey?
Is the squalid, dumb agreement better than the righteous fray?
Shall we leave the larger ocean where the freer spirit strives
For the stagnant pool of custom with its scum of lying lives?
Is there woe and death; diseases feeding on earth's helpless brood?
Falter not then, ceaseless effort; that alone will bring the good.
Ask not thou if all are moving to the same ideal ends;
Blame not thou our larger freedom if the lower man descends.
Art thou moving toward the summit, dost thou hear the higher call,
Then thou shall not cease from labor though the stars and heavens fall.
They who learned the false lessons stagger now the truth is known;
They who did their tasks with trembling shirk them now the fear is gone.
Truth is truth nor will it linger e'en to save a thousand lives;
Let it come; and you who fear it, back again into your hives!

Progress from the thought that held mankind accurséd, steeped in sin,
To the higher thought that points but to the soul's own law within,
Is not universal progress; not all men will love the high;
Many who through fear mocked virtue, now will grovel till they die.
Let them die; we will not linger for the sake of those who need
Promises or threats to keep them in their little space of creed.
Freer souls must needs yearn upward, something dwelleth in the breast,
Making all the past seem sordid with a vision of the best.
Forward toward the perfect day, and forward toward the higher man;
Springs the greater from the lesser, 'twas for this our life began.
Man is holy, let him learn it, let him know the right of right;
Though it take a thousand seasons passed in struggle with the night.
Evolution: man's own effort is its very seed and strength;
By his striving it will conquer, bringing perfect day at length.
Oh the vast and mighty purpose, man and his true self apart;
Oh the thirst, the aspiration; Oh the throbbing human heart!
Visions fall upn my eyes; I see the higher man; his face
Set on the sun-path; see him moving, merging in the crowning race.
See him standing all transfigured on that far ideal height,
Gained at last to find new vistas stretching toward the infinite.
Oh the mystery of being! Oh the sacredness of man!
Oh the light of life within us! Oh the future we can scan!
Come the waves of deep emotion rolling silent through the soul—;
Man is holy; let him learn it; he shall gain the perfect goal.

BOOK NOTICES.

LETTERS MÉDITES DE MADMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE. Published with new documents and *une étude*. By Charles Fleury. E. Deuter, Galerie d'Orléans, Palais-Royal, 1887.

Time evokes quaint contrasts in the march of centuries, and the distance that "lends enchantment" gives to eighteenth century chronicles a peculiar charm. From an esthetic as well as literary point of view it was the great century of France. Then it was that the national spirit had reached its most characteristic expression; when classical ideals and foreign influence had dissolved away in the birth of a new order and an individuality sufficiently pronounced to cast its reflex throughout the civilized world, gave to the nation its independent personality. It was the eighteenth century that lifted France to her present rank as the leader in modern arts (a reputation which modern artists seem doing their best to forfeit). It was the eighteenth century that popularized, through the trenchant, fascinating pens of its literary lights, the new intellectual order destined to culminate in the bloody tragedy of its close. The encyclopedists, the Voltaires and the Rousseaus, are but types of the genius of the epoch when France was a torch-light on the hill-top of civilization.

It is among the relics of this rich past that the materials of the present volume were found. Those precious archives of unpublished history—the great Paris libraries—are exhaustless fields of such literary exploits. Old MSS. bequeathed in dying testaments; biographical sketches too faithful to bear the light of contemporaneous scrutiny; autograph letters palpitating with personal intimacies, designed only for private perusal. One after another these faded, worm-eaten, half-illegible souvenirs of a society gone by are dragged from their hiding-places as national heirlooms.

"The Kings of Egypt," says Cochin in his caustic criticism of the Count de Caylus, "were not judged till after their death; a wise provision, since no one would have dared to judge them living." Thus is offered to public perusal, for the first time, bits of personality, philosophic and political dissertations, fragments of individual history, etc., which time alone could render publishable. Legendary rehearsals of scenes in which the actors come back like ghosts to repeat the old and even new story of life's serio-comedy. The ambitious, the speculative, the hopeful, the joyous and the suffering—each tells his tale.

In this last category may be ranged Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Born ignobly, though of noble parentage, given an education calculated to intensify a native sensitiveness, and then left fortuneless by the death of her fond, remorseful mother, just at an age requiring guidance and protection, this young lady started in society at evident odds; and yet she became, at the age of 24, one of its pivots.

In the *salon* of Madame Deffand, the scene of her first success, she became the center of a coterie, which later, when the jealousy of her protectress determined their separation, grew into a wider circle. Here came Turgot, the Count de Guibert, the Count de Crillon and the "bon" Condorcet, to whom she writes with such solicitude: "Spare your eyes and take frequent baths. They will cool your blood overheated by work." For twenty years the *salon* of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was the resort of talent and rank. "D'Alembert drew and she held," was said of these two friends whose lives were closely associated for years; a tie severed for d'Alembert only by her death.

And yet, despite this social success—the admiration of an *élite* world by the force of that personality which made her queen in her realm—Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was an unhappy woman. One of that vast multitude victimized by blind sentiment, she wasted her best powers in a fatal alternation between passion and remorse. Her restless soul, bewildered by an imagination forever pursuing phantoms, knew no peace, and the strain proved too much for her physical organization. She fell into a state of melancholy which led rapidly to the end, hastened, probably, by her own hands.

The letters, inspired by this state of depression, are profound psychological studies. It would be impossible, without quoting extensively from them, to give the varied shades of this sad spirit. She grew touchingly candid at the close of her career, and her last letter to d'Alembert—the patient, devoted lover through every phase—lays bare the woman's soul. One feels that every disguise is here thrown aside in the agony of a supreme, final moment.

It is at six o'clock in the morning, a few days before her death, that she writes:

"I owe you everything. I am so sure of your friendship that I exert all my remaining force to sustain a life in which there is for me no longer hope or fear. For my sorrow there is neither remedy nor consolation, and yet I feel that I owe you a prolongation of these days which inspire me with horror.

"Nevertheless, I cannot count on my will. It may give way to my despair; and I take the precaution to write to ask you to burn, without reading, all the papers in the large black *porte-feuille*. I should die to look upon the writing of *mon ami* (the Count de Mora, then dead). I have also in my pocket a rose-colored *porte-feuille* containing his letters that I pray you to burn. Do not read them, but keep his portrait for my sake. * * * * Farewell, my friend; do not regret me. Think that in leaving this world I find a repose I can no longer hope for here. * * * * My death is but a proof of my love for Monsieur de Mora, while his has proven a response to my sentiment deeper than I ever thought.

"Alas! when you read this I shall be delivered of the weight that is crushing me. * * * * I wish to be buried with the ring I have on my finger. Farewell, my friend, forever!"

Poor d'Alembert. How much the revelation contained in the dying appeal of his friend must have added to the poignancy of his bereavement. The nature of his sentiment for her is nobly expressed in his effusion: "*To the shades of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse*," where he says: "Alas! I have lost with you sixteen years of my life."

He it was, the unwearied friend through all the vicissitudes of her restless career, and to him was left the execution of her last

will and testament, which begins with a request that six hours after her death her head shall be opened by a surgeon of "La Charité," or any other hospital, and that she may be buried as a pauper, "without being exposed under the doorway."

Proud and passionate to the end, the last hours of this unhappy woman are a strange mingling of strength and weakness. There is now nothing left her but to die—she must die.

On the night of May 23, 1776, friends gather about her bedside, knowing it is the end, and the loss seems to them irreparable. With a supreme effort she begs d'Alembert to forgive her and falls back unconscious.

Her last words were those of an American statesman: "Do I still live!"

JOHN B. ALDEN, New York, has recently issued the first volumes of a new edition of Guizot's "History of France" in handsome dark morocco, the edges neatly marbled. Price for the entire set, to consist of eight uniform volumes, \$6.00 per set. Other new publications by the same publisher are a small "Handy Atlas of the World," containing nearly 200 pages, with a map on every second page, the opposite page being occupied with description and statistics. Also Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," which Bishop Doane calls "a great work." Nearly 200 pp.; cloth, 40 cts.

WE welcome to our exchange table, with much pleasure, the first number of *The Chicago Law Times*, a handsome quarterly magazine of over 100 pages, edited by a woman, Mrs. Catherine V. Waite of this city. Of the dozen leading articles which it contains three are by women: "Chief Justice Chase," by Mrs. H. M. Tracy Cutler, which is accompanied by a fine frontispiece portrait; "Women Jurors in Washington Territory," by Lelia J. Robinson, L.L.B., and "Admission of Women to the Bar," by Ellen A. Martin. If future numbers keep up to the high level of this first one, the magazine will be not only a credit to the lady who edits it, but to the legal profession at large.

ST. NICHOLAS for March is as breezy in tone as the month is expected to be in weather. Among its many delightful things in the way of pictures, stories, etc., are continuations of the Mexican story, "Juan and Juanita," an Alaskan story; an interesting bit of biography in "The Boyhood of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," now editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a new "Brownie" poem and pictures, by Palmer Cox.

SURFEITED as we are with the reminiscences and letters of our traveling scribes, we welcome none the less heartily what Oliver Wendell Holmes begins to tell us, in the *Atlantic* for March, of "Our Hundred Days in Europe," confident that he will make us feel, ere its close, that that time is all too limited for our pleasure in the recital. James Breck Perkins gives a sketch of Théophile Gautier, the French critic; "Longfellow's Art" is criticised and enlarged upon by H. E. Scudder; "The Hippolytos of Euripides" is the subject of an article by W. C. Lawton, and Agnes Repplier has a bright and readable paper on "The Curiosities of Criticism." There are poems by James Russell Lowell, Louise Chandler Moulton and others, of which the best is "Blindfold," by Andrew Hedbrooke. "The Lady from Maine," a short story, is concluded in this number. The continued stories are by Crawford, and the combination novel by Mrs. Oliphant and the editor of the *Atlantic*.

THE CENTURY for March is quite an art number. Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art critic, has an article on "The Coinage of the Greeks," from the artistic point of view. The third of Mr. Brownell's notes on "French Sculptors," in this number, has four full page illustrations, examples of the work of Barrias, Delaplanche, Le Feuvre and Fremiet. The introductory paper is given of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's series on "The Cathedrals of England," which is said to be one of the most important art enterprises ever undertaken by this magazine. An article by John T. Stoddard, on "Composite Photography," which gives several examples of the combined loveliness of the "sweet girl-graduates" of Smith College, blending each class into one mysterious whole. Of one of these composites, the "Lounger," in a late *Critic* says: "It was a peculiar, a rather uncanny sensation that I experienced in gazing at these nine-and-forty sweet girl-graduates baked into a photographic pie, as it were, and served at a Barmecide feast where one might see and scent the savory dish, yet must forever fail to taste it. It struck me that a writer like Mr. Stockton might make much of the idea of a sentimental young man's quest in Northampton of the original of this portrait, and his being beset by faces singularly like, yet in no instance identical with, the one that had charmed him. I make the suggestion now, without charge to any one who cares to act on it and is competent to do so." A second paper on "Faith-Healing and its Phenomena," by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, is preceded by an article by Mr. R. Kelso Carter, one of the leading disciples of the faith-cure. The Lincoln history is given considerable space, and the one complete story is by Geo. W. Cable.

OPINIONS OF THE OPEN COURT.

Capital is the first number of THE OPEN COURT.—PROF. W. D. GUNNING.

I like the appearance of THE OPEN COURT very much. It is neat and unostentatious. I prefer the smaller size of the page, and the wider space between the lines is also an improvement. Desp'te Mr. Abbott's injunction, it is the *Index* resuscitated under more propitious conditions. The old companions are all there. I thought it very considerate of you to let your former colleague to have as usual the honor of opening the Court. What serious and arduous work you have now before you. To establish *Ethic and Religion upon a scientific basis*. It is the greatest of all reformatory tasks.—DR. EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Your new craft sails well and has good freight.—THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Your first number is here and looks finely.—M. J. SAVAGE.

I have glanced at THE OPEN COURT, like its exterior, form, paper, type, its *tout ensemble*, and also the articles under the different headings, as now only glanced at. Hope the O. C. will succeed in bringing much folly to deserved judgment and condign punishment.—WM. ZIMMERMAN, Chicago.

THE OPEN COURT is received. It is evidently going to have some of the good things which gave value to the *Index*.—CHAS. EATON, Toledo, O.

Came duly in receipt of No. 1. Am highly gratified with its appearance and contents. It is an honor to the great cause of Humanity and Reform. Shall do my best to obtain subscribers for you.—OTTO WITTEIN, Rochelle, Ill.

I was so mournful for the old *Index*, but it seems to me that a phoenix is arising from the old ashes that bids fair to wear more attractive plumage than even the dear *Index*. * * I have not yet read thoroughly Mr. Hegeler's Essay, but I am sure I like it pretty well, at least.

LITA BAUNEY SAYLES, Killingly, Conn.

I have just finished reading the sample first number of your Journal and it is not to flatter when I say it more than pleases me. It contains several articles of, it seems to me, great merit. Especially that of my namesake, Mr. Potter, "The Need for Free-thought Education," is very timely and should be repeated by every Liberal paper in the country.—A. L. POTTER, La Motte, Ill.

The first number of THE OPEN COURT is full of promise of a great and useful future.—T. P. WILSON, M. D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The first number of THE OPEN COURT has a cordial welcome. Clean it looks, clear and bright it is.—F. A. ANGELL, Montclair, N. J.

The Open Court.

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THE ART OF MAKING POVERTY.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

Part I.

It is a grievous fact and "a grievous fault" that much poverty exists in the United States to-day. That it ought not to exist in a land of such abundance is plain. The extent of it is beginning to cause alarm and some people think they hear the rumblings of a social earthquake near at hand. Reformers moralize about this poverty and seek to relieve it in a superficial way, but the art and privilege of making it are "vested rights," which may not be disturbed. So many people of influence are interested in the business of making poverty, that laws are enacted for their especial benefit, which all the political parties promised to maintain. To make poverty is the work of Congress, of the State Legislatures, of the Knights of Labor Parliament, of the Trades Union Councils and of the local statutes passed by all the mercantile, professional and industrial associations, from the lawyers and doctors down to the "brotherhoods" of carpet-layers, car-drivers and scavengers.

So much poverty is concealed by pride and self-respect, that the full extent of it is not easy to know. The most reliable measure of it that we are likely to get is found in the recent report of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor. In this report, which is official and rather conservative, Mr. Wright expresses the opinion that there are one million working men out of employment in the United States, seven and a half per cent. of all the men ordinarily engaged in agriculture, trade and transportation, mechanical and mining industries and manufactures. This is probably an under estimate, but even thus, it exposes a substratum of poverty in our social system quite sufficient to account for the present unrest and discontent of labor. By this estimate we can measure the dimensions and extent of the distress and crime which now abound in that curious mixture of contrasts which we call the civilization of the nineteenth century. It gives results as truly as the merchants yardstick. It proves that the other millions who are not out of work are insufficiently paid. A million idle workmen looking for a job must lower the wages of all those who are at work, first, by force of competition, and secondly, because they

add nothing to the aggregate wealth out of which all wages must be paid. A million of workers out of work means a surplus of human muscle, an overproduction of men. A million of artisans and laborers so cheap as to be worth nothing, must cheapen all the rest.

If only one-half of them are married, we behold a half a million women and a million children hungry. In this low plane of poverty we find the recruiting stations for a great army of sports, and tramps, and thieves. Dr. Watts himself never suspected how much political truth was wrapped up in his warning to lazy boys, that

"Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do."

He only spoke to willing idlers in that song, but the moral of his verse will apply to unwilling idlers too. Taking income as the standard of life, we shall find that the magnetic power of this substratum is great enough to drag down every class in the community one degree lower in the scale of living than it ought to be, excepting the limited classes for whose benefit the poverty is made.

To divert ourselves and others from this gloomy spectacle, we beat the patriot gong; we call attention to the multiplying riches of the land; we boast of the height of our steeples and the splendor of our palaces. It is the daily task of newspapers to dazzle us with golden rhetoric, to describe for us the glory of the diamonds that sparkled at Mrs. Plutus's reception, and the profusion of the midnight feast that filled a thousand guests with terrapin and wine. We borrow the cloak of Dives to hide the sores of Lazarus, and boast that we have cured them; but the sores are still there; their poison taints the air we live in and multiplies the Lazaruses. With amiable goodness we organize charity, found asylums, endow reformatories, and having prescribed for the symptoms, we neglect the disease. We leave in active operation the social and political machinery that creates the poverty. We make the greedy doctrine of "self-preservation" the active principle of life, and for our social code we borrow the ethics of the fishes in the sea. We devour one another, and call our civilized cannibalism an act of "self-preservation." When we grow rich at the expense of others, we pity them, as the victims, not of us, but of that lately-discovered law called the survival of the fittest. A comforting philosophy teaches us that we survive, not because of cunning, strength and appetite,

but because we are the "fittest." "The world owes me a living," says the tramp, "and I'm agoing to have it." We call that a low sentiment, and easily prove that it is morally unsound, but if we follow the trail of it upward through its devious windings in and out, even to Plutus's parlor, we shall find that it is the inspiration of much that we dignify as "business." To restore the social health we must unmake the poverty. We must reverse the machinery of self-preservation and direct it to the preservation of us all.

From the ethereal regions of sentimental philanthropy we must descend to the prosy earth. We must discuss the moral qualities of such coarse thing as taxes, wages, rent, bread, fuel, clothes. These may be uninspiring themes, but in the relations they bear to politics and law, we shall find the mitigation, if not the cure, of poverty. The working man's poverty is absolute and relative. Absolute in his want of money, relative in the dearness of what he must buy. Whatever deprives him of work, whatever lowers his wages, whatever increases the cost of existence to him and his family, helps to make him poor. Taxes weaken him, though his name is not found on the assessor's books. He is not classed as a "tax-payer," even when he pays most of the taxes. Out of the proceeds of his labor a very large proportion of the taxes must be paid before we come down to the wages-fund at all. The city, county and State taxes may seem to concern him not, but he will find them in the rent he pays for his tenement, and in the price of whatever he buys at the store. That the laborer is such a "heavy tax-payer" is one of the chief causes of his penury. The layer of poverty at the base of our social system grows thicker and thicker in the direct ratio of increasing taxation.

Here we come to a serious obstacle in the way of social reform, the claim of the politicians to a monopoly of party questions, or whatever for the time being they choose to regard as "politics." The political economist, the professor of social science, and the teacher of moral philosophy, are all warned off the premises occupied by the "two great parties." The intruders obey the warning, partly because they recognize the claim, and partly because they themselves fear to be classed as politicians. The domain of social science includes every political question, and the methods of taxation are not the exclusive property of partisan conventions. Political economy is nothing more than household economy enlarged to the dimensions of the nation. Fearing to enter the domain of politics, reformers confine themselves to the task of soothing pain, instead of curing it. They strive to ease distress by acts of charity, leaving the big driving-wheel that makes the poverty to whirl round and round forever. They moralize instead of reversing the engine, because they think that only the party boss has any right to touch it,

and they are afraid to "speak to the man at the wheel." They talk to classes numbering millions, as if they were talking to two men. They advise employers to be just to the employed, and they tell the employed to reciprocate the justice. They forget that in the competition of business the selfish men dictate the policy of all. The law makes giants, and then kind-hearted moralists quote Shakespeare to them, and remind them that,

"Tis well to have a giant's strength,
But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

In their admiration for the sentiment, they do not notice that it is philosophically unsound, because in actual competition a giant cannot use his strength to its full advantage in any other way than "like a giant." In discussing social remedies and the causes that make poverty, we must consider not only the personal vices of improvidence and drink, but the public vices which lie concealed in the extent and methods of taxation, and in the methods of the "self-preservation" societies of every degree.

Our grammar admits of three degrees of comparison, and in analogy we separate society into three classes, the upper, lower and middle. Each of these, however, may be subdivided into a hundred different grades of "quality." We have many flights of social stairs rising one above another, from the abject plane of mere hopeless animal existence, to the gorgeous upper floor whose velvet carpets are trodden only by millionaires. The purpose of life is to climb from the stair we occupy now to the one above. Our method of doing it is to pull down those on the upper step to make room for ourselves, and to push down those on our own level to the tier directly below. This is called the "struggle for existence," the "battle of life." While there is much varying fortune in the conflict, and many ups and downs, yet the killed and wounded in our present social war far outnumber in four years the losses inflicted by the civil war from 1861 to 1865. The cost of the social war, in actual wealth, dwarfs the cost of the civil war to nothing. Where opportunities are unequal, the balance of advantage in this fight must be with wealth and cunning. In this elbowing and bustling, thousands of the "unfittest" are crowded lower and lower down even to the bottom step, and from there into the pit of actual want; aye, into that lower deep still where pestilence breeds, and out of whose dingy slums crime sallies forth at night.

Combination to limit production and increase prices, is an active maker of poverty. Aided by the principle of exclusion or the "freeze-out" process, its mischievous operation is very great. The consolidation of capital into "pools" is continually reducing the number of "hirers" and adding to the number of the "hired." As to the self-employer, he is rapidly becoming extinct. Time was when an energetic man, with a set of tools

and a trade, could start for himself and make his own living; he can rarely do so now, except as a cobbler and mender. He is crowded into the ranks of the "hired," to intensify the struggle for existence among them. This, too, is the impending fate of the smaller manufacturers and of nearly all the business classes of limited capital.

Combinations to limit production and increase prices are criminal by the moral law, and yet they are encouraged and assisted by the statutes of the land. The tribulations of a lump of coal in its travels from the mine to the mechanic's grate, furnish dramatic evidence of the poverty-making ability of these combinations.

Before the mine-owners will allow a pick to touch the coal, they require that seventy-five cents a ton be added to the price of it by Act of Congress. This done, they, instead of making coal plentiful by going to work and developing the mines in competition with each other, actually form a "pool" and agree to limit production in order to make it scarce. They literally make an "allotment" to each member in the syndicate of the quantity he shall mine. They then fix the price at which the coal shall be sold: By this time the lump of coal is out of the ground and ready to be sent to the market. Here the railroads are taken into the conspiracy, and they agree to assist the syndicate by discriminating tariffs against all competitors. To compensate them, a few cents more must be added to the price of coal. The lump now gets to the wholesale market where the wholesale merchants dump it into another "pool," which they have made for their own monopoly. They add another artificial price to it by various boycotting devices, and especially by forbidding mine-owners to sell directly to the retail trade. The lump of coal now passes into the "pool" of the retail dealers, who have already formed a combination to boycott the wholesale dealers if they dare to sell directly to the consumers. The retail dealers fix the final price of the lump of coal. At every step of its way, from the coal-cellar where nature stored it away in the ages long ago, to the stove in the poor man's home, an unnatural piece has been added to the lump of coal by artificial methods in violation of good morals and contrary to public policy. At every stage of its progress honest men, who would not join the syndicates, and poor men, who could not join them, have been "frozen out" and driven into other business, or else into the overcrowded ranks of the hired classes, or else into the army of idlers and the inevitable "pool" of poverty.

The above example may be multiplied by nearly the full number of articles necessary for existence. Like the lump of coal, everything we use, from the wheat in the stack to the washerwoman's paper of starch, is put to the torture at every step of its progress from the place of its production to the consumer's home. The

result of the process is the manufacture of a very troublesome grade of poverty. A few specimens, taken at random from the newspapers, will show the method and quality of the work. The "Barbed Wire Men" met at the Sherman House in Chicago, Nov. 17, 1885. It was announced that "the object of the meeting was to effect the formation of a strong pool which would completely control the production of the entire wire manufacturing interests of the country and arrange an unalterable scale of prices to which all must adhere. It was resolved that a *curtailment of the product* was the only means to *maintain high prices* and enable the manufacturers to reap corresponding profits."

On the 15th of June, 1886, at Erie, Pa., there was a meeting of "The Tarred Felt Paper Association." The dispatch announcing the meeting, says: "There were represented in person and by proxy a capital of \$22,000,000, which was pooled for one year. It is believed that it is the intention to *crowd out the small manufacturers.*"

On the 14th of April, 1886, a meeting of starch manufacturers was held at Chicago. The report of it says: "The specific object of the meeting was to form a pool to control the price of starch. For several months past this article has been cheaper than is strictly necessary for the benefit of the manufacturers, and the scheme is to form a combination strong enough to *brace up the prices.* It was not definitely decided whether to *limit the product* of each manufactory to a certain proportion of its capacity, or to adopt some other method of retrenchment."

On the 10th of February, 1886, "The Western Wooden Ware Manufacturers" met in Chicago. Here is an extract from the report of the proceedings: "The prevailing schedule of *prices and production* was ordered to remain in full force until the quarterly meeting, when a general overhauling of prices will be had, and those who are accused of underselling will be called to a strict accountability."

The following is an extract from a report of the proceedings of the "Mattress Makers": "The manufacturers of woven-wire mattresses yesterday completed the arrangements for the formation of a permanent organization to control the trade in their particular line of goods. The combination will be called the National Wire Mattress and Spring Bed Association, and will have for its object the mutual protection of its members, and will exercise full control over the *percentage of production* and the regulation of *market prices* for goods."

These are a few specimens that might be multiplied indefinitely. They are enough to show some of the evils of the social war. To limit production is to limit the sum total of possible wealth, and thereby to make poverty. To increase prices by making scarcity adds

to the cost of existence. This to the rich man is an inconvenience, to the man of moderate means a hardship, to the laborer hunger, cold, and sickness. It is well for us that some of those conspiracies fail, but it is deplorable that many of them succeed, and the aggregate result of them is a vast quantity of machine-made poverty that needs only organization and leadership to smite society as the hammer of Watt Tyler smote the tax-gatherer. We thank the Creator for abundance, and then make laws and regulations to promote scarcity. To make dearth is to make poverty, to limit production is to throw laborers out of work and into destitution.

The fiercest fighting on this unnatural battle-field is not over there on the right flank where capital and labor are contending, nor over yonder on the left where organized monopolies in battalion columns are trampling down all weaker competition, and all independent rivalry; it is right here in the center of the field where labor is wasting its powers in a senseless wrestle with labor. The so-called "conflict" between capital and labor is mere friendly emulation when compared with the bigoted conflict between labor and labor. Shaped into trades-union legislation the jealousy of working men toward each other is an active make of poverty.

THE RIGHTS OF THOSE WHO DISLIKE TOBACCO.

BY ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

A woman, not overstrong, and tired with a year's hard work, starts for a sea-shore resort to spend the summer vacation and get rested and well. She first takes a comfortable seat in a parlor-car. At the end of the car and near her chair is partitioned off a select "smokers' apartment." The fumes from within that enclosure steal out and make her feel ill. She asks of the porter the privilege of exchanging her seat for one further removed from this smokers' apartment. Her request fortunately can be granted. She makes herself comfortable once more, with an inward protest against the favoritism which allows smokers to so nearly defraud her of the better air, for which, together with the more room, she has paid her extra fare. A seat next to her new resting-place is vacant, but she sees a bag and papers which indicate that it has an occupant to come. Soon the owner of the seat appears. He has been having a chat with friends and a smoke in the "regular," not the parlor-car "smoker." His clothing and person are saturated with old and new flavors of the weed. He removes a heavy woolen coat, and puts on a cool "duster." The coat is hung on the hook next our traveler, and the air from the ventilator which she has had opened for her benefit, wafts its condensed aroma directly to her nostrils. By and by a gentleman from the "par-

lor-car smoker" comes in, and greets cordially the gentleman from the "regular smoker," and asks him "to have a game" in the little room sacred to the smoking-clan; and all the while he is talking about matters and things in general, leaves the door of said apartment open. The woman traveler begs the porter to "shut that door." As he does so the two men look at her as if she must be a trifle peculiar. They then leave her for their game, and doubtless another smoke; to return in a half-hour, take seats on either side of her, and industriously "season" her with breath and clothing to the secondary aroma of pipe and cigar. An aching head and a rebellious stomach almost forbid brain exercise, but the sufferer cannot help starting a train of wondering something after this fashion: "Wonder why the same money buys a non-smoker, or any man, the use of two and even three seats—one in the regular smoker, one in the parlor-car smoker, and one in the ordinary or parlor-car, and buys a woman only one seat? Wonder why the railroad officials don't secure the woman that one free from tobacco smoke? Wonder if smokers know how offensive they make themselves to many people? Wonder if they would care if they did know? Wonder if there is anything in 'the weed' which makes men less gentlemanly, as they assuredly are, respecting smoking than in any other particular? Wonder if there is any place this side of heaven where one can breathe pure air?"

At this point her station of exchange for another road is reached, and our traveler goes from the hot car into a stifling little waiting-room. A card in the ladies' room says "no smoking allowed," but the gentleman's room is divided from her waiting-place only by an open archway, and almost all the occupants of it seem inclined to the favorite "nerve-soother."

After a little more car travel the steamboat is reached which is to take the Pilgrim to her destination. Even the "ancient and fish-like smell" of the wharf is refreshing, and with delight she establishes herself on the forward deck, which will be the shady and breezy end of the boat when the steamer turns out into the broad bay. A seat is selected where the back can be rested against the walls of the upper saloon, and with only a few heads in sight, and those of strangers who are naught to her, and who do not much obstruct her view, our traveler's joy begins. "The sea, the opaline, the beautiful, the strong," what a magic cure is it for the headache and the heart-weariness and the temper-annoyance. The breeze freshens, the billows dance, the swell grows heavier. Ah! this is life! What grateful thoughts well up in answer to nature's bounty of healing and of joy. Worth while is the strain and stress of laborious days if by them one earn the right to so enjoy this glorious summer world!

Just at this moment of content and happiness, the quick senses of the traveler detect the familiar and hated

tobacco smoke. There is her neighbor of the parlor-car. He is indulging in another cigar. He leans over the rail in front of his victim, and puffs and puffs his column of airy contamination right into the sea breezes which were so full of healing for body and mind but a minute before. The glory is gone. The little tobacco fiend gains a speedy victory over great nature's purity and peace.

The purser comes around, and "Is smoking allowed on this boat?" is the despairing question.

"Yes'm, on this forrard part. There's nobody smokin' at the other end."

"But the other end is sunny and has no breeze. Here is where I wish to stay, and," raising her voice a little, "tobacco smoke is very disagreeable to me and makes me ill."

"Sorry, ma'm. Perhaps you'd like to go into the saloon. Ladies mostly do."

The saloon! Hot, stuffy, and with a party of excursionists dancing as nimbly as the motion of the boat will allow, to the wheezes of a parlor organ from which an unwilling waltz is being coaxed! Saloon, indeed!

The gentleman with the cigar has heard the remonstrance and gallantly throws the end of his cigar into the sea, but looks as if a woman who "would make a fuss over a good cigar in a public place" was beneath contempt.

A little peace, and then three men sit near the rail of the lower deck and smoke. And several promenaders come and go with pipes and cigars and the traveler gives it up, she can keep her seat no longer.

She perches herself on the outermost seat of the deck, hanging to the rail in most uncomfortable fashion, still fighting for pure air.

At last the journey is ended; the hotel reached; the good supper dispatched with an already quickened appetite; and the piazza, which has been recommended as among the chief attractions of the place, is eagerly sought. It is indeed an entrance-way to one of nature's grandest temples. The fierce hot day is going out gently to meet the lovely night. A broad stretch of heaving sea mirrors the gorgeous sunset sky, and the trees near the cliff-walk show grand and gloomy in the twilight. "Perfect," sighs the traveler in blissful praise.

But here comes the crowd of people from the dining-room. And ten out of the fourteen men light cigars and seat themselves within a few feet of our new-comer. She must either endure the sickening annoyance, or go in out of the glory; into her little close room which is not on the "view" side of the house. She is too tired to walk beyond the range of her tormentors to-night; but she foresees that she will have to do that all the summer or lose her sunset beauty. Is it any wonder that her blissful mood is again destroyed when she considers that she is paying as much for the privilege of being

driven from the common piazza as these men are for using it?

Men and brethren, ought these things so to be?

Is there not a question of *right* involved in a condition which bears so hardly upon one side and gives the other so vast an advantage? Why should the smoker be given, or take, the mean privilege of driving from comfort to misery all those who dislike tobacco, even in the most public places? Can anyone explain on principles of justice, or good-breeding, the right of the smoker to render the air of cars, steamboats, public coaches, hotels and boarding-houses, and all other places where he elects to be, disagreeable and often sickening? It has been truly said that "smoking is the only vice that all people are compelled to share the effects of in their own persons." If my neighbor drinks whisky I am not obliged to take even a drop into my system. But if my neighbor smokes, I am obliged, as long as he remains my neighbor on the piazza or other place of resort, to inhale some of the poison he is consuming. There is much to say about the pecuniary waste and physical harm of tobacco-using as a personal habit. But the sole purpose of this article is to draw attention to the infringement upon the rights of those who dislike tobacco, perpetrated by tobacco-users, and sanctioned by those who cater to a tobacco-using public. This aspect of the question has passed beyond the boundaries of taste, or preference, or conventional good manners. It has entered the domain of *ethics*. The point now to be determined is in brief this: Have those who dislike tobacco any rights which tobacco-users are bound to respect?

If my neighbors in the city like the smell of decaying garbage about their houses, or think it wholesome and pleasant to keep a dirty pig in the cellar, I can complain of them to the sanitary authorities, and have the nuisance removed, in spite of their personal tastes in the matter. But if I take a sick baby into the country for pure air and wholesome surroundings, and the inmate of the room next mine chooses to poison the atmosphere of his own and my apartment through the open windows and thin partitions with a nasty pipe, or a meaner cigarette, I have probably no redress but to change my boarding-place. So debauched is the public conscience in this regard that any complaint of the omnipresent pollution is considered a foolish personal idiosyncrasy, to be disregarded as soon and as often as desired. It is considered by the majority of hotel-keepers, railroad and steamboat officials and servants, and all who purvey to the taste of travelers and boarders, that the smoker has the right, and that the complainant is seeking to enforce a peculiar hobby of his own. The good-natured smoker will throw away his cigar if you frankly say it is disagreeable to you, but he very evidently thinks he is making concession to an extraordinary weakness on your part,

and that that weakness will soon make you as disagreeable in his eyes as his cigar can be in your nostrils.

It is high time that this inversion of the principles of right was exposed to just light. It is high time that the man who uses a public place for the indulgence of a private habit which is positively injurious and disagreeable to many, who have paid as high a price for their use of that public place as he, should understand that *he is the offender against right and propriety*, and not the person who complains of his pipe or cigar. It is high time that petitions setting forth the injustice of the present favoritism shown tobacco-users were presented to all who now pander to this false sentiment and discrimination, and the rights of those who want pure air insisted upon.

We cannot hope to cleanse our streets of the filth and foul air that smokers and chewers torment the cleanly with. It may be too much to ask that the man who elects the smoking-car for the first half of his journey be forced to stay in it for the second half, rather than to make himself a nuisance to some one else. But at least, let us "strike" for the abolition of the smokers' apartment in the parlor-car, and for unconditional prohibition of smoking in and about the pleasantest places of resort in hotels, and public parks, and gardens, and all the nooks and corners where the non-smoking class most do congregate. And let this be demanded as a right; not begged as a kindness.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part I.

On a fair day I found myself in Benares, sacred city of the Hindus. I had seen, many cities built by men, but now for the first time beheld one built by gods. It is a City of Temples, and houses ministrant to temples. It has no trade save in gods. Its population is a procession of pilgrims which started out in immemorial time; every day a new population following that which departs, while outside may be seen through the night the watch-fires of those who on the morrow will fill street and temple, kneel at a thousand shrines, consult the oracular well, buy gilt gods with shell currency, receive baptism in the Ganges, partake of sacramental food, offer sacrifices, and pass onward. As I wander through the streets, stopping here and there to purchase little deities, or float slowly on the Ganges, some vista opens occasionally into my own past. Once I too knelt with that ashen fakir before Siva,—the Consuming Fire. These throngs whom priests are immersing—have I not seen them in the Rappahannock river? Have I not tasted those little eucharistic cakes blest and distributed to the "new creature," who, born again of the water and spirit, must eat only divine food, manna, wild

honey? How often to-day have I seen John the Baptist clad in camel's hair? The pyre is aflame. The widows, no more permitted to ascend in the fire-chariot with their lords, bathe in the river near by. One body the pariahs are burying—one that died of small-pox. The Small-pox is, by euphemism, a deity; it is angry if any form whereof it takes possession is burnt, and its sacred self scorched. Therefore, here is the one exception to cremation. Small-pox superstitions are not confined to India; thousands of Canadian peasants believe, it is said, that they who suffer that disease receive a certain consecration—no doubt a survival from the Hindu faith. Indeed, as I roam through Benares, few incomprehensible things meet my eye. I carry a large bunch of old keys, gathered from the spiritual lands through which my own pilgrimage has led me, one or another of which, with some filing, will fit the most complex of these ancestral locks. But these keys, long kept in my mental museum, unlock similar doors to dissimilar scenes in East and West. Behind the Western altar and sacrament are substantial secularities; the old charms are turned to uses not evolved from them, just as my purse-full of cowries (shells) turn into brass idols, unrelated to the mollusks that shaped them. In London or New York my creed or sacrament shall bring me various profit and promise of the life that now is. But here at Benares the creed and sacrament are not cast shells turned to currency; they are alive; the whole of human life is turned into an inorganic formation on which dwell and move forms fossilized in the West, or represented if at all in some fanatical *lusus nature*.

One morning I thought I had made a discovery. I set out before me the gods and goddesses purchased at their bazaar on the previous day, and meditated on them. I thought of the masses I had seen almost treading one on the other to get near the images here copied,—the Destroyer, the elephant-headed god, and other monstrosities; above all the hideous Kali, skull-girt, blood-lapping, in one hand a sword in the other a cut-off head. Then a little monkey-god caught my eye, and the secret of the whole thing flashed on me. What I was witnessing at Benares stood revealed as a survival of superstitions not merely pre-historic but pre-human! It was the ancient anthropoid beliefs which man had here inherited, and embodied in symbols and shrines.

Thereupon it occurred to me that I had not yet visited one of the most famous temples in Benares, or even in India—the Monkey Temple. Straightway I summoned my interpreter, a Mohammedan, and journeyed to that Temple. Near the outer door the pavement was wet with blood of the morning sacrifice; I had to pick my way to the entrance. A priest met me and threw around my neck a wreath of yellow flowers,—nasturtium-like,—which rendered me sacred enough to enter. At an inner door a pretty boy appeared

holding a salver piled with honey-cakes and sweetmeats, of the kind desired by monkeys. I bought a liberal allowance and was conducted within. My interpreter, remembering from a previous ramble my interest in Sacred Trees, guided me to a huge and very ancient one in the farther court, around which holy men were engaged in austerities. In the hollow of that tree lay a monkey and her new-born babe. I saw the mother's soft eyes looking out, without fear. Before my vision rose a scene of some simian cult, out of which that of cruel Kali could hardly be developed. This was better than butchering kids before a fury. I felt a thrill of happy emotion that beyond the blood-stained pavement I had found this consecration of the maternal principle even in the humblest beginnings of our race. But my new theory was slightly shaken.

From this point we passed into the main court. The temple mainly consists of roofless courts within courts: into the roofed parts I did not enter. Here was a wondrous, a charming scene! Hundreds of monkeys were engaged in their slumberous sun-worship on the roofs, their furzy forms decorating, as if with animated moss, the maroon-gray walls, some of the younger ones playing like children in a corner of the court. Some two score were seated along the quaintly-carven cornices, and when they saw me enter, my hands full of sweetmeats, slowly descended. There was no rushing, no scramble: indeed they appeared rather desirous of according a polite welcome to the visitor than of receiving anything from him. They descended lazily and gracefully—here a foot on some saintly symbol, there a hand on some holy image, swinging gently to the paved floor. They approached without any fear or pert curiosity; they did not hold out begging hands, nor propose to take up a collection. No one prayed to another, nor to the Brahman, nor to me. When I offered cakes and sweetmeats some accepted, and munched languidly. Their plump bodies were plainly made of plenitude of sweetmeats, but they ate a little, as if not wishing to hurt my feelings. There were several varieties of them; there were dark faces and light faces, and some that bore witness to the legality of miscegenation. There was evidently no color line in this happy community. After a few minutes the young ones returned to their play. I observed that they danced around in a ring, as the Hindus never do. Indeed, the Hindus never dance at all for amusement; their only dancers are the temple-dancers (Nautch girls) who merely describe a passion or poem with pantomimic gesticulation. An old Anglo-Indian said that a Hindu gentleman would rather commit any crime than dance, and it cannot be far from the truth. The younger monkeys danced; the middle-aged poked a little mild fun at each other; the old ones climbed again to their cornices, and to slumber in the soft sunshine.

Gradually all of them left me save one. This one had attracted my attention at first because he seemed to be a Chimpanzee, a species not to be expected in that region. He may not have been one zoologically, but I shall call him one because he was such cerebrally—I may even say spiritually. I had given him at first the finest cake I had; he had tasted it and smacked his lips, giving me to understand that it was delicious; but I saw that he did not care for it at all, and when a young monkey came—his spoilt daughter perhaps—and snatched it out of his hand he only made a show of pursuing her. While she sat quite near, eating it, this sage old monkey seemed satisfied. When she had gone after the rest he remained and looked at me steadily; also with a certain humor in his countenance, which inspired both confidence and interest. There was something in his expression which reminded me of the negro's remark when an organ-grinder brought his ape through the plantation: he had no doubt the little brother could talk easily enough if he wasn't afraid of a hoe being put in his hand. I felt a desire to be with this quaint acquaintance when Brahman and Moslem eyes were not on us. I dismissed my interpreter and the priest, sat down on a stone bench, and offered the Chimpanzee my remaining sweetmeats. He regarded this as a friendly overture, and came a little closer. He climbed on a little parapet of the wall, where, half reclining, he was still as any other god in his shrine. Then occurred the first of a series of interviews which I consider interesting enough to pass from the Temple Court of Benares to THE OPEN COURT of Chicago.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHARACTER AND ITS RELATION TO THE COMMONWEAL.

BY MISS M. S. GILLILAND.

The attainment of the greatest possible amount of social happiness I take to be the noblest of human aims; the highest within the range of our faculties; and, being within that range, worthy of belief, hope and endeavor—the highest endeavor of rational beings.

The importance of this subject needs no demonstration to students of ethics. There is, however, a large class in whom the feeling which long ago found utterance in the "how long, oh Lord, how long;" the revolt against the misery of the world with the wild wish to help it, often occurs as the result of some jar (alas, how common!) to the social sympathies, but in whom the wish dies down, drowned in an ocean of hopelessness as to the bettering of social relations, or chilled to death by the mist of a supposed pious submission to "the order of things." To those who feel but do not see, I should like to give what little help I can.

There is another class, those who do not think about it at all, whose individual aims absorb their entire

attention. To them I should like to point out the simple fact that the conditions most essential to the happiness of their fellows are precisely the conditions most essential to the attainment of their own; so that by promoting the former they inevitably promote the chances of the latter. A short-sighted egoism continually defeats itself.

First then to those who would fain better things but know not how.

We bear the burden of many sorrows and suffer, on all sides, the pain of baffled desires. Is there no help for us?

Must we console ourselves with the pious by saying: "Here we have no abiding city;" "we are but strangers and pilgrims bound for another shore." "Yonder" lies our home. "Here we are on our trial, 'tis a state of probation; we will bear it as such and try to be virtuous, knowing that our lot beyond depends upon our action here." Or, if this belief be taken from us, must we lose all hope? Must we regard humanity as a forlorn stream of sentient beings, doomed forever by a deluding instinct to propagate their species, born forever into hope, and pass forever through Disillusion to Despair, surrounded on all sides by iron law, flinging themselves against Fate like impotent waves that dash against the rocks and chafe only themselves? Our outlook is fortunately not restricted to these two views, neither of which give us much hope for our life here and now.

There is a third view which would teach us that "all evil results from non-adaptation of constitution and conditions," and that this evil is ever tending to disappear by the gradual adaptation of constitution everywhere going on. The special non-adaptation with which we have here to do is that of the human race to a social state. Long continuance of savage life and the survival of the fittest for such a life produced a character in many respects opposed to that necessary for comfortable social relations. Egoism was enormously developed; Right meant simply Might; Sympathy was prevented from developing, partly by the warlike habits of the savage and partly by the individual independence which gave rise to but few occasions of common suffering or common rejoicing. Necessity formed habit and habit formed character. But conditions were gradually changing. Increase of population necessitated the agglomeration of tribes, a division of labor and an immense increase in the amount of labor, needful to supply so largely increased a community. The wants and needs became vastly multiplied too, in accordance with a universal law, that "every change produced a diversity of effects." But change of character must ever lag behind change of conditions; because the former is the product of the latter. Hence it is that this heterogeneous, complex social life has evolved needs and wants on every side, which, as yet,

humanity is incapable of responding to. The constitution is not adapted to the conditions, hence the evil. Have we careless servants; have we slothful men of business; have we lying, thieving officials; have we aching heads from overstudy or aching backs from overwork; each and all, and a host of other ills with them are to be attributed to the same general cause—the imperfect adaptation of mankind and the needs of social life.

This view casts a flood of light on our condition, gives us a ground of hope for the gradual amelioration of our lot and enables us to give a reason for the hope that is in us. But it does more. In showing us the good it incidentally reveals to us the means of attainment. Complete adaptation of character to the needs of social life is the goal; necessity, as we have seen, compels habit or crushes the rebel; and habit forms character. Here we have at once a guide for our individual lives and for our endeavor for the lives of others. Do we want to become a clever pianist, we practice playing the piano; do we want to teach a child to sew, we make it practice sewing. "Practice makes perfect" is the pronouncement of general experience on the subject; and we shall find it as true of virtues and tastes as of any mechanical dexterity.

Let us then in our own lives endeavor to form desirable habits; and in so far as we may be able to influence the lives of others, let us try to demonstrate to them the all-importance of this magician habit, and let us try to remove stumbling blocks from his path. This last much-needed aid may be rendered by us in various ways.

First—By the avoidance of an indiscriminate charity. Let us try to help those most who are most able to help themselves, those upon whom the pressure of outward circumstances has been calamitous, rather than those out-distanced in the race of life by reason of personal incapacity, whether physical, mental or moral. It is a most salutary law that punishment should fall upon defect, and we are wrong and retard that so desirable adaptation of character and capacity to the needs of social life when we help to make punishment inappreciable.

Secondly—By our advocacy of independence in every individual member of the community. Let us not forget the rule. *Necessity* forms habit and habit, alone, forms character. How short-sighted, then, is the policy that would take from those least developed and least fitted for social duties the pressure of that necessity which is above all things best fitted to develop their capacity and fit them for efficient membership of the body social. Would we see industry flourish and idleness become irksome? Let us encourage no law which would secure to any class a life of luxurious idleness. Would we see thrift grow and waste disappear? Let us not lighten responsibility nor lift burdens natural to

any given relation. The paternal government which would save a people not from their sins but from their sin's consequences, which would interfere between an act and its natural results—whether it be by lifting from the shoulders of prostrate female virtue the burden of the support of illegitimate offspring, or from parental shoulders in general the burden of children's education, or in any other way whatsoever—that government does its people grievous wrong. It keeps them children, not indeed with the innocence and teachableness of childhood, but with its ignorance, incapacity of self-help and inadequate sense of responsibility.

These things I say chiefly with regard to laws and enactments, and our intelligent attitude toward them. Help may be given personally where the results of incapacity press with extreme severity; but let it be *personal* help, let it at least develop sympathy in the helper; and let it be judicious. Let it never be of a kind to encourage the moral offender to offend with impunity, or to place inferiority of any kind on a par with superiority.

That brings us to the consideration of the third and perhaps greatest of all the means at our disposal for helping our fellows:—the development of sympathy. Just as egoism is the chiefest preventive to happiness in the social state, so is sympathy its principal producer. All those ills at least, which we suffer from one another, ills of omission and commission, all are attributable to poverty of sympathy. Did we realize clearly the vexations caused by our misdeeds, and did the realization pain us, we would certainly act better. How then to cultivate this sympathy? It must be the business not of laws at all, but of individual effort. Let us enter into relation with others as widely as possible, let us encourage co-operation of every kind, so that we may kindle our fellow-feeling and have occasions of common sorrow and joy; and let us help personally. Even if at first we must need force ourselves to do so, eventually the desire will reward the habit. Interest in those we help flourishes marvelously quickly.

Let us try, too, to break down class prejudices, to do justice in our own estimates of those who differ most widely from us, and to promote that mutual knowledge of classes which best helps each to do justice and feel for the other. But, above all, let us try to make our interest identical by equitable relationships that shall be complimentary rather than rival—remembering that “a fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.”

Necessary limitations of space scarcely admit of my saying anything to that second class to whom I would address myself: those who do not care about the common weal or happiness, whose interest is purely egotistical. One would indeed almost feel inclined to leave them without a word—for they are a contemptible class—

but that they, by their action, may imperil that weal, about which if they do not care we do.

Know then, O thou narrow and miserable soul, that thy so much prized happiness is to be accomplished in no other way than by just the very means which has been recommended to thy nobler brother. Think, all ye such, if you can think, and learn! Are you cheated by your grocer? Are you pilfered from by your servants? Do you lose money over inefficient and lazy work-people? Do the shafts of your carriage break upon sudden strain because of unsound wood? Do you lose your nearest and dearest or do you yourself run the risk of being plunged into death by the breaking of bridges immorally constructed? Are you poisoned by evil odors from badly-made drains, or reduced to beggary by the dishonesty of debtors? Are you suffering from any of all the thousand ills which rascality and inefficiency daily subject us to? Know then: all these ills are traceable to the same general cause: non-adaptation of constitution to conditions, inefficiency of character to meet the needs of social life. And think: does it not concern you personally that those conditions shall be maintained which alone will mould character in the necessary direction? I pray thee think! State interference or non-interference; individual independence or meddling supervision; personal kindness or indifference and rudeness: these things seem far apart from railway accidents, typhoid fevers, trade peccadillos or work-people's stupidity; but I tell you they all belong together, they have the most intimate connection, even that relation of relations, the relation of cause and effect. Are you callous? You are so at your peril.

MONISM IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY AND THE AGNOSTIC ATTITUDE OF MIND.

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part III.—Conclusion.

Professor Haeckel, who, as every one knows, has furnished, through his classical biological investigations, manifold direct proof in support of the evolution hypothesis, and who, through his popular works and lectures, has probably done more than any other single person to spread the knowledge of that great, life-elevating doctrine, is also the advocate of a Monism that—though essentially based on hylozoistic assumptions—pretends, nevertheless, to explain everything in strict keeping with mechanical principles. According to it, every atom is eternal and has an eternal soul. This soul possesses the properties of sensation and volition, pleasure and pain, desire and aversion, attraction and repulsion. Atoms aggregate to molecules, molecules to crystals or plastidules, plastidules to cells and cells to complex organisms. All this is said to occur in rigorous obedience to general mechanical laws, notwithstanding that it is

volition which impels atoms to form chemical combinations and that the plastidules transmit to other matter, by dint of a faculty of reproduction, the complex motion received during their evolution, the motion, in fact, in which their specific nature consists. And this faculty of reproduction, which thus renders possible organic growth and propagation, is really unconscious memory, a faculty of the soul. Parallel to the aggregation of the material particles, their souls also aggregate, forming complex souls, our own soul being the most complex of all.

The original dualism of body and mind within the atom is thus made to form, by mere grouping, what Professor Haeckel calls Mechanical Monism.

The philosophers of the seventeenth century, to whom the connection of soul and body was such a vexed question, believing—as all mechanical scientists since Descartes have believed—that each of the two modes of existence displays its own series of phenomena without the least interference from the other, these benighted philosophers would no doubt be greatly astonished at this easy solution of their central problem. You have only to lock up the two incommensurable elements together in the smallest possible compass and you will find them ready ever after to help each other out of every imaginable difficulty.

An atomistic unification of body and mind on a hylozoistic foundation was also not long ago attempted by a highly accomplished scientist, whose truly phenomenal career “the stupidity of death” cut short long before it had reached its climax. Clifford tried to prove in a quasi-mathematical way that the reality which corresponds to our mental perception of things is made of the same stuff as the mental perception itself. It would occupy too much space to expose here the fallacy of his specious argument. This the present writer has undertaken in *The Index* of December 24, 1885, pp. 307-8, where he has disproved this hypothesis of mental atomism or mind-stuff and shown that complex individual consciousness is the only kind of mental existent we know or can legitimately infer.

When it became highly probable, if not quite certain, that to each conscious state there corresponds a definite molecular motion in the brain, scientific philosophers, and among them Lewes, tried to establish a monistic view on the strength of this correspondence. This is the view usually known as the two-sided aspect, or as Psychophysical Monism. According to it, the brain-motion, the functional tremor of brain molecules, is only another aspect of the corresponding conscious state, which, in truth, is the same fact of nature, only subjectively realized, while the motion is objectively realized.

But it is quite evident that another person can realize, as percept of his own, the *brain-motion*, while the person to whom the brain belongs is experiencing the

corresponding *conscious state*. These two different facts, occurring in two different minds, cannot possibly be one and the same identical fact of nature. So, here again, we find ourselves baffled in our monistic efforts.

How, then, does science, as now constituted, really bear upon a monistic interpretation of nature?

Science proceeds on the basis of an unfaltering conviction and ever-verified supposition that the things we perceive, by means of our senses, are real existents, independent in their intrinsic nature of our perception of them. Those scientists, who believe themselves to be idealists, have merely, during their philosophical excursion, let drop into unconsciousness the leading principle of their craft. The dilemma, which our present science encounters on its way to a monistic world-conception, is unavoidable. We find in the world, as it actually presents itself to us, highly complex bodies, possessing manifold properties, some of them displaying activities and experiencing affections of a marvelous kind. In analyzing these compound structures, science reaches more and more elementary constituents, out of whose combination these compound structures are most unmistakably formed. Dissolving thus all bodies into their ultimate constituent parts, not in philosophical thought or imagination merely but in all reality, there seems, at last, nothing left but a number of elements which, in their most simple state, constitute gases, whose manifest properties—the only properties which science is allowed to reckon with—are all of the most primitive, physical kind.

Now the dilemma is, how have the marvelous hyper-physical endowments of complex bodies got into structures that are made up of nothing but physically-endowed elements?

To take the qualities known only in connection with complex structures, and place them in ever so minimized a condition into their elements, is simply begging the question and completely breaking through the limitations of the scientific method. Science, prying into the origin of things, has thus come to a beginning, consisting of a vast multitude of interacting but disunited elements, and this is certainly not Monism.

As there cannot be the slightest doubt that the universe is not made up through mere aggregation of autonomous monads or atoms; but is truly a cosmos, whose diversified and manifoldly endowed parts are all closely interdependent constituents; our attempts at interpretation have to proceed in this monistic direction, and there is no reason why we should not approach nearer and nearer the solution.

But is there anyone to be found in any time who with his understanding has yet penetrated the secret? And, if not, why should “Agnostic” be a name of reproach? The term “Agnosticism” as now used designates not a creed, but merely a mental attitude, a wise suspense of judgment

regarding certain vital questions passionately pre-judged by the society in which so-called Agnostics are living. Formerly such dissenters from authoritatively pre-cribed articles of faith were simply burned alive, and that not so very long ago. In some parts of what is called the civilized world they are still ostracized. In England an "Infidel," up to very recently, was almost universally despised, and had a very poor chance in life.

To the indefatigable exertions and eminent social qualifications of such men as Professors Huxley and Tyndall is chiefly due the great change that has taken place in public opinion among the educated of the English-speaking nations; a change which allows the mild, more pitying than condemning, if not even half or wholly-shared name of "Agnostic" to displace the harsh and spiteful epithet "Heretic" or "Infidel." Through generous sympathy with all the higher interests of humanity at large and of Englishmen in particular; through an amiable, open disposition, ever ready to give fair play to an adversary, and to enter amicably into his mode of thought; and withal armed with the irresistible and masterly-wielded weapons of science; these men—speaking the genuine human language—have gained a candid hearing for their cause from the very foremost leaders of public opinion. As prominent symptoms of the radical change that has thus lately been wrought in the direction of complete tolerance, may be named the "Metaphysical Society" of London and the "Nineteenth Century," where Roman Catholic Cardinals, Anglican Bishops and the master minds of dissenting denominations have discussed and are still discussing with free-thinkers of all shades the questions they all have most at heart.

"Agnosticism," as commonly understood, has reference principally to the two great transcendental questions, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. Strictly speaking, all who do not base their knowledge, their gnosis, on supernatural revelation are Agnostics, whether they call themselves so or not. For, it is a fact, that the keenest and most profound thinkers among the theologians themselves have now admitted, that reason—not less than science—is incapable of bringing us positive knowledge, not only concerning the particular nature of God and the particular mode of existence in a future life, but concerning the very existence of God and a future life. The logical proofs of Anselm and Descartes, the teleological proof, the proof from causality, from free will, etc., etc.; all have turned out to be fallacious. Those then, who do not believe in supernatural revelation—and who knows how many there are of such even among professed theologians—have to ground and actually do ground their belief in God solely on the feeling of the utter dependence of existence and life upon a power, not themselves. What the intrinsic nature of this creating and sustaining power may be

remains wholly enigmatical, however much the noble stirrings of their emotional nature may prompt them to identify it with its own highest sentiment and aspiration.

Dim and confused is in truth the boundary that separates at the uttermost reach of thought earnest and open-minded seekers after truth, on whichever side of providential Faith and personal Hope their conviction or doubt may incline.

The insistence on the supreme truth of supernatural tradition ends, of course, all discussion. Our human life, however, is being more and more exclusively molded on natural revelation. This it is, that makes the spirit of our scientific era more and more humanely moral, but also more and more agnostic, as regards the constitution of the intelligible world, so minutely known and described by our forefathers. Agnosticism in reference to the supernatural world, involves by no means a generally negative attitude of mind. Quite the contrary, it leaves us all the freer to appreciate the positive marvels of nature, and to work at a progressive development of our race.

The mystery of Being and Becoming! Who in his right senses dares for a moment to assert that the least glimpse of its origin and intimate workings has been vouchsafed to him.

George Eliot—truly a representative genius of the highest aspirations of our age—with a receptiveness as open as a child's, with knowledge as wide as human understanding, with sympathy as deep as the human heart; in vain, O in vain, has her humble beseeching, her keen and tender gaze rested with life-long questioning on the silent secret "behind the veil, behind the veil."

And how many cultured persons are there, now-a-days, who would consider, for instance, St. Augustine, Luther or Calvin to be more lovable as human beings, and deem their views of human life more truly moral and estimable than those of her, who had the full courage of her free, undogmatic convictions?

PUTTING OFF THE OLD MAN ADAM.

BY W. D. GUNNING.

A few years ago Dr. Ellsberg, to account for the facts of heredity, proposed a theory which has been accepted by Haeckel. A certain number of "physiological units," plastic and therefore called "plastidules" by Ellsberg, pass, not organized into body, from parent to child, to grandchild, down along the line in diminishing ratio until at last they fade out. Let us hypothesize an Adam and Eve physiologically. The child is not a new being, but a projection of the parents. In its body, but not incorporated with it, are plastidules of Adam and Eve. The child grows to manhood and a portion of these plastidules pass, with his own, into the

body of his child. A portion, still remaining free, will pass into the next generation. A time comes when all the Adamic plastidules will be cut off. "Abbreviated Heredity" intervenes. The man has "put off the old man Adam."

This may seem fanciful, but it is no more fanciful than Darwin's theory of Pangenesis, and the facts of biology would seem to necessitate one theory or the other, or both. Nature remembers long but she forgets at last. The unfolding human body does not epitomize completely the history which lies behind it. At last the body forgets its heraldry. I weep not over the grave of Adam. His plastidules have long been cut off. Between him and me there is no bond of kinship.

Physiological plastidules may be long persistent; the spiritual persist still longer. We have worked the tiger out of our teeth and nails, but the

"Tiger, tiger burning bright
In the forests of the night,"

lingers in our passions. The mind is still toothed and clawed, but not so much as of old. With the fading out of old organic plastidules fades out their manifestations in the mind. In what mental kinship do you stand to your Adam? In the higher range of faculties you sustain no kinship at all to this protoplast.

And those, your remote ancestors in India, in Egypt, in Palestine, how much of their mind-plastidules remain in you? Fix your attention on a segment of history. I place it here on this page not to excite merriment or derision, but to point a moral. It is the history of an ark, chest, or box, holding, perhaps, a few pebbles. It was captured by the Philistines from the Israelites and taken to Ashdod. The capture and burning of all our metropolitan cities would not smite us with such consternation as the capture of this box smote into the minds of Israel. While Israel shuddered with horror, Ashdod broke out into pustules. To speak with ancient Israel, the box was doing a right godly work, throwing down the statue of Dagon and smiting its votaries with pestilence. Terrified Ashdod, not daring to burn it, took it to Gath. In Gath it wrought the same pestilence as in Ashdod, and the Gadites took it to Ekron. The box, at once, smote Ekron with pustules and mice. What *could* be done with this god-box? Palestine was aghast. No man would destroy it and no city would receive it. Ekron took it out and left it on an open field. There it kept right on creating ulcers and mice. What *could* be done? What we will call, by accommodation, "the human mind," lit on an expedient. The box, or god-in-the-box—I do not think the "human mind" differentiated them clearly—seemed to deal chiefly in ulcers and mice. "Let us," these ancient men said, "let us buy it off by giving it five gold ulcers and five gold mice, modeled after those it has sent upon us." The gold mice and ulcers were put in a little box which was

placed on the Jahweh-box, and the Philistines took the two boxes on a new cart to Bath Shemesh. This city, being Jewish, welcomed the box with rejoicing, tore up the cart for sacrifice, and killed the cows which drew it. But some of these men (it is not said that they were women) looked into the box, and "it smote the men of Bath Shemesh fifty thousand, three score and ten." It does not appear whether it killed this time with mice and ulcers.

No wonder that the survivors of Bath Shemesh sent messengers to Kirjath-jearim asking that city to take the box. Kirjath took it and appointed a priest to serve it, that is, kill birds and bullocks and rams for it. It behaved very well for three months, till King David "stirred up all Israel from Shihor of Egypt even to the entering of Hamath" to bring it to Jerusalem. They went, a whole nation as we are told, to Kirgath-jearim for this terrible box. "And they carried the ark of Jahweh in a new cart out of the house of Abinadab and Uzza and Ahiv drove the cart. And David and all Israel played before Jahweh with all their might with singing and with harps and with psalteries and with timbrels and with cymbals and with trumpets." But when they came to the threshing-floor of Chidon the oxen stumbled, the cart tipped, the box toppled, and Uzza put forth his hand to support it. "And Jahweh smote him, and he died before Jahweh." The terrible box! "And David was displeased because Jahweh had made a breach upon Uzza." The diabolical box! It was left there at the house of Obed Edom, and Israel dispersed. It was too much for a nation!

Three months passed and the nation tried again. David gathered all Israel to Jerusalem to bring the box from the house of Obed Edom. They went now with priests properly sanctified for the task. On approaching the dreaded box they sacrificed to it seven bullocks and seven rams. The historian does not tell us what it had done with its gold mice and pustules. This final expedition was successful. The box entered Jerusalem in triumph, King David in a short linen frock, a kind of "Culty sack," dancing before it "in the face of Jahweh," much to the shame of one of his wives.

What have we been reading? How does the story move you? What kinship do you feel with these people? Hardly more than you feel with the grain-gathering ants of Texas, whose psychic life has been described by Cook. They gathered into barns, so do you and so do the ants, and here the kinship ends. Their mind-plastidules have been cut off. Their mind life is no more to you than that of the pithecanthropos. But it has been the bane of theology, pagan as well as Christian, to gather up the cast-off robes of the race and make them enrobe religion. We mend an old fiddle with a piece of another old fiddle. I would build the orchestra anew, using not a shred from the timbrel of Deborah or harp of David.

I know that the past holds the root of the present. I know that we stand, body and mind, in generic relations with all the life which has gone before us. So stands the fern on relations with the liverwort. But the liverwort was such a remote ancestor that every growing fern to-day, although springing from a liverwort thallus, sluffs that thallus from the root and lives its own proper fern-life. I would have Christianity, wise like the fern, sluff from its root the low thallus of Judaism. The young dodder is rooted in the ground, but as it grows and climbs and less and less nutriment flows into it from the soil, at last it sluffs off its root and lives only from the upper world of air. I would have religion and philosophy, wise like the dodder, cut themselves loose from devitalized roots.

How many a thallus is sticking to our roots! How many shriveled, sapless, pulseless roots this climbing dodder called humanity still holds clinging to its trunk!

I have tried a cruel experiment on an infant. The child was sucking milk from a bottle through an India-rubber tube. I pinched the tube and cut off the flow. How lustily the babe continued to suck—the empty air! Babes are they whose milk bottles are in ancient Palestine and who suck through the long elastic tubes of tradition. They suck up, now a litter of gold mice and now a long-haired hunter of foxes; now a syphilitic king and now a blood-spattered seer; now a seraph snake and now, and with every gulp, the Jewish Jahweh. I would pinch the tubes. The heaven-mother has lacteal glands whose flow is perennial.

You enter a great library and your eye ranges over the thousand thousand volumes. Here, you say, is the history of all peoples, are the thoughts of all thinkers, is the record of man from troglodyte beginnings till now. To be a full man, standing tip-toe over the ages, you must read all these. Think a moment and take courage. You must not read all these, nor a thousandth part of them. A thousand to one they are sapless roots. Take down the old literature of Palestine. I am always glad to see in a family Bible the Old Testament transformed into an herbarium for autumn leaves and a hiding place for old family letters. The book is not read, an indication of good spiritual health. This family is, as a dodder, cutting off a sapless root.

Here are ponderous tomes, Rawlinson's *Ancient Empires*. You need not tarry long on these. What is Tadmor in the wilderness to you in this garden of the Lord? Tadmor, Babylon, Nineveh, they were products of an extinct order of thought. It is not necessary to your mind-growth to know their kings or their conquests.

And here are many ponderous tomes on ancient Egypt—Bunsen, Lepsius and the rest. You are tempted to tarry. Mysterious as their sphinx were these worshippers of leeks and onions and beetles and crocodiles, but that very worship cuts them off from you. Egypt, with

her Nile-brood, is a shed thallus from our fern-root. The thin volume of Renouf will give you all you need to know of Egypt.

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—what ponderous and learned tomes! But why should you burn the oil of midnight to learn an inventory of emperors, chiefs, battles, butcheries, as infructuous as an inventory of autumn leaves storm-cast to the ground?

Hallam's *Middle Ages*—lore interminable, and what lore! Fifteen hundred years after Plato, the toe-nail of a man who had shown himself a saint by standing ten years on a stone column in hunger and filth and rags, the toe-nail of such a man was of more value in any city of Europe than a telescope or a whole library of Greek thought! *History of the Middle Ages*—history of crows and kites! *Thoughts of the Schoolmen*—thoughts of men whose highest problem was "whether God can know more than he knows that he knows?"

Read De Coulanger's *Ancient City*, Maine's *Ancient Law*, Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, Lecky's *History of European Morals*, and you will get almost all the sap from these ancient roots—all the roots save one.

Greece! In this alcove of the Greek you may linger. Here is a proliferous root which the human tree, let it spire up never so high, will never rescind. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides sang for all time. Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Socrates, thought for the race as long as the race should be. The Greek, the people, singing and speaking in that matchless language of their's, how little did they dream that in distant ages, over all Europe and over a world unknown to them, men, as they pushed out the boundaries of knowledge and struck higher notes in the gamut of thought, would draw from their speech the drapery in which to express their inventions and robe their thoughts until the English of science and philosophy would become an Anglecised Greek!

In another alcove, side by side, it may be, with Duns Scotus, with Zurgetius de Statu Servorum, with commentaries on the curse of Canaan, with philological dissertations on the Tower of Babel, with disquisitions on the deluge, you may find a novel by a recent author; a novel whose hero was the pithecanthropoid who left his skull in the Neanderthal cave, and whose times were the far-off stone-age when man was emerging from the jungle. Read it if you can. Cry if you can over the woes of Red, the hero. A growing babe was the author, trying to suck sentiment through long tubes from the age of clubs and claws. The tube is pinched. The plastidules of Neanderthal are cut off. Red is dead, thoughly dead.

"Atrugelos," unfruitful, is the word which Homer wrote against the sea. Atrugelos write against the million parchments and tomes cast up from the restless

sea of human life. From "Thalassa," the laughing sea are the volumes of Rabelais; from "polyphoiboids," the many-voiced, are the pages of Shakespeare; from the bitter-salt sea are the volumes of Swift and later poems of Tennyson; from the storm-wracked, thunderous ocean, are the Ociamides of Æschylus and night-cries of Carlyle; from the serene deeps are the thoughts of Plato, Goethe, Emerson, Spencer.

THAT PREVIOUS QUESTION.

BY J. H. FOWLER.

The world is a mirror reflecting self: yet it is the die that stamps experience. The sun is obscured by our own atmosphere; yet it is the source of all life. Man is neither fish nor worm, but aerial and ideal. He voyages in celestial space and finds terrestrial kinship in the remotest star, yet he may explore the exclusive Ego to the north pole of metaphysics, but the lie of his assumption freezes in his teeth while his crystal logic dissolves in suffering, sympathy, love, worship, joy. Every form of experience relates him to facts objective and to beings other than self. Egoism and devotion are antipodes. One must go out of self that heat and light may come in. Exit Ego, enter Hero.

Whatever the game, Faith is a trump card and with a Heart makes a good hand. But Faith is content with error and should be confined to recreation. Trust, with plenty of dry powder is the thing for work. Skepticism, the opposite of faith, tends to eliminate error; but distrust inclines to pessimism while trust ever points to the best. Life commences in trust. Through all the long voyage paleozoic fish to modern man, Life has safely trusted the polar stars of sense. No magic of intellection can charm them out of their nature-fixed orbits or weaken our hereditary trust in them. And yet these orbs did not adorn the sky of primitive life.

There is a field of trust whereon the light of sense never beamed, a day of senseless life, yet not of blind life. If it was not light it was not wholly dark.

Objective presence dawned upon it and was recognized. There was no seeing, no hearing, no tasting, no smelling, no feeling, but there was the contact of discriminate touch: organism selecting from environment the congenial and rejecting from self the inappropriate.

The most simple and primitive vital organism is and must ever have been, from the very beginning, functionally endowed with passivity to, and adjustivity toward, environment impressible and self-adjusting. Endowed with less power and guidance, Life would have wrecked at every outset, never could have made the long rough passage to the land of specialization sense. With no power of detecting the objective fact and of self-adjustment thereto, the vital organism were, of all things conceivable, the most unfit for survival, and at any moment life were liable to be swallowed up by environment.

The phenomena of life are known only through organism. This two-fold functional endowment so essentially inheres in the vital organism that we are unable to conceive of life without it.

Life, Organism, Function, Environment, are terms so essentially correlated and interlinked by nature, that no force of logic can put them asunder. The whole process of organic evolution consists in the progressive specialization of structure better and better adapted to the performance of this fundamental duplex function. Experience is the formative factor. It moulds structure and by heredity secures permanency, subject to perpetual modification. Individuals perish, but life endures, and experience is perpetuated and cumulative, storing in perpetually modified structure. Thus the vito-mechanical impulse, and chemico-vital reaction, experienced by the earliest progenitors, becomes the habit of succeeding generations and in the more remote offspring is organically fixed as instinct. The objective impulse and subjective response repeated give to organism the infinitesimal touch of change which ultimates in the intuition of objective reality.

The simple protoplasmic organism is the constituted subject of impulse and lays direct hold upon the objective fact, not as light, heat, sound or any form of force in space or time, but simply as objective presence, congenial or uncongenial, attractive or repulsive.

From this simplest and most primitive psycho-vital function there arises within the organism a perpetual struggle with a constantly-increasing effort or tendency to enlarge and intensify the receptive capacity and to increase the power of the adaptive faculty.

Our five senses are inventions of life through experienced necessity for larger and more special capacities of impression from, and of readjustment to, the external world. They are instruments of life by which special groups of phenomena are gathered up and utilized— instruments of conquest and defense in Life's warfare with environment.

Life has come to know and conquer, and through every organism may report as truly as the great Cæsar: *Veni, vidi vici*.

The greatest American economist defined wealth as man's power to control the forces of nature. So the grade of any being in the ascending movement is determined by its conquests, what it knows, what it does.

But philosophic truth needs no rhetorical setting.

Let us renew our research. See what we can know as to the whence and what of that primitive organic experience which, as mind-stuff, Life forms into our highest psychic being.

We find it unmistakably in every organism, plant or animal. It must have been simultaneous with the dawn of Life and could not have been the result of heredity. This simple primitive passivity or impressive

susceptibility of unspecialized protoplasm bears the same relation to the senses proper that this primitive form on protoplasmic structure bears to the specialized organisms. It may, therefore, most appropriately be termed *Proto-sense*, for it is the first form of sense unspecialized, sense simply of objective presence.

At present we know no more of its origin than we do of the simple structure which bears it. When we shall have determined the origin of life we may be prepared to know the first cause of that organic susceptibility to objective impress and power of self-adjustment thereto, which antedates all experience, nay which is the source of experience.

Certainly we cannot doubt that the first and simplest vital organism performed these functions as trustingly, so to speak, as we ourselves with our highly specialized instrumentalities perform them. And shall we now for the first time call in question the rectitude of nature in this performance? Suspect her first impress upon organism and pronounce all subsequent experience illusion? Shall we not rather exalt this primitive trust into a moral element, having learned by the persistency of identity and difference, the law of fact presentation, to which we are morally bound?

Organism is a creature of nature specialized by experience. How could nature misrepresent herself to her own creature? How could nature which, tends always to the elimination of all possible error, misdirect the specialization of organ and function so as to subvert the impress of nature and alienate the creature? When our mental faculties have been created by nature and evolved through experience in contact with nature, experience which leads us to the conclusion that the fittest always survives, how can we distrust our senses, through which experience comes, and declare that what we think we know through nature is not real knowledge? That our sense percepts give us no clue to objective realities? That the world as we think we know it is by no means the world as it is? That time and space are purely mental concepts?

Convince the laborer who saws wood by the hour to fit your stove! I confess equal stubbornness—I certainly do “fail to realize that distance and position, as well as all other space relations are truly subjective phenomena.”* Notwithstanding, I am “quite certain that all our faculties are strictly determined by our organization and wholly encompassed within it,” “our knowledge is relative,”* but nevertheless true knowledge. When I know that a thing is so and not otherwise, satisfaction is not conceit. I trust my own organism and well know that I am a moral being, and, as such, related to all being. In my human fellow I recognize and reverence this transcendent worth, striving with him for the higher fulfillment.

* From an article by Dr. Edmund Montgomery printed in *The Index*.

THE DECADENCE OF CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY.

BY W. S. KENNEDY.

“*E pur si muove.*”—GALILEO.

Let the old gray-beard Tuscan's now somewhat hackneyed phrase serve (for want of a better) as our motto. The physical globe is in motion indeed; but how many would suspect it if left to their own wisdom? Round and round whirls the vast rock-shell, and forward forever flies, age after age ploughing its viewless furrows in the eternal void and swerving not a foot from its appointed course along the old æonian road.

“Tumbling on steadily, nothing dreading,
Sunshine, storm, cold, heat, forever withstanding, passing, carrying,
The soul's realization and determination still inheriting,
The fluid vacuum around and ahead still entering and dividing.
The divine ship sails the divine sea.”—*Whitman*.

Here, then, we are actually whirling around at the speed of a cannon-ball, and yet would never know it. A glacier is in continuous motion, yet seems to move not at all; the foundations of a great building may, little by little, be sapped by the sea, and yet how firm and majestic and apparently impregnable the noble pile will seem only an hour before the thunder of its fall! A vast pile of cumulus cloud, floating in as seeming-quiet a midsummer's sky as you please, is yet always imperceptibly drifting, drifting with the air, and slowly melting away in the fiery furnace of the solar heat. And so is it with an outworn religious system; so is it, I believe, with the atrocious evangelical theology of our day. It is like a scroll cast into the fire, the writing is legible long after the vital cohesion of the fibers has been destroyed. In recently going through the third volume of Gibbon, I was struck with his accounts of the suppression of Paganism by the Christian Emperors. The abortive, though astonishingly and splendidly energetic, attempt of the Emperor Julian to revive the glories of the old Athenian religion and philosophy (a jolly good fellow that Julian) had shown that Paganism was but a shell of rites and ceremonies, and Theodosius—390-420 A. D. had only to prohibit public sacrifices and worship to give the poetical but outworn system its quietus, or nearly so to do. In sequestered rural communities a few vintagers and husbandmen still devoutly worshipped in their little mountain temples, and brought thither their humble sacrifices for the gods in whom they believed.

But practically the closing of the temples of city and town extinguished the Pagan religion (a hint here for those who rightly advocate the taxing of church property: extinguish the public worship and you extinguish the superstition), and the abolishing of the still lingering schools and gardens of the philosophers at Athens by Justinian a century later obliterated the last remnant of Paganism. In one of his letters Shelley (profoundly, if somewhat exaggeratedly) remarks of an act of vandalism by certain convent monks, that

“associated man holds it as the very sacrament of his union to forswear all delicacy, all benevolence, all remorse, all that is true, or tender, or sublime.” If, as Carlyle said, most people are [intellectually] fools, it of course follows that the associated action of majorities must end in a certain amount of foolishness. Break up any great popular organization, I care not what it is, and you are pretty sure to disintegrate a mountainous mass of folly.

It is notoriously difficult to bring into court legally approved evidence of change of religious beliefs, since there is nothing men are so cautious in concealing. Fishermen say that lobsters in getting out of their old shells in moulting time have a hard time of it, and often leave a leg behind. So those who have passed through the throes of religious change often come forth from the trial maimed and sore, and by the measure of their sufferings know the distance that separates them from their former co-believers, and the danger there is in revealing it. Yet we are not without many extremely significant indications of the decadence of Javeh worship amongst us. Not to speak of the confessions of orthodox clergymen often made in private to Unitarians and secularists; nor of the universal abhorrence of the damnation doctrines expressed in private conversation by orthodox laymen; nor of the common lament that no young men of worth can be obtained for the Protestant priesthood (hundreds of Presbyterian churches without a head simply because there are no men to put into the pulpits, and hundreds of New England country churches closed entirely—see the *Century* some time back—for lack of interest); not to speak at large of these, nor of the general running of steam and horse cars and milk wagons on Sunday, and the opening of cigar stands, fruit stands, news stands, art museums and theatres on that day, let us confine our attention to a few concrete and special instances.

What, for instance, do you say to that piece of riotous burlesque in the student's procession at Harvard during the recent celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. A cut of the scene lies before me. Two men in ludicrous masks are carrying an illuminated model of the college chapel, palanquin-like, on their shoulders, and the model is covered with gaily mocking and jubilant inscriptions celebrating the joy of the boys at escape from the prayer humbug. What would Cotton Mather have said to that? Or what would Jonathan Edwards have said to the recent protest of the Yale students against being fed compulsorily on worm-eaten sermons and saw-dust doctrinal puddings? What, again, is the meaning of these innumerable trials for heresy?—the trial of Prof. Swing in Chicago, the public admonition by his bishop of R. Heber Newton in Brooklyn, the recent arraignment of the Andover professors, the ejection of B. W. Williams and T. W.

Bicknell from their positions as teachers in a Dorchester, Mass., Sunday-school on account of the alleged heretical tendencies of their views, and hundreds of similar though less widely known cases. Don't you detect a good deal of trembling and shaking in the towers of Zion? And that ludicrous flight homeward of Dr. McCosh of Princeton, blinded by the too dazzling light of Harvard's secularism and agnostic science—quite significant that, eh? And the acceptance and preaching of evolution by Henry Ward Beecher, what does that mean? He seems as much idolized as ever by his people; in fact, never was more popular. And everybody seems to sympathize with that Southern divine (Withrow is it, or Woodrow?) who has been deposed by college trustees for adhering to his belief in evolution.

That fine old radical, Ruskin, remarks the complete absence from the *dramatis personæ* on the stage and in imaginative literature of the clergy of our day, and rightly thinks it a mark of their “extreme degradation and exhaustion,” as being persons who have no real share in the manly march and battle of humanity (see his *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, p. 106). “In general,” he says, “any man's becoming a clergyman in these days implies that, at best, his sentiment has overpowered his intellect.” “In defense of this profession [of preaching], with its pride, privilege and more or less roseate repose of domestic felicity, extremely beautiful and enviable in country parishes, the clergy, as a body, have, with what energy and power was in them, repelled the advance both of science and scholarship, so far as either interfered with what they had been accustomed to teach, and connived at every abuse in public and private conduct with which they felt it would be considered uncivil and feared it might ultimately prove unsafe to interfere.” (*Fors Clavigera*, II.)

So much for the destructive portion of our subject. At some future time we may be permitted to look at its constructive side, and consider the successor of the nations' anthropomorphic gods, *i. e.*, the Universe, and ask if indeed we can as yet discover in Its manifestations any ethical trend or purpose.

Professor Huxley says:

“Tolerably early in life I discovered that one of the unpardonable sins, in the eyes of most people, is for a man to presume to go about unlabeled. The world regards such a person as the police do an unmuzzled dog, not under proper control. I could find no label that would suit me, so, in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I invented one, and as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the —ists and the —ites about me professed to be familiar with, I called myself an Agnostic. Surely no denomination could be more modest or more appropriate, and I cannot imagine why I should be every now and then haled out of my refuge and declared sometimes to be a Materialist, sometimes an Atheist, sometimes a Positivist, and sometimes, alas and alack, a cowardly or reactionary Obscurantist.”

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1887.

RELIGION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The *New Princeton Review* for January contains an article from the pen of the late Dr. A. A. Hodge on "Religion in the Public Schools," in which the writer asks: "Shall the Christian majority consent that their wealth shall be taxed, and the whole energy of our immense system of public schools be turned to the work of disseminating agnosticism through the land and down the ages?" * * The alternative is simple, "Christians have all the power in their own hands. The danger arises simply from the weak and sickly sentimentalism respecting the transcendental spirituality of religion, the non-religious character of the State, and the supposed equitable rights of a small infidel minority. All we have to do is for Catholics and Protestants - disciples of a common master - to come to a common understanding with respect to a common basis of what is received as general Christianity, a practical quantity of truth

belonging equally to both sides, to be recognized in general legislation, and especially in the literature and teaching of our public schools." Dr. Patrick F. McSweeney, in the *Catholic World*, says that this article "is remarkable as perhaps the nearest approach that has yet been made by a non-Catholic to the Catholic position on the school question." But Dr. McSweeney further suggests that the *denomination* start and manage the school, "the State paying for results in the *secular* branches." If the State must regulate the secular studies, he suggests another compromise, which, "although not as suitable, might be accepted by us." He would have the State "appoint Catholic teachers for Catholic children and Protestant teachers for Protestant children, prescribing the present neutral system of education for certain hours of the school day, and giving also a fixed hour or hours for daily religious instruction."

The rights of those who do not wish to have their children indoctrinated in the Christian theology, and the rights of all who desire to reserve the religious instruction of their children for the home or the church, are equally disregarded by the Protestant and the Catholic divine. Both Protestant Christianity and Catholic Christianity, unmodified and unrestrained by the skeptical and rational thought, which they both condemn, and having the power, would be just as ready to disregard the rights of each other as they now are the rights of free-thinkers. Fortunately liberalism is so widely diffused, and the largest sects are still so tenacious of their distinctive doctrinal teachings, and so much under the influence of a rival sectarian spirit, that the work of converting our public schools into purely ecclesiastical institutions is extremely difficult. We do not believe it will succeed. The growth of liberal thought, which will make the jarring sects subordinate their differences to a common purpose, will equally broaden the scope of their common work, and make their sectarian schemes we believe impossible of realization.

THE REVIVALISTS WE HAVE, AND THE REVIVALISTS WE NEED.

When, as within the past few weeks, there has been a so-called "great revival" going on, and much stress is laid by the preachers who give the meetings their countenance (hoping by this means to fill their own empty pews), by the daily press, by the church members who attend, as well as by the revivalists themselves, to the great good accomplished by their methods in reclaiming weak, bad and brutal men from their evil ways, many persons of education and liberal tendencies are disposed to ask themselves

whether, if these representations be true, the revivalists should not be encouraged in this good work however distasteful to cultured minds such methods are.

That many of these "conversions" do result in individual reform is, no doubt, true; but equally true is it that the ultimate outcome of these revival meetings on the public mind and on general education is a deflection in the direction of ignorance.

Revivalists are wide-awake, intensely emotional, strongly earnest men, limited in their range of thought, narrow in their conceptions of man's destiny, anthropomorphic in their ideas of God. They are sincere in their beliefs — their sincerity makes them enthusiastic, their enthusiasm strikes a responsive chord of sympathy among those they appeal to by the common bonds of humanity, that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin" is deftly given and the fire of a revival is started. With all honesty of purpose the revivalists bewilder thought by their constant appeals to the baser emotions and to personal experiences. "I" and "you" figure largely in those appeals which are not addressed to the intellect but to the feelings; the chords of sorrow, suffering, fear, hope, pride, reverence, are swiftly one after another touched more or less strongly, and acquiescence in the speaker's views is gained and a momentary victory is won.

But it is always from a low stand-point that these revivalists speak. They deal with worn-out ideas revamped, ignorance is patted on the head, encouraged, and in a manner canonized. Science is misrepresented, sneered at, and ridiculed. Take up the daily papers which report these revival meetings and scarcely one of the sermons, when fully reported, fails to contain some sneering reference to distinguished scientists or thinkers whose work has seemed at variance with so-called "revealed religion." Take up the published "sermons" of Sam Jones and others, and vulgar wit which would disgrace the "end men" of a minstrel show or a reputable circus clown, greets you on every page as the words of men who profess to deal with the most serious and momentous questions humanity can ask. Compare the style of the published sermons of Sam Jones, Sam Small, D. L. Moody, or even those of Joseph Cook and ask how many pages of Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Agassiz, Lyell, Carpenter or Gray, you would peruse if written in the same vein?

Such revivalists beget in the popular mind, doubt of science, fear of progress, reverence for ignorance. They sneer in their flippant way at all the real workers for man's development. They relate little "smart" anecdotes in which "tadpoles" and "monkeys" and parodies of the "evolution theory" are prominent, or in which so-called "arguments of

Sceptics" are overwhelmingly confuted (many of these anecdotes being on the face of them glaringly untrue), and then when a laugh is raised that suffices to stamp the falsehood as true in minds unaccustomed to careful thinking.

These are the revivalists we have. But we do need revivals of a certain sort in our midst, and consequently, revivalists.

We need revivals of commercial honesty, of public sense of honor, of private and civic virtue, of pure living, of truthfulness, of high ideals, of purposeful lives, of self denial, of all the more solid and stalwart national virtues, rather than spasmodic individual attempts at temporary halts in patent vice. We need for revivalists men and women imbued and impressed in every thought of their brains and every pulsation of their hearts with the crying need for such a revival. Men and women who would like Moody and Murphy work on year after year unmoved by hindrances or repulse, in the straight line of their duty as awakeners. We want as a revivalist not one who self-conceitedly hugs in his inner consciousness his possession of superior knowledge as only attainable by himself, but instead, one who, knowing its inestimable value to the world shall not be able to rest until he proclaims that worth and causes it to be proclaimed from every house-top and street, every hill-side and valley where a brother man resides. We want him to make, in place of flattering appeals to ignorance, trumpeted proclamation of the need of enlightenment and eloquent portrayal of the loveliness of knowledge. We want him to draw vivid word-pictures of the work, scientific effort has already achieved in relieving some of the worst ills to which nature left man a prey, and in making liberty possible and life more endurable. Such a revivalist as is best described by Mrs. Browning:

"What ye want is light — indeed —
Not sunlight * * *

- but God's light, organized
In some high soul, crowned capable to lead
The conscious people — conscious and advised —
For it we lift a people like mere clay,
It falls the same. We want thee, O unfound
And sovran teacher! — if thy heard be grey
Or black, we bid thee rise up from the ground
And speak the word God giveth thee to say,
Inspiring into all this people round
Instead of passion, thought, which pioneers
All generous passion, purifies from sin,
And strikes the hour for. Rise up, teacher, here's
A crowd to make a nation — best begin
By making each a man, till all be peers
Of earth's true patriots, and pure Martyrs in
Knowing and daring."

S. A. U.

As we rise in grandeur of life our hope will grow higher and far-reaching; we shall believe more truly in the power of the good as we see it gaining in the actual

world. Nothing shall stand before it but it shall finally be overcome. They who have this thought at heart, that the good has the right to reign in the world, and that the bad has no right to exist, feel the call upon them to work for that end; they do not ask when it shall be; they wish that it might be now. But it is not; and so they see nought before them but the *ought* demanding their effort to bring it about. The thought of a higher order of things fills them; they cannot rest satisfied with the present; it is inadequate to meet their needs.

* * *

Nothing shall stand but truth. All creeds, all bibles shall be judged according to their true worth; not miracles shall make them truer, not records of wonders done or necromancy, but the measure of their agreement with the soul's high thirst that shall set their value. That creed then, the ethic, which shall fulfill most completely our highest thoughts, which shall demand of humanity all virtue, righteousness everywhere and always, shall be our bible, our truth.

* * *

The positive basis upon which religion now rests opens the way for a higher creed and a nobler hope than the world has hitherto known. Already the religious conception of Herbert Spencer is winning adherents in all parts of the civilized world, and the spirit of free-thought has so penetrated the churches in general that but a single step is necessary to place a large number within the pale of the religion of Evolution. While this silent change is thus going on in the stronghold of Christianity, those who openly declare their allegiance to the new faith are finding in it a strength and power of regeneration which a positive religion can alone possess, and which in fundamentally affecting their own lives cannot fail of demonstrating its true value to the world.

* * *

The philosophy of Evolution defines evil as a maladjustment in relation to the conditions of physical, moral and intellectual environment—that is, to the laws of universal order. It is therefore seen that evil is a necessary condition of progress and that it is but another name for imperfection.

* * *

In the future the great mass of men will obey the rules of conduct laid down by their religious teachers, but those rules, unlike many of the rules of the past, will find their basis in a scientific conception of what is best for man. To see the benefit that will accrue from such a moral teaching we have but to compare its effects with those of the teaching that claims to come from a supernatural source. Having no sanction in the human mind, it asserts its right to command without that sanction. This once granted, it is productive of the most injurious results; the teaching may or may not be true; if it is not

it will be obeyed till the results are indisputably proven detrimental, and perhaps even long after that. If the teaching is essentially true, yet is so obscure that it can not be firmly grasped by the mind the different interpretations put upon it, the different opinions as to what it really means will develop an antagonism in practice that can not be other than disastrous to the best interests of man. With rules of right conduct sanctioned by science the future progress of the world is certain and undeniable.

* * *

It is a true view of life that the world will at sometime fulfill our hope; sometime, we know not when. But we do know our duty and feel called upon to bring about that end; our want, our aspiration to it is the proof. Standing upon this ground there is no room for doubt. In our high moments, when we see things clearly, doubt is never suggested, but the thought of a world uplifted and made beautiful in truth, seems but a picture of a truly natural condition.

* * *

Whatever feeling of sympathy may lead us to a broad interpretation of the constitution of a church we must still feel that neither conscience nor thought can find free development so long as it is constantly coming into collision with an imposed creed. The position is becoming more and more unreal within the church, for those who, having renounced the supernatural, wish to teach what they actually accept, and no longer to teach that in which they have no faith. They are incessantly led into making compromises which not only produce falsifications of the expressions of thought, but also tend to weaken their grasp upon the unalloyed truth.

* * *

The great fundamental truths that underlie all religious conceptions are indistructable—destined to live as long as man lives. But those who take Jesus for their master are but giving their allegiance to the dead, who has no word for the world of to-day. Jesus was a man of and for the time in which he lived; and the new world, so different from the one in which he taught, whose hopes and purposes are so far from the hopes and purposes held by him, cannot be satisfied with any interpretation that can be put upon his teaching. In thankfulness for the truth which he gave, it turns its face toward that larger truth of infinite development.

* * *

The recent Andover controversy finds an echo among the Congregationalist missionaries in India who are as far from agreeing on the question as to the fate of the unconverted heathen as a large and increasing number of the clergy at home are. In a late communication to the *Andover Review* the author, who is himself a missionary, throws some light upon the different shades of

opinion that prevail among his brothers in the work. While many are still thoroughly orthodox, others may be found whose convictions are as far removed from orthodoxy as the East is from the West, and who do not hesitate to put their convictions into their teachings. Still others there are who, while almost willing to admit the falsity of the old dogmas, refrain from thinking on the subject for fear of convincing themselves of the reasonableness of their doubts. Lamentable as this last is, it is but another illustration of the tenacity with which men cling to old ideas when the current of criticism threatens to bear them away.

* * *

The conception of a universal moving toward moral order or perfection leads man to desire to realize the possibilities of his nature, and in obeying the moral law he is able to do this more and more. The emotion that rises in the mind at the thought of an ideal state of humanity is one of the great guiding springs of action. As man advances morally, duty and desire become one and the same.

* * *

Prof. E. L. Youmans left behind him a number of rare manuscripts and important letters, including his correspondence with Darwin, Spencer, Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Bain, Lubbock, Agassiz and other distinguished men with whom he enjoyed an intimate friendship. A memorial volume containing these posthumous papers and letters, to be edited by Dr. W. J. and Miss Eliza A. Youmans, brother and sister of the deceased, will make a fitting tribute to the memory of the late editor of the *Popular Science Monthly* and constitute an important and valuable addition to scientific literature.

* * *

Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes from England:

I am well, but greatly depressed with the sad news of my husband's death. When I left home he was so well and so deeply interested getting out the third edition of his "Reminiscences" that I felt sure he had many years yet of life before him. But pneumonia is always fatal in old age, and he was near eighty-two.

* * *

One of the editors of *Unity* says, "To some of us it seems clear that ethical culture cannot be much promoted by admonition and instruction alone. It is with the heart man believes unto righteousness, and the heart is cultivated through the religious emotions, through church and family life, and all its associations. To leave religion and religious association out of the account is to cut off one of the most important factors of all higher ethical culture." Much depends upon the meaning attached to words ethics and religion. Those who make ethical culture

the essential thing would include in it all which "with the heart man believes unto righteousness," all the good taught "through church and family life and all its associations" and of course the fullest consideration of *all* the factors of "ethical higher culture." There is much they say taught in the name of religion that is no part of ethics; but that all there is of truth and permanent value taught by the various religious systems comes properly within the scope and province of ethics. When liberal thinkers shall learn to use the same words with the same meanings, many of their differences will be seen to have been merely verbal.

* * *

A friend writing from Boston relates the following anecdote, told her by a head master of one of the schools in that city, as illustrative of the hold that a well-known daily paper has upon the popular mind: "The recitation was in ancient history. The pupil was expatiating upon the topic of the Olympic games. 'A great many people went to see them,' she said, 'because it was put in the paper when they were coming off.' 'The paper!' exclaimed the teacher. 'Did they have newspapers in those days?' 'Why, yes,' was the reply, 'it says so in the book, anyway; it says the *'Herald'* proclaimed them.'"

* * *

Notwithstanding the prohibition of cremation in Italy by the Holy See this method of disposing of the dead is quite popular in that country, where not fewer than sixty cremation societies exist.

* * *

The press of the country has teemed with generous tributes to Mr. Beecher, fully recognizing his genius, his eloquence, his patriotism and his far-reaching influence as a preacher and reformer. He was without doubt the greatest pulpit orator of his age. The *Christian Register* justly remarks: "Mr. Beecher's eloquence was not of the grandiloquent or orotund type. It was conversational, dramatic; it gleamed with wit and humor or dropped into pathos; it soared on the lofty wings of the imagination, and swooped down again into anecdote and illustration. His discourses were full of windows that let in the light, and some of them set in stained glass which glowed with beautiful imagery."

* * *

He who frets is never the one who mends. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting at the weather seem almost like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable. Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

DARWINISM IN ETHICS.

A LECTURE GIVEN BEFORE THE CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, JANUARY 16, 1887.

BY W. M. SALTER.

It would seem the high and noble thing to do what is good and right of our own accord. We do not reach the heights of morality till goodness is the free choice of the soul. I believe that man with his wonderful gift of reason can discern a highest good, and then, unconstrained by all that is without him, can choose it. This, to my mind, constitutes the incomparable dignity of man—that he is not as a cloud driven before the winds, but, as Geo. Eliot says, “can elect his deeds and be the liege not of his birth, but of that good alone he has discerned and chosen.”

Nevertheless, we have a curious and profound interest in the question, what is the tendency of things apart from our own will? We all know that we are not masters of our own life. There are conditions outside of us to which we have to conform. To take one of the simplest illustrations, we know that if on one of these very cold winter days we were not sufficiently protected against the weather, we should perish. We must adjust ourselves to our environment—to use a phrase that has come into vogue; we are compelled to, if we wish to live. The tendency of things is thus to develop prudence; nature may be said to be on the side of those who are prudent, since those who are not she does not permit to live.

The question is, does nature sustain any such relation to morality? Does the force of things outside of us incline the race to be moral? Or is it, perchance, favorable to immorality, or is it indifferent, so that good and bad men thrive equally well? In other words, is morality a private matter about which a person need have no more serious concern than about any other question of individual inclination and taste, or is it something having, whether we will or not, issues of life and death? We naturally incline to take the former view. When we transgress any of the laws of morality, we like to say to ourselves that it is our own affair, and nothing outside of us takes cognizance of it nor will any grave result follow.

It is at this point that the views of Darwin have a wonderful interest. Darwin does not write as an ethical philosopher, but as a naturalist. In his famous chapters in the *Descent of Man* (3d, 4th and 5th of Part First), his object is not to give us a theory of ethics, but to show the part which morality has played in the development of the race. Any one who thinks that morality is a private matter and that physical strength and mental capacity are the only things that nature takes account of, should read those chapters. Everywhere, according

to Darwin, among men as truly as among the lower orders of being, there is a struggle to live; and those who are best fitted to the conditions of life succeed and leave offspring behind them, and those who are less fitted tend to extinction. Any casual variation, by which an individual has an advantage over others, is seized upon, intensified by transmission, and perhaps in time gives rise to a well-marked species.

Physically a man is no match for a bear or a buffalo; in an actual tussle he would surely be worsted. None the less is he their superior by virtue of his intelligence; he invents a spear, a bow and arrow or a gun and thereby outdoes them. So as between men and races of men; variations in the direction of greater strength of body are of slight importance compared with variations in the direction of higher mental powers; in war itself it is not necessarily the most numerous nation or the one with the hardiest soldiers, but the one with the ablest generals and in possession of the most ingenious methods of warfare that gains the victory. But Darwin shows further that the possession of moral qualities is an advantage in the struggle for existence, that a race with strong moral feelings would, other things being equal, win in a contest with another race destitute of such feelings, in other words that nature is on the side of morality as truly as on the side of the strongest arm or the largest brain. Darwinism is often interpreted in a different way. It is often thought to sanction the efforts of the stronger individual to push the weaker to the wall. Let every man stand on his own feet, and those who can't stand, let them fall—it is said. To practically apply the doctrine: if a man can get an education, well and good; if he can't, let him go without it—never should he be helped. If a woman has power to get her rights, very well; if not, let her go without them. If a person is smart enough to defraud another, let him do so; if he is strong enough to do violence to another without impunity—very well, that is his right as the stronger. This is the creed of unmeasured individualism, of anarchism, and was well expressed by Rob Roy in Wordsworth's poem, as the old rule,

“That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

But it is very crude Darwinism, nay, it is opposed to the teachings of Darwin, for according to him our notions of what we should and should not do are derived from the social instincts, and the social instincts contradict such heartless indifference to the welfare of others as the creed of extreme individualism allows. Doubtless such social anarchy did exist in the early ages of the world, in the “ages before conscience,” but the significant fact is that the primitive races without conscience did not perpetuate themselves, that they had no strength, no stamina, no cohesive power in the struggle with those superior races in whom the social instincts were

developed, that so far as they do survive to-day, they survive as savages and are on the border line between man and the brute.

Let us observe now in detail, how morality helps to build man up, so that by his very love of life he is naturally deterred from those courses of conduct that conscience condemns. A peaceful disposition is one element of morality. I do not mean the disposition to weakly submit to injuries, but the indisposition to inflict injuries; I mean the contrary of a violent and quarrelsome temper. At first sight, it may seem as if violent people injure others rather than themselves, as if their violence gives them an advantage in the struggle to live. But turn the matter round and ask, as between peaceable men and quarrelsome men, other things being equal, which are the more likely to suffer violence in turn and themselves come to an untimely end? I think there cannot be a doubt that peaceful men are more likely to survive and rear offspring than violent men, that violence is like a boomerang striking at last the perpetrator of it, that the ways of violence, even in uncivilized societies, are the ways of death, and the ways of peace are the ways of life. Temperate habits are another element of morality. The intemperate man who indulges his appetite for intoxicating drinks thinks it his own affair and that he will not greatly suffer; but the laws of life think differently, they cut short his days; it is a statistical fact that intemperate people at the age of thirty in England are not likely to live more than thirteen or fourteen years longer, while the expectation of life of the average country laborer at that age is forty years. Another element of morality is respect for woman and the sense of the sanctity of the marriage relation. Does it make no difference if men or women lead profligate lives? So profligate people are apt to think. They are rarely serious about it. But nature is opposed to profligacy—for she will allow profligate women to have but few if any children; she has a distaste for their breed, she wants it stopped. In the natural course of things, profligate men, as Darwin remarks, rarely marry; on their side, too, the breed of ungoverned lust tends to extinction. And both men and women, who do not regard nature's laws, she is apt to afflict with the foulest disease. And if in another way, men or women sin against nature's laws and in solitude and darkness practice the crimes that the light of day would blush to look upon, does the darkness hide them and nature take no cognizance? Witness the weakness that comes on, the weakness of body and weakness of mind, the loss of memory, the childishness, yes, the sterility—'tis as if nature would cover them with contempt. And in regard to the persistent disuse of moral feeling generally, do we realize what one of our highest scientific authorities, Maudsley,* tells us, that by it a man may

succeed in manufacturing insanity in his progeny, and that insane people, if they are allowed to propagate, become at last a race of sterile idiots?

Look at the matter on a wider scale. Consider men not as individuals, but as societies. If we think that natural selection favors simply the strongest in body or mind, consider the history of the family, the most rudimentary of human societies. What would a family be without some measure of unselfishness? To answer, we have to go to the lowest savages. Among the Andamanese the husband cares for his wife until the child that is born to them is weaned. Then the mother has to look out for herself and for her child. The father seeks another mate. Is nature indifferent, and do we imagine that this is a thriving tribe? The fact is that according to a recent reporter, the Andamanese are gradually dying out. He saw but one woman who had as many as three children. Few members of the tribe live beyond the age of forty.* And now suppose the mothers had as little unselfishness as the fathers, that they let their offspring care for themselves as soon as weaned; the tribe would probably in a generation or two become extinct. It is some measure of unselfish feeling that allows our race to be perpetuated at all. Yes, Darwin shows that the social instincts to some extent exist in the lower animal, so that there is no impassible chasm in that respect between them and man; timid birds will face great danger to defend their young; if there were no unselfishness, it is doubtful if we should have anything in the world at all but the elements and insensate plants, or perhaps, the very lowest forms of animal life, whose offspring need no care; all the higher forms of animal life, as well as men, exist because unselfishness has watched over the beginnings of their existence—and what mainly distinguishes human beings from animals, along, of course, with higher intelligence, is that the social instincts in men are intenser and cover longer periods and have a wider range; human beings *are*, according to Darwin, simply that portion of the animal creation in whom variations in the direction of unselfishness and intelligence have been transmitted and perpetuated, by which they have secured a firmer foothold and a more commanding place here on the earth. Think of it, if the fishes of the sea or the wild animals of the earth or even the birds of the air had the fellow-feeling for one another that men have and the intelligence, would they allow themselves to be caught or captured or shot? Would they not be a match for man, and unless some new variations giving greater power on the one side or the other arose, would it not be a pitched battle between them and man? We are men, because along with more of mind, we do care for one another; they are animals, because they are to such an extent dissocial, rather than social, and in a con-

* *Popular Science Monthly*, September, 1870.

* *Spencer's Sociology*, I, 198.

test, each one is left so generally to fight his own battle.

And now beyond the family, consider the community or the tribe. What parental feeling is to the family, that community or tribal feeling is on the larger scale. Do we think it makes no difference whether our selfishness goes beyond our families, that all we have to do is to care for ourselves and our children, that patriotism and zeal for the public welfare are idle sentiment and that obedience to the laws is only necessary so far as it is for our own interest? Darwin and those who have written in his spirit do not think so, and history proves that they are in the right. In times of peace, as one writer* remarks, sleek and prosperous selfishness may give a certain element of strength to a society. But these are not the times that test a society. It is when dangers arise, either from without or from within, it is in times of peril, that the real strength and cohesiveness of a community are tested. Can it put down internal dissensions, that threaten its life, can it withstand a foreign foe? For, as Darwin shows, not only individuals struggle to live, but communities and nations, and natural selection works to build up and destroy peoples with the same necessity and rigor with which it operates to determine the fate of individual lives. Who does not see the truth of what Darwin points out that even in the case of animals, who live in a body and defend themselves or attack their enemies in concert, they must be in some degree faithful to one another, and if they have a leader be obedient to him—else they will likely be exterminated? How much more truly is this the case with men! Suppose the members of a tribe are given to murder, robbery, and treachery among themselves, how long will they hold together even if they have no external foe, and if they have, how easily will they be subjugated? The fact is that a tribe or community cannot live at all, unless there is more of morality than of immorality in it; and the great amount of wrong and crime that exist in some savage communities, seem so only on account of the higher standards of morality that are recognized in civilized communities and do not interfere with the fact that their practice is ahead of that of savages who scarcely live in communities at all and have few if any fixed customs or laws. Whether a people has any disinterested love of virtue or not, they must learn it; for only those who do learn it, *i. e.*, some measure of self-control, of faithfulness, of public spirit, of obedience to law, survive, and the rest, because they do not meet the conditions which nature requires, perish. Darwin says in so many words, "a tribe including many members who, from possessing in a high degree the spirit of patriotism, fidelity, obedience, courage and sympathy, were always

ready to aid one another, and to sacrifice themselves for the common good, would be victorious over most other tribes; and this would be natural selection. At all times throughout the world tribes have supplanted other tribes; and as morality is one important element in their success, the standard of morality and the number of well-endowed men will thus everywhere tend to rise and increase."

All this holds good equally of civilized peoples. The same things that lifted the social savage out of the ranks of unsocial savages or animals and gave them the pre-eminence, lift the civilized man out of the ranks of savagry altogether and give to civilized states rightful pre-eminence in the world. Crude interpreters of Darwin's theory would have us eschew all philanthropy, shut up our asylums and hospitals, abolish poor laws, and let the weak and the helpless take care of themselves or die. Prof. Sumner, of Yale College, suggests* that the advance of civilization, instead of raising the victims from the bottom, may very possibly crush them out altogether. But this would not be rising to a higher stage of civilization, but would be relapsing into barbarism, copying after the Indians, who leave their feeble comrades to perish on the plains, or the Fijians, who, when their parents get old or fall ill, bury them alive, or those animals who expel a wounded animal from the herd or gore or worry it to death. Nay, there are savages and even animals that are ahead in sentiment of these heartless Darwinians; for Darwin tells us of Indian crows that fed two or three of their blind companions, and says he himself saw a dog who never passed a cat who lay sick in a basket, without giving her a few licks with his tongue, the surest sign of kind feeling in a dog. Destroy the social instincts, dry up the founts of sympathy and pity in man, and you strike at the social bond itself; society would be dissolved into anarchy, and the long, slow, painful work of building up the race of man would have to be undertaken again from the beginning. Let any community to-day try to organize itself on the extreme individualistic plan and show no charity, each man looking after himself alone, those getting justice who are able to get it, and the rest putting up with the denial of it as best they can; let it enter into competition with other communities, who take care of their poor and their sick and give justice to every man, woman and child in their midst, though there may be some who cannot raise a finger to get justice for themselves; let the struggle come to a clash of arms, and will any one doubt what the result will be? Selfishness, Prof. Everett says, will give its money, it will not give its life for the common cause. If the social spirit has been weak in peace, it will not by a miracle become suddenly strong in war. The unsocial community will go down, as it

* Prof. C. C. Everett on "The New Ethics," in *Utarian Review*, October, 1878—a most suggestive and at times eloquent article. I am also indebted to Prof. Georg von Gizycki's valuable article on "Ethics and the Development Theory," in the *Popular Science Monthly*, July, 1882; (translated from the *Deutsche Rundschau*).

* As reported in *New York Times*, January 1 or 7, 1883.

deserves to go down, before the enthusiasm, the courage, the devotion of men that have been bred in a social community to habits of sympathy and public spirit. Yes, if the community, whose principle was "every man for himself," were by a bit of good fortune isolated and never had to enter into a struggle with other communities, I believe in time it would perish from dissensions within itself, it would disintegrate like any organism of matter whose particles are no longer held together by any common attraction and from which the animating breath of life had fled.

The thing that builds up a community, a nation, is not less, but more sympathy and public spirit—more of all the virtues that spring from these sources. Think for a moment simply of obedience, reverence for law, whether the law is made by a chief or by a people for itself. What strength, what an almost irresistible power would a whole people trained to such a habit have. The Spartans were not equal in intellectual power to other Grecian states; but for a short time they held the supremacy over all Greece. And when I think of the three hundred who defended the pass at Thermopylae against the Persians and held it at such fearful odds until their last man had fallen, and remember that according to their poet nothing but obedience to the laws of Sparta kept them at their post, I do not wonder that a country that bred such a soldiery rose once to the very head of Greece.

"Stranger, go and to the Spartans tell,
That here, obeying their commands, we fell."

stands graven on the rock as their memorial.

Socrates anticipated the thought of Darwin, and of Bagehot,* one of the most fruitful thinkers who has followed in Darwin's wake, when he said that that state in which the citizens pay most respect to the laws, is in the best condition in peace and is invincible in war;† and Socrates himself had such a sense of the sanctity of the laws that he refused to flatter and supplicate the judges at his trial (which the laws forbade), and although had he consented to do anything of the kind, he might easily have been acquitted, as Xenophon says,‡ he preferred to die abiding by the laws, rather than transgressing them to live. What could withstand, other things being equal, a nation of men like Socrates? I believe that the things that tend to make a people strong, permanently strong, that tend to give it a lasting advantage in the struggle for existence, that make it the fittest and always the fittest to survive, are good things, moral things, things that conscience from its ideal standpoint would approve. This does not apply to temporary victories, but to those that are held, that are lasting. *Respice finem*—look to the end and issue of all things. No one can doubt that those great eastern empires that

we have glimpses of in connection with Hebrew history and legend, the Egyptian, the mighty Assyrian, the Babylonian and Persian, perished in turn because they were not fit to live. No one can doubt that Greece fell a prey to Rome, when she was no longer worthy to rule herself. No one can doubt that imperial Rome itself fell when it was best she should fall, and that it was owing to natural selection that the barbarians of the north became then the leaders of the world's progress, since out of their splendid energy and purer stock the foremost nations of a new world have come. It is difficult to speak of the present and the future. But the same laws will hold good. Always, I believe, will the nations that have anything like a permanent leadership in the world's affairs be the best nations—I mean those that have the largest amount of virtue and intelligence within their borders. It may be indeed that no nations at present existing will be permanent; this would not be contrary to natural selection, but a proof of its power. It may be that none of them have the conditions of permanency. For natural selection is, I believe, as high in its demands, as severe, as unrelenting as any ideal of the Deity that has ever been conceived. Nations that are full of selfishness and injustice cannot stand; they will be turned and overturned; the great powers of nature will not allow them to last. Nations with ruling classes given up to luxury, to effeminate habits, to wantonness, to "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life," and to contempt of the poor and the weak, will not stand; "behold, this was the iniquity of Sodom, pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness; neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy. And they were haughty and committed abomination before me; therefore I took them away as I saw good."§ So speaks natural selection today, and always will, for it is a power as dread, as summary and as almighty as Jehovah. Nations full of violence toward weaker countries, eager with yawning necks to swallow them up and digest them for their own purposes, will not stand; they who are insolent and know no right above the sword shall perish by the sword; the power of natural selection is a moral power, and nothing, no success or triumph conceived and begotten in injustice, shall stand. This great judge of all the earth holds up the balances and says to the nations, for every act of injustice thou shalt pay. England, France, Germany, America,—each thinks it is dear to the heart of Destiny and cannot fail; and Destiny whispers through all the experience of the past, I care for none of you, you may go, have your little day, and pass away as Babylon and Greece and Rome have done before you; I care for justice, for a state of virtuous citizens with pure homes and clean hearts and honest lips, men and women who put truth above life and would rather their state should

* Vide his *Physics and Politics*.

† Xenophon's *Memorabilia* iv, 4, 15.

‡ Ditto, iv 4, 4.

§ Ezekiel, xvi, 49-50.

fall than that it should rest on injustice; I call for this, give it to me, O sons of men, and you shall be dear to me, I shall cherish you, and your work shall stand while the earth lasts.

This is how, my friends, I interpret the ethics of Darwin. Darwin does not give us a theory of ethics, or rather so far as he does I should have something to say in criticism of it; but he does us a greater service, I almost think, than if he had given us a perfect theory, he shows *how ethics works in the world*. It is a great and consoling belief that the powers of nature are on the side of man's struggles after justice and a perfect good. The Mighty Power, hid from our gaze by the thin screen of nature and of nature's laws, is not in love with you or me, but he is with our struggles after a perfect right, for to them he gives fruition and they are the salt that keeps the earth from spoiling, and their effect is undying, while all else is being thwarted, cut short and passes away. Every brave act we do and every true word we utter helps to build up human life here on the earth; and every mean act and false word tend to pull it down and destroy it. I have spoken of peoples and nations; let us not think that these are things too large for individual actions to count upon. The fate of a nation depends at last not on kings or parliaments or legislatures, but on the lives and characters of the individual men and women who compose it. As the Statement of Principles of our Society puts it, the well-being of the state depends upon the well-doing of its individual members. We think we are not responsible for the evil and wrong there are in society. We are to the extent that we submit to them. A great wrong cannot be done by a community unless there is the spirit of wrong or of tolerance for wrong, widespread among its members. Each one of us, no matter how unimportant we seem, counts as a factor in the public sentiment from which good things or bad things are born. I came across a striking passage in a writer the other day: "There are current maxims in church and in state, in society, in trade, in law, to which we yield obedience. For this obedience everyone is responsible. For instance, in trade and in the profession of law, everyone is the servant of practices the rectitude of which his heart can only half approve—everyone complains of them, yet all are involved in them. Now when such sins reach their climax, as in the case of national bankruptcy or an unjust acquittal, there may be some who are, in a special sense, the actors in the guilt: but evidently for the bankruptcy each member of the community is responsible in that degree and so far as he has himself acquiesced in the duplicities of public dealing; every careless juror, every unrighteous judge, every false witness, has done his part in the reduction of society to that state in which the monster injustice has been perpetrated."* That

came to me as a startling thought. Yes, you do count. And the only difference is that you may count in those influences that help to build man up here on the earth or in those that tend to weaken and undo him. You may build on the sands and the floods will come and wash your work away, or on the rock and your work will stand forever. You may help to make a nation of money-getters, close, hard, contemptuous of the weak, sacrificing honor and shame, and the sense of humanity and life itself for the sake of amassing riches, only to see it, if you could live on, crumble and disintegrate and its wealth in ruins, or you may cast in your lot with those who would be lovers of their kind, who would rather see justice done than amass riches, who would be clean in life and honor woman and protect the defenceless, and if you do not win the nation to your side, you or those who follow after you will form the saving remnant, by whom and through whom a new and wiser nation may arise. Men trying to rear states without justice in their hearts are like Sisyphus rolling his giant stones up hill, that nevertheless fall of natural gravity; and when one sees them anxious, striving, thinking with laws and constitutions and courts and armies to buttress themselves about, laboring so with their destiny, one thinks of poor Sisyphus, in Homer's lines, heaving and straining, the sweat the while pouring down his limbs and the dust rising upward from his head. "Wash ye, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; seek justice, relieve the oppressed," is the voice of natural selection as well as of Israel's God; else your work is vanity and all the labor of it and all the pain of it—all are for nothing; the great God of the world will not permit it to stand.

Two applications, and I am done. Think of the Athenian race, whose average ability Francis Galton, another writer who has followed in Darwin's wake, says,* was nearly two grades higher than our own, *i. e.*, as much as our race is above that of the African negro. Why did this marvelously-gifted race decline? Galton says because of social immorality, because, in plain language, marriage became unfashionable and was avoided, and courtesans held sway. Now I say every man to-day, whether immoral or not, who has light thoughts of woman, who is not indignant when she is dishonored, who lets light jests pass his lips or lewd thoughts linger in his mind, helps to swell the tide of our social immorality, for he helps to make the atmosphere in which it grows. Acts do not come from nothing, they come from thoughts and words and what we hear others say, from a thousand and one nameless things that seem to count for nothing.

On the other hand let us not imagine that the quiet, homely virtues, the graces of the heart, that kindness and pity and tenderness count for nothing with the great

* Robertson's Sermons, 3d series, p. 147.

* Hereditary Genius, p. 343.

powers of nature with which we deal. Never let us think that physical strength is everything; it is not everything even in the animal world. As Prof. Everett has beautifully said, to the powers of natural selection, "the delicate, the graceful, the tender, the beautiful, are as dear as the fierce and the strong. It was the great law of natural selection itself that taught the nightingale to sing and that painted the humming bird with his changeful hues. It is this that whispers to the timid hare to flee, and this that binds the gentle sheep together in their harmless federation." The gentler virtues all count in humanity's struggle for existence. As there are no light thoughts of human suffering that do not help to make men cruel, so there is no sympathy and pity that do not help to draw men nearer together and make them stronger in any time of danger or distress. Quiet fortitude in a mother makes brave sons and daughters. Love in peace makes heroism in times of danger. Selfishness disintegrates and disorganizes, love builds up and welds together. Nations stand not on dollars, not on armies, not on police, but on righteousness, and if unrighteousness becomes rampant in a community, not all its dollars or its police will save it. You and I count, my friends, living quiet inconspicuous lives as we do; oh, let us count for good, for purity, for unselfishness, for all that makes human life strong and stable on the earth.

FURTHER COMMENTS ON MR. HEGELER'S ESSAY.

CHICAGO, March 12th, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., City:

DEAR SIR—Kindly publish in No. 3 the attached communication and editorial note, clipped from the *La Salle Republican*.

I hold their wishes to be both sincere from their standpoints—the one that of an ardent Catholic.

Sincerely Yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

SCIENTIFIC ETHICS.

THE OPEN COURT is a new Chicago publication, issued fortnightly, and "devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis." The feature that makes this periodical of interest to La Salle any more than the hundreds of others of its class is that our fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. C. Hegeler, is one of the incorporators of the publishing company, a financial backer of the enterprise and a contributor to the first issue of this organ of scientific ethics and religion. The first article, by W. J. Potter, is about the only one seriously worthy of consideration as a scientific effort to explain the mystery of man's relation to man, and the something these scientific (?) men call nature. Mr. Hegeler's effort is that of a man with excellent vision walking in dark

places and seeking with outstretched hands something he cannot find. His scientific (?) attempt to explain the immortality of the soul by the theory that while individual souls become extinct at the time of the physical dissolution, the aggregate soul of our humanity lives on and evolves into higher and better forms in each succeeding generation, is very foolish and too much of a theoretical abstraction to conform to the principles of sound philosophy. Not only this, but such a theory is opposed to the convictions, practices and laws of the entire human race in every age and clime, so far as history, tradition or investigation have yet revealed them to us. When these scientific men endeavor to diffuse the individuality of every distinct human soul, with its individual responsibility for its free acts and words, its distinct, real and conscious existence after the physical dissolution, and its possibility of attaining a perfect and worthy end by its individual effort in the nebula of the confused, insane and vapory nonsense of pananimism, then they not only take a false position but they degrade humanity, maintain an attitude adverse to their own personal actions and do a great wrong to society.

The effect of such a theory upon society would be not only a great wrong, but a disaster, and reduce mankind to a mass of immoral animals wherein selfishness and rapine would rule with physical violence, and the laws of justice and humanity be as naught. It would remove the *adequate motive* which prompts men to be good, and leave in its place only a vapid idealism, negative and withering. These highfalutin theories may captivate and amuse the minds of wealthy philanthropic theorists who are too proud to follow the sure paths laid down by nobler though humbler minds, or they may entertain the innate capacities of the flatterers and sycophants who bask in the smiles of wealthy patrons, but they can never supplant the burning truths of Christianity sown in the depths of the human heart, and reaped in the harvest of justice, faith, hope and eternal love. THE OPEN COURT may be a forum for scoffing at the true good, but it can never in its present form be a hall of light and truth in which men can learn the right way to the better end.

ROXOCO.

The *Republican* has received no request from anyone to review or even notice THE OPEN COURT, but the critical comments of our correspondent, as found elsewhere, lead us to remark in connection therewith, that the only proofs thus far in life presented to us in support of the theory that man has a soul comes under the head of heresy evidence. First-class courts generally rule out that kind of testimony. It strikes some people that the tenets of

the whole list of religions are founded on neither axiomatic nor demonstrable truths, but something established by tradition, which, by the way, is not a very distant relative of what is commonly known as superstition.—*La Salle Republican*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE F. R. A.

To the Editors:

CONCORD, MASS., March 10, 1887.

The following resolutions have been passed by the Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association, with a request that they be published in *THE OPEN COURT*.

Resolved, That in company with all friends of progress and admirers of purity and independence in journalism, we regret deeply the inevitable discontinuance of *The Index*, and that we are satisfied that this is not due to any lack of fidelity, energy or ability either in its noble and gifted founder, Dr. F. E. Abbott, or in his successors.

Resolved, That we hold the names of its recent editors, Messrs. Wm. J. Potter and B. F. Underwood, who have conducted it most ably under the auspices of the Free Religious Association, in gratitude and honor, and that we now render our warm thanks, not only to them, but to all who have aided the paper with pen or purse.

In sending the above I take the opportunity of expressing my own confidence in *THE OPEN COURT*, as was prophesied by Mr. Wm. C. Gannett at the supper of the F. R. A. in Boston, on November 18th, "the soul of *The Index* is marching on."

FRED. M. HOLLAND, Sec'y F. R. A.

SCHILLER'S GODS OF GREECE.

(Freely translated in part.)

BY B. W. BALL.

1

Still ruled ye with dominion bland,
Earth's happy generations swaying,
Fair Beings out of Fable-land,
When all the young world went a-Maying,
And still thy fanes with wreaths were bright,
O Amathusian Aphrodite!

2

Around the Truth the drapery fair
Of Poesy was woven then,
Life's fullness streamed through earth and air,
As it will never stream again—
To make her loved and lovely man
Nature enriched with will and feeling,
So that whate'er his eyes might scan
Was trace of Deity revealing.

3

Where only now, as sages say,
Soulless an orb of fire is burning,
Carborne, a stately God of Day,
In ether blue men were discerning;
An Oread haunted every hill—
With every tree a Dryad died—
And with its silvery foam each rill
Was deemed from Naiad's urn to glide.

* * * *

4

To old Deucalion's race descending
Enamored Deities still came;
For mortal maid his flocks while tending
Apollo felt a lover's flame;
Abke round heroes, gods and men
Love did his rosy bondage twine—
Mortals and gods and heroes then
All knelt at Amathusia's shrine.

5

Your festive ritual never knew
Harsh penance or austere devotion—
The happy were akin to you—
All hearts throbb'd with a glad emotion;
For then the Holy was the Fair,
To Beauty's scepter all submitting,
Man's raptures gods blushed not to share,
If Muse and Graces were permitting.

6

No specter o'er the bed of death
Hung ghastly then, but sad affection
Kissing received the parting breath,
And Love his torch lowered in dejection,—
* * * *

7

Where art thou, lovely world? Again
Return, O vanished bloom of yore!
Save in the Land of Song your reign,
O happy Golden Time, is o'er,
Dishallowed meadows, forests mourn—
No glimpse of Duty is given—
From disenchant'd earth forlorn
Her haunting life of gods was driven.

8

Out of the cold North breathing dun
A blast that fairy world invaded,
And, while exalted was the One,
The mythic host before him faded,
In yonder starry vault I find,
My lost Selene,* thee no more,
While hollow echo on the wind
Answers my call from wood and shore.

9

Unconscious of the joy she yields—
Of her own splendor unaware—
Blind to the plastic power that wields
And fashions her forever fair—
Deaf to the voices in her praise—
Like lifeless pendulum's vibration,
Lo, goddess Nature now obeys,
Slave-like, the law of gravitation.

10

Day dies, but with each fresh morn shines
Resurgent from its grave diurnal;
The moon, waxing and waning, winds
Like spindle swift its round eternal,
Useless, to Poet's Land they flew,
Their home, the gods of earth's young days—
The world no more their guidance knew,
But held itself self-poised in space.

11

Yes, homeward to the Poet's Land,
The bright gods flying bore away
All that was beautiful and grand—
Life's melodies and colors gay—
Saved from the whelming stream of time
O'er heights of Pindus still they hover,
Immortally in song sublime
They only live, whose life is over.

* Selene, Greek name of the moon.

BOOK NOTICES.

PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM. By *William Levin Gill*, author of "Evolution and Progress" and "Analytical Processes." Boston: Index Association, 1885; pp. 292.

The leading object of this little volume in paper covers, composed mainly of a series of papers printed a few years ago at considerable intervals in *The Index*, is to show that the only reality is Mind; that material things have no existence *per se*; that they are but "mortal modes of mortal thought," which pass away and perish with the power of sensibility which begot them, mind alone

THE OPEN COURT.

remaining and enduring forever. Mr. Gill's philosophical realism is *idealism*, and this our author holds is the goal toward which all thought and action clearly tend.

The work shows acquaintance with the various schools of speculative philosophy and it is marked by much acuteness of thought and ingenuity in anticipating and replying to objections. This volume, like the other works of Mr. Gill, is independent in spirit, and contains chapters to which no orthodox theologian is like to give assent. Among its defects are needless repetitions and obscurities of expression which detract from its value, but in spite of which it is an able contribution to speculative thought.

PRACTICAL PIETY. From Discourses delivered at Central Music Hall, Chicago. By *Jenkins Lloyd Jones*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1887; pp. 60. Cloth, price 30 cents.

As samples of these sermons we quote the following: "When our lives are most in attune with high things, how many clamorous wants recede into the background" (from Sermon on "The Economics of Religion"). "Ideas, the high price of which tempt us to shrink from the purchase, endure, priceless gems in the cabinet of the universe, outshining and outlasting the stars themselves," ("Bread *versus* Ideas.") "Your brain is fertile with the deposits of your ancestors. Your blood is rich with the triumphs of your forerunners. Your heart is made tender with the tears of the mothers that were unappreciated in life and are forgotten in death." ("Present Sanctities.") "The claims of a child are: 1st, to be well born; 2d, to a welcome into the world; 3d, to the sympathy of its elders; 4th, to a long childhood; 5th, to a practical education; 6th, to a moral training; 7th, to religious influences, spiritual aptitude, an appetite for heavenly things, a thirst for perfection." ("The Claims of the Children.")

TREASURE TROVE for March is full of bright reading for bright girls and boys. Over a score of illustrations give point to the stories, poems, biographical sketches and instructive articles of the number. Of these three are portraits of Gen. Hunt, Florence Nightingale and James Fenimore Cooper. 151 Wabash Ave., Chicago; \$1.00 per year. Treasure Trove Publishing Co.

A VERY timely article, in view of the recent earthquakes, is the opening one in *Scribner's Monthly* for March, entitled "The Stability of the Earth," by N. S. Shaler, which is accompanied by a dozen pertinent illustrations by first-class artists. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of M. Thiers, French historian and statesman. One of the most interesting papers of this number is contributed by Hon. E. B. Washburne, ex minister to France, "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune;" another is that entitled "What is an Instinct," by Prof. Wm. James, of Harvard College. The serial stories are by Harold Frederic, H. C. Bunner and "J. S. of Dale." There are also short stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Robert Gordon Butler and T. R. Sullivan, and poems by R. Arnytage and Andrew Lang.

THE ART AMAIEUR for March is a very lively and agreeable number. It is curious to learn that the great religious picture, "Christ Before Pilate," has been bought by the Philadelphia "big dry-goods dealer," Wanamaker, as an aid to his business, while it is reported, though the report is not confirmed, that Huyler has bought the \$100,000 Rembrandt, to show to everyone who buys fifty cents worth of molasses candy. It has been found profitable to put a big Bongereau in a bar-room, while sometimes the pictures have proved too attractive and diverted the attention of the customers from buying. Can it be that the shop and the saloon are to be the patrons of Art instead of the palace and the Church? If so, what will Art become? Will it pander to the lowest taste of its

patrons, or will it really represent the religion of the great mass of humanity—and tell of the life which is lived, often purely and heroically—amid the turmoil and strife of business? A complete collection of Millet's etchings, owned by Mr. Keppel, of New York, must afford a rare treat to all lovers of this great master. Greta tells good news of the Boston Art Museum—first, that it has secured the services of Mr. S. K. Koehler to take charge of its valuable collection of engravings. Mr. Koehler is very much interested, also, in forming a historical collection of American engravings and all contributions to it will be welcomed and properly arranged. The hope that the museum will be able to add a new wing to the building this year is also a delightful prospect. It will enable the museum to exhibit treasures already in possession and make room for more, which will surely come. The illustrations in this number are very attractive. The colored plate of Titmice, by Miss Ellen Welby, seems to ring with the freshness and gladness of spring. The little wood-cuts are remarkably good. Dupre's Twilight and Schreyer's Gipsy Encampment are full of feeling. The Patient Donkey tells the story of the weary days' wandering. The little genre from Meyer Von Bremen, "Too Hot," has all the tenderness and naivete of that charming master, while "Betsy Prig and Sairey Gamp Taking Tea" do justice to those inimitable sketches of Dickens. The ornamental designs adapted from flowers are very good. One gives the leaves and blossoms of the pitcher-plant, and would be very effective in many styles of embroidery or decorative work. The reproduction of a pen-drawing by F. Hopkinson Smith, after Ziem, gives much of the charm of light and shadow of his Venetian pictures.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE OPEN COURT.

THE OPEN COURT, which takes the place of the *Index*, and is now published at Chicago as a fortnightly, is a great improvement on that rather unequal journal and brings to the front, with their affirmations of positive thought, the principal radical thinkers of the country. * * * There is not an article in it which a thinking man can afford to skip, and if the periodical can be maintained at its present level, it will speedily become one of the influential papers of the United States, in all that pertains to vital thinking. It will be an honor to any man to reach the public through its columns.—*Boston Daily Herald*.

Typographically speaking **THE OPEN COURT** makes a handsome appearance, as it is neatly printed, and its contents are rather interesting, being a decided improvement on any other religious journal that comes to this office, now that the *Index* has disappeared.—*Boston Investigator*.

The first number just out, is a notable issue both in contents and typographical appearance, and is a worthy champion of the cause to which it is dedicated.—*Boston Budget*.

It will doubtless find readers to whom it will become a necessity and an efficient helper.—*Chicago Tribune*.

It was to late last week, when we discovered our new contemporary, **THE OPEN COURT**, nestling among our exchanges, to extend to it a fraternal welcome. We stretch our hand across the continent, however, this week, to shake hands with this new representative of free thought. **THE OPEN COURT** is what in the West would be called a "broad-gauge" paper, and it starts with a good head of steam and well-laden columns. From the *Register's* standpoint, it does not seem exactly as if **THE OPEN COURT** were on the right track, theologically; and, if Orthodoxy is right, the final experience of our contemporary must be one of wreck and conflagration. But we are glad to say that it exhibits high ability as well as freedom in thought; and we may be sure, under Mr. Underwood's editorship, that its moral tone will be lofty and commanding.—*Christian Register*.

The number before us is beautifully printed, and judging from the cursory perusal we have been able to give it, is able and entertainingly edited.—*Dowagiac (Mich.) Times*.

Both in appearance and matter it is attractive.—*Unity*.

The first issue gives promise of a brilliant career.—*Sentinel Advertiser*, (Hope Valley, R. I.)

It is a fortnightly journal, very handsomely printed, neatly made up, and one of its good features is that it is of convenient size and form for references and binding. A hasty inspection leads us to anticipate much pleasure from its fortnightly visits.—*Mt. Desert (Me.) Herald*.

It is a successor of the Boston *Index*, which was the organ of Free Religious Movement, but on a somewhat more "advanced" plane. Its contributors represent all phases of religious thought.—*Ottawa (Ont.) Free Press*.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

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A HINT FROM FRANKLIN.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

In his autobiography, Franklin speaks of a certain sect of the Dunkers of his time, who had wisely refused to print their confession of faith, lest as they progressed in spiritual knowledge, they be too much bound by it and it prove a bar and a hindrance to them. "When we were first drawn together as a society," said the Dunker, "it had pleased God to enlighten our minds so far as to see that some doctrines which were esteemed truths were errors and that others which we had esteemed errors were real truths. From time to time he has been pleased to afford us further light, and our principles have been improving and our errors diminishing." Franklin adds, that "this modesty in a sect is perhaps a single instance in the history of mankind, every other sect supposing itself in possession of all truth, and that those who differ are so far in the wrong; like a man traveling in foggy weather, those at some distance before him in the road he saw wrapped up in the fog as well as those behind him, and also the people in the fields on either side, but near him all appears clear, though, in truth, he is as much in the fog as any of them." These Dunkers were indeed wise in their day and generation, and Franklin himself was, perhaps, as little in the fog engendered by narrowness and dogmatism as any man of his times. If there is one thing certain in the history of mankind it is that sects do outgrow their creeds and are compelled to pull down and build larger or else be terribly pinched for room. Probably every one of the evangelical churches is to-day more or less pinched by its confessions of faith. No one can read the debate of the Congregational ministers last fall at Des Moines, on the subject of Foreign Missions, Future Probation, etc., without seeing how keenly the finer and more expansive spirit among them felt the hard limitations of their creed. The Andover professors have tried to enlarge the creed a little, or rather, they have tried to stretch it so as to make it less galling to the modern humanitarian feeling, and for this they are now arraigned, and by many of their brethren, already condemned. What pagans and heathens most of us still are in opinion, hardly yet more than half liberated from the most groveling and materialistic superstitions of the pre-Christian world. Heaven is still a place with our creed makers, hell is still an infernal abode, God is still

a Moloch or a Baal, Christ is still the victim sacrificed upon the altar to conciliate an offended deity, religion is still a doctrine and a ceremony, man is still the spirit of capricious and super-human powers; justice is still reprisal and reversal; there is wrath and a feeling of destruction in heaven, and the day of judgment is still an assizes adjourned to some future time. Creeds in our day harden the heart; they shock our religious sensibilities; they make atheists and scoffers.

In a city near me, there is a large cemetery, in a neglected corner of which is a multitude of children's graves which have the appearance of being outcasts, reprobates; and so they are. These children were not baptized, therefore they cannot be buried in consecrated ground; their blameless little souls are in hell, and their bodies are huddled together here in this neglected corner. This is a glimpse of the beauty of the Catholic creed. The Jewish Papalists used to believe that the utterance of certain magical words engraved upon the seal of Solomon would transform a man into a brute, or a brute into a man. The Catholics ascribe the same magical power to water in the hands of a priest. When the service is read and the unconscious infant is baptized, at that moment a miraculous change is wrought in its nature, and Rome says, with true Christian charity, "let him be accursed" who believes it not. The mere knowledge of such things is hurtful. And it requires rare Christian forbearance to read the Andover creed, and not fall from the grace of brotherly love. Is it not easy to see what short work Jesus would have made of these creed mongers, the friend of publicans and sinners, the rebuker of formalists, the contemner of life service, who laid all the emphasis upon the condition of the heart and the attitude of the spirit, who said to the chief priest of the popular religion of his time: "The publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you?"

Our doctors of divinity talk glibly of the growth of religious thought, but seem to lose sight of the fact that growth of religious thought means more or less a decay of old beliefs. There is no growth in anything without a casting off and a leaving of something behind. Growth in science is to a great extent the discovery of new facts and principles, which render the old theories and conclusions untenable. See how much we have had to unlearn and leave behind us by reason of Darwin's; labors and

further advances already lessen the significance of some of his principles. But it may be said that religion has not to do with outward facts and laws like science, but with inward spiritual conditions. Then why seek to embody its final truths in formal propositions, as if they were matters of exact demonstration like science? The creeds treat religion as objective fact, something to be proved to the understanding and to be lodged in a system of belief, like any of the teachings of physical science. Regarded as such, it is always exposed to the inquiry: Is it true? Is it final? Does it agree with the rest of our knowledge? Does it keep pace with the progress of science? If it is a subjective condition, if the Kingdom of Heaven is really within, as Christ taught, then the expression of it in outward forms of belief and creed must change as much as any other philosophy or metaphysics change. A noble sentiment mankind will doubtless always admire; a heroic act, self sacrifice, magnanimity, courage, enthusiasm, patriotism will always awaken a quick response; so will religion as devotion, or piety, or love, or as an aspiration after the highest good, but as an intellectual conception of God and of the manner of his dealings with man, it must be subject to change and revision like all other intellectual conceptions. Where actual verification cannot take place as in science or mathematics, belief must forever fluctuate like the forms and colors of summer clouds. The subject of it may always be the same—God, the soul, the eternal life, but the relation of these and their final meanings can never be once and forever settled. Theology is at best only a tentative kind of science. Its conclusions cannot have anything like the certitude of scientific truth because they are not capable of verification. Principal Tulloch in his *Movements of Religious Thought in Britian*, had the courage to say, that “the idea that theology is a fixed science, with hard and fast propositions, partaking of the nature of infallibility, is a superstition which cannot face the light of modern criticism.” Tulloch further indicates that the true rational standpoint as to creeds and formulas, is a profound distrust of them as professing “to sum up Divine Truth. Useful as ‘aids to faith’, they are intolerable as limitations of faith.” And “limitations of faith” most of the creeds undoubtedly are. But the drift of religious feeling, if not of religious opinion, is undoubtedly away from them. Most Churches keep their creed pretty well in the back ground. When has any one heard a doctrinal sermon? The creeds have been retired to the rear because they are no longer available in front. The world no longer asks what a man believes, but what *is* he? What is his intrinsic worth as a man? Is he capable of honesty, of sobriety, of manliness? Vital original qualities, and not speculative opinions, are certainly what tell most in this world, however it may be in the next. Religion as a sentiment is strong in these times, but religion as a

dogma is weak. The growing disbelief of which we hear so much, is a disbelief in the infallibility of dogma, not a disbelief in the need of godliness, purity, spirituality, and noble disinterested lives. These things move us as much or more than ever, but in the creeds we hear only the rattling of dry bones. How had the Puritan theology been sloughed off by Emerson, and yet what a pure, stimulating, ennobling, religious spirit shone in that man, and still shines in his works. The “saving grace” of heroic thought and aspiration, if they ever existed. The same might be said of Carlyle, rejector as he was of the creed of his fathers. “Religion cannot be incarnated and settled once for all in forms of creed and worship. It is a continual growth in every living heart—a new light to every seeing eye. Past theologies did their best to interpret the laws under which man was living, and to help him regulate his life thereby. But the laws of God are before us always, whether promulgated in Sinai thunder or otherwise.” The progress of religious thought that has been made in the last half century is indicated in the writings and sermons of such men as Maurice, Campbell, Erskine, Kinglsey, Stanley, Arnold, Robertson, Tulloch, Maudsley and others in Great Britain, and in those of Emerson, Parker, Hedge and Mulford, in this country—a progress from the bondage of the letter of the law into the freedom of the spirit. When we think of what these men have said and done, we may look forward with some confidence as Goethe did to a time when “all of us by degrees will learn to elevate ourselves out of a christianity of catechisms and creeds, into a christianity of pure sentiment and noble action.”

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER AT HONOLULU.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

The Princess Like Like, of the Sandwich Islands, has just died in her youth. She had received an American education, had married an American, and had before her a flowery path to the crown worn by her brother—for she was the youngest sister of Kalakaua—when she was done to death as a sacrifice to Pele. It is the old “theology in the island” that eruptions of the volcano Mauna Loa signify the wrath of Pele against mortals generally, and that the dread goddess can only be appeased by the sacrifice of a member of the royal family. “They had not,” says the correspondent of the *New York Herald* (March 8), alluding to the Kahumas, “far to search for one who would make the fearful sacrifice, and while the rumbling of the volcano made awful thunder the Princess Like Like announced to the people that she, the sister of the king—the nearest to the throne—would lay down her life to stop the fearful flow. She openly proclaimed that she gloried to make a martyr of herself for her country and her people; and though in the prime of life, and with the prospect of a crown

before her, she made her final preparations and lay down to await the end. It is said that in this final proceeding the Kahunas played no unimportant part, and that while acting as her guardians and advisers they were, in fact, practising their dark arts upon her and hurrying her onward to the end. For days and days she lay among these people, and during all that time not a partial of food was allowed to pass her lips. She died of starvation at last, lay in state twenty days, and was laid in the royal mausoleum February 28, 1887. The strangest part to tell," adds the correspondent of the most widely circulated paper in Christendom, "is this, that upon the day of her death Mauna Loa, the Awful, ceased to belch its lava forth, and for days after was in comparative quiet, and then the hoary old soothsayers went about among the people with many a nod and mystic sign, as who should say, 'Didn't we foretell all this?' and to-day their power is greater in the land than since the days when Captain Cook laid his bones upon their sandy beach."

Many a tender-hearted woman, reading this tragical narrative, will ask, "Where were the missionaries?" I can answer such from personal knowledge. American protestant missionaries have for generations held complete possession, morally, of the Hawaiian Islands. They are chiefly of New England origin and have been able to establish there the nearest thing to the old Puritan government now surviving on earth. The sacred sawisans are not fossilized in the Sandwich Islands; they poison all that paradise of coral and flowers. A man may be imprisoned at Honolulu for riding on the Sabbath. I was one of a company compelled to pass a Sabbath there; it was a fearfully hot September day, but no one was allowed to sell our ship a lump of ice, nor could we buy a glass of soda-water. The whole Sabbath atmosphere was that most congenial to human sacrifice. It were, perhaps, not wonderful if the young princess, like Electra of old, desired to get out of it all and find a repose unvexed by any gods. From what I learned of Christian theology in the Sandwich Islands while there, four years ago, it has but given new lease of life to the native theology. Both of these theologies have a common source. They rolled out of the cruel phenomena of nature. They

"Came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame;"

even like the fiery vomit of Mauna Loa. The "Mountain Fiend," as the *Herald* calls Pele, is but a hag Jehovah. How often had the Princess Like Like, sitting in church with her American husband (A. B. Cleghorn) and her little daughter, heard her minister read about the biblical Pele? "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly." "And the sight of the glory of the Lord was like devouring

fire." "And he said unto them, thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor. And there fell of the people that day about 3,000 men. For Moses had said consecrate yourselves to-day to the Lord, even every man upon his son, and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day." How many young Like Likes were sacrificed that day to appease the "Devouring Fire," and to secure blessings for their survivors!

How many sermons had this sacrificed Hawaiian princess heard representing God as a Consuming Fire, whose wrath had been soothed, whose remorseless law satisfied, only by the death of a member of the royal family?

The ancient Hebrews frankly preserved, what modern Hebrews try to explain away by casuistry, the story of Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter to Jehovah in fulfillment of a pledge to do so if Jehovah gave him a victory. Jephthah's faith is praised by Paul. It is the opinion of Froude, and other eminent scholars, that the Greeks got hold of a version of this same story, and that "Iphigenia" is really "Jephthah-genia." Whether the two stories are variants of the same or not does not matter, however, they are the same in theological origin. But there is a striking difference between the use made of this idea of human sacrifice by ancient Greeks and modern Christians. The Christian plan of salvation sets before us an offended God (or Law) satisfied by a spotless and royal human victim who takes the place of the human race and suffers the vengeance which would have fallen upon them. The doctrine based on this is that we should praise and worship both the avenger and his victim and regard the scheme as an expression of divine wisdom and love. Now the Greeks set before us an offended goddess, Artemis, who vents her fury on the fleet of Agamemnon, king of men, because of some offense to her divine privileges by one of his royal ancestors—offense small as eating a forbidden apple. It is decided by the priests (Kahunas of the time) that the fleet can only move and victory be won if Agamemnon's daughter, Iphigenia be sacrificed. This is done. The imputed sin is requited by vicarious suffering of the innocent. Agamemnon moves on, prevails, and returns home amid the wild delight of his people.

But just here the Greeks bring in another figure—Clytemnestra. She—the mother—cares little for the victory. She asks for her daughter who accompanied the fleet—her beloved Iphigenia. She is told the story. With her own hand she slays Agamemnon. That is Greek theology. The king cowering before Artemis in heaven learns that there is a Clytemnestra on earth. Humanity also has its rights and its vengeance. Clytemnestra is the Greek criticism on the Jephthah story.

The Hebrews did not report what Jephthah-*genia's* mother thought of the proceeding of the Israelitish captain. The Greeks supplied that omission.

Christianity refused the Greek hint. It accepted the primitive savage notion. Abraham's arm stayed, when about to sacrifice his son, became the line of Jewish theological evolution. But Christendom selected for its basis the unarrested human sacrifice—unarrested by any angel, unavenged by any Clytemnestra. With Jephthah's faith it subdued Greece and stopped the mouths of poets. It established in Europe the volcanic theology of Mauna Loa. It added millions of victims to the 3,000 massacred before the Devouring Fire of Sinai. The deified Devouring Fire and its deified victim were established also in America. For two hundred years this virgin land was victim of a dogma more cruel than its wildest aborigines ever devised. But at length, in the Athens of America, Clytemnestra appeared. Channing appeared, and Parker, and Emerson, and Ballou. Through them spoke humanity, and by her maternal hand this Agamemnon theology—this throned cowardly sacrificer of men to gods—was laid low. Unfortunately, however, it was not slain. It fled from the centres of American culture to take up its abode, and rebuild its empire, among helpless and ignorant islanders, in whose horrible devil-worship it finds natural habitat.

Despite the death of its latest victim, the Princess Like Like, Mauna Loa is still belching out its brimstone. This same paper tells us that its red dust has settled down in some Western city. The theological dust of Mauna Loa may be recognized in that Congregational Assembly in Chicago which declined to sympathise with Mrs. Beecher because her dying husband did not believe in eternal hell-fires. No question was raised about anything so unimportant as Beecher's morality, or the Assembly's humanity. The Devouring Fire was alone important. Everything must be sacrificed to that. These men are a thousand years behind ancient Greece. Their Madonna is Pele. Their theology was all belched out of Mauna Loa.

MORAL UNITY.

BY WILLIAM J. POTTER.

One of the basal facts of the science of ethics is the moral unity of the human race. This, of course, is not to say that among all races and nations there is the same measure of moral light, nor even that enlightened mankind are always uniformly agreed in respect to the application of moral principles. Much less is it to say that all persons are alike zealous in seeking and doing right actions. But what is meant by moral unity among mankind is that, under conditions of normal development, all classes and kinds of men not only have a sense of moral obligation, but substantially agree among themselves in regard to the fundamental principles of

the moral law; and, further, that, with increasing enlightenment and advancing civilization, there is a growing agreement among all races and classes of people concerning the practical application of these fundamental ethical principles.

The moral unity of mankind, historically considered, may be regarded as a comparatively recent discovery. It was one of the common-places of the old theological teaching, and not so very far back, that the moral law was given to man in connection with religious revelation and came direct from heaven; that outside of the Hebrew and Christian religions only a most meagre and inadequate knowledge of moral obligation and moral principles has ever existed; that, even if a few exceptionally intelligent men among heathen races appear to have comprehended a tolerably lofty ethical code, the masses of the people around them were incapable of understanding it and were almost void of moral sense. This was one of the stock-arguments by which it was sought to prove the necessity of a supernatural revelation in order to save mankind from ruin by imparting to the race the true moral code. The same argument was also brought forward to prove the vast superiority of the religion of the Bible to all forms of natural religion. The point was apparently overlooked that both the Old and the New Testaments furnish abundant evidence of the fact that the masses of the people gave little heed to the moral precepts announced therein by such exceptional teachers as Moses, Isaiah and Jesus.

But researches which have been made, especially in the latter half of the present century, in the literature and teachings of the heathen religions of Asia, have disclosed in them a body of moral principles and precepts in entire unity with the best ethical teachings of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and in every important particular as clear in perception and as lofty in tone and tenor. In view of these discoveries, so surprising to the theological mind of Christendom, it is not too much to say that these natural religions have become *revealed* to the modern world; and, in consequence, it is not now a very rare thing to find Orthodox writers admitting that all these religions before Christianity had a measure of divine revelation and guidance. The confirmed theological mind of the old type, however, has not yet been able to adjust itself to this discovery. Therefore it was that President Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, in the recent debate in the Board of Missions over the chances of salvation for unconverted heathen, made the senile statement that, though he had taken pains to look up the matter, he could not "obtain account of more than a dozen or twenty instances" of heathen before Christ who were possibly in a salvable condition. But the adjustment of old creeds to the new Oriental scholarship is taking place. This is one of the things which the New Orthodoxy means.

And the important fact which has been determined by this better information concerning the ethics of the heathen religions of Asia is that the peculiar ethical features which have been supposed to distinguish the moral code of the New Testament can no longer be regarded as unique. Of course it has been known for a good while that Greece and Rome had good moral codes. But it had become the fashion in theological Christendom to explain these codes as the utterances of a few specially bright intellects, upon which Christianity may have cast some of the morning rays of its approaching light. It was also alleged that the classic moral code, though of heroic quality, was not of nearly so high a type as the morality of the New Testament; that it especially lacked the features of gentleness, humility, self-sacrifice, forgiveness, forbearance, resignation, that mark so conspicuously the moral precepts of Jesus. But these discoveries with regard to the Oriental religions—with regard to Buddhism, Brahmanism, and the religions of Zoroaster and Confucius—prove that these very virtues, ordinarily regarded as peculiarly Christian, are the common property of all these Eastern religions. In truth, these are eminently Oriental virtues; and ethical precepts of this tenor are found embedded in the sacred books of all the ethnic religions of Asia, mixed, as in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, with a good deal of inferior and extraneous matter, yet, in the one case as in the other, constituting an essential part of the religion of which these sacred books in each case are the accepted authoritative utterance. "Return good for evil" said a Brahman text 1200 years before Jesus taught the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. "Overcome anger by love, evil by good," is a Buddhist precept of date before Christ. "Be rigid to yourself, and gentle to others," and again, "He is the great man who is strongest in the exercise of patience—who patiently endures injury," taught Confucius; and his fellow-countryman, Laö-tze—the profounder religious teacher of the two—said, "Of all noble qualities, the noblest is loving compassion."

If we regard the more robust moral principles, such as honesty, justice, veracity, self-control, purity, we find a similar unanimity of recognition. "Let a man keep in subjection his speech, his arm, and his appetite," said nanu, of the ancient Hindus. "Fear not poverty, but fear missing the truth," again preached the wise Confucius. "Whatsoever people may think of you, do that which you believe to be right," taught Pythagoras, the Greek. "Blessed are the pure in heart" stands among the highest of Jesus' utterances. But, centuries earlier Zoroaster taught the Persians "to keep pure in body and mind;" that "immodest looks are sins"; that "to think evil is a sin."

Examples like these, to prove the parity of ethical teaching among the different races and religions of

mankind, might be multiplied indefinitely. The historical argument for the moral unity of man is simply overwhelming. Humanity, always and everywhere, and under various conditions of experience, when it has risen to sufficient intelligence to perceive the relations of human acts, has had essentially the same moral perceptions, and recognized the authority and majesty of the same moral law.

In matters of practice, the world, of course, has always been very far from moral unity, and is still a long distance from that goal. Different persons and the ethical codes of different nations may give precisely the same moral judgment of a certain action when considered apart from their own interests; but let self-interest be involved or personal passion be concerned, and immediately the moral perception is likely to be blurred and the action will accordingly be differently adjudged. The practical moral disagreements between individuals and between nations arise from this disturbance of judgment caused by the excess of some motive of self-interest. When we look at the nations of Europe arming themselves to the teeth against each other and ready to send millions of men to battle-fields to defend against each other their alleged rights, it does not seem possible that they should confess the same moral code. And yet they do. And so do the contending and struggling classes that in any single nation are to-day at strife with one another. They all say that they want only justice and equity. But what is justice, what are the requirements of equity, in the special questions at issue, the pressure of self-interest prevents them from seeing together.

Yet in spite of the actual moral disturbance and the fierce physical contentions in consequence, moral unity is still the ideal aim of mankind. It is the central attribute in humanity's vision of a perfected form of society. That the individual members of society, differing in respect to intellectual faculties, services, and power, should see, feel, and live together in entire moral harmony,—this has been man's dream through the ages. It has been the Utopia of social philosophers, the vision of enthusiastic philanthropists, the faith of religions. Nor is this hope of a practical moral unity for mankind to be scoffed at as only an unsubstantial dream; nor is its realization to be put where religion has been too apt to put it, among the mysteries of a future world. It is the hope that gives largest motive, highest dignity, most permanent influence, for human efforts in this present world. It is worth all the struggle and pain of all the past ages, that this creature called man has come, endowed with the power of discerning the right and the true and of putting them into deeds and institutions. He thereby becomes the incarnation and servant of the Eternal Power that makes for righteousness. By their capacity to help toward this end of practical moral

unity, or righteousness, all men, measures, and institutions must be finally judged.

The consummation is, indeed, far off! Individual selfish greed is delaying it. Individual passions and appetites, seeking their own to the sacrifice of the common good, are grievously hindering forces. Moral unity needs first of all to be established in the individual character. Thence the harmony will extend to the family, to the neighborhood, to the community, to the State. Nevertheless, in spite of the appalling obstacles and delays, social progress is made. Vices are yielding to the efforts of philanthropy and to a firmer self-control. Injustices are slowly, but surely, giving way to righteous laws. Old oppressions are loosening their grasp, and their victims are rising up men and free citizens. By and by—some of the younger readers of this number of THE OPEN COURT may live to see it—the warring nations may agree to dismantle their forts, disband their armies, and unite in a confederation of justice and brotherhood. In view of moral and political reforms which have been accomplished, this is no merely visionary prediction. The moral unity will come if men and women will work for it according to their best belief and knowledge.

FLOWERS AND POETS.

BY ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

Saintine, in his charming story of *Picciou*, has shown us how the development and growth of a little plant, with its buds and flowers, saved from weary languishing the poor prisoner of Fenestrelle, restored his reason, health and life, and, in the end, brought to him friendship, liberty and love. Without claiming that all flowers, in all circumstances, can accomplish so much as this, let us consider them in their relation to human life, and the inspiration that they have given to poets. "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," says the proverb, and in the mind of every one possessed of the poetic fire is born the love of beauty. Says Wordsworth:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie to deep for tears."

The "kindly fruits of the earth" minister to our corporeal needs, besides giving pleasure to the eye, but flowers are almost human in their association with the dearest and holiest sacraments of life. They go with the bride to the altar, and we lay them beside our sacred dead when we dress them for their last, long sleep.

Says Longfellow:

"Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand."

"Sweets to the sweet," says Queen Gertrude, when she scatters flowers over Ophelia's lifeless form. Says Browning, "do not the dead wear flowers, when dressed for God?"

From the first chill days of early spring, when the

delicate anemone rises from the wintry ground, until the last frail little waif of a violet, in bleak December, how magnificent and varied is this procession of beauty.

Says Oberon:

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine."

Mrs Whitney expresses our feeling in the return of the flowers we have loved in her lines:

"God does not send us strange flowers every year;
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,—
The violet is here."

When we read that the violet,—our violet,—was known in the time of Homer, we think of the favorite poem of Lincoln, and the lines:

"We see the same things that our fathers have seen."

In Cowper's translation from Homer we read:

"Everywhere appeared
Meadows of softest verdure purpled o'er
With violets; 't was a scene to fill
A god from heaven with wonder and delight."

Lady Wilkinson, in her book on flowers, gives many interesting particulars concerning the violet. It must have been greatly in favor with the Romans, she tells us, as they called their days set apart for decking graves, "*Dies Violaris*." Pliny thought that violets were of medicinal value, and advised that garlands of them should be worn on the head. Different varieties of this flower grow in many parts of America, Palestine, China, Japan, Europe, and even on the Swiss Alps, and the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome. Its praises, we are told, have been written in many languages. Abou Rumi, an Eastern poet, says, "it is not a flower; it is an emerald, bearing a purple gem." The Arabs, it is said, compare the eye of a beautiful woman to a violet. Homer speaks of Venus as crowned with violets, and Theocritus thought that these flowers were specially desirable for wreaths. Aristophanes spoke of Athens as "violet crowned," and Dioscorides makes mention of the flower. In modern times this favorite, with its meanings of truth, modesty and love, is spoken of by Shelley, in these lines:

"Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead."

Daisies are found so universally that a British poet calls them "the constellated flowers that never set."

Chaucer says:

"Above all flouris in the mede
Than I love most those flouris white and rede,
Such that men callen daisies in our town."

In his legend of "Gude Women," he gives a poetical version of the origin of the daisy. It is pleasant to know that Linnæus himself may have inherited a love of flowers from his father, but when we read a botanical definition of a daisy as a "scape, one-flowered, with leaves spatulate, single-ribbed, obovate, crenate," we

turn with satisfaction to Burns, in his address to the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

Wordsworth says:

"Methinks that there abides with thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through."

Sweet and tender and sad are the associations of the daisy with the frail genius of the poet Keats, who knew not of the immortality that time would bring him, when he composed his own epitaph, and felt, only a few days before his death, the "daisies growing over him."

Lucy Larcom, in our own day, writes gracefully of "golden daisies:—"

"Disk of bronze and ray of gold
Glimmering through the meadow grasses
Burn less proudly! for behold
Down the field my princess passes.
Hardly should I hold you fair,
Golden, gay midsummer daisies,
But for her, the maiden rare,
Who, amid your starry mazes,
Makes you splendid with her praises."

The "Flowers of the Fallow" is another lovely poem by this writer:

"I like those plants that you call weeds,
Sedge, hardhack, mullin, yarrow,
That knit their roots and silt their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow.
They fringe the rugged hillside farm
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloomed in Nature's mastic arms
The first days of creation."

It is hard to refrain from quoting all the verses, but we have cullings from many authors, in a field which comprises all lands and all ages, and where the only embarrassment is one of riches. To mention the name of Bryant is to bring up a host of tender and beautiful associations of poetry and nature's charms. One hardly knows which to love best, the golden rod which suggested the verse of his poem, or the verse which has immortalized the golden rod. The lines are so familiar to all that some less known but well worth knowing will be more appropriate to introduce here, by Jennie Maxwell Paine.

"Open the bars and make me room.—
Let me wade, waist-deep, in the yellow bloom,
Let me revel at will, let me gather my fill,
Let me touch their plumes with reverent hands,
Let me tread where the wealth of blossom stands,
With the pomp of gold, in the glowing lands.
Fine as feather and soft as down
Is its petaled plume,—the very crown
Of the fair and the fine and the rare design!
Fair as the ore, when wrought and rolled,
Fine as the fretting of filagree gold."

When we read of the thistle of Scotland, the fleur-de-lis of France, with the daisy as the badge of the beautiful province of Languedre, and the rose of England, we could wish that the possession of a national floral emblem were ours, though the choice of one "bright, consummate flower" would be attended with difficulties. Here, in the length and breadth of our own

America, with its wealth of flowers, one can think of none so national in character as we find in other countries. Is not the harebell immortal in its association with the name of Ellen Douglas and Scotland?

The fragrance of flowers has the power to recall recollections of the past, since the sense of smell is more intimately connected with the power of memory than with sight or hearing. Perhaps this may be another reason why flowers are so much beloved by poets. A different sentiment, the expression of his Pantheistic thought, is shown in Omar Khayyam's wonderful poem of the Rubaiyat:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb, whose tender green
Fledges the river lip on which we lean,
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unscen!

Shakspeare expresses a similar idea:

"Lay her i' the earth,
And, from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring."

And Herrick says:

"From her happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet."

And George Eliot:

"Is there not a soul—half nymph, half child—in these delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep color?"

The rose, supposed to be a native of Syria, seems to have been known in earliest history. Mention is made in the Iliad of ointment of oil perfumed with roses, with which Venus anointed the body of Hector, and Hector is spoken of as using the same "ambrosial lymph" in Cowper's translation. Roses were worn at the feasts of the ancients, and at the banquets of Cleopatra. They were much used to decorate tombs, and it is said that the Romans provided for this observance in their wills. Anacreon thought that the rose had power to protect the dead. Didymus, the Alexandrian, was persuaded that the "rose was something more than human." Sappho is said to have written verses to this flower, and Dryden, in his translation from Virgil, speaking of Æneas at the tomb of his father, Anchises, says:

"With roses then the sepulchre he strewed,
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud."

Pliny says that this flower was much cultivated by the Romans, and used as a perfume for anointing the body. Gerarde thought that the rose was useful for "strengthening of the heart, and refreshinge of the spirits, and profitable for other griefes."

In our day, Aldrich alludes to roses in one exquisitely tender verse.

"We wove the roses round her brow—
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers. . . .
And thus went dainty Baby Bell
Out of this world of ours."

The meanings that are attached to flowers would

form an interesting study. Many sentiments can be expressed and replied to in their interchange. In Shakespeare's time this was thought of, since Ophelia said:

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: there's pansies, that's for thought."

The English poet, Horace Smith, has written a "Hymn to the Fowers," one stanza of which we quote:

"Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendor,
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
Oh may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime."

Wordsworth was a genuine lover of flowers, and said, "and 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breaths," giving to them consciousness of being. When he says:

"My heart with rapture fills
And dances with the daffodils,"

one feels with him a throb of delight. Shelley shows his affection for all flowers in his verses to the sensitive plant in which occur these lines:

"Narcissi, the fairest among them all
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness."

In our own day, Anna C. Brackett in her "Vacation" poem, discourses eloquently:

"When did we leave the Michigan woods?
I only know
That clusters of asters, purple and white,
And the golden rod, like a flash of light,
Had set all the roads aglow."

Holmes, in his beautiful sonnet, "nearing the snow line," speaks of the "slender flowerets, scentless, pale, along the margin of unmelting snow." Emerson writes to the rhodora, speaks tenderly of the wood-rose in "Forbearance," and in his poetical, prose paragraph, describes the edelweiss, flower of noble purity. With Lowell, in his sweetest of love songs, "Auf Wiedersehen," we breath the very fragrance of the lilacs. Truly,

"The poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers a part
Of the selfsame universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."

Not alone the poet, but all who possess the love of beauty, and who feel glowing in them the enthusiasm every flower that blows, gladdening the eye, delighting the sense, must feel that it is well indeed to consider the "flowers of the field," for truly "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

THE BLUE LAWS.

BY FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND.

This name seems to have been first used of the early statutes of New Haven, some of which are spoken of under this title in the *General History of Connecticut*, by Rev. S. Peters, a tory refugee. The little book, which was first published in 1871, and has been recently reprinted, is very readable, but by no means trustworthy. Peters proposes to give extract from enactments which were never allowed to be printed, and which "were

properly termed blue laws, *i. e.*, bloody laws, for they were all sanctified with excommunications, confiscation, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue and death." "Similar laws still prevail over New England as the common law of the country," adds Peters, who undertakes to "give a tolerable idea of the spirit which pervades the whole," by stating forty-five of the enactments of New Haven. This colony, it should be noticed, was not united to Connecticut until 1665; and its first code was avowedly based on the Bible, so that the edition of 1650 is as full of references to texts as any catechism.

From this code and other records, it is plain that Peters was right more than half the time. Of his forty-five blue laws twenty-four, at least, were substantially in force. Among those that must have been peculiar to New Haven are the following: "The judge shall determine all controversies without a jury." A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction," and "married persons must live together or be imprisoned." Then there are others, common to New Haven and other colonies at first, but gradually modified; like those which allowed only church members to vote or hold office; which made conspirators, Quakers, adulterers, and men-stealers liable to be hung, and liars to be whipped; and which provided that "No gospel minister shall join people in marriage," that "The sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday," and that "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents." This statute was often enforced in New Haven. On May-day, 1660, a special court, whose record may be found in the *Blue Laws of Connecticut*, by Silas Andrus, was held by Governor Newman to try Jacob M. Murline and Sarah Tuttle. The girl had made some jokes too much like those of Shakespeare's heroines, to Jacob's sisters. Then he came in, snatched up her gloves, and refused to give them back unless she would kiss him. This she denied having done; but the sisters testified that she had; and the Governor decided that she was guilty. She did not deny that Jacob had kissed her, or that they had set side by side for nearly half an hour, with their arms about each other, and his sisters looking on. Her father charged Jacob with trying to inveigle her into marriage; but she denied it so firmly as to save him from punishment for this crime. Jacob, on being asked "whether his arm was about her waist, and her arm upon his shoulder or about his neck," said "he never thought of it since," "for which he was blamed, and told he had not laid to heart as he ought." The court further decided that "his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful, such as brings reproach upon the family and place." Sarah was scolded by the Governor, until she "professed that she was sorry she had carried it so sinfully;" and the criminals were fined

twenty shillings each, at a time when the most skillful workmen was forbidden by law to earn more than two shillings a day. Peters does not mention this last statute, nor that under which Jacob and Sarah were fined, as I suppose, namely that re-enacted the same month, to punish all persons who "meet, or company together in any kind of vain manner or unreasonable time, whether by day or night, to mispend and waste the precious talent of these gospel seasons of grace," etc. This statute of May 30, 1660, also forbids "corrupt songs and foolish jesting," "mixt dancings," "immoderate playing at any sort of sports or games, or mere idle living out of an honest calling industriously, or extravagant expenses, by drinking, apparel etc," as is mentioned in Hoadly's *New Haven Colonial Records*, pp. 336-7. After New Haven became a part of Connecticut, a fine of twenty shillings was imposed on any one who should play at cards or back-gammon, or suffer it to be played in his house; and enough of this hatred of amusement remained in 1849, to cause all dramatic performances, exhibition of trained animals, etc., where there was a charge for admission, to be prohibited under a fine of \$50. One of fifty cents was incurred in 1808 by absence from church, or failure of the parent or guardian to inflict punishment, in the presence of some officer, on any child under fourteen who broke the Sabbath.

Some of the worst laws which New Haven took from the Bible are not mentioned by Peters, namely those to inflict death for worshipping "any other God but the Lord God;" "witchcraft," "willful or obstinate denying the true God, or his creation or government of the world," or uttering "any other blasphemy of the like nature;" manslaughter committed "suddenly in anger or cruelty of passion;" attempt at murder; or profaning the Sabbath "proudly, presumptuously and with a high hand." This last statute was peculiar to New Haven; and so was that by which maiming others might be punished, "eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot." Witches were hung there as well as at Hartford; "a stubborn and rebellious son" of sixteen, might be put to death in either colony; and Voltaire, Holbach and Diderot might have been hung in Connecticut, where blasphemy was a capital crime until 1784, when the penalty was reduced to forty stripes on the bare body, and one hour in the pillory. In 1673 it was decreed, that adulterers should no longer be hung, but have the letter A branded on their foreheads with a hot iron. New Haven burglars were to be branded on the right hand with B. Each of these infant colonies had a fine of five shillings for every absence from church; and whoever interrupted the preacher in Connecticut, or charged him falsely with error, had for the second offence to "either pay five pounds to the public treasury, or stand two hours openly upon a block or stool four

foot high, upon a lecture day, with a paper fixed in his breast written with capital letters, AN OPEN AND OBSTINATE CONTEMNER OF GOD'S HOLY ORDINANCES, that others may fear and be ashamed of breaking out into the like wickedness." It was ordered at Hartford, in 1676, that all heads of families who obstinately neglected "reading of the scripture, catechising of children, and daily prayer, with giving of thanks," should be "fined, or punished, or bound to good behavior, according to the demerits of the case." Both New Haven and Connecticut forbade any man to live alone, or any family to take a lodger without leave from the magistrates. A license from the legislature, as well as a certificate from the doctor, had to be procured before tobacco could be used by any one under twenty, or by any one else who had not formed the habit. This was voted at Hartford in 1647, when it was also ordered: "That no man within this colony, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco publicly in the streets, nor shall any take it in the fields or woods, unless when they be on their travel or journey at least ten miles, or at the ordinary time of repast commonly called dinner, or if it be not then taken, yet not above once in the day at most, and then not in company with any other. Nor shall any inhabiting in any of the towns within this jurisdiction take any tobacco in any house in the same town, where he liveth, with and in the company with any more than one who useth and drinketh the same weed." This ordinance, like that of 1659 against "disordered meetings of persons in private houses to tittle together," and that of 1673, by which young persons and servants were not to meet together in the streets or fields or in any house "after the shutting in of the evening," without consent of their parents or masters, shows the same ascetic principle as the punishment of Sarah Tuttle. When I consider farther that ships were forbidden in 1673, to set sail out of any harbor in Connecticut on Sunday, I am inclined to think that Hinman, who was Secretary of Connecticut for seven years, may have had some authority for inserting in his *Blue Laws of New Haven Colony*, in a list which is otherwise undoubtedly correct, the following enactment, apparently taken by him from the original records: "If any man shall kiss his wife, or wife kiss her husband, on the Lord's day, the party in fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates," p. 130.

Neither this, nor any other of the laws mentioned in the last paragraph, is given by Peters. So it must be said, that his picture is not on the whole any bluer than the reality, though he does put much of his paint in wrong places. For instance, he says that criminals could be tortured at New Haven, which seems to have been done only at New Amsterdam while under the Dutch. What he says about hanging Catholic priests is more nearly true of the New York law of 1699 than of

that of Connecticut. He was undoubtedly in error, though I think innocently, when he charged New Haven with forcing every voter to swear, "that Jesus is the only king," and ordaining that: "No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in the garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting;" "No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day;" "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day;" "No one shall read Common-Prayer, keep Christmas or Saints'-days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and Jesus-harp;" "Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

This last law, however, is still enforced by public opinion in all civilized lands. Even the most conservative and aristocratic gentlemen have become Round-heads. Some of the other precepts just quoted were observed in Connecticut families when Peters lived there; and the Legislature of Massachusetts is now deliberating whether it will do to let barbers cut hair or shave on Sunday, or make it legal for milk to be delivered, for prescriptions to be put up, for horse-cars to run, for dispatches to be sent by telegraph or telephone, for newspapers to be sold or printed, etc. Among other questions now being agitated in Boston is the propriety of abolishing the statutes against Sunday travel and Saturday evening amusements. The general blueness of our Sunday laws is seldom realized; but a full and accurate account of the various statutes in the different states and territories will be found in the *Outlook and Sabbath Quarterly* for last January, which may be procured from Alfred Center, N. Y., for twenty-five cents per copy. That author has been able to collect later information in some cases than I gave last fall in *The Index*. Indiscriminate prohibition of Sunday amusements seems to be established in Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont and Wisconsin, besides restrictions of various harmless pastimes in every other state, except California, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Virginia and Western Virginia. Special laws against theatres have recently been passed in Nevada, New York and Maryland, and the permission to deliver ice was repealed in this last state in 1886.

The worst of our Sunday laws is not to be found in the statutes of any state or territory. It is the decree, every where sacred, of Mrs. Grundy, forbidding any one to amuse himself in public on Sunday. Driving, for instance is permitted, because no one can be sure that it is wholly for amusement. Lawn-tennis, which is much less noisy and throws no needless labor upon animals, is utterly out of the question in good society; as are dancing, archery, private theatricals and picnics.

Cards can be played secretly, but card parties are under the ban, which falls with peculiar severity upon all amusements which may be enjoyed by the poor. There is no need to say much against other Sunday laws, until this unwritten one is reformed thoroughly. When the duty of taking healthy amusement on every day in the week, and encouraging the poor and overworked to get the recreation they need peculiarly, whenever they can, becomes fully recognized by public opinion, there will be little difficulty in getting rid of the last of the blue laws.

LASALLE, March 24, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, Esq., Chicago, Ill.:

DEAR SIR—I find that in my note in last number introducing two articles from the *LaSalle Republican*, I have, through inattention, written "I believe *their wishes* to be both sincere from their standpoint," instead of "I believe *these criticisms* to be both sincere from their standpoint." Yours truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

AMENDMENTS AND ANSWER TO CRITICISMS OF HIS ESSAY ON THE BASIS OF ETHICS.

BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

Proceeding to answer the criticisms to my essay on the Basis of Ethics, I feel that I should properly commence with criticising the same myself. I find that in presenting a number of examples of the use of the word *good*, for the sake of ascertaining its general meaning, I have omitted the most important use of the word under the head "What do we call *good* for man?" viz.: *The ethical teachings we have received in our youth, principally as part of our religious instruction.* While these teachings as far as they were of a supernatural character, gradually weakened in us on our becoming acquainted with modern science, the truth of nearly all the ethics remained unshaken.

Their basis was unclear for a time until now we can say, the *rules of ethics* are those ideas evolved in the past, that in the struggle for existence have evolved from the savage the civilized man of to-day.

Supplemented by further evolved ethical ideas they are the foundation for the preservation and further evolution of civilized man.

I should also have mentioned another class of uses of the word *good*, where only a pleasant sensation is meant; we say, "the sugar tastes good," "the rose smells good," "this musical chord sounds good." While we may assume that the effect of these excitations of the nervous system in some way favors its growth, we do not think of this in so using the word *good*.

Looking over the comments made, I notice especially the remark that I had not done justice to Mr. Spencer. I should mention that it was in part a thought of this, why I asked Mr. Bradley, who is known to be

versed in Spencer's views, to state his position. Mr. Bradley's statements have since been supplemented in the comments by others.

I deem it my duty to express here in reference to Mr. Salter's remark, "for myself I would say that in searching for the truth, I would rather be baffled a thousand times and have the discomfort and sense of frustration accompanying such experiences, if the thousand and first time I found the truth, than to forego the search at the outset, because I knew there would be more pain than pleasure attending it," that I hold that Mr. Spencer considers this searching for truth as a high pleasure in itself; and that in his theory he considers the amount of attainment, physical, intellectual and moral, as great happiness to the individual and the race.

How strong Mr. Spencer thinks in this way is shown in a statement in the introduction to his *Data of Ethics*, which appears to me as a powerful demonstration that a grand and lofty idea is in persons of ethical tendencies or high aspirations, their real self and their better ego, for the continuance of which they often freely spend their wealth, devote their labor, and even sacrifice their lives. Let me quote it here:

"I have been led thus to deviate from the order originally set down, (for the publication of the *Synthetic Philosophy*), by the fear that persistence in conforming to it might result in leaving the final work of the series unexecuted. Hints repeated of late years with increasing frequency and distinctness, have shown me that health may permanently fail, even if life does not end, before I reach the last part of the task I have marked out for myself. This last part of the task it is to which I regard all preceding parts as subsidiary. * * * from that time onwards my ultimate purpose lying behind all proximate purposes, has been that of finding for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large, a scientific basis. To leave this purpose unfulfilled after making so extensive preparations for fulfilling it, would be a failure the probability of which I do not like to contemplate."

In my essay I have presented the view in opposition to Mr. Spencer's, that not happiness *but evolution itself* (expressing it in a word) is the Basis of Ethics. By a closer examination of Herbert Spencer's studies on the meaning of the words *good and bad* in his *Data of Ethics*, I find I must contest the truth of his conclusion that good and bad are equivalent to "well or ill adapted or adjusted to ends," which must mean *more or less* adapted or adjusted to ends. Mr. Spencer says, "the good knife will cut." This can be considered only as an abbreviated sentence, for any knife cuts or is adapted to cutting. A *good* knife is one with which the person using it can, by the same labor, achieve more cutting than with an average knife.

An umbrella is called *bad* if it protects the bearer from rain less than the average umbrella.

"We call a day *bad* in which storms prevent us from satisfying our desires." Also here, in using the word *bad*, we compare the weather to ordinary weather. It is *bad* also by being destructive to our intended occupation. The energy or capacity for it we had, and it is considered to be wasted.

A good jump is one which achieves the immediate purpose of said jump, while judging from the results of many similar jumps that it could not be achieved. There is more achieved than ordinarily.

A stroke at billiards is called good when the movements are more skillfully adjusted to the requirements than they ordinarily are, the stroke being successful or not. A person looking at the play not acquainted with the billiard game is unable to express an opinion whether the stroke was good or bad.

These doings of man are not considered as good or bad, according to their success or failure (the billiard stroke may fail and nevertheless be good) but in comparison of their results to those of the average doings of the same class.

"A mother is called good who ministering to all the physical needs of her children, also adjusts her behavior in ways conducive to their mental health." It is assumed here that the mother expends a certain quantity of her energy in ministering to all the physical needs of her children; the expenditure of this quantity of her energy in her conduct affects the mental health of her children at the same time, and in this respect stands in the condition of a natural adjustment, as that may happen to be. By her behavior being more adjusted, the mother's same energy results in greater mental health to her children, a result being in the direction of higher evolution.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNDAY WORSHIP.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

One of the most vivid shocks given by the late Theodore Parker to the theological sensibilities of New England was his statement that, in Old Testament Scripture the Jehovah of the Hebrews was represented as fond of "roast veal." The fact of so great a shock from so slight a cause is curious, but not inexplicable. It is curious, since the people thus spasmodically affected had all their lives been reading in their "sacred volume" that, on numerous specified occasions, a bullock, a calf, a ram, a lamb, or a kid, was to be killed and roasted by the priest "for a sweet savor unto the Lord," and that the priest must also put twelve loaves of *hot* bread in the holy place before the Lord every Sabbath. It is no more strange that such preferences should have been ascribed to the Supreme Being by the early Hebrews than by the early Greeks and Romans. But our Christianity has its roots so firmly fixed in that ancient Hebraism that, although we may use the utmost freedom

in speaking of Greek and Roman superstitions, any present mention of the cruder peculiarities of the Old Testament faith must be made in that original phraseology which has become sanctified by tradition and custom, if the speaker would avoid the imputation of sacrilege and blasphemy. In fact, Mr. Parker's plain-speaking in modern language frightened the majority of his generation so much that they really thought him an infidel and a scoffer, instead of the devout religious reformer that he really was.

At the present day, one of the great reformatory agencies is the Sunday newspaper. The Sunday press, with some faults as obvious as the opposite faults of the self-styled "religious paper," which it is fast supplanting, is conferring immense benefit on the community in two ways: first, by counteracting that theological blindness which, pretending that one day of the week must be recognized as more holy, *necessarily* allows that the other six days may be esteemed less holy; and next, by supplying reading matter more instructive and beneficial, that is to say, containing more truth and less error, than the average church sermon.

These, as I have said, are very great benefits conferred on the community by the Sunday paper. Seeking to be read by all, it provides something to suit the taste of every class in city and country, the serious and the frivolous, the scientist and the sportsman, the student, the merchant and the politician. Of course, while containing something attractive to each class, it contains much which each class will pass by with indifference. Of course, also, its proportion of sermon-like articles, while sometimes controverting the lessons of the pulpit, will sometimes echo them. In fact, the occasion of my writing at this time is an echo, in the *Boston Sunday Herald* of February 27, of what seems to me one of the erroneous doctrines of the pulpit.

In an editorial article there, entitled "Sunday Morning Worship," it is contended that our Protestant churches err in laying too little stress upon worship (meaning simultaneous confession, supplication and adoration) and too much upon pulpit instruction. The writer complains that these churches give us a very stunted worship of the Divine Being; that all the praying and most of the praise are done by proxy; and that thus the hearty and helpful worship of God is ignored.

There is sound worldly wisdom in this statement of the *Sunday Herald*, since a large number of our clergy and churches have for a year past been moving in that direction, and trying, by attractive additions in the department of worship, to retain the audiences which are slipping away from them, and to draw in outsiders. Sound worldly wisdom: for, while thus adhering to the general idea of the Sunday paper by presenting in its columns something attractive to every class, saints as well as sinners, the editor offers terms of compromise

to the saints, removes one of their objections, and attracts to his support a proportion of those who have hitherto been hostile. Nevertheless, as both the *Herald* and the churches seem to me to be wrong in this matter, I will suggest some reasons for taking the opposite ground, namely—that the chief use, and a most important use, of our excellent custom of holding public assemblies on Sunday is the giving and receiving of instruction, particularly in the departments of morals and religion; in other words, that the sermon, *if it is what it should be*, is the most important part of the Sunday service, and well worth the trouble of regular attendance and the expense of making suitable provision for it.

The *if* in the preceding sentence is a very important word, since its meaning would exclude the great majority of the sermons now preached, and that on both negative and positive grounds; the number of their erroneous and unfounded assumptions, and their positive false teaching respecting both sin and duty. What, then, should a sermon be?

It seems to me that any subject relating to human welfare may properly be treated in the pulpit; yet, since one day in the week is not too much to be devoted to the important departments of morals and religion, I think the chief function of the sermon should be to inculcate righteousness or right living and to oppose vice and error; especially to insist on the duties customarily denied or neglected, and to give warning and admonition respecting the evil practices which are countenanced by fashion or custom. If these things are faithfully done by a competent person, the time given to his instructions and the money paid for his support will be well expended.

But should there be no public worship? Should those observances cease altogether which now form the chief occupation of the Sunday mornings of Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, and which Dissenting congregations seem of late disposed to adopt in greater number and variety? Is there not a strong presumption in favor of a custom so long established, and maintained by people so numerous and so estimable?

I reply, the presumption here supposed would be strong, were there not both authority and reason against it.

First, authority. The clergy of all these sects, Roman, Episcopal and Dissenting, claim to be disciples and ambassadors of Jesus, whom they call Christ. What did Jesus say about public worship?

The four biographical sketches which give us all we know about him contain neither injunction nor recommendation for Public Worship, nor for Sabbath meetings, nor for Sunday meetings, nor for prayer meetings, nor for any sabbatical observance whatever. If Jesus sometimes went up to the Temple on the Jewish

Sabbath, it was not to join in the observances there, but to teach a better method, righteousness instead of sacrifices, rites and ceremonies.

What our clergy inculcate as public worship consists of prayer and praise. Of the former, Jesus said to his disciples, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." Reason echoes this injunction, since the desire, the confession, the aspiration which a man wishes to express to the Heavenly Father can best be done in person and in private; and this seems most likely to be that "worship in spirit and in truth" which Jesus enjoined.

As to praise, the other constituent of Public Worship, the multiform variations of applause offered to the Deity weekly in our Sunday assemblies—the sentiment of Jesus respecting it as well as respecting Prayer may be found in his warning against the use of "vain repetitions." And here again reason echoes his injunction. It is the worse sort of rulers and potentates, the poorer specimens of men, who are pleased with public rehearsal of their dignities and merits. It is not an elevated idea of the Supreme Being to suppose that he resembles such persons; that he really desires intelligent human beings to occupy themselves periodically in proclaiming him to be holy, just and good, or in kneeling or prostrating themselves before him as before a Turkish or an Abyssinian ruler! There is no reason to believe that God desires men publicly and periodically to "praise" him. Judging by the teaching of Jesus, what God wants of his human children is *obedience*, the doing of what they understand to be duty in their daily lives. And the true function of the pulpit is to explain and enforce this duty; to teach the people what they do not know in morals and religion, and to remind them of those things which, though known, are apt to be forgotten, neglected or evaded. To do this work effectively is to perform one of the most important services to a civilized community; and if the minister who does this has also skill to teach true reverence and conscientiousness to children, to supply to them, in the departments of morals and religion, that which is lacking in family and school education, he is one of the greatest of public benefactors.

THE ART OF MAKING POVERTY.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

Part II.

The effort of "organized labor" is to lower the wages of the many, and raise the wages of the few; to make an aristocracy of trades, and hold a monopoly of the knowledge that earns bread; to divide the working men into a high-wages caste and a low-wages caste, into skilled and unskilled laborers. Exclusion and proscription are employed to increase the numbers of the lower caste, and reduce the numbers of the higher. Despotism guard the guilds from intrusion, and crowd the ranks of the unskilled who must work for a dollar

a day. "It seems hard," say the "knights," "to forbid an honest boy to learn a trade, but we must protect ourselves, and in order to do that we must crowd him down to swell the dollar a day majority. It would be dangerous to let him learn a trade." This proscription is barbarous. The Guilds, and the Unions, and the Knighthoods, have no more right to keep a boy ignorant of handicraft than of arithmetic. They have no more right to cripple his usefulness by excluding him from the art and practice of bricklaying or printing, than they have to break his arm. His power of competition may be destroyed by either process, and one way is no more cruel than the other. To make unskilled labor skillful is the true policy, so that the product of labor may be greater, and its reward higher in money. By this plan we abolish poverty, by the other we create it.

The strategy and tactics employed by the aristocracy of labor against its poorer brethren, by the high-wage caste against the low-wage caste, may be seen in the following examples taken promiscuously from the papers:

"BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Jan. 4.—There is an extensive strike on the verge of culmination among the cutlery grinders of New England. They are mostly Englishmen, and control that part of the cutlery business, admitting *only their sons or near relatives* to learn the business."

"PITTSBURG, July 6.—The 4th annual meeting of the National Window Glass Workers' Association began here to day. * * * * Another feature of the agreement for next year will be the introduction of a new clause relative to the apprentice system. Employers claim that *at least a few apprentices* should be allowed to each factory."

"At the Pittsburg Convention July 7, 1886, a western delegate proposed to allow a limited number of apprentices to be indentured in the trade, the chief merit of the plan being that *only relatives be allowed to become apprentices*. The subject was put over until the results of the missions of Messrs. Wallace, Campbell and Winters could be ascertained."

Here we have a scheme not only to make an aristocracy of trades, but also to make that aristocracy hereditary, like the nobility of England. The vexatious leak in the plan was the drain to this country of glass-blowers from Europe. To stop that leak Messrs. Wallace, Campbell and Winters were sent to England and Germany. Their mission was to induce the glass-workers there to put glass-blowing among the occult sciences, and allow no apprentices to learn it.

"PHILA., July 14.—The 400 rug weavers, who have been on strike at the rug and carpet manufactory of John Bromley & Sons, returned to work yesterday under protest. The cause of the strike was the refusal of the firm *to lay off a learner*."

Pitiful and mean as that action of the carpet-weavers was, it found imitation in the conduct of a still more

inferior aristocracy, the nobility of carpet-layers. Here is an extract from a Chicago newspaper:

"A meeting of carpet-layers was held yesterday to form a Carpet-layers Union. There are from 75 to 80 skilled carpet-layers in the city, and the object of the proposed union is to keep up the price of skilled labor, and *keep unskilled men out of the business.*"

It seems difficult to form an order of nobility out of people whose only claim to it is that they sew hams up in bags, and yet it can be done. Here is an item from a newspaper dated June 28, 1886:

"Last night the Ham-sewers of Chicago entered the Knights of Labor. The industry can only be followed seven months in the year, and the average earnings are \$3.00 per day. About one year's apprenticeship is required before one becomes an expert in bagging hams neatly. As the industry is a growing one, measures are being taken *to keep novices out.*"

Where the statutes and decrees of this new chivalry are not sufficient of themselves to crowd willing industrious men out of work, and into poverty, the city and State governments are appealed to for assistance. An antiquated law, a relic of English class privilege, protects the lawyer trade against the competition of natural genius, by requiring all aspirants to that profession to spend so many years in a lawyer's office, or to obtain a diploma from some law school, or at least to pass an examination. If the State may arm the lawyer with this absurd proscription to protect him from the rivalry of brighter men, why should not the same weapon be given to the carpenter and the blacksmith, to the newsboy, the car driver and the architect? Last winter the car drivers of New York asked the Board of Aldermen to proscribe a certain class of intruders into their profession. As the car drivers cast a good many votes their demand was complied with, and "an ordinance was passed requiring every driver of a car to *obtain a license*, and requiring that every one receiving a license shall be 21 years of age, a resident of the state one year, and of the city four months."

Some time ago the newsboys of Chicago demanded a similar proscription for their benefit, but as they had no votes their claim was not allowed. They also demanded that all newsboys pay a tax of \$5 a year. The effect of this would be to "freeze out" all the boys who were not able to pay the \$5 and make the rest an aristocracy like the lawyers. The boys who considered themselves able to pay the tax, marched in long procession to the offices of the newspapers which opposed the scheme, and poured upon them derision and contempt in the howling classics peculiar to newsboys. They actually demanded that they themselves be taxed, because the effect of the tax would be to drive their poorer comrades away from the opportunity to earn a few coppers by selling newspapers on the street. Here was instinctive selfishness imitating the poverty-making tactics of the various "brotherhoods" of labor, and the

consolidated "brotherhoods" of capital. Is the ragged nobility of those ignorant boys any more ignominious than the broadcloth nobility of the high-caste brahmins of the other professions and trades? At the architects convention held in St. Louis November 17, 1875, it was recommended "that all State legislatures be petitioned to pass laws providing that examining boards be appointed by the governors, *the issuing of diplomas to architects*, and the fixing of penalties for practising without complying with the requirements of the law." The constant pressure of a thousand agencies like these against the weaker members of society must crowd thousands out of employment and out of the world.

Improvidence, and the many personal vices that make poverty, belong to another branch of economics, and are not considered here. Only the public vices born of the social war are here exposed, and very few of them. They will suggest others, and show the poverty-making character of this bitter struggle against each other, against plenty, against the skill that makes abundance, against equal opportunities, against freedom for all our energies. All this poverty-making is within the reach of public remedies, and in the application of those remedies lies the solution of the labor problem, the restoration of peace.

"Scientific and pseudo-Scientific Realism" is the subject of an article from the pen of Professor Huxley, in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century*. In answer to the assumption of Cannon Liddon, that science denies the possibility of miracles, on the ground that they are violations of natural law, he replies that true science makes no such denial, as it does not claim to have apprehended the whole region of natural law. A law of nature, in the scientific sense, is the product of an operation of the mind upon the data of nature that come within the limit of its observation. It would therefore be irrational to say that a catastrophe of any kind was miraculous, simply because we could not perceive the cause. Science looks upon apparently inexplicable phenomena as having natural causes, not as yet apprehended, and withholds assent to miracles solely on the ground that there is an insufficiency of evidence.

Up out of the thick of intellectual gloom that shrouded it in the beginning, the aspiring soul of man has risen. What strivings, antagonisms, what heights gained at the expense of millions of lives have the years witnessed. What a distance from the beast to man. Perhaps some human heart, dwelling amid the awful strife, was touched with the light of future day, and gained a momentary glimpse of the beyond. Perhaps that soul knew that one day love should be the law, that when the light of truth should have broken through error and illumined its depths, the disenfranchised souls of men would rise responsive to its beauty.

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1887.

RIGHT THINKING.

Deeds are followed by consequences which can be observed at once and by everybody. The results of belief are less direct and cannot always be traced to their source. A man's acts appeal to the senses, while his beliefs with which his conduct may be glaringly inconsistent, manifest themselves in ways so numerous, subtle and imperceptible, and frequently blossom forth and ripen in the fruit of action at periods and places so remote from those at which they were expressed, that the connection between the beliefs and their legitimate effects generally escapes ordinary observation. Hence the popular notion that theoretical beliefs are of but little if any significance as factors in human progress, and that a man's influence should be judged chiefly by his character as manifested in his conduct. But a belief adopted by one whose conduct is scarcely affected by it because determined by inherited tendencies, early impressions, or social environments, may through his influence, be adopted by

those into whose lives, long after he is dead, it shall become incorporated as an active force in the formation of character and the determination of conduct.

A thought, a theory, a discovery or an invention, whatever be the moral character of the individual who first announces it, may profoundly influence the conduct and modify the conditions of millions through uncounted generations. A political or social theory originating in the mind of one who is not only regardless of the conventional standards, but even the just and reasonable requirements of morality, may prove a great benefaction to the race. Equally true it is that a false theory advocated by a sincere and enthusiastic philanthropist, and recommended by his own purity of life and nobility of character, may in time poison a community, producing possibly a moral cancer which only the surgery of revolution and war can cut out of the social system, still leaving perhaps the taint of disease to be combated and overcome in the on-going years. Error incorporated into individual or social character makes harmonious development impossible; and the more deeply it is implanted and the more numerous and firmly established are the false adjustments to which the character is forced in accommodation to the disease, the greater the suffering to be endured before the permanent conditions of healthy growth can be reached.

Clear thinking, then, is quite as important as correct living; and the man who helps to make others think aright thereby helps to advance not only intellectual but moral progress, and to augment the sum of human happiness. He, on the contrary, however unexceptionable his conduct and pure his motives, who helps to befog, mystify and confuse the minds of men by sophistry and error, is as much the enemy of moral as of intellectual advancement. Slovenliness in thought is certain in time to result in slovenliness in morals. Thought cannot be divorced from conduct, even though the thought, true or erroneous, of one generation shows itself the most conspicuously in the conduct of succeeding generations. A teacher of error may be sincere, but his sincerity in no way severs the connection between cause and effect, and therefore in no way diminishes the results of the error. Indeed, intellectual error is harmful in proportion to the sincerity of its adherents, upon which its growth depends.

The poison lurking in many theories is the more effectually hidden, like the serpent in a bed of roses, by the drapery of language and a false sentimentality which, while they charm, often conceal the implications and absurdities of a belief; but time, the unimpassioned ally of truth, strips such theories of all that deceived and deluded men, and shows their real results in the moral rotteness as well as the intellectual deformity to which they lead.

It is evident that he who, in laying stress on conduct

attaches but little if any importance to theory or belief, and computes men's influence wholly or mainly from the acts by which they project themselves out upon the field of active labor, ignoring or assigning to a secondary place the influence of thinkers and teachers, takes a view of life that is narrow and narrowing in its tendency. The importance of right conduct and the value of direct moral teaching, both by precept and example, and of moral agencies and influence of every kind are admitted by all. There is not so general an appreciation of the work of those who stimulate thought, increase knowledge, and in science and philosophy, as well as in poetry and song, help to educate the race in the principles of truth and virtue.

In a late number of the *Fortnightly Review* Professor Huxley has a reply to W. S. Lilly, who in a few pages attempts to show the utter infeasibility of finding any satisfactory scientific basis for morals, and distinctly hints that the only safety for the race lies within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. In Professor Huxley's article entitled "Science and Morals: A Reply," an exactly opposite view is taken. Science is attempting the work that the Church has neglected, *i. e.*, to find an indestructible basis for the rules of right conduct. It neither denies nor asserts the existence of a God, but insists upon morality as independent of either of these considerations, and so far from tending to bestialize man, is rather striving to give him a rational conception of the law of his existence. Morality is indestructible, and if the clothing of creeds which it has so long worn has been found to hide its true character, there is no reason to set up the hue and cry of danger when these obstructions are laid aside. Science hears the grumbling of the Church; she hears the accusation of "Materialism," but keeps faithfully at her work of drudgery. She sees order where there is seeming disorder. The evolutionary process is clear before her eyes, and she knows that the safety of morality lies in abandoning the unfounded assumptions of theology and holding to a belief in the order of Nature, which follows immorality with social chaos as surely as it follows physical trespasses with physical disease.

* * *

In "Science In Religious Education," published in the January and February numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Daniel G. Thompson pleads for the abandonment of religious teaching (other than scientific) in universities and schools generally. The wide differences in religious belief that are so evident will sooner or later make this demand imperative. The present system of education in our universities is one calculated to instill into young minds religious prejudices that cannot fail to be detrimental to their highest interests, scientific criticism of theological dogmas being out-

lawed. A religious organization has a perfect right to establish an institution where its belief or creed may be taught. Those who go there will be drawn because of their sympathy with such creed or teaching. But public schools and state universities are no longer public or for the people when a religion is there insisted upon that lacks the sanction of the general mind. In justice to all, the principal religious beliefs should be studied in our universities in the light of science, all the evidence for and against them being presented, that conclusions may be drawn by individual minds unhampered by any theological assumptions. Truth alone should be the basis of teaching, and what is not truth or unverifiable statements, should not be asserted where veracity is regarded.

* * *

As of old the West still looks to the East for religious light, and accordingly "B. D.," of Chicago, thus inquires of the Boston *Investigator*: "Do you consider Monism and Agnosticism to mean the same as our OPEN COURT says?" To this the editor replies: "No; one presumptuously affirms there is a God, the other modestly asserts that it does not know. If this statement is correct there is no agreement between them, though it may be that we don't exactly understand what Monism is." Another question asked is: "Can you tell me what a Free Religionist is—whether Christian or Infidel—as I am having a controversy on the subject?" Our venerable contemporary of the East answers as follows: "A Free Religionist is probably an Infidel under a Christian name, because an Infidel is one who rejects the Divine authenticity of the Bible, and as a Free Religionist does that, he is an Infidel really, though nominally a Christian. He is not indorsed as a believer by church people, but he is 'on his winding way' towards the acknowledgment of more independence,—when the popular and fashionable hour shall arrive." These definitions are given here because THE OPEN COURT has no "funny column" in which they can be copied.

* * *

There is great dissatisfaction among the National Liberals, and not a little among many of the Conservatives over Bismarck's concessions to the Vatican, which are looked upon as a reaction likely to strengthen the Papal power not only in Germany but elsewhere. Says the *Vossische Zeitung*: "Not only is the Roman church the undisputed victor in the contest, but Germany's leading statesman has even appealed to the papacy for help to overcome the opposition, which, after all, is composed of men who, though his political enemies, are his own countrymen." The government papers bestow liberal praise on Bismarck's action as effective statesmanship, but the concessions seem generally to be regarded as of the purely opportunist character, and to afford small grounds for belief that the peace compact with the church will long be maintained.

A number of American and German naturalists, including Haeckel, are now striving to show what good service the daring Frenchman, Lamarck, did, in expounding an important law of nature which has not been adequately recognized, even by evolutionists. One of these neo-Lamarckians, Prof. Hyatt, recently read a paper on "Effort in Evolution," before a club where Darwin's views had never been brought without exciting eager opposition. The lecturer, while plainly rejecting the fancy of special supernatural creation, and cordially acknowledging the correctness of the principle of natural selection, said that Darwin had simply built on Lamarck's foundation; and that no admiration of the superstructure should prevent our keeping in mind the value of the great truth on which it is based. Many facts show that the structure of animals is largely due to their attempts at conformity with changed conditions of environment. Among the minute inhabitants of ponds of fresh water are some which are found in a greatly different form in brackish pools; while a third species occurs where the water is intensely salt. The breaking down of a dam at salt-works has been found to bring about a transformation of species in one direction; as repairing the dam did in the other. The naturalist who observed this has since tried the experiment in his own aquarium, where the same animals were actually made members, first of one species, then of another species, and then of a third, and finally carried back into their original form, simply by increasing or diminishing the amount of salt. Then again, one of the lobster's claws has sharp teeth and the other blunt ones, and there is always a corresponding difference in size; but Prof. Hyatt found on examination of five hundred lobsters that the right claw was the large one with one-half of them, and the left claw with the other, showing that not only the size of the claw but the shape of the teeth is due to the peculiar habits of the individual possessor. One lobster uses his right claw as another does his left claw, and both claws and teeth take form accordingly. That the dog's wild relations hunt in packs, while the cats hunt singly, seems due to a greater amount of natural sociability in one family than the other. Elephants, too, though not needing to associate for mutual advantage, do so for mutual pleasure. Monkeys so far overleap the law of "survival of the fittest," (as interpreted by some persons) as to pick out thorns from disabled comrades, and otherwise preserve the wounded and enfeebled. Thus, there is constant effort, not only to meet changes in environment, but to carry out peculiarities of habit and temper. This power of individual effort has had much more to do in shaping the original structure of each species than natural selection, which seldom comes into play for any species until it has had time to make its members numerous enough to crowd one another. And, as men have made

themselves what they are by their effort to work out their ruling traits of character, so we may hope, that as these traits improve from generation to generation, the whole structure of society will be reformed accordingly. Such, at least, we understand to be substantially the views of Prof. Hyatt, and many share them with him. Emerson is known to have studied Lamarck with great interest, and to have followed this theory of evolution in the lines:

"And striving to be man the worm,
Mounts through all the spires of form."

* * *

The bequest of the late Lord Gifford to the four universities of Scotland for the support of free independent lectures on National Theology by prominent thinkers "of," to quote from the will, "any denomination whatever, or of no denomination at all," "of any religion or way of thinking, or, as is sometimes said, they may be of no religion, or they may be so-called skeptics or agnostics or free-thinkers," provided only that they be "reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers of and earnest inquirers after the truth," is of interest to all lovers of the Science of Comparative Religions and to all friends of independent thought. The *Scotsman* says: "This will be the first step in a great revolution. Theological tests will linger yet for a time amongst us. But Lord Gifford has driven the first nail into their coffin. To all men they will soon appear as grinning anatomies, and before very long there will be a general cry to have them buried out of sight."

* * *

In an article entitled "Artisan Atheism," in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century*, William Rosseter discusses the alienation of the English laboring classes from the Church. The teaching of an antiquated theology that has no answer for the great social questions of the day, and that in some particulars is in direct opposition to the known truth, this, taken along with the fact of a comfortable and satisfied clergy that has no sympathy with him and his low condition, is what is drawing the English artisan farther and farther away from the fold of the dominant faith.

* * *

The Congregationalist has never had the least sympathy with Henry Ward Beecher's liberal theological views, but of the man and his work it now generously observes:

Probably no one face of this generation has been more universally recognized than his; and no one voice has ever thrilled a larger multitude with its humor, its pathos, and its trumpet calls to action. As preacher, lecturer, editor, author, he filled a large space in the popular thought. As a theologian, he had an influence larger than he really earned; and no one man probably has done more than he to bring the churches to a condition of departure from the old standards, which, in some respects, with multitudes of others, we have so deeply deplored.

A late writer has urged the union of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, on the ground that they would thus be able to cope more successfully with their common enemy, science. It is not to be wondered at that a feeling of insecurity should lead them to take some measures for the preservation of that which they hold in common, but a union of religious bodies whose tenets are, in some respects, antagonistic, would be a paradox unparalleled in history. It is inexplicable except upon the hypothesis of friendship springing up between implacable enemies, when a third power greater than either is gradually forcing them to the wall. In this case, all sincerity is forgotten in the common motive of self-preservation. This is what this writer asks for.

* * *

Rev. Canon Fremantle, an English Churchman, writes on "Theology Under its Changed Conditions," in *The Fortnightly Review* for March. The purification of theology has left but very little of the original structure. The doctrine of "The Fall of Man" has been given up, as a result of the teaching of the philosophy of evolution. The superiority of Christianity is admitted to have come in a great measure from the people who professed it. Finally the inscrutableness of Deity is admitted, and with it, as a matter of course, all teaching claimed as inspired will stand or fall, as it agrees with or antagonizes the facts of life.

* * *

A conception of the universe is formed by philosophy, out of the data furnished by observation and experience. This conception the religious sentiment proceeds to color and idealise, and while seeking in it the symbol of the infinite we also project into it a human element, which returns to us an echo of our questionings and yearnings. An apparent conflict arises between free thought and the religious sentiment, as soon as any conception of the cosmos fails to agree with the demands of science. The hostility in this case is between two scientific conceptions, the elder of which, having become outworn by the advance of knowledge, is still retained by religion. Its elimination is but a question of time. Experience teaches that after a greater or less period of searching for a new basis, the religious sentiment always frees itself from the old forms, and formulates a conception of the universe more in keeping with the developments of science and the needs of the existing social order.

* * *

A correspondent in Mexico City, writing of the many feast days observed by the native Mexicans, says: "There was a national celebration on the 16th of September. I think it was to celebrate the date when Mexico first became a Republic. Hidalgo was the hero of that day and his picture flourished in all the windows of stores and private houses. There

was a great military procession, with cars representing the different industries of Mexico; the military school, also one representing the Aztec temples, and accompanied by men in Indian costume. In the morning the President and government officials in citizen's dress walked down from the Plaza to the Alameda through the principal streets. The day after the Feast of All Saints (which of course was a church celebration) was the day of the dead. I don't know whether it was to remind people of their mortality or not, but in a way they seemed to take a cheerful view of it. There were booths for the sale of toys and confectionery all round the Plaza, and the toys were little hearses, and dolls in mourning dresses, and dancing-skeletons; and the confectionery shops had sugar skulls and thigh bones conspicuously displayed for sale. The effect was, on the whole, not as ghastly as might have been expected."

* * *

From an article on "How Should Labor Organize?" in the editorial columns of the *Catholic Review*, in which often appears sound and wise advice to working-men, we quote with approval the following extract:

It is one of the absurdities of American human nature to fancy that every conceivable social benefit is conferred by a politician, a legislature, and a law, when in fact the very best influences for good and against evil in the State are those which stand outside the political garden. The religious organizations of this country are an example. Without having anything special to do with politics, yet a declaration from them is a thing to be respected and feared. The pernicious influence of the monied corporations is well known. The influence of honorable men, whose names stand with thousands as synonyms of virtue and truth, is very powerful in this nation. Do not these facts point the way for the feet of labor advocates and leaders? Instead of walking the long, thorny, uncertain road of politics, would it not be better to organize outside with a view to influence the present political parties, to influence the public opinion of the country and create a sentiment in favor of just treatment?

* * *

Says John Morley in an article on "Byron:"

The greatest poets reflect, beside all else, the broad-bosomed haven of a perfect and positive faith in which mankind has for some space found shelter, unsuspecting of the new and distant wayfarings that are ever in store. To this band of sacred bards few are called, while perhaps not more than four high names would fill the list of the chosen; Dante, the poet of Catholicisms; Shakespeare, of Feudalism; Milton, of Protestantism; Goethe of that new faith which is as yet without any universally recognized label, but whose heaven is an ever closer harmony between the consciousness of man and all the natural forces of the universe; whose liturgy is culture, and whose deity is a certain high composure of the human heart.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang forever rusting on the wall. — *Longfellow*.

DR. EDMUND MONTGOMERY.*

Dr. Edmund Montgomery was born in Edinburgh, in 1835. His parents were Scotch. His father was a prominent lawyer. When but four years old he was taken to Paris where he remained till he was nine. The remainder of his youth was passed at Frankfort, Germany. Of the circumstances of his early life we know but little beyond the fact that his attention was directed early to natural science and philosophy. When he lived in Frankfort, in 1850, he was deeply interested in Schopenhauer, whom he saw pass daily with his poodle, and whom he regarded as a philosopher when most people who saw the great pessimist regarded him as a mad man. At the age of fourteen he had been ostracized for refusing to be confirmed, after having passed through the usual religious instruction. The matter became a public scandal. Clergymen vied with one another to convert him. From being the most popular boy he found himself soon isolated, and the circumstance saddened him profoundly for many years. Some years later he became acquainted with Feuerbach and attended at Heidelberg the lectures of Moleschott and of Kuno Fischer and discussed matters with them. He had frequent intercourse with prominent philosophers who had been pupils of Schelling, Fichte and Hegel, especially with Hofrath Kapp. At Bonn he attended Helmholtz's lectures on the Physiology of the Senses, and began to formulate psychophysical problems,—problems that now go under the name of "physiological psychology." He studied at German universities from 1852 to 1858—Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonn, Würzburg (where he became M. D.) Prague and Vienna. He had gone through Comte's suggestive and original, even though tedious works, in French before he went to England, where he studied Mill and Bain and other representatives of the association philosophy. He had studied Darwin and arrived at his main philosophical conclusions before he read anything of Herbert Spencer's.

All philosophical systems appeared to him merely reflex-thoughts from the conception of organic life prevalent at the time being, and he was deeply impressed with the need of a Philosophy of Organization. But first of all, Kant, the most powerful introspective philosopher, had to be encountered. In his student days he had gone through the *Critique of Pure Reason* at least five times, and the whole thing was alive before his eyes. The result was a book whose title may be translated thus: *Kant's Theory of Knowledge Refuted from the Empirical Standpoint*. In the original German it is, *Die Kantische Erkenntnislehre widerlegt vom Standpunkte der Empirie*, Munich, 1871.

It is, as the sub-title says, "a preliminary contribution

towards the establishment of a physiological conception of nature." In the preface the author advises conservative and reactionary thinkers to take a lesson from China and keep all the avenues of learning open to students. He urges the study of nature and of things themselves, instead of trying to reach truth by accepting as true whatever can be tortured consistently out of established ideas, according to the formal logic in German philosophy before Kant. One section of the work contains a summary of the *Critique* which Dr. Sterling one of the best authorities in English, in his reply to Dr. Montgomery published in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, 1872, p. 413, admits to be accurate and praiseworthy. Dr. Montgomery's reply to the assumption on which the *Critique* is built, viz., that our ideas of Time and Space are given us from within as *a priori* conditions of experience, without whose direction knowledge would be impossible, Sterling calls the germ of our author's thought.

Dr. Montgomery says: "There needs only the refutation of this one fundamental position, and the whole laborious fabric sinks helplessly together." "Time and Space, as infinities, are only abstractions, and are never given us *a priori*. Under every true perception of space and time lies a portion of that empirical raw material of knowledge, consisting in feelings called into consciousness by muscular action." Kant was not enough of a physiologist to see how closely our mental activity, which enables us to know Time and Space, is connected with our muscular activity, that enables us to become conscious of motion against and among external objects; and to verify those generalizations, from observation and experience, which we become entitled by such empirical verification to accept as the fundamental axioms of mathematics. Transcendentalism has made mathematics her stronghold; and Kant admitted her claim; but Dr. Montgomery maintains that mathematical knowledge really comes, like all other knowledge, from without. His arguments are unusually clear, as are those adduced to show that the necessity, which compels us to combine a variety of impressions of color, resistance, temperature, etc., into a perception of some external object does not lie in the structure of our minds, as Kant thought, but in that of the object itself. No wonder that Haeckel writes to Dr. Montgomery that his excellent book is now often quoted in controversy.†

† Dr. Montgomery's views of Kant may also be found in these essays: "The Dependence of Quality on Specific Energies," (*Mind*, No. XVII, 1880). "The Substantiality of Life" (*Mind*, No. XXIII, July, 1881). "Causation and its Organic Conditions" (*Mind*, No.'s XXVI, XXVII and XXVIII, 1882). "The Object of Knowledge" (*Mind*, No. XXXV, 1884). "Space and Touch" (*Mind*, No.'s XXXVIII, XXXIX and XL, 1885). "Transcendentalism and Evolution" (*The Index*, March 26 and April 2, 1885). "Scientific Theism" (*The Index*, March 11 and 18, 1886). "Plato and Vital Organization," read before the Concord School of Philosophy, July 26, 1886, (*The Index*, August

*This account has been prepared partly from publications of Dr. Montgomery, and partly from data supplied by unpublished letters written by Dr. Montgomery to B. F. Underwood from 1883 to 1887.

Before publishing this book he had begun a series of scientific experiments which we cannot here describe at length or pass final judgment on. He has for years been striving to overthrow the cell-theory, still generally held by men of science, one of the most eminent of whom has described himself as "a cell-aggregate brought into harmonious action by a co-ordinative machinery."

"What can all philosophical speculation avail," says Dr. Montgomery, "without an understanding of vitality and organization? If molecules or cells really build up complex organisms, then there is no escape from the assumption of a supernatural spirit, governing vital formation and activity. I, for one, could find no peace 'till this question was positively settled one way or the other." From 1860 to 1863 he had a laboratory at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he examined all the material afforded by the institution, which is one of the largest in London. Employing new methods, he soon found out that the secret of life is not contained in a set of mysterious properties shut up in so-called cells. To render this evident, not only through observation of natural cell-forms, but also through experimental demonstration, he prepared a substance with which he succeeded in artificially imitating almost every cell-form. He had just been elected Lecturer on Physiology by the faculty, when the effects of a dissecting wound put an end to his London career, and for many years also, to his scientific work. Lung trouble obliged him to pass the winter in the south, and eye trouble prevented him from working with the microscope. Not before the end of 1866 was he able to present the results of his previous work to the Royal Society. Lionel Beale, a pietist and theological partisan, happened then to be the

12 and 19, 1886), and "The Previous Question Underlying 'Scientific Theism' versus Naturalism" (*The Index*, October 14, 1886). In the essay on "Space and Touch," he remarks that his book "vaguely ascribed to muscular sensations what I now know to be accomplished by directly felt positions not dependent on sensations of movement." The essays on "Causation," "The Object of Knowledge" and "Substantiality," object particularly to Kant's failure to acknowledge the full influence over thought of the external world. The same objection is urged in *The Index*, for April 2, 1885, March 18, 1886 and August 12, 1886.

What Dr. Montgomery says of Kantism in *The Index* is little more, however, than a prelude to his attacks on much more popular systems of transcendental philosophy, which he compares with his own view thus: "The question is, what underlies the wide-spread display and endless train of conscious occurrences that, for each of us, make up the world we know? And what is the real meaning of it all? Genuine transcendentalism answers: The absence of our being consists in a spiritual organization or subject, autonomously weaving steady experience out of the ever-changing conscious phenomena; and it all means the more or less adequate understanding of that which eternally and unalterably subsists in a universal consciousness. Genuine naturalism answers: The true subject and bearer of the conscious display is that abiding something of ours which we perceive as our living organization, and its conscious affections signify to us the recognition of our own relations to the entire economy of sense-compelling influences which we call the world."

"We have ambiguously to decide for one or the other of these extreme views. Consistent thinking can discover no compromise. Our being is either wholly natural or wholly spiritual." "In

Royal Society's authority on such subjects. He opposed Dr. Montgomery's chemical views and succeeded in preventing their publication in the transactions. Richard Owen wrote at the time a spontaneous and appreciative letter, saying that if he had been there this would not have happened. Next year he published the paper at his own expense. It forms a handsomely printed volume of sixty pages: *On the Formation of So-Called Cells in Animal Bodies*; by Edmund Montgomery, M.D.; London, John Churchill & Sons, New Burlington street, 1867. Its accounts of the natural and artificial production of cells are so clear and satisfactory that Owen cites it as an "important contribution to the philosophy of physiology" (*Anatomy of Vertebrates*, volume 3, page 564). According to Dr. Montgomery, we cannot admit that "the units of which organisms are composed owe their origin to some mysterious act of that mysterious entity, life, by which in addition to their material properties, they become endowed with those peculiar metaphysical powers constituting vitality." On the other hand "the organic units, like those of inorganic bodies—the crystals—form, by dint of similar inherent qualities," and assume "necessary modes of appearance as soon as certain chemical compounds are placed under certain physical conditions." "If the former view be true, then we must clearly understand that there exists naturally a break in the sequence of evolution, a chasm between the organic and inorganic world never to be bridged over. If, on the contrary, the latter view be correct then it strongly argues for a continuity of development, a gradual chemical elaboration which ultimately results in those high compounds, which, under surrounding influences, manifest those complex changes called vital."

no way can our veritable being be both together; a spiritual subject, constituting experience by dint of its own power, and also an organic subject, experiencing its naturally constituted functions. Experience is either exclusively organic or exclusively hyper-organic." (*Mind*, 1884, p. 1).

In another published essay, he says: "The two great cosmological conceptions which are now struggling against each other for supremacy, involve inevitably as ultimate result the decision: Whether life be indeed a deplorable aberration from the original fullness of thought-steeped being; or whether it be rather a desirable unfolding of more and more intense and ample world-consciousness." "Either the human body in its progressive organization has to be cherished as the only true temple and revealing oracle in the universe, or complete extrication from every bodily impediment must become the chief aim of human exertion." "Consistent rationalistic transcendentalism is of necessity hostile to the fulfilments of nature, to the aims of vital being. Its ethics do not consistently yield rules of action, but rules of restraint from action, leading like all supernatural codes to unmitigated acenticism." "The object of its striving must ever be diametrically opposed to that of natural evolution. Evolution points to a life-affirming, life-exalting faith. Transcendentalism involves total life-negation." "Shall we then, for any visionary banking after individual bliss forsake the wide-spread vital mission ingrained in every fibre of our mystic frame? Shall we, as called upon by transcendentalism for the dream of an incommensurable self-beatitude or spiritual quiescence, desert the creative task allotted to us by whatever is underlying nature and its unaccountable growth, the task here among our fellow-beings under joy and anguish to work out the higher life of that all-comprising organization of which we are veritable personations?"

At the time Dr. Montgomery published this little book he had a laboratory at the Zoölogical Gardens during the summer months, where he met and conversed often with Darwin, and deferentially entered into the thought of the great naturalist who was just then working out his hypothesis of Pangenesis on the basis of the cell theory, and who was naturally not open to Dr. Montgomery's special views. There were plenty of other problems to talk about and on these, views were freely exchanged.

In various quarters, Dr. Montgomery's conclusions adopted, and extravagant theories of life were erected on the strength of them. They influenced Dr. Bastian's *Beginnings of Life*. Dr. Montgomery, however, never believed either in a molecular theory of vitality or in spontaneous generation of any of the forms of life now known.

After leaving the hospital he practiced for six years at Madeira, Mentone and Rome; but in 1869 he retired with a moderate competence, to devote himself to science and philosophy, which had been his purpose from the beginning. He had meanwhile become more convinced than ever that the philosophical problems which had so intensely perplexed him could be solved only through an understanding of vitality and organization. Life! what is life? He could find no peace till this question was positively settled one way or the other. Accordingly he came in 1871, after publishing his protest against Kant's authority, to Texas, where he has resided ever since on his estate, Liendo plantation, Hempstead. He says that: "The first seven years here in the South were devoted to laborious biological researches. No writing at all." His principal objects of observation have been minute animals of the simplest structure, barely distinguishable from plants, mere shapeless lumps, without visible head, limb, eye, or mouth, and variously known as monera, protozoa and amœbæ, the last name denoting their capacity of changing form indefinitely, by alternate expansion and contraction in one or more directions.

This capacity of motion or motility, has been made a special study by Dr. Montgomery and with very important results. "Spontaneous motility," he says, "constitutes the most salient and characteristic feature of animal vitality. Its scientific explanation had thus become the chief desideratum of physiology. When amœboid forms of life were first carefully noticed, the attention of investigators was naturally arrested by the strange display of their amœboid movements. But, importing at once from muscular physiology the conception that vital motility is due to a specific property, called contractility, scientific curiosity was pacified by simply giving the name of contractile substance to the moving proplasm. The occult property, 'contractility' was here also allowed to pass as an explanation of vital

motility," (Webster's *Dictionary*, for instance, defines "motility" as "the faculty of moving contractility.") "Thus matters stood when I began my protoplasmic studies." "Where masters have failed, surely I, their obscure disciple, would never venture to come forward with a view of my own. But it so happened that by some fortunate accident nature allowed herself, as I believe, to be caught in my presence without her usual impenetrable guise. I could not help seeing what others have so long sought for in vain. By some strange fascination, I was drawn into giving careful attention to the peculiar amœboid movements displayed by homogeneous protoplasm. Day and day (sometimes for eighteen consecutive hours), and month after month for five years (from 1872 to 1877) I kept close watch on those slow and monotonous movements. From near and far a vast array of specimens were gathered showing every imaginable variation of this one central activity, the pushing forward and retracting of projections." "I followed the sluggish current of hyaline" (or transparent) "material, issuing from globules of most primitive living substance. Persistently it forced its way." "Gradually, however, its energies became exhausted, 'till, at last, it stopped an immovable projection, stagnated to death-like rigidity. Thus, for hours perhaps, it remained stationary, one of many such rays of the many kinds of protoplasmic stars. By degrees, then, or sometimes quite suddenly, help would come to it from foreign but congruous sources. It could be seen to combine with outside complemental material drifted to it at random. Slowly it would thereby regain its vital mobility, shrinking at first. But gradually, completely restored and reincorporated into the onward tide of life, it was ready to take part again in the progressive flow of a new ray. On the other hand, I watched also the brisk current of more highly elaborated but still homogeneous protoplasm," etc. "So I continued watching and pondering till it all seemed clear to me, till these primitive displays of vital activity had disclosed—to the satisfaction of my own mind—the constitution and interdependence of the elementary properties of life."

The results concerning motility are stated as follows: "I first showed that the pushing forth of protoplasmic projections and not the subsequent contraction of the same, constitutes the fundamental act of vitality; that contraction is dependent on previous spontaneous and active expansion." Thus the existence of vital spontaneity or self-initiated movement, which had been denied by biologists and declared impossible by physicists in general, was proved by actual observation. "A certain organic substance expands under chemical composition and afterward contracts under chemical decomposition. Its disintegration is incited by the dynamical influences of the medium. Its integration is brought about by its own inherent chemical affinity." Thus, "the display of

living motion on the part of the protoplasm, which has hitherto been contemplated under the aspect of an occult vital property called 'contractility,' has been proved to consist in an alternate expansion and contraction of organic substance, accompanying its functional integration and disintegration." "The power exhibited during motility is in reality the chemical power of specific affinity interwoven into the living substance, and inducing during its saturation expansion of the same." He also demonstrates how all essential organic divisions of the animal form,—its oral and aboral pole, its bilateral shape, its sensory surface, its integument, its contractile layer, its food-receptacle, its depurative organ,—how all these organic divisions necessarily result from the specific and unitary cycle of chemical activities which constitute the life of the living substance. These researches are described at length in the *St. Thomas's Hospital Report* for 1879, and more briefly, in *The Index* for December 25, 1884, as well as in the articles on "Monera and the Problem of Life," in *The Popular Science Monthly* for September and October, 1878.

To the five years thus spent he added two more on the Infusoria, and so produced a paper which appeared in the *Zenaische Zeitschrift für Naturwissenschaft*, volume xviii, and also in a separate pamphlet, under the title of *Ueber das Protoplasma einiger Elementarorganismen*. There he shows how the organization of Infusoria with all its peculiarities can be explained as a higher development of the different phases of the unitary cycle of vital activities which constitutes protoplasm, or the living substance. The paper has never been translated, but its most interesting portion, the attack on Darwin's theory of Pangenesis, may be found briefly summarized in a series of articles in *Mind* for 1880, which have been reprinted as pamphlets on "The Unity of the Organic Individual." Here may also be found his criticisms on the Polarigenesis of Herbert Spencer and the Perigenesis of Haeckel. Dr. Montgomery holds, however, that "Life is not a consequence of organization; but, on the contrary, it is the formless protoplasm that builds up organized forms."

Two more years of hard work enabled him to publish, not only as an essay in Pflüger's *Archiv für die gesammte Physiologie*, volume xxv, but as a pamphlet (Bonn, Emil Strauss, 1881), his observations of muscular motion, entitled *Zur Lehre von der Muskel-contraction*. Some of its most striking passages may be translated thus: "As soon as we admit, with most of the recent physiologists, that the protoplasm of the muscles is not essentially different from that of the lowest forms of life, it can be fully proved that it is solely the muscular substance itself which produces all the power exerted in motion." "The spontaneous chemical integration of the living substance is the key to the secret of its nourishment, growth, multiplication, resistance to

destructive influences and capacity of persistent reaction against stimulating impulses. It is, in fact, the power of resistance displayed in all vital function, a power which not only opposes itself to all encroachment from outside, but which moreover repairs the damage caused by such encroachments,—is the fundamental peculiarity of life." "The living substance is not an aggregate of equal molecules held together by cohesion." "It is a chemical unit and not a physical aggregate." "All the phenomena of life rest at bottom on specific chemical processes." "The chemical process which underlies muscular activity is not one of oxydation, but one of disintegration and reintegration." "The power of expansion is inherent in the muscular substance; and not due to any combustion, or other result of external influences." "The living substance treasures up within itself, as internal wealth, the organic results of endless previous elaboration. Raised thus above the destructive ravages of time, an indivisible, specific totality, it gathers the life of the past into simultaneous presence, and confronts in ever rejuvenated wholeness the scattering and perishing things of this world. It is the living substance that is perennially persistent, not the dead configurations of unfeeling matter."

This paper is also interesting, as demonstrating that the muscles are not composed of cells, and thus enabling Dr. Montgomery to reply more emphatically than ever in the negative to the question he has recently taken to head a pamphlet: "Are we Cell-aggregates?" Here he expressed (in November, 1880) his hope that "we shall be delivered from having to consider ourselves a congregation of ever so many primitive lives, and shall feel scientifically restored to the full dignity of indivisible autonomous personalities." The reader who prefers to consider himself as a person, and not as a congregation, would do well to read carefully not only the pamphlet just quoted, but those on the "Unity of the Organic Individual." (*Mind*, Nos. xix and xx). And further evidence that we are not mere aggregates of cells acted upon from without by some higher power may be found in the arguments in the *Popular Science Monthly*, September, 1878, that "Nature does not consist of so many particles of inert matter held together or pushed about by a set of mysterious agents." "All vital efficacy resides in the living substance itself, and forms an integral part of its specific nature." "The power of our life is intrinsically wrought, not extrinsically derived." Dr. Montgomery says in an unpublished letter that "The recognition and clear demonstration of the unity of the organic individual constitutes the solid basis for all my thinking." He is receiving he informs us "spontaneous letters from prominent scientists expressing their adherence to my views, though with considerable caution as yet." Many eminent German botanists, have recently, as he says,

found out that "the entire protoplasm of a complete plant forms a continuous substance. What have formerly been taken for separate, closed cells turned out to be only partial partitions between different portions of the continuous protoplasm which is seen to flow in and out." The adoption of this view, and consequent recognition of each plant as a single, coherent entity by Professors Sachs and Klebs, is fully stated in the *Biologisches Centralblatt*, for Nov. 15, 1884. Prof. Kollman, too, of Basel, has adopted Dr. Montgomery's view of vital motility and gives him due credit in a paper on "Elementares Leben," which forms a part of the great German collection of scientific essays, edited by Virchow and Holtzendorf. Most German physiologists now ascribe the movement of muscles to their inherent chemical properties.

The theory of the convertibility of forces, however, involves the assertion that, as Mayer says: "The muscle is not itself the material by means of whose chemical metamorphosis the mechanical effect is produced," but "only a machine through whose instrumentality is brought about the transformation of force,"—namely of heat into muscular power. Dr. Montgomery has been accordingly forced to oppose a current scientific belief, which Spencer expresses thus: "The law of metamorphosis, which holds among the physical forces, holds equally between them and the mental forces. These modes of the unknowable which we call motion, heat, light, chemical affinity, etc., are alike transformable into each other and into those modes of the unknowable which we distinguish as sensation, emotion, thought, these in their turn being directly or indirectly retransformable into the original shapes." (*First Principles*, sec. 71). The inconsistency of the theory of the convertibility of forces with the fact of the stability of natural phenomena, has been urged by Dr. Montgomery, not only in the *Popular Science Monthly*, September and October, 1878, but also in a lecture published in *The Index* for August 27, 1885, previously read before the Concord School of Philosophy—"Is Pantheism the Legitimate Outcome of Modern Science?" † and more exhaustively in five articles, which appeared October, November and December of the same year in *The Index*, on "The Dual Aspect

of Our Nature." Here he protests against "such a riot of metamorphosis as is implied in the convertibility of every manifest mode of the unknown into every other mode of the same, which means, in fact, the convertibility of everything into everything else. Let no one think this is an exaggerated statement. The reasoning is simple enough. Every phenomenon in nature is the manifestation of one and the same force. Such force-manifestations are mutually convertible. Therefore, there is no phenomenon, material or mental, which is not convertible into any other phenomenon." He maintains that "conceiving mental phenomena as modes of an all-comprising unknowable," implies transcending the limits of organic individuality and falling into pantheistic idealism; that feeling and brain motion are not mutually convertible; that our present existence is "not in the least phenomenal," but a part of "the utmost reality of life;" that this reality is larger and much more permanent than consciousness; that "our mental presence constitutes in itself the symbolical though practically reliable representation of the very powers of nature by which it is produced;" that "mind is an organic product," and that "our veritable nature is a permanent non-mental entity, of which our mental phenomena are an ever renewed afflux."

In his address on "The Scientific Bases of Religious Intuition," written by special request for the last convention of the Free Religious Association, and printed in *the Index* of May 27, 1886, the Doctor says: "Our own being, from the very dawn of living existence, has been fashioned to the core, in ceaseless interaction with the powers that constitute the outer world. We ourselves are individually something, some one, only in relation to the world in which we are living. Very visibly, there is not a single part of our body, down to its minutest textures, that is not corresponding to some outside relation." "And our mind, in its widest sweep and its highest flight, has clearly no other normal function than the conscious realization of our relations to outside nature. Only—to us human beings—the relations to our own kind, those most intricate, highly elaborated and refined relations making up our social life and culture, have assumed pre-eminent importance in our mental existence. They are in the real medium, in which we humanly and morally live."

† DR. MONTGOMERY'S paper, read before the Concord School of Philosophy last summer was regarded by many as the ablest essay of the session. It was extravagantly praised by some and criticized by others. A writer in the *Congregationalist* wrote:

"An elaborate paper from Dr. Montgomery, on The Platonic Idea and Vital Organization, was in some points the most distinctive one of the year, an altogether new and fresh line of thought being opened up by it. The writer, though owning a name unfamiliar to the popular ear, is one of the ablest of living physiologists. He believes that the present aggregative theory of life is incorrect, and utterly at variance with any true theory of evolution, and has given years to exhaustive experiment in demonstrations of his theory. Unluckily, his English is so German, and German of the most complicated and bewildering nature, that the bristling undergrowth must be cleared away before one can fully realize the beauty and power of his presentation.

THE following lines appeared in the Boston *Record*:

OUT-PLATOING THE PLATONISTS.

A Texan has floored the Concord crowd,
Sing high! and sing ho! for the great southwest;
He sent 'em a paper to read aloud,
And 'twas done up in style by one of their best.
The Texan he loaded his biggest gun
With all the wise words he ever had seen,
And he fired at long range with death-grim fun,
And slew all the sages with his machine.
He muddled the muddlers with brain-cracking lore,
He went in so deep that his followers were drowned,
But he swam out himself to the telluric shore,
And crowed in his glee o'er the earthlings around.

ENVOY.

Oh Plato, dear Plato, come back from the past!
And we'll forgive all that you e'er did to vex us
If you'll only arrange for a colony vast
And whisk these philosophers all off to Texas.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE-THOUGHT EDUCATION.

To the Editors:

The very interesting articles in numbers one and two of *THE OPEN COURT*, by Messrs. Davidson's and Jappe, have awakened in me a desire to say a word on the subject, if you will be so kind as to grant me a small space in your splendid journal.

The subject is one which is nearest my heart and embodies the fondest hopes of my life. The ideas advanced in both articles are, on the whole, splendid. Yet I feel that the writers' conceptions are hardly broad enough and the great central idea underlying the subject has been overlooked. In the consideration of this subject free-thinkers should ask themselves what are the objects of a free-thought institution of learning. Mr. Jappe says Mr. Davidson "is mistaken if he believes that a free-thought college will do much good; it is not in the colleges that the mind is framed, as far as the feeling of fear and hope, of reverence and esteem, are concerned." Is, then, the highest object of a free-thought college to make free-thinkers of our boys and girls? If this were all, there would indeed be little gained. All our colleges are doing this in spite of the superstitious influence surrounding them.

What is it, above all other things, that is needed to secure the most rapid advance of the cause of free-thought? Is our greatest need an institution or organization, whether it be college or lyceum, that will send forth from its doors avowed and aggressive free-thinkers as the above statement would indicate? I answer no. The most imperative duty now resting upon us, is not so much to guard the youth of our land against the poisonous influence of superstition, as to enlist into the active service of free-thought the thousands of men and women already free from its taint. Do this, and there will be no need to warn the young and growing minds against the snares of orthodoxy. The comparative weakness of the cause of free-thought is not due to a weakness in the number of free-thinkers. Three-fourths of our people to-day are either avowed free-thinkers or silent rejecters of orthodoxy. The orthodox element of this country form a very small majority. And yet orthodoxy, the great stumbling block in the path of progress, permeates every vestige of our progressive civilization and holds the seat of highest honor, while free-thought, the embodiment of all that is progressive, crouches before the tyrant, a trembling slave. Think of the thousands of free thinkers who, while looking upon the Christian system as a mass of superstition, deem it policy to remain silent. What is the cause of this? Here is the key-note. Superstition wears the silken garb and jeweled signet of honor and respect, free-thought is covered with the slimy robe of approbrium and looked upon in contumely and scorn. Whence this state of affairs? You answer, the church is thoroughly organized, free-thought is unorganized. True, and in what lies the chief strength of this great organization, without which orthodoxy would not dare to face the all-searching criticism of the nineteenth century civilization? There can be but one answer. It is the vast system of colleges and universities that are dedicated to the cause of superstition. Give us a few good free-thought colleges and the cause of free-thought will command the respect of the world; and, indeed, this should be the profoundest of reasons for establishing them. This is a practical age. The world demands of every system the fruits of its workings. When asked what free-thought has done for mankind, we proudly turn, and truly too, and point to our magnificent educational system, but the church says, not so, this is the child of Christianity. And, by the way, when we think of the old adage, possession is nine points in law, we feel like dropping our claim.

Let us then build to the honor and glory of our cause a few imperishable monuments that will stand alike the ravages of time and the batteries of superstition. Let us establish a few free-thought colleges and universities. Then will free-thought become a title which all will be proud to wear. Justice will be meted out for the glorious work it has done, orthodoxy will lose its hold upon the world, our public schools will become purified and there will be no need for free-thought lyceums to make free-thinkers of our boys and girls. Until the name free-thinker is respected and honored by the mass of humanity equally with the name Christian, our lecturers, our press, our writers, our lyceums, our thousands of earnest workers in the army of free-thought, can avail but little. To accomplish this we must offer to the world something tangible, something to which we can point as the glory of free-thought, something to which orthodoxy can lay no claim. Pre-eminently this something is a free-thought institution of learning and this should be our chief object in establishing one.

M. D. LEAHY.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors:

In these days of rapid transit, when places as distant from each other as Boston and Chicago are brought near together and communications between them are exchanged in a few hours, and their commingling influences tend to obliterate their local peculiarities and give to them common resemblances and affinities, it becomes less difficult to be reconciled to the removal of *The Index* to the more favorable soil of the West, than it would be if these considerations were wanting; though one may deplore the exigency which seems to render it expedient, or miss in the metempsychosis the familiar aspect and features of its pre-existence.

It is true we who dwell at the "hub" are disposed to feel that Boston is the natural home of all progressive things, the spot where alone they can healthfully thrive, and whence hopefully emanate. And there has been much in its history, as all the world knows, to nurture this persuasion. It is not strange, therefore, despite the happy auguries that accompanied it, that we witnessed the departure of what we had been accustomed to regard as peculiarly our own and possessing a certain indigenous relation to this locality, in some sense our oracle, (if it is lawful for radicals to have one), at least with special endearment and pride, to the care of other hands and to what we are apt to consider a less genial intellectual clime with feelings that were not wholly complacent. But all things change in this changing world. The Boston of to-day, it must be confessed with humiliation, is not the Boston it was once. Nor is the Chicago of to-day, it is safe to assert, I think, exactly the Chicago of twenty years ago, in respect to much which then marked the difference between the Eastern and the Western city, and especially that was incident to the latter's immaturity, rapid growth and the prevailing influence of material pursuits. A leveling process has been going on during these years which has largely reduced the inequalities that they bore in relation to each other. It may seem almost disloyal to write it, but there are some signs that while Chicago has increased Boston has decreased in important particulars. Indeed there are those who boldly intimate, not in Boston of course, that it has lost the literary prominence it so long maintained, that New York has already appropriated the distinction. It must also be admitted that Chicago is no longer to be counted an insignificant competitor in the pursuit of such honors. Certain it is that those who occupy the high places of power in our city at present and exercise a prominent, if not a controlling authority and influence in its educational and public affairs, and give the tone in no small degree to its social life, are as a rule of other than New England birth, and of quite a different type from those who presided in

former days over its interests, when Boston was famous for its genuine social culture, its illustrious names in literature and the professions, its philanthropic spirit and independent thinking.

Nevertheless, there will be for a considerable time to come, with all good wishes for its successor, in this neighborhood and wherever it has gone, among the friends and readers of *The Index*, a feeling of real regret at its decease and a deep sense of deprivation at the loss of its accustomed weekly visits. Its record has been in all respects a noble one. No journal has surpassed it in vigor of thought or critical ability or crowded its columns more fully from week to week with matter worthy of the attention of earnest, truth-seeking, free minded people. It is a fortunate circumstance in connection with the new journalistic enterprise at Chicago, that its editors come to their charge with all the advantages of several years' experience in the same relation to its predecessor; and hence have an intimate acquaintance with the constituency for which they are to fill the office of purveyors. Both the editor in chief and his capable assistant are of New England origin and life long associations, but while this is the case, the former does not go to the West as a stranger. It was his business for years to travel and lecture all over it. Probably there is no one who is personally better known to the liberals of the country whose voice has been heard in so many places or before a greater number of liberal gatherings, like one of old crying in the wilderness — the wilderness in his day of modern errors and superstition — preparing the way for the coming of a higher righteousness and reason. It is thus that the editors of this new organ of liberalism are to assume the trust assigned them with eminent qualifications adequately to appreciate and sympathize with the characteristics and peculiarities of East and West alike. It seems, therefore, as though nothing remains, but for earnest liberals of both sections, in fact everywhere, to give the new enterprise their cordial and helpful support. All hail! then, we say, to THE OPEN COURT, may it live long and prosper. We pass to other matters.

The two Sams, Small and Jones, have come and gone. The event may not be one of great interest to liberals, but it has been to the orthodox world in this vicinity and the public in general. I fear that *veni, vidi, vici*, can hardly be written of their visit. There are still unmistakable signs that Boston is not saved, after all the nine days' sensation of their preaching. The course of things does not appear to have changed, but to all outward discernment proceeds as before. I do not hear of less arrests at the station houses. The liquor traffic seems as flourishing as ever. I do not believe anyone can point to a single saloon, after all this tremendous charge upon satanic strong holds, that has been closed. The number of the poor wretches who stagger through the streets has not apparently diminished. Teamsters and herdic drivers are no gentler, so far as I can see, in their manners, nor do they swear less vigorously at each other upon slight provocations. What is the good of all this turmoil and pow-wow if simply those who are tolerably decent and respectable already, from whom the community has little if anything to fear, are the chief conversions? The sceptical, in view of these things, cannot refrain from the question, whether, if the same amount of zeal and money had been spent in labors to alleviate the actual misery which always exists in all great cities like ours, and especially at this season, it might not have been a work as urgent and important as efforts so largely influenced by mediæval views of the misery of another and future state of existence. And yet it must be confessed that, for those on certain planes of life, there is a power in this old theology and its methods which more enlightened conceptions and processes do not possess, a power to lift them up, perchance, a little higher in the scale of being. Unfortunately, this lifting process is one that has to be pretty often repeated in some instances, and the attitude attained is not even

then a very commanding one. Other evangelists, it is announced, are to follow those just mentioned, indeed have already begun their work. In fact, it looks as if Boston was about to undergo a siege from these invaders.

This is one way of trying to make the world better, of seeking to reclaim the wicked and degraded of our city, but I confess I am more disposed to believe in the worth of the results of such a plan as that proposed for our North End wards by Hon. George S. Hale at a recent meeting of the Unitarian club. It is to provide a simple and spacious building in that part of the city, which is chiefly occupied by foreigners and the poorer classes of people, which shall contain "a coffee house or restaurant for uninjurious refreshments; a regulated pawnbroker's shop where the poor and needy may obtain loans, without extortion, on their humble securities; an attractive hall where, for a moderate price, simple and innocent amusements may be offered freely during the week to tempt those it is desired to reach from those dangerous and vulgar and where there may be temperance meetings and others for open and friendly discussions of political and social questions, popular lectures and classes, athletic exercises, rooms for games of billiards, draughts, dominoes, bagatelle, for smoking and reading, for friendly societies, and on Sunday for religious services with music and choir, not limited to any sect or faith; where the Knights of Labor, the members of trades Unions and their employers may meet for friendly discussion and conference. 'I would throw open these rooms and halls,' said the essayist, 'to every man of orderly speech and life who, in honesty, felt he had a mission to the rich and poor — I would not inquire into his theology or his political and social orthodoxy, but I would 'hear his cry.'" This is the liberal "plan of salvation" for the sinning and "poor and needy." Its practical character is too obvious to need commendation.

The epidemic of strikes, so prevalent throughout the country nowadays, and of which this part, it would seem, had hitherto had its share, has been especially violent of late in this city. The outbreak began this time, with the strike of the conductors and drivers of the South Boston horse railroad company. This was followed a few day later, by a general strike on all the lines of the Cambridge roads connecting with the city, thus throwing several hundred unemployed men into the streets, with all the liability to turbulence and danger to the public which such a state of things engenders. As both roads run through sections occupied by the worst class of our people, acts of violence and lawlessness have attended the running of the cars in these localities, especially at night and on Sundays, to a very alarming extent and have made policemen's duties along the route something more than a sinecure or idle pastime. The substitutes, or "scab" conductors and drivers have been subjected to continual annoyances on their trips from the beginning to the end, and have held their places in the face of most exasperating and deadly perils. They have been hooted at, some of them fiercely assaulted and knocked from their cars, and have met with severe bodily injuries, while brickbats and paving stones, hurled through the windows of the cars, have rendered the experiences of those inside more exciting than agreeable. After a number of weeks of this state of things in our good city of Boston, the strikers on the Cambridge roads voted to give up the strike, and those on the South Boston road soon followed their example. What is the lesson? The companies have been very much embarrassed in their business, and the community in general in its interest and convenience. The men, too, have lost much. Perhaps in proportion to their means more than all others. They have been for weeks unemployed, with loss of wages, living on previous earnings, or incurring debts, while both they and their families have suffered much privation. The question arises in view of these events, whether there is not some more excellent

way than the way of the strike for the workingman to adopt to establish equitable or satisfactory relations between him and his employer and obtain the rights which belong to his labor.

Here in Massachusetts there still linger, as is well known, many of the vestiges of the code of the Puritans in our statutes, and especially in regard to the observance of Sunday. There has been a good deal of radical and legislative powder and dynamite of a verbal sort expended first and last to get rid of them, but with little more effect than a like assault upon the rock of Gibraltar. Within the last year there has been a strenuous effort to put these existing Sunday laws in force. What is the use, we may presume our astute or pious legislators reasoned, to have Sunday laws and make no use of them? So the edict went forth in many places that the barbers and bakers, druggists and news venders, and all who did business on the "Lord's day" should henceforth cease from these occupations on that day. The surest way of getting rid of obnoxious laws, it is often said, is to try to enforce them. The saying seems to be verified in this instance. The subject has already occupied much of the attention of the present session of our legislature and is not yet disposed of. Different bills have been presented and discussed, each prepared with the intent of satisfying, so far as possible, the orthodox conscience and intolerance on the one hand and the necessities of our modern life and the growth of rational intelligence on the other. A task that is not altogether an easy one.

There seems some prospect that Boston may soon follow the lead of some of the cities of the country, Chicago among the rest, I believe, in providing police stations with matrons to have charge of women under arrest at these places. The matter is eliciting much public interest and is warmly endorsed by the governor, the mayor and many of our leading citizens and philanthropists. It is hardly creditable to Boston, in view of the number of cities in which this custom exists, that it should have waited so long before waking up to an act of so simple and obvious humanity.

Boston abounds in clubs. Their growth has been very rapid within the last few years, and the number continually increases. We have women's clubs and men's clubs, church clubs and political clubs, college clubs, musical clubs, art clubs, literary clubs, schoolmasters' clubs, business and trade clubs, and often a number of any single one of these varieties. Indeed, the remark has been made that it is likely to be a distinction in Boston by and by for a person not to belong to a club. Among these numerous and various clubs it may be of interest to know that liberals also possess a distinct representation. The Liberal Union club has been some three or four years in existence. It has a membership of a hundred or thereabouts of liberals distinguished for character and intelligence. The president is Mr. Francis E. Abbott, the projector of *The Index*, and for many years its brave and brilliant editor. The meetings occur on the last Saturday of each month at Young's Hotel, the favorite resort of such gatherings, whose elegance of accommodation, appointments and service, and artistic culinary skill is not surpassed by any similar establishment probably in the country. The programme on these occasions consists of a supper, which is pretty sure of appreciation at least, whatever may be the fate of its other parts, and an essay, with addresses, with some musical or other entertaining exercises interspersed at fitting points in the course of the evening. The February meeting of the club was a red-letter night in its history. It was distinguished as "ladies' night," a new departure for the club. In other words the members were expected to bring ladies with them, one each at least, as guests of the evening. The proposition was received with favor. It gave the members an opportunity to show their wives and daughters, or some one's else wives and daughters, as the case might be, how their evenings were passed at the club meetings. The attendance

on this occasion was between sixty and seventy. Miss Mary F. Eastman, the essayist of the evening, spoke on "Our Duty to Speak our Utmost Thought;" the paper was vivacious and pleasing and not too heavy for an after dinner exercise. Miss Eastman was followed by the venerable Mrs. E. D. Cheney, who, with a few appropriate words, beamed her motherly benediction on the occasion. Mr. W. L. Garrison, in easy flowing verse, gave expression to some of his "utmost thoughts." One was, ladies should also be members of the club, and another, that wine and cigars should be excluded. Here endeth the first letter, and too long a one, I fear, of your Boston correspondent. CLAYTON.

HOW SUNDAY LAWS ARE MANUFACTURED.

To the Editors:

BOSTON, March 17, 1880.

The recent debate of two hours in the Massachusetts House of Representatives showed me, not only how such laws are made, but how they can be amended. The speakers cared little for abstract principles; but all agreed in their desire to come up fully to the standard of public opinion, and to whatever the people asked. There is good reason to believe that the laws against Sunday travel and Saturday evening amusements will be repealed, and also that the business now done illegally on "the Lord's day" by milkmen, newsboys, barbers, bakers, telegraph operators, gasmen, stablemen, druggists, horse-car people, printers, and other indispensable criminals, will be legalized by special exceptions to the general prohibition of business and labor. It is still a question how far these kinds of Sabbath-breaking are to be limited to special hours, and whether people who keep the real Bible Sabbath every Saturday, are to be permitted to open their shops and expose their wares for sale. It should be remembered, that in all other respects they have been allowed to labor and do business for the last fifty years, and that the request to be allowed to show goods publicly, as well as to sell them privately, does not appear to come from the most enlightened members of the body. The most important difference is about amusement, some members calling for total abolition of what they stigmatize as the blue laws, while others oppose letting of boats, etc., and insist that nothing more lively should be permitted than a concert of sacred music. One Solon, professing to speak from a purely humanitarian point of view, said: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath; and for this reason there ought not to be any recreation on Sunday." Others protested for amusements in the name of the poor. Still, whatever disagreement there is in the State House is due to the different habits prevailing among the people. Our legislators all wish to ratify what has already been decided by public opinion, but they are not likely to go any further in reform.

Whatever is done in repealing the laws against Sunday travel, or particular kinds of business, or Saturday evening amusements will be done not to open agitation but to the quiet agreement of the whole community to treat all this part of our legislation as null and void. I remember when our theatres used to announce that they would give performances Saturday evening, in order to test the law. Here in Massachusetts a statute has to be tried and found wanting, before it can be repealed. Our legislators say plainly: "If you will prove that the law against Sunday amusements cannot be enforced, we are willing to alter it; but so long as the community submits contentedly, we see no occasion to interfere." For those of us that think, as I do, that more freedom in Sunday recreation is necessary for the health and good behavior of our people, especially the poor, our duty is plain and urgent. It is not preaching but example that will do the work.

H.

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token?
Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative?—Whittier.

DEATH IN THE CAGE.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

In China old, in any city street,
 You still may see what stirs your noble rage,
 Yet scarce gives pause to any passing feet—
 A man within a cage!

A narrow, upright box, so cunning made
 That on his head atop the sun doth pour;
 Hung by his jaws he lacketh much of aid
 From toes that touch its floor.

And there attached a scroll that bears his name,
 His age and race and occupation late,
 His sentence—death—and what he did to shame
 The laws of sov'reign state.

And also this: the penalty extreme
 To him who, softened at the heart, should think,
 However great the culprits' need might seem,
 To give him meat or drink.

And there he hangs, and moans and shrieketh shrill.
 In supplication as you pass his way,
 And then grows faint; but no less pleadeth still
 Tomorrow, as to-day.

But not for aye; quick nature's chord is broke,
 And heart-strings snap when too intense the strain.
 The third day comes; his need is looked, not spoke,
 And he is past his pain.

The air is still; no living sound near by,
 Save where the crowd a little space away
 Strives eagerly, beneath his glazing eye,
 For seats to see a play.

And he is dead! one life the less is nought
 In all the millions that survive in pain;
 When man is valueless, the thought
 Of how he dies is vain.

Now he is dead write China's thousand years
 Beside this woful picture here apart:
 Age may adorn; but how unloved appears
 Gray head that hath no heart!

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE ORIGIN OF THE FITTEST."

The readers of THE OPEN COURT will, I am sure, be grateful for having their attention called to a book just from the press of Appleton & Co., entitled *The Origin of the Fittest*, by our ablest American biologist, E. D. Cope. I do not hesitate to say that, since Darwin and Wallace, no investigation has been more important or more ably conducted than that embodied in this book; and that since Spencer and Lewes no generalizations have been so profound and wonderful. Difficult as the work of the earlier evolutionists was, that of this later or second school is no less so. Darwin assumed, or allowed to rest, the conception of a Creator, only dispensing with the idea of special creations. He distinctly avowed the view of a single primal creation, in which, inherent, was the full potency of self-evolving purposiveness manifested in evolution. This complete "Natura" needed no after-meddlings or supplements, or extra natural miracles. But later evolutionists are quite of a different mind. They have taken

such theists as Diman and Hamilton at their word, when they say, it is "evidently our duty to push the first cause as far back as possible." They have given one final push, and lo, the final cause is not to be found; so the contest stands to-day a simple one between those who assert with Newman, Diman, Mivart, "We believe in One who is apart from, and above Nature, the cause, etc.," and those who find in the manifest substantial universe all of causality. Bishop Foster's idea of creation is probably very nearly the common theistic view, when he says, "The world was fitted up for man's occupancy, with adequate means inherent, or *supplemented*, to meet all his needs." Supplements! to the work of an all-wise Creator! "I thank thee for that word!" It reminds me of an "Appendix" I saw carved to an epitaph on a tombstone in a Western cemetery.

I need not say that "The Origin of the Fittest" is fully committed to the later and broader evolution. It does not hesitate to go back of the "beginnings" of life on our globe and seek for the origin of *life*, and of that which life involves: consciousness, matter and force are the primal trinity which must be accounted for. Are they derivatives or primitives? In other words, are they the constitutive eternal elements? or is there a God, a Being apart from Nature, who either creates matter and force or imparts to eternal matter and force his own sentience?

The one emphatic and descriptive quality of the later evolutionism is the acknowledgement that matter and force alone do not cover the universe as it is, nor as it was primordially. The rhizopod, equally with man, manifests a sensibility and a purposive desire that is not included in the energy that is purely material. Huxley, in his late passage of logic with Mr. Lilly, says, "The main tenet of materialism is, that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force, and that all the phenomena of nature are explicable by deduction from the properties assignable to these two factors; all this I heartily disbelieve." Professor Cope's argument is everywhere underlaid with this presumption, or rather demonstration; for I take it that what a final reduction of the universe in the crucible of analysis insists on giving us, that we must take as demonstrably certain.

So the problem is carried immensely back of Darwinism. The essays entitled "Catagenesis" and "Archæsthetism," I believe to be the two most remarkable and able attempts in metaphysical evolution extant, excepting possibly the accompanying essay, entitled "Consciousness in Evolution." To give a review of such articles would be only to repeat or epitomize them, and the latter attempt would be futile, as the essays are exceedingly concentrated. I will simply suggest one of the final conclusions of Archæsthetism. The question arises whether there may not be in and throughout the universe some generalized form of matter which can sustain consciousness; for clearly, so far as our investigation goes, consciousness is associated only with protoplasm; that is, with a certain specific chemical union of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. By a course of able reasoning we are led to this conclusion. "The presumption is that such a form of matter may well exist. Evolution or organization has only worked up part of its raw material in the organic world." I wish I could spread before your readers pages of this magnificent generalization. I must not undertake it. Equally powerful is his handling of catagenesis, or retrogressive evolution. The problem is to account for that consciousness, or sentience, or sensibility, or "feeling," as Lewes terms it, which characterizes primordial life, when the common life divergently becomes on the one side animal, on the other vegetable. What does the vegetable kingdom do with this property of sentience, or is it also in reality now a sentient part of the world? Prof. Asa Gray argues that it is sentient. The discussion by Prof. Cope clears the subject of a host of misapprehensions. The key of it

is that energy, as soon as it becomes automatic is no longer conscious. The vegetable kingdom is a display of automatic energy. The animal kingdom is also full of automatism in the form of reflex action or instinct, but is also largely conscious.

Carrying back these general conclusions we reach the final conclusion that mind and matter are no more to be conceived as separable in the universal than in the individual. The individual as such is not dual, but unal, a substantiality. So, of the universal, it can be conceived only as a One, absolute, involving both matter and mind.

"The Origin of the Fittest" is equally valuable as a discussion of organic evolution. It is to Prof. Cope we owe the generalizations, and to a large extent the investigations, connected with the enormous fossil finds in Colorado and throughout the West. In 1874 he foretold that the ancestors of a large group of Tertiary Mammals when found would prove to be pentadactyle, plantigrade bunodont; that is a five-toed walker on the sole of the foot unlike our ruminants, and possessed of tubercular molar teeth. In 1881 the prophecy was fulfilled. The genus, so far best known of this division, is called the phenacodus, but the group is known as condylarthra. Converging in this condylarthra group are traceable backward by nearly complete lines, the ox, deer, camel, hog, hippopotamus, horse; also the carnivorous lion, tiger, wolf, bear; but, above all, the lemur tribe. To this lemur tribe, as a common ancestor, the apes and men are now traceable. Before this work of anatomical biology all other synthetical results stand unified. I look on it as the most superb triumph of science of the last twenty-five years. The article which most explicitly recounts this progress of generalization was published in *The Popular Science Monthly* of September, 1885. But the general results are contained in the volume I have named, "The Origin of the Fittest." The great geological basin of the West has revealed the story of the last five millions of years with an accuracy, that twenty years ago, seemed an absolute impossibility. The Tertiary Mammals are in reality one family, moving out on diverging lines from one ancestral type to become the carnivorous and herbivorous occupants of the globe. Of all these man stands most closely to the original type. He is plantigrade and pentadactyle. The horse, the ox and all the other genera of this stock are in structure, not only more divergent from the ancestral type, but completer in the organic sense, in bone, and muscle and sinew. Fortunately our group made a blunt stop in the way of polishing bones and toughening sinews and put all its energy to brain-building, and on that line, and for that reason, behold man! But I must leave Prof. Cope to speak for himself.

E. D. POWELL.

PARLEYINGS WITH PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN THEIR DAY.
By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887;
pp. 187. Price \$1.25.

Browning apparently intended gently to "point a moral" by the title of this latest work of his pen, that moral being the evanescent nature of certain sorts of fame, for none of his "people of importance in their day" excepting Fust, the inventor of printing, will be readily recognized by the general readers of this; they are Bernard de Mandeville, a venal writer who had no perceptible faith in the good and true in human nature; Daniel Bartoli, a chronicler of pious legends; Christopher Smart, whose only "smartness" or perhaps inspiration was shown by a poem scratched by him on the walls of a mad-house where he was confined because of insanity; George Budd Doddington, whose superficial scheming secured him a title; Francis Furini, an artist whose specialty was as a painter of the nude human form; Gerard de Laresse, an artist who, losing his sight, was yet so enthusiastic over his calling that he dictated a work in eulogy of it, and Charles Avison, a composer of simple marches. These

"parleyings" give one the impression that Browning has summoned "from the vasty deep" or some similar place, the restless ghosts of these "people of importance" to whom he deals out in his own infinitely vague and "I-know-it-all" sort of way, master-like philosophical deductions from possible (though rather improbable) lessons from their lives and works. To the commonplace reader, the strongest and clearest poems of the book are those which open and close the volume,—the prologue entitled "Apollo and the Fates," and the epilogue "Fust and His Friends",—but there are clear-cut, cameo-like, robust bits of verse, appreciable by all, in most of the poems, in proof whereof we quote sparingly from much that invites. Says Apollo, in the prologue arguing with the remorseless Fates for the life of Admetus:

"'Tis man's to explore
Up and down, inch by inch, with the taper his reason:
No torch, it suffices—held deftly and straight.
Eyes, purblind at first, feel their way in due season,
Accept good with bad, till unseemly debate
Turns concord,—despair, acquiescence in fate."

From "Francis Furini" we take this recognition of the wide scope of scientific investigation:

"Science takes thereto—
Encourages the meanest who has racked
Nature until he gains from her some fact,
To state what truth is from his point of view,
Mercy pin-point though it be. Since many such
Conduce to make a whole, she bids our friend
Come forward unabashed and haply lend
His little life-experience to our much
Of modern knowledge."

In the same poem Browning puts into definite form a question which has doubtless arisen in the minds of many thinkers who have hesitated over the dubious word:

"'Soul'—accept
A word which vaguely names what no adept
In word-use, fits and fixes, so that still
Thing shall not slip word's fetter, and remain
Innominate as first, yet, free again
Is no less recognized the absolute
Fact underlying that same other fact
Concerning which no cavil can dispute
Our nomenclature when we call it 'Mind'—
Something not Matter—'Soul' who seeks shall find
Distinct beneath that something."

In this poem the theory of evolution is criticised from the poet's peculiar point of view, strongly, of course, though uniquely.

OPINIONS OF THE OPEN COURT.

THE COURT opens gloriously and I hope it will examine and decide all questions within its jurisdiction in the same masterly way *The Index* did.—FRED BECK, Boston.

THE OPEN COURT more than fills the gap left by the suspension of *The Index*.—MRS. MARY GUNNING, Florida.

In body and dress it exceeds what I had expected. There is a beauty about its face and a free intelligence gleaming through its matter which becomes at once an allurements. And I, of course, wish you speed and lasting possibilities.—H. L. TRAYNELL.

THE OPEN COURT opens splendidly. The articles I have been able to read are very rich and suggestive.—CHAS. D. B. MILLS.

THE OPEN COURT received, I am more than pleased with its appearance and contents. It is a publication that cannot be overpraised and one which deserves more than praise—*financially* *suppo* l.—HARRY HOOVER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE OPEN COURT looks well, reads well, promises well. Its success depends, I think, upon its being a *Journal*. It must grapple with passing events and give the news of "the movement." Essays may help, but cannot give success.
JAMES PARTON.

I have just read through the third number of THE OPEN COURT, and congratulate you on its excellence. It seems to me that the three numbers thus far issued may be compared as good, better, best.
ROWLAND CONNOR.

"The Court," OPEN COURT, is a most admirable and fortunate title. Everybody smiles when shown it, and some have pleasant remarks concerning it. Judge — likes this "judicial title." "Yes, yes," said one gentleman, "that's what we need—an 'open court!' I suppose you will give a fellow a chance to jaw back?"
G. P. DELEPLAINE, Madison, Wis.

The Open Court.

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DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

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LABOR CRANKS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The most interesting passage in Harriet Martineau's *Retrospect of Western Travel* is one in which she describes the three eminent senators, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, as they appeared to her in 1836, when they were in the prime of their celebrity and power. She heard them in the senate and spent many evenings with them in the most intimate and familiar converse. She speaks of Henry Clay sitting upright on the sofa, with his snuff-box always in his hand, discoursing for many an hour in his soft and deliberate tone, on some leading subject of American politics. What surprised her was the moderation of his judgments of men and things, knowing well what an impetuous spirit he had derived from nature and circumstances.

She describes Webster, too, not merely as the giant debater of the senate, but also as the delightful companion, leaning back at his ease, telling stories, cracking jokes, shaking the sofa with burst after burst of laughter, occasionally rising into serious discourse, to the perfect felicity of intelligent hearers. The picture she draws of these two famous men gives us the idea of sanity and cheerfulness; of men with great powers employed in high, congenial tasks; not indeed devoid of ambition, but possessing also a genuine and over-mastering public spirit.

Her account of Calhoun is sadly different. She speaks of him as the cast-iron man, who looked as if he had never been born and could never be extinguished; full of close, rapid, theoretical, illustrated talk, which kept the understanding of the hearer on a painful stretch, but left it unenlightened and unconvinced. He had but one subject of discourse, a theory of government narrowed to the dimensions of South Carolina, and forced to include as integral parts Slavery and Nullification. It was interesting to hear him, because all that he said gave evidence of intellectual power, but the final impression left upon the stranger's mind was one of absolute melancholy.

"His mind," she remarks, "has long *lost all power of communicating with any other*. I know of no man who lives in such utter intellectual solitude. He meets men and harangues by the fireside as in the senate; he is wrought like a piece of machinery, set going vehemently by a weight, and stops while you answer; he

either passes by what you say or twists it into a suitability with what is in his head, and begins to lecture again. * * * Relaxation is no longer in the power of his will. I never saw anyone who so completely gave me the idea of *possession*."

In these few words of Miss Martineau's we have an excellent description of that type of man to which we now give familiarly the name of crank, the man who has become unteachable, or, as the lady says, has lost the power of communicating with other minds. This, I should say, is the special characteristic of the man who harps upon one idea. He never views it by the light of other minds; he never sees it in its relation to other ideas.

That was a great touch of Miss Martineau—"he had lost the power of communicating with other minds"—and it describes many of our too positive brethren of to-day. Many of them are of a far nobler type of man than Calhoun, because they lost a portion of their sanity through an honest and overwhelming compassion for the human lot. A very large number of people are in danger of getting cranky from this cause; not that men are more unhappy now than formerly, but because we have become more susceptible to their unhappiness. We are less able than we once were to sit down content with a fortunate destiny, while there is misery close by. France had never been in a condition less bad than in 1789, when the revolution broke out. She had become aware of her unhappiness, and the discovery drove her mad.

Probably no man who, touched by human sorrow, honestly tries to relieve it, ever quite fails to be of service, because even if he tries in wrong ways, his errors are instructive. At least, he may call attention to evils which he is himself powerless to remedy, as the midnight shriek of a woman who sees a rock ahead while the helmsman nods at his post, may save the ship. The shriek is heard; it wakes the man at the wheel; it calls the captain; it alarms the crew; and the vessel sheers away from the rock-bound cape in time.

On the other hand, no one is more likely to get cranky in his opinions than one who broods too much over the sorrows of mankind. A person of tender heart, young, unused to the sight of suffering, little acquainted with the past history of our race—its slow and hard struggle from want almost universal to plenty

almost universal—may very easily get astray, and give passionate credence to fallacious theories. Perhaps I may be pardoned for alluding to my own experience, the recollection of which suggested this subject, and has enabled me to explain many wild theories and many one-sided men.

At the age of twenty, during a year's residence in England, I was taken to visit one of those vast poor-houses, then called Unions, in which the paupers of several parishes, sometimes thousands in number, were, for the sake of economy, maintained together. It was an appalling spectacle to one who had never before seen destitution except as an obvious result of vice or sudden calamity. I beheld immense numbers of paupers in a county teeming with luxuriant crops, and those paupers not of alien race, but natives of that soil, not vicious, not degraded, but, apparently, well-disposed, respectable persons, some of them having a striking aspect of purity and refinement. What startled and shamed me most was the deference these unhappy people paid to the visitors. When we entered the wash-house, for example, where a hundred clean, orderly, and nice-looking women, all dressed in blue, were ranged along on both sides bobbing up and down over their tubs, they all stopped, stood erect, made two quick but low curtsies, and then resumed their work.

This was too horrible. I felt myself blushing scarlet, and hurried out of the room in an agony of shame and pity. But into whatever other room we entered, this uniform double curtsey was repeated; as if it was not we who should bow low to *them*, and humbly apologize to *them* for our insolence in enjoying freedom and plenty. At last, I saw something which broke me down completely. It was an interview between a mother and her son, a boy of fourteen, who had been allowed by the officers of the poor-house to join the drum-corps of a regiment of infantry under orders for India. She had just been told of it, and she was trying to understand it; trying to grasp the idea that her boy, the only solace left to her, was about to march from his native parish, never to return while she lived. Her grief, her despair, her awful silence and stillness, her infinite and irremediable desolation, were far beyond words to describe. I have never been so near insanity as I was during the rest of that day, and I did not quite recover my serenity until I had got out of the country. I am conscious that I had a narrow escape, if I did escape, from being a labor crank. Such a scene gets the understanding under, and may easily disqualify a person from thinking beneficially.

The very same spectacle, which could then be seen in every county of England and Scotland, caused Carlyle to write a harrowing book on the subject, called *Past and Present*, in which he painted the evil with terrific force, but suggested remedies of the most frivolous

inadequacy. He was a crank, made such by egotism and imperfect knowledge. Two other men of healthy minds and generous hearts, Richard Cobden and John Bright, took off their coats, as Mr. Parnell expresses it, and worked with all their might for six years in getting the Corn Laws repealed, which gave to the people of Great Britain cheap food, and thus reduced pauperism to endurable proportions for thirty years.

"The dismal science," was what Carlyle called political economy. He was a crank who had lost the power of being instructed by other minds—not ignorant merely, but a despiser of knowledge. Cobden took *one leaf* out of that dismal science, set free those paupers and gave his country another chance. Cobden was a modest, teachable, great man, infinitely removed from crankiness.

The eminent crank of political economy, the perfect type of the class, was Fourier, whom Horace Greeley introduced to our notice in the *Tribune* forty years ago. In the year 1799, during a period of scarcity in France, he was a merchant's clerk at Marseilles, in the employment of a firm engaged in importing provisions. They had a large quantity of rice on hand, a leading article in food in Southern France. In order to maintain the price of this commodity, his firm kept a cargo so long during the hot weeks of the summer that it was spoiled, and young Fourier was sent on board of the vessel to superintend its destruction by the crew. The rice, I believe, was thrown overboard.

This clerk was a young man; he was benevolent, and at this time he was filled with compassion for the sufferings of the poor in Marseilles, whom this rice would have relieved, and, particularly, the sick in the hospitals, for many of whom in the climate of the Mediterranean, rice is the only food and the best medicine. The destruction of the rice, which seemed to him so wantonly cruel, rankled in his mind, and appears to have destroyed his power to communicate beneficially with other minds. Instead, therefore, of making an extensive and modest study of the vast and complicated system by which the human race is supplied with the necessaries of life, he retired within himself, went apart from men and business, and came rapidly to the conclusion, so congenial to cranks, that whatever is, is wrong. He developed what we call Fourierism, or, as he termed it with the modesty of his type of reformer, "a system which will deliver the human race from civilized chaos." Who has written more eloquently of the evils of the world and the sufferings of mankind? He described commerce as the art of buying for three francs a thing worth six, and selling for six francs a thing worth three. But the world has gone its way, and whatever improvement has been made in the lot of mortals since Fourier's time has been wrought by men not perhaps more benevolent than he, but more modest, better informed, men

who, before attempting to serve our race, have put themselves humbly at school to its long experience.

We have among us at this time an uncommonly gifted writer, a good citizen, a benevolent man, who during the forming period of his mind had opportunities to study closely three countries in which the people were wrongly related to the land. This man is Henry George, and those three countries were India, California and Ireland. In California fifteen years ago, the huge land grants of the Spanish proprietors made it extremely difficult for men of moderate means to procure land enough for a modest American farm, and this at a time when the towns of California were overflowing with adventurers, who had obeyed Horace Greeley's well-known injunction, until they had reached the Pacific ocean and there was no more West for the young man to go to. Brooding over this state of things he came to the conclusion that the land, like the air and the sea, belongs to all the people alike, and that private ownership of land is wrong. The nation, he tells us, should own the land and draw from it, and from it alone, all the public revenue. As he stood at his printer's case he reflected perhaps too long and too exclusively upon the scene around him, and upon the similar difficulties in Ireland and India.

In his eloquent book upon *Progress and Poverty*, he appears to me to have escaped a great and invaluable truth, applicable to all property and to all countries, which is that every right of man is a limited right, not absolute, and that a man must hold whatever he possesses in subordination to the welfare of the community of which he is a part. But this precious truth is not new. Every system of law and morals recognizes it. With his gifted pen and benevolent mind he may yet throw valuable light upon it, and suggest safe and just ways in which the rights of individuals may be still further subordinated to the interests of the public. Take Henry George, however, for all in all, and we may call him one of the most estimable and reasonable of the reformers of our day. If he is now shut up in a narrow theory, there was a time when he studied the works of other economists. He may do so again.

The men who really help us to a better life and a happier lot are tolerant, patient, modest and good-natured. They may be students, like Newton, Adam Smith and Darwin; legislators, like Cobden and Gladstone; statesmen, like Jefferson and Lincoln; warriors, like Washington, Sherman and Grant; but they are all patient, open to conviction and accessible to other minds; well pleased if they can succeed in elucidating one truth, or in mitigating ever so little the lot of man. The great are all teachable. They never lose the power of communicating with others.

One of the beneficial effects of the clubs and societies, now so common among us, is in making us

acquainted with other minds, and in subjecting our favorite opinions to free comment and criticism. Free and friendly intercourse with other minds, widely different from our own, is the natural remedy for crankiness.

"Good-bye, Butterworth," cried Mr. Twigg, of Virginia, as the late House of Representatives was dispersing on the 4th of March. Mr. Twigg is a democrat, and was a secessionist; Mr. Butterworth is a republican from Ohio. "Good-bye, Butterworth: I never thought I could like a republican; but two years' experience has liberalized me greatly, and I now have as many republican friends as any man in the House."

The intelligent reporter who overheard this remark, appended to it a comment which is worth repeating:

"What Mr. Twiggs said is true of every new man. He comes to Washington a partisan" [possibly a crank] "believing that all the good is in his own party and all the bad in the other. Before he has served one session he has learned to esteem his opponents quite as much as his party friends. He serves on committees with republicans and democrats alike. Before his term expires he realizes that human nature is—human nature, no matter what its political convictions may be."

All of which confirms our principle that the source of human wisdom is the whole of human experience interpreted by the whole of human intelligence. To afford access to this multitudinous sea is, I suppose, the proper object of education, and the chief benefit of your OPEN COURT.

REASON AND PREDISPOSITION.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

That most men in the formation of their opinions are governed more by predisposition, or unconscious bent and tendency, than by reason, is obvious enough. Indeed, reason is the faculty by which we seek to justify the course of this deeper seated predetermining force or bent. We gravitate naturally to this opinion or to that, to conservatism or to radicalism, to realism or to idealism, and we seek for reasons that favor *our* course. Considerations which are of great force with certain types of mind are of little or no force with certain other types. Reasons that confirm what we already believe or want to believe, how forcible they are! But if they point the other way how lightly we esteem them!

Thus, Irenaus, the real founder of the Christian canon, was led to believe there could be no more and no fewer than four Gospels, because there were four universal winds and four quarters of the earth, and because living creatures were quadriform. So Justin Martyr argues that because Jesus blessed the juice of the grape and said "this is my blood," he could have had no human parentage, but was the son of that God who made the grape and the vine. This is giving a natural basis to dogma in a quite unexpected way.

With most men reason is an advocate and not a judge. It does not so much try the case as plead the case. Unless we watch ourselves very closely, instead of trying to see all things in their true light, we will find ourselves trying to see only those things that favor our view.

Reason is probably only a secondary faculty after all; or more strictly, it is a *faculty* and not a determining power. It is like the compass which the sailor takes to sea with him and to which he constantly refers in keeping his course, but which has nothing to do in determining that course. Every man goes his own way, and of the agents that determine him in any given direction, whether original bent, inherited traits, the influence of his training, or of his environment, he is but dimly conscious; his reason is the conscious instrument by which he tries to steer on his predetermined way.

Hence it is, that Cardinal Newman says, that in his going over to Rome it was not logic that carried him on; "as well might one say that the quicksilver in the barometer changes the weather. It is the concrete being that reasons; pass a number of years and I find my mind in a new place; how? the whole man moves; paper logic is but the record of it." The great Cardinal may have been logical after he once started for Rome, but what made him drift that way? It was because he was a born papist from the first; one can see the stamp of Rome upon him in his youth.

Probably most of us come into possession of our religious beliefs in the same way Newman did—we grow into them; they are slowly and unconsciously built up in our minds. We think we reason ourselves into them, but we find ourselves in possession of them, and then we seek to justify our course by an appeal to reason. In our day religious opinion, or religious feeling, sets less and less store by dogmas and creeds, and it is because, as Newman suggests, there has been a change in the weather. Yea, a change of climate. Natural knowledge is in the ascendant. The sun of science has actually risen, indeed, rides high up in the heavens, and the things proper to the twilight or half knowledge of a few centuries ago, flee away, or are seen to be shadows and illusions. The great mother Church may draw her curtains, and re-trim her lamps and make believe it is still night in the world, but those outside know better, and those inside are bound to find it out by and by. Newman is a careful reasoner, but what would satisfy his mind will not satisfy all, because we are not all going his way. What is a fair breeze to one may not be a fair breeze to another. See how easily he accepts the doctrine of transubstantiation: "Why should it not be? What's to hinder it? What do I know of substance and matter? Just as much as the greatest philosopher, and that is nothing at all!" Might not we reason in the same way? Why should not Santa Claus come

down the chimney? What's to hinder? The chimney is open at top and bottom, and has a definite capacity of good, honest cubic inches. At the same time do not we children of an older growth ask *does Santa Claus come down the chimney?* This author of the *Grammar of Assent*, assents to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception on scarcely more tangible grounds, namely, "because it so intimately harmonizes with that circle of recognized dogmatic truths, into which it has been recently received." The mind bent upon truth alone, would be inclined to ask, "does it harmonize with the rest of our knowledge of the world? Does it agree with what we know to be facts governing human propagation?"

The great Romanist reasons himself into the belief in the infallibility of the Pope in about the same way. He makes certain startling assumptions to set out with,—supposing this and that to be true the infallibility of the Pope naturally follows. "Supposing it to be the will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs, and to make provision for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself, so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human skepticism, in such a case,—I am far from saying that there was no other way,—but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world, invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters." But has he introduced such a power; what is the proof of the fact? *Are* the Christmas stockings filled by way of the chimney? The fact Newman accepts and reasons from it, or to it, as we see. His reason follows his belief, never leads it. Any number of difficulties, intellectual difficulties, he says does not make a doubt. Certainly not where experience attests the thing to be true. But suppose it is contrary to all experience, contrary to all the principles upon which human observation is founded—how then?

Of course we are not always to reject a proposition simply because we cannot understand it or penetrate it with the light of reason. We do not know how or why species vary, but we know they do vary. We do not understand the laws of heredity, but we know heredity to be a fact, and so with thousands of other things. Do we know transubstantiation to be a fact? There are difficulties in the way of evolution, but these difficulties are not such as violate nature, but such as indicate that nature may have taken another course in the production of species. The difficulties in the way of believing in the efficacy of holy-water, or that the image of the Madonna winked, or that Elisha made iron swim, are of quite another sort; these assumptions contravene all the rest of our knowledge.

Our theological doctors talk about the short range of the *unaided* reason of man, and seek to show how revelation comes to the *aid* of reason; as if the reason could

be aided by anything but reason, by anything reason does not approve of or comprehend. They mean, of course, that the truths of revelation could not be reached by the unaided reason. But are they *truths*? the reason asks. Certainly reason could not lead a man to them, and it requires something different from reason to hold the man to them after he is there. To talk about aiding the reason by a superior principle of knowledge, or a superior method of verification, is like talking about seeing around a corner, or on the other side of a stone wall. The very principle you propose must itself be approved by the reason. Microscopes and telescopes aid the eye by multiplying and extending its powers in its own direction; not by the addition of any new principle of vision. In the same way the discovery of the law of gravitation or the laws of Kepler, arms and extends the human reason, of which they are the fruit. Power alone can use power, the eye alone can use the telescope, not the hand or the ear.

THE RADICAL.

BY EDNAH D. CHENEY.

Having occasion to look over numbers of the *Radical*—published from about 1865 to 1872—I was struck with the force and ability displayed in its pages, and led to compare the movement which it represented with that of the transcendentalists, about thirty years earlier, whose organ was the now famous *Dial*.

The latter movement is now recognized as having had great life-giving power, and its inspiration has not yet lost its hold on many minds. It was full of youth, freshness and beauty. It opened up broad avenues of thought and life, and returned to the original fountains of spiritual truth, instead of drinking of stagnant cisterns, no longer renewed by the pure rains of heaven.

And yet as I read the pages of the *Radical*, I recognized a real advance in the movement which it represented over that of the transcendentalists. No sharp and definite line can be drawn between them, for both were in the same direction and in many instances the same minds took part in both; but still the comparison is of interest.

No organization beyond a social club was attempted by the transcendentalists, and the expression of individual thought was perfectly free and spontaneous. Yet there is a general agreement in aim, and a similarity in expression which gives a distinctive character to the *Dial*. It is like a blossoming out of the Unitarian faith into beauty and fragrance, for it is full of the joy of religion and of the value of æsthetic culture. It does not, generally, deal with important moral questions practically, but by appeals to the higher intuitions. It is rather artistic than scientific.

The radical movement attempted organization in the Free Religious Association, but it has hardly been an

instrument of much work, or a very binding tie. Yet it has had great value in giving this most expressive name which binds together freedom and religion in a true wedlock, instead of separating them as things hostile or alien.

Most of the writers in the *Radical* base their speculations less upon intuitions and more upon established facts than the transcendentalists, and they do not shrink from the keenest criticism of anything, however venerable, or the plainest words into which their thought can be put.

To them, I think, we are largely indebted for the greatest step in modern liberalism, which reached a position outside of Christianity, from which it can be looked at in fair comparison with other religions. This is such a gain as astronomy made when Copernicus dared to teach that the sun was not the center of the universe; it alone made it possible to bring all the religious experience of humanity into harmony and order. Great minds had certainly gone beyond the narrow limits of their own faith and recognized truth in ancient and modern religions. Emerson had already said: "Jesus would absorb the world, but Tom Paine and every coarse blasphemer helps us to resist Jesus." Theodore Parker had planned his *History of Religion*, but even he had said: "Silence the voice of Christianity and the world is well-nigh dumb," and he contended stoutly for his right to the name, which he held above every name.

But the new movement did not claim the name of Christian. It took the altitude of every religious star, not from its relation to Christianity but to eternal truth, and freely opened its platform to representatives of every form of worship.

So evidently was the time ripe for this step, and so successful has it been, that what required courage to profess in 1865 and '66 is now the fashion, and the representatives of heathen religions, not converts to Christianity, (although generally shaming Christians by the justice and liberality with which they revere the character of its founder), are welcomed to orthodox pulpits and are courted in society. There is even danger that a tide of Orientalism, with its fascinating speculation, may sweep over us and carry away many useful landmarks and guideboards which the human race has set up in its onward march. It will not destroy the foundations of the earth.

This movement for broadening the sympathies of religious faith has had the powerful aid, without which it could not have been successful, of the great freedom of intercourse between distant nations, of the advance in Oriental scholarship, and of the great scientific movement which has put all thinking upon more exact and stable basis.

The thinkers who expressed themselves in the *Radical* have done but small portion of this work, but they

have recognized its meaning and value, and applied it in their own domain of religious thought. T. W. Higginson's *Sympathy of Religions*, William Henry Channing's lectures on Eastern religions, and Samuel Johnson's noble volumes on India, China and Persia, show the power thus gained of looking at the past or present history and thought of the human race; not from any personal standpoint, but as related to the whole evolution of thought in history. It does not seem possible that any enlightened class can ever again return to the bigotry that looks upon all who are not born within the shadow of the cross, as miserable heathen living "where God was never known."

It is true we have yet Andover discussions, but they only serve to show what a vital question this has become, and that some, even of the missionaries, have learned that they must understand and respect the piety of the people to whom they are sent, and not shock their filial reverence by offering them a heaven from which their venerated ancestors are forever excluded.

So rapidly has the work which the *Radical* and the Free Religious Association proposed to do, extended in all directions, that we cannot trace it to its distinct sources, nor say how large a part this or that agency has had in bringing it about. Yet in looking over the old monthly once so welcome a guest, I could not but wish to acknowledge an indebtedness to it for sowing broadcast the germs of much of the good which we are reaping now.

The work which lies before us yet is less revolutionary and exciting. It is the use of the freedom that has been already gained, in the close application of great truths to practical problems. We need more of close study, severe thinking and careful experiment, before we can claim that we have put theology upon a true scientific basis and given it its true position as solving all the great questions of human experience.

A SORELY TEMPTED GENERATION.

BY ALFRED H. PETERS.

During the last fifteen years there has been, throughout the northern United States, a remarkable number of criminal downfalls among business men. Petty officials, public and private, have been constantly reported short in their accounts, and "Behold a city for sale," has twice been shown to be as true of the American metropolis, as it was when the African prince declared the same of the metropolis of ancient Rome. When, beside these disclosures, it has become necessary to reinforce the officers of the law with a numerous body of private detectives; when all kinds of mechanical contrivances are being resorted to in place of conscience; when the cities of a border nation are filled with a permanent population of our fugitive thieves, is there not reason for inquiry why it is

so much harder for men to be honest than it was a generation ago.

If, as certain later economists affirm, the degree of a nation's civilization is determined by the number of its wants, greater progress has been made toward that condition during the last twenty-five years by our own than during its whole previous existence. Not, indeed, intellectually, or physically, so far as concerns human necessity, does there appear to have any great change taken place. People's stomachs hold no more, their backs are no broader nor their brains heavier in the last quarter of the nineteenth century than in the first. Of, however, certain sensual and emotional gratifications, whatever ministers to luxury and fastidiousness, or to vanity, curiosity, or excitement, there does appear to have arisen during this time a greatly increased desire.

While the general average of incomes has undergone a considerable increase, that increase has in no wise kept pace with the increase of wants, so that the question of how to make both ends meet is, to the majority of Americans, a more serious one than it has ever been before. Reasons exist for this changed social ideal, as well as for the discrepancy between income and expenditure which has been its result.

With the second half of the present century there began, throughout the free States, a period of material prosperity which, industrially and speculatively, offered, for twenty years, an opportunity of enrichment to all conditions of men such as the world has seldom seen. The extension of steam transportation; the development of manufactures; the discovery of gold in California, and the bountiful product of the West, all together contributed to make the ten years between 1850 and 1860 the most remarkable wealth producing decade known in our history. The ten years following, notwithstanding nearly half of them were noted for destruction of wealth stimulated individual enterprise even more than the ten years before.

Recognizing in the new order of things a great opportunity, and inheriting two centuries of thrift and self-denial, the generation of men now passing away became the most inveterate workers and accumulators that any nation ever produced. Considering the capital upon which they operated, their returns were much greater than business returns at the present time. The foundations of most of our colossal fortunes were laid by men born twenty years before, or twenty years after, the beginning of the century. To the men of that time it was no great effort to withstand those allurements of sense and of imagination which began to attend upon the presence of fortune. They had reached middle life or past it; their habits had been long formed, their pleasures, outside of their business, were few and primitive, and they could not have enjoyed anything else if they would. The sense of possession could destroy in them but a

small measure only of that spirit of abstinence in which they had been bred.

Very different was the school in which were reared their successors. The standard of subsistence had risen. The luxuries of the fathers became the necessities of the sons, who thus acquired manifold desires and a capacity for entertainment heretofore undreamed of. Often receiving polite educations, their energies were distracted from the main chance. Many were unfitted for industrial life by the excitements of army service. Surrounded by an atmosphere of prosperity, getting on in the world appeared, to the men entering action between 1860 and 1880, a very much easier matter than it had been to their fathers. The American of to-day surpasses the American of thirty years ago in the ability to enjoy fortune, as much as the other surpassed him in the ability to obtain and preserve it.

To those influences which had already begun to change our social and economical ideals, was added the inflation of values caused by the unsecured paper currency issued by the national government in 1861. Do but consider the result. The apparent gradual increase to double its former price of every commodity, save interest-bearing securities, and an equal apparent increase in the wages or fees of all professional or personal service. At once began a period of unnatural business activity. Everybody was consumed with a desire to buy and sell, the result being a rush from all other occupations into trade. Young men looked forward to but one career—that of a business life. Town population grew apace; that of the country stood still or went backward; and the government, to perpetuate the good times, forced its citizens to make use of the high priced and inferior wares produced at home by imposing a prohibitive tax upon the better and lower priced articles manufactured abroad. With the expansion of trade came the expansion of credit; never before was borrowing so easy. A man could open a place of business with a stock of goods bought on time, hypothecate his merchandise to speculate at the board of brokers, and sail a yacht or drive a fast horse by payment of enough money to execute a mortgage thereon.

Most demoralizing of all was the growth of a rampant gambling spirit, and the making possible a means of so-called speculation, which is not even worthy the name of a game of chance. The lottery had been declared unlawful because of its dissipating the earnings of the people, but, in comparison with the game by which it was succeeded, the lottery was legitimate business. Its patrons risked only the price of a ticket, and it was win or lose and done with till next time, but marginal speculation is a constant fluctuation between profit and loss; now baiting its votary with success, now drawing upon his resources to preserve his holdings, a perpetual anxiety and distraction from other occupations, with, finally, the

same end as the lottery—only the managers obtain any profit. Few, save its agents, are aware of the extent to which people of every condition seek to increase their incomes by this hazardous resource. Lawyers, clergymen, teachers, legislators, public officials great and small, managers and subordinates of financial and industrial organizations, artists, literary men, and even women and children.

Thus began the "gilded age," the era of imitation, of extravagant ornament, of valuing everything by its money price, and of the idea that something was to be had for nothing. Good taste and the eternal fitness of things underwent as much degeneration as did judgment and principle. Amid such influences is it any wonder that prudence and moderation should, to the new generation, have ceased to be virtues?

Finally the tide turned, and, by a lingering process of ebb and flood, prices shrunk back toward the point of starting. When the reaction culminated in the collapse of 1873, thousands of men in the prime of life found themselves with only nominal occupation, and as many more, accustomed to dealing on their own account, sought employment in some fiduciary capacity among the firms and institutions surviving the wreck, or in those which new capital began presently to organize. These men had been educated in a school ill-fitted to graduate candidates for positions of trust.

With the descendants of the old stock, now began to compete in business the sons of those millions of immigrants who had settled here between 1850 and 1860. These young men, early forced into the world on their own account, had that greatest of all advantages in the obtaining of fortune—no advantage at all. Not averse to the mechanical trades, or to those coarser and more independent occupations which had been deserted by the sons of the native, many of them hoarded their earnings, became capitalists and often directors and employers of those by whom their fathers had been looked upon as an inferior class. It is to be noticed that most of the polite crime of the day is perpetrated by men bearing colonial names. The sons of the foreigner began at the foot of the ladder and worked their way up. The sons of the native, beginning midway, or at the top, have too often fallen headlong, or been slowly working their way downward. There is, as a rule, no chance to which men will not resort in order to maintain that position they have been accustomed to hold among their fellows.

The monopolization of business by corporations or great industrial firms offers more opportunity for dishonesty than when it is distributed among a larger number of active proprietors. An institution managed by a board of directors, or by a private secretary and attorney, is not like one conducted under the eye of a single master who is familiar with its every detail as well as with the personal habits of his associates. It is among the officers

and accountants of manufacturing or banking enterprises that half of this malfeasance happens, whose temptation to hazardous ventures is often the example of their own employers.

Our system of education has been the means of turning many honest fellows into unsatisfactory members of society. Patterned after the ideal of a feudal aristocracy it is, indeed, admirably fitted to make men polite, white-handed, and exclusive, but, unless they are to devote themselves to teaching what they have themselves been taught, it is, so far as concerns material provision, an obstacle rather than an aid. What is called higher education is a luxury, and too often, like every other luxury, enervates men for the business of getting an honest living. To educate, beyond his calibre, a boy who must make his own way in the world is worse than not to educate him at all. The extent to which over-refinement weakens principle, reverses instinct and deadens sympathy, is standing proof of the truth of Thoreau's saying that "there may be an excess of cultivation, as of everything else, until cultivation becomes pathetic." To develop wants in a youth which it is probable he can never gratify, is to add to his temptations, and is to society a curse more often than otherwise.

A certain moral looseness, the legacy of these unsettled years, yet fills the atmosphere of affairs. The success of everyone is measured by material standards. The best business man is he who obtains the largest profit; the best professional man he who receives the largest fee; the best politician he who keeps himself most constantly in office. Society asks of a man not so much concerning what he is, as concerning what he does. Simple honesty, as a qualification for business position, is less regarded than the rapid dispatch of work, the pleasing of influential patrons, or the ability to influence patronage by the applicant himself. Listen to a pair of ancients asking after each other's children, and the inquiry is not whether they are honest, or wise, or brave, or patient, or generous, but are they "making anything." A well won fame, without accompanying fortune, is a dangerous possession, so great is the temptation to make business capital of it. The social standard has been raised so high that men's energies must be devoted almost wholly to the obtaining of a subsistence. The burden of our politicians is of how rich we are, and of how much more rich we shall be twenty years hence. If honor among us has not been reduced to the Falstaffian estimate, those positions in which it is the main wage often go begging for fit occupants.

The ideal citizen of our republic needs a power of adaptation and an integrity almost superhuman. He must be, at the same time, a gentleman and a drudge; a student and a man of business; accumulative as well as public spirited; honest as well as enterprising. No labor of the old demigods was equal to his. No medieval saint

had so many temptations to resist as he. The terms are too hard for most of us in these alluring times. We set out with high resolves, strive for a while, then rush wherever circumstance impels us, and, as Emerson says: "do what we must and call it by the best name." Verily, men and brethren, if our offenses have been great, our temptations have been also great.

The lives of most men are merely adaptations to the spirit of their age. Our time has, beyond any other of which we have record, developed a universal appetite for whatever ministers to the pleasures of sense and the pride of life. Men pray every day to be delivered from temptation and rise from their knees to go immediately in quest of it. We are like children spending their holiday pittance in a candy shop, anxious to have as many of the goodies as possible and obliged, therefore, to be content with a taste of each. But "this or that, not this and that, is the rule to which all of us must submit." We may possess nothing desirable without giving something of value in return. There is, however, this never to be forgotten difference between a valuable quality and a valuable material possession; we may obtain a rare commodity, or the means of commanding it, by the effort of others, but the effort which obtains a valuable quality can never be any other than our own. We must pay dear for every luxury, and dearest of all for the luxury of being an honest man.

IS THE CHURCH WORTH SAVING?

BY LEWIS G. JANES.

The query, "Is the church worth saving?" is so often repeated, not only by those who are avowedly hostile to the claims of supernatural religion and organized Christianity, but by many who still maintain a formal connection with one or another of the Christian sects, that it merits the thoughtful consideration of every liberal and progressive thinker. It is urged, on the one hand, that the method of the church is theological and unprogressive; that it fails to grapple energetically with the living questions of the time; that it spends its force and capital drawn from the hard earnings of the people in sustaining "creeds outworn;" in prating about the affairs of another world, instead of striving for the betterment and salvation of man in this world. A thoughtful and candid writer—Professor William Graham, of Queen's College, Belfast, in his latest work, *The Social Problem*, repeats in even more emphatic language the indictment of the Christian church which he presented some years ago in his *Creed of Science*. "The old function, discharged by our old spiritual guides," he says, "is palpably, in the eyes of all thinking men, doomed; it is dying, unless it can transform and readapt itself to the spiritual and moral and social wants of the new time—a thing nearly impossible, as history shows, and rather to be hoped for than expected." The complaint of Emerson that we are

“preached at” too much, receives the practical indorsement of multitudes of our leaders in thought, of our scientists, philosophers and educators, who join the greater multitude of the careless and indifferent in absenting themselves from all regular attendance upon the services of the church. The fear of hell and the coercive power of secular authority being removed, many withdraw all support from organized religious institutions, and many more retain a connection with them which is purely conventional and formal, conscious of a total want of sympathy with the doctrine, ritual and service which they countenance by their presence, and pecuniary aid. “I have no heart in it,” said an intelligent young lawyer and college graduate to me the other day. “I am not instructed or morally inspired by the sermons. I do not believe the doctrine. It is all a bore. I am kept in the church simply by my family connections and associations. I attend service to avoid giving offense to my friends.”

The enormous untaxed properties of the churches are a standing menace to the principle of religious liberty on which our government was founded. The plea that the church is a guardian of the peace of society, a conservator of public morals, which is urged in support of the exemption of religious properties from taxation, has very little force in the minds of thoughtful people. An institution which requires this government “protection,” which admits itself a pauper, and even joins in a shameless scramble for a share of the public moneys for the support of its sectarian charities, does not stand in a position to become a forceful teacher of righteousness—a rebuker of wrong in high places—a defender of the poor and oppressed against the power and wiles of the oppressor. The morality of the pulpit is conventional and emasculated. It declaims against Mormonism in Utah, organizes societies to convert the Jews, launches its thunderbolts occasionally against Agnosticism or the fatal errors of some rival sect, but touches the sins of its own pews with gloved hands, and fears to grapple with the pressing social evils of the time. Its newest gospel is two thousand years old. It speaks the language of a forgotten age. It leaves the heart out of the teaching of Jesus, while it wrangles about the form of his doctrine and the “mint, anise and cumin” of ritual and phrase.

Such is the indictment, we may almost say the popular indictment, against the church to-day in England and America. Such, doubtless, is the feeling of a vast number of liberal and progressive thinkers, not all of whom have had the courage of their opinions, it is true, but who, nevertheless, are at heart, in general agreement as to the character and utility of the ordinary pulpit teaching. Many do not hesitate to avow that the clergy are “lost leaders,” time-servers, pew-panderers; that the church, as an institution, has had its day, and should give way to other agencies for ethical instruction and social regeneration. In answer to this indictment, it is urged, even by

some who have no belief in the popular creeds, that the church is nevertheless useful to society. It has a certain value as a cement to the social organism. It keeps people conventionally good. It creates a circle of public opinion within the larger circles of society, which helps to hold men to a formal allegiance to social law and order. It is an aid to the police. Its fear of hell, so far as it is still a vital belief, helps to make men do right. There are many who, like the popular clergyman, would “have their fling” if it were not for the dread uncertainty of the after-life, and such as these are kept in order by the church.

What shall the thoughtful student, anxious to conserve all that is good in present institutions, believing in social evolution rather than in revolution, strenuous in defense of public and personal morality, earnest in search for a solution of the pressing problems of our time, answer to this question, “Is the church worth saving?” If it is to continue to follow the old conventional standards, I think he must answer that it is not worth saving; that the sooner it gives place to the Ethical Society, or to some other active and modernized agency for social and individual improvement, the better. If the church is to fight on under the old flags, organized religion will become more and more organized hypocrisy. For the Mrs. Partingtons of the pulpit cannot stay the tide of modern, progressive thought; cannot turn back the advancing columns of scientific discovery, or break the irresistible logic of rational philosophy based upon the facts of experience. They cannot meet the cry of the starving poor, the demand of the manual laborer for a larger share of the product of his labor, the universal aspiration of all thinking men and women for a higher education and larger liberty, by an aptly quoted text of “sacred Scripture,” a doctrinal sermon, or the sensuous æstheticism of sacred music and ritual. The multitudinous charities of the church—and I gladly recognize their number and their value—cannot cover the greater multitude of its sins against sincerity, reason, and the noble striving to make pauperism impossible by removing its causes. It cannot atone for its neglect to educate and help men for nobler living here, by all its doubtful information in regard to that unknown land beyond “the bourne from whence no traveler returns.” Nor can the coward’s plea that it is “safer” to yield a conventional assent to the dogmas of the popular religion, long continue to hold manly men and womanly women to the service and support of the church. The judgment of the intelligent, independent thinker is sure, ultimately, to become the judgment of the masses of the people. This is a utilitarian age, but it is also an ideal age, seeking ever for the highest uses of things; and the church will be judged, and if need be condemned, by the standard of the higher utilities;—not by the question whether or not it serves as a convenient adjunct to our police

system. The church must be something better than a coward's castle if it would escape the fate of becoming a picturesque ruin at no very distant day.

Is there, then, no hope that the church, regenerating itself, may again become a regenerator of mankind? I believe that there is some hope that it will renew its usefulness, put on the garment of reason, learn to speak the language of to-day, and render to man the service which he demands in return for his allegiance and support. I find it in the pulpit utterances of such men as Phillips Brooks, and Heber Newton, and Charles R. Baker and Bishop Potter, in the Episcopal church; Minot J. Savage, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett and others, in the Unitarian church; Washington Gladden and Lyman Abbott in the Congregational church, and others in different branches of the "Church Universal." I find it in the growing tendency to rationalize the ancient creeds by transforming them into the likeness of modern scientific and philosophical thought, as was attempted by Henry Ward Beecher in his latest discourses, and notably at an earlier date by Minot J. Savage. I find it in the increasing attention which the pulpit and religious press are paying to the social problems of our time—to the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Let us hope that these tendencies may continue—that the church will prove itself worth saving, and be saved to become the helper and savior of man. Myself a firm believer in personal continuance, I would have its waning hope renewed by a deepening consciousness of the worth and beauty of our daily life—as it can never be by futile appeals to Scripture texts, or the alleged miracle of Jesus' resurrection. *Fulness of life*, in the individual and in the social organism—this should be the object of our striving,—the high goal of our ambition. That the church may serve us in promoting this noble end, let us hope that it also will be endowed with a larger and fuller life—that it will take hold upon the vital questions of the day, and treat them in the light of the loftiest ethical ideals,—that it will assimilate the teachings of modern science, and impart their practical conclusions to the people, for the sanitary improvement of society;—that the thoughts of the pulpit may become more rational and hopeful and helpful, its teaching more honest and sincere. Let us hope that the church edifice will be honestly taxed, and opened not merely for two or three hours on a single day of the week, but that every day some helpful word of scientific, sociological or religious truth may be spoken there, to which those who most need and desire it may be freely invited. Let each church have its library and reading-room open at certain hours in every day and evening, its lecture-room for debate and discussion, its parlors for social reunion. Let it teach the gospel of science, the gospel of justice, the gospel of honest dealing and fair play. Let it become an arbitrator between the capitalist and the laborer, a

uniter of society into more fraternal relationships, a common ground on which the different social classes may meet, amicably discuss and justly settle disputed questions. Let it welcome honest thought and free discussion. So doing, it will prove its right to be, and thoughtful men and women will adjudge it worth the saving. To quote again, and finally, from Professor Graham:

"As to the church, there is perhaps one chance left for her, one course open, by accepting which she might * * * recover in large measure her hold on the lapsed masses of labor, might even, for a considerable time yet, discharge a real function required in our time in return for her pay. * * * Let her become the church of the people; become a militant church, fighting the cause of the poor, the needy and the oppressed; become what she originally was in large part, and the tradition of which she has never wholly lost. * * * Let her now take to works, instead of expatiating on faith, its mysteries and its efficacies,—to the work that Christ had at heart, and all the true prophets had at heart—to hasten the kingdom of heaven, to bring in the reign of righteousness, which means and ever meant a *régime* of social justice, in which the sovereign of whatever kind 'shall reign and prosper, and execute judgment and righteousness on the earth!'" So doing, she may at least be worthy of salvation, which is better, even, than "being saved."

REFORM PROBLEMS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD.

It is not probable that the Bible of the future will find much room for ghost-stories. A salvation-needing world is losing its faith in *post mortem* Utopias, and temporal existence has proved too evidently susceptible of improvement to leave the dogma of renunciation a chance to repress the incipient struggle for the recovery of paradise on this side of the grave. And moreover, the suspicion is gaining ground that the success of that struggle has been retarded chiefly by the very doctrine that promised to achieve the redemption of mankind by diverting their attention from earth to ghost-land. When the siege guns of Mohammed the Second were battering the walls of Constantinople, the citizens are said to have crowded the hall of a lyceum, where a couple of shrieking monks were threshing the wind of theological controversies; and metaphysics of that sort have unfortunately not been confined to the capital of the Byzantine Empire. While the neglected fields of our earth were fading from gardens into desert, we have waged fierce wars for the enforcement of senseless ceremonies and the interpretation of vapid rant about the mysteries of Cloud-cuckoo-town; but the result of that pursuit has finally opened the eyes of the spectre-hunters. They have at last rediscovered the truth that life can be made worth living, and the era of world-renunciation will be followed by an era of world repairs.

In the evolution of ethics exigencies become duties; and though many dogmas of the departing creed can be traced only to the wants of the priesthood, several tenets of the coming religion can be safely predicted from the secular needs of mankind. The moralists of the future, in demonstrating the insanities of "other-worldliness," could hardly choose a more striking instance than the thousand years' blindness to the consequence of *forest destruction*. The devastation of the woodlands which once covered the Eastern continent from the Himalayas to the Atlantic, has, in the literal sense, blighted our earthly paradise by reducing the habitable area of our globe from four-fifths to less than two-thirds of the total land surface; and there is no doubt that one-half of the devastated territory once constituted the most favored region of this planet. Forest destruction has turned garden into sand-wastes. It has turned mountain pastures into naked rocks and choked the estuaries of once navigable rivers with accumulations of detritus and pestilential diluvium. It has caused the failure of millions of springs, it has aggravated the severity of summer droughts, and the destructiveness of winter floods. It has depopulated the uplands of the Mediterranean shore regions; it has made the lowlands dependent on irrigation, and diminished the possibility of that expedient from year to year. In western Asia, northern Africa and southern Europe an aggregate of five million square miles has been wasted to the degree where the produce of tillage ceases to repay the toil of the husbandman; and, considering the climatic extremes of the Western continent, its bleak northlands and arid central plateaux, it might seem doubtful if the discovery of Columbus has even temporarily offset the results of neglecting the Eastern garden-home of the human race. The arable territory of the New World will soon be taxed to its utmost capacity of productiveness, and before the middle of the twentieth century the protection of the remaining woodlands will for millions become a question of self-protection. The forests of the uplands will once more become sacred groves; philanthropists will cover our worn-out fields with tree plantations, the culture of forest trees will claim a portion of the scientific efforts now directed towards the invention of tree-destroying machinery. Wars, even wars of rapine, will probably continue to the end of time, but their havoc will be partly offset by the nobler struggle of reconquering land from the desert.

The long neglect of physical education will likewise be retrieved by the dissemination of clearer views on the conditions of earthly happiness. The idea that the soul must, or can, be benefitted by the abasement of its material medium, will rank next to the witch-craft insanity as the most pernicious delusion of the Middle Ages, and the pagan ideal of a sound mind in a sound body will once more become the ideal of the civilized

world. The awakening of mankind from the fever-dream of the monastic era, and the consequent revival of science and freedom, has, indeed, been defined as a "war of insurrection against the anti-physical principle," and that revolt will not long be confined to the formulation of new theories and political constitutions. The civilization of the future will build a gymnasium with every school. Manly sports will no longer be held below the dignity of a well-bred citizen, and even the adherents of hyper-physical dogmas will admit that the possessor of an immaterial soul cannot afford to neglect his material self any more than an artisan can afford to neglect his tools.

The temperance movement has already passed the repressible stage. The knowledge that a man *can* be defiled by things that enter his mouth, has been bought at a price which the world cannot afford to pay a second time, and the opponents of spiritual and spirituous poisons will soon work hand in hand. Nor is it likely that the war upon the poison vice will be confined to the proscription of the alcohol habit. "The historians of a coming civilization," says a French sanitarian, will probably hesitate to credit the moral cowardice of an age that could submit to the outrages of the obtrusive vice that poisons the life-air of public promenades and pleasure resorts,—with the insolence of the Slavonian toppers, mentioned by the traveler Busbequius, who saw two citizens of Bucharest lay hold of a stranger, and by actual violence, force him to partake of their nauseous beverages. A public lung-poisoning tobacco smoker will be suppressed more promptly than a self-poisoning rum drinker, by just as much as an embezzler of public funds is held more guilty than a self-damaging spendthrift." But that even the approximate suppression of the alcohol-vice alone, would be an infinite blessing to the cause of all other reforms is so certain that the objection on the score of an alleged infringement of personal liberty can, by comparison, claim no weight of influence whatever. The dram-drinker, it is true, acts of his own free will, and cannot often charge the encompasser of his ruin either with violence or the employment of seductive false pretences, but the same argument would license brothels and gambling-hells, and the manufacture of obscene literature. The arguments of political economy have already begun to preponderate on the side of prohibition, and moreover, the permanent interests of public welfare will always be procured at the temporary expense of fiscal emoluments. When the salvation of mankind appeared to require the expulsion of the Moorish infidels, the prospective loss of revenue by the exile of the most industrious citizens did not prevent the impecunious Spanish Government from issuing the decree of banishment, and the ruinous foes of industry will in vain plead the importance of a tax representing but a trifling percentage of the yearly drain upon the

resources of rum-drinking nations. Judge Pitman is probably right, that the Maine Law is destined to become a main law of every civilized commonwealth.

But the victory of temperance need not be purchased by the sacrifice of our recreation-days. The history of asceticism has proved again and again that the suppression of harmless amusements is a direct cause of vicious excesses; and total abstinence from intoxicating drinks would be promoted, rather than prevented, by the freedom of all healthful recreations on the day when a large plurality of our workmen find their only chance of leisure. The tyranny of our Puritan Sabbath is, indeed, the ugliest survival of the age that blighted the sunshine of life by the joy-hating dogmas of anti-naturalism, and in the United States the disadvantages of promiscuous immigration have been greatly compensated by the continuous influx of the representatives of civilizations that have succeeded in emancipating themselves from the curse of that tyranny. The law, making the wanton disturbance of public worship a misdemeanor, should certainly be enforced in favor of Buddhists and Hebrews, as well as of the most fashionable Christian churches, but the law of equity should likewise protect every dissenter in the right to pass his Sundays according to his own predilection, in any way not violating either the maxims of natural morals nor the equal privilege of any fellow-citizen. A community of Health-worshippers would have an undoubted right to devote their leisure day to outdoor exercises, conducted under the special protection of the State; but their peculiar institution would at once become rank tyranny if they should force a Methodist guest of their commonwealth to suspend his devotion and join in their foot-races; and for the same reason a disciple of Nature has a right to demand the abolition of a law raging with proscriptive penalties against the visitors of a Sunday festival in the health-giving highlands, or imprisoning ball-playing children, in order to satisfy the clamors of a bigot who prefers to pass his Sundays in an atmosphere sickened with meeting-house smells and nasal cant.

The revision of the prevalent theories on the proper sphere of legislation will sooner or later be sure to remove the obstructions to the freedom of international commerce. The resisting power of established abuses has its limits, and nothing short of illimited obstinacy of prejudice could in the long run resist the logic of the arguments against the fallacy of legislative interference with the natural laws of trade and industry. "The proper significance of such problems," says Professor Kessner, "becomes much clearer by divesting the controversy of its veil of technical phrases. The logic of political economy, applied to the problem of international traffic, is simply this: The opponents of free trade propose to increase the resources of national wealth. In pursuit of that object they prevent brother

Hans from buying a cheap and good coat from foreigner Frank, thus compelling Hans to buy an ill made and expensive coat from brother Tom. But what the nation gains by Tom's profit is exactly balanced by Hans' loss, and the result of the experiment will amount to nothing; but the removal of money from our fob to our breech-pocket, if it were not for a third factor: The pay of the hired bullies, who have forced Hans to relinquish his hope of a private trade with Frank. By exactly the amount of that pay the net result of the transaction leaves us poorer."

The fallacies of the Protectionists may in some respects have encouraged the illusions of Socialism and the clamors for the continual interference of a paternal government; but considerations of health, as well as of simple humanity, should certainly advocate the enforcement of an Eight Hour Law, and a still more needed law against the employment of young children in the soul and body stunting drudgery of factory work. There is a story of an Arab chieftain who had been half persuaded to prepare his tribe for the blessings of modern civilization, when his mentor happened to enter the workshop of a Marseilles cotton spinners. At sight of the dust-clouded atmosphere and the crowd of pale faced children tending the whirling spools the chief stared and followed his guide in pensive silence. "Are those young criminals?" he inquired, when they left the building. "Oh, no," exclaimed the guide, "they are honest boys, working for wages to assist their poor parents." "Look here," said the Arab, pointing to the gilded dome of a neighboring church, "if that were gold and you offered us a treasure-pile of that size, the poorest man of my tribe would refuse to sell his children into the hell of such slavery." According to nearly concurrent estimates of British and German statistics, from eighteen to twenty-two million young children of the industrial nations are at present inhaling the seeds of premature death in lead-works and textile factories, etc. "Our poverty, but not our will consents;" but in a wholesome state of social conditions poverty should excuse almost anything sooner than an habitual sacrifice of health.

The most valid argument against the projects of communism is perhaps the objection that the realization of such schemes would cripple enterprise by removing the stimulus of personal interest, while on the other hand a community of property would certainly remove many grievous burdens of civilized life. Bakunin, the "Russian Mirabeau," seems first to have devised a combination of those advantages. Without any by-plans against the tenure of personal property, he proposed to found communities on the plan of reserving sections of public land for the benefit of each township, and thus obviate the necessity of direct taxation, by letting the rent cover the entire budget of municipal expenses. As those expenses multiplied, the value of the reserve lots

would increase in proportion, and could be advanced even with the result of a surplus for charitable purposes, by renewing the rent contracts from ten to ten years. The plan seems an improvement on the confiscation project by just as much as prevention is better than cure, and will probably form the practical outcome of a recent reform movement which has already ceased to imply the menace of an agrarian revolt.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY E. P. POWELL.

There is no word so played fast and loose with as consciousness. It is most often used to designate a super-sensual sort of knowledge; a direct and necessary knowledge. A man is conscious of certain facts, and that ends all possible discussion. Again, consciousness is used in a somewhat vague way to cover that immaterial element in life which is not covered by matter and force. The theistic or spiritualistic conception of organic life denies that it is possible to exclude from the proposition "a living thing," the term consciousness. Cope says: "Consciousness is an attribute of matter," and again, "Consciousness is a condition of matter in some peculiar state, and wherever that peculiar state of matter exists consciousness will be found." Huxley asserts consciousness to be "a function of the brain;" again, "Consciousness is a function of matter;" again he says, "I understand the main tenet of materialism to be that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force, and that all the phenomena of nature are explicable by deduction from the properties assignable to these two primitive factors. But all this I heartily disbelieve; it seems to me pretty plain that there is a third thing in the universe, to-wit, consciousness; which, in the hardness of my heart, or head, I cannot see to be matter or force."

Sir William Hamilton says: "Consciousness is a recognition by the mind of its acts and affections; the self-affirmation that certain modifications are known by me and are mine." This is a definition of self-consciousness; a recognition of that group of phenomena called self or ego. And it is no wonder that Hamilton adds, "Consciousness cannot be defined." He does not—neither does any other philosopher, apart from the evolution school—fail to confuse himself with this word. It required, first of all, that evolution should afford us a history of life and its contents, before these contents could be comprehended. Consciousness is an evolution and, therefore, has a history. This Cope recognizes and gets at the very pith of the matter when he sums up the doctrines of consciousness thus:

1. Consciousness independent of matter—Dualism.
2. Consciousness an attribute of matter—Monism.
3. Consciousness (*a*), primitive and the cause of evolution.
4. Consciousness (*b*), a product of the evolution of matter and force."

Nevertheless he leaves a confusion in the word, although he defines the thing so admirably. In his view Monism (*a*), or No. 3, is the correct view of the universe; and consciousness does truly lie, as the very cause and momentum of evolution. I have no doubt this is the drift of true science and scientific metaphysics—a drift to be sharply defined in due time. All the more it becomes necessary to place the word consciousness on its historic basis; we shall then neither confuse ourselves nor others with dualistic concepts.

In the first place we cannot escape going back to the primordial conditions of life, cellular and pre-cellular, to inquire once more as to the very nature of this something which Cope and Huxley and, I believe, our ablest biologists altogether, agree is surely there. What is there before evolution has altered or complicated it? We may easily agree as to matter and force, although we may be puzzled after all to tell what force and matter are.

But as to the third factor, is it really consciousness, or is it something from which consciousness is a derivative? If we can agree to call the general faculty based on sensation *sentience* we shall at least be philologically correct, and logically. Con-sentience will, therefore, be the state of comparative sentience; and consentience, or consciousness, becomes defined as a comparative functioning of primitive sentience; for it stands evident that this sentience which we never can get below and back of, however low down we go in our research, and which is a quality of all living protoplasm, inseparable from life, and is manifested at first in desire or hunger, soon must become a comparative power. The amœba eats what it touches; but if the amœba does not manifest choice of foods, creatures a little higher do. This involves a comparison of sensations and in its nature is no longer simple sentience, but con-sentience, or con-consciousness. And it will not hurt our grapple with the word that we can now use it in the philological sense; that is, to know things together, or in a group.

Consciousness, then, is a higher condition of sentience; and as such it extends in higher degrees of manifestation, through all the evolution of organic being. In man, and nowhere but in man, the subject becomes also object, and consciousness becomes self-consciousness. The animal knows, but does not know himself, neither abstract being. In other words, the dog knows, but does not know that it is himself that knows. I think the same may be equally averred of the primitive anthropoid, and as well also of the lower savage races. Certainly self-consciousness belongs to no creature before man. By cosmical research man, enlightened, reaches the ideas infinite and eternal; and his consciousness becomes an apprehension of eternal and infinite being, or, to retain the word with which we began, he is conscious of self-higher-than-himself.

Let us go back and follow the idea analytically. Sentience is a necessary and direct knowledge or apprehension of not-self by the mode of sensation. Consciousness is comparative knowledge of things constituting environment. Self-consciousness is comparative knowledge that becomes so largely synthetic that it not only groups our sensations in comparison, but groups that and those which constitute self as distinct from non-self. Consciousness of self-higher-than-ourselves is the rising power to group all phenomena of not-self into a unity in its relation to our-self. This is the end of evolution of sentience; for it has grappled with eternal and necessary self.

But what then is the unconscious? It is even more important that we should have a clear apprehension of this term; for no one can fail to see that "the philosophy of the unconscious" of Hartmann and the use of the word by others, is largely confusing. Unconsciousness is clearly that state of consciousness which arises when functioning in any direction becomes automatic, or instinctive. Our hearts beat and our nutrition goes on without our conscious attention; although nutrition in lower life and the functioning of the heart are highly conscious operations under the direct control of the will. Nature, having perfected any function, pays no more conscious attention to it, and it becomes henceforth an unconscious functioning. The bee and ant are almost entirely automatons, yet with a trace of consciousness. As the vegetable kingdom and the animal originated from a common sentient life, it follows that the vegetable kingdom must be considered as a wholly automatic or lapsed order of life-processes. It has wholly passed over to the unconscious.

Now this unconsciousness is wholly different, as one can see, from the pre-consciousness which is the state of the universe before or preceding organic life. Unconsciousness is that state of consciousness which exists when tentative action has become fixed and established action—when functioning has become automatic. The evident tendency of all conscious action is thus to pass on to organic rhythm. Our intellectual and moral choices, in like manner, tend toward habits that no longer require choice or will, and so lose the quality moral or intellectual. The love that a mother bears for her babe is a matter of instinct and not of morals; whereas the love that is exercised by a philanthropist for the oppressed and despised may require a very high degree of conscious will. The mother is conscious that she loves, but is not conscious of any process of choosing to love. Herbert Spencer points to the time when all moral power will be exercised without choice between good and evil; but the good man will do the good because it is his nature to do it.

However, I have no desire to discuss the unconscious farther than to make my definition clear. Sentience I

would make the primordial elementary quality;—that something besides matter and force, which Huxley declares he cannot escape. This becomes, in complex life functioning, a complex and yet ever present constitutive element. Whatever its evolution, or the evolution of matter and force, these three are essential to the idea organic life. They are fundamental qualities, and therefore belong to, and are inherent in, the universe. It must be borne in mind that the organic universe is by no means a derivative of the inorganic any more than the animal kingdom is an evolution of the vegetable. The two kingdoms, animal and vegetable, are diverging processes of a precedent life, that was neither one nor the other. So organic and inorganic are diverging, and yet mutually interactive processes of the universe. The inorganic does not contain sentience, the organic does. You cannot get out of the inorganic what it has not. The death of an organism is a passage of by no means the whole being into the inorganic. It is a yielding of only those parts that are constitutive in the inorganic. What becomes of sentience, consciousness or self-consciousness? This opens the question of all questions most fascinating and important, and must be discussed, if at all, in a succeeding article. My object for the present is attained, by aiding to establish some degree of accuracy in the use of terms, which are often used recklessly, and, for valuable results, used in vain. The historical view of consciousness may be tabulated for convenience thus:

Presentience — The attribute of the universe.

Sentience — The attribute of living substance.

Consciousness — The result of choice in sentient beings.

Self-consciousness — A conscious synthesis of that which makes up ego.

Consciousness of self-higher-than-ourselves; — A conscious synthesis of all that which is not self, an infinite.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part II.

In the interview about to be reported I do not aspire to overmuch realism. To describe the processes, whether phonetic, facial or other, through which my anthropoid friend and I interchanged ideas might divert attention from the ideas themselves. I do not wish to raise a host of wrangling philologists, skeptics, commentators, to dispute whether I did or did not mistake the Chimpanzee's meaning, or whether he meant this or that. What I gathered from the interview, not how it was gathered, it will be my aim to state.

"A large number of curious visitors have come to our temple," said the Chimpanzee; "they have amused themselves by watching us as we ate their sweetmeats, and looked on us as nature's jokes; but I have been

interested by observing in you a certain respect, as if you were not merely condescending to notice your inferiors."

"To respect, add admiration," I said. "I have long ago found the truth of what a wise German, Oersted, said, that monkeys appear grotesque or ugly to mankind only because generally seen out of their place, tricked out by showmen, away from their right environment. They are beautiful in their place. I have seen them at play in the luxuriant woods, making the forest animate with their graceful swinging from limb to limb; nothing more fascinating have I ever seen. To-day I have been surprised to find that your race can be no less charming amid walls reared by the hand of man."

"The walls being partly adopted and retouched by nature, the blue sky bending over us; and, possibly, because our contrast with these ash-smear'd devotees is not so favorable to them as if we were displayed among merry and well-dressed human companies."

"Perhaps."

"But I must now add another thing. We who inhabit this temple are not ordinary monkeys. There are two kinds of monkeys—arrested monkeys and reversionary monkeys. Have you heard of a man named Haeckel?"

"I am just reading his account of a sojourn in Ceylon and India."

"Recently while he was here, I heard the priest you saw just now and another conversing about a murder he committed—so they called his shooting a monkey for his museum. From what they said I think it must have been (though they knew nothing of that) not only a reversionary monkey, but a transitional one—like myself—what he may have supposed a "missing link," but really one from which, had he approached it with sweetmeat communion instead of a gun, he might have learned more about evolution than he will get from a million dissected or stuffed anthropoids. But he was only a man, and knew not what he did."

"Tell me, I pray you, the difference between the arrested and the reversionary ape?"

"The fruit of knowledge grows in the vale of humility. You are willing to sit at my feet though you must know that your form is more erect, your flesh fairer, your powers more various than mine. But look over to that farthest court, and tell me what you see?"

"I see six haggard men, naked, smeared with ashes, sitting motionless before six smoking logs of wood. I see near them on the ground two ash-covered human heads, belonging to bodies buried to the neck. I see a man before the altar of a horrible image holding a pretty little kid's neck under a blade—it falls! The blood spurts! It is sickening."

"Now look around you in this court—what do you see?"

"A group of monkeys at play, others slumbering in the sunshine, others quietly seated together, or caressing each other; and all surrounded by beautifully carved symbols of nature and poetic legends."

"If you were compelled to choose which you would be, permanently, not with a view to change or reform, but for life—one of those half-buried, butchering or forever motionless fakirs—or one of those merry monkeys?"

"I should unhesitatingly choose the monkey's lot."

"Then you would be an example of reversion. That is what we are—reversionary monkeys. We are descended from a race of philosophers, who, having climbed to be men found their lot intolerable and deliberately developed themselves, not into the original type, but into a similar one which should avoid certain disadvantages of the arrested form—the monkey that never was (and now never can be) man."

"How stupid I am! Only this morning, examining certain repulsive idols and meditating on the rites witnessed around them, I thought it a happy discovery, and meant to suggest it to Haeckel, that all this 'religion' originated with monkeys. And now I find that monkeys are the dissenters who renounced such inhuman humanity."

"Do not credit our race with martyrdom. It was all the work of evolution, though not by natural selection. It was by human selection. It is much more comfortable to be worshipped than to worship, to be sacrificed to than to sacrifice."

"Will you please tell me more of this great odyssey, this pilgrimage of your race to humanity, and to—what shall I say? a plane beyond or below it?"

"That depends on your standard of high and low. Have you ever changed your faith?"

"Yes; I was once a Methodist; then a Unitarian Christian; then a —"

"That will do for my purpose. When you were a Methodist your god was the stream of tendency that makes for Methodism; whatever helped that was good and fair; your ideal was a world converted to Methodism. That faith abandoned, your divine stream makes against Methodism; a Methodist world were the reverse of ideal. So with your discredited Unitarianism. So long as the human form is your standard of perfection you cannot have any other ideal."

"I confess it appears to me scientifically demonstrable that the human is the supreme form."

"So, it seems, you once thought Methodism among forms of religion. I have already admitted the superiority of the human powers. But superior for what? Is the purpose for which each creature's best has been selected and combined in one form a good or a bad one? If it be a contrivance for misery, then like the next most perfect combination in nature, the serpent, the evil is commensurate with the perfection. Take another look

at our fakirs over there, and see what they are empowered to do with their admirable joints, hands and senses. We monkeys of the temple have powers adapted to happiness and harmlessness in our friendly community; we have not imagination enough to see the supernatural terrors which paralyze those poor men; our hands are not skillful enough to kill kids. As for beauty, that is relative; handsome is as handsome does. To one starving an oyster is lovelier than its pearl. Our morphological inferiorities correspond with advantages. Our resemblance to men suggests to them that we are their shrunken ancestors, and they serve us. Our silence prevents their discovery of our ignorance. We belong to their adorable realm of mystery. Thus they become our liveried ministers, while gaining support by that service—the humanest, in your sense, in Benares. Freed from the struggle for existence, we can fraternize. We toil not, nor spin, yet we are fed and clothed. We are not anxious for the morrow. We are not ambitious to get ahead of one another. There is more than enough sunshine and sweetmeats for all. None have to regret our existence.”

“But you die like men? You must grieve for loss of your children, your wives, your friends?”

“Your remark touches an important matter. Let me explain what I meant just now by describing myself as a transitional monkey. I have not yet been able to evolve so far as those around me. Of all here I alone still bear some lingering burdens of humanity. I have, for instance, this power to converse. It is my loss and your gain. The dwellers in this court escape the sting of death, which is apprehension. They have no torturing consciousness of its approach, still less any horror, hereditary or other, of dangers beyond it. In the absence of strife, of wakeful ambition, of envy, of asceticism, of conventional morals hostile to nature, we never know disease; we never die but once. When one dies of old age the regret of survivors is not agony. As proof I may say that though, individually, I am a link between these and humanity, my hope and aspiration lie in their direction, not in that of these care-ridden, terrorized people of Benares. Of your own foreign race I cannot speak. Your people, perhaps, are free from fear, from competition, from anxiety about the future or sleepless speculation about the unknowable. To me have been transmitted traditions of such torments which led our ancestors to undertake their journey to Nirvana.”

“I cannot say that my distant people are free from such pains, fears, speculations. But you speak of Nirvana; that is the goal to which Buddha pointed the way.”

“It is. It was while listening to him in the Deer Park over there that our ancestors resolved to seek Nirvana. That, they found, involved escape from the

human consciousness—that is, perpetual morbid introspection of a selfhood made up of fictitious conceptions. What Buddha revealed to those who heeded, was that they lived, moved, had their being, in a fictitious universe; they were organisms created by phantasms incarnate in priestcraft, made potent by superstition; their consciousness was of virtues that were sins, and of sins that were virtues. Non-existent gods shed desolating forces; marriage, industry, birth, endlessly accumulated a chaos and called it order. This chaos, reflected in every mind and heart, made that torture-rack called consciousness. Because phantasmal gods had made existence a hell, the blessed Buddha cried, ‘Escape from existence; enter into Nirvana!’ This obviously could not be done by suicide; for there would necessarily be a survival of the non-suicidal. Nature, indifferent to the sufferings of men, is resolved that their race shall continue. But our philosophic fathers saw that the great evil was this diseased consciousness. Of that they—in their time and place—could only be rid by laying aside, bit by bit, the mechanism of consciousness—the so exquisitely contrived engine of torture—and their artistic evolution through 2,500 years marks the distance between yon naked fakirs killing kids, burying their bodies, or paralyzing them by disuse, and those merry monkeys dancing amid the flowers.”

Just here the Brahman appeared, and bowed low to the ground. I understood; and exchanging with my Chimpanzee an engagement for the morrow—quite inaudibly to the priest—took my departure.

The Chicago Society for Ethical Culture held its annual meeting on Friday night last, and encouraging reports were made of the Society’s progress. Had there been no deficit at the beginning of the year, the society would have been able to meet its entire current expenses and have a balance of \$170 in the treasury. Comparative statements were made showing the growth of the society in numbers and financial resources from the beginning, which was a little over four years ago. Especially gratifying was the report of the publication committee, showing a wide and large demand from all parts of the country for the published lectures. Another woman was added to the Board of Trustees, in addition to the two elected a year ago. The meeting was held in the Society’s cozy rooms at 45 Randolph street, and there was a gratifying attendance. The next number of THE OPEN COURT will contain some account of the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the Society, which occurred on Sunday last. Mr. Salter and his supporters are doing a noble work worthy of all encouragement.

“Herbert Spencer as a Thinker” will be the subject of an article by Prof. Richard A. Proctor in the next issue of THE OPEN COURT.

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The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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VICIOUS JOURNALISM.

In one of his recent poems, "Fust and his Friends," Browning represents the discoverer of the art of printing, as at first exultantly crying ament that discovery:

"Go, run
Thy race now, Fust's child! High, O printing, and holy
Thy mission!"

But anon, makes him doubtfully question:

"Have I brought Man advantage, or hatched—so to speak—a
Strange serpent, no cygnet? 'Tis this I debate."

And again:

"Through me does print furnish truth wings? The same aids
Cause falsehood to range just as widely. What raids
On a region undreamed of, does printing enable
Truth's foe to effect! Printed leases and lies
May speed to the world's furthest corner—gross fable
No less than pure fact—to impede, neutralize,
Abolish God's gift and man's gain!"

No words can too highly overrate the mission of Fust's great discovery. "The art preservative of all arts" remains still one of man's most splendid achievements, the key to all knowledge and all good. And of

the many knowledge-spreading methods to which the art has given birth none is more effective, none is more formidable than modern journalism, which is a genuine "Lucifer" in that word's double signification of "light-bearer," and the spirit of evil.

The journalistic press is already—though it should be so in much larger measure—a powerful influence in the education of the people. It is more powerful in this direction than all the schools and colleges in the land, since it reaches and teaches those who know little of schools and colleges, those who have no other means of education, and to whom the shibboleth "the papers say so" is the infallible and incontrovertible dictum of *their* "consensus of the competent." It creates an interest in science among those who can learn of it from no other source; it spreads abroad the differing opinions of the world's thinkers, and awakens new thought in inquisitive minds; it sows broad-cast the winnowed seed-thoughts of great minds in such generous ways as must bring promise and fulfillment of harvest in brain fields that were elsewhere barren. It disseminates widely the stories of individual sorrow and joy, grief and gladness, and so preaches forcibly the brotherhood of man, and appeals to the otherwise untouched common sympathies of humanity; it gives to even the most highly educated, new impetus to further acquisition of knowledge by heralding the endowments, the discoveries and inventions of far away brother thinkers; and its power as a teacher of men is enhanced by its own impersonality, since it can speak to men's consciences without arousing that *tu quoque* sense of resentment or angry dissent which would be felt towards an individual. Such is the true mission and work of journalism outside its other wide work of a business and commercial advertiser and agent, and investigator of crime.

But none whose business or inclination leads them to acquaintance with the general news departments of a large number of the daily papers of to-day can fail to be impressed with another side of journalism, or can help noting the average low moral tone of the daily press—its trivial treatment of great questions; its levity in dealing with grave issues; its questionable political methods; its panderings to popular ignorance and prejudice; its encouragement of the evil passions and baser attributes of man's nature; its wilful misrepresentations of facts; its villification of the characters of those who oppose its measures; its inquisitorial prying into private affairs which in no way concern the public welfare; its belittlement of modest virtue and its homage to successful vice. All this we can only consider as vicious journalism.

That it is often necessary in the interest of law, order, morality and the public good to record the details of crime, its detection and punishment, we concede; but when no public interest is subserved, no necessary

moral pointed, no real knowledge to be gained, no earnest warning given in what is offered as sensational news to its patrons by any journal, it would be in the interests of morality if such news were withheld.

For instances of such vicious journalism we have not far to look. Before us lies a pile of recent clippings from some of the most reputable journals of the day. The limits of this article will not permit reference to a tithe of these, and these are only a sample of columns of such matter which finds its way into prominent place as *news* of general interest in leading papers; but to enforce our meaning we give the gist of a few of these. A dispatch from New York, March 20, gives the name and place of residence of a wealthy lady of unsound mind who wrote a foolish love-letter to a public functionary, and, the dispatch states, "as the story was printed in the papers" a rascally fellow made it the basis of a blackmailing scheme for which he was arrested, whereupon "he confessed that upon reading the story in the papers he thought there was a chance 'to make a hundred' and he succeeded." Since there was nothing of interest to the public in the fact of the poor demented creature's writing such a letter, it ought not to have been published in the first place, and secondly, the publication of the sequel, the arrest of the blackmailer, was but a further hint and suggestion to the criminally disposed. Another New York dispatch a day later explains that the reported suicide of the son of a prominent man was untrue, and was based upon a slight accident which occurred to a worthy young man while hunting, so affixing in the minds of those who did not see the correction, a vile stain on a reputable family name. A few days later appears with startling head-lines the details of a foolish or insane freak on the part of the son of a New York official, a freak which would have resulted in harm only to the man's reputation for sanity among those who witnessed it, but which published, did do incalculable harm in the shame experienced by his respectable relatives, and hurting the man's own future where he would otherwise be unknown. At a recent trial one of the lawyers in the case is represented as feeling deeply the references made in regard to him by a popular city paper, angrily remarking: "That dirty, filthy sheet yesterday reviled and insulted me by the publication of a lot of vile caricatures. And for what? Only because I had been doing my duty before God to my client. A friend said to me this morning: 'Why don't you shoot that——? Why don't you horsewhip him?' Gentlemen, wait. The day will come when I will meet him face to face, and when I do meet him let him beware." So of such vicious journalism crime and further wrong-doing may yet result.

A letter to the *Boston Advertiser* complains bitterly of that paper for having "its columns defiled with an

extract from the *Record* commenting on the personal appearance of some of the unhappy inmates of the State prison, and describing their occupation and their bearing. I do not speak of the shame and sorrow that such an article must inflict upon those by whom some of the prisoners mentioned are known and loved, for I suppose that anyone who could write such an article would answer that 'journalism is no respecter of persons.' But I wish to protest, as a constant reader, against such 'news.' It can do no good, and can have no attraction save for those who love to gloat over the miseries of others."

One fails to understand what possible good can be done, while seeing quite clearly the suggestions of evil which may be conveyed to unbalanced or to scheming minds by the large space so often given in our newspapers to the marital woes and mistakes of erratic and morally undisciplined people,—such, for instance, as the cases of Bishop, the mind-reader, and that young artist heiress, who married one adventurer after a few days' courtship only to leave him to run off with another a short time later. If these had been kept from the public, far less harm would have resulted to the parties themselves, and the families to which they belong would have suffered less annoying notoriety. It is not really necessary for public well-being that all the disgusting details of divorce suits should be given at length in papers which are to enter pure homes to be read by innocent girls and youth whose parents wish to keep them clean minded. No less disgusting to people of refined or humane tastes are the sickening and brutalizing reports of "prize fights," "pugilistic encounters," etc., which so frequently mar the columns of journals which enter thousands of refined family circles.

The other day a young woman, a mother, and the wife of a respectable and worthy man, was arrested for apparent drunkenness, but on inquiry it was found that she was a victim of the chloral habit, contracted by first taking the drug to relieve pain. She was not vicious; she was young and weak, and in need of strong, loving hands to uphold her and save her. There was not the slightest need for her story to get into the papers, yet there it was, with her name and address and those of her husband given,—a barrier thrown up by vicious journalism in the way of reform, hope and happiness. When any human being, from any cause, is driven to attempt suicide, we may be sure that he is in desperate straits, and that if prevented from finding ease from his pain in death, he is in no condition to bear the further strain of public pillory by having his case, with his name and address, in all the papers for everyone who had known him in happier days to exclaim and wonder over. Can any good result from placing the child of tender years, a transgressor, perhaps, from hereditary proclivities, or from evil teaching, under life-long ban by giving its

name and the particulars of its case in the journals of the day? It is enough that the police judge decides and the police records show whether the arrest was necessary or not, but if once printed, how easy it will be in after years for some enemy to hunt up this record and to mar the honest effort to earn a living or to achieve rightly earned success.

It may be urged that there is an unmistakable demand for such *news* (?), a demand which even reputable journals have to regard or be driven to the wall by their less conscientious rivals in the newspaper world; and a demand which, as impartial caterers to a varied public appetite, they are in justice bound measurably to supply, since they do not undertake or profess to create public taste, but only to prepare the intellectual food demanded in as appetizing a manner as possible.

So, too, there is a decided demand for the kind of literature which poisons and pollutes, which encourages mature vice and corrupts youth; a literature which our law-makers recognize as so vicious in its influence on the lower nature of man that its sale is forbidden by statute, and heavy penalties incurred by those who distribute it. Yet the demand for it is so urgent that unprincipled and avaricious men risk the legal punishment its sale involves, as well as the contempt of the moral part of the community in order to make money in supplying this demand. Do our reputable journals then mean to intimate that there is only the difference between these men and themselves that a wholesome fear of the law creates?

S. A. U.

GENUINE VS. SPURIOUS CULTURE.

There is a growing distrust as to the value of much that passes under the name of "culture." This may be explained in part by the unpractical and dilettanteish character and undemocratic spirit of a great deal of the so-called culture of the age which, lacking in robust intellectual qualities, without any noble moral purpose, and inspired by no lofty enthusiasm, serves only to widen the gulf between its disciples and the masses, increasing, on the one side, contempt for the "great unwashed" pursuing their prosaic avocations, and exciting, on the other side, aversion to a mere intellectualism which ignores the hard facts of life, is indifferent to the condition of the millions, and concerns itself almost wholly with mere literary questions which have but a remote bearing on the practical questions of the hour.

But it is a great mistake to confound this pseudo-culture with genuine culture, which is catholic in thought, earnest in tone, and progressive in spirit; and any standard that does not involve a distinction between them is false and pernicious. There is no culture worthy of the name which does not include with the acquisition of knowledge, development of the moral nature, strengthening of the love of right and hatred of

wrong. A man who has simply a knowledge of books, which he regards as of more importance to him than the things of which they treat; who has never penetrated behind the books and come in contact with nature herself, with the world and its events, with man and his relations; who possesses merely the instruments of knowledge, without the capacity to use them wisely; who can only repeat what he has read, and makes authority serve in the place of evidence; who can tell all about the siege of Troy, but feels no interest in the great issues of to-day; who can construct elegant sentences without giving a valuable thought or suggestion to the world; whose interest in his race is simply of a sentimental kind, animated by no moral principle or philanthropic feeling—such a man is not, properly speaking, an educated man.

Man's most important education he gets daily through eye and ear and touch in that great university, the world, in which we are all students. Some are more richly endowed or have better opportunities, and learn more readily than others. The results of thousands of generations of observation and study are condensed in languages, governments, religions, moral codes, literatures, and the intuitions of the race. Now, the object of what is commonly called education is to acquaint the child or student with these results in order to enable it to understand nature's methods; or, as Huxley says, "to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly nor with wilful disobedience, and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education."

This natural education is the instruction of the intellect in the ways of nature—which includes man and his relations to the universe—and to discipline the will and cultivate the affections so that they shall be in harmony with the highest mental and moral conditions. The man who is the most truly educated, is he who understands the most fully nature's methods, and whose character is most completely in accord with those principles, conformity to which is necessary to man's well being. A mind may be artificially cultivated beyond its normal capacity, and at the cost of intellectual vigor and virility. What is needed is more scientific culture, the development and training of the mental powers to observe, to reflect, to inquire, and to apply practically the knowledge gained. This kind of culture strengthens the mind while it gives it materials for thought, and incentives to action. We do not deprecate the pursuit of classical learning, nor do we undervalue the advantages of wide acquaintance with books; but we wish to emphasize the fact that one may be well versed in the literature of ancient and modern times and yet lack most important elements of a true education. This is an age of

revision; and the old conceptions, definitions, and methods of education quite as much as the old theological creeds need to be revised in the interest of progress.

In his late address before the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching on the subject of "The Study of Literature," John Morley wisely observed: "There is a very well known passage in which Pericles, the great Athenian, describing the glory of the community of which he was so great a member, says, 'We at Athens are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes; we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness.' But then, remember, that after all Athenian society rested on a basis of slavery, and Athenian citizens were able to pursue their love of the beautiful and their simplicity and to cultivate their minds without loss of manliness, because the drudgery and hard work and service of the society were performed by those who had no share in all these good things. With us, happily, it is very different. We are all more or less upon a level. The object of education,—our object—and it is that which in my opinion raises us infinitely above the Athenian level—is to bring the Periclean ideas of beauty and simplicity, and of cultivation of the mind, within the reach of those who do the drudgery and the service and hard work of the world. And it can be done. Do not let us be afraid. It can be done without in the least degree impairing the skill of our handicraftsmen or the manliness of life, without blunting or numbing the practical energies."

"SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY."

The *Christian Register* of April 7 contains a series of brief articles, several of them by eminent scientific men, on "Science and Immortality." Prof. James D. Dana is of the opinion that there is nothing in science against immortality. Prof. Asa Gray thinks that the interpretation of nature not beyond the highest scientific consideration, that the theistic hypothesis is the best explanation of the facts, and that "immortality is a probable, but not an unavoidable inference from theism." Prof. Joseph Leidy regards no question as out of the pale of science, and he thinks the facts of science make it difficult to believe in the persistence of personal consciousness after bodily dissolution. Prof. Simon Newcomb is "inclined to regard the question as lying wholly without the pale of science, properly so-called," does not think modern investigation has brought to light any new facts bearing upon it, and that if consciousness has been a gradual development as is implied in the theory of the continuity of organic life, it "seems difficult to assign any link in the series at which we can suppose so great a break to have occurred as is implied in the passage from mortality to immortality." Prof. J. P. Lesley, says "Science cannot possibly either teach or deny immortality." Prof. Lester F. Ward says that "so far as science can speak on the subject, the

consciousness persists as long as the organized brain, and no longer." "The immortality of science," Prof. Ward says, "is the immortality of matter and its motions in the production of phenomena" and that with them consciousness, the product of the eternal activities of the universe, should not be confounded. Prof. E. S. Morse writes, "I have never yet seen anything in the discoveries of science which would in the slightest degree support or strengthen a belief in immortality." Prof. Cope seems to regard immortality as possible in spite of apparent evidence against it, but doubts the persistence of our personality. Dr. Dawson, of McGill University, refers to the instinct of immortality in savage races as a "God-given feature of the spiritual nature yearning after a lost earthly immortal, and clinging to the hope of a better being in a future life." Dr. T. Sterry Hunt thinks that the "facts of modern science are rather contrary than favorable to the doctrines of a future life." Nevertheless, he believes in a conditional immortality, "the gift of God," but lacks time to explain what he means. Dr. B. A. Gould thinks there is nothing in science that should lead to disbelief in immortality. Dr. Alfred R. Wallace says, "Outside of Modern Spiritualism I know of nothing in recognized science to support the belief in immortality, and though, I consider Spiritualism to be as truly an established experimental science as any other, it is not recognized as such." Dr. Asaph Hall thinks science gives no positive answer to questions concerning immortality, but that modern discoveries tend to strengthen the belief. Dr. Elliott Coues says "There is much in the discoveries of psychic science not only to support or strengthen the belief in immortality, but to convert that belief into knowledge." Herbert Spencer, according to Rev. M. J. Savage's recollection of a conversation with him, does not think evolution touches the problem of personal immortality either way, and he sees no satisfactory proof of the truth of the latter doctrine. President Barnard, of Columbia College, N. Y., says, "After mature reflection, it seems to me that science has nothing whatever to say to the question. The only basis of our faith in immortality must be found in Revelation." A quotation from Huxley's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1886, raised the question whether the state of consciousness associated three score years and ten with the movements of countless millions of successively different material molecules, can be continued with some substance which has not the properties of "matter and force." Huxley's reply is, "As Kant said on a like occasion, if anybody can answer that question he is just the man I want to see." In commenting on this and other notable expressions of opinion which it publishes, the *Register* remarks, "If unanimity can be found anywhere in these articles, it is most nearly attained in the general concession that science cannot show that immortality is impossible."

Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, who is well known to many of our readers as a vigorous thinker and writer, will be in Chicago shortly, and will give a course of five lectures in Apollo Hall, (Central Music Hall building) 45 Randolph. Two of them will be on Dante, one on Lessing, one on Kant, and another on Carlyle and Emerson. They will be given Tuesday and Friday afternoons, beginning April 29. This will be a rare opportunity for the Chicago public.

* * *

Enthusiastic free-thinkers who say, "Let us establish a few free-thought colleges and universities," should count the cost and consider the difficulties to be overcome. The president of Harvard University was recently asked as to the cost of starting a similar institution. "Oh, about five million dollars," was the reply. "Two or three down and the rest within ten years." When free-thinkers are willing to contribute several million dollars to found and support a broad, unsectarian institution of learning, we can have universities that will do better work perhaps than any now can do. But a college, with half a dozen poorly paid professors and thirty or forty students, all holding about the same views, must of necessity be small and narrow, however large and broad the name. What our young men and women need is such contact with able minds, such familiarity with all schools and phases of thought, and such access to the best results of scholarship as can be had only in large universities with ample endowments. They ought, indeed, also to have more familiarity with our own literature than can now be obtained, so far as we know, in any institution. For this purpose we need, not new colleges so much, as new professorships in the old ones, the establishment of which seems feasible, with the condition that the incumbents should be chosen by a board of trustees composed of the original givers of the money and their successors, said board to fill its own vacancies and make its own appointments forever. Where this cannot be done free-thinkers might do what the Unitarians did at Ithaca and Ann Arbor—settle a missionary to give scholarly lectures weekly to the students, distribute their literature and spread their views by personal intercourse. The general flow of public education is already so much in our favor that we need only to broaden and enrich it. Nothing is so bad for us as to attempt to support little sectarian institutions. We ought to set our faces against every school or college which dwarfs and cramps itself at the start by the narrow aim of propagandizing any kind of sectarianism, philosophical or other. Our public schools are greatly in danger from sectarian rivals, who should have no support from us. If there is any want that we are especially bound to supply, it is that of better teachers and text-books. At the same time there is need of a broad unsectarian institution for instruction in all the

systems of philosophy and religion. The lecturers should be competent representatives of the systems respectively, the freest and fullest criticism should be encouraged, and the work of the institution should be limited to this instruction. The amount of money necessary for the establishment and support of such a school it would, we believe, be possible to raise.

* * *

Ernest Renan, in his *Studies in Religious History*, speaks of the relation of man to the universe. The aim of humanity will ever grow higher. Intellectual culture will gradually exclude supernatural belief, but religion will never be excluded, it will but grow grander and nobler as intellectual culture dissipates the mists of superstition that have through so many ages enshrouded it. Man is not subject to the caprice of an unseen being who looks upon his struggles and sufferings with indifference. But he is a part of, and dependent upon the whole universe, and his duty is to conform himself to the order of progress and development which the universe is following. To strive faithfully for the supreme good is virtue; to seek to bring about the higher development of man is the work of the world.

* * *

The Problem of Evil: An Introduction to the Practical Sciences, by Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, of New York, will be issued in May by Longmans & Co., London. This work will be looked for by many with deep interest. Mr. Thompson is known among thinkers by his *Psychology*, the ablest and most comprehensive work on the subject that has appeared from the pen of any American author. It is a work of 1,193 pages, in two volumes, published by Longmans & Co. in 1884, and inscribed to his distinguished relative in the following language:

These volumes are inscribed by a kinsman of a later generation to the illustrious memory of *Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford*, a philosopher, statesman and benefactor of mankind, a great prophet, who, while living, was not without honor save in his own country, and upon whom, dead, that praise justly due to a merit almost unrivalled among men of science has been but tardily and incompletely bestowed both by his own family and his countrymen at large.

* * *

Ethical culture draws the critical fire of two March Episcopal reviews. Rev. J. A. Harris, D.D., considers the general ideas of the movement in *The Church Magazine* (Philadelphia, Hamersly & Co.), and Rev. Welford L. Robbins criticises Dr. Stanton Coit's article on "The Final Aim of Moral Action," which appeared in the English philosophical quarterly *Mind*, July, 1886, in the *Church Review*. Both are a great improvement on ordinary theological polemics, though neither goes very deep.

THE RATIONALE OF PUNISHMENT.

BY CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

The practical benefits arising from the new science of sociology are nowhere more manifest than in the improved methods of reform employed in our care of the poorer and disorderly classes of society. It is not, however, methods of reform and punishment of which I wish to speak in this paper, but rather of those underlying principles which determine and explain methods. It is our philosophy of life, our theory of man, his nature and conduct, which goes far to determine the character of our relations with our fellow-beings. The parent must of necessity train the child according to his views of the child's nature and destiny. If he regards it as the child of sin and wrath, totally depraved in every instinct and desire, he will endeavor at every turn to surmount its wish with his own more enlightened authority, to hedge it about with a system of restraints and checks, and to break rather than guide and educate the will. There are not many present households where this gloomy theory is held. Where parents once erred on the side of severity, believing the child to be a creature of evil impulses, an interloper in God's kingdom, the parent of to-day, regarding his offspring as the heir of all the ages, and intoxicated with the idea of individual liberty, errs, with equally grave results, on the side of generosity and weak indulgence.

Taking a wider survey of society in general, here also it is our philosophy which defines our relation to the unfortunate and criminal classes. If we look upon these as so many vicious malcontents, with an natural tendency to lawlessness and crime, we shall have no hesitation in applying only those methods of punishment based on the right of self-defense; while if, on the other hand, we regard the criminal as an unfortunate victim of circumstances he has no power to control, the irresponsible ward of the community in which he lives, we shall seek relief in those milder methods of reform so popular among certain sentimental philosophers of the times. Taking middle ground between these two extremes, and looking upon criminal practice of all kinds as the sign of the remaining brutishness of man, not yet outgrown from the conditions of his animal origin, the only means of cure seems to lie in the slow, safe processes of general education, where the methods of wise restraint are united to those which aim to reform and develop the individual character. Thus we see that while the theory of punishment is only indirectly concerned with the question of methods, it bears a direct relation to the object. What, then, is the object of punishment?

J. R. Brockway, a practical philanthropist, who brings eminent ability as well as experience to bear on the discussion of such themes, in an address before the National Prison Congress, a few years ago, spoke as follows of imprisonment, and the same applies to all

forms of punishment: "Civilized sentiment concedes that the protection of society is the main purpose of imprisonment * * * but the effective protection requires one of two conditions, the reformation of the criminal or his continued detention." In Cox's *Principles of Punishment*, a work of much merit, the objects of punishment are described as three in number; 1st, to set an example to society, generally spoken of as the deterrent principle; 2nd, to prevent a repetition of the offense, and 3d, to reform the criminal. Mary Carpenter is careful to insist that while all punishment should include the deterrent principle, it should never be associated with a vindictive motive. Sir Walter Crofton makes the object of punishment two-fold, that of amendment and example. At the risk of seeming presumptuous, after quoting from so many distinguished sources, I must say, that to my own mind the distinction between the two principles underlying all punishment is made clearer when we describe the one as vindicatory and the other as the reformatory. Let no one hastily assert the identity of this vindicatory motive with the vindictive, for though the two words are partially connected in the latin root, time and long association of the different ideas they represent, has sufficiently distinguished them from each other.

The objects of punishment are plainly only two, the protection of society against a repetition of the offense, and the amendment of the character of the offender. The deterrent principle is simply incidental, one which serves an excellent purpose, but can never justly be made a direct object of punishment, since society has neither the right nor duty to punish for the sake of setting an example.

All punishment being two-fold then in its object, the first, or the vindicatory, is first not only in the order of naming, but in that of necessity. The principle of self-defense is one of imperative first choice among organized communities as with the individual. Society must protect itself against all encroachments upon its hard-won peace and safety before it can attend to the needs of its special members. It may be admitted without detriment to the main argument, that in the long run this protection is best secured by the employment of those means which tend to improve the general standard of conduct, and that the vindicatory end of punishment is, in the final result, attained only through the reformatory; but this does not obviate the necessity of those coercive measures which contribute to the security of to-day.

Of these two motives underlying punishment the vindicatory had at first exclusive sway, and has been gradually supplanted by the reformatory as man has progressed in the order of humane civilization. It is this which leads many zealous philanthropists to declare that the reformatory principle will in time, entirely

supplant the vindictory, but here, it seems to me, they greatly misapprehend the nature of the problem in hand.

The belief so ardently cherished by a certain class of reformers that the criminal is a creature more unfortunate than guilty, the victim of circumstances, "society's mistake," as he has been called, bids fair to become one of the popular social superstitions of the age.

In the old theology we were taught that it was man's carnal nature which lay at the bottom of all his misconduct; under the guidance of the new philosophy, imperfectly understood, we are in danger of reaching the other extreme, attaching the blame of all that is false and evil in our surroundings to the universe in general. We need a revival of the doctrine of free agency which is not so incompatible with the teachings of modern science as we are apt to imagine. Above all, the youth of our day, and the criminal and unruly orders of society should be taught that within themselves lies the power of choice between good and evil. Punishment of all kinds should be made to bear the relation of effect to cause, otherwise it serves only to harden the nature and create disrespect for all authority. Punishment is salutary only as its meaning is intelligently understood by the one to whom it is administered. "Ah, parents!" exclaimed Charles Kingsley, "Are there not real sins enough in the world without your defiling it over and above by inventing new ones?" This is indeed the result of many present modes of punishment. Instead of curing the old sins we invent new ones by setting up a host of arbitrary standards and meaningless rules which bear no relation whatever to real right and duty. A newspaper anecdote illustrates this point: Two boys were on their way to the river in search of a half day's amusement, one of them in direct disobedience to his father's command. He was reminded by the other of the probable consequences of this act, and his reply evinced the spirit of modern boyhood. "Pooh," he exclaimed, "what is five minutes' whipping to four hours of fun." What, indeed, from the boy's standpoint? What connection was there in his mind, except the most forced and arbitrary, between a half day's sport at wading and fishing and the threatened punishment? He felt himself to be in the hands of a superior force, to which he must submit, but to defy and circumvent which was the free and glorious privilege of every self-respecting boy. Turning to that child of larger growth, whose history we read in the annals of the police-court, we find him weighing the risks and chances attendant on his peculiar method of making a living with consummate coolness and skill. To him the rewards of cunning and dishonesty more than balance those of virtuous industry, while the pains and penalties attaching to discovery are but the incidental inconveniences in a life given over to risk and excitement. The habitual criminal has neither the culture nor experience which teaches the relative

values of things. In spite of his boasted knowledge of the world he is the merest tyro in real experience of men and motives. Knaves and fools are properly classed in the same category since both are deficient in logical understanding, contenting themselves with the nearer, fleeting good, the success cheaply won or stolen, in place of the difficult but lasting triumphs achieved in the growth of character and honest reputation. One of the characters in an old play, the rogue who is entrapped and discovered, betrays a profounder knowledge of men and motives than he had ever learned before, when he contritely observes that "the man who invented truth was a much cunninger fellow than I took him to be."

The contrast afforded in the teachings of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures on this subject contains an instructive suggestion for us. The first stands for that bare and poor idea of justice evinced in the words, "And thine eye shall not pity, but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot." The second, on the other hand, teaches that unqualified mercy laid down in the precepts, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor," "If a man smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also." Taking the two systems together we have in these representative statements of belief, law and gospel as it pertains to the particular department of ethics we are considering. This division of the law and gospel, crudely as it is set forth in the popular theology of the day, is not so artificial as at first appears. Nature as well as religion has her law and gospel, her instinct of justice and her instinct of mercy. In all human experience we may also note this same divided impulse to action, and the highest philanthropy is that which wisely blends the two; the instinct of strict justice with that of a loving charity. Neither the Jewish nor Christian scheme, taken alone, contains a complete code of practical morality. In the first the sense of retribution is too strong, tyrannizing over every gentler feeling; while in the second we are in danger of losing it altogether in the undue emphasis placed upon the duties of self-sacrifice, patience, etc. Yet each served, and continues to serve, its part in the evolution of conduct.

Herbert Spencer justly makes the formation of character the primary object of all education. "To curb restive propensities, to awaken dormant sentiments, to strengthen the perceptions and cultivate the tastes, to encourage this feeling and repress that, so as finally to develop the child into a man of well-proportioned and harmonious nature—this is alike the aim of parent and teacher." In the same connection he adds: "Character is the thing to be changed rather than conduct. It is not the deeds but the feelings from which the deeds spring that requires dealing with." Richter has a thought of the same import when he says, "What you desire is not the child's obedience, but his inclination to it, love, trust,

self-denial, the reverence for the best." All this is excellent, but it does not diminish the importance of the principle I would insist on, that in the spirit of obedience, carefully instructed, lies the fundamental help and safeguard of all character. "Character is the thing to be changed rather than conduct," says Mr. Spencer, but would it not be more correct to say, "Character is the thing to be changed *along with* conduct." Character is a thing of slow growth. Society cannot wait until a man's principles are correctly formed before requiring his submission to rightful authority. It is his overt acts, his external conduct which she is obliged to take note of, not his inward motive and disposition, though these are, in their place, the proper subjects of her care. Though in a certain sense it is true, it is by no means enough to say that society is responsible for this or that evil condition. Society is a myth, an intellectual abstraction, a glittering generality. Its human factors, the men and women composing it, are the only real thing about it, on whom devolves the responsibility of all its failures and triumphs.

We are living in a new era of social life and experiment where the sentimentalist is equally out of place with the old time fanatic. When a monstrous wrong like slavery is to be done away with we require those heroic methods that belong to social revolution. The work of the reformer of to-day is of a slow and plodding order, because he has a more intricate problem to solve than any of his predecessors. It is comparatively easy to sign a historic document like the Declaration of Independence, to set free a million serfs, to strike the shackles from the black man's wrists. These are the great leading events of history, but about which cluster a host of complex problems on whose just solution hang those promises of benefit to the world which the first contain. The present is the age not of great, bewildering achievements or marked changes in the moral progress of man, but of slow and steady growth.

I close then with the old appeal for a reawakened sense of personal moral accountability. The great need of this and every age is that of a righteous, intelligent will power. Teach the child and the criminal, who is also a child in understanding, that the merit and blame of their conduct rest chiefly with themselves, and that the reward or punishment which follows is but the unavoidable result of their own action. Teach both, that while they are but units in the community to which they belong, they are none the less active, responsible agents therein, and not the passive tools of fate and circumstances. Teach them also that as they are but dependent parts of a single whole, the wisest self-interest is coincident only with the general good; that respect for just authority and regard for the rights of others are duties of paramount importance. Thus shall we impart to each that rational conception of life, that enlightened

view of conduct and duty which in itself is the greatest aid to a happy and useful existence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREE-THOUGHT EDUCATION.

To the Editors:

MORRIS PLAINS, N. J.

May I venture a few remarks suggested by Prof. Davidson's paper upon Free-Thought Education?

While it is impossible to overestimate the importance of such institutions as he proposes, may it not be possible to be too sanguine as to their results? Would, in point of fact, an atmosphere of unadulterated "free thought" conduce to the healthy growth of free-thought principles?

The advantages of mental growth in free-thought schools and colleges as compared with those of orthodox establishments, would be equal to the advantages for muscular growth in country life as compared with city life, but that is all. Healthy growth is possible in both.

It must not be forgotten that, paradoxical as it sounds, a free-thinker may develop into a dogmatist, and the free-thinking parent or teacher who imposes his thought upon the mind of child or pupil because he himself has achieved freedom, shackles the younger mind as surely as the orthodox professor who admits no question of the infallibility of his belief.

For *what* is freedom? It is not the *acceptance* of free-thought opinions as held by others; nor is it even the *choice* of such opinions; it is that mental condition which makes such a choice possible, and which in itself presupposes the existence of at least two distinct possibilities. *Freedom* implies the existence of the possibility of choice; choice includes doubt, consideration, the possibility of conflict; without these freedom is impossible.

Yet how few parents, and still fewer teachers, recognize this—how few will frankly say to child or pupil: "Such is my opinion upon a given subject, but I do not ask you to adopt it. It is the result of my experience and maturity, but in that respect only is more valuable than yours. I must tell you that others of my age, and equally mature, hold views directly opposed to mine; I will endeavor to show you the grounds for both opinions, and with you, after such explanation, lies the responsibility of choice; that is your inalienable right of freedom."

Yet, if this is not done, the very fact that parent or teacher is a free-thinker lessens the possibility of freedom for the younger mind. Probably the reason why the children of great thinkers rarely equal their parents in the same direction, lies in this. They accept the opinions which make the atmosphere of their lives, and do not realize the conditions which determined their choice, and acceptance in such circumstances is not freedom.

In all ages the descendants of reformers have lacked the zeal of their fathers. Every enthusiast asks sadly, "who will carry on my work?" realizing that the very minds formed by his teaching may lack that which inspired his own, viz., the existence of distinctly opposing elements.

Free-thinkers, if in less danger than orthodox professors of over-estimating their beliefs, may yet in their enthusiasm err in somewhat similar fashion. Hegelians, Aristotelians and Rosmians can, we all know, hold very tenaciously to the superiority of their own views, and wage as acrimonious a warfare in their behalf as the staunchest Tractarian or Presbyterian.

Unless, indeed, "a man's reach exceed his grasp," where is freedom for his pupils.

The ideal educational atmosphere must always be that of free discussion, which shall recognize and include views of every kind, even those opposed to its own principles, and permit to its pupils the absolute, unshackled exercise of individual choice,

which is freedom—an institution in which there shall be no dominantism even of philosophy—in which, if after acquiring knowledge of different opinions the student (exercising his inalienable right of choice) prefers the shackles of orthodoxy, will retain the respect of his teachers.

Mr. Davidson instances the earnestness of Roman Catholics in the establishment of exclusive schools as a worthy example for free-thinkers. But while cordially admitting this, does not the reflection arise that the very existence of such special schools has fostered the bigotry and narrowmindedness of Romanists, and may there not be a possible danger, even if in less degree, of philosophic bigotry in institutions exclusively devoted to the children of free-thinkers, who already in their own homes enjoy the atmosphere of freedom and perhaps find in orthodox schools and colleges the very element necessary to furnish the possibilities essential for freedom of choice?

Yours truly,

JANET E. RUNTZ-REES.

MR. CONWAY'S WORK IN ENGLAND.

To the Editors:

LONDON, ENG.

London is less interesting since Mr. Conway has ceased to be a central figure in its pulpits. Permanency of occupation, as you know, makes the reputation of the pulpits. We have four or five preachers of mark, and Mr. Conway was always named among them. Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Parker, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Haweis, are familiar names of notable preachers in London, but strangers visiting London would also ask for South Place Chapel while Mr. Conway was with us. He was known as the "American preacher" in London, who attained and sustained a reputation among us. Forty years ago I was a seat-holder in South Place Chapel, when engaged in editing the *Reasoner*—not taken to be an entirely orthodox publication. W. J. Fox, known subsequently as the great orator of the Anti-Corn League, was then the preacher. Always having personal friends in the congregation I used what influence I had to promote the election of Mr. Conway, a preacher whom I believed would sustain the reputation of the pulpit which Mr. Fox had made famous. This proved to be true. The other day an article opened in one of our chief journals saying, "The chapel where Mr. Conway preached—certain remarkable meetings have been held." Just as used to be said in former years "The chapel where Mr. Fox preached." Since Mr. Conway left, many persons of mark have occupied his platform, but none have proved to possess those various "all round" qualities impelling the congregation to choose one as permanent minister. South Place is as free as the Parker Memorial Hall in Boston. We have no other church like South Place in England. Its congregation is absolutely without fear. Whoever has distinctive ideas to proclaim, which have the spirit of reverence in them, Mr. George Hickson straightway submits such name for hearing. It is no mean proof of Mr. Conway's power and versatility that he sustained the interest for 21 years, of the most cultivated and critical congregation in Great Britain. I remember when first he came to England, that Mr. Samuel Lucas, the editor of the *Morning Star*, who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Bright, and therefore knew what eloquence was—telling me that "he had heard a speech of Mr. Conway that he thought was as eloquent as anything to which he had ever listened." So far from Mr. Conway's powers abating or his influence decreasing with years—his repute was greater when he left us than it had been before. In some of his later published sermons there were passages of eloquence and beauty worthy of our best English preachers of the days of Jeremy Taylor and South. Mr. Conway left also a name of mark in literature. A paper of his appeared in the *Daily News* upon London. It was a poem—nothing so fresh, original and striking has ever been written upon the great city by an Englishman.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE IDEAL.

BY W. F. BARNARD.

This is the crowning glory of our lives;
That deep within the soul there lives a thirst,
An aspiration to the highest, wrought
Of perfect love. A longing half expressed
For something far above the what-we-know
Or can imagine; making sweetest pain
Of all our incompleteness.

All our souls
Are but the shadows of the souls to be;
And all our life is but the lesser life
That grows to greater as it yields to love.
We yearn toward the invisible, we set
Our faces to the East to find the goal,
The something that we call the perfect life,
Whose echo moves within us evermore,
And moving molds us. Higher thoughts, and deeds
Of nobler purpose, grander, truer lives;
These we aspire to, these we strive to gain.
And ah! the strife is noble, for our paths
Do not lie always where the feet would go;
No, not forever do we journey through
Fair fields where peaceful rivers glide to sea
And nothing jars, but all things seek their ends.
Sometimes our guiding star hangs dim and pale
Far in the distance, and our feet are set
Upon the borders of such arid wastes
As seem the very abodes of living death,
And all the air is sown with thick despairs
That rush to overwhelm us.

In such night
The voice of duty calls us to obey;
To still pursue and not be overcome;
To gird ourselves with high exalted thoughts
Of all our lives' fair possibilities.
The dawn will come when night has spent itself,
And so we brave the darkness waiting dawn.
It comes at last and oftentimes with it come
Thoughts of that nobler manhood yet to be,
And of that glorious future world whose laws
Shall sphere themselves in perfect harmony.
Then rises deep emotion in the breast,
And in that highest moment when the soul
Is free from all the burden of the world,
Cleared for an instant of Earth's hampering dust,
We feel a touch. Our nobler, truer selves
Yearn toward us through the vast that lies between,
Till all we are seems merged in what might be,
And all our love grows ecstasy of faith.

Poetry can be to man what love is to the hero. It can neither counsel him, nor fight for him, nor yet do any special work for him, but it can teach him to be a hero, summon him to great deeds, and equip him with the strength for everything that he should be.—*Schiller*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WUNDT'S ETHICS.

Ethik, Eine Untersuchung der Thatsachen und Gesetze des Sittlichen Lebens. Wilhelm Wundt. Stuttgart, 1886.

A careful study of this book is especially to be commended to Englishmen and Americans, among whom utilitarianism is spread so widely and is so often thought the only possible theory of liberal ethics.

Wundt has given much attention to the English views of his subject. In the preface he says: "The English philosophy of morals has been to me very valuable, although I must confess more negatively than positively. I am, throughout, in opposition to its individualistic and utilitarian tendencies, but my conviction as to the untenableness of this standpoint, is chiefly due to the study of the English Utilitarians; and he who knows the part which error has to play, in the development of science will recognize that my judgment contains besides the censure a praise which is almost equal to the renown of a discovered truth."

Wundt's *critique* of Jeremy Bentham's theory of ethics based on pleasure and pain (p. 336, etc.), and that of John Stuart Mill, the most ingenious disciple of Bentham (p. 341), is very interesting and, I should say, unanswerable. Of Herbert Spencer, Wundt says: "Herbert Spencer's entire philosophical system is built upon the doctrine of evolution. Spencer, as he points out himself, had conceived this idea before the publication of Darwin's works. But at any rate Darwin's views have influenced Spencer's system greatly, and his later work on ethics shows traces of Darwin's influence more than his earlier works.

"Spencer's ethical views are ruled by Darwin's ideas of adaptation and heredity. According to the principle of adaptation the moral is identical with the useful; and the useful again is the adjustment to surroundings and conditions of life. Conditions of life being variable, our moral concepts must undergo constant changes, and a constant absolute moral code cannot exist, although there can be no doubt that some acts have been injurious in all times, while others in all ages have been recognized as useful; similarly, physical organization shows congruities in its different stages of development."

"It is the principle of adaptation which leads Spencer to a utilitarian relativism which is also to be met with, implicitly, in his predecessors of a utilitarian character. But Spencer lays special stress on the relativity of moral conceptions, and thus reveals two weak points of utilitarianism. First, there is no discrimination of the moral, proper, and other forms of the useful which, according to our consciousness, cannot receive an ethical valuation." On page 363 Wundt adds to this: "From this point of view we should be obliged to consider the invention of printing, of the use of the compasses, of the steam-engine, of antiseptic ligature as eminently moral acts. Concerning the invention of gun-powder and dynamite we may be undecided, or should say that they are partly moral, partly immoral. On the other hand, as utilitarians are obliged to admit that many things which we are wont to consider as merely useful, should be declared to be moral; so on the other hand from their standpoint, many things should be declared immoral, or at least indifferent, which heretofore were praised as moral; for instance, if the father of a family or a man whose place in human society is difficult to fill, makes an attempt at saving a drowning child at the risk of his life. * * * In this case, to be sure, the utilitarian would say not the single action must be useful, but the average character of actions must be such as under ordinary circumstances to increase human happiness."

"The second weak point of the ethical adaptation theory consists in its appreciation of the *effect* or *result* of an act and the entire neglect of the *intention* in which it is done. But such is a

matter of course, if the ethical appreciation takes place, as an engine is valued according to the effect of its work. The intention with which we act is to Spencer not a primary but a secondary point for our ethical judgment, and then only so far as it warrants the probability of future usefulness." Spencer makes the sequences of an act the test of its ethical value, while Wundt wants the motives to be considered.

"So far Spencer does not deviate much from the utilitarians before him," Wundt says, "but he has added a new aspect to the problem by taking into consideration the doctrine of inheritance."

"A great difficulty of Bentham's utilitarianism consisted in showing how egotistic desires may become motives for public utility. Spencer answers this question by transferring the problem from individual experience to the evolution of the race. As there are innumerable generations at our command the difficulty is greatly lessened. In the human race some fundamental moral conceptions have been developed and are developing still. These conceptions are the result of experiences as to what proved to be useful, and are inherited through transference upon the nervous system."

"Against this theory there is only one objection,—that the difficulty which is eliminated is less than the difficulty which is introduced. * * * If even such elementary data of consciousness as sensory perceptions, or the conception of space cannot be proven to be innate, how can we speak of inborn moral ideas which presuppose many complicated concepts relative to the acting person as well as to his surroundings. * * * Practical neurology is contrasted with such fantastical views, as astronomy and geography, are with the discoveries of Jules Verne; and the old theory of *ideæ innatæ* in its naïveté, according to which the chief subject matters of morals, metaphysics and logics were considered a cradle gift of God, is preferable at least for its simplicity. We acknowledge, therefore, that an important step has been made in the history of modern English utilitarianism when the idea of evolution was introduced; nevertheless, Spencer's attempt at deducing the moral development, which may be found in the progress of civilization simply from conditions of individual evolution, is best qualified to demonstrate the impossibility of such an explanation."

In opposition to the utilitarian theory, altruistic principles have been proposed by Hutcheson and Schopenhauer. They declare only charity and sympathetic emotions with our fellow creatures to be ethical. All egotism is objectionable. But since Leibnitz, Kant, Goethe and others pointed out that self-perfection was one of the duties of man, we should say that the extreme altruism does not afford a tenable principle of morality. And so Wundt explains how a kind of moderate altruistic utilitarianism became the ruling opinion of modern ethics, viz. those of Germany.

Wundt divides the sciences into descriptive and normative. Descriptive sciences are psychology, history, the natural sciences, etc.; the normative sciences are jurisprudence, logics, aesthetics, grammar and ethics. The former treat things as they are, the latter as they ought to be. But the *ought* is not quite missing in the former sciences. From many irregular facts gathered by experience the *ought* appears as a natural law. So the *ought* that *is*, becomes a *must*. The Norm, congruent with real existence, is necessity. In the background of grammar and the other normative sciences, logic stands. "Logic is only the ethics of thinking; ethics," Wundt, says, "is the ultimate normative science, the moral *ought* is the last source of the norm-idea."

In establishing the basis of his ethics Wundt starts from the individual will, which he contemplates in its conditions and relations. From this fact as the original datum, motives and norms of action rise which surpass the individual consciousness and point back to a universal will, the bearers of which are the indi-

viduals, and in the ends of which the single provinces of individual aspirations are comprised.

Omitting Wundt's explanations of his principles of morality, we proceed to the last and practical part of his ethics in which he propounds a synopsis of the moral norms. They are of (1) individual, (2) social and (3) human character; each of them is subjective as well as objective, and contains as much of a right as of a duty.

The subjective individual norm is *self-respect*, which he formulates as: Think and act in such a way as to never lose your self-respect. The objective individual norm is that of *duty*: do your duty to which you are pledged. The subjective social norm is what the Bible calls love of the neighbor: respect your fellow-being as you do yourself. The objective social norm is the interest in the welfare of the community or society (*Gemeinsinn*). It requests us to do services to the community to which we belong. The subjective humane virtue is humility. We have to consider ourselves as mere organs or instruments of our moral ideals. The objective humane virtue is unselfishness, which commands us to sacrifice ourselves for the purpose which we recognize as the ideal purpose of our life.

It would lead us too far to touch on the details of Wundt's voluminous work. With this review we can only invite to a study of the book and heartily wish for a readable English translation.

In his results Wundt approaches, as he confesses in the preface, the ethics of the post-Kantian speculative idealism, which is the more noteworthy, as Wundt is by no means a mere speculative philosopher, but primarily a scientist, and among scientists he leads the van on the subject of neurology. He adds in his preface that there may be more reason to wonder at this outcome, for he must confess that on other subjects of philosophy similar results will be reached, which will give credit to the philosophical work done in the beginning of this century.

"In judging of philosophical doctrines," he continues, "one should distinguish the everlasting tenor (*Inhalt*) from its transient formulation (*Form*). Philosophical systems, which once impressed deeply the human mind, having arisen in a time of transition and belonging now to the history of the past, should neither be condemned as chimerical dreams nor revered as eternal truths. The useless frames of such systems were destroyed, but their vital ideas took root in all single sciences, and by and by philosophy will be regenerated through the reaction of the sciences. Thus in the general views of philosophy much must be changed, and in minor details most, perhaps all, is to be corrected; nevertheless philosophy inaugurated the work which had to be temporarily intrusted to the sciences, and philosophy finally will have to consummate it."

PAUL CARUS.

HEREDITY. A Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes and Consequences. From the French of Th. Ribot, author of *Contemporary English Psychology*. New York: Appleton & Co., 1877.

Th. Ribot, the director of the *Revue Philosophique*, at Paris, and one of the most prominent French savants is distinguished for the breadth and earnestness of his thought. He has been the interpreter of the contemporary German and English philosophy to his countrymen by several meritorious treatises. His special department is psychology as it is based on physiological research. The present valuable work on heredity (which was first printed by the Appleton's in 1875,) bears on the same subject. Ribot defines *instinct* to be a *composite reflex action*, and explains it as an unconscious mode of intelligence. Instincts, it is possible, are only habits fixed by heredity (p. 22), but he declares (p. 33) that this explanation is rather vague and inaccurate. "As instinct rises it approaches intelligence and as intellect descends it approaches

instinct." With regard to the causes of heredity Ribot believes that the psychological instances should be explained from the physiological cases of heredity. Physiological heredity, he says, will be admitted without hesitation. Although this savors of materialism, he thinks that his solution is reconcilable with philosophical idealism. No doubt mental manifestations often influence the organism, but heredity belongs to the domain where the organism influences the mental manifestations. "Heredity thus understood, appears to us," he says on p. 275, "to be merely one of the many physiological influences to which mental development is subject."

The causes of physiological heredity are to be looked for in the law of the persistence of force. "The definite result of these researches is that heredity is identity as far as is possible; it is one being in many. 'The cause of heredity,' says Haeckel, 'is the partial identity of the materials which constitute the organism of the parent and child and the division of this substance at the time of reproduction.'"

Most interesting are Mr. Ribot's investigations on the consequences of heredity, which is in so close connection with evolution and even is the cause or condition which makes it possible. Heredity is a form of determinism and yet it leads from the automatic act of animal instincts to the freedom of human intelligence. Now, which of the two is at the bottom of phenomena in nature, mechanism and law or personality and freedom? At times we are inclined to say the one, at times the other. Ribot concludes with the sentence: "Were we to occupy a higher standpoint, we should see that what is given us from without as science under the form of mechanism, is given us from within as aesthetics or morals under the form of free-will." P. C.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY. A Discussion of the Evolution and Relations of the Mind and Body of Man and Animals. By S. F. Clevenger, M. D., etc. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co., 1885; pp. 247.

The author of this discussion is a scientific thinker well equipped with a store of accurate knowledge, and quite dexterous in making use of it. Moreover, he is one of those rare men capable of disinterested enthusiasm and thorough devotion to a high cause. His desire is to acquire so complete a knowledge of the human organism, and especially of its nervous system, as will enable him scientifically to understand the precise nature of mental derangements, hoping thereby to devise ways and means to alleviate the sufferings of a numerous and most unfortunate class of fellow-creatures. The work touches on almost all biological problems, and has an ingenious explanation for most of them. We readily believe the author when he assures us that he found it impossible to crowd together in this small compass all the thoughts contained in his note-books. Nature is cruel. "Of fifty seeds she often brings but one to bear," nay, sometimes none at all.

Of course, it is out of the question in a brief notice like this to take account, much less to examine every one of the numerous flowers scattered broadcast from this cornucopia. The ideas are, however, mostly interesting, some of them very suggestive, and a few of great and lasting importance; only they will have to be scientifically proved before they can gain general acceptance. The following are the titles of the fifteen chapters of his book: Introduction; Primitive Life and Mind; Organogeny; Genesis; Development; five chapters on nervous and mental physics; Morphology, Histology, and Evolution of the Human Brain; three chapters on mental activities; the Law of Expediency and Optimistic Conclusion.

Dr. Clevenger, in common with most physiologists and pathologists of our time, takes psychological phenomena to be functional outcomes of the organism, and in endeavoring to ex-

plain such phenomena in their connection with vital processes, he looks upon the latter as the cause of the former, differing here from psychologists generally, who accept the two-sided aspect as a working hypothesis. Such and such processes are going on in the organism, and we find them accompanied by such and such mental phenomena, or *vice versa*. When (page 202) Dr. Clevenger defines sensations as "conditions of the molecules realized in consciousness," one might as well, or even better, turn the tables and assert that molecules, with their positions and motions, are conditions of the sensations realized in consciousness. The investigator is comparing his two corresponding aspects, the subjective and the objective. They are not the *cause* of each other.

Our author announces chemical affinity as his leading principle in the explanation of vital processes, but in his chapters on the physics of the nervous system, adopts, nevertheless, the undulatory hypothesis. By means of waves one can explain everything in a mechanical way, for all necessary mechanical factors are assumed to begin with. Where the exact value of these factors cannot be ascertained, the hypothesis is utterly worthless. In vital processes we have to do with qualitative distinctions, and these are of chemical origin. The disturbance set up in a nerve by stimulation is strictly chemical. It is due to explosive disintegration. Functional disintegration is the immediate effect of stimulation on any kind of protoplasm—not undulatory motion.

Dr. Clevenger's idea, that nutritive assimilation is due to saturation of chemical affinities, is a great advance towards light in the total darkness that prevails in biological quarters with regard to this most important function. It is usually assumed without explanation, as an occult vital achievement, somehow effected in the unexplored recesses of the mystery of life. Here are the vital molecules and here the nutritive pabulum. Now shut your eyes. One, two, three, and the dead material of the pabulum has been magically converted into ever so many other living molecules. This is virtually what many biologists teach. Nutritive assimilation is, in all verity, chemical saturation. When Dr. Clevenger shall find out how the want for nutritive saturation arises in the living substance, he will have secured the most potent help in his attempt to construct biology, deductively, from primitive functions of life.

Our author's intervertebral theory of brain formation stands, as he himself candidly confesses, on the same footing as the vertebral theory of the skull which has occupied so many investigators since Goethe and Oken. The cephalic deficiency of the amphioxus has in our days misled many scientists. The head of an animal is the most essential and peculiar part of its organism. An infusorium has already well established head-domination. The relation of the headless somites of worms to their head, gives a correct notion of the paramount value of the latter; it is certainly not formed by coalescence of somites; it is not by chance that the sensory organs have developed in the cephalic portion. Its chemical constitution is, at the very beginning of animal life, superior to all other parts of the body.

By far the most important biological theory advanced by Dr. Clevenger is that concerning the nature of the neuroglia, which he holds to be the central organ of consciousness. He says it is "the seat of the feelings, the meeting place of the sensations, the part to which waves converge, and from which they diverge in the institution of vital movements" (p. 121). This theory is by no means scientifically proved, but, in our opinion, it enunciates, nevertheless, the greatest of all biological truths; it contains the germ of a complete revolution in the conception of the complex animal organism. We will try to make this clear. Embryology leaves unknown how the nerves are formed which unite the different parts of the body. Histology fails to discover direct communications between the ultimate sensory fibres and the initial

motor fibres. But there exists a newly homogeneous substance to which, as Dr. Clevenger puts it, "the sensory nerves converge, and from which the motor nerves diverge." This substance is the neuroglia, held by most investigators to be merely connective tissue and not nerve substance. This doubtful substance is, however, found to differ chemically in an essential manner from connective tissue, and various observers have already declared it to be of neural consistency. The strongest argument against its nervous character was advanced by Meynert. Huguenin expresses it thus: "A tissue which increases as mental function decreases, cannot be the medium of such function." It is, namely, a fact, that an ox, for instance, has more neuroglia than a man. To this objection Dr. Clevenger very aptly replies: "As differentiations occurred in a higher scale of intelligence, it is the very substance of all others to be encroached upon by organization." The relational elements, represented by the network of nerve-fibres ending in the neuroglia, increase in number as organization advances, and fill more and more the space originally occupied by the homogeneous neuroglia, which then was receiving only few relational elements. Besides, the human neuroglia is sure to be qualitatively vastly superior to that of the ox.

It has been the ambition of mechanical biologists to demonstrate an unbroken continuity between the sensory fibres and the motor fibres. Dr. Clevenger clearly recognizes what the consequence of this would be. "Consciousness would cease and the animal become an automaton indeed." Neuroglia is, in truth, the synthetical substance in which complex mental states are realized. It can be almost proved by reasoning that it must be so.

We should like to say a few words on several other ideas of Dr. Clevenger, but space forbids. So we take leave of him, fully confident that biological science will be essentially furthered by his researches.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE F. R. A.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, May 26 and 27, commencing on Thursday, May 26, at 7:45 P. M., in Vestry Hall, 88 Tremont st., with a Business Session for hearing reports, electing officers, etc.

F. M. HOLLAND, Secretary.

INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSIONS.

Your paper is thus far a great success.—DANIEL G. THOMPSON, New York.
THE OPEN COURT is the best periodical I ever read.—DR. W. T. CARTER, Louisville.

I call THE OPEN COURT the highest product of our civilization in journalism.—H. F. BERNARD.

By the evidence of various omens THE OPEN COURT is destined to inaugurate a new era in the literature of free thought.—FELIX L. OSWALD.

Capital title, original and regal appearance, opulent and imposing, and promise in every page.—GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, Brighton, Eng.

I want to say how excellently promising I think THE OPEN COURT. If you can keep this level its success, in the sense in which so radical a journal can be successful, is assured.—ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Each number is better than its predecessor thus far. Furthermore, THE OPEN COURT has a literary, philosophic aspect. It looks very inviting to the reader. Your writers will feel called upon to do their best, when they are presented to the public in such fine style.—B. W. BALL.

I am glad to see that you keep the flag of free and advanced thought flying in the United States. It will give me pleasure to send you a few articles dealing with certain aspects of some things here. * * * I purpose sending you first an article on the new ethical movement in London.—WM. CLARKE, London.

Better and better. Every student and thinker in the United States should have it. For the first time we have the right thing. I have several subscribers engaged. When you commenced the change I only looked for another *Index*. THE OPEN COURT is something wholly different, and while the *Index* had much value, this has the advantage of not being anchored to an old purpose and comparatively local one. We must have a few volumes of Montgomery collected in systematic shape. He will leave his work too fragmentary if he dies soon.—REV. E. P. POWELL.

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ON MEMORY AS A GENERAL FUNCTION OF ORGANIZED MATTER.*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF THE SOLEMN MEETING OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, AT VIENNA, MAY 30, MDCCCLXX.

BY EDWALD HERING,
MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Translated by Dr. Paul Carus, from the Second Edition, published by Carl Gerold's Sohn, Wiess, 1876.

(Translation Copyrighted.)

If a scientist leaves behind the province of his special inquiry and takes a journey into the realm of philosophy, he may hope for a solution of the great problem which underlies the minor problems to which he has devoted his life. But he must be prepared for secretly being discredited to those of his colleagues who he knows remain quietly with the subjects of their speciality, and at the same time he will be mistrusted by the manor-born in the empire of speculation. He runs the risk of losing his reputation with the former and of gaining nothing with the latter.

The subject indeed for which I want your attention on this solemn occasion is most alluring, but bearing in mind what I said just now, I do not intend to leave the domain of natural science to which I devoted my studies and shall attempt only to gain the heights where we may enjoy a general and free survey. It will seem in the course of this paper as though I should not remain faithful to this purpose, as I shall transcend into the province of psychology. So for my own justification, let me point out how far psychological inquiries are not only an allowable but indispensable aid to physiological investigation.

The animal human organism and its material mechanism is the subject of physiology, but consciousness is a simultaneous datum, and when the atoms of the brain move according to certain laws, the inner life of our soul is woven of sensations and conceptions of feeling and will.

Everyone finds this in himself, and this, at the same time, beams forth from the faces of his fellow-beings. It breathes in the life of higher organized animals and even the most simple creatures bear some vestiges of it. Who can tell the limit of empsychosis in the empire of organic nature?

What can physiology do best in the face of such

dual aspects of organic life? Should science be blindfolded on the one side in order to better comprehend the other?

As long as a physiologist is a mere physicist—and I use the word physicist now in its most comprehensive meaning—his method of inquiring into organic nature is throughout one-sided, but it is justly so. As a crystal to the mineralogist, so a man or an animal is to the physiologist of this standpoint a mere lump of matter. Certainly an animal feels pleasure and pain, and mental emotions are connected with the material phenomena of the human body, but that is no reason why a physicist should take a different view of the corporeal existence of man, who remains to him a compound of matter subject to the same irrefragable laws as stones and plants; like a machine, his motions are causally connected with each other and dependent upon their surroundings.

Neither sensation nor conception nor conscious will can form a link in the chain of these material processes of which the physical life of organisms consists. If I answer a question, the material process is conducted from the organ of hearing by sensory nerve fibres to the brain, and must pass through it as a material process in order to reach the motor nerves of the organ of speech. It cannot, after having arrived at a certain spot in the brain enter into something immaterial in order to be re-transformed in some other place of the brain into another material process. A caravan in the desert might just as well enter into the oasis of a mirage in order to return after a refreshing rest into the actual desert.

Thus is the physiologist so far as he is a physicist. He stands behind the stage and carefully observes the gear of machinery and the movements of the actors from behind the scenes, but he misses the meaning of the whole action which is readily understood by the spectator. Now, should a physiologist never be allowed to change his standpoint?

Certainly his object is not to understand a world of concepts, but of realities. Nevertheless if he occasionally change his place of observation and look at things from the other side, or at least be told by trustworthy observers the result of their experiences, he may derive some benefit so as to better comprehend the apparatus and to learn how it works.

For this very reason psychology is an indispensable auxiliary science to physiology. If the latter did not

* Presented to the readers of THE OPEN COURT as part of his Monistic views, by Edward C. Hegeler.

heretofore use the former sufficiently it was to the less extent a fault of physiology. Psychology has been late to till her ground with the plough of induction, for only in such a soil can those fruits be raised for which the physiologist has most need.

The neurologist is thus placed between the physicist and the psychologist. The physicist considers the causal continuity of all material processes as the basis of his inquiry; the thoughtful psychologist looks for the laws of conscious life according to the rules of an inductive method and assumes the validity of an unalterable order. And if the physiologist learns from simple self-observation that conscious life is dependent upon his bodily functions, and *vice versa* that his body to some extent is subject to his will; he has only to assume that *this interdependence of mind and body is arranged according to certain laws* and the connection is found which links the science of matter to the science of consciousness.

Thus considered, phenomena of consciousness appear to be functions of material changes of organized substance and *vice versa*. As I do not wish to mislead, let me expressly mention, although it is included in the term function; thus considered, material processes of the cerebral substance appear to be functions of the phenomena of consciousness. For if two variables are dependent upon each other, according to certain laws a change of the one demanding a change of the other and *vice versa*, the one is called, as is known, a function of the other.

This does not mean that the two variables, matter and consciousness, are connected with each other as cause and effect; for we do not know anything about it. Materialism explains consciousness as a result of matter, idealism takes the opposite view and from a third position one might propound the identity of spirit and matter. The physiologist, as such, should not meddle with such questions.

Aided by this hypothesis of a functionary connection between spiritual and material, modern physiology is enabled to draw phenomena of consciousness into the domain of its inquiry, without leaving the solid ground of its scientific method. The physiologist as a physicist observes how the beam of light, the undulation of sound, the vibration of heat affect the organs of sensation; how they enter into the nerves, are transformed into an irritation of nerve fibre and conducted to brain cells. Here he loses their vestiges. On the other hand, he observes the spoken word coming forth from the mouth of a speaking person, he sees him move his limbs and finds these movements caused by contractions of muscles which are produced through motor nerves irritated by nerve cells of the central organs. Here again he is at his wit's end. The bridge which should lead him from the irritated sensory nerve to the irritated

motor nerve, is indicated in the labyrinthian connections of nerve cells, but he lacks a clue to the infinitely involved processes which are interposed in this place. It is here the physiologist successfully changes his standpoint. Here matter no longer reveals the secret to his inquiring glance, but he finds it in the mirror of consciousness, not directly but indirectly and figuratively, still it is in lawful connection with what he inquires into. Now, when observing how one idea replaces another, how from sensations conception rises, and how from conceptions *will* starts, how emotions and thoughts interweave, he will suppose that there is a corresponding series of material processes connected among each other and accompanying the whole action of conscious life according to the law of functionary inter-dependence of matter and consciousness.

After this introduction I may venture to combine under one aspect a long series of phenomena which are apparently widely separated and belong partly to conscious, partly to unconscious life of organic nature: we shall consider them comprehensively as results (*Aüsserungen*) of one and the same faculty of organized matter, viz., memory, or the faculty of reproduction.

Memory, as generally understood, is merely the faculty of voluntarily reproducing ideas or a series of ideas. But if faces and events of past days appear, although they were not called for, and take possession of our consciousness, do we not also call this, exactly as much, remembering? We are justly entitled to include in the concept of memory all involuntary reproductions of sensations, conceptions, emotions and aspirations. In doing so, memory becomes an original faculty, being at once the source and unification of all conscious life.

It is well known that sensual perceptions, if made invariably or repeatedly for some time, are impressed into what we call the memory of senses, in such a way that often after hours, and after we have been busy with a hundred other things, they suddenly return into our consciousness in the full sensual vivacity of their original perception. We thus experience how whole groups of sensations, properly regulated in their connections according to space and time, are so vividly reproduced as to be like reality itself. This shows strikingly that after the extinction of conscious sensations, some material vestiges still remain in our nervous system, implying a change of its molecular and atomic structure, by which the nervous substance is enabled to reproduce such physical processes as are connected with the corresponding psychical processes of sensations and perceptions.

Everyone may observe such phenomena of the memory of senses in his daily, even his hourly experience, although in fainter forms. Consciousness produces legions of more or less faded memorial pictures (*Erinnerungsbilder*) of former sensual perceptions. Partly they are called in voluntarily and partly they crowd in

spontaneously. Faces of absent persons come and go as pale and volatile shadows, and sounds of melodies which long have died away haunt us, if not audible, yet perceptible.

Of many things and events, especially if they were perceived only once or very superficially, merely single, unusually striking qualities are reproducible; of other things only those qualities are reproducible which have been noticed on former occasions, because our brain was prepared for their reception beforehand. They are responded to stronger and enter into consciousness more easily and energetically. Thus their ability of being reproduced increases. In this way what is common to many things and accordingly has been perceived most frequently, will be by and by so reproducible as to be easily called forth by a slight inner impulse without any exterior and real stimulus. Such a sensation which is, as it were, produced internally, for instance the idea of white, is not of the same vivacity as the sensation of white color externally produced by white light. After all it is essentially the same, but it is a weak repetition of the same material brain process and of the same conscious sensation. Thus the idea of white is an almost imperceptibly weak perception.

In this way the qualities which are common to many things separate, as it were, from them when entering into our memory. They attain an independent existence in consciousness as concepts or ideas, and the whole rich world of our concepts and ideas is constructed of these materials of memory.

It is easily recognized that memory is not so much a faculty of conscious as of unconscious life. What was conscious to me yesterday and again becomes conscious to-day, where has it been in the meantime from yesterday until to-day? It did not continue as a fact of consciousness and yet it returned. Our concepts appear on the stage of consciousness very transiently; they quickly disappear behind the scenes in order to make place for others. Only on the stage they are conceptions, as an actor is king only on the stage. As what do they continue behind the scene? For that they exist somehow we know; a clue only is required to make them reappear. They do not continue as conceptions, but as a certain disposition of nervous substance (*Stimmung der Nerven substanz*) by virtue of which the same sound may again be evoked to-day which was produced yesterday.

Innumerable reproductions of organic processes in our cerebral substance constantly join each other according to certain laws, one in its turn stimulating another. But the phenomenon of consciousness is not necessarily connected with each link in such a series of processes. Accordingly, chains of conceptions sometimes seem to lack a right connection if they are conveyed to the cerebral substance through a process not accompanied

by consciousness. Therefore, also, a long series of ideas may follow the correct logical order and organic structure, although the diverse premises, indispensable in such combination, did not become conscious at all. Some ideas emerge from the depth of unconscious life into consciousness without being connected with any conscious conception, others sink into unconsciousness without ever having been joined to conscious ideas.

Between what I am to-day and what I was yesterday, a gap of unconsciousness lies, the nocturnal sleep and it is only memory which spans a bridge between my *to-day* and my *yesterday*. Who can hope to unravel the manifold and intricately intertwined tissues of inner life if he attempts to follow only the threads as they run through his consciousness? You may as well gather your information about the rich organic life of the oceanic world from those few forms which now and then emerge from the surface of the sea merely to disappear soon afterwards into the depths of the ocean.

Thus the cause which produces the unity of all single phenomena of consciousness, must be looked for in our unconscious life. As we do not know anything of this except what we know from investigations of matter, and as to a purely empirical consideration, matter and the unconscious must be considered identical, the physiologist may justly define memory in a wider sense to be a faculty of the brain the results of which to a great extent belong to both consciousness and no less to unconsciousness.

Every perception of an object in space is a highly complicated process. For instance, a white ball suddenly appears before my eyes. It is necessary not only to convey the perception of white to consciousness, but also the circular periphery of the visible ball, moreover its globular form as may be recognized from the distribution of light and shade, then the exact distance from my eyes must be considered and from this we form an estimate concerning its size. What an apparatus of sensations, perceptions and conclusions is apparently necessary for attending to all this. And yet the actual perception of the sphere is performed in a few seconds without my becoming conscious of the single processes which construct the whole; the result enters into my consciousness complete.

The nervous substance faithfully preserves the records of processes often performed. All functions necessary for correct perception which first were done slowly and with difficulty by a constant employment of consciousness, are reproduced afterward summarily in an abbreviated way and without such intensity as to push each single link of the chain beyond the threshold of consciousness. Such chains of unconscious nerve-processes which at last end into a link accompanied with consciousness, have been called unconscious chains or perceptions or unconscious conclusions; a name which is

justifiable from the standpoint of psychology. For psychology might lose sight of the soul quite frequently if unconscious states were not taken into consideration. To a physical consideration, however, unconscious and material mean the same, and a *physiology of the unconscious* is no *philosophy of the unconscious*.*]

Almost all movements which man performs, are a result of long and difficult practice. The harmonious co-operation of the different muscles, the exactly gauged amount of work which each one must contribute to the common labor, must be learned for most movements with great trouble. How slowly a beginner at the piano finds the single notes, the eye directing his fingers to the different keys, and then how marvelous is the play of a virtuoso. With the swiftness of thought each note finds an easy passage through the eye to the finger to be performed correspondingly. One quick glance at the music suffices to make sound a whole series of chords, and a melody which has been practiced sufficiently may be played while the player's attention is directed to other subjects.

In such a case *will* no longer directs each single finger to produce the desired movements, and no close attention is needed to watch the whole execution carefully. *Will* is only commander-in-chief. *Will* issues an order and all muscles act accordingly. They work on as long as they move in their customary tracks, till a slight hint of *will* prescribes another direction.

This would be impossible, if those parts of the central nervous system which bring about the movement, were not capable of reproducing entire series of states of irritation. When they have been practiced before under a constant accompaniment of consciousness, they can be called forth, as it were, independently on a slight provocation of consciousness which is executed the quicker and more perfect, the oftener reproductions have been repeated. All this is possible only if they remember what they *did* before. Our perceptive faculty would forever remain on the lowest stage, if we should build every single perception consciously from all given single materials of sensation. Our voluntary motions would never surpass the awkwardness of a child, if in each case we should instigate the different single impulses with conscious will and reproduce all the single conceptions over again. To state it briefly, if the nervous motor system were not endowed with memory, viz., an unconscious memory. What is called the power of custom *Die Macht der Gewohnheit* is the strength of this memory.

It is memory to which we owe all we *are* and *have*. Ideas and conceptions are products of it, each perception, each thought, each motion is carried by it. Memory unites all the innumerable single phenomena

of consciousness into one entirety; and as our body would be dispersed into myriads of atoms, if it were not held together by the attraction of matter; thus, but for the binding power of memory, consciousness would be dissolved into as many fragments as there are moments.

We have seen that only a part of the reproduction of organic processes, as brought about through the memory of nervous substance, enters into our consciousness; no less unimportant parts remain unconscious. And the same may be proved from numerous facts with regard to those parts of the nervous system which are exclusively subservient to the unconscious processes of life. For the memory or reproductive faculty of the so-called sympathetic nervous system is by no means weaker than that of the brain and the spinal cord. Medical art to a great extent, makes good use of it.

In concluding this part of my investigation let me drop the subject of nervous substance for a moment in order to take a cursory view of other organic matter, where we meet with the same reproductive faculty, but in a simpler form.

Daily experience teaches us that muscles grow the stronger the oftener they are used. Muscle fibre, which in the beginning but feebly responded to the irritation of a motor nerve, works with more energy the oftener it is irritated in reasonable intervals of rest. After each single action it becomes more capable of action, it grows fitter for the repetition of the same work and better adapted to the reproduction of the same organic process. *Pari passu*, its size increases because it assimilates more than in a state of constant rest.

This is the very same faculty of reproduction the action of which is so complicated in nervous substance; here it is observable in its simplest form, and easier understood as a physical process. And what is more accurately known of muscle substance is more or less clearly demonstrable of the substances of all other organs. Everywhere we find an increased activity with adequate pauses of recreation accompanied by an increased strength of action, and organs which are used oftener in the animal household also grow in size by an increased assimilation. But this increase of mass does not only mean an aggrandizement and growth of the single cells or fibres of which the organ is composed, but also an augmentation of their number. A cell grown to a certain size divides into filial cells which inherit, in a greater or less degree, the qualities of the parental cell, and accordingly represent repetitions of it. This growth and augmentation of cells is one of the different functions which are characteristic of organized matter. These functions are not only interior phenomena of the cell substance, not only certain changes or motions of its molecular structure, but also become externally visible as a modification of form, an aggrandizement of size or a division of the cell. Thus the

* This is a thrust against Eduard von Hartmann's *Philosophy of the Unconscious*.

reproductive function of a cell is manifested also as a reproduction of the cell itself. This is most obvious in plants; the chief function of their cells is the work of growth, while in animal organisms other functions are predominant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HERBERT SPENCER AS A THINKER.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In considering the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, I scarcely know whether I am more moved by his strength and power or by his grace and versatility, until I reflect that these latter qualities are but tokens of the former. He could not pass with so firm and free a tread over so a wide a range of thought were it not for the energy of mind which has enabled him to take all thought for his domain.

Yet herein has lain the secret of the doubts which many have quite honestly entertained respecting Herbert Spencer's real position among (or rather above) the philosophers the world has known. Specialists have been apt to weigh his philosophy in parcels, comparing his biology with the biology of a Darwin or a Huxley; his physical science with that of a Thomson or a Tyndall; his mathematics with that of a Pierce or a Cayley, and so forth—not noting that with him each department of science has supplied but its due quota of material towards the building up of a philosophy which depends on all the sciences, while including also what is as yet outside the scientific domain. If we compare Herbert Spencer, in any department of science, with some chief master in that department, we find him at once less and greater: less in knowledge of details and in mastery of facts and methods; greater in that he sees outside and beyond the mere details of that special subject, and recognizes the relation of its region of inquiry to the much wider domain over which his own philosophy extends. Thus, comparing Spencer even with Darwin—the Newton of biology—we see that the biological field over which Darwin and his followers have extended their survey, is in reality but a small part of the domain over which Herbert Spencer has searched for the evidence of evolution and dissolution. If the Darwinian theory be summarized (as, indeed, in all its essential features it was summarized by Spencer himself, who independently recognized its validity) we find it presenting but a finite example, within a special department, of that universal law, unlimited alike in time and space, which Herbert Spencer presents thus:

“The rhythm of evolution and dissolution, completing itself during short periods in small aggregates, and in the vast aggregates distributed through space completing itself in periods which are immeasurable by human thought is, so far as we can see, universal and eternal, each alternating phase of the process

predominating, now in this region of space, and now in that, as local conditions determine.”

Yet one cannot but pause when contemplating Herbert Spencer's work in departments of research, to note with wonder how he has been enabled, by mere clearness of insight, to discern truths which escaped the notice of the very leaders in those special subjects of inquiry. To take astronomy, for example, a subject which, more perhaps than any other, requires long and special study before the facts with which it deals can be rightly interpreted, Spencer reasoned justly respecting the most difficult, as well as the highest of all subjects of astronomical research, the architecture of the stellar system, when the Herschels, Arago, and Humboldt adopted or accepted erroneous views. In this particular matter I had a noteworthy illustration of the justice of a remark made (either by Youmans or Fiske, I forget which) at the Spencer banquet in New York a few years ago: “In every department of inquiry even the most zealous specialists must take the ideas of Herbert Spencer into consideration.” After long and careful study specially directed to that subject, I advanced, in 1869, opinions which I supposed to be new respecting the architecture of the heavens,—opinions which Spencer himself, in his *Study of Sociology*, has described as “going far to help us in conceiving the constitution of our own galaxy;” yet I found that twelve years before, dealing with that part of science in his specially planned survey of the whole domain, he had seen clearly many of the points on which I insisted later, and had found in such points sufficient evidence to lead him to correct views respecting the complexity and variety of the sidereal system.

In Spencer's power of getting at broad general truths we find a sufficient answer to the somewhat captious objection that in matters of detail he often errs. Every specialist, I suspect, can find mistakes in Herbert Spencer's detailed references to special subjects. But his mistakes are never such as to affect the truth of his general views. One might as reasonably consider them defects in his philosophy, as one might object to a survey of some continent or country that it pictured cities, towns, and villages as circles, though not one of them is precisely circular in shape.

It is, however, as a founder of a school of ethics that Herbert Spencer is chiefly honored by those who understand and love his philosophy, in this character that he is disliked (nay, hated) by those who do not and cannot understand him.

The ethical system of Herbert Spencer in its careful discrimination between the duties men owe to themselves and those which they owe to others, is far in advance of that system, which many, calling it “Christian teaching,” fondly imagine to be a system of pure altruism. To these dreamers the system taught in

Spencer's *Data of Ethics* seems comparatively selfish—tinctured at least by what they call worldly wisdom,—in a tone implying that wisdom belonging to another world than ours must be much better for us than wisdom only useful here. One would not willingly speak with contempt of teachings which had their origin in the minds of earnest and unselfish men, anxious to teach their fellows the secret of happiness. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," was their cry ages before the time of Christ, "and I will give you rest,"—and rest was to be found as it seemed to them in the love of others, in disregard of self, in forgiveness of injuries, and in taking no thought for the morrow. Poverty was no longer to be held a reason for disquiet; meekness and humility were to be regarded as chief among the virtues, and men were to deem themselves happy when their fellows spoke ill of them and they were evil entreated. Doubtless herein lay one way towards content and therefore towards happiness. The golden rule of Hillel (Confucius gave it in the same negative form) "Do not to others what ye would not men should do to you," is at least a rule by which much unhappiness may be avoided by the individual man, unphilosophical as the rule may be in itself. A kind of peace, and with it a kind of happiness, may be secured by turning the right cheek to him who has smitten the left; by yielding the cloak to him who has taken the coat; by going two miles with him who would have forced you to go with him but one. And most assuredly among men who follow this particular way to secure peace and quiet, it may be said with truth, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," for they and they alone can inherit and enjoy the kingdom of heaven—as thus imagined.

In one sense this ethical system needs no attacking. It never has been adopted or followed save by a minority so small as not to be worth considering. The very last to follow it have been those who have seemed most earnest in teaching it, and who, indeed, have doubtless been very earnest in teaching it to others, seeing that, as a doctrine for others to follow, it commends itself most to the least altruistic minds. If the ethical doctrine taught by Herbert Spencer had no other claims to our regard it would be worthy of our warmest esteem in this, that it is a system in which precept and practice can be reconciled. It is not a system which selfishly teaches unselfishness. It is not a system which teaches as a duty the setting aside of duty. It does not enjoin men to seek their own comfort by rewarding iniquity. It does not tell men that neglect of self is a virtue merely because it is a way of escaping trouble. Instead of saying, "Resist not evil," it teaches that it is each man's duty to resist wrong-doing to the uttermost in so far as lies within his power; not as moved by anger or by hate (unless where anger and hate are necessary elements of strenuous opposition to evil), but because evil

would thrive if unresisted, and few evils among men can be destroyed unless zealously opposed. So far from telling men to take no thought for the morrow, this worthier ethical system teaches that only the savage and the uncultured can be forgiven (even as young children are forgiven) for that careless disregard of the future which trusts the welfare of the thoughtless to the care of the provident.

The most characteristic feature of Spencer's moral teaching is found, however, not so much in what it inculcates as in the account it gives of the origin of rules of conduct, and especially of our ideas in regard to what is morally right and morally wrong. It is here that Spencer's philosophy has its chief interest for thoughtful minds, while also herein lies its chief defect in the eyes of the shallow-minded. He has set as the great object he has had in view throughout all his work, the application of the principles of evolution to the discussion of the rules by which the conduct of men should be guided. He has shown that all the rules by which the conduct of men actually is guided have had their origin in processes of evolution,—this being true not only of rules which seem good in themselves, but of others which seem the reverse, precisely as the attractive and preservative qualities of various forms of animal and vegetable life had their origin in evolution as certainly as those which seem unpleasant and destructive. The ferocity of the lion is as surely a product of evolution as the gentleness of the gazelle; the cowardly cruelty of the wolf came into existence through the struggle for life as surely as the courage and self-devotion of the dog, man's best friend among the animals. The sense of loyalty and duty, of good faith and justice, grows stronger as communities advance from savagery toward the better forms of civilization. To recognize this growing sense of right and duty as a product of evolution is a necessary step toward recognizing the ways by which the development of the better rules of conduct may be encouraged. But to the lower and less reasoning types of mind these views of conduct seem degrading. They would rather imagine virtue to be some ethereal essence not depending on reasoning but on the emotions, not a product of development but of some divine creative force. As reasonably might the health of body be so regarded, and all that the study of the human body has taught of the dependence of health on regimen be regarded as degrading to the higher man.

What has been the outcome of Herbert Spencer's moral philosophy? What has been the lesson resulting from his pursuance of what he has described as "his ultimate purpose, lying behind all proximate purposes," the recognition of "a scientific basis for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large?" I take it that he has obtained the best answer yet gained by man to the vain yet ever-recurring question, "Is life

worth living?" I am not concerned to decide whether, on the whole, life is a gain or a loss. It does not seem to me that Spencer's ethical system really depends on any such decision. The results, as regards conduct, would be the same (whatever the difference in our estimate of their value) whether life were, on the whole, a blessing or, on the whole, the reverse. Hillel answered the Mallocks of his day, "It is idle to ask whether life is worth living, seeing that we live." Even so Spencer may answer those who question whether an ethical system depending on the struggle for life, is worthy of adoption. The struggle for life goes on independently of all question whether life is good or bad, of all opinion whether with time life may or may not be made better and happier. The outcome of Spencer's philosophy remains—that happiness is to be sought by each—the happiness of self as a duty to others as well as to self, the happiness of others as a duty to self as well as to them—happiness as a means, happiness as the chief end.*

It remains only that I should touch on the question of belief in a future life and faith in a Supreme Power outside ourselves, as presented by Herbert Spencer, or rather as suggested in his philosophy. That Spencer nowhere describes as known what is and must ever remain unknowable, need hardly be said. It is the essence of his mode of thinking that he strives always to see and to describe things as they are. He nowhere denies the possibility of a future life, though he shows abundantly the nothingness of the evidence on which the common belief in a future life has been based†. And, in like manner, he nowhere denies the possibility of a personal deity, though he repeatedly insists on the inherent folly of all those teachings which are based on imagined knowledge, not only of the personality of an Almighty Power, but of the nature of that power's personal plans and purposes. His whole doctrine is summarized in the thought that—

Under the appearances which the universe presents to our senses, there persists unchanging in quantity, but ever-changing in form and ever-transcending human knowledge and conception, an unknown and unknowable POWER, which we are obliged to recognize as without limit in space and without beginning or end in time.

True, as the positivist, Frederick Harrison, has suggested, there is in this thought none of that comfort under affliction which the childhood of religion found in the pretended interventions of priesthood between

man and God,—though, to say truth, the religion of humanity which positivism calls on us to accept fails no less completely (for the thought that there have been great human minds affords no comfort under great human trials). But we are to consider that when races of man are passing through childhood the comforts found in contradictory theologies are real enough as comforts, vain though they are as philosophy; while races which have reached the fullness of their manhood may safely put away childish things and man-like learn "to suffer and be strong."

FREE-THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

BY HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

In 1883 the state of the law relating to blasphemy in England attracted much public attention. In the March of that year Messrs. Foote, Ramsey and Kemp were tried before Mr. Justice North and a common jury for having published a blasphemous libel. They were convicted and sentenced to scandalously heavy terms of imprisonment. Later in the same year Mr. Bradlaugh was prosecuted with Messrs. Foote and Ramsey and tried before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a special jury. Mr. Bradlaugh was tried separately and acquitted. As in his case it was merely the question of publication and not of the matter published that was tried, no statement of the law of blasphemy was then made, but in the case of Messrs. Foote and Ramsey it was the character of the published matter and not the fact of publication that the court was called upon to decide. The Lord Chief Justice stated his view of the law in his summing up and this created such an extraordinary impression among the public and was so much questioned by some of the judges that he felt called upon to publish it in pamphlet form.

In his summing up Lord Coleridge said that the law grows and Christianity is no longer "part of the law of the land;" all through he laid down most distinctly that the offense of blasphemy is in the manner of attacking Christianity and not in the attack itself; the offense lies in the form and not in the substance. It is "absolutely untrue," he said, that the mere denial of Christianity is a blasphemous libel; the denial of the truth of the Christian religion is not alone enough to constitute the offense of blasphemy. "If the decencies of controversy be observed even the fundamentals of religion may be attacked without a person being guilty of a blasphemous libel." In concluding his summing up Lord Coleridge turned to the jury and bade them take the publications and look at them, "if you think they are permissible attacks on the religion of the country you will find the defendants not guilty, * * * but if you think that they do not come within the most liberal and largest view that anyone can give of the law as it exists now, then find them guilty."

* I repeat just here what I wrote, under the assumed name of Thomas Foster, in the pages of my monthly magazine, *Knowledge*, and what my friend the late Prof. E. S. Youmans reprinted, not knowing I was the author, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, where possibly some readers of these pages may have noticed the passage. A somewhat amusing result of the appearance of the Foster papers was that I, as Richard A. Proctor, was requested by an admirer of Spencer (the Rev. Minot J. Savage) to meet myself as Thomas Foster, at a Spencerian gathering.

† Common opinion, in matters depending on individual judgment, is absolutely certain—where decision is difficult—to be common error.

Such an expression of opinion on the law relating to blasphemy coming as it did from so high an authority as the Chief Judge of England, caused much discussion among both the learned and the unlearned, and in the following March an article on the subject appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, from the erudite pen of Mr. Justice Stephen. Mr. Justice Stephen while admiring the summing up, feared "that its merits may be transferred illogically to the law which it expounds and lays down, and that thus a humane and enlightened judgment may tend to perpetuate a bad law by diverting the public attention from its defects. The law I regard as essentially and fundamentally bad."

Mr. Justice Stephen accepted Blackstone's definition of the offense of blasphemy* as accurate, and quoted from several of the leading authorities in support of his opinion. He disliked the law profoundly and also so thoroughly that in order that other people might see how bad it was, he determined to state it "in its natural naked deformity." He pointed out that a large part of our most serious and most important literature of the day is illegal; the selling or lending of Comte's *Positive Philosophy*, of Renan's *Vie de Jésus* is punishable by fine and imprisonment. He took a particular instance to bring the revolting nature of the law home to his readers. "The late Mr. Greg," he said, "was not only a distinguished author but an eminent and useful member of the Civil Service. I suppose he was educated as a Christian, and no one could have a stronger sympathy with the moral side of Christianity. In every one of his works the historical truth of the Christian history is denied, and so is the Divine authority of the Old and New Testament. If he had been convicted of publishing these opinions, or even of expressing them to a friend in private conversation, his appointment would have become void and he would have been 'adjudged incapable and disabled in law to hold any office or employment whatever;' in a word he would have lost his income and his profession. Upon a second conviction, he must have been imprisoned for three years and incapacitated, among other things, to sue or accept any legacy. About this there neither is nor can be any question whatever." Mr. Justice Stephen concluded his able article by urging the repeal of the blasphemy laws.

The learned judge was followed by other less able writers on both sides, but it was largely felt that while Lord Coleridge had given a "humane and enlightened" presentment of the law, Mr. Justice Stephen had given an uncomfortably accurate one. This view has been authoritatively taken by the Queen's Bench division of

the High Court of Justice in the recent case of Pankhurst vs. Thompson, in which it was held by Mr. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Justice Manisby that a mere denial of Christianity was an indictable offense without reference to the manner of the denial.

Consequently Mr. Courtney Kenny, M. P., has introduced a bill into the present Parliament on lines drafted by Mr. Justice Stephen, for "the abolition of prosecutions against laymen for the expression of opinion on matters of religion." The bill is powerfully backed by Mr. Illingworth and Mr. Crossley, leading Nonconformists, and Mr. Bernard Coleridge, son of the Lord Chief Justice, whose recent visit to the United States will have made his name familiar to the American public. Mr. Courtney Kenny is himself a most able man, and was for a long time law lecturer at Downing College, Cambridge. When the bill gets into committee there is one clause which will, without doubt, be opposed by some of those who are otherwise friendly to the bill, probably by Mr. Bradlaugh at least. The clause to which I refer is the third, which provides that "any person who, with the intention of wounding the religious feelings of any person or persons, shall in any public place utter any word, or make any gesture, or exhibit any object within the hearing or sight of any person or persons, whose religious feelings are likely to be thereby wounded, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; and on being convicted thereof, shall be liable to fine or imprisonment, or both, as the court may award, such imprisonment not to exceed the term of *one year*."

This provision is borrowed from the Indian code, and there is no doubt that it has worked very well in India, where there are Mohammedans, Hindoos and other opposing sects, and where it has prevented the Christian missionary from making himself too offensive to the natives. But it is not at all likely that such a clause would work well here in England, where the circumstances are so entirely different; on the contrary it opens out the way to much possibility of evil.

The bill is down for its second reading for July 1, but the coercion legislature for Ireland introduced by the government, and the debates on the never-ending Irish difficulties take up so much of the time of the House of Commons, that private members' bills have very little chance this session. At present, therefore, Free-thinkers and Unitarians still remain under a law which threatens them with fine and imprisonment whenever they unburden their minds on the subject of religion. It is, of course, a well-known fact that Atheistic and Unitarian publications are issued daily, and yet they are not prosecuted. So much obloquy attached to the prosecutions of 1883, that they are not likely to be indulged in very often; nevertheless the law is there to enforce whenever there is the evil will to enforce it. Before the Foote and

*The fourth species of offense, therefore, more immediately against God and religion, is that blasphemy against the Almighty by denying his being or providence, or by contumelious reproaches of our Savior Christ. Whither also may be referred all profane scoffing at the Holy Scripture or exposing it to contempt or ridicule."

Ramsey prosecutions people said the law was obsolete, and pooh-poohed the idea of it being pleaded in a court of law to-day; but it was pleaded, and by its minister, Mr. Justice North, dealt out to Mr. Foote the severe penalty, the savage punishment of twelve months' imprisonment.

Another important bill affecting the position of Free-thinkers in England is also before the present Parliament, namely the bill "to amend the law as to oaths." It consists merely of three short paragraphs which are as follows:

1. Every person shall be permitted to make his solemn affirmation instead of taking an oath in all places and for all purposes where an oath is or shall be required by law, which affirmation shall be of the same force and effect as if he had taken the oath; and if any person making such affirmation shall wilfully, falsely, and corruptly affirm any matter or thing which, if disposed on oath, would have amounted to wilful and corrupt perjury, he shall be liable to prosecution, indictment, sentence and punishment in all respects as if he had committed wilful and corrupt perjury.

2. Every such affirmation shall be as follows:

"I, A.B., do solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm," and then proceed with the words of the oath prescribed by law, omitting any words of imprecation or calling to witness.

3. This Act may be cited as the Affirmative Act, 1887.

This bill was introduced on the first day of the Parliamentary by Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and has been down for its second reading a great many times already. It has, however, a host of enemies to contend with, first there is the common enemy to all home legislation—the Irish coercion measure with all its attendant troubles; then the Oaths Bill has its own particular religious enemies; Roman Catholic and ultra-Protestant join hands in opposing the Atheist. Mr. Bradlaugh puts his bill down every night in the hope that it may come on but as regularly as he puts it down so regularly is it "blocked" by Mr. de Lisle, a Roman Catholic, or by Mr. Johnston, an ultra-Protestant and violent opponent of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill for Ireland, or some other blind intolerant zealot. There is a rule in the House known as "the half-past twelve rule" which provides that opposed measures shall not be taken after half-past twelve at night, and when a member goes through the form of putting his name down as opposer to a bill, he is said to have "blocked" it because he has prevented it from being taken after half-past twelve. It is exceedingly unlikely that an ordinary bill would come on before that hour unless there should be some break-down in the appointed business for the night.

The Oaths Bill is backed by Sir John Simon, a Jew; Mr. Courtney Kenny, whom I have already mentioned as the introducer of the bill against blasphemy; Mr. Burt, the trusted representative of the Northumberland miners; Mr. Coleridge, the son of the Lord Chief Justice; Mr. Hlingworth, a very prominent English Dis-senter; Mr. Richard, leader of the Welsh Noncon-

formists and Mr. Jesse Collings. Sir John Simon had charge of the Oaths Bill in the former Parliament, before Mr. Bradlaugh was permitted to take his seat in the House of Commons, but his bill was far less comprehensive than the present one. Mr. Hopwood, Q. C., now Recorder of Liverpool, was the first person to have charge of the bill which arose out of the objections made for political purposes by the Tory party, first to Mr. Bradlaugh's taking an affirmation of allegiance when he entered the House as duly elected member for the borough of Northampton, and next, to his "profaning" the oath. The judges decided that Mr. Bradlaugh had no right to affirm and the Tories, supported by a number of weak Liberals and by the whole of the Irish party, determined he should not take the oath. However, bigotry—whether real or assumed for political purposes—was vanquished at last, and as everyone knows, Mr. Bradlaugh is now sitting in the House doing his full share of work.

MIND-READING, ETC.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

The editors of this paper ask me for an article containing "the results of your observation and experience in regard to mind-reading."

Now to be suddenly called on for all one knows about any subject is somewhat embarrassing. One has the comfort, to be sure, of feeling that it will not take him long to tell, and the cost of paper will be so much less than it would be should he attempt to tell all he does *not* know. But still there are so many things one half knows, or thinks he knows, though as yet he can give no scientific proof. Then one wants to give so many reasons for not knowing more, or for opinions that as yet are not quite certain. No, it is no easy task to tell even the little that one knows.

Then there is another thing that concerns these investigations on the border-land, that the members of the Society for Psychical Research do not take sufficient account of. Through circulars, and in other ways, the committees call loudly for evidence, asking all who have any facts to submit them for examination and judgment. But it has happened, through my known interest in and sympathetic treatment of these questions, that large numbers of cases have come to my knowledge that the Society will never hear of. And the reason for this ought to be noted. And public investigators ought to take account of this reason. No one should suppose that nothing is going on because it is not submitted to the inspection of those who call loudest for it.

The reason for keeping these things back is two-fold:

1. Many of the things that occur are of a private, personal character. It is quite natural that this should be so. Such things are held as sacred. People would

as soon publish their private griefs as give these things to the world.

2. Then the attitude of the investigators is often a most unfortunate one. It has always seemed to me that it is absurd for a man to investigate a thing, the very *possibility* of which he denies before he begins. If a man does not believe of course he gives no testimony in favor. If he does believe he is treated as a "crank" and his testimony is ruled out. So long as one knows that he is to be met in this spirit—that he will be looked on as a lunatic, to be treated with a superior kind of pity and tenderness, or with the blunt brutality that says, "You may mean all right, but you are a fool"—so long circulars asking for information will be likely to find the waste-basket.

I have taken the liberty of heading this article "Mind Reading, *Etc.*" I mean that the "*Etc.*" shall be the larger part of it. Or, to speak more accurately, I wish to make it an open door through which I may go out and wander through this border-land at will.

That mind-reading, thought-transference, or something quite as inexplicable is true I know. My purpose in this article then will be to make it clear that here is a problem that challenges the attention of rational people. I wish, I say, to make so much clear if I can. And yet I am not ready to publish more than hints or fragments of facts that lead me to express the certainty to which I have given utterance. But the principal thing that reasonable people need at present to know is that there are facts that as yet find no place in our generally accepted scientific theories.

The present condition of affairs is a scandal both to science and philosophy. Here are thousands of sane persons asserting that wonderful psychic facts are of daily occurrence. Their statements are either true or false. If false, here is at least a huge delusion from which it is worth while that these people be set free. The statements of these persons are accepted without question on all other subjects. And these things are not like one's theological opinions, that are taken on faith, and that those who disbelieve them are accustomed tacitly to ignore. They are offered as facts that are open to investigation. I am aware that a few persons, in a half-and-half sort of way, are investigating, but it seems to me that something more than this is needed. If these asserted facts take place then they change our scientific theories of human nature and human destiny. If not then there are other and more important things to engage our thought and time. I believe then that this is a question worthy the most serious attention.

But my experience with so-called "scientific" investigators leads me to think that, as there are "odds in deacons," so there are *odds* in "scientific" investigators. Some of them *are* scientific; and others are such bundles of prejudices and preconceptions that their

claims to be scientific in these inquiries are simply ludicrous. Their demands and their proposed tests seem to me as absurd as would be the position of a man who would not believe in electricity because it would not ignore its own laws and, just to please him, work through a rail fence instead of a wire.

I plead then, not only for an investigation of these things, but for a little unbiassed study of conditions,—the same as would be rational in other departments of study.

Now for a few hints as to the kinds of facts that need to be explained.

The mind-reading committee of the English Society for Psychical Research thinks that the fact of thought-transference has been established. Their experiments, however, are before the public; and all those interested can review their work and pass judgment on it at will. The thoroughness of their work has been questioned on this side the Atlantic, and their conclusions impeached. I am inclined, however, to accept the fact itself as established. But my acceptance is based not so much, perhaps, on the evidence they offer, as on the fact that I am sure that things quite as wonderful have occurred in my own experience. When once a general truth is established in one's own mind, he does not require so much evidence as he did before to lead him to accept some special case that may be reported.

I was a good deal impressed at one time, with the so-called mind-reading experiments of Mr. W. Irving Bishop. I have had many private experiments with him that seemed very wonderful. But Mr. Montague (one of the editorial staff of the *Globe* of this city) has duplicated nearly all of Mr. Bishop's wonders, and claims that he does it by means of the unconscious guidance of the subject. I do not feel quiet sure that all of Mr. Bishop's work can be explained in this way. And yet I do not rely on any of these things as giving satisfactory proof of actual thought-transference.

I will now give a few brief hints of some occurrences that, to my mind, establish the fact that there are some things for which our present theories of man and nature furnish no explanation.

The facts of hypnotism are somewhat familiar to all those who have given any attention to this class of studies. But not all these, I think, are aware that some hypnotic subjects are clairvoyant and can see and report things with which even the operator is not acquainted. During private experiments in my own study, strange powers have been exercised, for which I know of no explanation.

Then, as the result of private experiments, I am sure of the manifestation of some force that is able to move physical objects. The circumstances have been such that no muscular pressure, conscious or unconscious, could account for the movements.

I am acquainted with no end of cases where people have been told things that the persons who told them (or through whom they were told?) did not know.

More than once I have had a person hold an unopened letter in her hand and tell me about the one who wrote it in the most detailed and unmistakable way.

In sitting with a personal friend, *not* a recognized or public "medium," I have, over and over again, been told things that it was impossible the friend should ever have known.

And—most unaccountable of all—I have had this same friend tell me of things that were occurring *at the time* in another State, and concerning which neither of us could, by any possibility, have had any knowledge. These have been so personal and peculiar as to make all theories of guess-work or coincidence so extremely improbable that *impossible* seems the proper word to use.

To tell the story of my experiments in any fulness would require a volume. Are these things mind-reading? Are they telepathy? What are they? That they are facts I know.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN PARIS.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

During the recent sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Douglass in Paris it was my good fortune to meet the celebrated orator and reformer on many and different occasions, and I propose in this letter to report discreetly some of his sayings and doings.

Mr. Douglass, even amidst the new attractions of an European capital, never seems to forget that he is the champion of an oppressed race. "One of the reasons why I so much like France and the French," he said to me one day, "is because the negro is not the butt of ridicule here as he is in the United States. There are no minstrel shows in Paris, and at the Louvre and Luxembourg Galleries and elsewhere I find that the public treats the African as an equal fellow-being. The occasional bandana is here considered one of the picturesque features of the boulevards and classed with the becoming headgear of the natty peasant girls from the provinces. No Frenchman ever snickers at the black face that sets off the parti-colored handkerchief." When Mr. Douglass stood in front of Gustave Doré's statue of Alexandre Dumas, on the Place Malesherbes, the artistic qualities of the monument failed to move him. He remembered how this son of a negress had never spoken a word or written a line in defense of his mother's race. "Let us go and see the statue of Lamartine," he exclaimed one afternoon; "he said some fine things." And when we reached the Place Lamartine Mr. Douglass cared but little for the masterly way in which the sculptor has grouped the legs of the chair, dog and man; his mind was dwelling on the fact that the

poet-President signed in 1848 the decree that freed all the slaves of the French colonies, and his eyes were attracted by the resemblance of Lamartine's face to that of Lincoln.

Probably his two meetings with M. Victor Schœlcher, the William Lloyd Garrison of France, left a deeper impression on Mr. Douglass' mind than any other event that happened to him while in Paris, for it was Senator Schœlcher's long and indefatigable efforts that finally secured the abolition of negro servitude in the French possessions. I was present when this grand old octogenarian recounted the history of his life work, which seemed to carry Mr. Douglass back to the *ante bellum* struggle in the United States. M. Schœlcher then asked many questions about the anti-slavery conflict in our country, with which he is remarkably well acquainted, and criticised severely Mr. Lincoln's course. Thereupon Mr. Douglass defended Mr. Lincoln, explained to M. Schœlcher the difficult position in which the President was placed, and closed his apology with these words: "Mr. Lincoln was better inside than outside."

Mr. Douglass tells many interesting anecdotes of Lincoln. The following one he very naturally enjoys recounting: During the war Mr. Douglass was paying his respects to the President at the White House, when Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, was announced. Mr. Lincoln thereupon called out to the servant in his high-pitched tone: "Tell Governor Buckingham to wait; I want to have a good talk with Mr. Douglass." "And we did have a good talk," said Mr. Douglass as he told us the anecdote the other day, "for Mr. Lincoln kept me half an hour longer. This circumstance made an impression on me, for not often in my life have I kept a Governor waiting, and a 'War Governor' at that."

"The delegates to the famous Union Convention held in August, 1866," continued Mr. Douglass, "didn't treat me like Mr. Lincoln. I was sent to that Philadelphia gathering to represent the city of Rochester, but before reaching my destination I was met by a committee that boarded the train and begged me not to enter the convention. They dwelt upon an important election then pending in Indiana, spoke of the conservative delegates to the convention, and expressed fear that the presence of a colored man would give Indiana to the Democrats and send home a certain number of the members. But I declined to return to Rochester, being convinced that the fears of the committee were not well founded, and results proved that I was correct. When we were forming in procession to march to the hall, I noticed that everybody was afraid of me. Even Henry Wilson was reserved. General Butler was almost the only man who gave me a hearty welcome. As the delegates paired off and fell into line, it looked for a moment as

though I should have to walk by myself. But it was not the first time that I had stood alone and so I was not troubled on this score. As the band struck up and the volume moved off an arm was suddenly locked in mine and I found Theodore Tilton at my side. And I must add that all through the streets of Philadelphia it was Theodore Tilton and his humble companion who awakened the most enthusiasm and cheers."

When Mr. Douglass came to Paris it was but natural, therefore, that he should hunt up his old friend, and the tall forms and silvered hair of Frederick Douglass and Theodore Tilton have, during the past autumn, attracted scarcely less attention on the boulevards of the French capital than their well-known faces did just twenty years ago on the streets of the Quaker City. They have gone together to St. Cloud, to the Palace of the Archives, to the Trocadin Museum and to many of the other interesting spots in and around Paris. "You should have seen our astonished Frederick on the top of Notre Dame," wrote Mr. Tilton to me last November. "Coming unexpectedly into the grotesque presence of the grinning gargoyles! In fact these fantastic figures are the merriest company of imps, demons, goblins and good devils that I have met in this cheeriest of all cities. The true *Comédie Française* is on top of Notre Dame!"

Although Mr. Douglass holds liberal views on religion, he did not confine his church-going while in Paris to visits paid to the outside of the edifices. He was present at a grand mass in Saint Eustache, but felt forced to leave before the end of the ceremony. "The superstition made me sad," he remarked, in extenuation of his conduct. He could, however, sit through Father Hyacinthe's service Sunday after Sunday, probably because he was held by the fascinating oratory of this wonderful divine. "I think I am Father Hyacinthe's most attentive listener," Mr. Douglass said to me after his first Sabbath in the little chapel in the Rue d'Arras; "and he appears to be of the same mind, for I notice that he keeps his eyes on me throughout most of his sermon. I apprehend his thoughts, although I do not understand his language, which proves that he is a true orator." Father Hyacinthe finally learned who was this rapt worshiper, and invited him to tea. The next morning we were seated in M. Schœlcher's study waiting for the senator, when Mr. Douglass arose, stood behind his chair, and began to develop his views on revealed religion with a clearness of thought and a flow of language that was really remarkable. My only regret was that the audience was so small. "I cannot understand," he said, among other things, "how Father Hyacinthe stopped half way in his religious evolution, and when I see him still going through the service of the Roman Church, I reluctantly ask myself, can it be that he believes in this?" "No, of course he doesn't," interrupted

M. Schœlcher, who entered at this point; "it is only a sentiment, just like Victor Hugo's idea of immortality. We were standing one day at his front window discussing this question of a future life," continued M. Schœlcher, who is a confirmed atheist, and was a close friend of the dead poet, "when I said to him: 'Now, what would be the use of saving the soul of that stupid cabman passing there?' 'None, whatever,' answered Victor Hugo; 'it is only such as you that I expect to see in the next world.' I venture to say that Father Hyacinthe holds much the same view, if he were to express what is in the bottom of his heart." "Father Hyacinthe said to me yesterday," interrupted Mr. Douglass, "when I told him that I was coming to see you this morning, 'Well, you are going to meet a man who doesn't believe in heaven himself, but makes other people believe in it.'"

Mr. Douglass delights to revert to the anti-slavery struggle, and his anecdotes of Phillips, Garrison and the other leaders in the abolition movement are very entertaining. We were crossing the Pont St. Michel one afternoon, when Mr. Douglass stopped in the middle and looking down into the Seine, said: "When I came up North from slavery I found the abolitionists declaring the federal constitution to be a covenant with the Evil One. But, as soon as I got my eyes open to the situation, I felt that we could make out a case standing on the constitution. So I differed with them and immediately found that I had got myself into trouble. Mr. Garrison was especially hard on me. If you once agreed with Garrison and then differed with him, your position was a difficult one. But later we became good friends again and I also had the satisfaction of seeing the abolitionist come round to my way of thinking."

We were passing through the Passage de Choiseul one evening, feasting our eyes on the rare books that abound in the little shops when Mr. Douglass espied a second-hand violin exposed for sale in one of the windows. We entered, he asked the price of the instrument, looked at it carefully, twanged the strings and, as we went out, thanked the merchant for his politeness. "Why, do you know anything about the violin?" I asked of Mr. Douglass. "Certainly," was his reply; "I have a good violin at home and often play on it. I must tell you the first time I ever took up this instrument. It was during my sojourn in London directly after my escape from slavery. I was in very low spirits, and as I was walking the streets of the vast English capital in a most dejected mood, I noticed a violin in a shop window just as I did that one a moment ago. In the former instance, however, I purchased the instrument, returned to my hotel, where I remained four days, shut up in my room, striving to become familiar with my new friend. And when I came forth again, I had played myself in tune."

A few nights after this conversation I met Mr. Douglass at a little musical party where an amateur quartette performed. Having never seen him with a violin under his chin, and remembering what had happened and what was said in the *Passage de Choiseul*, I hinted that Mr. Douglass be invited to play something. He at first declined, but, being pressed by the company, finally took up the violin and rendered some plaintive Scotch airs with much spirit and feeling. Before we separated, one of the guests struck up the "Marseillaise," and then it was that Mr. Douglass' passion for music displayed itself. He rose from the sofa, made his way to the piano, and joined in this majestic national anthem just as he must have done in the war days when "John Brown" was being sung.

Mr. Douglass left Paris with considerable regret, for he had found here many appreciative friends, both among the English-speaking exotics and the indigenous French. And he had begun to take a strong liking to its people, its customs, its streets and its public monuments. In fact, so deep is this attachment for the French capital that he intends to return here in the spring, when he shall have completed his tour in Egypt, where he now is, and have visited Northern, as he has just done Southern, Italy. Mr. Douglass has seen Paris in its somber autumnal and winter dress, and now he quite naturally wishes to look upon it in its proverbial summer brightness.

Paris, April.

DOES AGNOSTICISM PRODUCE BETTER RESULTS THAN CHRISTIANITY?

BY W. L. GARRISON, JR.

I am often led to speculate on the results following different theological beliefs. The prolonged battle for religious freedom which gained its great impetus in the Lutheran reformation, has in our generation and country nearly reached its culmination. The right of rejecting inherited religious dogmas has by the aid of science and free inquiry been established. Where, thirty years ago, to avow disbelief in a Supreme Being or in immortality was to accept social ostracism, intellectual skepticism is now no bar to preferment in society or public life.

The right of unbelief is as sacred as that of crediting traditions, and the victory is well worth the fearful cost. The crimes perpetrated in the name of religion match any committed for selfish ambition or national aggrandizement. But now we can be Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Spiritualists, Catholics or Come-outers, having no formulated religious ideas at all, or we may deny vehemently any foundation for a supernatural belief, and still keep our flesh from the pincers and the flames, retain a respectable character, be accepted as good citizens and trusted as honest men.

It is a fortunate period of the world's history to live in. The inquisition has no terrors for the dissenting soul, and no evangelical church prays to-day that God will put a hook into the jaws of a liberal preacher, as was besought by Park Street Church, in the case of Theodore Parker. Let us be thankful.

Having achieved liberty what shall we do with it? "The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize." It is the *right* to declare our unbelief, if we hold it, not the unbelief itself that is precious. Every sect was evolved in trials and persecution, and to cling to a heresy under fire was a test of manhood and moral courage. But once successful the touchstone lost its power. Each faith has its saints who deserve their canonization, but traditional accepters of dearly established creeds are not of necessity worthy of embalming.

Free religious ideas and agnosticism having won toleration, it argues no saving grace or virtue to proclaim them now. They take their place in the category of other sects or creeds, and no cross is incurred by professing them. They are as likely to be the shibboleth of selfishness and ambition as church membership has been heretofore. The vital question for one anxious to embrace a code of faith is, "Which produce the best lives?" We must judge the tree by its fruit, and, comparing ourselves with followers of the creeds we have outgrown, can we affirm that our larger liberty has made us more the children of light?

A healthful mode of comparison is to study the personality of the workers in the reforms of the day. It is our belief that human progress has always been cherished and advanced by the few laborers outside the church more than by the many professors within it. So, for the practical exemplars of religion, we turn our eyes naturally to the humanitarian efforts which agitate society.

In benevolent attempts to relieve personal suffering, religious societies have never been wanting. On the contrary, they have been active. But their indifference or antagonism may safely be counted upon when radical instead of palliative measures are aimed at. Radical reform interferes with established customs and interests. These the church considers it her function to preserve, or at least to shield. She follows and claims the fruit of the unselfish sowers of the seed. The ripened sheaves are gathered by her without compunction. Having persecuted the heretics she has ended with claiming the merit of the accomplishment and when too late for the reformer, appropriating him as a saint.

The never-ending battle for reform goes on as heretofore. The great temperance movement; the cause of woman's political equality, the most far-reaching in its results of any since the world began; the Indian problem; the agitation for free trade and the abolition of the blighting tariff; the problems of labor; the questions of

social purity, capital punishment, prison reform; the sublime advocacy of universal peace; in these and kindred labors, are the men and women theologically emancipated in the van? These are the touchstones of theological belief.

Alas, men and brethren, in the temperance movement it is necessary to acknowledge that we are overshadowed by earnest members of the church. The wonderful Women's Christian Temperance Union, organized and wielded so masterfully by its able leaders, adds little glory to our faction. Indeed the agnostics who are on the side of the brewer and the distiller are shamefully frequent. In the woman's cause we have no reason to blush. The ranks would miss the free religious allies. And yet it has room for more of them. On the subject of peace they show no superior enlightenment over the professed followers of the Prince of Peace. The noble Russian, Tolstoi, who gets his light and fervor from the New Testament, preaches anew the rejected gospel of non-resistance, the one distinctive doctrine that distinguishes Jesus from the messiahs of all other religions. Where are the anti-Christians who reach so high a level as his?

In the other social movements, who can assume the workers to be distinctively evangelical or otherwise? Henry George wears no sectarian stamp and may perhaps, be claimed by liberal thought. It is the custom to sneer at and belittle him, chiefly by those who never read his writings. The generation is making up a judgment of him which it will have to reverse, unless unselfishness, devotion to principle, deep-thinking, the superb courage of unpopular convictions, and a spirit of humanity that underlies all, have ceased to be admirable. And this I say without being able to agree altogether with many of his ideas. But men who dare to speak as they truly think, are far too rare to be hastily passed by. But to match him comes that bold priest, Father McGlynn. Theology, therefore, inspires neither.

If free religion is to stand for any more than a transient form of speculation, it must crystallize into practical work. It must leave its impress not in shadowy metaphysics, but in the work of human elevation and brotherly love. Until it does that it is unbecoming to assume superior wisdom or pride itself on its liberal views. Emancipated from a creed, we have yet some distance to travel before we shall enter fully into that temple which, transcending all creeds and professions, asks only of its worshipers that they love to eternal goodness and show it by helping their fellow men.

Let us not listen to those who think we ought to be angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is more praiseworthy, and nothing more clearly indicates a great and noble soul, than clemency and readiness to forgive.—*Anon.*

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD,

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of *THE OPEN COURT* is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1887.

THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO MORALS.

Knowledge increases in usefulness as it becomes classified, in which form it is called science. Viewed separately, without reference to their relations to one another and to the well-being of man, facts are of but little value to anybody. Only when they are classified and their relations are grouped, and the processes called laws which they indicate are understood, can we use them to the greatest advantage. Without these generalizations there can be no comprehensiveness of thought, no far-reaching plans or projects, no great intellectual or moral achievements. Man's "pre-eminence over the beast" consists not merely in a special faculty, but in his greater knowledge, and in his greater capacity to acquire knowledge of his manifold relations to his environment. The coming man, compared with the man of to-day will probably be an intellectual and moral giant; larger knowledge of himself and the ways of nature will be a distinguishing characteristic. True, mere

knowledge is no sure guarantee of moral character. The results of ages of moral savagery ingrained in the mental as well as in the physical constitution, may be more powerful determinants of conduct than the intellectual attainments of the individual, added to the inherited tendencies derived from a few hundred years of civilized life. Violence of passion, inborn selfishness, or lack of sensibility even, may blind a man of great knowledge to the rights, or render him indifferent to the sufferings of his fellow-men. A large knowledge of many subjects is often found in minds that are lamentably ignorant of others which have a more direct relation to conduct. Many, too, have a theoretical knowledge of matters of which they are so destitute of practical knowledge, that they are unable to realize their real significance. Man has been learning through many centuries, during which the horizon of his thought, although gradually expanding has been, compared with his outlook to-day, very circumscribed. Since it is impossible to sever himself from the past, he cannot divest his mind at once of ancient beliefs, much less of their *results*; nor can he in a day make new channels of thought, or think or act in a manner wholly consistent with newly acquired knowledge, when it conflicts with beliefs that have profoundly influenced the thought and life of his ancestors from whom the characteristics he possesses have come down to him as a legacy. We should, therefore, expect on *a priori* grounds that disparity between intellectual attainments and moral character, conspicuous illustrations of which can be found in any community.

It is, however, none the less true that the only natural basis for hope in man's moral progress is in his undeniable capacity for knowledge,—to which, in the region of the knowable, no limit can be set,—and his ability to methodize his knowledge and make it minister in countless ways to his wants and welfare.

The whole tendency of modern civilized life is to repress the savage instincts and traits of man's nature, and to develop and intensify those qualities of head and heart which appear in a late period of his development, even now too often reduced to the weakness of their nascent condition temporarily, by the brutality of the savage, who attests his presence and reasserts his control in the civilized man of the nineteenth century. Fortunately the influence of constantly increasing knowledge is eradicating the results of ages of ignorance in human character; and when men shall become yet more emancipated from their bad inherited tendencies, they will be able not only to discover truth more easily, but to conform more readily to the moral relations which it reveals. Inconsistencies between conviction and conduct must become less general, and creed and character more in harmony with each other.

If a man believes that a certain course of conduct is

for his best interests, judged by his highest moral standard, he will follow that course in proportion as he is unhampered by traits, beliefs and tendencies which dominated in those ages of savagery in which men, not understanding their relations to each other, were short-sighted, acted from impulse and were strangers to the higher sentiments and the nobler motives which determine the conduct of the best men of to-day.

That men are coming to understand more fully than they did in the past that virtue is wisdom and vice is folly can be clearly shown. That they now understand better than they did formerly what constitutes a virtuous character and a vicious character, is sufficiently evident from a comparison of the ethical views of the best teachers of this age, with the best among the ancients. That men live more morally now than in the past is evident from a comparison of this age with that of Pericles or Augustus, of Elizabeth or George III. That knowledge is increasing needs no proof. It is reasonable, therefore, to expect moral progress in the future.

The belief is now very general, and likely to remain a long time with a certain class, that the only true support of morality is afforded by theology. This belief has plausibility for the masses because a portion of man's toilsomely acquired knowledge has been embodied in, or connected with theological dogmas. What man has discovered in himself he has contemplated in God. The elementary facts of anthropology, long before they were systematized in a real science, were made the basis of the pseudo-science of theology, the assumptions of which stand out prominently in the history of the race; while the unrecorded thoughts, hopes, fears and aspirations of the people out of which grew these dogmas, are little considered or entirely disregarded.

Conduct, influenced far less by theological beliefs than is commonly supposed, is determined by character,—the product of factors furnished by the countless millions who have lived and died,—and by surroundings which are continually modifying character. Every observation, discovery and invention, and every act in the life of man that has helped him to understand his relations, to enlarge his powers, to improve his physical condition, have contributed to the moral progress of the race.

With multiplied relations and increased complexity of social life, man is placed in a greater variety of positions and subject to far greater moral strain. The existence, therefore, in civilized society of a multitude of evils unknown to barbarians, is an unavoidable incident in the evolution of institutions and the growth of industrial pursuits that distinguish civilized from savage life. According to statistics, Protestant districts in Germany exhibit more fraud than Catholic districts; and the reason of this, evidently, is that more business is done in the former than in the latter. In Catholic districts the

excess is in acts of violence, because in those districts are more ignorance and poverty.

The more complex become man's relations, the greater the necessity and the greater the power of resisting temptation and yielding to the discipline of personal sacrifice for the general good. The moral sense, too, is strengthened, and the power of the will in restraining the selfish propensities and in making conduct conform to the conceptions of duty is augmented. The more man knows of science, the more clearly must he see and the more fully must he realize that morality is supreme over everything else, because upon its embodiment in character and conduct depends, more than upon anything else, the well-being of the race.

"AN UNCONVERTED HEATHEN."

It was with heartfelt regret that we read a few days ago of the death on the 25th of February, at Poona, India, of Dr. Anandabai Joshee, her death occurring less than a year after her successful graduation as an M. D. from the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, where she had taken a three years' course of study.

One afternoon in May last, we waited in the receiving room of the New England Women's Hospital, at Boston, Mass., with a little flutter of admiring curiosity the coming of Dr. Joshee, for we had never met a Hindu woman and the known facts of this woman's life were sufficient to awaken admiration; for only a brave, self-sacrificing and independent soul could have left as she had, husband, home, kindred and native land, to dwell among those of a different race, color, language, nation and faith, in a strange land and an uncongenial climate for the purpose of becoming better fitted to elevate intellectually and alleviate physically the condition of the women of her own race—and she so young—and a woman!

This feeling of admiration was deepened when there presently entered a graceful, child-like creature, the lustrous eyes of whose dark grave face sought those of her visitor in quiet scrutiny. The occasion of the call was to invite her in behalf of the Free Religious Association to explain her mission and the need of it at the coming anniversary of the Association. The little lady's tone and manner were wondrously self-possessed and dignified as she replied in the purest English that her duties at the hospital were such as to keep her constantly employed from six in the morning until nine in the evening; that she was anxious to learn as much as possible in the three months she intended to remain in the hospital before returning to India, and as the day on which the anniversary of the F. R. A. was to be held, was "operating day" it would be impossible for her to attend, even, any of the meetings, much less prepare an address in addition to her other duties. Her quiet

acceptance of what she considered to be her *duty* in the matter was superb. When the evening came on which she had been asked to speak, she was not present at the meeting, but her husband, Gopal Vinayak Joshee, who had recently followed his young wife to this country, gave an address, afterward published in the proceedings of the convention.

A month or so later, Dr. Joshee despite her anxiety to finish her experimental three months' course at the New England Women's Hospital, was obliged through over-exhaustion to give up her work there. One evening in June, at the home of the editors of this paper, she, with her husband, met a few congenial friends.

That evening we know is still cherished in the memory of the others who were present, for it brought them into nearer relations with, and clearer understanding of Oriental humanity than the reading of many books on the subject could have done. A uniquely foreign and dainty looking pair they appeared, both dressed in very becoming native costume. She wore no bonnet, but instead a fawn-colored wrap enveloped her finely shaped head and gracefully draped her shoulders; this was removed on entering. Her robe of some fine dark woolen material was edged to the depth of several inches with gold-colored embroidery, and, in spite of its flowing drapery at one arm, fitted nicely her plump *petite* form; gold bracelets adorned her wrists. The dark face was round, with full lips, handsomely shaped brow, broad and intellectual looking; between the eyebrows a small tattooed mark, somewhat in shape like a cross, appeared. The eyes were beautiful and expressive, large, black, softly shining, as capable of smiles as of tears, but with a strangely pathetic look in them as if through them ages of unappreciated womanhood appealed for justice to the nineteenth century. The prevailing expression of Dr. Joshee's face was grave, dignified, almost sad, but the rare smile which marked her appreciation of the ludicrous was charmingly bright and girlish. The talk drifted during the evening into channels which in spite of her modestly diffident manner, drew out her opinions. Reference was made to the impression received by Christian Sabbath-school scholars from missionary reports as to "heathen darkness" and the sacrifice of human life to Juggernaut, and the casting of babes into the Ganges by their mothers. These stories the Joshees claimed to be exaggerations of the missionaries. The car of Juggernaut being an immense structure, some thirty feet in height and proportionately heavy, used to be brought out once a year for holy procession. It was esteemed a sacred privilege to assist in drawing the car, thousands gathered from far and near, the country was hilly, sometimes the car would slip and other accidents would occur by which life was lost; and these accidents were exaggerated by the missionaries into wilful sacrifice. The mothers who threw their babes

into the Ganges were often driven thereto by poverty which threatened starvation to both, while salvation for the souls of the little ones was hoped to be secured by drowning in the sacred stream. Dr. Joshee said that during her medical experience as a student in Philadelphia a large number of new-born infants, found dead with marks of having been killed at birth, or who had died by reason of the desertion of their presumably unmarried mothers, were secured as "subjects" for the dissecting room, and she might as well on her return to India relate this fact and claim that it was the custom of mothers in America to kill or desert their new-born babes, and adduce this as a result of Christian belief.

In a discussion, introduced by Mr. Joshee, of the right of men to kill and eat animals, one of our party in defense suggested that inherited appetites might necessitate the continuance of a practice revolting to our sense of justice, since our bodies had been built up of such material, adding also that a climate differing from India might require more stimulating food; to which Dr. Joshee replied that she had lived for over three years in America without once tasting of animal food and without feeling any need of any food different from that she had been accustomed to in India.

She was asked, as one who was herself familiar with the Sanscrit Scriptures, if Edwin Arnold's Indian poems were true to the originals in spirit and meaning, or were the beauty of diction and lofty morality found in them due to Arnold's own ideality and exuberance of poetic imagination? She said that though he had changed the *form* by putting the translations into verse, yet that his poems were mainly true to the originals, and he had not idealized or exaggerated, but on the contrary had sometimes failed to catch the subtle spiritual meaning of the ancient writings.

She spoke sensibly of "Christian Science" theories, had taken several lessons therein and told how she saw on what natural basis those theories could be explained. Spoke of her investigations in phrenology and how she found in her medical studies, especially in dissecting the brain, reasons for disbelief of some of the claims made by enthusiastic believers in phrenology as a science.

Her acquaintance with American and English scientists, writers and others of note, was something phenomenal. This was evinced in looking over a collection of photographs of a large number of these. As each picture was looked at, she showed by a few appreciative words, her acquaintance with the field of work of the original. "She is simply wonderful!" exclaimed one lady of the party, as she listened to her, and this opinion was echoed in a note sent the writer from another lady who accompanied the Joshees a short distance on their homeward route that evening.

But she is dead!—that sweet intellectual soul, that

large-brained, self-forgetful womanly creature!—dead at twenty-three, she who had sacrificed so much to gain so little; dead at the threshold of her work for which she was so well equipped. She had just been appointed Resident Physician of the great Albert Edward Hospital of Kohlapur in Bombay. "It was generally recognized" says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, in noting her death "that her return to her native land was the opening of a great and new era for women in India."

Yet this rare sweet spirit was still "an unconverted heathen," and as such Andover Theology bars her sternly out of its circumscribed little heaven, and commonplace English men and women considered themselves her superiors, and refused to associate on equal terms with her on her homeward voyage! We sympathized sincerely with her loyal husband's indignation as expressed in a letter on that subject, published in one of the last numbers of *The Index*. S. A. U.

M. Albert Réville, who fills the chair of the History of Religions at the Collège de France, Paris, in writing us that we may expect a contribution from his pen on the "Future of Protestantism in France," says: "I have received the copy of THE OPEN COURT that you were kind enough to send me. To say that all that I have read in it pleases me entirely would be an exaggeration. Although an outspoken advocate of religious progress that is positive and not a *salvo morale* that vanishes into thin air, I look upon agnosticism only as a starting point analogous to Descartes' philosophic doubt and not as a goal. I consider those who get ensnared in it to be the promoters of religious stagnation because the fear of nothingness will always keep the majority of mankind in the camp of those who affirm something however irrational these affirmations may be. In a word, I should like to see, by the Protestant method, the *evolution* principle supplant, as a principle of religious progress, that of *revolution*; in other terms, I prefer to continue, to enlarge, to rectify and to purify the liberal tendency that has already set in, rather than have recourse to those violent changes which may have been necessary in the past but which cannot be justified, philosophically, at the present time."

* * *

In an article entitled "A Friend of God," in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, Matthew Arnold shows how the gradual decadence of mythology in religion has been accomplished by the process of intellectual development. Heretofore, a mythological element was absolutely essential to the existence of a religion. The great mass of men were only satisfied with a faith which excited the imagination, and through it developed the feelings of wonder and awe and a sense of responsibility to an unseen Deity. The Salvation Army, the Methodists, and some other primitive sects, are the still exist-

ing representatives of that type of faith. "The epoch-making chance of our own day" is that we are reaching a place where religion can rest on no mythological basis whatever, whether moral or immoral. The "gross mob" of men have shown hostility toward religion, and evidences of that feeling are all too common now, but along with an enmity against any discipline to uplift and ennoble, there is developing a feeling of impatience and wrath at what they look upon as the trifling of those who offer them, in their great need, the old mythological faith,—a thing impossible of acceptance and passing away, if not quite passed; "incapable of either solving the present or founding the future."

* * *

Incongruities and anomalies seem to be inevitable in intellectual, social, moral and religious evolution. Old conceptions, creeds and forms partially outgrown, persist through periods in which the newer thought and the movements in the line of progress are yet incomplete, unsystematized and unco-ordinated with the established order of things, causing temporarily imperfect adjustments and all sorts of inconsistencies in beliefs and habits, in ceremonies, customs and institutions. The more rapid the changes the greater the disturbance and more marked the inconsistencies. One of the characteristics of all religious transitions is more or less moral disturbance. Doubt concerning theological doctrines long believed to be the only foundation of ethics must, in many minds involve a weakening of moral restraints. Of this, illustrations are afforded by the Reformation, especially in its earliest period, when the lives of multitudes of adherents of the new movement furnished its opponents with a most effective argument against it. The evil became less only as a readjustment of ethical ideas to the changed religious belief gradually took place. These facts it is important that liberals thoroughly understand that they may see the necessity of teaching ethics on a firm basis, of familiarizing the people with the moral side of their philosophy, and of replacing superstition with the truths of nature. Meanwhile, let all who would fairly judge a theory or a system by its moral results give it time to overcome the disturbance produced by contact with old-established errors which have been made the basis of moral teaching; and let all who may be discouraged by the imperfections of individuals identified with any reform, find consolation in the study of the great reforms now popularly known only by their beneficent results.

* * *

Mr. J. B. Harrison, whose volume on "*Certain Dangerous Tendencies of American Life*" was one of the most serious studies of social and industrial conditions yet produced in this country, is doing valuable service as a representative of the Indian Rights Association, formed recently, with headquarters at Philadelphia.

He has visited during the past year all the principal Indian reservations, noted everything bearing on the schools, farming, home-life, and missionary work in their midst, also the actual administration of affairs by government agents, and has embodied the result in a little volume entitled, *The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations*. This is no "moralizing" or waste of sentiment, nor is it a colorless statistical report; it is emphatically a readable book, full of incidents and photographic pictures, and is invaluable for anyone who wants the actual facts of the Indian question. The Association has already published other important literature; it is all sent free to members paying \$2.00 a year (office, 1,316 Filbert street, Philadelphia). Those who would help in remedying a great national wrong cannot do better than by aiding the association.

* * *

Mr. Cable, the widely-known novelist, having settled in Northampton, Mass., has begun a Sunday Bible-class in the opera house of that town. Those who remember what an evident moral purpose runs through *Dr. Sevier*, and yet recall how free that brilliant novel is from the heaviness and triteness of the ordinary "good book," will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Cable's class is very popular, both with the people and the press. His treatment of the Bible follows the way of many modern literary minds, a way best exemplified in Matthew Arnold's religious works, and in J. R. Seeley's *Natural Religion*. As instance of this may be cited Mr. Cable's reply to a question whether Moses didn't write the story of Joseph, and if it wasn't written a thousand years after the incidents took place. "I don't know, and I don't care," said Mr. Cable, promptly and emphatically, "these questions of authorship are not supreme ones, and the Bible should be studied on its merits. For one, I rather enjoy its anonymous character, think it has a tendency to stimulate one's spirituality, and prefer to know what is written than by whom."

* * *

The policy of the Roman Catholic church was never more plainly evidenced than in its relation to Dr. McGlynn and the Knights of Labor movement. The stern command to refrain from appearing in public as the champion of that movement and of the theories of Henry George, was not disregarded by him without the inevitable consequences. He was suspended and ordered to Rome, but when he refused to obey that order and continued to plead in the interests of labor his superiors after a momentary outburst of wrath, quieted down and took into consideration the conditions with which they had to contend. It was seen that a large number of Catholics were included in the Knights of Labor organization, and that an attempt to force Dr. McGlynn to obey might make clear to their eyes the true character of the church and its opposition to anything like

individual freedom. A less aggressive policy was adopted. The Knights of Labor were indorsed and their purpose sanctioned.

* * *

In an article entitled "A Glimpse of Russia," by the Countess of Galloway, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for April, the attitude of the orthodox Greek church toward the different phases of modern religious thought is briefly touched upon. There is little effort on the part of the church to meet the perplexing questions that are constantly rising and demanding examination, and attempts at control of the general mind are slight and soon given up. Correct performance of the duties which the discipline requires constitute all that is demanded in fulfillment of religious obligations. There is a tale of a conscientious agnostic who, when compelled to go before the priest for confession, commenced by saying: "*Mon père, je doute de tout*" (My father, I question everything). His confessor treated this statement with complete indifference, and commanded him to make his confession without troubling his conscience on that matter.

* * *

The *Popular Science Monthly* for April reprints an article from the *Saturday Review* on "Rustic Superstition." In the rural districts of England beliefs and practices are still retained that were prevalent when the "black un" was believed to take possession of and bewitch whatsoever worthy and peaceful individual he would, and when the meeting of a black cat at certain unfavorable hours of the day or night, was thought to portend consequences of a very unpleasant character. Soothsayers and wizards still exist and the credulous public is willing to part with its half-crowns in return for "the future unveiled," or charms and incantations to drive away whatsoever ailments the flesh is heir to. Any mysterious happening in an out of the way locality or deserted house, is referred by the knowing ones to "Summat," which distinguished individual, though never seen, is universally respected and propitiated. As superstition is inevitable where ignorance reigns supreme, it is not hard to understand that the most efficient remedy is compulsory education.

* * *

In "Confessions of a Quaker" in *The Forum* for April, the author, after dwelling upon the changes which his church has undergone since 1650, the date of its origin, concludes with the statement "There must be a full return to the original basis of the Church of Christ, and entire consecration to its living Head, in theology, polity, experience and work, and the only true model for this is found in the New Testament Scriptures." It would seem incredible if it were not known to be true, that there are men who calmly make such statements as this, being apparently ignorant of the Middle Age flavor

which the teachings that they seek to resuscitate have acquired. The Quakers of to-day are not so blind to the truth that they can forget and put aside the intellectual plane upon which the world now moves, and return to those primitive conditions and forms of belief which were characteristic of them in their incipiency.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Shippen, in his fine tribute before the Chicago Channing Club to the character of the late Dr. William G. Eliot, said:

At the opening of the great St. Louis bridge, its eminent engineer predicted that, constructed of parts that could be replaced at any time without interruption of travel, it would last as long as required by the wants of man, and declared that, with capital enough, he could have made it of one arch instead of three. The life and character we have been considering was a single arch of fidelity and consecration. Believing in the imperishability of great examples, we believe the influence of our departed friend on the minds and hearts of men, inspiring them to liberty, holiness and love, will be immortal.

* * *

The fact that the Free Religious Association, organized primarily for the study and discussion of religious subjects, has not gone into the business of general practical reform is no good reason for Mr. Garrison's complaint against "free religion." Individually, and in connection with other organizations the free religious people probably do their share of philanthropic work. Many of them are prominent leaders of reform movements. "Free Religion" is an indefinite phrase, since the F. R. A. has no religious creed and is composed of Christians and non-Christians, Theists, Agnostics, Positivists, Hebrews and Buddhists. How far they are agreed as to free trade, prohibition, etc., we are unable to say; but the fact that they differ on these and other subjects which are now before the people for discussion and action, is no valid argument against any religious belief found in the Association.

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Any subscriber of THE OPEN COURT who fails to receive his paper regularly is requested to communicate the fact to this office.

PRO CONFESSO.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

Whoso writes delightful story,
True and touching, full of lore,
Shall in human nature's longing
Hold a place for evermore.

All the docks and mossy harbors,
Where the sea-ships come and go,
Still rehearse that spell and pleasing
Of the pages of Defoe.

Eldorado?—still we wonder
Can there any Island lie
In the west of life's attaining,
Where our prime might never die?

Still in secret depths of feeling
We escape Time's onward span;
For the youth's remote transfusion
Stirs the pulses of the man.

COPE'S THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION.*

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part I.

Knowledge and not agnosticism is the veritable goal of science—conviction, ample and entire, the natural craving of the human heart. It is well enough to have no settled mind regarding the origin and final doom of all creation. But it can be neither satisfactory nor beneficial to maintain an agnostic attitude towards the great practical issues of human existence. Here on this planet we find ourselves, launched on a precarious voyage, freighted with all the wealth of world-responsive life. This transcendent heritage, of which we are the entrusted bearers, how are we rightfully to dispose of it? No other question is so supremely urgent. We desire an unambiguous answer.

Is the gathered treasure of life to be used among the needy insufficiencies of this nether sphere, to become through fruitful investment the enhanced patrimony of our human issue? Or has it to be jealously conserved, hereafter to adorn our own presence, where celestial affluence shall smile at earthly wants?

Are we actually what we seem, genuine planetary beings, in our right place here below? Or have we merely got here by some mysterious blunder elsewhere committed, and are, in truth, metamorphosed denizens from another region, only for a time of penance entangled in this mortal coil?

The immensely laborious uplifting of life, consecrated by the suffering and death of countless generations; the passionate wrestling for the well-being of our kind, for the victory of our social aspiration; are its tragic adjuncts grounded, of necessity, in the defective but perfectible nature of things? Are we, indeed, engaged in a solemn life and death struggle, decisive for human existence? Or are we only puppets in organic form, handled from above, and made to enact here a troublous scene of seeming joys and sorrows, valid in itself for nothing, save the delectation of a self-sufficient outsider, who keeps it all going for his own good pleasure?

These are the vital questions we are yearning to have definitely solved. Theologians, philosophers, scientists, in their inmost heart, know quite well that there can be no compromise between the two views. Sometimes with sincere directness and single-hearted love of truth, oftener with much twisting and time-serving circumspection, they are, from their different standpoints, either seeking for more positive assurance, or already inculcating the one or the other opinion. Our time is ripe for clear judgment and definite choice. To occupy one's self earnestly with the present state of the problem,

and keep, nevertheless, one's mind and inclination suspended between the two incompatible views, betokens over-subtle skepticism or faint-hearted indecision.

Doubt paralyzes action. Obedience to duty presupposes settled faith in a guiding principle. And sane enthusiasm for a cause is only kindled through firmly established conviction of its absolute justice and supreme import. It is not by doubt that humanity can ever prosper. Only through dutiful compliance with sound guidance, and through sane enthusiasm for a just cause can we ever hope to scale loftier heights of civilization.

What guiding-principle, what cause shall it then be? Not to follow the senseless lead of fatuous lights in this all-important quest, we have, first of all, to know for certain, whether this manifest universe is our real home, or whether we belong by rights to an entirely different order of existence? Are we to fight this battle of life under the banner of world-deliverance or under that of world-fulfillment? Is it to be the religion of life hereafter or the religion of actual living? celestial or terrestrial ethics? We have to decide.

How manageably compact was the conception of the world, and our place in it, a few hundred years ago. To Luther, who freed us from the tyrannous impositions of an insolently artificial and lethargic creed, the whole creation seemed one continuous battle-field, where the great antagonistic powers, God and the Devil, were contending for human souls, over which the Evil One had stolen a fatal advantage. All good things came from God; all bad things from the Devil. The teaching of the Bible, as interpreted by Dr. Martin Luther, the chosen vessel of the Lord, was supreme and infallible truth. Its sincere believers were God's only children, whom he would save. All others, the adherents of the Pope and Mahomet, the Jews and the Gentiles, and savages of all sorts, were partisans of the Devil and lost. Despite God's merciful efforts to rescue mankind by the sacrifice of his only son and the gift of his holy word, Satan had evidently gained almost complete sway in this wicked world. But soon, very soon. God was going to confound the Arch Fiend by putting a sudden and violent end to this huge mass of human depravity and perversity; and then all will turn out well for those who have kept the true faith; but woe unto them who have gone astray.

In such closely-pressed and spirit-haunted Aeldama, with child-like faith, the great Luther lived and died, and wrought the mighty reformation, whose liberating power was man's conscientious self-discernment of truth.

Standing inflexibly firm on thy narrow ground with deeply sincere and fervid heart, thou hast fought marvellously well thy life-long battle against hierarchal frauds and shams, thou sturdy champion of righteousness. Monastically bewildered at the overpowering

* *Theology of Evolution*: A lecture by E. D. Cope, Ph.D. Philadelphia, 1887.

promptings of human emotions and aspirations, it was not in mere outward observances and penances that thy honest soul could find absolution for this abysmal feud, raging within thee between thy nature-moulded self, and the world-alienating will of thy Christian God. Peace could come to thee in so superhuman a strife, only by leaning with the trustful unconcern of implicit faith on an all-reconciling Savior.

How changed that categorically methodized world of thine since thou left it! Thou wouldst not know it again. A whole succession of Muenzers, Zwinglis, Agricolas and of ever so many other new kinds of cursed innovators have recklessly burst in all directions through thy biblically-compassed scheme of life, sacrilegiously overthrowing its seraphic and satanic superstructure, and threatening with total dissolution all its traditional assumptions.

So it has come about that in these last two centuries of unchecked reformation theologians and philosophers have been forced to discuss exhaustively the various proofs from time to time advanced in rational support of the current faith in the existence of an omnipotent Creator and in the immortality of the human soul. And those who have given the greatest attention to these transcendent problems know best to what extremities reason is here driven, and on what slender threads it has at last to fasten the theological faith. Its most efficient arguments,—that from design, and that from the fixed order of nature and its intelligibility,—even these strongholds of natural theology do not hold out when closely besieged. The nature of the designing and ordering power, and the process by which the results are attained, remain utterly inscrutable, however much reason may strive to gain some insight into it. And the most careful scientific scrutiny has failed as yet to detect any room for supernatural interference with the intrinsic ways and means of nature.

If, among Professor Cope's audience at Philadelphia, there were such who had realized the distance which reason and science have thus placed between our natural understanding and the objects of theological faith, they must have felt eager, indeed, to learn from an eminent scientist what "absolute proposition with certain demonstration" had been discovered to attest,—contrary to Job's assertion,—that God has at last been found out by searching, and that we may hope for immortality on a "sound and solid" scientific basis.

Should it really prove possible scientifically to demonstrate with absolutely certainty that a supreme and eternal Mind is ordering creation, and is the "common source" from which our "lesser minds" are derived, then all theological doubt will at once vanish from among us, our proper course in life will have become positively determined, and we shall soon get to regulate all our doings in accordance with such incontestable scientific certainty.

When an investigator of nature has, by means of his special studies, become convinced of a great truth whose general acceptance would be all-important, it certainly devolves upon him as a social duty to proclaim and explain it to the world at large, that all may profit by it. We are, therefore, truly thankful to Professor Cope that he has not, with pedantic exclusiveness, withheld from the common herd the theological view of evolution which his biological studies have forced upon him. He rightly scorns to imitate the haughty reserve of "the majority of scientific men" who "avoid the subject," and thereby increase our perplexity. With laudable fellow-feeling he lays his theory frankly before us as a scientifically grounded conclusion, to be carefully tested as such in keeping with scientific usage, so that, after due trial, it may finally stand verified as truth or be rejected as error. Professor Cope is well aware of the "inherent difficulties of the subject," but he believes that his researches into the nature of evolution have opened the way to overcome them. Let us then take a general survey of his conception as a whole, and then examine its scientific grounding.

Professor Cope's conclusions tend to show that the universe consisted primordially of an unorganized or "unspecialized" material substratum spread out in space. This uniform matter did not undergo evolutionary changes solely by dint of its physical properties; nor did it merely serve as raw material to be shaped by a supreme Artificer; nor has it played the passive part of an occasional vehicle for the manifestations of an otherwise independent mind. It was itself, from the very beginning, in possession of mentality. Mind was one of its own properties. For mind "is tied to matter as a property of matter" (p. 16-17). Now, it is this peculiar mental property of the universal substratum that has power to give specific direction to its movements. The mind of matter is its veritable formative power. Probably all material aggregation and combination, but certainly all evolutionary organization is due to the "directive power of mind." "Mind was one at the start, and all this evolution has been simply due to the active exercise of mentality" (p. 23).

It follows that the one universal mind of primordial matter, which by its exertion has produced all the evolutionary forms now extant, must be vastly superior to the separate minds derived by the individuation of special portions of matter. Therefore, this common source and origin of all world-formation may well be called God, or the "great Mind." And this great Mind being as indestructible as the material substratum of which it is a property, we, as part of it, by force of "the inseparable bond which will bind us forever to a material basis" (p. 17) are likewise indestructible or immortal.

These, in a few words, are the leading doctrines of the *Theology of Evolution*. And this theology of

evolution was courageously propounded by Professor Cope to a specifically Christian denomination. We hope that, however serious our eminent scientist may otherwise be, he possessed on that occasion sufficient humor inwardly to enjoy the consternation which his candid announcement of a supreme Being, who is one of the properties of matter, was sure to create among his intelligent theological hearers. The situation must have been extremely piquant.

Professor Cope, being a true scientist, has of course arrived at his theological conclusions by way of induction. The evidence by which he sustains the belief in a "great Mind" and in a "future life" he alleges to be "based on the knowledge that we possess of the control of mind over matter" (p. 39). Now, if Professor Cope really possesses such *knowledge*,—if he can prove that mind controls matter,—he has solved the central problem of modern philosophy.

We are all perfectly aware that our muscles are not moved by the push or pull of any force acting upon our body from outside. We know that it is by a process occurring within our organism that these aim-directed or designed muscular movements are effected. But what the true nature of this most peculiar moving process really is, that is not so easily made out. It is, in fact the very question that has been called "the puzzle of puzzles." And since Descartes it has occupied all the greatest philosophical minds,—nay, St. Augustine already says: "The manner in which spirits are connected with bodies is incomprehensible; nevertheless, it is thus that man is constituted."

Introspectively we seem to feel quite certain that it is by force of some mental power of ours that we are moving our limbs. We seem to control, through consciousness, by means of an outgoing mental effort, the action of what, in consequence, we call our voluntary muscles. We resolve to move our arm, have a feeling of effort, and, behold! the arm is moving. This is how the process appears when viewed from the inner or subjective standpoint.

But as soon as we investigate the matter from the outer or objective standpoint, which is the standpoint of science, we lose all confidence in the testimony of our introspective consciousness. The feeling of effort proves then to be centripetally and not centrifugally originated. And it becomes, moreover, utterly incomprehensible how mind can in any way impart motion to material particles. Yet this incomprehensible feat would have to be accomplished even if only *direction* has to be given to whatever motion the particles may otherwise possess; for to give direction to a moving mass is to impart diverting motion to it. In this world of ours only matter is movable and possesses momentum. Only something which is itself movable, and in possession of momentum, can possibly impart motion to matter. Mind, as such, is not

movable, and does not possess momentum; therefore, it cannot move matter (q. e. d.).

Let us see how Professor Cope encounters these ancient difficulties, and gets to believe that he has overcome them. He conceives the situation thus: "A stimulus or line of disturbance enters the body." The person receives it passively. "It is registered in the posterior part of the main hemispheres of the brain, is reflected to the front of the hemispheres, and then from that point it is reflected back again toward the executive organs of the body, passing through the striate body and nerves to the muscles, which thereupon contract so as to perform some act" (p. 12). This act is now found to be "saturated with intelligence" (p. 13). Whence this acquired exhibition of intelligent design? How has the motion that entered the body merely as a physical motion been converted into an outgoing motion bearing the stamp of intelligence?

Professor Cope accounts for it by telling us that "in the anterior part of the great hemispheres of the brain" "the line of energy appears to be submitted to a disturbance which is a deflection, a process of turning and directing, and that turning and directing is an exhibition of what is called design" (p. 13).

It is quite true that to an *intelligent observer* the designed activities of a person appear "saturated with intelligence." This is an incontestable and marvelous fact of nature. The difficulty is to explain it from a scientific standpoint. The relation of motion to intelligence is the enigma in question, and we venture to assert that Professor Cope cannot possibly solve it from his position of "tridimensional realism." Moving matter obeys undeviatingly physical laws, and mind cannot deflect it from its determined course. How little the outgoing movements of the living organism are really themselves intellectual,—how purely physical, on the contrary, even the most significant of them are,—becomes very obvious in contemplating human speech. What movements could be more "saturated with intelligence" than those which are capable of conveying our inmost thoughts? Yet a piece of tin-foil in a phonograph, by means of nothing but mechanical impressions, will have the same intellectual effect on us as the movements of speech that have received "in the anterior part of the great hemispheres" the "turning and directing" twist of design. Where, then, in all reality, is the intelligence seated which these purely physical movements seem to possess? The sounding,—nay, the merely vibrating shocks of the phonograph, the printed characters in a book, where do they acquire their mental significance? They strike our sensory organs simply as physical stimuli, and it is evidently we who, in receiving them, invest with a whole world of consistent meaning their slight and evanescent hints.

Is Professor Cope right, then, in assuming that, when

the stimulating effect "goes in, the person who receives it has nothing whatever to do with it;" that he merely "takes it" and "is passive" (p. 13)? Here, already, at the portals of individual life, the stimulating call of outward nature rouses from the mystic depths of organic latency the responsive mind; and on the slender suggestion of nothing but a rhythm of aerial touches it pictures with symbolic accuracy and profound comprehension the great spectacle of the real world. It is quite evident, then, that the organic individual does not "take" the stimulating influences passively, without having any thing "whatever to do with them." They do not enter the magic circle of life without suffering a vital transmutation as incomprehensibly strange as any in nature. If a directing turn or intelligent significance is at all imparted to motions within the living organism, surely here, where etherial pulses signify the whole world, this mental stamp is impressed on them even more strikingly than when, as in outgoing muscular movements, they mean only our own feelings and thoughts.

In harmony with Professor Cope's train of reasoning, this consideration involves that all stimulating influences which reach our sensory organs are "saturated with intelligence." And if so, his theory of perception would nearly agree with that of Berkeley's: universal intelligence communicating perceptively with individual intelligence. Only he also would then be logically led to discover that in this light matter is only a superfluous impediment easily argued away. To his own astonishment he would learn to "understand the idealistic universe," which he now believes himself unable to conceive.

The truth is mind, as such, is a forceless inner awareness of what takes place independently of it. It cannot alter a jot the path of material particles. The entire chain of molecular motions set going by stimulation,—a process which can be realized *only from the objective standpoint*,—is rigorously physical. This means, *according to our present scientific conception*, that it is absolutely predetermined by the previous physical disposition of the molecules and their motion. Consequently, there can be no room anywhere for mental interference; fundamental scientific principles forbid us to assume it.

During physical investigation we are observing an enchainment of phenomena, whose disposition in space and behavior in time are absolutely determined by non-mental occurrences outside ourselves, and which we are utterly incapable of changing by any mental exertion on our part. We defy any one, idealist or no idealist, to change by a purely mental effort the objective aspect of any occurrence; for instance, the place or speed of a carriage passing by. The perception of it is entirely the perceiver's own mental realization; but it is, nevertheless, definitely compelled by the stimulating influences. In exactly the same manner are all perceived or perceivable motions compelled by extra-mental processes; those

taking place in the brain or in other parts of our body not less than the rest.

To become mentally aware of extra-mental existents and their activities—aware, for instance, of the brain and its functions, we have to assume the objective attitude by allowing such existents and their activities to stimulate our senses. It is evident, then, that the existent and its activities thus casually realized in consciousness at that particular moment, exist independently of such realization, and cannot be influenced thereby. This holds good just as well when such existents and their activities are forming part of our own organism, as when they are forming part of the rest of the outside world. How, indeed, can my mind possibly influence the existence and activity of my brain, of which it can gain knowledge only by assuming the objective aspect towards it, and of which it is otherwise wholly unconscious, being, in fact, itself its stimulated outcome. Who, during perception or thought, is at all aware of the corresponding molecular motions simultaneously going on in his head? And how can consciousness then influence the state of being of something, of whose existence it has not the remotest inkling?

The only way out of this central dilemma of science and philosophy is to show that the leading principles of our present mechanical interpretation of nature are untenable; that the molecular processes constituting vital activity are hyper-mechanical, imparting themselves the "directive turn" and specific energies to stimulation received from outside.*

We will now try to find out by what special scientific error Professor Cope manages to insinuate mental effectuation into the physical nexus. In agreement with the principle of the conservation of energy he himself says: "Force, that is action or motion, cannot be caused except by the appropriation and modification of some pre-existent activity or motion" (p. 14). If so, then we must ask whether the direction, *i. e.* the changed motion, which Professor Cope attributes to the influence of consciousness is caused by the appropriation of some motion that pre-existed in consciousness? Here evidently lies the error. Professor Cope has failed to realize that the imparting of direction to matter is as much a physical act as the imparting of any other mode of motion. It can be done only by a push or pull, or let us add by physical repulsion or attraction. Consciousness cannot possibly be a vehicle of pre-existing motion, a thing possessing mechanical momentum, and entering into the physical nexus as a correlated force, receiving and imparting physical energy. Yet Professor Cope says: "It is not only pretended, but proved, that that external energy passes into the consciousness of

* This has been attempted by the present writer in a paper on "The Dual Aspect of our Nature." *Index*, October, November and December, 1885, where also the relation of the two aspects, the subjective and the objective is explained.

man," and "receives within him a stamp or a turn or direction, that energy cannot receive under any other circumstances known to us" (p. 14). This means obviously and inevitably that consciousness gives direction to motion, which again means that consciousness, like any physical force, imparts to matter a motion different to that which it already possesses. That such mechanical intercommunication between consciousness and matter cannot possibly take place, Professor Cope fully realizes, for he clearly asserts, "that consciousness has essentially no affinity with anything else;" that it "is not only entirely distinct in its essential nature from matter, but also totally distinct from energy or motion" (pp. 16-17). Thus by his own admission it has no community of nature with anything physical, and is, therefore, totally incapable of influencing the physical nexus.

Professor Cope's leading conception, on which he has not only erected his entire theological superstructure, but which he uses, moreover, as a fundamental principle to account for organic evolution itself, consists in the assumption that consciousness can control the movements of matter. We will no longer inquire whether he is able to prove the validity of this assumption; for we have seen that this is altogether out of the question. We will only ask whether he has formed any kind of idea as to the manner in which such a control of mind over matter might possibly take place. He himself puts the question: "What is, then, the immediate action of consciousness in directing energy into one channel rather than another?" (*Origin of the Fittest*, p. 427.) And, of course, as one would expect, he is utterly at a loss to answer. He distinctly perceives that consciousness "is not itself a force (= energy)." Consequently he expresses most emphatically its impotence to produce motion. He says: "How, then, can it exercise energy? Certainly no more than the bare good will of the train-hands can pull the train. Such an explanation is to admit the possibility of making something out of nothing" (l. c.).

Yet the experience of so-called voluntary movements gives him a pretense, as it has done to so many before him, to assume some kind of effective connection between consciousness and the movements. Here, in his "Address on Catagenesis" delivered two and one-half years ago, he is, however, very candid in touching on this most delicate and eminently important subject. He is, by no means, conscious of having positive "knowledge" of this supposed influence of consciousness over material motion. On the contrary he acknowledges knowing nothing about it. All the information he has to give us concerning this distinctive feature of his theological and evolutionary theory, is contained in the following sentence: "The explanation can only be found in a simple acceptance of the fact as it is, in the thesis, that *energy can be conscious*. If true, this is an ultimate

fact" (id., pp. 427-8)*. This means simply that Professor Cope is aware, like all of us, that consciousness *accompanies* some of our movements; but that he has no more than any of his philosophical or scientific foregoers, the remotest notion how such consciousness can at all influence the motion of matter.

To sum up: We have avowedly not the slightest "knowledge of the control of mind over matter." Quite the reverse. It has been proved that mind cannot possibly control matter. It is, however, *solely* on the pretended *knowledge* of such control that the "Theology of Evolution," with its belief in a "great Mind" and in a "future life" is based. This sole basis having crumbled to pieces, the entire superstructure has necessarily also caved in. The "lesser mind," of which alone we have experience, not being able to impart direction to matter, the "great Mind," the new scientific Deity, whose existence is only analogically surmised and analogically endowed with the pretended power of imparting direction to matter, has therewith irrecoverably vanished into the same thin air as other theological speculations.

THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE OF CHICAGO.

The fourth anniversary of The Society for Ethical Culture, of Chicago, was celebrated at the Madison Street Theatre, on Sunday, April 10. There were seated on the stage beside Mr. W. M. Salter, the lecturer of the society, several of the leading members, who, after the regular lecture, were called upon by him to speak and responded each in a short address. The society has been steadily gaining ground both in the way of an increasing membership and in respect to finances. During the last year rooms have been taken by the society in which are held its monthly conferences, the ladies' charitable meetings, a class in ethics, the young people's social reunions, as well as an ethical school for children (Sunday mornings), which at this writing has an encouraging attendance. The anniversary meeting was well attended and great interest was manifested by those who listened to the remarks of the several speakers. We give below short extracts from some of the addresses.

Mr. Salter, dwelt at the outset upon the encouraging outlook, laying special stress upon the fact that a strong and abiding interest had been manifested in the work which the society had taken upon itself to do. He then said:

The real sources of our inspiration are in what we have yet to do. The thought that stirs me most is that there is work to do in this community and we must do it. There are those out of sympathy intellectually with the churches and we must make a

* In a recent note on the last page of his work on *The Origin of the Fittest*, 1887, Professor Cope re-enforces this position. He says that the explanation of the control of mind over matter requires "the assumption of the thesis that 'energy can be conscious.'"

home for them. The liberal churches do not take our place. They are resting places for a day, but they do not satisfy. The type of religion represented in most of our independent and liberal churches, is transitional religion. Logic conducts to them, but conducts beyond them. It is better to be in them than in any of our orthodox churches, but those only remain in them who think a little way and then stop.

There is no reason for my leaving orthodoxy that does not lead to complete free-thought. We have to make not a resting place, but a home for men and women of liberal tendency; a fellowship with a spirit so free and an ideal so high that there can be no necessity nor wish to leave it. We should show that for those driven by conscientious scruples out of the churches, there is as warm a welcome here as they ever found there. The human heart longs for fellowship, longs to meet with kindred minds. We ought to say to people ill at ease in the churches and out of them, come to us, you will find rest with us, you will find there is still an aim in life and a consolation in suffering and in the face of death, though you cannot believe in one of the old perplexing doctrines. I bring before my mind a great number of such people, people who are without a home for the soul, and I say to myself, that is my call, that is your call, to find them out, to bring them to us, to bring them home.

The president of the society, Judge Henry Booth, said:

I can think of no better way of occupying the few moments assigned me for addressing you than by stating some of the leading ideas which our society represents, as I understand its position, speaking for myself alone. First and foremost this society stands for the idea of law, universal, immutable, inexorable law—law without variability or shadow of turning. Whence its source or where its seat we do not know—we do not pretend to know. That is the mystery of mysteries. We know it only in its operation and we know and feel that we too, in common with the universe, visible and invisible, are subject to its operations; that we are held in firm allegiance to this universal law, an allegiance which we could not break if we would and would not if we could. In the presence of this universal law ancient myths, whether of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Chaldean, Phœnician, Hindoo or Hebrew origin, as the basis of ethics, have no place.

They form no basis for our faith. They illustrate the fertility of the imagination of men in the dark before the light of science had arisen to reveal the operations of this universal law. This law includes all the moral order of the universe, and first and foremost is the principle of justice, which if properly considered, includes all ethical principles and all their applications; without which ethics is an unmeaning term.

Mr. A. S. Bradley said:

The question has been asked, "What does the Ethical Culture Society stand for?" I would answer that it stands for the production of a higher type of human character, a factor in the evolution of character and conduct—the only aim for which life is worth living. It stands for it as the *quasi* science of antiquity stood for the development of steam, chemistry and electricity; as the philosophy of ancient India and Egypt stood for modern philosophy. But the important question for us as individuals to consider is, not what the society stands for, but whether we are worthy, to use the words of Lincoln, "to be dedicated to this unfinished work." It is our own character and conduct which first needs our attention; and in this regard the maintenance of these lectures chiefly concerns us, that we may be faithfully reminded of duties unperformed, of duties to be performed, so that we or our children may

"rise on stepping-stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

As Mr. Salter says: "Evolution goes on rapidly or creeps along painfully according as our thoughts are quick or slow and dead." But let it seem fast or slow, the cause of free-thought must ever advance, and we will still say to the priesthood as Galileo said, "*It moves!*" And let our work fail; we will yet say, "They never fail who work for a great cause. Though years elapse they but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts which overpower all others and conduct the world at last to freedom.

Mr. H. de Roode was the next speaker:

Perhaps as a man of business I may point you to the encouragement I feel in the growth and development of this society; standing as it does for a new principle, and realizing the spirit of the poet who saw "sermons in stones and good in everything." I already look upon this society, though so young, as a great factor in shaping the ethics of practical life in our great city, and even teaching the pulpits, yea out of their own Scriptures, the new and higher meaning of human life. My friends, hundreds of years ago the spirit of a dull age was lifted to higher ground by the watchword of a zealous apostle: "To the greater glory of God." As it has ever been and is now, our altars must ever be inscribed: "To the unknown God," but let our mission be none the less sublime if, clad in the garments of righteousness, we unfurl to the breeze of progress a banner of salvation with the nobler motto: "To the greater glory of Man."

The remarks of Mr. Joseph W. Errant, the last speaker, were as follows:

My friends, the way to make the new ethics a part of our lives, a part of our natures, so that it shall be a permanent factor is to work in the fields of practical ethics. This is the test of the inspiration of ethics, our practical adherence to the obligations which it imposes. The training school is the work of the world, it is this which makes ethics real and practical; it is for the home for the school, for the manufacturer, for the professional man.

The future will be then what we make it. At our door lie great and pressing problems begging to be taken in; they belong to us; they have a right to ask for admission. Moral questions cannot be voted down by numbers. They call for thought, for justice, for action. Moral questions cannot be kept out of sight, they have a constant tendency to come to the light, where they belong.

Oh, what great opportunities are ours! and in this moral work who is there that will not gladly join, who does not feel upon him the obligation to do and dare for the right.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CRITICISM OF THE PULPIT.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

To the Editors:

The following letter, which I recently addressed to the Duke of Argyll, explains itself and its occasion:

As one who is interested in the secular and moral discussion of pulpit teaching, I venture to write to your Grace on behalf of many of a similar way of thinking, concerning the remarks with which your article opens in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The eminence and influence of your Grace, not of rank merely, but what is of more merit in our eyes—in oratory and literature, must be our apology for attaching importance to your words.

In replying to and, in effect, reproving Professor Huxley for his criticism of certain misleading teachings by Canon Liddon, your Grace says: "The pulpit has hitherto enjoyed not, perhaps, absolute, but, at least, a general and customary immunity from controversy or reply. It is surely well that this custom should be respected."

Why so? Is not the priest more dangerous than the politician? It is by the contradiction of the politician and putting him

to the proof, that the public prevent his tongue from being pernicious. The politician speaks in the name of reason which admits of appeal. The priest professes to speak with the voice of God, against which there is no appeal; and if the words of the priest are unquestioned his errors come to be regarded as divine. It is singular that the Duke of Argyll should deprecate the criticism of the clergy—he who is of a race and is the head of a clan, who never shrank even from the more serious criticism of the claymore. Are not the clergy trained for feats of theological arms? As a rule they have claws like those of an octopus. The courteous sort wear a velvet glove, but underneath is a hand of iron, which they call their "mission." Some, indeed, have a real human hand within the glove, but they are all suspected by their brethren as "unsound" somewhere "in the faith." What exemption do they need from controversy? They can get aid by prayer, while their adversaries must depend upon themselves. God stands behind the priest, the law is with him. Canon Liddon has the influence and arrogance of the State Church on his side. Popular prejudice protects him. The mob, ill-dressed and well-dressed, applaud the priest, however insolent he may be—and he often is insolent—while his secular critic is commonly unfriended, unsupported and unencouraged.

Your Grace considers that the pulpiteer "is debarred by his occupation from pursuing disputation as others can." Then why does he dispute, himself? His life is a ceaseless attack upon others. He thrusts himself into every school and into every house. He does not respect the sick-room. He attacks the dying, he defames the character of the dead. To reply to the proselytizing priest is well understood self-defense. A man may intercede with heaven on his own account, but he may neither pray for nor preach to others without offense, unless he gives them the means of self-protection, by declaring his purpose and inviting their protest if they wish to make it. It ought to be an offense at law for any priest to use his influence with heaven privately, and get a supernatural battery discharged upon others secretly, without according them means of self-protection by disputing the validity of his clandestine and officious intercession.

What would your grace say to a soldier, who prodded all he met with his propagandist bayonet, and when they desired to criticize him in the same way declared that he was debarred from being subjected to that species of controversy? The clergyman or minister who preaches any tenet, and does provide that all who hear shall then and there question him—in self-defense if so minded—is simply an assassin of the understanding, and ought to be treated as such. Discussion is self-protection against error, and he who withholds or presents that protection is a traitor to the truth, whatever may be his mission or his motives. How much more useful is the language of Mr. Gladstone to the students of the Liverpool College, to whom he declared that Christianity could no longer be defended by railing or reticence—which means that priests must no longer defame opinions instead of confuting them, and that abstention from controversy, on any pretext, is unseemly and perilous. The soldier of trust may be a combatant.

No canon spares Professor Huxley when he thinks he can make a point against him. Why should Professor Huxley spare a canon who makes points against the truth of science? So many unfit and pretentious persons speak in the name of God until he is compromised by them, competent beyond most preachers to represent Deity, as Canon Liddon is, yet even he is not infallible, and if his speech on behalf of God is rendered exact by criticism, that is a tribute, and no mean tribute, to heaven. Since God himself is silent no words spoken in his name can be trusted, until they are verified and clarified by debate. The priest himself should be the first to invite it lest he unwittingly make an offering of error on the altar. If it be a duty to seek the truth and to live the truth, honest discussion which discerns it, identifies it, clears it and establishes it, is a form of worship of real honor of God and of true service of man. We, therefore, pray your Grace not to discourage it.

I had the pleasure to receive a reply from the Duke of Argyll, in which he said that "I had written under a misconception, as his observations on pulpit criticism had no reference to any thing but spoken sermons—not formally published and of which there is no authorized report." These the Duke would "treat as privileged communications not addressed to the general public, but to special congregations. When the clergy enter on the field of literature by published writings," his Grace regards "their teachings as open to comment and controversy." The Duke adds that "he now-a-days never sees among the clergy the

spirit of personal bitterness which seems to animate my letter," and he "feels sure that truth can never be reached without some candor, calmness and reasonableness of spirit, both as regards the subject matter and as regards the feelings towards those from whom we differ." As respects these qualities of "candor, calmness and reasonableness of spirit," as conditions necessary in the search for truth, I quite agree with the illustrious writer. Consideration for the feelings or even intellectual rights of others have seldom been a Christian virtue. It is happily now becoming more common, but the degree in which the Duke of Argyll possesses it is far from being general.

I made frank acknowledgment to his Grace for the courtesy of his letter, adding that "I counted it a great influence in favor of truth that his Grace regards the published writings of the clergy as open to controversy." For reasons I have stated, I am still of opinion that sermons are serious assaults upon the understanding and emotions of congregations, who are without the protection of criticism. My letter concludes as follows:

It was certainly a lack of art on my part to give your Grace the impression that I wrote in "bitterness," which is not in my mind. It is my good fortune to possess the friendship of many famous priests, clergymen and ministers for whom I have real respect and, for some, affection. This does not prevent my seeing their errors of conviction and duty; nor prevent them discerning and dissenting from mine. Many clergymen are gentlemen as well as Christians, but more are Christians only. With the nobler sort of priests controversy is considerate and fair, which is the manliest form of propagandism. Worship is every man's right, undisturbed and unquestioned—but preaching is no man's right, unless he concedes to the hearer the self-defense of inquiry or reply. Controversy should be relevant, unimputative and decorous—and from whom can this be expected so well as from priests, who have supernatural advantages over their secular hearers? They should be able to regard the errors of men as the physician does diseases, and after like passionless inspection and inquiry, the clergy should apply the remedy of instruction in truth. Foolish discussion may destroy the moral of a fine discourse, but this depends upon the preacher and the public want of discipline in debate, which only habit can give. Some years ago I published a little history of a trial which befell me. I was indicted, tried and sentenced to six months' imprisonment by a judge distinguished for his Christian, ity—and this not for words published, nor voluntarily spoken, not for words premeditated, but simply given in debate in answer to a question. Even if I felt it, some "bitterness" would be pardonable in one who lives under a state of law maintained by the Christian priesthood, which gives them absolute immunity, say what they may, and inflicts serious penalties upon those who may in self-defense give utterance to their equally rightful opinions. Since, however, debate is the only protection of truth, I am in favor of discussion under whatever disadvantages; nor do I see the validity of objection on the part of any who agree with St. Paul that we should "prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

FREE-THOUGHT EDUCATION.

To the Editors:

ORANGE, N. J.

I must own that I am agreeably surprised by the interest which my brief article on *Free-thought Education* has aroused—and am led to hope that it may at last result in something practical. My critic, Mr. Jappe, finds fault with me for suggesting a *college*, and not a *lyceum*, unaware, apparently that *college* is the more usual, and if he will permit me to say so, the more correct term. We speak of *Eton College*, not of *Eton Lyceum*. (Compare Matthew Arnold's articles on *A French Eton*; also Webster's *Dictionary*). He seems to know only the ordinary American meaning of the term *college*. In any case, we both mean and desire the same thing, and we shall not quarrel over words.

I am entirely agreed with Mr. Leaby, and quite as wide-awake as he, to the necessity of rousing the free-thinkers of America to united action in the matter of education. But I am too well acquainted with them to have much faith that they will soon display any such action on a large scale. My hope lies in inducing a small number of the more silent and earnest among

them to unite and form a college in the true sense,* and so to rear a generation of free-thinkers who shall be doers, and not mere talkers, as the present generation so largely is.

The Free-thinkers' Magazine has done me the honor to reprint my little article as an editorial, and the editor has requested me to express my views on Free-thought Education, at greater length for that periodical. I have accordingly done so, and the result will appear in the next number. I need not repeat what I have said there. I would only repeat my appeal to all liberal men and women in this land, to bestir themselves, and do something in behalf of the cause which they profess to sustain, and to aid in redeeming men and women from a stupefying, degrading and hypocritical superstition, and in restoring them to the liberty of reason and science. I have no idea of establishing anything to compete with Harvard or Yale. The evil done by unfree-thought education is done long before young men reach institutions of that grade. What I am advocating can be begun on a small scale and with moderate means; in fact, with one teacher and one pupil. The American passion for bigness could only be prejudicial to it. I am amused to see that so many people think free-thought a form of sectarianism. To me free-thought means a reverent acceptance and following of all clearly demonstrated truth, and I hardly think that the unprejudiced followers of that could fairly be called a sect, or their tenets sectarian. But perhaps I am wrong.

I have not the smallest desire to make my name prominent in this matter; for all popularity, and all quest for popularity are unspeakably hateful to me; but, until an abler leader can be found, I am willing to do what I can to help this most important movement through its pioneer stage. If I can, in any measure, succeed in doing this, I shall then be most ready to transfer the work to worthier and stronger hands.

I am now endeavoring to work out the plan of a complete system of Free-thought Education. When finished and printed, it will make a large pamphlet, almost a book, and I shall endeavor to give it a wide circulation. If it does nothing else, it will, at least, call out an expression of opinion.

If the friends of Free-thought Education, instead of wasting time in talking and disputing, will come forward, and say what they are willing to do, what efficient aid, in the way of means or work, they are willing to lend, then we shall be able to make a beginning at least, and, as the Scotch say, a work begun is half-ended.

What we really want is a kind of Co-operative Pedagogical Province, a miniature society, in which young persons may be trained for the great society of humanity. Might it not be well to reprint in THE OPEN COURT, the delightful account given by Goethe (the apostle of *Free-thought Education*) of the "Pedagogical Province" visited by his Wilhelm Meister? (*Wanderjahre*, Book II.)

Let us have at once an association calling itself *The Free-thought Education Society*. Let it be incorporated; let it collect funds, seek out capable directors and instructors, and set to work to found a Free-thought College, in some healthy country place. If persons willing to spend and be spent in such an enterprise, will send their names to me, *stating at the same time what they are willing to do*, I will call a meeting of them, in the course of the summer, at some convenient time and place, and then the whole matter can be thoroughly discussed. THOMAS DAVIDSON.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, May 26 and 27, commencing on Thursday, May 26, at 7:45 P. M., in Vestry Hall, 88 Tremont st., with a Business Session for hearing reports, electing officers, etc. F. M. HOLLAND, Secretary.

* Webster defined *College* as "A society of scholars incorporated for the purposes of study or instruction." This is precisely what I want.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT: Its Source and Aim, a Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1876.

The author says in the preface: "The 'science of religion,' as we know it in the works of Burnouf, Müller and others, is a comparison of systems of worship in their historic development. The deeper inquiry as to what in the mind of man gave birth to religion in any of its forms, what spirit breathed and is ever breathing life into these dry bones, this, the final and highest question of all, has had but passing or prejudiced attention. To its investigation this book is devoted."

Mr. Brinton approaches his subject analytically and by the inductive method. The main questions of his inquiry are: "What led men to imagine gods at all? What still prompts enlightened nations to worship? Is prayer of any avail, or of none? Is faith the last ground of adoration, or is reason? Is religion a transient phase of development, or is it the chief end of man? What is its warrant of continuance? If it overlive this day of crumbling theologies, whence will come its reprieve?"

Mr. Brinton's ways of thinking are decidedly monistic. He introduces Oken's dictum: *Mind is co-extensive with organism*, and he quotes Wilhelm von Humboldt's words: "The old dualism of mind and body which for centuries struggled in vain for reconciliation, finds it now, not indeed in the unity of substance but in the unity of laws." And Mr. Brinton says (on page 8), "Wherever we see form preserved amid the change of substance, there is mind." In both quotations and in many other passages of his book, Mr. Brinton accepts, and nothing short of it, the fundamental principles of monism, although he never uses the word.

Treating in Chapter I, of the laws of mind and thought, Mr. Brinton proposes that the logical law of the excluded middle is the keystone of religious philosophy. He objects to Mr. Spencer's view of the unknowable. "Those philosophers," he says on page 39, "such as Herbert Spencer, who teach that there is some incogitable 'nature' of something which is the immanent 'cause' of phenomena, delude themselves with words. The history and the laws of a phenomenon *are* its nature, and there is no chimerical something beyond them. They are exhaustive. They fully answer the question *why* as well as the question *how*."

The second chapter is devoted to the emotional ingredients of religious sentiment. Fear, hope and love are its chief elements and the part sexual love plays in religions, receives full appreciation. But religion is not merely an affair of feelings. It must assume some rational postulates which involve, as explained in Chapter III, that there is an intelligent order in the world. "Thus we reach the foundation for the faith in a moral government of the world, which it has been the uniform characteristic of religions to assert." Bunson expresses it, as quoted on page 109, "The faith of all historical religions starts from the assumption of a universal moral order, in which the good is alone the true, and the true is the only good."

Prayer, in Chapter IV, is claimed to have a positive effect on the mind, joyful emotions are its fruits, *spiritual enlightenment*, as religious people call it, its reward. The answer to prayer, it is claimed by religious minds, comes by inspiration which Mr. Brinton calls *entheasm*.

In Chapter V, religious myths, in Chapter VI, the cult, its symbols and its rites are treated. As the momenta of religious thought are named in Chapter VII: (1) the idea of the perfected individual; (2) the idea of the perfected commonwealth, and (3) the idea of personal survival. The last of these three ideas is decreasing as a religious moment owing to a better understanding

of ethics, to more accurate cosmical conceptions, to clearer definitions of life and to the increasing immateriality of religions. Mr. Brinton declares the doctrine of personal survival to be egotistic and "the spirit of true religion," he adds, "wages constant war with the predominance or even presence of selfish aims."

We sometimes miss, for instance in Chapter I, a definite and clear statement of the author's own views, we also differ from his views in many details, and, concerning the high aim he has proposed to himself, it may be doubted whether he has satisfactorily answered all the questions of his problem. But the spirit and general character of the book must impress the reader with the earnestness and scholarship of its author and with the fact that his work contains most valuable contributions to a right understanding of religion and religious sentiment. PAUL CARUS.

ABSOLUTE RELATIVISM; OR, THE ABSOLUTE IN RELATION.
By William Bell McTaggart. London: W. Stewart & Co., 41
Farringdon street, S. E. Vol. I, pp. 133.

The object of this work is to examine the leading systems of philosophy and to show that, while none of them have represented the entire truth, they have all been stepping-stones to truer and better thought. The various religions and philosophies are regarded as facets reflecting some portions of the truth. The valuable elements of each, with its errors omitted, our author attempts to combine in a synthetic philosophy, which he calls "Absolute Relativism."

We can only indicate the leading train of thought. The materialist says that the ego and the non-ego are manifestations or functions or potentialities of matter. The idealist says that ego is mind, and non-ego is matter; that all the qualities of what is termed matter are shown in the last analysis to be properties of mind, and that the stimulus, or "otherness," necessary to mind before it can have cognition of even itself, must be mind.

Mr. McTaggart holds that a proposition can be formulated which will be acceptable alike to careful thinkers, whether they call themselves materialists or idealists. The philosophical necessity of postulating some stimulus to which the mind responds prior to effect, some "otherness" from which the mind may distinguish itself, some impulse to which the mind may respond, must be admitted. The materialist says this stimulus is only matter; the idealist affirms that it is only mind. Mr. McTaggart tells the materialist that matter is regarded by all schools of thought as unknowable *per se*, "for the reason that it cannot be known out of mentation. A green leaf, for example, does not exist in the universe apart from the power of mind" (for the reason that color, form and substance are words which stand for conscious states, modes in which our consciousness is affected).

To the idealist the externality or stimulus is just as inscrutable. "May not this stimulus or irritation be internal, a feature or potentiality of the mind? May not, in other words, the mind be its own stimulus and response to stimulus? An adequate consideration will show us that it may not. Given the mind in unity as alone the generator of all things, then it must forever remain blank and dark, silent, infertile. Why? Because if we consider what we mean by production in its simplest form, it is equivalent to change. But what is change? It is something that was not there before; some force, some movement has arisen which makes the ego different from what it was before. * * * The force may be postulated as being *in* the ego since the beginning; but what started it out of potentiality into activity? What set the ferment going? Clearly something not there before; but, if the ego was all in all, the absolute, then there was, and is, nothing else to set this ferment in motion. No appulse, no impulse can arise; for there is nothing,—no when, no where,—to so arise to disturb the balance or alter the eternal equation. * * * Much, nay, most, may be the ego; but that there is an actuality, a something,

outside and beyond as the non-ego, is a demonstrated certainty."

The mistake of the idealist consists in the fancy that mind must stimulate itself, and be the be-all and end of creation. The doctrine that there is no difference between the ego and the non-ego by making the two identical, destroys all possibilities or potentialities of them both. To this *impasse* comes also the materialist at the same crucial point of the investigation. If matter,—that is, ultimate homogeneous atoms, each endowed with necessarily equivalent force,—is all in all, then can there be nothing to set the ferment going. Mass and motion, passivity and activity, action and reaction, this dual principle is the great underlying verity.

There is an externality, a stimulus, as in the case of a tree, which has the power of again and again stimulating the mind, so that fresh ideas are evolved whenever the occasions occur. Turned in upon itself mind or matter remains unfertilized, unfertilizable.

The common truth of materialism and idealism is that "otherness" exists; that other minds and other existences also, modified, idealized, created, in a sense, by ourselves, but existing outside and beyond our mentation, each after its own fashion notwithstanding. As a corollary thereto, without stimulus no mind, and without response to stimulus no body, or without stimulus, contained within the unknown *x*, no mind. Without response to stimulus, contained within the unknown *x*, no body. "Stimulus or the underlying principle of otherness, is of the unknown substratum, or philosophers' matter. Response to stimulus, or the underlying principle of self or identity, is of the unknown substratum, or philosophers' matter. Mind is a compound of unity; it is stimulus plus response to stimulus, which, as a phase of the unknown *x*, or matter, the basis of mind is demonstrated to be something or other apart from mind. Mind can know mental manifestations, ideas only; but in these ideas there is discoverable an actuality of otherness which gives rise to what we term the physical and extended.

"'No mind no body,' has been proved as the truth; but no mind no matter, can by no means be allowed to pass. Matter, the unknown *v* in the phase or activity of stimulus, must, as we have seen, be admitted as a thing apart; for mind alone, unfertilized, unenergized, remains forever unconscious of itself, a potentiality, but nothing more."

We give but the merest outline of the thought presented in this volume, which is to be followed by others to be devoted to an exposition of the author's "Absolute Relativism," "the selected name for a system which, it is hoped, may offer a new departure for philosophic thought, and to an analytical examination of the sociological outcome of the various creeds of the past, with an effort to point out the logical nexus between."

The author is constructive in his method, reconciliative in spirit, keen in analysis, respectful to all schools of thought, yet independent in criticism and approval of the views of other thinkers, and vigorous and lucid in style. Without going into detail, we are free to say that we regard the work as an able and valuable contribution to the philosophic discussion of the day.

THE PIONEER QUAKERS. By Richard P. Hallowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887.

This little book of 98 pages embodies the gist, in the form of a lecture, prepared by request for a Boston Literary Club, of the history of the Quakers as given in the author's larger work published in 1883, *The Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts*, with additional notes bringing that history down to a later period. Eight pages of index show the variety of topics treated in this lecture and more than a dozen authorities are quoted, which appear not to have been consulted in the larger work. The work marks an epoch in the history of American free-thought.

The Open Court.

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ON MEMORY AS A GENERAL FUNCTION OF ORGANIZED MATTER.*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON OCCASION OF THE SOLEMN MEETING OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, AT VIENNA, MAY 30, MDCCCLXX.

BY EWALD HERING,

MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Translated by Dr. Paul Carus, from the Second Edition, published by Carl Gerold's Sohn, Wien, 1876.

(Translation Copyrighted.)

Part II.—(Concluded.)

Now let me finally consider those facts in which the strength of memory in organized matter strikes us most powerfully.

On the basis of numerous facts, we may justly assume that even such qualities of an organism can be transferred to its posterity as have not been inherited but were acquired under peculiar circumstances of life. Thus every organic being endows its germs with some small inheritance which was acquired during the individual life of the parental organism and is added to the greater heirloom of the whole race.

Considering that properties were inherited which had been developed on diverse organs of the parental being, it appeared highly enigmatic how these same organs could have influenced the germ which developed in some distant place. So it happened that as a solution of this problem mystic views were often propounded.

The subject may be best comprehended from a physiological standpoint in this way:

The nervous system in spite of its being a composition of many thousands of cells and fibers, nevertheless forms one coherent entirety. It is in communication with all organs; according to later histological researches, it is assumed that it is connected even with every cell of the more important organs, be it directly or at least indirectly through a living, irritable and therefore conductible cell substance. By means of this connection, all organs, it is possible, are more or less interdependent, so as to make the destinies of one re-echo in the others; and if in any way some irritation takes place in one, it is transfused if ever so feebly, to the remotest parts of the body. In addition to this delicate communication of all parts through the nervous tissue, another, a slower and more sluggish communication takes place, that of the circulating fluids.

* Presented to the readers of THE OPEN COURT as part of his Monistic views, by Edward C. Hegeler.

We notice further on that the process of development of the germs which are destined to attain an independent existence, exercises a powerful reaction upon both the conscious and unconscious life of the whole organism. And this is a hint that the organ of germination is in a closer and more momentous relation to the other parts, especially to the nervous system, than any other organs. In an inverse ratio, the conscious and unconscious destinies of the whole organism, it is most probable, find a stronger echo in the germinal vessels than elsewhere.

This is the path it must be recognized, on which we have to look for the material link between the acquired properties of an organism and such quiddities of a germ as may redevelop the parental qualities.

You may object that an immaterial something cannot be the determinative for the future development of germs so like each other, it must rather be the peculiar character of its material composition. But I answer: The curves and planes which a mathematician imagines, or accepts as imaginable, are more numerous and manifold than the shapes of the organic world. Let us imagine almost infinitely small fragments of all possible curves; they will bear a closer resemblance to each other than one germ does to another. Nevertheless the whole curve is latent in each fragment and suppose a mathematician extends it in its directions, it will grow into the peculiar curve which has been determined by the form of its small fragmentary part.

Therefore it is erroneous to declare that we cannot imagine such minute differences in germs as in this case must be assumed by physiology.

An infinitely minute dislodgment of a point or a complex of points in the fragment of a curve will alter the law of its entire course. Exactly so an evanescent influence of the parental organism upon the molecular structure of its germ suffices to regulate its whole future development.

Now, then, the reappearance of properties of the parental organism in the full grown filial organism can be nothing else but the reproduction of such processes of organized matter, as the germ when still in the germinal vessels had taken part in; the filial organism remembers, so to say, those processes, and as soon as an occasion of the same or similar irritations is offered, a reaction takes place as formerly in the parental organism,

of which then it was a part, and whose destinies influenced it.

If in a parental organism by long habit or constant practice something grows to be its second nature, so as to permeate, if it were ever so feebly, also its germinal cells, and if the germinal cells commence an independent life, they aggrandize and grow till they form a new being, but their single parts still remain the substance of the parental being, they are bones of its bones, and flesh of its flesh. If, then, the filial organisms reproduce what they experienced as a smaller part of a greater whole, this fact is marvelous indeed, but no more than when an old man is surprised by reminiscences of his earliest childhood. Whether it be the very same organized substance still which reproduces old experiences, or whether it be its descendant and offspring, a part of itself, which in the meantime deployed and grew, is a difference which, apparently, is one of degree, not of kind. Now, is it not strange that we are engaged at all in considerations, how trifling inheritances of the parental organism can be reproduced in the filial being, as if we had forgotten that the filial organism is nothing but one great reproduction of the parental organism, even in its minutest details? This is because we are so accustomed to accept their similarity as granted, that we are astonished at finding a child who is to some degree not quite like its mother, and yet the fact of its being in so many thousand ways like its parent is much more wonderful!

If the substance of a germ is able to reproduce what the parental organism acquired during its individual life, how much more will it be able to reproduce what is innate in the parental organism and has been repeated through innumerable generations in the same organized matter of which the germ of to-day, after all, is, and remains but a part. Is it then to be wondered at, that those things which organized matter has experienced on numberless occasions are impressed stronger into the memory of a germ, than the incidents of one single life? Every organic being which lives to-day, is the latest link of an immeasurable series of organic beings, of which one rose into existence from the other, and one inherited part of the acquired properties of the other. The beginning of this series, it must be assumed, are organisms of extremest simplicity like those which are known to us as organic germ cells. In consideration of this, the whole series of such beings appears as the work of the *reproductive faculty* which was inherent in the substance of the first organic form with which the whole development started. When this first germ divided, it bequeathed to its descendants its properties; the immediate descendants added new properties and every new germ reproduced to a great extent the *modi operandi* of its ancestors; part of which grew

feebler, because under altered circumstances their reproduction was no longer elicited.

Thus every organized being of our present time is the product of the unconscious memory of organized matter. Constantly increasing and dividing, constantly assimilating new and excreting waste matter, constantly recording new experiences in their memory in order to reproduce it over and over again, it was shaped richer and more perfect the longer it lived.

The whole history of an individual development as observed in a higher organized animal is, from this point of view, a continuous chain of reminiscences of the evolution of all those beings which form the ancestral series of this particular animal. A complicated perception takes place through a volatile, and, as it were, a superficial reproduction of cerebral processes which have been practiced long and carefully; exactly so a growing germ passes quickly and summarily through a series of phases which were developed and fixed, step by step, in the memory of organized matter in the series of its ancestral beings during a life of incalculable duration. This view was preconceived repeatedly; it took shape in various theories, but was rightly understood by one scientist of later days. For truth hides in different shapes before the eyes of its aspirers until it is revealed to the elect.

A body, an organ, or a cell reproduces simultaneously with its shape as well as with its interior and exterior formation, also its functions. A chick which creeps out of its shell at once runs about, as did its mother when she, as a chick, had broken her shell. Imagine how extraordinarily complicated are the motions and sensations of such acts! Only consider the difficulty of equipoising its body in running, and the supposition of an innate reproductive faculty alone, it must be conceded, can serve as an explanation of these intricate performances. The execution of some motion which was exercised during the greatest part of an individual life becomes second nature, and the actions of a whole race which are repeated over and over again by each member of the race must also become second nature.

The chick is not only endowed with an inborn skill concerning its motions, but possesses, also, a strongly developed perceptive faculty. Without hesitation it picks the grains which are thrown to it. This implies that it sees them, that it correctly conceives the direction of their situation and their distance; moreover, it has to move its head and other limbs with great precision. All these things could not be learned in the egg-shell; they have been learned by those many thousands of beings which lived before this chick, and of which it is the direct offspring.

The memory of organized matter is strikingly recognizable in this instance. Such a feeble irritation as the rays produce which proceed from a grain and fall upon

the retina of the chicken, becomes an occasion for the reproduction of a complicated series of sensations, perceptions and motions, which in this individual never as yet had been combined, and which, nevertheless, from the beginning were arranged with accuracy and precision, as if the very same animal had practiced them thousands of times. Such surprising performances of animals are generally called instincts; and some physicists indulged in mystic explanations of instincts. If instinct is considered as the result of memory, or reproductive faculty of organized matter, if we assume that also the race is endowed with memory, instinct is comprehended at once, and the physiologist is enabled to insert instinct into and connect it with the one great series of such facts as were found to be the phenomena of a reproductive faculty. In this way we have not yet gained, but certainly we approach, a physical explanation of the problem.

If, for instance, a caterpillar changes into a chrysalis, or if a bird builds a nest, or a bee constructs a cell, such animals obeying their instincts act with consciousness and are no unconscious machines. They know to some extent how to alter their actions under changed circumstances and are liable to err; they feel pleasure if their work proceeds and displeasure if they meet obstacles. They learn by working, it must be assumed, and birds, no doubt, build their nests better a second time than first. But if animals so easily find the most practical means of attaining their ends the very first time, if their motions are so excellently and perfectly adapted to their purposes, it is due to the inherited tenor of the memory of their nervous substance which only awaits an occasion to work in full conformity with the situation, and remembers just what is necessary for that occasion.

It is striking how easily dexterities are acquired if sufficient limitation is exercised. Onesidedness produces virtuosity. He who admires a spider for spinning his cobwebs, should bear in mind how limited are his other faculties. Nor should we forget that he did not learn his art himself, it was acquired in slow degrees by innumerable generations of spiders, and this art is almost all they learned. Man takes bow and arrows if his nets fail to catch food, the spider must starve.

Thus the body, it is seen, and what is of greater import, the whole nervous system of a newborn animal is prefigured and predisposed for its intercourse with the surrounding world into which it enters; it is prepared to respond to irritations and influences in the same way as was done by its ancestors.

We cannot expect that the brain and nervous system of man is an exception from this rule.

Certainly man must learn with difficulty, while the animal from its birth is finished in its instincts; however, the human brain immediately after birth is at a much greater distance from the pitch of its development than

the brain of an animal. Its growth not only takes longer time, but is much stronger. The human brain, we may say, is much younger when it enters into the world than the animal brain. The animal is born precocious and at once behaves precociously. It is like a phenomenal child whose brain is overmatured and too old as it were, so as to be unable to develop as richly as does another brain which is less finished and inured to work but fresher and more youthful. The scope for the individual development of the human brain and generally of the human body is much larger because a relatively great part of its development lies in the time after birth. It grows under the influences of its surroundings which affect its senses, and acquires under such circumstances in a more individual way, what an animal has received in the fixed formation of its race.

A far-reaching memory, or reproductive faculty, we must take it as granted, is to be ascribed to the whole body, as well as particularly to the brain of a newborn man. By dint of this memory he is enabled to learn those attainments which were developed in his ancestors some thousand times and are necessary for his life, much quicker and easier. What appears to be instinct in animals, in man appears, in a freer form, as a predisposition. Certainly ideas are not inborn in an infant, but the ability of the ready and precise crystallization of ideas from a complicate mixture of sensations, is due not to the labor of the child, but to the labor of innumerable ancestors.

Theories of individual consciousness, according to which it is assumed that each human soul starts life for itself and commences a development of its own, as if the thousands of generations before had been in existence in vain, are in a striking discord with facts of daily experience.

The realm of those cerebral processes which elevate and distinguish man, it must be conceded, is not of such antiquity as is the province of the more physical necessities. Hunger and procreative impulse have been stirring even the oldest and simplest forms of organic beings. Accordingly organic substance has the most powerful memory for these stimuli, as well as for their satisfaction. The impulses and instincts rising from them take a firm hold even of the man of to-day with elemental power. Spiritual life grows slowly, and its most beautiful blossoms belong to the latest epochs of the evolutionary history of organized matter. It is not yet long that the nervous system is adorned with the ornament of a grand and rich brain.

Oral and written traditions have been called the memory of mankind, and this conception is true. But beside it there is another memory, which is the reproductive faculty of the cerebral substance. Without it, all written and oral language would be empty and meaningless to later generations; for, if the loftiest ideas were

recorded a thousand times in writings or in oral traditions, they would be nothing to such brains as are not predisposed for them. They must not only be received, they must be reproduced. If an increasing cerebral potency were not inherited simultaneously with inner and outer development of brain, with the wealth of ideas which are inherited from generation to generation, if an increased faculty of the reproduction of thoughts did not devolve upon coming generations simultaneously with their oral and written traditions, scripts and languages would be useless.

The conscious memory of man dies with his death; but the unconscious memory of nature is faithful and indestructible. Whoever succeeded to impress the vestiges of his work upon it, will be remembered forever.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY.

BY DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON.

Is there any sufficient reason for the belief in the continuance of personal mental life after the change we call death? Unless this question is answered in the affirmative, we have no possibility of verifying any hypotheses of a supernatural world nor, indeed, any interest in ascertaining their truth or degree of probability. But assuming that there is such a continuance, we have the possibility, at least, of forming a scientific hypothesis (that is, one capable of verification) in regard to a world beyond.

I make no account of alleged resurrections from the dead nor of oral or written communications claiming to come from a supernatural sphere. Let those believe who can; I do not. And there are plenty of disbelievers as to all these claims. What the world wants to know is, have we scientific evidence upon which to found a rational belief or disbelief upon this question? If the preachers would only turn scientists and come and help us, leaving authority behind them, how admirable it would be! Some of them are trying to do this, God bless them, but the majority are obstructionists.

Now, there are two directions in which the methods of science can be employed with reference to this subject. Both are methods of observation and experiment, principally the former. One is introspective observation of the facts and laws of the human mind, the other is extrinsic observation of what we are accustomed to call the external world. From the latter we get all the knowledge we have of death. What conscious life is we only know by subjective experience. Regarding consciousness introspectively, we find ourselves unable to think even an interruption of consciousness, much less its total and final destruction. It will at once be allowed that the individual cannot remember the time when I was not I. Closer examination reveals that I cannot even suppose a time when I was not, nor am I able to conceive that I can cease to be. To declare either

involves a contradiction in my thought. If we had none of the evidence of disappearance and disintegration which is involved in the death of others, we should never have the thought that our conscious mental life could cease, nor even if one were at the point of death would such an idea be possible for him to entertain.

When, however, we look upon the world about us, we see beings seemingly endowed with consciousness like our own. Thus we are compelled to infer and we reason accordingly. In the first place, we notice with all these beings that the signs of conscious life are periodically absent as in sleep, or irregularly suspended as in swoons. Consciousness is interrupted. We even infer this with respect to ourselves by the observation of changes for which we cannot account upon any other supposition. Secondly, we frequently behold an enfeeblement of mental powers, proceeding concomitantly with bodily decay and tending toward a total extinguishment. Memory is often lost, the power of ratiocination likewise and also self-control. Then come the extremes of mania and idiocy. All these diseased conditions indicate diseased conditions of the nervous system. As just pointed out we learn that consciousness can be interrupted. Now we are forced to ask, if mind is progressively impaired as the nervous structure is disintegrated, does not the total disintegration of the latter irresistibly argue the total destruction of the former? And as a matter of fact, when death arrives, the evidences of conscious personality all disappear, the flame goes out and is not relighted. Then follows a complete disintegration of the organized body, in connection with which we knew this personality. We are not able to trace any dissolution of mind, further than just stated, that is, its evidences disappear. Life ceases and with it mind ceases to be manifest to us; the body is disintegrated and the processes of this disintegration we can follow to a considerable extent.

The phenomena of the so-called external world are interpreted by the best scientific intelligence under those laws which have for a nucleus the persistence of force of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Technical physical science having attached a more specific and limited meaning to the term *force*, many would prefer the expression *conservation of energy* to the one above employed. This latter doctrine is that when one kind of energy disappears, energy of some other kind is produced, and that in the transformation, nothing is lost quantitatively; or in words of the other formula, forces are mutually convertible at given rates and in the conversion no force is lost. Involved with this truth are the truths that force is persistent, matter is indestructible and motion is consecutive or persistent. When for instance, the ball strikes the rock the mechanical motion, or some of it, is changed into thermal motion. Mechanical force ceases and heat is evolved. Now, in the progress of scientific knowledge,

we give a name to each definite unanalyzable form of force or energy and assign to it an indestructible reality which we express in such ways as just remarked. We are compelled to do this by the conditions of all knowledge. If, then, mechanical force, A, disappears and energy as heat, B, appears, in the disappearance of A we cannot put it out of existence. We say A and B are correlated; this means that they co-exist and under proper conditions A can be made to reappear. If this were not so, something could become nothing, matter could be destroyed, motion could be annihilated and force would not be persistent. Suppose, then, that the form of organizing energy, which we call life, be indicated by C, while A and B symbolize the mechanical and chemical forces of the inorganic world; if A and B are correlated with C, the conversion of A and B or either of them into C, or of C into A or B, means in the one case the disappearance of A or B and the appearance of C; in the other the converse. When C disappears we cannot by any possibility of thought annihilate it. If it be a distinct reality, it co-exists with A and B, is persistent, abides somehow and somewhere. Then by parity of reasoning, if consciousness is a form of physical energy, D, and is correlated with C, B, A, any or all of them, we have no more power of thinking of its destruction than we have of the destruction of any other form of energy. D disappears, but if in anywise dependent upon C or B, or A, under the laws of persistence or transformation of energy, it still exists. It has disappeared, but under proper conditions it will come back and be manifested as before. So far forth then as consciousness is to be interpreted by the phenomena of the world external to the ego, it must be interpreted by the laws of the conservation of energy and so far forth as explained by those laws it must be held as indestructible. Certainly if consciousness be material, it is forever persistent. The necessity of correlated forces being co-existent has been overlooked by philosophers and scientists.* If force A is transformed into force B, either A still exists, though it has disappeared, and can under appropriate conditions be made to reappear, or an act of annihilation and special creation has been performed as inexplicable as any that theologian ever asserted.

However much information we may derive from a study of the world outside consciousness, it is clear we cannot get along without introspection even in attaining a scientific knowledge of external objects. Indeed, if we reflect carefully, we shall soon find the idea suggesting itself that there are in strictness no "external" objects, but I do not think the use of the term is upon the whole objectionable. At all events, when we come to

*Lest the reader may think my ideas upon this point are not the result of sufficient thought, I shall be obliged to ask pardon for referring to my *System of Psychology* (London, 1884), Vol. 1, Chap. XVII, where this whole topic is more fully discussed.

inquire what constitutes an ultimate form of energy we discover that it is determined entirely by the answer that is given to the question, what are the ultimate modes of sensibility? Heat, we say, is a mode of motion. Motion, however, is understood only with reference to the muscular sense. Certain vibrations there are, to be sure, antecedent to the sensation of warmth; but all the vibrations in the world will not give heat unless there is contact with certain nerves so formed as to develop that sensation. And though we may try to explain heat in terms of motion according to the law of correlation, we can in fact only explain it by itself. It may be produced by material motions, but in last resort, heat is heat and not the sensation of the muscular sense. Similarly with light and with sound. We are in each case driven back to certain ultimate varieties of sensation. And this is our court of last resort.

Our course of investigation thus must needs pass from the material to the mental sphere. Here we at once discover that a state of consciousness is only to be explained by itself in any of its aspects. A feeling is a feeling, a cognition is a cognition. But though each of these is an ultimate and unanalyzable aspect of consciousness, which itself can be resolved into nothing but consciousness, we can observe how states of consciousness are related and propose to ourselves the problem,—How is knowledge possible? One thing is speedily disclosed; that is, there can be no consciousness without representation. It is necessary for perception, even. Equally is it indispensable for all purposes of comparison. A sensation occurs and is followed by another; we are wholly unable to make any comparison between the two without reproducing the first; we can say that B, which is present, is unlike A, which has departed, only representing A in fainter form, *a* for comparison. Memory is everywhere necessary to conscious mental life.

How we know an experience as representative is the mystery of mysteries. Stuart Mill thought it inexplicable and no one has succeeded in resolving the experience into anything more ultimate. How do I know that the cognition *a* is representative of a sensation A, which once occurred to me? How do I know I saw a horse running away while I was walking yesterday? There is no answer save that I remember it. In other words, representative experience is primordial and ultimate, in the same meaning that sensational experience is ultimate.

But see what this involves. It implies not merely a continuity but a unity of personal existence. In recognizing a feeling as the same feeling I had yesterday I have the idea of self present; of self having a feeling yesterday; consciousness of agreement between the two selves and the two feelings. I cannot distinguish the presentations to my mind as having been made before, or in other words, I cannot distinguish a past experience

actual, from a simple thought of that experience as possible, except by postulating that the experience actually occurred to *me*—an ego enduring through all change, and itself conditional for all successions.* Thus consciousness universally implies a synthetical unity without whose permanence no coming and going of phenomena in experience can be thought as possible.

The correspondence between the train of presentations and that of representations, or, as the old psychologists used to say, of sensations and ideas, is perfectly well marked. The succession of representative objects is governed by a series of laws similar to those which govern the determination of presentative objects. And these same dicta that force is persistent, matter is indestructible, motion is consecutive, and energy is conserved, find their exact parallel in the science of mind, though there is no power of thought to identify matter with mind, the presentative with the representative. Memory brings these trains of representative objects, each involving a knower, a knowing, and a known. They disappear, but so far forth as they have a distinct unity so as to be objects to consciousness at all, they cannot be thought out of existence. They co-exist with the presentative experiences and when they are thought of, they are, of course, thought of as existent, this thought as just seen postulating personal identity of a present self with a self as existing in the past; and as for a beginning or an end of the series, as before remarked, it is quite impossible to think it.

Thus a reference to mental phenomena, in order to understand material, forces us to a doctrine of the persistence of the individual consciousness. And such a reference appears inevitable. We can have no knowledge of matter, force, motion or energy without representation; and this last is conceded to be purely mental; but it involves persistence of the ego.

It may be well to consider, for a moment, what we mean by destruction. A bird appears in the air before our eyes, and then disappears. We do not say that he is destroyed. On the other hand, when a black beetle is crushed by the foot of the passer-by, and life is extinguished, followed by complete disintegration of structure, we speak of the destruction of the insect. But, even in this case, as we are accustomed to reason, we do not allow that the *matter* composing the insect's organism is destroyed. Dust it was, and to dust it simply returns. What, then, is destroyed? The form, if you please; the something that made the beetle what it was, the life is gone. Gone to be sure; but how are we going to annihilate life any more than the particles of dust? And in view of what we have just been noticing in regard to representation, how is it possible that the form, the mental element, shall be destroyed either? So far forth as this insect is composed of particles of matter,

so far forth as its life is force or energy, its destruction is unthinkable. So far forth as its form is concerned, this being merely the mental apprehension of a subjective combining power, which is itself indestructible, we are unable to find destruction there; for we cannot think anything into nothing. It would thus seem that the disintegration, which we are wont to call destruction, is, after all, nothing but disappearance. We may not in experience meet with a reappearance, but we are bound to consider it, not only as possible, but as inevitable under appropriate conditions. In other words, what once *was, is*, somehow or somewhere and does not pass into nothingness.

Then it must be asked, how does it happen that if we cannot think of anything becoming annihilated people are all the while seemingly doing so, and there exists a necessity of argument to show their error? How come we to have the idea of something becoming nothing? A vacuum may be an impossibility, but how then have we the notion of a vacuum? The answer is found in the Universal Paradox of Knowledge—a paradox which is nevertheless the foundation of all cognition. Every positive implies a negative, which can only be thought in positive terms, which excludes the positive and is excluded from it but whose existence is equally necessary with that of the positive. The existence of the negative is conditional for the reality of the positive. For every A there is a not-A; for every finite an infinite; for every known an unknown. This truth is constantly lost sight of. Mistaken notions as to space are largely responsible for this; space is given in sensation as much as force, space and force being correlative sensations; space is a reality as much as is force. Similar errors are made with regard to time; duration is not considered, the attention of thinkers being concentrated upon succession. The reality and the certainty of unconscious mind are conditional for conscious mind. If this were not so, we should never be able to say that we have forgotten anything. By reason of this paradox, we are compelled to aver that a vacuum is a thing as much as a plenum; the former exists as much as the latter. But in the process of generalization, we make a universal "all things," which excludes "vacuum," but in this very exclusion we imply reality and positiveness in the latter. "Nothing" is the negative which is left in the mind when generalization and integration are carried to their farthest point. When, therefore, we say that something is nothing, we indeed contradict ourselves, since in forming the notion "something" we already exclude it from "nothing;" and when we declare that a "vacuum" exists, we seek to include it within a class of objects which have in their idea excluded it. But, nevertheless, we cannot get rid of the conclusion that when we have found our universal concept inclusive of everything there is still a something

**System of Psychology*, Chap. IX.

real and positive beyond. Thus when we declare that something has become annihilated, all we can mean is that it has passed from the perceptible into the imperceptible. When we propose to annihilate anything we can chase it away, and away, and away, till our mind gets tired; but the moment we stop, as stop we must, it is there at the end mocking us. To think a "vacuum" is thus an impossibility as a process of endless centrifugal mental motion. But if we mean by annihilation a disappearance, which is all that can be meant, it is possible to conceive of it. This is not, however, the meaning of terms as usually employed. They refer to this endless motion, and the conditions of logical thought necessitate this universal paradox.

The truth is we are forced by the laws of cognition to postulate an unknown reality behind the known reality, both of matter and mind, a dark side of the material world and of intelligence, an imperceptible substantive being, out of which somehow comes the perceptible, and into which it disappears, a source of both material and mental phenomena, a cause of their effects, a permanent in which alone change is possible, a possibility for all actualities and a power which transcends knowledge but which is presupposed in all knowledge. This is the meaning of the paradox.

The lines of argument as to the question of personal immortality thus converge. Whether we look without or within the mind, we come to substantially the same result. If conscious mind be a higher force superinduced upon the vital energies, then we must believe in conscious existence after death. If force be persistent, if energy be conserved, if motion is continuous, if matter is indestructible, then the conscious ego is indestructible, the mental processes are continuous, the power of apperception is conserved and persistent. On the other hand, if we look introspectively, we find it impossible to think even of an interruption of consciousness, while all the considerations derived from an observation of external nature have increased strength when we consider the trains of states of consciousness as mental objects. The conscious ego persists—that is the self-conscious ego—the knowing, feeling, willing ego, for we know no other. That is what mind means.

It is no harder to understand the continued existence of personal existence after death than to comprehend its occultation in sleep and restoration afterward. As before said, the sleeper knows, subjectively, no interruption; he infers it from changes in his environment. Its occurrence, however, is quite inexplicable; yet no one speaks of any impairment of personal identity because of it.

The greatest perplexity arises, perhaps, over the fact of the failure of memory. Without memory there is no personal consciousness, and we often observe a progressive impairment of the representative power. Memory

waxes and wanes according to bodily conditions. If, then, alterations of the nerve-structure in disease will abrogate memory, the total disintegration of that structure, it may be said, will remove the possibility of representation—at any rate until some re-integration takes place. If, while life continues mind may fail, how much more when life is extinguished must we be compelled to the belief that the individual consciousness has irrecoverably passed away. But, after all, this deterioration of memory is only concomitant with degeneration of vitality. Vital force wanes and, perhaps, there may be by-and-by just this reintegration of which we spoke. Vital force, though it has disappeared, exists somewhere. There may be a lacuna in conscious existence as in sleep; but do not the considerations before adduced impel us to the belief that there may be an awakening even after death to the conscious identity which says I am I, I was and I am?

On every side, from beginning to end, this subject is beset with difficulties; but altogether I am inclined to the opinion that the ground for the assertion of post-mortem personal self-consciousness in identity with ante-mortem self-consciousness is firmer than for the contrary belief.

But one thing more ought to be said before we close. The same arguments that support the belief in continued personal existence after death tend also to prove an existence before birth. Is it possible that we must return to the pre-existence doctrines of the ancient philosophers? Is it possible that we must each say, I am; therefore I always was and always shall be? *Dios sabe!*

Is it wonderful, in view of all these things, that mankind clings to the belief that the inquiry raised by intelligence must be answerable to intelligence, that some conscious being somewhere, at some time or somehow must understand these mysteries; or that they voice the song of Omar Khayyam—

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show,
But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer board of nights and days;
If ther and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays,
The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But here or there as strikes the player goes;
And he that toss'd you down into the field
He knows about it all—he knows—HE KNOWS!"

JAILS AND JUBILEES.

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The two questions just now agitating Great Britain are "Coercion" for Ireland, and the Queen's Jubilee—a tragedy and a comedy in the same hour.

The former is being hotly discussed in Parliament and by thoughtful people at every fireside. As the

English are by no means of one opinion on this question, the excitement and bitterness among contending factions, in public and private, remind one of the old days of slavery in the United States, when families, as well as churches and political parties, were rent in twain by the agitation. There has been so much said and written in regard to the condition of Ireland, that your readers need no recapitulation of the successive steps of tyrannical legislation, by which, through four centuries, England has at last completely subjugated a nation that was at one time the light of European civilization.

Down to the sixteenth century, Ireland, in her system of education and jurisprudence, was pre-eminently the great center of progress and learning. To her free schools and universities students flocked from every part of Christendom, and Irish teachers and professors spread throughout the known world. "The body of her laws," says one of her historians, "revised and codified, is now, by order of the British government, being translated and published as a rare and valuable treasury of ancient jurisprudence, Parliament making an annual grant for that purpose since 1852."

But alas! her glory has departed. All the solemn treaties made by England, when Ireland consented to a union, have one after another been violated; her manufactories, by direct legislation, have been ruthlessly destroyed; the education of her children made a penal offense; her lands confiscated; her troops disbanded, and hated rulers set over her—Governors, Chief Secretaries, Constabulary, Police—all appointed by the English government, with a standing army of 25,000 soldiers to enforce obedience to these officers, all of which the Irish people are taxed to support. Thus, by degrees, has England made Ireland what she is to-day, a helpless, beggared, dependency. Though too crippled in her resources to make open war, her national cry is still the same as it ever has been, and ever will be: "Give us liberty or death." Death she has had in many forms but for centuries not one taste of liberty.

The discontent of this oppressed people has been voiced from time to time, by Grattan, Curran, Emmet, Burke, O'Connell—all far-seeing statesmen and gifted orators—but what avail unanswerable arguments based on the eternal principles of justice, wit, wisdom, eloquence, when weighed in the balance with the greed, selfishness and tyranny of the English government.

And now a Tory ministry proposes to give the last turn of the screw in a Coercion Act, that, if passed during this session of Parliament, will reduce the Irish nation to hopeless slavery. This bill, depriving the people of trial by jury; of the freedom of the press and of speech; of the right to hold public meetings—in fact, making football of all their civil and political liberties, is a disgrace to the age in which we live, and should be publicly and officially denounced by every

civilized nation. Americans on this side the water are proud to learn that public meetings, with Governors of the several States in the chair, are being held in our country to protest against any further outrages on this long suffering people. While England boasts of being a Christian and civilized nation, in all her dealings with foreign countries she has proved herself the most brutal government on the face of the earth. She has ever been quick to point the slow, unwavering finger of scorn at oppressions in other lands.—let all nations now make a united effort to open her eyes to her own slavery in Ireland. She is to-day subsidizing the wealth of the world, as far as she can to support her army, navy and established church; her royal family, nobility and petty county grades of aristocracy; her system of land tenure, tithes, taxes and corrupt social customs; her increasing pauperism and crime, grinding the last farthing from her subjects everywhere to maintain a show of state at home.

In this supreme moment of the nation's political crisis the Queen and her suite are junketing round in their royal yachts on the coast of France, while proposing to celebrate her year of Jubilee by levying new taxes on her people, in the form of penny and pound contributions to build a monument to Prince Albert, who never uttered one lofty sentiment or performed one deed of heroism, if fairly represented on the page of history. The year of Jubilee! while under the eyes of the Queen her Irish subjects are being evicted from their holdings at the point of the bayonet; their cottages burned to the ground; aged and helpless men and women and newborn children, alike left crouching on the high-ways, under bridges, hayricks and hedges, crowded into poor-houses, jails and prisons, to expiate the crimes growing out of poverty on the one hand, and patriotism on the other.

While the Queen has laid up for herself and her innumerable progeny ten millions of pounds during the last fifty years, the condition of the laboring classes in Great Britain has been growing steadily worse; for what then should the gratitude of the people take an enduring form of expression in a Parian marble monument to her consort?

A far more fitting way to celebrate the year of Jubilee would be for the Queen to scatter the millions hoarded in her private vaults among her needy subjects, to mitigate, in some measure, the miseries they have endured from generation to generation; to inaugurate some grand improvement in her system of education; to extend still further the civil and political rights of her people; to suggest, perchance, an Inviolable Homestead Bill for Ireland, and to open the prison doors to her noble priests and patriots.

But instead of such worthy ambitions, in the fiftieth year of her reign, what does the Queen propose?

With her knowledge and consent, committees of ladies are formed in every county, town and village in all the colonies under her flag, to solicit these penny and pound contributions, to be placed at her disposal. Ladies go from house to house, not only to the residences of the rich, but the cottages of the poor, through all the marts of trade, the fields, the factories, begging pennies for the Queen from servants and day-laborers. One called at the door of an American lady a few days since, and asked of the maid who opened the door, to see the servants. After wheedling them out of a few pence, she asked for the mistress, hoping to obtain from her a pound at least, but she being an American and a republican declined giving a donation, on the ground that the Queen having amassed a vast fortune of ten millions of pounds, was abundantly able to erect a monument to Prince Albert herself. She thought it would be more suitable if the Queen gave a Jubilee offering to her people rather than they to her.

"But," urged the lady beggar, "it will rouse good feeling among the people to take some part in this commemoration." "Why should there be good feeling?" said the American. "For fifty years the poor of England have been taxed heavily to support Her Majesty and to make marriage settlements on all her children, and while she has been growing richer and richer they have been steadily growing poorer and poorer." The ladies who started this woman's fund intended it should all come back to the people in the form of charity. Great regret was felt by them when they learned that Her Majesty intended to erect a monument. The complaints became so loud that at the Queen's commands the ladies were informed by Mr. Ponsonby that only £1,500 would be expended in that way and the remainder would be devoted to charity. It is evident royalty is looking for a most generous outpouring by the people.

To show how little idea the people have as to the sentiment and æsthetic taste involved in this proposed work of art, one poor woman when asked to give a penny to the fund, said "here, Miss, take two, sure I've known what it is to want myself sometimes." Another needy widow said, "Oh, yes, I can spare a penny for the Queen. A widdy with a large family must have a great struggle to make the ends meet." Many such stories are repeated with peals of laughter. But who that has a soul to feel could receive money from the hard hand of poverty, and under such false pretenses. Instead of making merry over such misplaced generosity, public indignation should be roused against those who receive it.

To be sure the queen has had a long reign, but what great national work or what new liberty for her people has ever emanated from her brain? Her influence, as far as she has had any, has been against all change and improvement. If the crowned heads of Europe were

to make a present to the Queen and build two monuments, both to her and her consort, it would be highly suitable. For one of their number to stick to a throne for fifty years in this revolutionary period is indeed remarkable.

But as her name has never been connected with any progressive movement, why ask gifts from the people? Through the troubled times of the great unemployed, and the prolonged Irish struggle, the country has only heard of her in connection with one democratic demonstration. She attended a private representation of that popular Parisian circus, in London, and it was recorded in all the papers that Her Majesty was delighted with the exhibition and honored the baby elephant by caressing his left ear.

The idea of a penny from the masses is a nice point in English calculations. When they established their system of free schools they passed a cunning little by-law, requiring each child to come with a penny in its hand, oftentimes with its little stomach so empty that the brain could not work. Think of the self-control the child must have exercised in passing a bake-shop with a penny in its hand! A humane teacher told me she was obliged to take the penny, but she usually gave the children that needed it a roll of bread, which she purchased for that purpose on her way to school. To rescind this by-law and establish a bread fund for hungry children in the schools would be a good use to make of the Jubilee pennies filched from the poor, but to build a monument on such a basis is enough to make Prince Albert turn in his grave.

London, April.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part III.

"I am eager to know the ways and means of your evolutionary pilgrimage to humanity and thence to reverent monkeyhood."

So I said when next presenting myself, girt with sacred flowers, before my sage of the monkey temple at Benares. No sooner was my query put than from the blood-stained pavement outside came a vulgar English voice, crying: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." Here there were confused voices, and the next sound was the canting reader again—"Without Him was not anything made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." (Noise.) "My dear hearers, and you, ye poor deluded idolators, this is the blessed Trinity, three persons in one God—" (Tinkle, tinkle!)

I knew well the meaning of the musical tinkle. Some procession was bearing a god or goddess on its

ceremonial round, had paused before an altar and begun the instrumentation for a sacred dance. I moved away to an aperture in the wall and saw the nautch girls just beginning to dance before a grim but gaudy god throned in his sedan beneath a cobra canopy. Near by stood a white-robed and turbaned cockney with his little cohort of Salvationists.

"In the name of Almighty God stop that idolatry and blasphemy, or the plagues of ——"

A sharp official voice reprimanding, cut short the sentence of the Salvationist, who was pale and trembling.

"Sing, sisters!" he cried.

In a moment the tinklings of the sacred triangles were drowned by a dozen shrill voices wailing of the "Sweet By-and-By." In an instant two powerful Hindus darted forward, seized the foolhardy Salvationist and rolled him in the wet blood of sacrificed kids. The English women shrieked, the Hindus yelled, and a fight began which might have ended seriously had not the police appeared and marched the Salvationists off, followed by the two Brahmans who had assailed him. When I turned back into the court of the temple I saw a hundred monkeys seated quietly along the parapet overlooking the street and gazing with silent interest on the crowd beneath. When the human companies which came into collision had departed the monkeys slowly distributed themselves, and my friendly chimpanzee descended.

"Those poor Christians and Brahmans did not understand each other," he remarked. "If they had understood each other they would have embraced instead of fighting. There was no real difference between the god in the sedan and the god in whose name the Christian forbade the other's rites. But I am puzzled that a man should in one breath utter wisdom and in another show himself a fool. When he said of his god, 'without him was not anything made that was made,' why should he be furious against these divine manufactures in India?"

"Ah, he didn't say that himself; he said it as a parrot says what it is told, without understanding it."

"He is then an illustration of the words, 'the light shineth in the darkness, the darkness comprehends it not,' for surely he uttered wise sentences."

"Well, let us leave the poor fellow now, for I am anxious to hear about your evolutionary method."

"In the beginning was the word.' That is the key of creation. There is no beginning beyond the beginning of language. In the first silent intercourse between living forms, grassblade's signal to grassblade, flower blushing to flower, and back of these to the faint infinitesimal communications which, through the *kalpas* (or *aeons*, you might say) led up to them."

"Some tell us that the dumb inorganic universe—the mineral, the worlds and stars—must have had a beginning."

"In a sense, no doubt. I hurl this round cake against that wall—thus! You observe those doves picking up the crumbs. Each crumb has just had a beginning. The sun once hurled into space a cosmical cake which has broken up into worlds. Perhaps the sun itself was a crumb of a previous cake, perhaps not. There is no absolute beginning in these changes."

"Then you would find the beginning in the appearance of life on our planet."

"In the beginning was the word,' as the pious parrot said. Without language was not anything made that was made. The living germ was not made."

"Some of our scientists say life was evolved out of matter; that the inorganic evolved the organic."

"I recognize the idea as a phase of thought through which our anthropoid race passed. In recoil from a primitive and fictitious system which assumed millions of causes for phenomena only superficially different, we went to the other extreme and confused antagonistic phenomena in a unity so unnatural that it had to be made supernatural. Why should not life be an original mode of one thing as well as lifelessness that of another? Why—except by some theological or metaphysical assumption—should we say that organic and inorganic are not equally eternal, in their several essence, and equally without beginning?"

"It has been said the phenomenal universe implies a cause, because every effect implies a cause."

"But it is an assumption that the universe is an effect. It exists. No man has ever shown that it had any beginning—neither its inorganic atoms or its organic germs. There is live stuff and lifeless stuff. The lifeless stuff runs through certain changes, chemic, molecular and other; the living stuff through certain other changes, growth, decay; the two are found combined and mutually modified in many forms. Thus it always was, so far as anybody has shown."

"And always will be?"

"That does not follow. It were mere speculation to inquire. The thing in which I suppose you to be interested is the beginning and process of creation—that is, the various development of life-stuff in this world."

"It is just that I wish to know."

"Well, I can only tell you about the particular road I have traveled. It is not necessary to suppose that all forms have traveled by one route. As it is not necessary to suppose that granite was evolved from flint, flint from water, water from salt, neither is it necessary to suppose that whales, crabs, butterflies, tigers, have been evolved from each other."

"Such variety is not admitted by Western science."

"Perhaps because an ancient deism survives in it as a suffocating unity. What reason is there to believe that our cherries were once plums, or the reverse? Amid the innumerable myriads of atoms and germs floating

through infinite space through infinite time, cohering, crumbling, combining under various chemic influences, the molecules assume varied shapes, the life-germs varied potencies; and while the inorganic world subsists in endless shapes, the seeds grow into many forms and flavors. A mouse is not evolved from the same ancestor as the adder that preys on it, any more than a diamond from an opal,—at least such is my opinion. Were it proved that mouse is evolved from adder it would be interesting, as it is to a philologist that your word ‘adder’ is evolved from our Hindu demon ‘Ahi,’ but it would not affect the principle of evolution.”

“It is, as you suggest, a detail.”

“Very well. Now we may consider the line of human evolution without being entangled in other questions. But, lest I take up your time by repeating what you already know, let me ask you whether your thought has been directed to the consideration of language as a factor of physical evolution?”

“Yes, by a great master to whom I have listened—Huxley. In one lecture, long ago, he spoke on this subject in a way which I often hoped he would follow up. He illustrated the vast change of function which may follow a minutest change of form, by showing how slight a pressure of pincers on the hand-rivet of a watch may stop it. The register of the solar system becomes and idle box of metal. The minute modification of form would make a functional change quite infinite. This he applied to the minute difference in the vocal chords between a speaking and speechless animal. And it is language, he said, that makes man what he is; language, giving him the means of recording his experience, making every generation wiser than its predecessor, more in accordance with the established order of the universe. It is speech which enables men to be men—looking before and after, and, in some dim sense, understanding the workings of the universe,—distinguishing man from the brute world. This functional difference, so infinite in its consequences, may depend on structural differences absolutely inappreciable by our present means of investigation. Were you to alter in the minutest degree the proportion of the nervous forces now active in the two nerves which supply the muscles of my glottis, I who now speak, should become suddenly dumb. The voice is produced only so long as the vocal chords are parallel; and these are parallel only so long as certain muscles contract with exact equality; and that again depends on the equality of action of the two nerves referred to. So that a change of the minutest kind in the structure of one of these nerves, or of the part in which it originates, or of the supply of food to that part, or of one of the muscles to which it is distributed, might render us all dumb. But a race of dumb men, deprived of all communication with those who could speak, would be little indeed removed from the

brutes. The moral and intellectual difference between them and ourselves would be practically infinite, though the naturalist should not be able to find even a single shadow of specific structural difference. So spake the professor.”

“So much then you know. These are pregnant testimonies from the human point of view. When we meet again I shall have something to add from the anthropoid standpoint. The hour has arrived when I must go and receive some sacrificial offerings. See, my worshipers already begin to kneel!”

I asked him whether there would be found any appreciable difference between the vocal apparatus of a fine opera singer and that of one who could not sing. He replied that a naturalist might, perhaps, detect such difference, as a violinist might detect between a Cremona and ordinary violin of the same size. I once put a similar question to Dr. Carpenter, who said that the billionth of an inch may measure the difference between the chatter of a monkey and the song of a Patti. Darwin indeed, wondered that some apes do not talk. Schleicher holds that monkeys and men are both descended from the same anthropoid race, now extinct; those that acquired language developed into humanity, those that failed to gain speech deteriorated into our present monkeys.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION AND ITS APPROACHING ANNUAL MEETING.

BY WM. J. POTTER.

The Free Religious Association has been in existence twenty years. It will hold its twentieth anniversary in Boston on the 26th and 27th of the present month. This meeting promises to be one of exceptional interest and importance. It will have a special interest, not only as bringing together a large number of able and attractive speakers, but as involving, in the discussions proposed, both the retrospective and prospective points of view. It will have a special importance as determining, perhaps, the future of the Association.

The Free Religious Association has a unique history. There had never been anything like it before in this country, there has never been anything like it in any other country. It is, perhaps, owing to this uniqueness of character, if the Association has not fulfilled all the expectations which any persons may have had with regard to it at the time of its organization. The organization was designedly made of the loosest type possible,—the farthest removed from anything of an ecclesiastical nature, though intended to affect all ecclesiastical structures. It had no set of doctrines to promulgate, it established no fixed machinery for carrying out a certain definite scheme of work. It simply had certain ideas and principles by which its organizers hoped to impress and gradually shape public opinion; and for this end, they trusted chiefly to the public meeting, the lecture

and the printing-press. They left the organization itself free to be shaped by the growth and progress of the ideas and principles which it embodied.

There are, probably, not a few readers of *THE OPEN COURT* who remember well that first public meeting in Horticultural Hall, Boston, at which the Association was formed. Those who prepared for that meeting and felt the profoundest interest in it could not themselves foresee what would be the result. At the several preliminary private conferences which had been held, of persons interested in the application of the freest thought to religious questions, there had been a difference of opinion in respect to organizing. One of these meetings, held at the house of Dr. Bartol, was a most notable gathering. It was attended by some sixty persons or more, who had been specially invited to consider the question. The discussion was able, earnest, frank, and continued the greater part of the day. Some of the special utterances of that occasion still linger in my ears word for word. With very few exceptions the meeting consisted of those who were of Unitarian affiliations or antecedents. This came to pass, because the occasion which had started the question of a new organization had been given by the action of the National Unitarian Conference, in putting into the preamble of its constitution certain theological phrases against which a minority had earnestly protested. Yet it cannot be said that the voice of this meeting was in favor of organization. It was a divided voice. Some of the ablest and most influential of those who spoke on the question were opposed to organized action. Some of the most radical members of the meeting, though deprecating the Unitarian proceedings and feeling themselves excluded from the National Conference, were averse to any other kind of organization than that of the individual society. Though the result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee to present the same question at a public meeting, to be called and arranged for by them, it can only be said that this conclusion was rather conceded tacitly as a right to those who favored organization than advocated or voted for by a very considerable number of those present. Even that committee became partially dissolved before the time of the public meeting came. It was, therefore, not at all clear what would be the issue of the public step nor whether many people would respond to the call.

In view of these facts, the committee ventured to secure a hall of only moderate size. The Boston Horticultural Hall is estimated to seat an audience of a thousand. Considerably before the hour advertised for the meeting the seats were all taken, and people were beginning to stand in the aisles; and when the committee, a little before the time, reached the hall, they were told that they could not get through the crowded mass of human beings from the front, but must get to the platform

from the rear. This packed assembly, occupying every seat and all the standing room and extending out into the vestibule, remained through the greater part of the long morning session. The public notice to which this gathering was the response was very simple. It ran as follows: "A public meeting, to consider the conditions, wants and prospects of Free Religion in America, will be held on Thursday, May 30, at 10 A. M., at Horticultural Hall, Boston." Appended to this was the announcement that R. W. Emerson, John Weiss, Robert Dale Owen, Wm. H. Furness, Lucretia Mott, Henry Blanchard, T. W. Higginson, D. A. Wasson, Isaac M. Wise, Oliver Johnson, F. E. Abbot and Max Lilienthal had been asked to address the meeting, and that addresses might "be expected from most of them." The notice was signed by "O. B. Frothingham, Wm. J. Potter, Rowland Connor, Committee."

It must be remembered that the term "Free Religion" used in this call had not then become the specific appellation which it is now. It simply had the general meaning of religion emancipated from every kind of thrall. It will be noticed, too, that the movement had already passed beyond the boundaries of denominational Unitarianism. Mr. Connor, of the Committee, was then the colleague of Dr. Miner, as junior pastor of the First Universalist Church in Boston. It may here be added that his affiliation with the Free Religious movement cost him his position in that church and denomination. Of the invited speakers, Mr. Blanchard also represented progressive Universalism; Messrs. Wise and Lilienthal were Jewish Rabbis; Lucretia Mott was the well-known and venerated preacher of the liberal division of the Society of Friends; Mr. Owen was a leading light among the Spiritualists; Oliver Johnson represented the Progressive Friends. The others, though they were or had been connected with the Unitarians, were either already doing their work independently of any denominational standing or held their denominational positions of less account than their regard for liberty of religious thought. The actual speakers and the order in which they spoke, were, O. B. Frothingham, who presided, Mr. Blanchard, Mrs. Mott, Mr. Owen, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Abbot, Mr. Wasson, Mr. Higginson and Mr. Emerson. Mr. Emerson had sat in the body of the hall throughout the meeting, unobserved from the platform, and began his remarks by saying that he hardly felt that he had come to the right hall when he found the house so full of people; that he had expected a committee meeting rather than such an audience. He showed that he was deeply interested in the occasion, and at the afternoon session, when a constitution was adopted and organization was effected, he gave a proof of this interest in a way unusual with him. Though not commonly working with organizations nor joining their membership, he was among the first to come forward to have his name

enrolled on the list of members. In the Executive Committee appointed, following the adoption of the constitution, Unitarianism, Quakerism, Spiritualism, Universalism, Judaism, were all represented, as well as that large realm of rational thought and humanitarian activity outside of all denominational lines.

It is not my purpose here to trace the history of the Free Religious Association during the twenty years of its existence. But I wish to say this: no one can rightly comprehend that history without taking into account these circumstances of the origin of the Association to which I have referred and without noting especially the variety and diversity of elements that made its constituency. If any persons were expecting that this new religious movement would set up the machinery of an active propagandism corresponding to the activity of an ecclesiastical sect—would become, perhaps, itself a new and advanced religious sect—organizing local societies, sending out preachers and lecturers, etc., they were doomed to disappointment, though in the latter particular one or two attempts have been made. It was not to be supposed that the venerable Lucretia Mott would leave the Quaker meeting-house, where after many struggles she had won for herself rational liberty, to join a local "Free Religious" society, should one have been established in her neighborhood; nor that Rabbi Wise, who was one of the first Directors of the Association, would abandon his synagogue to become a lecturer for "Free Religion" as something distinct from the rational ideas and advancing thought which he believed to be embodied in progressive Judaism. Indeed, the constitution of the Free Religious Association expressly declared from the outset that membership there should "affect in no degree [a member's] relation to other associations." By this clause it was evidently intended to declare that the new movement was not to be necessarily a secession from existing religious bodies, or a new body competing with the old in the same general field. It was to do its work in a different way for different ends. And, again, if the Association has not done all that some of its members hoped it would do, and even now believe it might have done, in the field marked out by its own constitution, and especially in promoting certain definite ethical and philanthropic activities, the reason may again be found in the fact of its various and scattered constituency, its members being already engaged more or less in activities of this sort wherever they might be located. In fine, the nature of the organization was of too broad a type to permit, to much extent, other methods of practical work than those adapted to create and shape public opinion, and to inspire the members individually to do the utmost in their power for promoting the objects of the Association in their respective localities and spheres of labor. The work of the Association has been done, therefore, through the public convention, the lecture-platform and the printing-press.

On account of the variety of religious and philosophical beliefs appearing on its platform and to be found in its membership, it has sometimes been said that the Free Religious Association is merely a free parliament for the expression of all opinions on the subjects presented for discussion. But this is a most superficial view of the significance of the Association. It is true that all honest opinions on religious and ethical questions, all varieties of view, have been welcomed on its platform. It is also true that there is great diversity of religious belief among its members, and that the constitution expressly declares that no "test of speculative opinion or belief" shall debar from membership. Yet, through the same constitution, the members do affirm certain very important things together, which gives them a very distinct significance as a religious organization. For one thing they affirm unrestricted mental liberty as the essential condition of their fellowship, as of all true and progressive religious thinking; and then, in the statement of the objects or purposes of the Association, they affirm that all questions of religion and ethics are to be studied by the free reason, according to the methods of modern science, and not under the supervision of ecclesiastical authority; that fellowship is to be determined not by ties of sect or creed, nor even by the Christian boundary, but by humanitarian and spiritual affiliations; and that, of all the so-called interests of religion, morality, the pure character, the upright life, are of vastly more importance than any sectarian prosperity or the creed of any church. I have here somewhat paraphrased the succinct statement of objects as they have stood from the beginning in the constitution of the Association. Certain amendments of phraseology have been made from time to time, not, in my opinion, changing the original essential meaning, but only trying to express it more clearly. Whatever else the members of the Association may have had to say concerning religion, and in connection with whatever other organizations they may have found freedom and opportunity for work, in this constitution they have affirmed together these four positive propositions.

Now, these four affirmations are very momentous. Were they ever affirmed together before by any kind of religious organization on the globe? If they were to be generally acted upon they would revolutionize the religious world. But they are not to take effect by any violent action. They are sure to grow in favor, they are growing in favor; but the change is to be a gradual process,—an evolution. The evolution is already in progress in many churches and denominations, and even in the religions of the world. Every one of these great affirmations has made an important advance in the last twenty years. Various agencies have been helping toward this end; but it may be rightly claimed that the Free Religious Association, as a pioneer society in presenting and holding these ideas before the public, has

had a good share in effecting this result. Mental liberty; character before creed; fellowship in spirit rather than by the letter of a creed or by any religious name; reason, acting freely, the arbiter in religious questions rather than ecclesiastical authority,—these several ideas are all receiving greater recognition, certainly, than twenty years ago, and are beginning to permeate churches and sects with their growing power.

Of course, the great work is by no means yet accomplished. But, in the changed condition of things, the question may be raised whether the time has not come for a reconstruction of the Free Religious organization with a view to adopting more definite and concentrated methods of working for its objects. The new times may have brought new demands; opened fields for labor, perhaps, of a somewhat different kind; matured, possibly, the conditions of a larger opportunity. It is well, therefore, that the approaching twentieth anniversary meeting should take up this question, and this it is proposed to do. That meeting in 1867 was called "to consider the conditions, wants and prospects of Free Religion in America." So let the meeting that is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 27th of May, consider the conditions, wants and prospects of emancipated religion in America at this present time. What is the duty of the present hour? What are the wants in this year of 1887? And how can the Free Religious Association meet them? Possibly an entirely new organization is demanded. If so, and this fact were made clear, the Free Religious Association, if true to its own soul, would not cumber the ground to the detriment of another organization that could now better do its work. It is not to this or that form of organization that the genuine devotee of free religion adheres. It is principles and ideas that hold his allegiance; it is the advance of principles and ideas that he craves.

ETHICS IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

If the problem of poverty is to be solved in any rational and effective way, we must bring American politics under the dominion of ethics. Ethics must become an active governing power as well as a passive code. It must superintend the work of all our magistrates and require that every act of statesmanship shall rest upon a moral foundation. It must compel the law to apportion our civil burdens fairly, so that no part of the public taxes shall be a dead weight upon industry, pressing the laborer down to a lower plane of life. It is not enough that ethics control our private conduct, it must also direct our public acts and deeds. So long as our politicians can exclude ethics from public affairs and limit its authority to matters of personal character only, so long the statutes of the land will be made for private gain, and so long we shall compete with one another for a share in the profits of wrong.

The reckless making of public debts and their preservation for private advantage, add greatly to the oppression of industry. It is not well for labor when important private interests depend for their prosperity on the increase and preservation of public debt. It is bad for honest business when those debts are converted into capital for the rich, into usury and taxation for the poor. The pressure of public debt squeezes a portion of the useful classes from every layer of society to the tier immediately below, and when it reaches those who are just able to balance income and expenses, it crowds a portion of them into the pit of destitution. Our public debts amount to about \$2,200,000,000 and they bear interest at the average rate of about 5 per cent. per annum. This is not a very oppressive debt, we say, for a nation that earns ten thousand millions a year. True enough, but if the burden of it be inequitably adjusted it may cause much poverty in the ranks of those who have to bear it. Many of the local debts have been incurred by jobbery of little or no value to the municipalities involved. They were sown in corruption, they must be raised in incorruption, that is to say, they must be honestly paid, and that payment must come out of the proceeds of useful industry. Mr. Blaine, speaking of these debts at Oshkosh a few years ago, said: "I venture the assertion based on some scrutiny into facts that there has not been realized on the average fifty cents of palpable, permanent value for each dollar raised and expended."

The interest on those debts, to say nothing of the running cost of government, is a drain upon industry that never stops. It is perpetually calling for taxation, and crafty men have shaped the law and practice of impost and assessment in such an ingenious way that the "incidence" of them strikes most heavily upon the laboring man, the clerk, the cottage owner, the small manufacturer, and the merchant of limited means. Such facilities have rich men for undervaluing their property and concealing it, that the rate of taxation in proportion to personal wealth grows lighter and lighter as we ascend, until by the time we reach the man of ten millions it amounts to comparatively nothing. The man whose worldly wealth consists of a little cottage worth a thousand dollars cannot conceal it; he is assessed in full, while the man who owns a million dollars is generally assessed at about \$50,000, or one-twentieth of the real value of his property. This is not a guess; it is an actual estimate made from a comparison of the assessor's books, with the records of the Probate Court. In the spring the rich man lists his property to the assessor at seventy thousand dollars; he dies in the summer, and his executors then swear in the Probate Court that its value amounts to two million, five hundred thousand dollars. This is not an imaginary case. It is an actual example taken from the records, a vivid illustration of loyalty to

the law of "self-preservation" in this world, while a prudent insurance against accidents in the next world is disclosed by the reading of the will, which contains a liberal bequest to the church of which our departed brother was an honored and consistent member.

Consistent, indeed, he was. For twenty years he had "worshipped" in a costly temple exempt from taxation, a church, which not only cast the public burdens from its own shoulders on to those of honest industry, but had also entered into a partnership with all other churches to enable them to go and do likewise. In this bad "combine," the partners rise above sectarianism. On this low plane all are orthodox. Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Jew, all assist each other to evade their duty to the State. Though each believes the other's teaching false, and much of it pernicious, yet each claims tax exemption for the rest on the ground that their false teachings have a virtuous public influence. Our departed brother had only followed the example set him by his church. He had learned from its practice that ethics is not necessarily connected with religion, and that there are no public duties. Public demands may sometimes fasten upon a man, and hold him as a policeman does, but from them, as from him, it is lawful to escape if we can. He had learned that public duties belong to ethics with which religion has nothing to do, for the church is above the State. By repudiating their share of the taxes, and still more, by teaching their congregations to do so, the churches make a hundred cases of poverty, for every one that their charities relieve.

While the mere interest on those public debts presses heavily upon labor, their oblique operation also cripples industry. Those debts, in the convenient form of interest bearing bonds, offer a safe retreat where capital may revel in idleness drawing good wages for nothing. If those bonds did not provide sinecures for capital, it would be compelled to earn a living by going into partnership with labor in trade, manufactures, farming, and all the various activities which produce and distribute wealth. Those bonds unfairly compete with labor, merchandise and manufactures, in raising the interest on money. They make poverty both ways. It was the grinding power of public debts upon the poor, that caused Jefferson to declare that one generation could not of right make debts for another generation to pay; an abstract sentiment of some value as a warning, but worthless as a rule of political action, because in times of public peril the very salvation of society may depend upon money borrowed on the implied promise of a future generation to pay it. The principal and interest of these debts must be paid, but in the plan of payment there ought not to be any discrimination against the poor.

The revenues of the National Government are obtained in part by indirect taxation, and the machinery

employed in levying and collecting is an industrious maker of poverty. As indirect taxes are levied chiefly upon consumption, and especially on the consumption of what are called the necessities of life, they fall with peculiar hardship upon the poor. About a hundred and eighty million dollars a year is obtained by means of a tariff on imports, constructed in such a way as to afford protection to American industry against foreign competition. It is not the purpose of this article to encroach upon the domain of "the two great parties," by discussing the wisdom or the folly of the protective tariff, but merely to suggest that if ethics had been allowed "the privilege of the floor," when the tariff bill was before Congress, that measure would not be, as it is now, an unjust burden upon the workingman.

The actual revenue received by the government from the tariff on imports, and the incidental revenue received by the protected interests from it, are both in their levy and collection unfair to the workingman. The "incidence" of all of it strikes hardest upon him. Suppose a man with fifty dollars a month pays five dollars for sugar; the tax on this is three dollars and fifty cents, or seven per cent. of his income. It is evident that the rich man's proportion of the sugar tax is greatly less than that. Suppose that a man with five hundred dollars a month pays twenty dollars for sugar; the tax on this is fourteen dollars, or less than three per cent. of his income. Apply this principle to clothing, fuel, blankets, crockery, soap, starch, and every other article necessary in the humblest home, and we see at once how unjust and unequal is the apportionment of taxation. The duty on coal is seventy-five cents a ton. If this duty raises the price of coal to the full amount of it, or to any amount, then the share of it paid by the poor man is out of all just proportion greater than the share of it paid by the rich man. Nor does the rich man make up the difference in the purchase of luxuries which the poor man cannot buy. Where the workingmen pay twenty per cent. of their incomes in the shape of duties on the necessities of life which they must buy, the rich men do not pay five per cent. of their incomes in the shape of duties upon luxuries, which they may buy or not as they please.

In actual practice the inequality shown above is made still greater against the poor. When we come to cloth, and a hundred other things, we find a sliding scale contrivance which gives to the rich man a very great advantage. The Commissioner of Labor gives a vivid illustration of this. He shows in his recent report that on clothing goods the rate of duty on the price at the factory gradually increases as the value of the goods declines. Beginning with West of England broadcloth worth \$3.50 a yard at the factory, and traveling gradually down through thirty-six different kinds of goods to "cotton warp reversible" worth 45 cents a yard at the

factory, the tariff tax amounts to only 50.3 per cent. on the broadcloth for the rich man, while it amounts to 180.7 per cent. on the cotton warp for the poor man. Spread this inequality over hundreds of other things, and we behold a bit of machinery most ingeniously contrived for the manufacture of poverty. This is a question of ethics. It is not claimed here that a protective tariff is not necessary and just; it is only claimed that our tariff, from an ethical point of view, is open to criticism because it makes a great deal of unnecessary poverty by discriminating in favor of the rich and against the poor. It may be wise in principle, but it is unjust in practice.

Beside, rich men may evade the clothing tax entirely by purchasing their clothes in Europe, as thousands of them do. The Astor case is proof that ethics would give a healthier tone to our political system. Mr. Astor, a citizen of the United States, being about to return to his native land from Europe, provided himself with twenty-one trunks, which he filled with valuable new clothing suitable for a millionaire. When he reached New York the Custom House authorities decided that as the clothing was new, and had never been worn, it was liable to tariff duties amounting to \$2,006. Mr. Astor paid the demand under protest, and then sued the Collector to recover his money. The District Court decided that the Custom House ruling was correct, but on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States the judgment was reversed, and it was decided that a man might bring a shipload of clothing from London to New York, without paying duty on it, provided that it was for his own personal use, and not for sale. The argument of the above anecdote is this: Any law of taxation which can be evaded by the rich, and cannot be evaded by the poor, is ethically unsound; it is unequal in its exactions, and to the full extent of the inequality it helps to create poverty.

The argument is not weakened by the answer that the workingmen themselves advocate the laws and policies that subject them to extortion and consequent privation. Their folly does not change the character of those laws nor affect their operation. It is hardly credible that workingmen themselves demand that criminals in jail shall be supported in idleness at the expense of honest labor, and yet we know that this demand is made, and that it has been established as the supreme law of New York and Illinois. It is very plain that criminals in jail must be supported by themselves or others, and if workingmen suppose that the support of convicts is a tax upon capital and not upon labor, they are seriously deceived. Every idler, in jail or out of it, is a tax upon the industry of others, and although the expense of him may seem at first to fall upon the "tax payer," it must ultimately fall upon labor, which in the end pays nearly all the taxes. The common welfare demands that every man shall be a producer of something useful to the

community, and the more he produces the more valuable he is. The contrary doctrine that there are too many producers and too much production, is a mischievous delusion, more mischievous to the workingmen who advocate it, than to any other class of our people.

It may be that ethics must first enlighten the constituencies before it can dominate our statesmen or purify our laws, but through the discipline of much poverty and tribulation we shall at last learn this lesson, that the true test of any public measure is not whether it is of advantage to me or my trade, to my order, sect, or class, but, is it right?

SEPARATION.

BY JOEL BENTON.

We walked on Alpine summits—you and I,—
 High peaks of thought magnificent and free,
 But you have found a group apart from me,
 Whose cramped horizon dwarfs the boundless sky:
 Your purity of aim is nobly high,—
 There is no acolyte, nor can ever be,
 More full of zeal, love and sincerity,
 And for your cause you let all else go by.

Friends still we are, but different ways we go,
 Each in his style to solve high spiritual laws;
 I wish you happy, and, while I am so
 And the old order makes its tender pause,
 I think how severed on alien shores we stand,
 Farther than any sea from land to land.

New York.

A SILENT INTRUDER.

(A SONNET.)

BY LEE FAIRCHILD.

With weary heart I leave the busy ways
 Of men and wander in the leafy wood—
 The dusky, timbered fields of solitude—
 Whose paths are mantled with the mingled haze
 Of sun and shade; where blend and float the lays
 Of many birds each singing as it should
 Its fragmentary song, half-understood
 By him who fain would join their artless praise—
 For God loves wordless songs. But I refrain
 From mingling with their songs the notes of creeds
 (Coinage of brains estranged from heart and love)
 Lest Nature, frowning, bid me not again
 Intrude upon her fields where Worship pleads
 Her cause in call of thrush and coo of dove!

Lewiston, Idaho.

Says the *Christian Register*:

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in THE OPEN COURT, has published two "Chats with a Chimpanzee." Mr. Conway's method differs from that of the average reporter. Mr. Conway interviews a chimpanzee, and makes him talk like a philosopher. The average reporter interviews a philosopher, and makes him talk like a chimpanzee.

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1887.

THE PRIMITIVE STRUGGLE AND MODERN COMPETITION.

Natural selection must have played an important part in the development of man in the early periods of his existence, but happily with his departure from the point of his animal origin the struggle for existence acquired a milder form. Civilized man has emancipated himself from the conditions under which his ancestors struggled, and he has been able to substitute for the forces of the outer world, his own purposive action. He now contemplates his relations and surroundings, and by means of political and social institutions seeks to improve them. He has conceptions of equal rights and reciprocal duties and obligations, with extended sympathies; and these awaken and sustain his interest in the welfare of his race. In these social conditions in which the conduct of men is more and more governed by fixed moral principles and in which the tendency is to work together

for the general improvement, the influence of natural selection is small and continually becoming less. "With civilized nations," says Darwin, "as far as an advanced standard of morality and an increased number of fairly endowed men are concerned, natural selection apparently affects but little, though the fundamental social instincts were originally thus gained."

The influence of natural selection on man has become less in proportion as he has consciously exercised his powers for definite ends. In uniting for a common object men have been able to accomplish in a day what might not in a century and probably would never have been brought about by natural selection alone, preventing, too, incalculable suffering and loss unavoidable in a merciless "struggle for existence."

And yet the competitive principle, which has ever been the essential fact in the struggle for existence, prevails and must ever prevail in the highest intellectual and social conditions. Men now compete in useful arts and industries. Educational institutions compete in methods and efficiency of instruction. Institutions of charity compete with one another in relieving want and distress. The doctors, divided into various schools, compete in the art of overcoming disease, each school trying to prove the superiority of its own method. The churches compete in the attractions and inducements offered to increase membership, attendance, and influence, to Christianize the heathen, and to save souls from hell. Very different these and other similar forms of competition, where the manifest object is to contribute to individual and social well-being, from that heartless and cruel struggle in which those only could survive that seized every advantage of strength and position to crush and destroy their less fortunate competitors.

At the same time there are deplorable evils,—the natural outcome of competition as it exists among us to-day,—as seen in the contrasts presented by the extremes of wealth and poverty, and the strained relations between capital and labor. Great wealth gives great power; and they who possess it are very liable to employ it to their own advantage and in the interests of the class to which they belong, with but little consideration for the rights or the welfare of the poor. Intemperance, extravagance, waste, and idleness, no doubt account for much of the extreme poverty that exists, but in spite of this, it is evident as considerate and conscientious capitalists are ready to admit, there is a lack of fair and equitable distribution of the products of labor. Steam and machinery have enormously augmented the power of production; but there is a strong feeling that capital profits

too much, and that labor does not receive the advantages and benefits to which it is fairly entitled from the inventions and improvements of the age. The tendency of modern industrialism is to a division of labor and its employment by large firms and corporations, which, by owning the machinery and paying the smallest possible wages, get most of the immediate advantage of the vast productive power that invention has put into their hands.

For the evils here alluded to numerous panaceas are offered. One wants a high protective tariff, when the only consistent, however unreasonable, protective tariff would be a tariff on every foreigner who comes to America. Co-operation is another hobby with some; and it contains, without doubt, a principle that must be brought more and more into prominence, but only in co-existence with the opposite principle of competition as, for instance, in the profit-sharing enterprises established in Europe and in this country. A condition in which excellence should not be stimulated by incentives and rewarded by advantages would, were it possible, destroy all originality and enterprise. And the incentives and the advantages must be such as appeal to human nature as it is. Whether the condition of the workingmen would be improved if the government should enlarge its functions and assume new responsibilities, as the socialists propose, may fairly be questioned. The government, through the influence of wealth and the love of power and rank, is liable to become despotic, as it is in European countries where labor organizations are suppressed, and the meetings of socialists are broken up by the police, and where military power, although derived from the people, awes the people into silence. — countries from which come the class of foreigners who advocate a resort to violence to solve the problem of capital and labor,—the problem of the ages, — which American workingmen are intelligent enough to see must be solved by thought, not by explosions of dynamite. And this should be done while the country is young and the social conditions are flexible and modifiable. With age come the hedges of caste and the hard "cake of custom," which make progress impossible, and which can be broken up only by revolution.

In a country whose government derives its power from the consent of the governed, and where every citizen is a voter, the remedy for all evils that can be reached by legislation is in the hands of the people, if, indeed, they have the intelligence to see what is needed, to subordinate minor issues to a common purpose, to disregard the petty schemes of narrow-minded zealots and the professions and promises of political demagogues, and to unite on sensible and practical measures. Here, where the right to acquire

wealth, and to its undisturbed possession when acquired, is recognized by all; where the property is held largely by men who started in life poor,—intelligent men, even of the poorest classes, are not likely to confound the rights and interests of wage-earners with chimerical schemes for putting indolence on a par with industry, and rewarding wastefulness and improvidence equally with economy and forethought.

PULPIT INFLUENCE ON VITAL QUESTIONS.

That the average man who has but little time to spare from his daily avocations should be shown, in the occasional hour he can devote to such study, the right course to be pursued in relation to the vital questions of the community in which he lives, and be brought by the influence of clear thinking and eloquent tongued teachers to know the duty he owes, not only to himself but to his fellow-men, as to these questions, will be admitted, we think, by any thoughtful religious teacher. The better and wiser a citizen, neighbor, husband or father a man is, the more fitted he must surely become for any advanced state of existence that may after this life await him.

Now, the clergy,—*ministers*, as they are claimed to be, to man's highest spiritual welfare; devoted, according to popular notions, to the moral as well as to the intellectual uplifting of their fellow men,—should certainly be the leaders in teaching men their duty on the questions which to-day have a direct bearing on the welfare of the community and of the world at large. Many of these questions are enlisting the close study and thoughtful investigation of philanthropic thinkers outside the pulpit, who co-operate with the press in earnest presentation of the truest solution of these problems. But the preachers, who often get as listeners men and women too busy or too frivolous to read on these subjects, do they generally fulfill their manifest duty by dwelling in clear, convincing manner on these matters?

Pondering this query, we have looked over the list of subjects for last Sunday's sermons in Chicago churches, trying to put ourselves in the frame of mind natural to a man of business anxious to know what attitude is the wisest to take on such questions as the struggle between capital and labor, protection and free trade, temperance, organization of charities, reform in political methods, woman suffrage, acceptance of recent scientific dicta, etc., and desirous of attending that church, whatever its denomination, which promises the best help to him in the solution of these questions, on all of which, as a voter and business man, he is needs called upon to act in some way. We give our idea of what his mental comments might be as he consults the list, which we present in the order in which we read it:

"The Child Moses"—When I became a man I put away all childish things. "How to Work"—I understand that quite well now. "What to Do"—That

might help if the kind of work was indicated. 'The Apostolic Churches'—Too retrospective. 'Haman, or Hanged on His Own Gallows'—That probably has something to do with temperance, since I see Francis Murphy is to speak also, but it sounds too sensational and vindictive; I want to be shown reasonable methods. 'He Began at the Same Scripture, and Preached Unto Him Jesus'—I've been taught that. 'Go Forward'—Don't see my way clear. 'Moses' Preparation for His Work'—Moses cannot help me; he was not a man of this century. 'Individual Responsibility'—That sounds better, but vague. 'The Gradual Practical Growth of the Christian Life'—I understand that now. 'The Word of Truth—The Spirit of Truth'—Too vague. 'Remedy for the Weariness of Toil'—It's knowledge I'm in search of, not rest. 'Seed Sowing'—My wild oats are sown. 'General Judgment'—What I need is particular and careful judgment. 'Crop Bearing'—Smacks of the farm. 'Our Duty to Our Mayor and Reform'—Ah, that touches somewhat my needs! 'Liberty Enlightening the World'—Would prefer that about the Fourth of July. 'The Two Rocks'—Makes me think of Scylla and Charybdis. 'The Sacraments'—That will not enlighten me, nor will 'The Communion of the Early Church.' 'Shakespeare as an Interpreter of Religious Truths'—I wish he was living to-day and would interpret for me my duty. 'The Family of Christ'—Just now I want to know what can be done to increase the welfare of the great human family. And the sermons on 'The Magnetism of the Cross,' 'The Expediency of Christ's Departure,' 'Christian Warfare,' 'False Piety,' 'Alive Unto God,' etc., promise no better than the others. 'Ye Say it is Four Months to the Harvest, but I tell you that the Fields are Already White,' might include some helpful suggestions, but more promising is the subject of 'Great Principles and Commonplace Lives,' for it is great principles that I am in search of; but, alas! the preacher in this case, I notice, is not in the least orthodox, but a teacher of ethical culture."

And so our anxious searcher for light from the pulpit goes through the whole published list, embracing various subjects as ill suited to his needs, such as "Old Wills Dug Out," "A Smitten Shepherd" and "House-Cleaning," and it is fair to infer rises from the perusal with a feeling of discouragement that may induce him to trust to circumstances to guide his action on vital questions when presented to him; while on this particular Sunday he takes down his fishing rod and hies him to the lake, since the bait thrown out in the newspapers for him by these "fishers of men" is so unattractive. S. A. U.

In an article entitled "Trial by Newspaper," in the *North American Review* for May, the writer argues that the course followed by the press during the recent

trial of the New York aldermen, has helped to encourage a reaction of public opinion in their favor, and that the resentment of many thoughtful minds at the conduct of the press during these trials, is a sufficient indication that the newspaper may take too great liberties. The fact that there was little or no doubt as to the guilt of the accused aldermen did not justify the press in trying the case and pronouncing the prisoners guilty; that was the work of the courts, and as in them only, all the evidence was brought forward and submitted, and all the arguments for and against listened to by a disinterested jury, so to them only belonged the right of trial and decision. Innocent lives have before this been sacrificed to public opinion, and the newspaper with its disposition to try cases in its columns, may administer to the unreasoning and prejudiced feeling that so often exists in the minds of the people. The right of individual opinion cannot be questioned, and the action of judge or jury may with reasonableness be criticised, but the right to try and decide a case belongs to the courts of law alone.

* * *

The 20th anniversary of the Free Religious Association, to be held in Boston on the 26th and 27th of this month, promises to be an exceptionally interesting occasion. Under the lead of President Potter the question is to be raised whether a reorganization of the Association may not be demanded by the changed conditions of the time, to adapt it to new methods of work; and Messrs. M. D. Conway, Wm. M. Salter, A. W. Stevens, M. J. Savage and Thomas Davidson are to make addresses bearing on this theme. Another subject of discussion is the very practical one of "Sunday Observance and Sunday Laws." Capt. Robert C. Adams, of Montreal, is to open this topic, and is to be followed by Col. T. W. Higginson, Judge Putnam, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Rabbi Lasker and others. Captain Adams is also to preside at the festival in the evening. All the meetings of the Association this year are to be held in the Tremont Temple building, and it behooves all lovers of a religion of reason and humanity to be there.

* * *

Dean Burgon, a churchman, writing in *The Fortnightly* for April, after an unsuccessful attempt to refute Canon Fremantle, whose article entitled "Theology Under its Changed Conditions," appeared in the March number, addresses himself to the reader in the old theological manner. The question of evidence is ignored, and anyone "who has been so unhappy as to have his faith shaken in the Scriptures" "in toiling through the present controversy," "and if not least of all, he has been so ill-advised as to put up with that weakest of unphilosophical imaginations, the hypothesis of evolution," he is told that unless he turns his face away, unless he stops short "in his present downward course," he will reap the terrible consequences that are reserved to

be visited upon those who reject the truth. This is one way to affect the mind. It may be paralyzed by a degrading fear; it may, through a superstitious horror of the consequences, refrain from freely searching for the truth, but there are many minds whose sense of right is not so perverted as to lead them to accept, in the place of free investigation, teaching that stands so evidently in need of confirmatory evidence.

* * *

Writing on the subject of "The Mormon Propaganda," in the *Andover Review* for April, D. L. Leonard, who is a resident of Salt Lake City, finds the striking success of the Latter-Day Saints in making proselytes, one of the most startling of religious phenomena of the age. Over half a million of people in the New World and the Old have since 1830 accepted the teaching of Joseph Smith. The missionaries have had easy work in converting vast numbers of the more ignorant classes and in persuading them to abandon home and friends and flee to "Zion." The missionaries who were sent abroad were instructed to withhold certain "truths" (those regarding plural marriage for example), and to answer all questions touching that subject with the promise that all would be explained when "Zion" was reached. At present converts are not so easily gained, as is proved by the comparatively small numbers brought in. Apostasy is frequent in the church, and the danger attending the practice of polygamy no doubt deters many from entering who would otherwise become "children of the house of Israel." The height of Mormonism has been reached and its decline has begun.

* * *

Some of the leading religious periodicals have of late contained articles suggesting remedies for the growing skepticism of the age. In the most of them the ground is taken that the unfaithfulness of professed Christians is one of the most fruitful causes of growing unbelief, and that nothing will make good the losses of the church but more earnestness infused into the lives of those who still remain within the fold. This is indeed the key of the situation, but whether more earnestness can be infused may reasonably be doubted. To those who see deeper than the surface it is evident that the "burning zeal" and "intense faith" which were once so strong have vanished forever. The belief of which they were the expression has fallen before the advance of science, and in their places are the lesser virtues of unreasoning conformity and regular church-going. It does not look as though earnestness could become an element in the lives of the great mass of Christians to-day.

* * *

An International Congress of Free-thinkers will be held in London at the Hall of Science, 142 Old street, E. C.,

on September 10, 11 and 12. The questions to be discussed are the following:

1. L'enseignement laïque.—Cet enseignement doit-il être neutre dans le sens d'indifférent aux dogmes religieux, ou doit-il être nettement hostile aux croyances religieuses?
1. Secular Education.—Ought this education to be neutral in the sense of indifference to religious dogmas, or ought it to be distinctly hostile to religious beliefs?
2. Qu'est-ce que la Libre Pensée?—Examen des doctrines philosophiques: Spiritualisme, Matérialisme, Positivisme.
2. What is Free-thought?—Examination of the philosophic doctrines: Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism.
3. Peut-on séparer la question de Libre Pensée de la question sociale?
3. Is it possible to separate Free-thought from social questions?
4. Du rôle social de la Libre Pensée dans le passé, dans le présent et dans l'avenir.
4. The social rôle of Free-thought: past, present and future.
5. De l'influence de l'hypnotisme sur la responsabilité morale.
5. The influence of hypnotism on moral responsibility.
6. Laïcisation de la sépulture.—Crémation.
6. Secularization of funerals.—Cremation.

* * *

The editor of the *Secular Review* (W. Stewart Ross) gives to one of his lady correspondents the following sensible reply to a question asked:

We have no space here to enter into a discussion of the morals of Mary Wolstonecraft. How is it that you seem to be as hard upon her as if she were an ordinary parlor-maid or dressmaker? We will be bound to say that neither Shakspeare nor Burns nor Byron departed himself with half the humdrum decorum of the little man from whom you buy your cheese and bacon; but these men had colossal merits to set off against their foibles; and, if your little cheesemonger and chapel deacon had such foibles, he would have nothing whatever to set off against them, and his existence, instead of being a glory to his country, would be a paltry nuisance to society. Why are you not content with the soaring genius of a character like Byron, without going out of your way to gloat over his human frailties and follies?

* * *

Dr. Edmund Montgomery writes:

Hypnotism is at present uppermost in French and English scientific philosophy. The actual phenomena, which are very wonderful and interesting, will throw much light on mentality. The burning question now is, of course, thought transference,—the action of mental states in one individual on mental states of another individual without sensorial mediation. I do not for a moment believe in it. Professor Delboucuf, who is at present directing his whole attention to hypnotism, and who is a very fair judge, by no means materialistically inclined, says in his recent account of a visit to the Salpêtrière: "It is impossible to be too circumspect in judgment on hypnotic phenomena, some of the more mysterious of which,—such as the supposed action of the will across space without physical conductor,—may be explained by coincidences, auto-suggestions, complaisance in observations, or unconscious divination of what is expected." Such, in my opinion, will be the final verdict. That theory of Knowles and Gurney, of vibrations of cerebral molecules being transferred direct from one brain to another, is physically absurd.

* * *

The historical lectures recently delivered in this city by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, of Boston, and the course he is now giving on "Dante—His Religious Significance," "Dante—His Place in History and Politics," "Lessing's Nathan the Wise," "Immanuel Kant," and "Carlyle and Emerson," are spoken of in high terms of praise by those who have heard them. The audiences, not large but composed of men and women of taste and education,

have highly appreciated the intellectual treat with which Mr. Mead has favored them. We wish these lectures could be repeated in every community in the United States. Mr. Mead represents the broad culture and progressive spirit of the age.

* * *

The work entitled *Creation or Evolution*, by George Ticknor Curtis, by which, if we rightly interpret the meaning of the author, the theory of evolution was to have been shown to be untenable and false, has not succeeded in converting many, if the general tenor of criticism may be taken as evidence. It is pronounced a weak and unavailing effort, and W. D. Le Sueur, who reviews it in the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, declares with justice that its author attacks the arguments of Spencer and Darwin without an adequate understanding of the theories of either.

* * *

Abbie M. Gannett writes in *Unity*:

George Eliot had a religion, though, so far as we know, it was confined by its practical working to this life. With her religion was duty, "stern and unyielding duty," and her creed "Love ye one another;" she recognized the Law that abideth in all things, and paid reverent homage to it. No religion, when her life was consecration to truth? More and more we are learning that religion consists not so much in belief, as in life. If religion be the "tie that binds man to God," what constitutes that "tie?" Surely a loving devotion to the welfare of his fellow man.

* * *

The *Woman's Journal* of Boston relates the following:

A little grand-daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore dislikes to be made to mind. One Sunday, after some outbreak, her father got down the Bible and showed her the text, "Children, obey your parents." She looked discontented, but went on reading the chapter, while her father went up-stairs. Presently she pursued him, Bible in hand, calling eagerly, "Papa! papa! It says some more. It says, 'Parents, provoke not your children to wrath,' and that is what you do to me every day!"

* * *

Mme. Concepcion Arenal, the distinguished Spanish reformer and authoress, writes from Madrid: "Please add my name to the list of subscribers to the Parker Fund, where are found far more illustrious names than mine, but not one in which this act of reverence is more sincere nor which respects more highly his memory. Parker died far, very far from the spot where he was born, but he does not lie in a foreign land. The country of such a man is the whole earth."

* * *

The commissioners of the Folsom State Prison of California, recognizing the adverse conditions with which discharged prisoners have to contend, are considering whether some supplemental machinery cannot be devised by which they shall be taken care of until steady work of some kind is obtained for them. They are

about to prepare a bill to be presented in the Legislature in which this important matter, that so concerns the vital interests of the people, shall be adequately explained. It is to be hoped that the commissioners of other similar institutions will follow this most commendable example.

* * *

"I thank you most heartily for the opportunity given me," writes Edvard Wavrinsky, of Stockholm, Sweden, in sending his subscription to the Parker Tomb Fund, "to express my humble admiration and to honor the memory of the noble Theodore Parker. I am at the head of a society where all are friends and admirers of his work."

* * *

The Sultan of Morocco is a practical prohibitionist. He recently closed the Moorish tobacco and snuff shops, ordered large quantities of tobacco to be burned, and had a number of Moors stripped and flogged through the streets for smoking contrary to his orders.

THE DIAL.

"*Non Numero Horas Nisi Serenas,*"

BY WALTER CRANE.

The lichen gathers where the dial stands,
 And ivy round the stone has clinging crept,
 And age has stained the carven work of hands
 That served some busy brain that long has slept;

The storms and changes of a hundred years
 Have marred and blurred the pillar's graceful lines;
 But spite of sins and sorrows, time and tears,
 Still beautiful its ancient legend shines,

Where lovers lolled and lounged in tender talk,
 Above the buried flowers rank grasses grow,
 And trailing weeds efface the gravel walk
 Where stiff brocades have rustled long ago;

Yet clear mid all this ruin and decay,
 The letters gleaming in the golden light,
 Defiant and triumphant ever say:
 "I take no heed of hours that are not bright."

And bitter rains may beat and tempests rave,
 Dark clouds withhold the sunshine from our sight,
 Night plunge the starless world as in a grave,
 The dial notes no hours that are not bright.

Oh happy dial, waiting for the sun
 Through storm and gloom in one long, tender dream;
 If dreary days might pass for every one
 Like yours, how beautiful our lives would seem.

For who the fretful frowns of fate would fear,
 Or scorn that stings or anguish that devours,
 If hearts, like Time's serene recorder here,
 Took heed of none but golden hours.

ESCHATOLOGY AND ETHICS.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE.

It was, I think, Wagner the physiologist who asserted that, while physiology contained or revealed nothing suggestive of a distinct soul, the soul-tenet or doctrine was nevertheless demanded by man's ethical relations. Expressed in plain English, this is nearly tantamount to the proposition ascribed to Voltaire, namely, that if there were no God, it would, for man's sake, be necessary to invent one. Reservation and timidity are of no nationality, and I do not forget that mankind,—the higher developed of the human race,—has become what it now is in point of the recognized ethical standard, upon and in accordance with old ideas of morality,—a fact which necessarily renders many persons apprehensive of the grave consequences which the general acceptance of materialistic theories would necessarily involve. Of course, it would be vain to deny the gravity of those consequences. If the civilized world really recognized that the acceptance of materialism was obligatory on the conscience of civilized man, then there can be no doubt that not only the basis of ethics, but the whole structure raised thereon would be in a great measure modified if not absolutely changed. The world would then have to acknowledge that no existing law or custom, no restraint on conduct, no institution, whether social or domestic, have the right to impose themselves or to be imposed on us as being originally given by transcendental or divine authority. It would have to discard, or at least to radically modify the signification of, such terms as "moral authority" and "the moral sense," so that the former should mean nothing more than habit-potency and the corroboration of social utility, the latter the change effected by heredity and circumstances upon mere animal instincts, so that "the moral sense" should be taken as signifying only empirical liking. In the pursuit of truth,—if we are to adhere to the scientific method of investigating,—it is surely a sign of weakness should we suffer ourselves to be influenced by considerations of the consequences which may follow in the wake of our discoveries. No one felt this more keenly than the late Professor W. K. Clifford, and I may add that no one has more forcibly expressed his detestation of the policy of reservation, whether prompted by timidity or by the fear of loosening the bands which have for ages bound society together. In his essay on "Right and Wrong," he said:

"Secondly, veracity to the community depends upon faith in man. * * * And yet it is constantly whispered that it would be dangerous to divulge certain truths to the masses. 'I know that the whole thing is untrue, but then it is so useful for the people; you don't know what harm you might do by shaking their faith in it.' Crooked ways are none the less crooked because they are meant to deceive great masses of people instead

of individuals. If a thing is true, let us all believe it,—rich and poor, men, women and children. If a thing is untrue, let us all disbelieve it,—rich and poor, men, women and children. Truth is a thing to be shouted from the housetops, not to be whispered over rose-water after dinner when the ladies are gone away."

Let us, however, gladly confess our gratitude to the specialists for the services they have rendered us by helping us on toward the "parting of the ways." This is, undoubtedly, a vital service, even although many of those who have brought us thither have refused to accompany us beyond that point, preferring to rest in some half-way house, actuated not perhaps so much by fear of incurring social odium as by dread of the possible consequences of disseminating opinions whose general acceptance might not only involve the subversion of every existing religion, but also the extirpation of time-sanctioned institutions and the destruction of vested interests.

I have read with interest the paper entitled, "The Basis of Ethics,"* by Mr. E. C. Hegeler. My first impression on reading the essay was that its author, like Wagner, considers some form of soul-tenet must be maintained in order to attain a basis of ethics. Impressed with this conviction, Mr. Hegeler has evolved a unique philosophy which he would use,—and indeed does use,—as the foundation of a religion which, beside its own special characteristics, embraces all that is true and good in Christianity. I think I have here correctly stated the facts as regards Mr. Hegeler's conviction that his religion is capable of promoting what we may for the present define as the moral development of man. At first sight it may appear that the terminology of animism is somewhat too freely used in the essay. The frequent repetition of such words as "the human soul," the "souls of posterity," and "immortality" is a rather unusual,—not to say surprising,—method to be observed in connection with a monistic exposition. It should be remembered, however, that the point aimed at is the basis of ethics, and since Mr. Hegeler believes that the stream of tendency has throughout the ages been good, he is perhaps desirous, by a judicious adherence to the terminology of older religions, to mitigate the harshness of the religious evolution or transition. Cicero, when instructing his son Marcus, and while expounding what is really the highest,—because the most reason-corroborated,—ethical code known, acts somewhat similarly with regard to the form of religion current among the Roman people; and Matthew Arnold rightly says: "Dissolvents of the old European system of dominant ideas and facts

* THE OPEN COURT, No. 1, page 18.

† "Animism, a term formerly employed in biology to denote the theory of which Stahl is the chief expositor; the theory of the soul (*anima*) as the vital principle, cause of the normal phenomena of life, or of the abnormal phenomena of disease. It is now current in the wider anthropological sense given to it by Dr. E. B. Tylor (*Primitive Culture*, Chapt. II-XVII), as including the general doctrine of souls and other spiritual beings." (*Vide* Ency. Brit., 9th ed.)

we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is, that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it." Nevertheless, while conceding this, we must be very careful not to use words equivocally, but always, as G. J. Holyoake used to say, do our utmost to keep different things distinct.

Having been invited to participate in discussing the monistic philosophy,—a discussion fittingly inaugurated by Mr. Hegeler's paper, which at the very least touches the most vital parts of the great question at issue in the open court of human reason,—I have considered it necessary to make the above preliminary remarks, mainly with the view of showing that in the pursuit of truth our individual likes and dislikes are not of paramount importance.

Mr. Hegeler's thesis may be said to lie under three heads or divisions: First, that dealing with the "human soul;" secondly, the question of immortality, and thirdly, the decision of what is good and bad for man, as affording a sound and safe basis of individual and social conduct. Incidentally also, the "God question" may have to be referred to, since we find it stated in the essay that "God and the universe are one." At the outset, then, of the discussion we have to put this simple query: Is life a dual or monistic process? So far as I can determine, the rational or commonsense,—and therefore scientific,—answer is that matter does its own work and that for us, spirit has no existence. Consequently, that which Mr. Hegeler terms the "human soul" is an office, duty, function, quality (*eigenschaft*, in the more expressive German) of organization. We may otherwise define it as a form of force, of course understanding also that we can nowhere discover force as a principle *per se*, but always as a somatic or material outcome, existing nowhere in nature except as an *eigenschaft* of masses of atoms of matter. In considering this subject we are by its very nature compelled to suppress sentiment; feeling and reason may combine in the results, but reason alone claims absolute and undivided sway in their exposition. The true philosopher speaks and writes in accordance with Newton's dictum,—*non fingo hypotheses*. Indeed, as I understand it, monism is not an hypothesis (a *supposition*), but a thesis (a *position*), and in this respect it only differs from dogma in so far as that it claims no higher authority than reason and that all reasonable human beings possess the power to verify or refute it on data common to all.

With regard to the *modus agendi* of the macrocosm (the universe) and the microcosm (man) there can be only two theories possible to us,—the theory of *vital principle* and the theory of *vital force*. On the former, the existence of two agents in the causation of phenomena is postulated,—that is, a *caput mortuum*, body or matter, animated by soul or spirit. This is animism, the basis upon which the Christian religion, its ethics and its prom-

ised immortality undeniably rest. The latter theory uncompromisingly rejects this alleged duality, and claims that matter has within itself its own inseparable vitality, so that what by transcendentalists is held to be spirit-principle is in reality merely *force*, organic or inorganic,—an innate, immanent property of matter, or body itself. This latter theory, applied both to macrocosm and microcosm, is what I understand as monism,—at any rate, it is that which my reason verifies and confirms, and in accord with which I endeavor to mold and regulate my life. So far as I can determine, Mr. Hegeler is also in this sense a monist, and one within whose mental vision the sublime picture of the poet is ever visible:

" See, through this air, this ocean and this earth
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below."

It seems to me, however, that in his anxiety to demonstrate the "human soul," the essayist indulges in much hyper-subtile, though ingenious, reasoning. It is certainly the fact that in the region of discovery we owe a great deal to the imagination. Even Newton himself was not, properly speaking, an astronomer, but an ideal physicist,—that is to say, he formulated the laws of the universe as he found them *within himself*. All mathematics are but ideal conceptions. For example, length without breadth exists only in idea,—that is, nowhere but in the mind. In reality we are all idealists, the dullest peasant no less than the poet, inasmuch as all we see is an image or idea of the thing created within ourselves by the creative organ. Mr. Hegeler, however, is not content with boundaries, and he, by the free use of the scientific imagination, builds up a theory by which the formation of concepts in the hemispherical ganglia, or gray matter of the brain, may be explained. I am free to acknowledge that the theory seems to fit the facts, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to contemplate the cerebrum as an *ekklesia*, or deliberative assembly composed, as the essayist says, "of living, feeling organisms." It is enough for us to know that no spirit, no immaterial essence or principle, but the hemispherical ganglia of the brain constitute the real ego, without which we can have no idea, properly so-called, either of God, or the universe, or a pimple on the nose. As a matter of fact we are not called upon to explain function. Pathology has demonstrated that the cerebral nerves, the sensory ganglia and the hemispherical ganglia, are the respective sources of perception and ideation. It is, as I have said, enough for us to know this, and the ethical basis is by no means dependent on our being able to explain function. Indeed, were it otherwise, it seems that the "culture of ethics" would sorely languish unless some Semite, possessing anterior cerebral lobes which specially favored the preponderance of imagination over reason, should come to revive the cultivation. We may take it as a maxim that there is a natural solution for

everything, but true wisdom assures us that there are limits which we cannot transcend. The rose and the violet have different perfumes, various of our bodily glands form different secretions; the very external world is, with regard to man, an uncertainty, since, according to the laws of optics, everything should be perceived upside down. Eschatology, whether in the field of "natural theology" or of "natural philosophy," is a mere waste of time and energy. Excessive thought is a dyscrasia, an abnormality which can and ought to be only exercised in youth, while we are in formation. God-speculation and physical research are processes for bringing the mind into subjective and objective equipoise, the proper state of the *homme accompli* being one of equilibrium of the brain as of all other organs. "Overthought" endangers that equilibrium, and but too often prepares the way for the thinker to become the victim of the creations of his own imagination, a condition truly pitiable even when compared with that of the illiterate, well-fed, unquestioning clodpole.

From the religious or theological standpoint, the Augustinian monk (à Kempis) was right in affirming that "it is the greatest folly to neglect useful and necessary things while seeking things curious and condemned." I do not question that the *fides carbonaria*, the assured faith of a Job or an à Kempis, favors mental quietude, and perhaps permits its possessors to attain a greater degree of happiness than is possible to those who are perpetually and futilely endeavoring to solve the "riddle of the painful earth," and who are, with respect to what extends beyond man's ectoderm, the solar system,

"Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round
With blackness as a solid wall."

Now, however, that the floodgates are lifted, where is the Canute who shall essay to arrest the flood? Zealous missionaries of the Incarnate One continue to point toward the "Rock of Ages," but that rock avails nothing save to those who wholly shun the impetuous torrent of research. In Mr. Hegeler's essay, however, a serious attempt is made to provide a succedaneum for the Christian doctrine of immortality. Perhaps in skillful hands the doctrine of race-perpetuation and form-evolution could be made acceptable even to those persons in whom the emotions preponderate. In all candor, however, it is evident that it will have a long and tedious struggle to wage ere it can supplant the immortality of supernaturalism. That which Mr. Hegeler terms the "human soul" is and can be nothing more than the mind in its totality of perception and ideation. If we were, for argument's sake, to concede that this mind is a congeries of living organisms,—in itself this concession is a greater eschatological feat than would be that of the confession of the truth of the Athanasian Creed*—it

would still be true that these only acquired vitality when consciousness, the manifestation of their life, began. Prior to the embryonic existence man did not exist as a sentient being, and in what we term death there is simply a reversion to the "nothingness" of unconsciousness. Reason frees us from the chimera of resurrection from the dead, but reason also furnishes us with a perfect substitute in the idea of immortality in our present bodies. Life is a slow combustion, and that which goes on after death is nothing else. According to Plato, the soul possesses knowledge derived from a prenatal state of existence, the inference being that it will continue to exist in some future state. The doctrine of *anamnesis* is the foundation of the theories which ascribe so-called innate ideas to the previous life of the race, those ancestors to whom, as Mr. Hegeler justly says, we are ourselves so much indebted. By these same theories, however, we are precluded from all other immortality than that of the race, but surely this is sufficient to form a basis of right conduct on the part of every rational, that is healthy, individual of the race. It is positively quite refreshing after reading Plato's representation of the doctrine of Socrates, to find Aristotle cutting the Gordian knot by a simple question. Solon had said, "Call no man happy while he lives, but wait to see the end." Does this, asks Aristotle, mean that a man can be happy after he is dead? "*Pantelos atopon*: altogether absurd!"

We have to face the fact that the old ethical codes, for which a divine origin and sanction have been claimed, no longer exercise supreme authority over the enlightened mind as divinely appointed standards of human conduct. I think it is Goethe who says that "the fundamental characteristic of heathenism is the living for the present." If this be true, why should we, who are heathens in the sense not of having been born outside, but of having voluntarily abandoned the Christian pale, be solicitous with respect to the future? Some years ago an English ecclesiastic, the Archbishop of York, publicly affirmed that the advanced thought of the age in which we live tended to establish a doctrine so essentially cruel and selfish that, if logically carried out in the daily lives of men and women, it would dry up the very fountains of benevolence and mutual charity. A "logical result," he said, of this teaching would be that every man would "choose to modify his notions of duty after his own

individual vitality of organic impressions. It is certainly a bold thought, even though incapable of demonstration. The passage is as follows:

"It scarcely, indeed, admits of doubt that every state of ideational consciousness, which is either *very strong* or is *habitually repeated*, leaves an organic impression on the cerebrum, in virtue of which that same state may be reproduced at any future time, in response to a suggestion fitted to excite it." Bearing in mind the mental reservation so characteristic of English *savans*, the opinion expressed by Carpenter approximates quite as nearly as we could expect to Ribot's doctrine of the habit-acquiring energy of living matter,— "the involuntary activity, fixed and unalterable, which serves as the groundwork and the instrument of the individual activity." (*Diseases of the Will*, Chap. I.)

* Since this was written, I have read a passage in Dr. Carpenter's *Principles of Mental Physiology* (4th ed., page 15) which seems to indicate that its author would, to some extent, accept Mr. Hegeler's thesis with respect to the

fashion." The theological idea of duty is an extraordinary one, its foundation being mainly one of fear. Warped from infancy, the mind of the religionist is unable to form a notion of man's responsibility to man, that is, apart from the idea of deference to God. We know how the decalogue was given:

"When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame."

Agreeing, as I do, with Mr. Hegeler in his opinion that the physical and moral evolution of our race have been co-etaneous and concurrent, I consider that the present standard of ethics would have come down to us had the figment of the two tables of stone never been foisted upon a visionary, imaginative and impulsive people. Accepting, as I must, the maxim that "the normal exercise of every organic function is pleasurable," I am able confidently to believe that the "sovereign good" will be found to lie in the plane of man's necessities, and that it will be found to be the direct product of the requirements of mankind. In quest of this *summum bonum* we need not waste our energies in endless analysis or in eschatological excursions beyond that nomenclature which is the *proplasm* of all things visible and invisible.

I fear this paper already exceeds legitimate bounds, so the observations I intended to have made on the question of the existence of God must be deferred. I may, however, be permitted to say that if we were to concede such an existence, it is to me absolutely certain that Pantheism would be the only logical theology.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

To the Editors: NEW YORK, April, 1887.

On the anniversary of the death of President Lincoln, Walt Whitman gave a lecture upon that event, together with his reminiscences of Lincoln, before a theater full of the literary people of this city. That was a noteworthy scene, when the "good, gray poet" slowly made his way, with the help of an usher, to a seat upon the stage and became the focus of attention.

The picturesque, virile old man has a noble, dome-shaped head surmounting a ruddy, large-featured face fringed with white hair and a flowing beard. The blue eyes are still clear and bright, the expression of the face frank and noble, the voice sweet and sympathetic. It is Homer without his blindness.

Whitman's recollections are told in a style both graphic and tender. Only a nature so comprehensive as this could interpret that undeveloped greatness untimely sent away before it could understand itself or be understood by others.

Among the listeners that day could be seen the chief editors, actors and authors of the city, beside such men as Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, John Burroughs, and many others.

That New York is becoming an important ethical, as well as literary, center can safely be asserted. Is it possible that the Hub is moving westward and threatens to take New York on its way toward Chicago? However that may be, more than ever before is literature the ally of ethics. The vital, upward-tending move-

ments of the age are manifesting themselves in every form. They will not down at the bidding of the dilettanti. The writer who spends his life in reporting "psychologic semitones" while great passions are seething and great blunders and stupidities wait to be corrected, will soon be restricted to a small and effeminate circle.

Such thoughts forced themselves upon me while perusing Helen Campbell's *Prisoners of Poverty*, fresh from the press of Roberts Bros. It is the condensed cry of anguish of 200,000 working women of this city, whose inarticulate moans are lost in the roar of our Christian civilization,—a civilization which is the real Juggernaut, and this the real India which stands in need of missionaries. Mrs. Campbell's book, while packed with facts enough to gorge a Gradgrind, is yet as vital as any true work can possibly be. If it only serves to enlighten women in regard to the social injustice in which they have been unwitting partakers, and sets them to making departures from old methods of dealing with women's work and wages, each in her little circle, then there will be the beginning of a new social order. They have it in their hands if only they profoundly feel their power and see how to use it,—a power invisible, pervasive and powerful. But where is the Joan of Arc who shall inspire, direct and lead on to the assault against the citadel of wrong? Individual work is the initial step; associated work will naturally follow. Either we must come to that or be driven "by whips of scorpions" in the right way.

The book, as it appeared in separate chapters in the *Sunday Tribune*, was discussed in every social circle, and Mrs. Campbell has been invited to present her experiences and views before various working societies. It remains to be seen how the orthodox will treat the subject of work and workers.

Dr. George F. Pentecost, in the *Homiletic Review*, severely arraigns the Christian church, and shows a generous scorn for that misnamed religion which huddles together a score of Protestant cathedrals, representing millions of dollars, where the rich worship God in a fashionable manner, while so near to them their fellows are perishing in squalor, filth and ignorance. He declares that seven-tenths of the resources of the church are lavished upon less than three-tenths of the people, and they the favored classes.

On the other hand I lately heard a sermon from the pastor of a Fifth avenue church which, with parsonage and accessories, cost a round million of dollars. Nearly 2,000 persons, including among them some of the most prominent editors, railroad kings and millionaires, were present. The sermon, or rather exhortation, a series of truisms unvitalized with real belief or feeling, but enunciated in sonorous English, fell like icicles upon the somnolent congregation. The reverend doctor spoke with proper haughtiness of the desire of the laborer for better conditions. "Those creatures," said he, with ineffable scorn, "these creatures are unsatisfied with a Christian civilization!" He declared that the world at large now felt the same hatred of Christ that the Jews once cherished toward Him. "They would crucify us to-day if they could. Do not make the mistake of thinking otherwise," he asserted; and no one said him nay. What shall be thought of such spiritual food, and of its acceptance by one of the foremost churches of this continent?

Another kind of teaching is going on further down town. Chickering Hall is packed with people every Sunday morning and hundreds go away for want of room. But there is work as well as faith under Mr. Adler's fostering care. The Workingman's School, conducted under the auspices of the United Relief Works of the Society for Ethical Culture, is doing noble practical work. The teachers try to make the labor of the hands help the development of the brain rather than to simply create artisans.

To this end there is modeling in clay and drawing elementary geometrical forms, first of all. Pupils then use pasteboard and

simple tools, flat wood, blocks of wood, and various systematic mechanical devices. The managers rely strongly upon the moral effect of systematic work upon the mind of the child,—a reliance which all close students of human nature will think well founded. In a late report by them one sentence strikes the key-note of the subject, "The sense of rightness, translated into terms of human conduct, becomes the sense of righteousness." Could the same number of words be made to express a truth of higher value to the educator?

Pupils construct their own apparatus in the shop, and are thus "placed in the attitude of original investigators into the phenomena of nature," the teacher serving to prevent waste of effort. Free-hand drawing is taught to all, and the child has a varied succession of lessons, so the brain and body are spared the exhaustion of long-continued application to one subject.

Girls find occupation in the cutting and fitting of garments, and in original ornamental designing for the more advanced. It occurs to me that here, if anywhere, the managers have failed to extend the scope of mechanical industry into other pursuits, as they might have done, but there is little room for anything but praise. An English lady who has been a teacher during the last ten years in the foremost English training school, and who is now taking a vacation for the purpose of examining the school systems in this country, told me, very lately, that this exceeded any she had yet seen, and her travels had extended from Quebec to St. Louis. Let us be thankful for so good a beginning and trust that many others may emulate this noble example.

HESTER M. POOLE.

THE OPEN COURT.

To the Editors:

SELBY, ONT.

The Index left but very little to be desired; and that little seems to have added itself without delay to *THE OPEN COURT*.

"What's in a name? A rose would smell as sweet by any other name." Well, there is, after all, a good deal in a name, and I cannot imagine how a better name than *THE OPEN COURT* could possibly have been selected for such a paper as *THE COURT* proves to be. The name seems quite original, and its selection characteristic of its author; and from what I know of him through years gone by I am well satisfied that this *COURT*, unlike a good many of the civil courts, will be a court of justice, impartiality, honor and dignity, and that it will be *OPEN* for evidence as long as there is any to come in.

"Devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis." This is what *THE OPEN COURT* has set itself to do. *Hic labor, hoc opus est.* And at this critical juncture no more important field for urgent work could have been chosen. For the present is certainly a most critical period in the moral and religious history of the world. The old religions are crumbling to pieces, including the arbitrary, theological, moral sanctions; and the dissolution is so rapid that the masses have difficulty in readily recovering their moral footing. The work of reconstruction must of necessity be slower than that of demolition. Of necessity slower, because, although the philosopher can grasp the new and better principle and rapidly readjust himself to his moral environment, the peasant cannot do so with equal facility. And right here in the midst of this momentous revolution in man's moral and religious beliefs is one most deplorable and discouraging aspect of the upheaval. This is the abject theological pessimism of the times. On every hand from the theologians in the church and out of it, and even from some *quasi* philosophers who ought to know better, we hear the weak and pusillanimous cry that morality must go down along with the Christian sanctions thereof, that morality cannot stand without the Christian religion. This is a most pernicious teaching. It is in effect saying to the masses: "When the popular Christian

sanction of moral conduct is withdrawn there is nothing left to bind you to the right, you may follow your lower nature without fear of moral consequences." Now, even were it true that there is no moral sanction outside theology, the man who is a well-wisher of his fellows would try and invent a good and sufficient reason for doing right instead of closing his eyes to a perfectly valid one. But that there is a thoroughly legitimate and valid basis in science for the purest morality and the highest religion is becoming perfectly apparent to all honest, intelligent and instructed minds. Were this not so, the moral and social outlook for humanity would surely be at present dark enough, seeing that the theological basis of morality and religion is inevitably doomed. This, then, being certain, the plain duty of every man who has the new light is to do what in him lies to set his lost or fallen neighbor on his feet again on safe and solid ground. If our Christian friends really have the good of their fellows at heart they will cease prophesying and proclaiming moral ruin to the world because their creed is gone, and join us in an effort to rally and reassure our fellow-travelers. Knowing what we do, however, of human nature in its present stage we can hardly hope for this, and must be content to go on faithfully and do what we can, inspired by the hope that the light now breaking will in due time be as the noon-day sun. To hasten this rising sun toward the meridian is obviously the high motive and object of establishing such a magazine as *THE OPEN COURT*. And, as previously remarked, at this critical period in the development of man's moral and religious nature, no higher motive or more laudable object could possibly move the proprietor and editors. All hail, then, to *THE OPEN COURT*, and all honor to such philanthropists, actuated by that genuine altruism which will, we hope, in the near future more freely characterize the average man.

ALLEN PRINGLE.

THE PARKER TOMB FUND.

Correspondence between W. J. POTTER and THEO. STANTON.

To the Editors:

The following letter explains itself:

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Feb. 9, 1887.

MR. THEODORE STANTON,

My Dear Sir: As the movement for securing money to renovate Theodore Parker's grave at Florence appears to have been started by you, I write to you to learn your views with regard to carrying out the project, and also to represent to you a feeling which has shown itself pretty strongly among Mr. Parker's nearest friends here against any interference with the original *design* of the structure. You, perhaps, noticed Miss Hannah Stevenson's letter in *The Index* last summer on this point. She lived in Mr. Parker's family for many years; was with him and Mrs. Parker when he died, and says that the arrangements of the grave were all designed in accordance with the wishes of the family, and following what they knew to be Mr. Parker's own wishes. Others of Mr. Parker's friends in Boston knew these facts, and, therefore, the subscription to the fund has been slight among them. Others, most probably, would not have subscribed if they had known these facts at the outset, and had felt that the money was to be positively used for a new kind of structure. I, for one, should not have done so. And when I subscribed I assumed, as perhaps others did, that what was to be done was not definitely settled—including the proposed bust—but would depend on the opinions the proposition would call forth, as well as on the amount of money subscribed. My own present judgment is, now that I know the feeling of these friends nearest to Mr. Parker and his family, and know Mr. Parker's own feeling, that the *design* of the grave should be preserved. Perhaps a more durable stone may be needed and renovation required from time to time; and the shrubs and flowers may need annual care to keep them abundant. Yet I would not have the grave look too artificial; let *nature* do something. Parker was a child of nature and Puritanism. It is evident that some of the visitors who think it looks "neglected" do not find it sufficiently *trimmed*. Perhaps if there should come money enough,

a bust of Parker might be placed somewhere else in Florence, with an inscription stating where he is buried, and his own request for a simple grave.

Yours truly,
W. M. J. POTTER.

As other friends of Theodore Parker and other subscribers to the Fund may have questions to ask similar to those put in Mr. Potter's letter, it has occurred to me that it might be well to give publicity to this letter and to my comments thereon, which follow:

Mr. Potter asks two closely connected questions: 1. My own views in regard to carrying out the project. 2. Whether this project will modify the original design of the grave.

In answer to the first point I may say that my own wishes would be satisfied if a good bronze bust or medallion of Parker were placed on his tomb. This is a common practice in European cemeteries, and would be a source of pleasure to those who visit the grave. But who should make this bust or medallion, if it should be made at all; how the order should be given; who should decide on its merits—all these details I have never considered, and, perhaps, it would be premature to do so at present. My friends who have subscribed to the Fund have understood that the money was to be used "to improve the condition of Theodore Parker's grave." When it shall have been thought proper to cease collecting further subscriptions, plans might be suggested as to how the Fund should be employed so as to meet with the approbation of the majority of the subscribers. This, however, is simply a suggestion of mine.

Now a word about interfering with the original design of the grave. Although I fail to discover in this original design any artistic or architectural claims for its preservation, still if the near friends of Mr. Parker cling to it on sentimental grounds, I see no reason for unnecessarily wounding their feelings by changing it. But if we should finally decide to place a bust or medallion over the grave, and if we should then find that the present design must be modified in order to conform to the artistic requirements of the new situation, I suppose that the friends of Mr. Parker will then yield gracefully, provided nothing is done to destroy the simplicity that Theodore Parker himself desired should characterize his last resting place.

To sum up, it seems to me that not until the subscription is closed and we know how much money we have, and, consequently what can be done, will it be possible to say what form the memorial should take; and when this is decided it will then, and not until then, be possible to know whether or no the original design of the tomb must be interfered with.

Paris.

THEODORE STANTON.

FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

The twentieth annual meeting of the F. R. A. will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, May 26 and 27, commencing with a business session in Vestry Hall, 88 Tremont street, on Thursday, May 26, at 7.45 P.M.

The public convention, on Friday, will consider, at its first session, beginning at 10.30 A.M., the Prospects of Free Religion. An essay is expected from the President, Potter, with speeches from Messrs. Conway, Davidson, Stevens, Savage and Salter.

The convention will reopen at 3 P.M. with a speech by Captain R. C. Adams, on Sunday Amusements; Judge Putnam will next state what the Sunday Law of Massachusetts is as recently amended, and the discussion will be continued by Colonel T. W. Higginson and other speakers. Both sessions will be held in the large hall, and all interested are invited cordially.

The festival will be held as usual in the Meionaon, 88 Tremont street. Doors open at 6 P.M.; supper ready at 6.30; speaking to begin at 8; orchestral music. Captain R. C. Adams will preside and be assisted by others of our favorite speakers.

Reserved seats, \$1.00, for sale by Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., 451 Washington street, by Crandon & Co., 11 Hanover street, at the office of the Woman's Journal, and at the convention. Admission to gallery, 50 cents.

F. M. HOLLAND, Secretary.

MIND-READING.

To the Editors:

LA SALLE, ILL., May 4, 1887.

In the latest number of THE OPEN COURT, Mr. Minot J. Savage touches a very interesting subject in his article on mind-reading. He speaks of his experiments, "the story of which in any fulness would require a volume." He mentions their unaccountableness, but I wish that he had given us the most striking example of his experience; one will serve for many. I have some experience myself on this field. I experimented with the psychograph and otherwise; but must confess that there is much scope for self-deception. Faust is right when saying: *Das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebstes Kind*. Whosoever believes beforehand, will be easily convinced by what he calls facts.

The very best essay I have read on this subject of mind-reading is written by Professor Preyer in an essay *Das Gedankenlesen*. Hypnotism should not be confounded with mind-reading, but on hypnotizing, magnetizing and other psychological problems, the very same scientist has written diverse valuable articles, most of which are published in the *Deutsche Rundschau*.

I do not have at hand Preyer's essay on mind-reading, but I remember that he treated the subject with great thoroughness, and at the same time is far from attaching to it any mysticism, as may be expected of a sober observer like him.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL CARUS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

DER PHILOSOPHISCHE KRITICISMUS, und seine Bedeutung für die positive Wissenschaft. Von Prof. A. Riehl. Erster Band: Geschichte und Methode des philosophischen Kriticismus. Zweiten Bandes erster Theil: Die sinnlichen und logischen Grundlagen der Erkenntniss. Zweiter Theil: Zur Wissenschaftstheorie und Metaphysik. Leipzig: Wilhelm Engelmann, 1879-1887.

Among the works of contemporary German philosophic writers who attach themselves to Kant, Professor Riehl's *Der Philosophische Kriticismus*, is perhaps, the most important. A. Riehl (Professor of Philosophy in the University of Freiburg, in Baden) cannot be called a Kantian, since he differs from Kant in many essential points; but in certain fundamental thoughts he is at one with him. He is a representative of what THE OPEN COURT regards as the "only rational, scientific philosophy," of "Monism and Agnosticism;" and for that reason the present writer believes that the work, particularly the last part of it, will be of special interest to the readers of THE OPEN COURT. The first volume treats in admirable manner the history of the methods of philosophical criticism—considering not only Kant, but also Locke and Hume. The second volume considers in its first part the bearing of sensation upon the theory of knowledge, the origin and significance of the conceptions of time and space, perception, the principle of identity and that of sufficient reason, the relation of causality, the conceptions of substance and force and the principle of quantity. The second part, which will doubtless find a larger circle of readers than the earlier parts, analyzes the notion of philosophy and treats of the metaphysical as contrasted with the scientific method of constructing systems; and the "caricature of science and common sense, that in Hegel is called philosophy," is subjected to sharp criticism. The author cites (pp. 120-127) passages from Hegel's works which thoroughly justify his verdict

upon this sort of philosophy. As now *Hegel* has rather passed away in Germany, and is finding many followers in America, it is to be hoped that Riehl's criticism of it may be deemed worthy of mature consideration on the other side of the big ocean. The result of Riehl's criticism of metaphysics (regarded as a doctrine of the nature of things-in-themselves) is the demonstration of its impossibility, which result our author maintains in a more unequivocal way than Kant, who sought to establish metaphysics on a practical instead of a theoretical basis. Philosophy as a special science is not, according to Riehl, a view of the world (*Weltanschauung*); this is given to us as a result of all the positive sciences, which were themselves what the ancients understood under the name philosophy. But philosophy is in its theoretic part the science and criticism of knowledge, and in its practical part the doctrine of moral ideals. The author next, in a chapter on the limits and presuppositions of knowledge, combats the "complaints of the inability of man's understanding to penetrate into the essence of things," and shows that what has often been regarded as a limit of human knowledge, belongs to the nature of all knowledge,—knowledge never consisting in a doubling of things, but only in the expression of them in consciousness. To compare the worth of a thing with its representative in consciousness, its "phenomenon," is not permissible, because the unknown cannot be compared with the known.

In another chapter on the "origin and notion of experience," the author discusses empiricism and nativism and criticises the very problematical theory of "unconscious syllogisms," and explains the significance (which according to him is subordinate) of Darwin's theory of evolution for transcendental philosophy. A further chapter handles in excellent fashion the question of the reality of things and discusses the various idealistic theories, the untenability of which is demonstrated. The ensuing investigations into the relation of the psychological phenomena to material processes follow the lines of Kant and are among the profoundest parts of the whole work. Then comes a varied discussion of the vexed problem of determinism, in which the author opposes the views of Professor William James. Riehl regards determinism as an indispensable foundation for morals. The next chapter treats of the question of the Infinite, and the last chapter of necessity and design in nature.

G. V. GIZYCKI.
Berlin.

IN THE WRONG PARADISE AND OTHER STORIES. By *Andrew Lang*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1887.

This little volume derives its title from a humorous comparison of the Greek elysium, the Moslem paradise, and the happy hunting ground of the Indians. The aim is to expose "the vanity of men and the unsubstantial character of the future homes that their fancy has fashioned," including "the ideal heavens of modern poets and novelists." "To the wrong man each of our pictured heavens would be a hell, and even to the appropriate devotee each would become a tedious purgatory." Still bolder in treatment is "The Romance of the First Radical." Why-Why, though a child of the stone age, said in his heart that theology was "bosh-bosh." The medicine-men, "who combined the functions of the modern clergy and of the medical profession," had no influence over him, after they had frightened his sick mother to death, by pretending to drive the devil out of her. He was shockingly irreverent even "on tabu-days, once a week, when the rest of the people were all silent, sedentary and miserable (from a superstitious feeling which we can no longer understand);" though some of us still keep up the old savage custom. Worst of all, he refused to marry in the orthodox way, by knocking down some stray stranger in the dark and dragging her off a captive. He actually dared to make love to a slave-girl and elope with her after she had saved him from falling a victim to a time-honored observance. Thus the first radical was the first lover. Ere long

he became the first martyr also, and died, predicting that the day would come when there will be no more slavery to medicine-men. We are drawing near to the fulfillment of Why-Why's prophecy.

THE ART AMATEUR for May has some novelties in striking designs for carved oaken chests for halls. The little sketch of "Comrades," by Ellen Welby, is very pretty, although the dog seems rather to eclipse the child, whose pleased face must be imagined from the earnest look in the dog's eyes, who seems thoroughly satisfied with her attentions. The reports from sales and exhibitions show an encouraging interest in art. Miss Wolfe's munificent gift of \$200,000, beside her collection of paintings, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will give a powerful impulse to this important institution. Good museums are the people's schools, where they may study and enjoy great masterpieces as well as if they were their own property. They are great conservators of art, preserving many a precious object which would go to destruction without them. The true collector takes a genuine satisfaction in placing the results of his lifetime where they will not, under any ordinary circumstances, be separated and lost. Friends of art too often forget, however, that the administration of a museum is as important as its collection, and most of our institutions suffer from the want of means to support an adequate corps of well instructed persons to take care of their pictures and statues and to reveal their worth to the public. We are glad to read that the Boston Art Museum has in part supplied this want, and has appointed Mr. Robinson its curator of classical antiquities, and Mr. Koehler of engravings. Mr. Koehler has just opened an exhibition of etchings by Rembrandt. Mr. Robinson has published a catalogue with the history and description of the sculpture in the museum. There are many other good things in this number, both in the letterpress and in the illustrations. Mr. Virgil Williams shows that artists are not wholly impractical in his significant hint that "a purchaser always likes his picture better after it is paid for." Miss Wheeler gives some hints for decorating seashore houses which are suggestive and seasonable. The instructions to young students in design painting and photography are very helpful.

WE have received the first number of *Co-operative News of America*, a somewhat long name for so small a paper, but, perhaps, its originators named it with hope that the *Co-operative News of America* would soon so largely increase that the paper could be enlarged to accord with the dignity of its title. It is to be published quarterly by the Co-operative Board of the Sociologic Society of America, information in regard to which, with explanatory pamphlets, tracts, etc., may be obtained by application to Mrs. Lita B. Sayles, Secretary, Killingly, Conn.

THE PARKER TOMB FUND.

A fund is now being raised by the friends and admirers of Theodore Parker to improve the condition of his tomb, in the Old Protestant Cemetery, Florence, Italy. The list of subscribers to date is as follows:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Miss Frances Power Cobbe, England, | £1. |
| Rev. James Martineau, D.D., " | 1 guinea. |
| Professor F. W. Newman, " | £1. |
| Miss Anna Swanwick, " | £1. |
| Rev. Peter Dean, " | 5 shillings. |
| Mrs. Catharine M. Lyell, " | 1 guinea. |
| Miss Florence Davenport-Hill, " | £1. |
| William Shaen, Esq., " | £1. |
| Mme. Jules Favre, Directress of the State Superior Normal School, Sevres, France, | 10 francs. |
| M. Joseph Fabre, ex-Deputy, Paris, France, | 10 francs. |
| M. Paul Bert, of the Institute, " " | 10 francs. |
| Professor Albert Reville, " " | 10 francs. |
| M. Ernest Renan, of the French Academy, Paris, France, | 10 francs. |
| R. Rheinwald, publisher, Paris, France, | 10 francs. |
| Mme. Griess-Traut, " " | 3 francs. |
| Rev. Louis Leblois, Strasburg, Germany, | 5 marcs. |
| Miss Matilda Goddard, Boston, Mass., | \$25.00 |
| Mrs. R. A. Nichols, " " | 5.00 |
| Caroline C. Thayer, " " | 10.00 |

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

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} Single Copies, 15 cts.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COMBUSTION OF COAL UPON OUR ATMOSPHERE.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SECOND GERMAN MINING ENGINEERS' CONVENTION AT DRESDEN, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

BY DR. CLEMENS WINKLER,

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Translated from the German by Dr. Paul Carus.

A hundred years ago people were still in doubt whether atmospheric air is a mechanical mixture or a chemical combination of its chief elements, oxygen and nitrogen. The fact that the two gases could be so easily separated, was in favor of its being a compound, while the extraordinary constancy of its proportional composition seemed to indicate a chemical combination. The interest taken in this problem ceased rapidly as soon as it was proven with certainty that the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere exist beside each other in a free state, and that the extraordinary and never subsiding motion of the aeric ocean which is produced by the influence of the sunbeams, causes a constant and intimate mixture of its elements.

Later investigations proved that solar radiance, beside this merely mechanical influence, exercises also a chemical, or rather a chemico-physiological influence to preserve the constancy of its mixture. It was further recognized at an early date that atmospheric air always and everywhere contains some carbonic acid. But its amount seemed to be too insignificant a share to be worth any attention, yet how enormous is the absolute magnitude which this small proportion of carbonic acid in the air constitutes, considering the great expanse of the atmosphere. This was not fully understood until man's horizon extended, until his perceptive faculty grew and his intellectual eye learned to comprise worlds, until he had succeeded in determining the weight of this our earth and its atmosphere. Then the imposing transmigration of carbon taking place in the atmosphere was recognized. It was stated that all carbonic acid which enters into the air by combustion, respiration, decay and otherwise, is converted under the influence of sunlight through the vegetable kingdom into organized carbon-combinations, viz. into plants, and the liberated oxygen returns into the atmosphere. As this change takes place on a large scale, it is the chief condition of a constant composition of the atmospheric air. Thus the

carbonic acid is prepared as food for the vegetable kingdom, and the aeric ocean serves as a store-house, the stock of which by this unceasing exchange is kept at a constant level. Since our observations were recorded, which certainly is no longer than a few hundred years, the amount of carbonic acid in atmospheric air remained almost unchanged at an average proportion of 0.04 vol. perc. = 4:10000 vols. It appears to be little, but in reality it is enormous. The weight of the whole terrestrial atmosphere being 5,000 billion tons, this minute proportion represents a quantum of 3 billion tons of carbonic acid, or 800,000 million tons of carbon. This enormous quantity of carbon is suspended invisible, and scarcely perceptible in our atmospheric air, it is constantly consumed and constantly reintegrated. In consequence of this change of matter there is a state of perpetual migration.

Such is the state of things to-day. But geology tells us that there has been a period in which the atmosphere which is our store-house of carbonic acid, was more saturated. In their early era the temperature of our planet, being like that of a hothouse, produced a gigantic flora which later on in its decline formed the large coal deposits on earth. The same carbonic acid which in immemorial times roared and stormed through the high calamites of the paleozoic era, sunk as a petrified vegetable organism into a long and deathlike sleep awaiting a new resurrection in our days. It is the miner who awakens it to a new life which means a new chemical activity, and civilized mankind are busily engaged to restore it to the great circulation of nature. Thus the man of our century heats with the glow which was blazing down upon earth long before men were living on its surface, and it is this heat to which the present time owes the gigantic development by which it is characterized.

Compare conditions of to-day with those fifty years ago in countries where large industries exist, and you will be astonished at the change in such a short space of time. It is almost a superabundance of force in which humankind indulges, since we have succeeded to unlock the coal treasures underground, and make them subservient to our wants. Man indeed fully understood how to put the talent in his trust on usury. On the one hand he is not free from the reproach of profusion, yet on the other he must be credited for having lifted

himself with the help of the black bounty, to an intellectual height which never before was attained, not even in classical antiquity.

Our era is in the full sense of the word an era of combustion. Everywhere in places of industrial activity we see glowing hearths fed with fossil carbon; we meet with stationary, with movable, and with swimming chimneys which unceasingly send forth into the aeric ocean, the gaseous products of combustion, viz., carbonic acid.

The quantum of carbonic acid which human kind at present produces by combustion, for either the procreation of heat or energy, or light or electricity, is extraordinary and greatly enhanced in comparison to former times. This is done to such an extent that we may ask whether a re-introduction of carbon which has been latent for many geological periods into the circulation of the terrestrial interchange of matter, by the combustion of coal on so large a scale, may not possibly cause a change of our atmosphere so as to disturb its chemical equilibrium.

We may decidedly answer this question in the negative, but it will afford sufficient interest to look at the problem somewhat closer.

The entire production of pit coal on earth has been calculated to be per annum 360 million tons, or, on an average, one million tons per day. If we reconvert this quantum of fossil carbon into the living vegetable individuals in the shape of, for instance, our native pines, we will have a more vivid idea of its amount. 360 million tons of coal would be 942 million tons or 3588.5 million cubic feet logs. Now imagine all these pines at the fittest age for being cut, say of 80 years, their number would be, according to a calculation kindly made for this purpose by my learned friend Mr. Judeich, professor of forestry in Tharandt, 2,625 million trees, and would cover almost double the area of the kingdom of Saxony. Pine forests grown by a rational cultivation should cover the area of about four times the German empire in order to produce regularly this quantum of octogenary wood.

For a further comparison, and with regard to the mere carbon of coal, we may calculate how much human force is represented by the quantum of heat annually produced by combustion. Of course our calculation is only approximative and in some respects may not be indisputable.

One man gives off by respiration 22 liters* of carbonic acid per hour; accordingly his lungs oxidize 12 grams carbon. Now if it were possible to use carbon directly as food, viz., exclusively to feed the respiratory organs for the required production of animal heat, one man power would consume 150 kilo. carbon per year. If it were possible thus to consume coal by respiration

of human organisms, that is to say, by feeding the engine man, the annual production of coal would suffice for 2,400 million man power.

The entire population of the earth is fully one-half of this number. So we produce by machines annually, twice the amount of force which is represented by the muscle power of all humankind. In other words, the labor of man has been trippled by the use of coal. The generation of to-day works three times as much as generations of former ages, which is done by a three times greater consumption of carbon. One-third is used as food for respiration and is produced by the sun's labor of to-day; two-thirds are taken from the prehistoric store-room of the coal formation. One-third of the carbonic acid produced by combustion is exhaled through the lungs, two-thirds are emitted through chimneys of all sorts into the aeric ocean, and this same carbonic acid is used upon earth, according to the circulation of matter, for the growth of new vegetable organisms. Thus we experience another resurrection of the very same black bounty which the miner brought up to daylight, after it has afforded us heat and energy. Or should it be otherwise? Is it possible that the carbonic acid which is produced in so great quantities by modern industry, may *not* be consumed by plants, but amassed gradually in our terrestrial atmosphere? There is no reason to fear such outcome, but we must confess that we do not know. However, in pondering upon such problems, we are impressed with the truth, that nature cannot be measured by human work. Even on our little planet, which is diminutively small in comparison to the universe, proportions are too gigantic to show any traceable human influence.

The amount of carbon which is wrested from the interior of the earth by thousands of diligent hands and by other thousands is used for combustion, this whole amount of carbon is so exceedingly small as to dwindle away if compared to the gigantic stock contained in our terrestrial atmosphere. In spite of the small proportion of 0.04 vol. perc., it amounts to 800,000 million tons of carbon, and we add to this by annual combustion only 252 million tons of carbon, which is an increase of 0.0315 per cent. In addition to the 0.04 vol. perc. of the average proportion of carbonic acid in atmospheric air, the whole amount would be raised to 0.0400126 vol. perc.

The difference is so insignificant that it could not be determined by the most minute methods of investigation, especially as the homogeneity of air is great but by no means absolute.

From these and similar considerations we learn modesty when we compare human work to that of nature. Man's hand is too weak to interfere noticeably with the imposing mechanism of the cosmic gear. We work on a small scale, and too slowly to disturb the

*One gallon—three and four-fifths liters.

equilibrium of the proportions ruling on earth. Even suppose we used all pyrites which can be produced at all by mining, irrespective of pecuniary gains, and submitted them to the process of roasting and the manufacture of sulphuric acid in order to submerge all dolomites and limestones, the enormous quantity of carbonic acid which would develop, would be swept away by the wind, and soon be lost in the æric ocean.

This our smallness must not affect or oppress us! In spite of it our time is great, perhaps the greatest which humankind lived. We may indulge in comparisons like those we made, but an estimation of our works must be done according to a human measure, for after all—we are men.

THE IMMORTALITY THAT SCIENCE TEACHES.

BY LESTER F. WARD, A. M.

The concluding paragraph of the short contribution that I made to the symposium, in the *Christian Register* of April 7 last, has called forth so many interrogatories, and appears to have been so little understood, while at the same time attracting so much attention, that it has seemed to me almost a duty to expand and explain it. The paragraph is as follows:

“I would not have it inferred from the above that science is skeptical as to the immortality of the soul. Science postulates the immortality, not of the human soul alone, but of the soul of the least atom of matter. Consciousness results from the eternal activities of the universe, is their highest and grandest product, and not one atom nor one atomic movement is ever lost. The immortality of science is the eternity of matter and its motions in the production of phenomena, and science will always object to all unphilosophical attempts to confound phenomena with these.”

Probably the most satisfactory way to answer these questions and elucidate the whole subject would be to refer all who are interested to my *Dynamic Sociology*, in which this and many other important psychological problems are treated as parts of a general system of philosophy, which, in its scope at least, claims to be complete. But the argument as presented in the fifth chapter of that work could only be partially appreciated without a previous acquaintance with the series of considerations which lead up to it, as they are set forth in the two chapters that precede it; so that a suitable preparation for intelligently comprehending, not to say accepting, my point of view, would require the careful reading of at least three chapters, or nearly 200 pages of that work, while to be in condition to see the matter in precisely the same light as I see it would require the reading of the entire work, or some 1,400 pages. While I should, of course, be glad to have any who are interested in my views perform the first, or even the second of these tasks, I certainly cannot ask it, and do not expect it, and hence I will attempt in such a manner

as I shall be able within the limits of this article, to make clear the one point in question. In doing this, however, I may perhaps be permitted to quote one paragraph from the work referred to, which will state the question and indicate the answer in a clearer and more forcible manner than I could now do by the use of other words:

“The property of consciousness must therefore be assumed to inhere in every molecule of protoplasm to a certain limited degree, which in certain definitely shaped masses becomes so far increased in intensity as to be inferable from the actions of such individualized portions of the substance. From this simple state increment is added to increment throughout the whole course of organic development, until the highest manifestations are reached. Conversely, we are compelled to predicate of each component of a protoplasmic molecule some trace of the same property, which is the proper basis for the theory of a universal soul in inanimate nature. It exists, but for want of organization it is too feeble to be perceptible to the human faculties, or to work any appreciable effects. It is thus that science at length agrees with vulgar opinion as to the existence of mind in nature; but there remains this fatal difference, that instead of magnifying it into omniscience, it reduces it to practical nescience, and declares that increase in mind-force can only take place in proportion to increase in organization. And while molecular or chemical organization may so far intensify it as to render it perceptible to the human faculties, molar or morphological organization may carry it up to the exalted height to which it attains in the *élite* of mankind. The only intelligence in the universe worthy of the name is the intelligence of the organized beings which have been evolved, and the highest manifestation of the psychic power known to the occupants of this planet is that which emanates from the human brain. Thus does science invert the pantheistic pyramid.”

Now, if there is one truth that science has taught more forcibly than any other it is that we can know only phenomena, and next to this it has taught that we are ourselves phenomena. It was Kant who said, “*Der Mensch ist selbst Erscheinung*,” and this truth science has a thousand times confirmed. It applies to everything that constitutes man, his body and mind, his intellect, senses, and will.

A phenomenon, etymologically considered, is that which appears. To appear implies a time when the phenomenon did not exist as such. But, as stated in the article referred to, a beginning implies an end, appearance implies ultimate disappearance, and a phenomenon is necessarily finite in duration. Man as a phenomenon must therefore share these attributes, and as certainly as he has had a beginning so certainly must his existence as man cease and discontinue altogether.

Where, then, it may well be asked, is the room for immortality? If the whole man is but a transient phenomenon, what is it that shall endure forever?

Science answers this question of the future by pointing to the past. Taking recourse again to etymology we find that the word phenomenon, while denoting change and evanescence, connotes permanence and perpetuity. That which appears must have previously existed, else it could never appear. The phenomenon implies the *noumenon*. It is science and not theology which negatives as absurd the doctrine of the creation of anything out of nothing. Every phenomenon is a product. It is not a magic apparition. The elements that compose it existed before they assumed that form. They had always existed, and after the phenomenon shall have again disappeared they will continue to exist forever.

These elements are not altogether material. Without discussing the ultimate constitution of matter, and accepting it as a reality and the substratum of all things, we are still compelled to recognize an immaterial part as belonging to that substratum and inseparable from it, but equally independent of all considerations of time. For it is a postulate of science, and one in complete harmony with every observed fact, that the material elements of the universe possess activities by which alone they are capable of being wrought into perceptible forms. These activities are as perpetual and persistent as the material elements themselves, and as inseparable from them as the human soul is from the body. They are the atom-souls of Haeckel, and the true soul of the universe. Just as the material elements when raised to the plane of perceptibility become substance, so the immaterial elements when raised to the same plane become property, and in the two we have respectively the basis of all quantity and quality.

These transcendental elements of nature are the stuff of which all phenomena are made. They are the true noumena, or things in themselves, and they alone endure amid all the changes of time. They possess, moreover, the "promise and potency" of the highest life, the grandest thought. But they are not themselves life and thought; these are phenomena, their visible products. They have been evolved from this raw material during eons of change. They have embodied themselves in long series of increasingly higher forms that have one after another appeared and disappeared in the paleontologic history of our planet. After so long a struggle for higher and higher expression there has come forth at last, as the loftiest flight of nature, the phenomenon man, possessing a physical organ of thought, and capable in his best estate of contemplating objectively the other products of evolution and of understanding in a small degree the laws of the universe.

But now, in the exercise of these truly wonderful

powers, we find this being forgetting that he is himself a phenomenon and claiming the attributes of things in themselves. Yet, so far is he from possessing this right, that he is really, of all nature's earthly products, the most remote from the primordial cause of things. The lowest animal or plant is nearer its origin than man is; the "physical basis of life," protoplasm, is nearer than the lowest organized creature, and further progress toward the absolute source of being leads back through the organic and inorganic substances to the simplest element of chemistry, and still back to the tenuous ether of interstellar space.

So far, again, from any part of man being immortal, he shows the vast distance that separates him from that ultimate source by the brevity of his existence as compared with the enduring, but by no means eternal, rocks on which by myriad inscriptions he has sought to perpetuate his memory.

But let it not be supposed that this extremely derivative and comparatively evanescent character of man in any way implies a corresponding lack of importance. On the contrary he stands at the head of a long series of progressive steps in the mechanical organization of the primal force of nature, in each of which steps this force has been made more effective. Organization consists in the concentration and focalization of the elements of nature to render them effective in the production of results. It is the machinery, or economic gearing up of the universe, and the results are as much greater than those of unorganized nature, as the achievements of the age of machinery are greater than those of the ages before machinery had been introduced. Consciousness, reason, intelligence, and inventive genius represent the maximum of mechanical organization in the world. Civilization is their result, and in place of primeval forests we have enlightened populations; in place of wild beasts we have statesmen and philosophers working out the problems of life, mind, and society. Yet all the powers of this exalted being, man, are but the original forces of nature intensified many thousand fold through organization. The unorganized activities of the universe are feeble and ineffective for any conscious purpose. Their energy is scattered and diffused, and wastes itself in aimless and profitless work. Just as in war, in government, and in industrial economy, it is organization that achieves success, so has it been with the elements and forces of primordial nature, and what science denotes by the terms organic progress and biologic evolution is simply the progressively higher organization of these elements and forces, from the bathybian ooze of the sea-bottom to the developed brain of a Napoleon or a Newton.

But all this implies no increase in the amount of either the matter or the motion of the universe. Just as the rays of the winter sun may, by the sun-glass, be

intensified to the point of burning, just as the unnoticed electricity of the atmosphere may, by the Ruhmkorf coil or the Leyden jar, be converted into a thunderbolt, so the diffused and imperceptible "mind in nature" may by similar concentrated direction be made to display the attributes of consciousness, reason, and intelligent thought.

It is something to have learned that there exist, have always existed, and will ever continue to exist, the indestructible and unchangeable elements and powers out of which, through similar processes, equal, and perhaps far superior, results may be accomplished. This is the immortality that science teaches, the faith that inspires the genuine student of nature, and this pure and ennobling sense of truth he would scorn to barter for the selfish and illusory hope of an eternity of personal existence.

MYTHOLOGIC RELIGIONS.

BY CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

Keary, in his *Dawn of History*, speaks of the two tendencies always to be marked in religious thought, since the beginning of history, viz., "the metaphysical and the mythological tendency," as he calls them. In one the mind endeavors, in its conception of the highest, and of the world we call spiritual, to rise beyond the realm of the determinate, or of form and personal, and contemplate superpersonal and ideal. In the other it is always casting the Supreme One in the mold of form, framing its thought of him or it as individual, palpable deity, a veritable and visible, though may be distant, person. He is a royal monarch, seated on a gorgeous throne, reigning in regal pomp and splendor, surrounded by his throngs of courtiers and constant prostrate worshipers, attended by ministrant armies, passive instruments of his sovereign will, and swift to execute it on the instant anywhere throughout his vast domain. His world, the unseen kingdom of his rule, is a world of personalities, rank on rank of spirits flown from earth or distant star, and of angels, archangels, etc., in innumerable hosts filling the immeasurable realm of this potentate. Indeed there is no end to the mythology built up from this germ, the heaven and the hell, and the myriad denizens of these shadowy worlds. "Long," says Mr. Conway, "before charts of land or sea were made, the invisible heavens and hells were mapped and reported in detail." And these invisible realms were peopled with personalities, more densely, if possible, than any most thickly populated portion of the earth we know, as also more formidable and dreaded beings than earth possesses.

Men have always supposed themselves to have much more accurate knowledge of the world they have not seen, than of that they do see, a more definite and sure

communication made to them of the life beyond, than of the life here and now. And in regard to the latter it must be owned that the ignorance has always been dense and profound—this largely for the reason that the world of the present has been disparaged, postponed and ignored from the side of religion.

The sway of mythology has been complete. We all see it plainly in the religions of the rude races. The disposition to personify or impersonate and to worship the impersonation, is universal and invincible. Stones, trees, bits of bone, winds, clouds, waters, etc., etc., have been made objects of adoration, prayer and sacrifice. The natives of middle Africa regarded Lander's watch as alive. The Egyptians, as Herodotus testifies, described fire as a living being. A respectable Bushman once told his white friend that he had seen the personal wind at Haar-fontein. He tried to hit it with a stone, but it escaped from him into a hill. "In the time of Tacitus it was said that in the far north of Scandinavia men might see the very forms of the gods, and the rays streaming from their heads."* With the disposition to anthropomorphism so universal, and the passion for personification withal so prevailing, the casting of the highest in the mold of person, and peopling all the worlds with deities, human not only but animal, vegetable, mineral also, has been easy not only, but inevitable.

In the growth of civilization the mind has passed in a degree from the stage of *mythology* to that of *science*. Where the savage saw person and act of volitive personal power in rock, star or wave, the instructed mind sees force; where he saw miracle, it sees law; where he bowed and trembled with terror, it beholds and rejoices with knowledge and repose in trust. The whole course and effect of culture has been to exorcise the spirits that have been held to fill the worlds visible and invisible, and especially and most persistently the latter, and lead the intelligence to recognize the one central unity, transcendent, impersonal, supremely sovereign yet benign, sometimes named the Infinite One, but a reality so ethereal and removed from human comprehension, that for it thought hath no conception and language no name.

The exorcism among ourselves has gone forward to a very considerable extent, earth and the heavens have been freed from the sway of the mythic conceits of recent centuries even, and province after province once held under that sway, has been rescued and annexed to the realm of science, seen, recognized to be the abode of what we call natural law. Still although we have cast out in good degree the mythologic persons that once to the imagination haunted and filled the worlds, the belief yet adheres, even among the most enlightened, to the idea of one supreme and central *person*, an individualized deity, dwelling somewhere in the realms of

*Tylor, *Primitive Culture*.

being in especial manifestations of his presence and regal power. More than the shadow do we have here of the old mythological concept; we have largely the perpetuation and survival. It is reduced, indeed, to its narrowest, most ultimate form, but is veritably present all the same. To no doctrine in its faith, probably, does the mind of Christendom cling with such tenacity at this hour as that of its personal deity.

And around that idea a wider mythology will inevitably spring up, such as has been mentioned, as spontaneously as the numerous shoots and suckers from the seeds and roots of a forest tree. The mind of to-day seems largely unable to escape from its anthropomorphism, and so is held perpetually in the mythologic tether. One sees it constantly in the sermons and the prayers, hears it without end in the representations that are made wherewith to operate on souls in "revivals." I was struck lately, waiting for a train at a station out in the country, in noting the interpretations hung up on the wall of the room by the Adventists, of certain enigmatic symbols in Daniel and the apocalypse, and the exposition they give of God's dealings with man, and the sure destiny that waits the soul. The intense and all-subordinating realism, and swift running to mythology in treating such themes of religious life, which appears in all the faiths of Christendom, is seen there written in characters only slightly enlarged. And much of it draws good warrant from the sacred books in which those faiths plant. The liturgical service of the Episcopal church is charged with survivals even from a long past and mainly outgrown age. There we see the demons, ubiquitous and semi-omnipotent all around us perpetually, from which we are to pray "the good Lord to deliver us."

But it is to be apprehended that the process which has already disintegrated and pulverized so much of the crude beliefs and dark terrifying superstitions of the past, will still go on and will abolish the last relic of mythology that remains among us. There are those who have laid aside from their thought the concept of person, as applied to the invisible and eternal. To them the supreme transcends all that is determinate, limitary or personal; they cannot admit to their thought aught that is contradictory to the nature of the Infinite One. They see his presence in law, hear his voice in reason, behold his face and the very soul of his being and the splendors of his majesty, in excellence and the beaming light of truth. Here is shrine at which the spirit may bow and adore and offer its sacrifice without taint or trace of aught unworthy in its worship; here temple that idolator's footstep cannot enter. It is a religion that enlarges, exalts and feeds continually with the divine ambrosia. And the more knowledge, more perception, the more faith.

Such ones are never curious or impatient to probe

and to penetrate the form and circumstance, the *modus* of the life beyond. Sufficient unto the future the problems, the work of the future; time will solve all. They recognize the metes and bounds set in the very nature of things to the extension of personality, the veil of mystery that inevitably falls down upon all determinate that we know. The living world, the over-arching universe, with their infinitude of phenomena and shining laws; the incarnations of the divine in the human—a beauty and a mystery perpetually—making all the life hallowed, divine; the study, the improvement and deliverance of man, are themes and tasks enough for them. In their worship they advance from the child stage to the manhood stage. The mind ripening leans ever less upon person, more upon principle. The language of picture, of impersonation, speech will doubtless continue to use, but all will be transparent, and, so far from hampering, will be rather refreshing and enlarging to the freed and perceiving mind. It will carry as little any hint of the personal concept as now does the *prosopopœia* of the poet, or the beautiful impersonation by Tyndall, where he celebrates the all-procreative power and the fatherhood of the sun. We are already emancipated from any possibility of such trammel or enmeshing in our use of such words as nature, the "universal mother," and the like, but to this hour the terms God, the spiritual world, etc., awaken invariably either directly or by implication the concept of person. Why will these words not become also transparent and exalted as the others? The growth of man's intelligence in the early days carried to the recognition of the neuter gender, the use of neuter nouns, all having been originally and for long ages either masculine or feminine, no thought arising within that any of the natural objects could be without the attribute both of person and sex. It seems a very simple perception to us, but this also was an event in the history of humanity.

The mind will use the language of impersonation for picturesqueness, for clothing its thought in beauty, and, perhaps, for help to definition of the unbounded to its idea, but it will be entangled in no mesh of anthropomorphism or mythology. It will have clear undimmed perception of the transcendent reality behind, within and beyond all, that sublime substance, the One, before whom thought is important and language dumb. "The religion of the present," says Huxley, "has renounced not only idols of wood and idols of stone, but begins to see the necessity of breaking in pieces the idols built up of book and traditions and fine spun ecclesiastical cobwebs; and of cherishing the noblest and most human of man's emotions, by worship 'for the most part of the silent sort' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable."

But there will be, I think, celebration. The tongue

must stammer if it cannot speak. The spirit will never cease to be thrilled with sense of the mystery, will exult with delight in presence of the beneficent, all-enfolding laws. It will burst into song and praise, will invoke and celebrate the Infinite Beauty and Wisdom and Excellence. The soul will pillow itself in all passages of life as also of death upon the bosom of the boundless power and goodness. It will repose on the *moral*, know itself safe and invincible therein, now, forever. The spendors of the eternal Justice and Excellence can allure and satisfy it without end.

"Heaven kindly gave our blood a moral flow."

"For other things," says Emerson, "I make poetry of them, but the moral sentiment makes poetry of me." The whole universe speaks to the thought as being charged to the brim with moral energies, and for this it is that nature wears the bloom of sempiternal youth.

Mr. Tylor speaks of that "tendency to clothe every thought in concrete shape, which has in all ages been the main-spring of mythology." Max Müller says: "I do not hesitate to call the whole history of philosophy, from Thales down to Hegel, an uninterrupted battle against mythology, a constant protest of thought against language." It holds the same in religion. This conflict is the irrepressible one reaching through the immemorial ages of history. It was never more stern and internecine than in the present, never so profound, all-inclusive and vital as now. The issue, though still distant, was never so clear and unmistakable as at this hour.

Once the faith, the religion of humanity is inaugurated, it will work a revolution in the world's condition; mark a step in man's growth and deliverance far beyond aught seen in any age, we might almost without exaggeration say, in all the ages of the past. Religion will be changed both in its concept and its expression, the forms of its worship, in all its administration, more profoundly and completely than by any influence that has reached it since the beginning of history. All the other ameliorations and reforms have been preparatory, dispensations of the Baptist in the wilderness, making open and ready the way to this the final enfranchisement. Religion, become one with the simple plain worship of truth and beauty, all its observances and forms must be correspondingly natural, spontaneous, beautiful. The office of the priest, as we know the priesthood, will have become obsolete, superseded by the growth that brings the new age.

It will be both more *ideal* and more *practical*, reaching farthest in its thought, and coming home nearest in its action. Language, exalted, transparent, free as it must all be, will be felt lame, inadequate to hint even the transcendent conception, the communion, the thrill and the ecstatic joy the soul shall know. Yet the expression shall be in words that glow, pictures that

speak, images that soar, that lift, purge and inspire. The age of dream, illusion, mythic mirage will have passed, age of vision, of inner beholding, and great strength in truth, in God, will have come.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE MORAL LAW.

BY CLARA LANZA.

No attentive and thoughtful observer can have failed of late years to note how swift and remarkable a change has occurred in the heretofore most cherished opinions of many of us,—a divergence from the worn and down-trodden paths of religious belief, which following the law of evolution is destined to spread outward into yet larger and more important channels. I refer to the growth of a religion, based not upon dogma or superstition, but upon ethics that comprise the highest ideals of human conduct independently of aught save individual responsibility.

That a religion of this kind contains advantages more special and lofty than those set forth by the Christian doctrine, calls for little argument when we perceive that it is by degrees replacing so-called "revealed" religion in the minds of the thinking people of to-day.

It has been stated somewhere by an eminent theologian that the world in every era of its civilization has contained about an equal amount of intelligence. The quantity of this intelligence we will not stop to discuss, but serious doubts may justly rise as to its quality. In the same connection we cannot deny that the fundamental principles of morality have their roots firmly planted in ages as remote as the existence of man himself. But it is certain that the comprehension and application of these principles have greatly varied at different periods, and that they have little by little put forth new branches and flowers like the leaves and blossoms of a plant. Each successive generation, indeed, has seen the mind of man forever bent upon inquiry and struggling to emerge from darkness into light, lean in a given direction toward some particular point where elucidation is to be expected: The desired benefit was not always forthcoming, but each step has been a step forward in the sense that every honest failure is an indication of progress. It is not possible to enter into a discussion of these differentiations here, and even were it to be done, the result would not be of superlative value *per se*. Let it suffice to confine ourselves to the past five and twenty years during which, in the United States especially, the tendency toward freedom in religious belief, the casting away of threadbare tenets, the deft uprising from the trammels of theology into the broad light of self-culture and self-dependence, have been too marked to escape universal attention. Action has finally and properly come to be regarded from a more elevated standpoint than mere belief or mere sectarianism. We no longer found our estimates of human character upon

the faith of the individual, but upon his behavior. It is now a matter of indifference as to what peculiar sect a man may belong to or whether he be attached to any whatever; we concern ourselves solely with his motives and sentiments as expressed through his conduct. And if it be asserted by the few remaining adherents to old-timed orthodoxy, that the moral law be insufficient to sustain the weakness of human nature, and that something more, partaking of a divine element, be needed to form a substantial background for the development of right feeling and conduct, we must reply that the proof of this is nowhere visible, while on the other hand the partisans of Christianity find their faith in numerous instances powerless to give assistance in the serious affairs of life. The reason is not far to seek.

Let us glance for a moment at the facts as they exist and as they can be observed by anyone who takes the trouble to look at them. Given conscience as a guide and the inexorable law of duty ever before us, we are as it were, in the continual presence of a master whose commands are inevitably followed by reward or punishment,—not necessarily material in either case,—but always in accordance with the action performed or left undone. The theory of an existing hereafter where rewards and punishments will be meted out in proportion to our deserts, is superfluous so far as the rigid votaries of right living are concerned. This is self-evident. The ethics of Christianity are in themselves lofty in conception and in their altruistic significance, but the figure of Jesus of Nazareth, inseparably connected with them, takes away much of their force by its remoteness and spirituality. In the desperate struggle with existence, in moments of sorrow, and in the harsh and oft repeated conflict of opposed duties, this pale ethereal essence standing afar and crowned with a supernatural glory, can neither appeal to nor satisfy the human heart. If support or sympathy have ever been derived from this source, they spring from Christ the man and not from Christ the God, who must forever remain incapable of human assimilation. Yet, if this divine element be taken away, the most trustworthy support of the Christian faith vanishes at once.

The moral law, innate, unalterable, sustaining in its consolations, swift in censure or approbation, unfailling in its dictates, rests upon a higher plane,—that of human reason and self-dependence. It looks within for all that is best and finds its divinity in the soul of man himself. Here we have food for all our requirements summed up in two words,—duty and responsibility. It is absurd to say that any man can escape from these with impunity, since once beyond their reach, and all is chaos and desolation until a reconciliation be effected. We know that in spite of every misery we may be called upon to endure, our duties are still with us and offer us relief, and that there is no burden whose weight is

not decreased by a judicious exercise of self-sacrifice.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the freedom of the ethical religion from every emotional characteristic, and it is this absence of all passion, sentimentality and sensuousness that constitutes its chief claim to superiority.

The self-existing force which Mr. Spencer, in his *Synthetic Philosophy*, defines as the unknowable reality and which is undoubtedly in the estimation of many thinkers a perfectly satisfactory explanation and understanding of the fountain-head of the universe, tends eternally toward a harmonious development and adjustment in human life and conduct. True progress in its every branch is dependent upon law; the moment this truth is ignored comes stagnation, which means ultimate retrogression. The leaning of ethics is toward everlasting advancement. The morality of to-day is better than that of yesterday. As individuals and as masses we occupy a more exalted position morally than we did a hundred or even fifty years ago. We have seen during our lifetime the curse of slavery abolished; the status of women has been raised; the rights of children play an important part in our Constitution; our minds are more tolerant and our vision is not obscured by narrowness of judgment.

We must be cognizant of the fact that the increase of religious liberty in the United States has been productive of untold advantages. From one end of the country to the other we have seen the æsthetic forms of worship, which are as pernicious in their falsely directed influence as is the limited conservatism they often represent, give way to a grander and nobler cult,—the striving for individual perfection, which is the more estimable since it looks for nothing beyond such results as are entirely personal, and is well content to reap its dearest compensation from the knowledge that right is practiced and adhered to for right's sake, and wrong shunned because it is evil.

We may call attention, in conclusion, to the gradual influx of Eastern creeds and philosophies into modern American thought, and which, barring their mystic phases, are in many ways worthy of study and adaptation. Nearly all of these ancient faiths are pervaded by a profound spirituality whose workings are certainly mysterious; but we, in our matter-of-fact enterprising nature, are hardly the people to be drawn into anything of this kind. The wheat is here to be separated from the chaff, and occultism, being everywhere confined rather to temperament than belief, has little chance for development in America, where the tendency is in a precisely opposite direction. Our inclination is plainly to be observed in the strenuous attempts we are making to establish a religion that shall stand firmly upon the eternal basis of the moral law, and be tempered with the widest and most liberal culture. Of course much

remains to be done and more yet to be learned, and we frequently toil painfully to reach a certain point, only in the end to slip back, perhaps imperceptibly, into the old grooves. Still the ethical religion desires nothing greater than the individual from which to gain its highest inspirations. It cannot refer to a vague divinity that rises spectral-like in the distance, and say, "Therein rests my hope of everlasting life." Nor does it regard this restriction in any way as a misfortune; for, secure in the belief of absolute responsibility, utter self-dependence and unswerving obligation, it places its ideals upon the mountain peaks of thought, and is satisfied only when these are finally attained after fierce and laborious struggles.

Few minds at any age of the world have been able to divest themselves all at once of educational control, or prove themselves superior to circumstances or surroundings. Unfortunately, we are so constituted that, even where the greatest intellectual liberty is obtained, ideas and beliefs previously acquired still cheat our independence. Therefore superstition, though we would shake it off forever, lingers in the hearts of many of us, and, loth to depart, gazes sadly into the dim vista of the past, even while the new religion points upward and onward into the grandest regions of human endeavor.

Upon the sublime utterances of Jesus of Nazareth no disparagement is ever to be cast. They are worthy of all reverence, but always the divine shadow hovers about them; we see the precepts obscured by the God who, in His turn, shrinks at last from perception and comprehension. Yet the moral law remains, and urgently incites us to action. We keenly feel its presence, and know that here, at least, there is no danger of searching for truth and finding a *fata morgana*. To this also shall be added the lesson of human experience and the fruits of human genius.

It must not be supposed that we argue from the standpoint of scientific materialism, or that we would seek to eliminate the sublime element from human nature. It is the latter, in fact, that enables us to gaze unflinchingly before us, conscious of an ever-present, all-enduring power which we ourselves are permitted to reflect. This is the true meaning of divinity, and in this sense only was the Nazarene divine.

If we live this life truly and honestly, we have no reason to regard the future unwillingly. We do not hope with the uncertainty of the Agnostic, nor like the Christian do we see the marble and iron of past and present fade into rosy and golden-tinged visions. But with the knowledge of having acted well our part, we may calmly see night close around us, and, folding our weary hands, trust blindly.

NATURAL RELIGION.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Among Darwin's earlier converts there was a distinguished author and divine who announced that he

had gradually learned to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity that he created a few original forms capable of self-development into other forms as that a fresh act of creation has been required for every new species. But the popular heart has still preferred the fresh acts of creation to original germs capable of self-development; and wisely so, for intellectually there is no choice between the two conceptions. They are equally childish and absurd. An original act of creation is as inconceivable as the creation of any new species. And if it satisfied the logical understanding that there is a God or was one "at last accounts," such distant hearsay cannot satisfy the cravings of the religious soul for a present, active, living God. The understanding may be satisfied by the conception of an outside Divinity who gave the world a start billions of years ago, since which it has gone alone, but all religious souls, if they must choose between this conception and the conception of continual interference will be sure to choose the latter.

It has been a favorite device with scientific men to throw a cake to Cerberus, to popular superstition, stamped with this notion of an original act of creation. Sometimes, no doubt, the notion has been vital to themselves, but the device, however actuated, has always been unfortunate. It has postponed a little an inevitable day whose brightness will declare that we are not compelled to choose between the doctrines of continual interference and an original act of creation since which the world has gone alone; that a third way is open for all honest and courageous souls, a way which blossoms all along with the old sense of present Deity and again makes natural religion possible for those who walk therein.

That which I mean by natural religion—the continual and spontaneous association of all natural order and beauty with a superhuman power—had certainly been steadily decaying throughout Christendom for many centuries down to the threshold of our own. A pastoral people conceiving God in the terms of their own daily occupation said of him: "The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want." Again and again this gracious metaphor occurred to them: "We are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs in his arm and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead the nursing ewes." But in course of time these pleasant forms of speech had to make way for others born of the city and its various activities, born of the market and the court, the stadium and the arena. The speech which Jesus used was such as only a country boy could use; it was full of charming pictures of the farm-life and home-life of the hill country of Judea. But when Christianity made its first conquests the cities everywhere accepted the new faith before the villages, and straightway this faith began to express itself in the

terms of city-life, Paul himself setting the bad example which Christian theologians have followed almost universally, until now only the poets and poetic men reverting here and there to the simpler and more ancient forms of speech.

Here is one reason for the decline of natural religion. The theologians have been men who have lived apart from nature, immersed in cities or in books, or miserably self-involved, like Calvin, who for years lived in the awful presence of Mont Blanc and never took one gleam of its immortal beauty into his mind or heart. But many other causes have contributed to the same result. The conception of law was almost entirely foreign to the Hebrew mind save in the sense of arbitrary regulation. Science was not a Semitic, but an Aryan birth, and when Christianity became Aryan the Greek and Roman sense of law began to trench upon the Hebrew thought of the divine activity. The more law the less God, men thought; and still the march of law went on, subduing province after province to its wide domain. The Christian doctrine of miracle fostered the evil tendency; it induced men to look for God, not in the uniformity of law, but in its apparent contraventions. Was ever a more terrible mistake. No wonder the Romanist prefers to think that miracles are still performed. And morally their faith is infinitely better than the belief that God is the great—Absentee. But even miracles are no longer able to disprove an *alibi*. The theologians argue laboriously to prove that they are in accordance with some higher law with which we are not yet acquainted. So for those who can still cherish this belief the divine activity is now limited to successive creations of new species, and for those who cannot, to an original act of creation, since which the world has been devoid of all immediate concern with the Almighty.

And so it is that natural religion is not now as formerly, the order of the day. There is great enjoyment of nature at the present time, and the knowledge of it is increasing every year; not only the knowledge which results from scientific observation and experiment, but that which comes from loving conversation of the painter and the poet with the ineffable beauty of the world. There was nothing in the ancient world that was a thousandth part so rich and full as our inheritance of natural facts and principles and laws. The book of Job marks the supreme attainment of the Hebrew mind upon the side of knowledge of the natural world and appreciation of its order, beauty, grace and charm. The New Testament is very barren in comparison. Sermons and volumes have been written about Jesus as "the interpreter of nature." They are a part of the idolatrous exaggeration of his personality. "Consider the lilies" is a royal passage, but it has no brother near the throne. It is solitary and unique. It is from country life, its homely aspects of the house and field, that Jesus draws

his lessons. In the meantime Homer's interest in nature is ever in her broadest aspects, and Virgil's mainly that of a gentleman farmer in his crops and trees. The modern world has multiplied a million fold the interest of both the Scriptures and the Classics in the natural world and the expression of this interest in literature and art. It has put behind it the morbid subjectivity of the middle ages, to which introspection was the only good, and their contempt for matter as the opposite of spirit and of nature as the enemy of God. The signs of this advance are everywhere apparent. You can see it in the poems that are written; in the books that are read; in the enthusiasm for landscape art; in the ardor with which the natural sciences are pursued and the multitude and splendor of their acquired results. And here and there, no doubt, the earnestness, the seriousness and passion with which these studies, avocations and vocations are pursued carries them over from the sphere of art and science into a province which, if not nominally religious, is surely near "those shining table-lands whereto our God himself is moon and sun." But that the natural religion of to-day has any adequate proportion to men's knowledge of the natural order and their delight in natural beauty—this is a proposition that cannot be successfully maintained.

How can this knowledge and this delight be made religious? We cannot go back to fetishism or polytheism, or to the external Creator, the man-like mechanician. As little can we be satisfied with an absentee Almighty, who wound up the world "in the beginning" and since then has left it very much alone. The cravings of the heart are for an ever-present, ever-acting Deity.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piney mountain
Or forest; by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths;
All these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason,
But still the heart doth need a language."

Is such a language possible in conformity with the conception of invariable and universal law and an unbroken sequence of phenomena? If not, well may we cry as Wordsworth did in bitterness of spirit:

"Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn
So might I standing on this pleasant lea
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea
And hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn."

But there is such a language possible, satisfying at once to head and heart, as Wordsworth proved when he proclaimed a presence that disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts, a presence far more deeply interfused than ever were the many gods of Greek religion, the one God of the Jews:

"A motion and a spirit that impells
All thinking things, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things."

And Goethe proved it when he cried:

"What were a God who sat outside to scan
The spheres that 'neath his finger circling ran?
God dwells in all and moves the world and molds;
Himself and nature in one form enfolds;
Thus all that lives in him and breathes and is,
Shall ne'er his power, shall ne'er his presence miss.

That there is such a language possible our own
Weiss made full proof in that rarest bit of lyric rapture
that ever issued from his brain:

"He is the green in every blade,
The health in every boy and maid,
In yonder sunrise flag he blooms
Above a Nation's well earned tombs.
That empty sleeve his arm contains,
That blushing scar his life-blood drains,
That haggard face against the pane
Goes whitening all the murky street
With God's own dread lest hunger gain
Upon his love's woe burdened feet."

Nor less our Emerson when thus he sang:

"He is the axis of the star.
He is the sparkle of the spar;
He is the heart of every creature;
He is the meaning of each feature;
And his mind is the sky,
Than all it holds more deep and high."

And Tennyson as well:

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains
Are not these, O, Soul, the vision of him who reigns?
And the ear of man cannot hear; and the eye of man cannot see,
But if we could see and hear, this vision,—were it not He?"

And Browning too:

"He glows above
With scarce an intervention presses close
And palpitatingly his soul o'er ours!
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt here; *Now* it is, as it was then;
His soul is still engaged upon his world."

And so I might go on; but these quotations are enough to show that there was never yet a thought of science which lent itself to poetry, and heart, and worship, more willingly and joyfully than does that which is the widest and the deepest truth which the study of nature has yet disclosed—that all phenomena material and spiritual alike are the organic products of an infinite and eternal energy from which all things proceed.

But it takes a long, long time for the great thoughts of philosophers and philosophic poets to sink into the general heart, and germinating there, to bring forth in due season the fair, ripe fruit of average conviction among men. Opinion is not faith. It does not become faith till it is wrought into the texture of the mind by innumerable motions of that noiseless shuttle which plays back and forth among the threads of thought and feeling and association on the great loom of time. But there will come a time when it will be as unavoidable for the great majority of men to think of God as the ever-present and indwelling life of all phenomena, as it was once for them to think of him as a mechanical creator, or as differentiated into as many gods and god-like beings as there are various phenomena in the natural world. Then once again will all phenomena possess a transcendental significance, and have a religious

import for mankind. In that day theology shall be again the science that dominates, because it will be the science that includes all others, and every law and harmony and adaptation that different seekers may discover in their separate fields.

But this natural religion of the future shall not like the natural theology of the past, imagine that it can construct its thought and feeling of the Deity entirely from so much of nature as is external to humanity. Is not the power which wells up in us as consciousness, the same as that which makes the planets circle and the roses bloom? The God were less than man whom we could find in nature external to humanity. But in the nature that is inclusive of humanity, we can find a God that is mind of our mind, heart of our heart, love of our love.

PSYCHIATRY, OR PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M.D.

Part I.

Knowledge increase, that has benefited the world in general, has particularly befriended the lunatic; nor is the cause of this difficult to understand. When men contended with other animals for supremacy and the result was uncertain, even temporary enfeeblement of mind or body often insured extinction alike for man or beast; and both were, through fear, ignorance and heartlessness, equally indisposed or helpless to aid their kind.

Ages elapse and gradually developed cunning and skill,—the acquisition, retention and transmission of knowledge, decided between the savage and his enemies; but the old instincts have been faithfully inherited by, and are but comparatively little modified in his "civilized" descendants, who, to within recent times, favored slavery, until the spread of knowledge taught how barbarous slavery was, and that same knowledge gave the strength and skill to overthrow.

Side by side with ignorance, upon which the politician fattens, is superstition, that in all times has enabled the spiritual ruler to dispute and share dominion. Temporal and spiritual rule coquet with and often combat each other, seldom indeed, for the public good, and the "herd" suffers most when these two powers combine.

All this precludes an endeavor to show why the treatment of insanity is upon such a low plane among us, and that it is science and not the church or state that has advanced the study of psychiatry and improved the condition of the sick in mind.

Scientific men have sought in vain to penetrate the stupidity and greed of "statesmen" for concessions toward a more humane and enlightened care of the insane; and the absolute indifference of the clergy, who arrogate the credit for all advances to themselves, keeps the people equally ignorant and indifferent except in the matter of occasional selfish and emotional solicitude about their own "souls."

Among the American Indians the "medicine man" officiates as priest and physician. To him sickness and insanity are diabolisms requiring noisy exorcisms. His diagnoses and methods of treatment are survivals from primitive times before medicine dared to protest against supernaturalism.

The chief of the tribe sometimes cuts short the ceremonies by ordering the troublesome patient to be abandoned to the wolves, a procedure equivalent to the olden European worse than neglect of such unfortunates.

The earliest provision made for the custody of lunatics in England was under the Vagrant Act of 1744, and we find the constable of Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, recording a charge of *8s. 6d.* for watching and whipping a distracted woman, while Shakespeare causes Rosalind to mention "the dark house and the whip" with which madmen were punished.

In the early ages madness was regarded as the substitution of an evil for the real personality, necessitating beatings, starvation and other harsh "curative" measures. Whether this was due to the teachings of ecclesiasts, to the indifference of governments, or to the ignorance of the masses, or to all these causes combined it is difficult to determine, but it is beyond dispute that where church and state have not been aggressively inhuman in their treatment of the insane the conservatism of both has retarded proper medical care, and it is the advance of science that has suppressed political and sacerdotal barbarities generally and in this particular.

In consequence of the general philanthropic movements that preceded the French Revolution, Chiarrugi in Italy was foremost in condemning the brutal measures in use in asylums under governmental and priestly control. Next, Pinel sought permission from suspicious and reluctant officials to unchain his lunatics, and denounced the cruel usages common even among medical men of his day.

As a rule the ordinary practitioner of medicine is but little in advance of the political and ecclesiastical confederates of his age; most are actuated by the same motives, are quite as mercenary and are but little less superstitious than their associates.

Dr. Conolly who made such great reforms, and Dr. Gardener Hill were denounced by the English clergy and their ignorant following, lay and medical, for unchaining pauper lunatics and thus imperiling the community. Quite recently in New York, the Rev. Mr. Gibson fought against non-restraint for the lunatics in the Utica asylum. A clergyman politician at the head of a certain State Board of Charity, expressed regret that this board had been compelled to make an investigation into a horribly mismanaged asylum, as the stigma outweighed the advantages of the investigation.

D. Hack Tuke, the editor of the *London Journal of Mental Science*, a few years ago looked into the Longue

Pointe and Beauport asylums in Canada, both of which were under the control of a church sisterhood. The report of that investigation is accessible to all, and the cruelties therein narrated are almost incredible. About weekly you will read in the daily newspapers an account of broken ribs or other evidences of harsh treatment in political insane asylums, may be a hint at a murder, but those responsible for such things "investigate" themselves, and the public is calmed or regard the matter as another piece of newspaper unreliability.

Scientific medicine has had to contend with the stupidity, arrogance, greed and inhumanity of the average physician as well as against similar traits in others; hence I repeat that to the scientist and to none other is due the credit of humane psychiatry.

Esquirol adhered to the policy of his master and instituted more careful observations and records of symptoms, enabling him to make important advances in treatment. Bayle, Calmeil, and since them, numerous others, not only in strictly medical fields, but such as Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Maudsley, Calderwood, Bain, Wundt, Carpenter, Meynert, Exner, Spitzka, through their biological researches have elevated psychological study to an exactitude little suspected by the mere prescription writer.

As Clouston says: "In a strict sense 'medical psychology' is a misnomer. If psychology is a real science it is one and indivisible, and you might as well talk of medical mathematics or medical physics. But as medical men seldom have the time, and only a few of them the special aptitude, for the study of the whole field of psychology, that portion of it which has a relation to their physiological studies and the practical work of their profession, has been divided off—not, it is true, by very defined lines—and called medical psychology, just as certain departments of electricity and acoustics may be called medical, *par excellence*. An unambitious definition of medical psychology might be 'mind—as it concerns doctors.'" "When we consider that one in every three hundred of the population is a registered lunatic, the marvel is how our profession has hitherto got along with so little systematic teaching or clinical experience of mental disease." It is owing to the ignorance among physicians of there being such a science as psychiatry (or psychological medicine), that they do not promptly seek the aid of the specialist in this department; but again, it is not so remarkable when we hear of the "busy general practitioner" with his crude apparatus and knowledge, undertaking eye and ear treatment, when only the very ignorant are unaware of the development of this branch of surgery as a separate science.

"It might well be argued," says Clouston, "that psychiatry is the highest branch of medicine, inasmuch as it is confessedly the most difficult, and relates to the most important part of man."

"Everything that lives, looked at from the evolutionary standpoint, tends toward mentalization, and all the tissues of all the nervous organs of all the types of animal life find their acme in the human brain convolutions. From the purely psychological point of view, too, a study of mental disorders is essential before the laws of mind will ever be understood. Pathological change always throws light upon physiological function."

Clouston's view that "mind—as it concerns doctors," is but a province of psychology, is true enough for the purposes of the alienist (the specialist in mental diseases), but as a specialist has been fairly described as "one who knows something of everything and everything of something," the alienist should be a psychologist in the broadest sense of the term. In his endeavor to make practical applications of physiological psychology he is or should be, *the* psychologist.

In addition to a medical education of a superior kind, which presupposes a respectable scientific and literary training, the practical psychologist should be able to read the three great living languages, for there is immensely more information of this kind printed in German than in French, and in French than in English. Including in his previous schooling such things as botany, zoölogy, geology, chemistry, he will find need for the superimposed biology, paleontology, physiological chemistry, practical microscopical study of the nervous system, which includes the brain, and not only the histology of man but of animals, and to some extent plants. Comparative anatomy, physiology and embryology as afforded by Huxley, Owen, Gegenbaur and Balfour, he will find fascinating reading, and his leisure can be profitably devoted to Herbert Spencer, from *First Principles* to *Sociology* and *Ethics*. He will thus be equipped to value the researches of Meynert, Exner, Munk, Guldén, Spitzka and other students of the minute anatomy of the brain. He then can estimate the importance and relationship of diseased brain and bodily conditions, found *post mortem*, with the carefully recorded observations made upon the living patient, in the way of a logical association of cause and effect.

In the better class of asylums in Europe the superintendent and his assistants are selected from among medical men for their special knowledge, of the kind mentioned, and their enthusiasm. Their abilities and singleness of purpose make them jealous of the care of their charges. They love their work; are proud of every success; they watch the progress of their cases and every physician, nurse and watchman is compelled to record full observations; the ignorant attendant is made less ignorant by training and is obliged to render proper service.

Such alienists are full of their subject and in love with it. Happily relieved by the government from any anxiety about getting a living, they are enabled to

develop astonishing skill in the care of the mentally un-sound; their writings abound in special journals and good work is promptly recognized and applauded by other alienists and the discoverer is stimulated to further successes.

The truly scientific individual detests an untruth, he has no use for shams, hypocrisy or pretense. Studying, as he does, facts from which to make deductions, falsehood is his abomination; and whosoever ventures into the circle of scientists and at any time in his career is discovered to have wilfully misstated, his place knows him no more, for upon the reliability of an observer depends the extent to which he will be quoted,—granting that his writings have any value. Bad logic might be overlooked, but a deliberate lie, never. Science thus begets truth and truth generates charity toward the unfortunate in proportion as truthful revelations disclose the frailties as well as the order of our human mechanism. Indeed one cannot be scientific unless he is sincere, believes in his work and is enthusiastic.

In such asylums development proceeds to such an extent, with the differentiation of labor, that admirable system and order arise beyond the comprehension of those unfamiliar with the work. Amid the exactitude demanded of each department to the common end that the insane shall be given their best chance toward a restoration to reason, cruelty can find no place and swift justice overtakes the attendant there in this day, if he uses undue force, to say nothing of blows, in managing his patients. There the doctrine of Celsus is not favorably regarded: "When the madman has done or said anything outrageous he is to be coerced with hunger, chains and stripes."

MONISM, DUALISM AND AGNOSTICISM.

BY PAUL CARUS, PH. D.

I define Monism as that conception of the world which traces *being* and *thinking*, the *object* and the *subject*, *matter* and *force* back to one source, thus explaining all problems from one principle. The word is derived from the Greek *monos*, alone, single, which is preserved in many other English words, as *monk*, a hermit who lives alone by himself; *monarch*, a ruler who rules alone by himself; *monotheism*, the doctrine that there is one God, etc.

Monism is thus opposed to dualistic views of life, according to which *being* and *thinking* are not only in opposition to each other but independent existences. To assert that the body is a material composition into which a soul has been placed, is dualism. Likewise it is dualism if you imagine that the soul, after death, leaves the body and lives somewhere by itself as a pure spirit. This rests on the dualistic assumption that an omnipotent spirit exists and was in existence before anything else existed; he created the material world, endowed it partly

with his spirit, and expects this spirit, after divers trials and tribulations, to return as pure spirit to himself.

If you take the very opposite view to this theological conception, it is generally styled *materialism*,—that the world was at some time only dead, inert matter, and that this dead matter, either by chance or by some process not yet fully understood, produced the wonderful cosmos with its feeling and thinking beings,—this is also dualism. Should you in either case object to the title of dualism, as you declare that in the former instance spirit is the one and only source of existence, and in the latter you propose matter to be the one and only principle from which all must be explained, monism nevertheless would be a wrong name. For in either case you have no unity of thinking and being but a oneness, which is gained by excluding the one or the other and reducing the world either to the former or the latter. Such conception of one-sided oneness I should rather call *henism*, from *heis, henos*, one. The root of the word henism is to be met with in a word like *hendiadys*, which, in rhetoric, is used if the same notion is presented in two expressions.

So monism does not only stand in opposition to dualism, but also to henism, viz.: that of materialism or of spiritualism. The unity of monism is not attained by denying the legitimate existence of either spirit or matter, force or matter, the subjective or the objective, but by treating both as a unity and having one common basis.

It is on this ground that all modern science rests; and especially physiological psychology is based upon it. German scientists were foremost to recognize the importance of this truth and accordingly they have coined the word monism.

The unity of spiritual and material processes in our brain was pointed out by many diligent workers in the fields of physiology, neurology and modern psychology. In a concise form, we have presented the monistic view to the readers of *THE OPEN COURT* in Professor Hering's excellent essay "On Memory." Let me quote from it a passage explaining the fundamental doctrine on which his inquiries rest:

"The physicist considers the causal continuity of all material processes as the basis of his inquiry; the thoughtful psychologist looks for the laws of conscious life according to the rules of an inductive method and assumes the validity of an unalterable order. And if the physiologist learns from simple self-observation that conscious life is dependent upon his bodily functions, and *vice versa* that his body to some extent is subject to his will, he has only to assume that *this interdependence of mind and body is arranged according to certain laws* and the connection is found which links the science of matter to the science of consciousness.

Thus considered, phenomena of consciousness appear

to be functions of material changes of organized substance and *vice versa*. As I do not wish to mislead, let me expressly mention, although it is included in the term function, thus considered, material processes of the cerebral substance appear to be functions of the phenomena of consciousness. For if two variables are dependent upon each other, according to certain laws a change of the one demanding a change of the other and *vice versa*, the one is called, as is known, a function of the other."

From the standpoint of monism the soul is no longer a metaphysical or transcendental entity. The soul consists of our feeling and thinking; as Wundt* says in his *Ethics*, p. 393: "The single activities of the soul as perceiving, feeling, willing, can be separated from the soul only by abstraction (or as English logicians would express it, by generalization). By themselves *they* are the ultimate indivisible elements of spiritual life. Thus if we want to take the soul as a separated entity, distinguishable from the contents of its consciousness, this soul is only an empty concept; we suppose it to be a real existence, while in reality, it is the mere unification and the constant cohesion of spiritual activities. As such, the soul is by no means an independent thing, which might be either a fact or postulate of experience; nor are perception, will or feeling, independent things."

Life is energy, and is produced according to the law of preservation and transformation of force. Heat may be changed into electricity, and any motion into either heat or electricity; so also life is a product of heat and it is no mere simile to say with Zoroaster and the fire-worshipping Sabians that the sun is the source of life and we derive our life from him. The molecular motion of the cosmic heat which, as we know, permeated the planetary system when it still was in the state of a gaseous nebula is the same heat which is now vibrating in the sunbeams, it can be and indeed *is* constantly transformed into that form of energy which we call life. The constituency of individual life is what we call *soul*, and this depends upon the form in which energy is manifested.

If Wundt calls the soul the mere unification and constant cohesion of spiritual activities, it is not to be thought of lightly as if it were a nonentity. It is the formal, as well as the formative principle, of its material existence, viz., the body. Mind is form; and the

*As the construction of the long German periods cannot be imitated in English without impairing the translation, I cite for German scholars the original version of the quoted passage:

"Wie die einzelnen, seelischen, Thätigkeiten, Vorstellen, Fühlen, Wollen, nur durch unsere Abstraction getrennt werden können, an sich selbst aber untheilbare Elemente des geistigen Lebens sind, so ist auch die Unterscheidung einer von dem Bewusstseinsinhalt verschiedenen Seele nur die Umwandlung des leeren Begriffes der Vereinigung und des stetigen Zusammenhanges der geistigen Thätigkeiten in ein reales Substrat. Dieses letztere ist in der That genau eben so wenig ein selbstständig in irgend einer Erfahrung gegebenes oder durch dieselbe gefordertes Ding wie Vorstellung, Wille, Gefühl selbständige Dinge sind."

importance of form as the spirituality of the world, we learn from the *beautiful* as it is represented in art. A poet of philosophical depth, as is Schiller, appreciated this truth when he identified *form* and *ideal* in his poem, "*Das Ideal und das Leben*," where he says:

"In den höheren Regionen,
Wo die reinen Formen wohnen . . ."

According to the principles of monism there can be no gap between the organic and the anorganic empire, and there is no doubt that all results of modern chemistry and physics favor a monistic solution. Professor W. Preyer, in discussing the hypotheses on the origin of life* rejects *generatio, æquivoca* and *heterogenesis*, and propounds that the interminable and beginningless motion of the world *is* life. Protoplasma is not a composition of dead anorganic substances, but organic life is an intrinsic, eternal, and indelible, quality of matter.

Monism is antagonistic to individualism, which treats the individual soul as an ultimate unit. Individualism is the tacit supposition of all utilitarianism in ethics, and, indeed, if the personal individual be an ultimate unit there is no reason why it should not consider itself the center of the universe. Individualism may be atheistic and deny the existence of a universal spirit, nevertheless it introduces another kind of God, the little God of man's own individuality, which, though insignificant, is no less dear to the single individual. Individualism considers all men as so many little Gods for whose gratification the world exists and moves. Monism teaches that single individuals are transient things which consist of the ideas they think and the ideals they aspire for. This affords a larger basis of ethics, which is neither exclusively altruistic nor exclusively individualistic and egotistic. It is not the individual who is an independent existence, but humanity which lives in the individual; and the great ALL lives in humanity. The individual is only one insignificant and transient state of the great development of human kind, it is one little link in the unmeasurable chain of life and its ultimate units, its feeling and thinking point beyond the narrow sphere of its existence. They point back to a distant past, for they are the outcome of the long development of former millenniums, and represent the labor of their ancestral generations. At the same time they point onward to the future as they are progressing, advancing and growing in every respect.

Monism is in opposition to the old theology, for there is no room in monism for the supernatural. Marvels and special revelations are impossible, if monism is a truth, and more than that, not only the intercession of a capricious Deity becomes a legend, but the supernatural itself is eliminated forever. In the monistic view, the supernatural exists neither *in* nor *above* nature. All is natural, and if you speak of God it is the great All in

which we live, and move, and have our being, of whom the Apostle says that in the end he will be all in all.

Monism has a definite and clear meaning, and should not be used for all kinds of doctrines which pretend to be unitary in some way or another. Nor should monism be identified with agnosticism. It is true that Haeckel says: "I believe that my monistic convictions agree in all essential points with that natural philosophy, which in England is represented as agnosticism." But mark, he does not say that he agrees with agnosticism. He agrees with the natural philosophy of men like Huxley, Tyndall and others on all essential points. But I doubt whether he would accept the philosophy of agnosticism.

Now, agnosticism is a philosophic view which professes to know nothing of the supernatural, and does not want to. The term was invented by Huxley, and I must confess it was no happy invention. To me it seems essentially the same as skepticism. Accordingly, I do not take it to be identical with monism, which is a doctrine of positive teachings, and asserts to know something. Their only point of convergency is that both reject a supernatural explanation of the world; both oppose dogmatical theology. But that is, as far as I can see, almost all. There is no positive statement made by agnosticism; both views have nothing in common but a common enemy,—supernaturalism. Agnosticism is a kind of transitory view which, if developed in the right direction, will lead to monism.

Spencer is generally styled an agnostic, and certainly he is no monist, although there are passages in his works which are decidedly monistic. In his ethics he is individualistic and utilitarian, and so on this most important ground he is, at least, not in consonance with monism. His doctrine of the Unknowable, it seems to me, is essentially agnostic, and even leaves room for the possibility of there being some supernatural existence.

How far Mr. Spencer is from monism, and how deeply he is entangled by his agnosticism, may be learned from some chapters of his *Psychology*, where he speaks of "the substance of mind." Although in other chapters he endeavors to formulate, and thus explain, all phenomena of mental life in terms of matter and motion, he declares, concerning "the substance of mind:" "We know nothing about it, and never can know anything about it." And the reason for its being unknowable is: "In brief, a thing cannot at the same instant be both subject and object of thought; and yet the substance of mind must be this before it can be known."

It is not my intention, now, to refute this assertion of Spencer's, nor will I enter into a discussion of his agnosticism; it would lead us too far. From the standpoint of monism a substance of mind is just as much a nonentity as a substance of electricity. Such ideas must be dropped as has been the doctrine of the *phlogisticon*, *i. e.*, the substance of fire, in which older physicists

* Rundschau, 1875, III, 55.

believed. In fine, it may suffice to state that monism is by no means identical with agnosticism. Just as well *something* may be like *nothing*, and the assertion that I know something of what is and is not, may be like the assertion that I know nothing beyond a certain sphere. In many respects the monistic view is even antagonistic to agnostic doctrines.

A CRITICISM OF MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S ARTICLE "JAILS AND JUBILEES."

PRESENTED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

I believe that the worst enemy of woman is woman; it is not only a matter of fact that we find the strongest adversaries of woman's rights among the fairer sex, but ladies are always severest in judging and condemning the real or supposed faults of their sisters. This truth was re-impressed upon my mind when I read Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's article "Jails and Jubilees," and it is the more noteworthy as she is one of the most prominent defenders of woman's rights. I never read a harsher criticism on Queen Victoria than hers.

It is not now the object to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of the Queen of England's government, but whatever we as Republicans may think of royalty, it is not just to make her personally answerable for social and political evils which are not in her power to mend.

It is a common saying among Englishmen that *a queen is the best king*, and this is said chiefly in remembrance of Queen Elizabeth and the present ruler of England. It certainly does honor to Queen Victoria. And if, after a long reign the English people intend to celebrate her jubilee, this shows that to a large extent they are satisfied with her doings.

Some ancestors of the Queen's were dissolute spendthrifts; she, as a good wife and mother is thought by many to have been too economical. If Queen Victoria saves money for her children she thereby sets a good example to her people and to us Americans also. Let us here not forget that saved money must be invested somewhere and that invested money is paid out for labor in some manner useful to the public and so helps to prevent poverty.

A stranger is not warranted in denouncing jubilees in foreign countries, just as a guest in our land ought not to scold us, if we prepare to celebrate a memorial day in honor of a national event.

It is the just pride of a mother to have many children and do her best for them. To say the least, it is very indelicate of Mrs. Stanton to speak of the queen's family as her "innumerable progeny." It is also unfair to disparage the Prince Consort whose noble-minded spirit is well known in history. His faithful efforts as private counselor of the Queen

and his promotion of industry, art and science should be especially appreciated, on account of his difficult position in his home and in an adopted country. Is it just to say of such a man that he "never uttered one lofty sentiment or performed one deed of heroism?"

And have not Queen Victoria and her husband shown to the world a model family life?

Mrs. Stanton, no doubt, has the best intentions in objecting to what she supposes to be extortion and tyranny, and I am sure she deserves the high reputation she enjoys for her active work in the elevation of woman; but all the more a *faux pas* of hers will be injurious to that cause. Certainly Mrs. Stanton will not promote it by rousing an unjust and useless indignation against a woman on a throne.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"The eternal silence of these infinite spaces terrifies me."—*Pascal*.
Space beyond space,—unthinkable,—eterne,—

Vainly we number add to number vast,
The limitless infinitude to learn;—

Where are the stars that should an index turn?
Where red resounding comet, flirting past?

Poor human heart! vainly thy pulses yearn;
Silence, eternal silence coldly reigns,

In heavy fall of darkness and dim night,
Thy cry of terror, thy appealing call

Go echoless along receding plains,
Where silence sits in her unconquered might.

Oh, silence! terrible is thy mute fall.

SONNET.

BY ILDA POESCHIE.

E'en like a sculptor, youth doth mold our faces;
At first as soft as artist's pliant clay,
Then like his marble fairer day by day
We grow, enriched by thousand changing graces.

Then youth withdraws and thoughtful, paces
In artist-mode, to gaze from far away;
But Time, the master, murmurs: "'Tis but play,"
And sternly chisels o'er these, deeper traces.

In vain youth's genius tries again to waken
The smiles that flitted o'er the dimpling cheek,
And since all beauty from his work is taken,

Another fresher model doth he seek;
And we are by our loving star forsaken,
While Time completes his sculpture week by week.

A great idea, a sublime purpose, slowly taking form, through years, possibly centuries, suddenly possesses an individual and stands forth incarnate. This individual is then the concrete expression of the best intuitions and highest aspirations of his time. Through him the ideal become real, and fresh impetus quickens humanity's pace toward the good. The influence of such an individual is incalculable. The memory of his character is potent with uplifting force; the more potent in that he has but exemplified some of the grand possibilities of human effort.—*G. M. B. in Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

The Open Court.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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LIBERALISM.

The word "liberal" in this country is commonly applied to unorthodox religious views, and to the person who holds to them. In the large class designated by the word are those of every degree of culture and social standing, of widely different tastes and of opposite views on almost every subject outside the province of demonstrable knowledge. Their agreement in rejecting theological dogmas by no means helps them to unity of thought in party politics, on questions of finance, on social problems, or respecting the multitude of other questions, practical and speculative, which constantly present themselves for the consideration of the thinker and the reformer.

In their religious views and attitudes even, liberals differ widely. Many have outgrown much of their old belief, yet feel an indefinable reverence for the Christian name, and derive satisfaction from the thought that the book in which their fathers and

mothers believed through all the tribulations of life, and found comfort in the solemn hour of death, is inspired, at least, in a general sense and to a greater extent than any other work. Others who utterly reject Christianity, considered as an extra-human element introduced into the life of the race, yet recognize it as a great system that has been suited to man's condition in the past, and that should now be interpreted with the most liberal construction, the name being retained and made to stand for the highest thought and noblest work of the age, the grandeur and glory of which they maintain is due, in no small degree, to the powerful impulse received from the character and teachings of Jesus. Others who decline to be called Christians, yet concede to Christianity, in common with Buddhism and other religious systems, an important part in the growth of civilization, and view it not with disdain, but as a religion which, with all its imperfections, has persisted because it has represented man's best thought and aspiration, from which it grew as naturally as the flower grows from the seed, the soil and the air. To many liberals, however, Christianity appears an unmitigated evil, a superstition, which, although it had its origin in innocent ignorance, and credulity, has been the greatest obstacle to human progress that man has had to encounter. Others still, although they belong to the class that the science of the age is leaving far behind, regard Christianity as an imposture, devised and designed by crafty men to enslave the human mind, and to enable them to control it in their own interests.

While some liberals have a firm belief in, and a reverent regard for the name of God, and a strong belief in a future life, others are unbelieving or doubtful as to these doctrines. Many who have rejected the authority of ancient revelations still believe in modern revelations from the spiritual world, and commune, as they think, with spirits directly or through "mediums." Other liberals regard spiritualism as a superstition worse than the one its adherents claim to have outgrown. Some liberals declare that the only real and permanent reality is mind, of which matter is but a conception or form of thought; others say that matter is the only reality while mind is but one of its properties or modes. Others hold that both mind and matter are phenomenal existences and manifestations of an ultimate reality, of which matter and force are but symbolical representations. In contrast to these several monistic conceptions are held dualistic theories, in which mind and matter are two principles, co-eternal, but distinct.

While to most liberals the word religion is pleasant to the ear and dear to the heart, since to them it

stands for the highest in thought and endeavor, to others who associate it with theological dogmas it is offensive; and such say, with Hobbes, that the only difference between religion and superstition is that religion is superstition in fashion, while superstition is religion out of fashion.

Liberals have arrived at the views they hold by different methods and under widely different conditions. One class has abandoned theological beliefs in an atmosphere of religious bigotry and under influences that have stimulated the critical and combative tendencies. Their zeal and their methods are very liable to be much like those of the theology which they imagine they have outgrown. Another class is composed of persons who have parted with their early religious beliefs amid influences in harmony with their feelings, who have but little, if any, knowledge of Holbach, Voltaire or Paine, who feel no hostility to Christianity, which, indeed, they would be glad to see reconciled with reason and common sense. In this class are included many Unitarians, whose position results from lingering feelings of attachment to a system which they have intellectually outgrown. Another class of liberals has never been much interested in religious subjects; has never had any personal experience of the suffering involved in the conscientious rejection of religious doctrines, once intensely believed, but is unbelieving from a predisposition to skepticism, from intellectual inability to accept unproved propositions and indifference to questions of a speculative and unverifiable character. Persons of this class are the least enthusiastic, the least aggressive and the least interested in special liberal organizations.

Then among liberals are those of constructive and destructive disposition—those who, even though they agree on many points, have but little community of thought or feeling in their work. Considered simply as a protest against prevailing theological beliefs, liberalism is necessarily iconoclastic, and when men first perceive the error and folly of dogmas in which they have been educated, without comprehending the positive thought that must replace the discarded doctrines, they are liable to put undue emphasis on the destructive side of thought, and to be unsympathetic in criticism, indiscriminating in denial and intemperate in denunciation. Such may feel more interest in a work pointing out the defects of the Bible than in that of the advanced liberal thinkers who are impressed with the importance of positive constructive work in the domain of science, history, art, and of political and social as well as religious reform, and are devoting their energies to their respective provinces with splendid results.

Thus we see that the word liberal as commonly used is applicable to a very large number of persons, among whom there is the greatest difference as to ability, attainments, aim and spirit and the greatest diversity of belief. When representatives of matured and scholarly thought find themselves classed with all sorts of cranks and self-styled "reformers" under the general name "liberals," and find their names used in connection with the crudest thought and often the wildest vagaries with which they have not the slightest sympathy, it is but natural that they should prefer to be known by some more definite name, and encourage the use of words which will make such distinctions as are necessary to a fair understanding of the positions of all thinkers and workers, thereby helping to remove that confusion in the public mind which associates the best thought of the age with all the fantasies, follies and fanaticism that pass current under the name of liberalism.

With so much diversity among liberals it is not strange that they have never united in a general organization. Organizations on the broad plan of the Free Religious Association, and of the Ethical Culture Societies have done and are doing good work, and they will continue to have earnest supporters in the future; but let no one imagine that the strength and value of liberalism are to be determined by its capacity for organization. Progress is now, as it has been in the past, along the line of existing beliefs and institutions; and its results are seen in the continual modifications of the old rather than in special creations of something new. They are observable in the tone of the press, in the teachings of the pulpit, in improved legislation, in the character of our general literature, in the growing charity and tolerance, and, above all, in the increasing intellectual freedom—a condition which insures progress in every direction. Without any great general organization, liberalism—all that is worthy of perpetuation comprehended under this name—is exerting everywhere, in the churches and outside of them, a profound, multiplex and far-reaching influence. Meanwhile all who are making direct contributions to the world's thought, or are stimulating others to think, are furnishing material for a great comprehensive system of philosophy, which, as Professor Denslow says in one of his essays, "will be too composite and heterogeneous to bear the stamp of any one thinker in any special degree of predominance over all others."

BLASPHEMY.

In the daily papers have been printed reports of the trial for blasphemy of Charles B. Reynolds, an ex-preacher of the Seventh-day Adventists, at Morristown, N. J. The ground of complaint was that

Reynolds had circulated a pamphlet ridiculing Christian doctrines and containing a cartoon representing himself as "Casting Pearls before Swine." He was defended with ability and eloquence by Col. Ingersoll, but was convicted and fined \$25, with costs. The law on which the indictment was based, is over a hundred years old, and has, as Ingersoll says, "slept like a venomous snake beneath the altar of liberty," this being the first blasphemy case ever tried in the State. From descriptions of it given in the papers, we infer that the pamphlet is coarse and of a character to reflect no credit upon its author, whose style and methods seem to be much the same that they were when he was a preacher; but on no just grounds can either the conviction, or the law under which the trial occurred, be defended.

Blasphemy is a fictitious offense, an imaginary crime for which the honest and best men have been subjected to imprisonment, torture and death. It is still punishable in the most enlightened countries at both common law and statute law. In England and in the United States are laws unrepealed under which are men, every now and then, tried, convicted and sentenced for expressing disbelief in God, in the Divinity of Christ, and in the superhuman origin and character of the Bible. Of late years there has been a disinclination in the secular courts to pronounce such disbelief blasphemy, and a disposition to make it consist rather in speaking, writing and publishing profane words, vilifying or ridiculing God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the scriptures or the Christian religion, in a way to bring it into contempt. According to the latest English judicial opinion, that of the Lord Chief Justice in the case of *Reg. vs. Foots*, no opinion, however anti-Christian or even atheistic, can any longer be regarded from a legal point of view as blasphemous. The blasphemy must consist in the manner in which the opinion is expressed, not in the character of the opinion. While this decision indicates progress, the law, as thus interpreted, is still open to grave objections. There are many whose opposition to popular religious belief, although far less effective than that of John Stuart Mill, George Eliot or Matthew Arnold, is just as sincere, and whose language must necessarily be more offensive to the rigidly orthodox. Why characterize their expressions as blasphemous? So long as theology teaches such absurdities as are in the creeds of the churches, it need not expect to escape being ridiculed more or less as people outgrow it. Its defenders should consider as Conway says: "That there are more muscles to draw the mouth up than to draw it down, and that man's control of his risibles has its limits." Did not the early Christians ridicule the faith of the Pagans and kick over their idols?

Were not cartoons and caricatures freely used by the Protestants against the Pope during the Reformation? True, we live in a better age, and coarseness in the advocacy of opinions is not in harmony with the best methods of the day, but let not the law impose upon the discussion of Christianity any restraints which are not imposed upon the discussion of other subjects. Science asks no protection from ridicule; none should be extended to Christianity. The law in regard to blasphemy should be abolished altogether. An expression of belief or unbelief should not be punished because it is offensive to those whose views are assailed. If men treat religious subjects in a manner contrary to good taste and good judgment, this offense can wisely be left to the condemnation of public opinion. Let the State not interfere.

The cause of free religious inquiry in Scotland has been greatly strengthened, as has already been noted in this journal, by the bequest of the late Lord Gifford, who has left £80,000 to establish four Lectureships or chairs of Natural Theology, one at each of the Scottish universities. It is a striking illustration of the growing liberality of thought in the church of Scotland, that several of her most distinguished professors have of late spoken in condemnation of the strict exclusion of all theological teaching, other than orthodox, in the universities. This splendid gift will secure the establishment and permanence of liberal religious teaching, which without this impetus would probably have been long deferred, since there is not as yet sufficient public or State approval to insure its adequate support. The conditions of the will require assent to no dogma or theological test whatever. The lecturers are to be entirely free to teach their own beliefs, whether they are Christians or Agnostics, in short "of any religion or way of thinking," the only requirement being that they shall be "reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers of and earnest inquirers after truth." The subject will be treated as a "natural science" and the lectures will be open to all who may wish to attend, whether students or not.

* * *

George J. Romanes writes on "The Mental Differences between Men and Women," in *The Nineteenth Century* for May. He regards the difference of brain-weight (which "is about five ounces") between the average men and women, as evidence of greater intellectuality in the former and finds it the result of the evolutionary process in which man has gained the advantage because of his constant leadership in the affairs of life. In some other respects he looks upon woman as the equal if not the superior of man, and grants her the superiority in not a few. While he insists that there are fundamental differences which

do and always will make man distinctly man and woman woman, he holds that the question of inferiority will be forgotten, as it deserves to be, and quotes Mrs. Fawcett, who says: "All we ask is, that the social and legal status of woman should be such as to foster, not to suppress, any gift for art, literature, learning, or goodness with which women may be endowed." The result of this will be the development of a constantly increasing measure of mentality in woman, uplifting her till she is the perfect complement of man.

* * *

Rev. W. Benham writes in *The Fortnightly Review* for May administering a well-deserved rebuke to Dean Burgon, whose article in a recent number criticising Canon Fremantle, was bigoted and intolerant in the extreme. Mr. Benham asserts that there are large numbers of the clergy who no longer accept the views of Dean Burgon, and to whom his "furious onslaughts" in a style "which may be called noisy and violent," are anything but convincing. The theory of evolution which Dean Burgon calls "the weakest of unphilosophical imaginations," is one which is recognized by the clergy as being strong reinforced by evidence and is being accepted by many of them whole or in part. Thus Mr. Benham says, "The Dean may be assured that the case has hopelessly gone against him here," and "that he will soon be left alone."

* * *

Of great interest to the antiquary is the discovery of the mummy of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Bible, during whose reign the Israelites are said to have "sighed by reason of their bondage." The tomb containing the mummy of the great king, as well as of those of about forty other kings, queens and princes, has long been known to a few of the natives, but was kept a secret by them for pecuniary reasons, until Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bûlâq Museum at Cairo, was guided to its entrance by an Arab who had been led to betray his trust by a liberal offer of "bakhshish." The royal mummies were taken out and unrolled, whereupon abundant evidence was found to show that they were indeed those of the Egyptian "oppressor" and his ancestors. They were soon taken to Cairo, where, incased in glass, they may be seen at the Bûlâq Museum.

* * *

The "Hydrophobia Bugbear" is the subject of an article by Dr. Edward C. Spitzka in *The Forum* for April. The results of careful investigation have led him to believe that a large majority of cases of so-called rabies are spurious, the real trouble being that the persons bitten become so wrought upon by fear that nervous disorders of peculiar characters are the results. He adduces

cases of apparent hydrophobia produced by the bite of dogs that were not mad, as their ultimate recovery proved. He looks upon the institutes for the cure of rabies as means of increasing the popular apprehension, and consequently of developing a larger number of supposed cases. Lastly, he declares that the symptoms that are commonly assigned to rabies are fictitious; that it is impossible for a dog to inoculate a man with a disposition to bark and run about on all fours, just as it is impossible for a man to inoculate a dog with the power of speech and an upright gait, and demands that this truth be at once inculcated in the public mind.

* * *

Apropos of the much debated term "Agnostic," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in a recent lecture given at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Mass., on "The Ignorant Classes," said:

This is a subject we hear much about nowadays. I would first ask, in relation to it, "Ignorant of what?" All people are ignorant in some respects. There is individual ignorance and class ignorance. People of philosophical habits in these times call themselves "agnostics," which, were it not for a former political significance of the name, might be translated, "know nothings." Such people have in all ages kept in view the limitations of knowledge, and the boundless extent and number of the things worthy to be known; they described themselves ignorant in view of the immense disproportion between what they wish to know and what they can know.

* * *

Matthew Arnold reviews the course of recent British politics "Up to Easter," in *The Nineteenth Century* for May. He finds anything but a satisfactory past; Liberal politics having long been affected with "half-heartedness," and not being "sanguine" about their future, he favors the continuance in power of the Conservative party, and asks, "Why, then, should we be so very eager to take up again with the 'tabernacle of Moloch,' Mr. Gladstone's old umbrella, or the 'star of our god Rumphan,' the genial countenance of Sir William Harcourt, merely in order to pass forty years in the wilderness of the Deceased Wife's Sister?" If the government will quell anarchy in Ireland, give her a sound plan of local government and make the land laws just, he will support it, and he believes that the British people will do the same.

* * *

The Westminster Review, entering upon its sixty-fourth year becomes a monthly, and issues an announcement of its purposes past and present. It has been called "The Cradle of English Liberalism" and was one of the first voices raised in favor of free trade. It becomes a monthly publication in answer to the demand for periodical literature which the constantly increasing liberalism of the age is making.

* * *

Original contributions from the pen of Prof. F. Max Müller, will soon be printed in THE OPEN COURT.

COPE'S THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION.

BY DR. EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part II.

If refutation and not elucidation were the object of this criticism, we might leave Professor Cope's theological craft hopelessly wrecked among the psycho-physical breakers. Before having come within fair sight of biology and evolution, the venturesome sailor struck the most perilous reef in the wide sea of knowledge, where so many goodly ships have stranded. The strait between Scilla and Charybdis was not more fatal to ancient voyagers, than the puzzle of mind and body proves to be to modern philosophers.

The conclusions of the *Theology of Evolution* having been reached through biological studies from the evolutionary standpoint, we will first show what strange logical outcomes this mode of procedure involves, and then we will endeavor to estimate the merits of Professor Cope's peculiar views of vitality and evolution, that have seemed to him to warrant his theological speculations. This biological examination will compel us to give careful attention to the great problem of the relation of mind to organization.

Professor Cope's Deity or "great Mind," to whose "active exercise of mentality" we are told "all evolution is due," must—when rightly contemplated,—be deemed vastly *inferior* in all essential respects to the "lesser minds" that are "a part or fragment of it." On first consideration it may appear rather strange that fragments should be so much superior to the whole from which they are derived. But, then, we would naturally suppose, or at least we would sincerely hope on moral grounds, that this active exercise of mentality on the part of the great Mind, to which evolution is due, is being exerted to some good or useful purpose. It would be token sheer insanity in the great Mind to amuse itself, by most laboriously splitting its being into a number of lesser minds that were not an improvement upon its own undivided self. The great Mind is conceived as connected with the wholly unorganized state of matter; indeed as being the property of the primordial "unspecialized" substratum, with which evolution starts. Now, we all know, that in proportion as matter gains in significance and efficiency by the progressive evolution of organic forms, the mind of these forms gains likewise in significance and efficiency. This at least is what experience clearly proves. The scale of progressive evolution, in which organic *forms* are ranged, is also the scale of progressive *mental* evolution. The less advanced the organization, the more inferior the mind. And as the great Mind is the property of wholly unorganized matter, it must necessarily be the most inferior of all minds.

And when it comes to the higher exhibitions of mentality, the Godhead lodging in primordial matter is left still more incommensurably behind. Professor Cope

says himself, that "the knowledge of what is right and the disposition to do right" are faculties that "have been developed by use into the habit of so acting; and the acts which men perform naturally follow the organized character they possess." The moral nature of man as evinced in his social relations is an effect of "the mutual pressure each man causes toward his fellow men with regard to his conduct toward him." (p. 35.) It strictly follows, that the Deity, who has no "organized character," and who does not enter into social relations, must be totally devoid of morality.

It is evident then, that the great Mind of the theology of evolution, if it existed at all, would be mentally deficient, and a moral nonentity.

Furthermore, if mind is a property of matter, as Professor Cope maintains, and if, as he willingly concedes, just in proportion as matter becomes more highly organized, the mind connected with it becomes also more highly developed,—what under these conditions are our chances of immortality? An "inseparable bond" binds us "forever to a material basis." The material basis undergoes after death a rapid retrograde metamorphosis; it follows that the qualities or faculties of our mind, which had entirely depended on high-wrought vital organization, decay and dissolve at least as rapidly as their material substratum. Our immortality would then consist of whatever mind is left in the scattered elements of decomposition; the mind of water, carbonic acid, ammonia, etc.

It must not be thought that the plain and rudimentary remarks we have just been making were advanced merely to divert ourselves at the expense of a Deity who is the property of matter. We understand perfectly well how a philosophical naturalist and especially a biologist, finds himself utterly incapable of conceiving mind, individual or general, floating about in vacancy attached to nothing. In exposing here the absurdities to which the conception of mind, independent of organization, necessarily leads, we had in view not only the special conception of the "great Mind" of the *Theology of Evolution*, but the conception of any kind of mind not connected with organized individuality.

No one can be more realistically aware of the dependence of mental evolution on organic evolution than Professor Cope, who has studied so minutely and understandingly the correspondence obtaining between the progressive scale of life and that of mind, as traceable in the records of our planet. How, then, has so highly distinguished a scientific observer and thinker ever come to indulge in such fantastic notions about the objects of theological faith? The reason is not far to seek. Just because Professor Cope is not a mere narrow specialist, but is sympathetically alive to the great questions of our time; for this reason have his scientific researches—however accurate and important in themselves—

conducted to yield to him answers also to those great open questions, on which our ultimate hopes and fears are pending. He himself says: "An occasional flight into this region of thought at least brings the thinker into sympathy with the thoughts of his fellowmen." (*O. of F.*, p. 420). We heartily approve of this sentiment and willingly follow him in his larger quest, knowing well that careful researches into the constitution of reality furnish the right medium for such "occasional flights." It is no longer from verbal traditions or conceptions about the concerns of the world, it is from a scientific insight into the world itself, that the rational mind is expecting a solution of these supreme questions,—questions whose accepted answers have ever been molding and will continue to mold, social conduct. To understand our present philosophical and scientific position toward them, we have to go back to the starting point of modern science.

Descartes was the first to draw a sharp line between a material world governed by *mechanical necessity*, and a mental world deriving its *ideal inspirations* from God, the *ens realissimum*. Mechanical principles were soon mathematically systematized and brought to bear on the outer world with a success that initiated a new era in human thought. The chaos of capricious occurrences that had made up the previous conception of nature became in this steady light an ordered universe, following with never-failing constancy and precision the laws of mechanical necessity. But now, more than ever, the two disparate spheres, that of mind and that of matter, seemed utterly incommensurable, the former originating intuitively and at will its wide range of pliant figurations, the latter proceeding undeviatingly through time and space, rigorously compelled from moment to moment by equivalent causation.

There remained, however, one domain of material existence which refused to comply so readily with the demands of mechanical science. To unsophisticated observers the body of living beings seemed to be formed and actuated by forces not reducible to the mechanical standard. Descartes himself—blinded by the recent discovery of the circulation of the blood, which he believed to be an entirely mechanical phenomenon—would not admit such a distinction between organic and inorganic nature. He simply and consistently declared all organisms to be nothing but mechanical automata to which, in the special case of the human organism, a thinking soul was superadded. To subsequent observers, living organisms, in which mind and body are so strangely blended, became the hotly contested ground, for the possession of which were struggling, on the one side the mechanical interpretation, on the other side the supernatural interpretation. And one must confess that it is in all reality, a trying task to make out how far mechanical laws have here sway, and how far other explanatory principles have to

be called in. One is forced to recognize that the organism is interposing a specific medium between the mutual intercourse of the physical and the psychical order.

The modern world-conception had, then, three distinct spheres of *manifest* existence to harmonize, the outer universe, the organism, and the mind. And it is in this perplexing endeavor that we find ourselves still busily engaged.

Kant, inspired by Newton, framed the nebular hypothesis, accounting on mechanical principles for the present disposition and motion of cosmical masses. Under this point of view it became obvious that organic beings must have been somehow evolved during the development of our planet. Kant himself tried hard to extend the mechanical interpretation to organic forms, for he firmly believed that teleological considerations had to be excluded from the science of the material world. But he was too profound and conscientious a thinker not to become convinced that the manifest teleological constitution of organic forms and functions cannot possibly be mechanically explained. He formulated a theory of descent and gradual development much earlier than Lamarck and others, but found himself, even then, driven to assume that our mother earth must have given birth to primitive organisms which contained potentially the generative drift of all succeeding evolutions of living beings. This hypothetical endowment of our planet with an all-efficient maternal fecundity was, however, little in keeping with its avowed mechanical constitution. Evidently, the origin and development of living beings in the course of *mechanical* world-formation was as perplexing a question then as it is at the present day, despite the specious discussions of the *Synthetic Philosophy*. Mechanical evolution and organic evolution cannot be made to blend harmoniously.

And, from another point of view, the fundamental divisions of our modern world-conception refuse no less to blend. For how is mechanical necessity to be reconciled with volitional activity of a hyper-mechanical kind? Kant, who examined our mental constitution more exhaustively than had ever been done before, discovered nothing but necessity in its immediate interaction with the outside world. Perception, as well as conception, seemed to him strictly determined by arrangements not allowing any free play on the part of our volition. Our mental faculties he held to be competent to deal only with the sensible world. And everything appertaining to the sensible world was in his opinion governed by fixed and unalterable conditions.

There was, however, still one outlet left for liberty to assert itself. For, however complete the sway of necessity may be in our world, it cannot be denied that in our moral actions at least, we do not yield to it. With a transcendent power of spontaneous or free causation, emanating from the depth of our being, we overcome

mechanical compulsion and bend it to our higher purpose. We impose on the insentient mechanism of nature the moral injunctions recognized by reason. Kant accounted for this enigmatical power of ours to transfigure the physical nexus of perceptible things in conformity with ideal conceptions; a power which he erroneously restricted to purely moral doings, he accounted for it, by making it flow into nature from a supernatural sphere, where he believed our moral being to have its veritable home.

This breaking through natural law from above and within by strength of free volitional causation, sanctioned thus by the leading thinker of the age, was soon followed by a general revolt against physical necessity. Spreading from Germany to France and eventually to England and America, this philosophical re-assertion of human spontaneity received additional impetus from individual and social aspirations, roused by Rousseau, the French revolution, and Shakespeare, and soon it fused its own spirit of freedom together with that of the renaissance and the reformation, into one impetuous protest against the deadening fatalism of inflexible causation and external compulsion.

To understand the enthusiasm which this movement kindled and is still sustaining, a movement represented by Emerson in this country, by Coleridge and Carlyle in England, by Cousin and Jeffroy in France, by Fichte, Schelling and Hegel in Germany. Fully to understand this excessive outburst of mental exultation we have to remember that Newton's method of interpreting physical phenomena had gained ascendancy also in the interpretation of mental phenomena. The sensation-philosophy, which became victorious in England and France, originated avowedly in the attempt to explain mental occurrences according to Newton's method. And even Kant declared his researches into the constitution of the mind to be guided by Newtonian principles. The prevailing philosophical impression was, that mental phenomena are subject to a causal enchainment as rigorously determined as that of physical phenomena. In its extreme nihilistic form the sensation-philosophy had reduced us and the world to a congeries of elementary sensations, constituting through gradually established habits of association a matterless, soulless, Godless realm of phantasmal appearances.

This self-annihilating view of things was by no means flattering to human pride, nor could it be any more reconciled with the actual experience of volitional spontaneity than the theological dogma of predestination. We cannot wonder, then, that those, who under the influence of free-thought had liberated themselves from the authority of biblical traditions, without becoming converts to the scientific creed, gave now eager welcome to this rationalistic re-assurance of individual self-determination.

Meanwhile, natural science, within its own domain, followed triumphantly its clearly defined course, explaining physical occurrences by means of the agitation, aggregation, or dispersion of masses through mechanically imparted motion, and feeling baffled only when brought face to face with the problems of vitality and organization. Here, mechanical effectuation was more or less clearly discerned to be incompetent to build up organic forms and to infuse life into them. Thus, while physicists in their special field of research had long ceased to have recourse to supernatural aid, biologists felt still compelled to invoke some kind of *deus ex machina*, if not always to explain vital phenomena, then at least to account for the origin of living beings.

Linnæus by a gigantic effort, had succeeded in bringing order into the chaos of organic forms. This order, by which naturalists now for the first time were enabled to subdue to human comprehension a vast confusion of morphological similarities and differences—was based on the special creation and subsequent stability of every distinct species. And though in the course of time evolutionary ideas of various description came to haunt biological science, serious investigators were naturally loath to relinquish the principles underlying their well-systematized knowledge, only to adopt some other insufficiently supported theory. This feeling among biologists was still paramount when Darwin's work on the *Origin of Species* made its first appearance and turned forever the tide in favor of gradual and progressive evolution.

The scientific persuasiveness of Darwin's view lay in the demonstration of natural selection as a directing influence actually at work during the struggle for existence; an influence eliminating less useful and preserving more useful variations, so that the latter are enabled to cumulate in the race. The occurrence of a profusion of most manifold variations is presupposed in this evolutionary conception. But this was no serious hindrance in the way of its acceptance, for the existence of frequent variations from the scientifically fixed types had proved too perplexing to professional systematizers to have been overlooked. So soon, then, as natural selection was admitted to be a veritable cause furthering the cumulation of varieties in specific directions, the entire domain of organic forms became fluent to the mind's eye, and was perceived to have been always plastic to this same molding influence. Geology, paleontology, comparative anatomy, embryology, all chimed in to confirm this newly acknowledged truth of gradual transformation and to emphasize its progressive tendency.

It is a historical fact which can never be overturned, that the adoption of the evolution-hypothesis on the part of science, and the general spread of the evolutionary world-conception, have to be dated from Darwin and from no one else.

Mechanical biologists were not slow to make most of this mode of organic development and adaptation, effected seemingly by purely physical causes without the help of any teleological principle. Some of us, however, knew at once that natural selection itself cannot rightly be taken as the productive cause of organic evolution. For, it is obvious that an occurrence which enables something to be preserved does nowise account either for its production or for its actual mode of preservation. Natural selection can only *favor* the preservation of what was brought into existence and is being preserved by other means. Yet, it must be admitted that natural selection possesses a kind of shaping efficiency, an efficiency remotely akin to that of the sculptor who forms his statue by chiseling off chip after chip of useless material. Darwin had before him the results of artificial selection, where the breeder by cumulating varieties in intended directions, succeeds in transforming organic shapes and functions to suit his purpose. In natural selection the specific surroundings, by means of which and against which organic life is carried on, constitute a positive influence favoring those individuals that happen through advantageous variations to be best adapted to the given situation.

But how do advantageous variations come into existence? This, after all, is the cardinal problem of evolution. And it is the one to whose solution Professor Cope is principally devoting his energies. Not the *survival* of the fittest, but "The *Origin* of the Fittest."

What is the power that from within creates those progressive modifications of structure and function, through which organisms become not only better adapted to the relations already subsisting between them and their medium, but through which, moreover, entirely new relations are originated, extending in additional specific ways their sphere of interaction.

Here, in a more definite form than ever before, the great strife between external mechanics and internal spontaneity, the old, old strife between cosmical necessity and individual liberty, is again forcing itself upon our attention. A few years ago mechanism in the domain of organic life seemed to have it all its own way. Now, in various guises spontaneity is beginning to reassert itself. The belief is gaining ground that a definite formative and evolutionary power has inhered in primitive forms of life, compelling—as in reproductive germs—all succeeding developments. And the notion that mental propensities in the form of wants and desires are operative in shaping organic structure is likewise coming to the front again. Both these ideas were expressed by Lamarek, who said: "The vital power would produce a continuously graduated scale of development if the modifying influences of the medium were not interfering." And: "Needs produce organs, habits develop and strengthen them." The former idea we

find already by Kant, the latter by Diderot, who maintained that "organs produce needs, and that reciprocally, needs produce organs."

It now devolves upon us to consider carefully the special theories, by means of which Professor Cope and other biologists endeavor to account for this supreme fact of evolution,—the production of advantageous variations.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. SAMUEL KNEELAND ON CREMATION.

To the Editors:

BOSTON, MAY, 1887.

Dr. Samuel Kneeland recently read a paper before the Parker Memorial Science Class on "Cremation, and other Methods of Disposing of the Dead," an abstract of which, it is believed, will interest the readers of THE OPEN COURT.

All nations the lecturer said appear to have believed in a life after death, and have, according to their ideas of this after-life, taken what they considered the very best measures to secure to their deceased relatives the enjoyment of a heaven, as far as funeral rites were concerned. Of the four principal modes of mummification, aerial exposure, burning and interment, he spoke at length only of the last two. He described the process of mummification, as practiced by the Egyptians, and exhibited photographs of the recently opened mummy of Rameses II, to show that the natural forces of decay, though long arrested, will at last prevail—perhaps to the great danger of the living. They believed that, after 3,000 years, the dead awoke to immortal life on earth; hence their devices to preserve their bodies. He alluded to the drying processes used by the Guanches, and the exposure by the Parsees of their dead to the beaks of vultures. Before the Christian era both burial and burning were in use, though the latter was the more ancient, it is mentioned by Homer, and was occasionally employed by the early Romans, and also under the Empire, and until Christianity in the fourth century had made burial the rule. Among the Jews burial was the custom, but we find that the bodies of Saul and his sons were recovered after the battle against the Philistines, that they might be burned, as a mark of special honor. In the fourth century, burning fell into disuse, and since this inhumation has been the general custom. Some have pretended that this so-called Christian rite was due largely to the idea that burning would interfere with the final resurrection of the body, and some religious enthusiasts still make this objection. When we reflect that, after all, it is only a more or less rapid oxidation, whether we burn or whether we bury, and that the result is the same, this objection seems frivolous; it certainly cannot be a matter of any theological importance whether this is accomplished by slow and dangerous underground decomposition or by the speedy safe agency of heat; the miracle of re-creation of the body at any future day of judgment would in either case be the same. Said the Bishop of Manchester, England, in 1880, at the dedication of a cemetery: "I hold that the earth was made for the living, not for the dead. No intelligent faith can suppose that any Christian doctrine can be affected by the manner in which, or the time in which, this mortal body crumbles into dust."

It has come now to be a recognized opinion among sanitarians and philanthropists that earth burial is attended with an ever-increasing danger in large populous communities. The abomination of burial in churches, once so common, has long been abolished, except in very exceptional cases, as Nelson and Wellington. He adduced many instances to show how the soil of church-yards

has been raised several feet by the accumulated remains of the dead, and so saturated therewith that the water and the air in their neighborhood were actually poisoned, and the cause of many fatal epidemics. The amount of ground used for cemeteries, which might be occupied for the support of the living, is very great—not less than 4,000 acres in the immediate vicinity of New York city; according to reliable statistics, with the probable increase of population in the next fifty years, there will be 500,000 acres devoted in the United States to earth burial. From this point of view, grave-yards are desecrated rather than consecrated grounds. We cannot hope to have pure air, pure water, or pure soil in the vicinity of grave-yards; the city of Philadelphia is most unfortunately situated in this respect, receiving into the Schuylkill, above the dam, the drainage of not less than 80,000 graves. Hundreds of cases, from Hannibal to the London plague of 1854 could be mentioned to prove the fatal effects of disturbing old cemeteries; the so-called "Roman fever" is due less to the miasmata of the marshes than to the emanations from a soil saturated for centuries by the remains of millions of the dead. Decomposition in the earth resolves the body less into dust than into gases; the former is only four to five pounds of lime salts, the latter escape into the air, or are absorbed by the roots of plants to produce a useless fertility. Man, by his mode of interment, contrives to prolong to the utmost the possibility of poisoning earth, air and water. In the grave of six feet in depth there is no access to the minute creatures which rapidly destroy flesh on or near the surface; the devouring worm is a myth, and chemical decomposition is what occurs; the microbes do their share of the work of putrefaction near the surface and in the early processes. There is, however, a way in which the health of thickly settled communities can be protected against the dangerous emanations from the bodies of those who die in our midst, and at the same time fulfill all religious, sacred, loving and tender duties to them, and that is by burning or "cremation."

Attention was prominently drawn to this process in 1873, at the Vienna Exposition, by the results of scientific cremation exhibited by Professor Brunetti; since then the progress of this reform has been shown by the establishment of many crematories, especially in Italy and Germany, and some half a dozen in this country, by treatises on the subject in all civilized languages, and the springing up of hundreds of societies, one even in Boston; so that this process, at first called barbarous and heathenish, is now recognized by most scientific physicians and thinking men and women, as destined to supersede earth burial in populous communities. It is a process of great scientific skill to reduce the body by the application of intense heat into its elements at once, and without the flame coming into contact with it. The history of cremation in this country is very brief. The first practical movement was in New York in 1874, in 1884 there were two crematories in the United States, both in Pennsylvania; there are now three others which have cremated to the present time about 250 bodies; in England there are three, in Italy twenty, and several in Germany; in Italy at least 500 have been burned, and in Germany, principally in Gotha, more than 250; there are also hundreds of societies and a dormant one in Boston. He described the process as performed in Gotha, Milan, Washington, Pa., and Fresh Pond, L. I.; the oven is a fire-clay retort, of a special shape such as is used in making gas and is heated to 1,500 to 1,750 degrees Fahrenheit. The time required is about one and one-half hours, and the result is between four and five pounds of calcined bones which readily fall into small fragments and ashes; there is neither odor nor smoke, no fuel or flame comes into contact with the body, nor is there any sight or sound to offend the most fastidious. The objection that criminal practices might thus be masked is fully met by the stringent laws by which such corporations are bound, and which would rather prevent or detect murderous deeds.

This would save expense and vain show at funerals, without interfering with any religious ceremonies and also much dangerous exposure at the grave in inclement weather. The expense, both in Europe and this country, is from twenty-five to thirty dollars, not half the cost of an ordinary casket; the aggregate saving in the United States annually by cremation would amount to many million dollars, which sum is not only thrown away, but serves to perpetuate and extend a custom dangerous to the living. Undertakers, at first, would object, but they would soon find some way gracefully to yield, and get comfort and cash out of cremation. Rich and poor would then be served alike, and the equality of the dead—a few handfuls of ashes—would be a verity. The work of years is thus done in an hour—the horrors of the grave are done away with—no robbery and mutilation of the dead can occur. We may have in an urn all that is earthy of our relatives, while the ethereal particles, set free by heat, dwell in the bright sunlight and not in the dark, damp ground. Our prejudices, sympathies and sentiments at first rebel against cremation, but as rational beings we should not allow our emotions to run away with our reason, in a matter so important as this. The living have the best right to live, irrespective of the dead, and to enjoy that immunity from many diseases arising from foul air, impure water and poisoned earth, which they are entitled to receive from the progress of sanitary science. "God's acre" shall then cease to be a plague spot, and the earth shall be the home and the support of *life* and not the bed of *death*. *

GOOD AND BAD.

To the Editors:

Fully appreciating the well-defined merits of what has been said in *THE OPEN COURT* relating to good and evil, I am still impressed that these terms have each a positive and a relative character.

As to good, *in a moral sense*, it must necessarily have a fixed, and invariable standard, in which a vicious will can have no companionship. This attitude alone would represent the positive; and the expression good, in its common usage, as applied to material things, may embrace a countless number of varying states and conditions; and, as a matter of course, would represent the relative.

Now, as to the origin and basis of the positive, speculate as we may can we find its home anywhere outside of the order of nature? It belongs to the fitness of things, to the harmonies of the infinite parts of the inconceivably grand whole as they go their perpetual round, and where else could this fitting in of a sentient factor have been derived? It came as intelligence came; but unlike the slow growth of intelligence through the processes of evolution, it came out of the ages known only to matter and form, to guide intelligence to happiest results, complete and ever unchangeable. We say "it came," etc., in the absence of a conception tending to any other deduction rationally considered; not from the average will of man, surely.

That man is, in a varying and limited sense, endowed with an independent will, no one will deny; and, if we take proper thought, it will readily appear that man unpossessed of this faculty would be far less than what he is, and that the evolution of sense would have been arrested by the default of nature, on the verge of completion. Not a supposable case!

It is religiously expressed or implied, that the Decalogue—the story of its origin not taken into consideration—embraces the sum and substance of all moral law. This is wide of the truth! For example: Are the endless evils which are everywhere arising out of social and political states, in a general way fostered and condoned, less inimical to morality, less chargeable to individual responsibility, than are the offenses named in the Decalogue? If one is constrained to say no; why, then, should the religious world pass them by?

We hold to personal responsibility for departures from moral law by the same rule which effects to govern the decisions of civic courts, viz: the degree of volition, hereditary bias, etc., as we are compelled to regard man, in large part, as a being subjective in the matter of character to his surrounding conditions, and to ancestral impress.

It needs but a few words to illustrate relative good. It is enough to say, that morality is not specially embraced in its application. It can only comprehend that which may give *rational* satisfaction to the individual and the public, in matters public and private.

C. K. D.

THE MONTANA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR INDIANS.

To the Editors:

BOSTON, MASS., May, 1887.

This school, recently established under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, in charge of Rev. Henry F. Bond, is now in operation. More than half its present quota of thirty pupils are enrolled, and the rest will doubtless enter as soon as roads in the Crow reservation are passable.

This is what Rev. J. B. Harrison, who has recently visited it, terms "the one lone lorn Indian Mission School of the Unitarian denomination." Now that the Dawes Law in Severalty, and Indian Citizenship Bill is the law of the land, it is incumbent on every friend of the Indian and every good citizen to aid in fitting him for the proper exercise of the rights with which he has been clothed. It is a work that appeals alike to all of the liberal faith, to whatever wing they may belong, and on which we can stand shoulder to shoulder with good men of every denomination and every shade of religious belief. Our appeal in behalf of the Montana school is made only to those of what are called the liberals, simply because the "evangelical" or "orthodox" churches have for years been at large outlay in maintaining Indian schools on the reservations: while we, for reasons which have been already set forth, have been idle. The work has at last been begun, and we ask for it the sympathy and support of all good men or women, who have not already identified themselves with some other Indian educational work. Our earnest and faithful missionaries, Rev. and Mrs. Henry F. Bond, and Miss May Crosby, who have heroically undertaken this pioneer work, should be cheered and encouraged by our sympathy and support. Funds are needed for the more complete equipment of the school, and for the support of the superintendent and his employes. The debt on the building and outfit is about half paid. Fifteen hundred dollars are yet due, for which we ask contributions. Boys' clothing is greatly needed, and gifts of new or worn garments for boys from eight to eighteen years, or of material from which to make them, are asked for. The Crow Indians have never had any missionary or educational work done among them, with the exception of a small government school at the agency. The tribe numbers about 3,500, of whom 800 are children of school age. They are naturally wild and debased, but are docile, and not inclined to intemperance. They are honestly endeavoring to obey the injunctions of their Great Father at Washington, and are selecting their allotments and building houses upon them. The government has sent out farmers to live among them, to show them how to cultivate the ground, how to build houses, and how to live in them in a civilized way. They have always been the friends and allies of the whites, and ready to take up arms against any tribe at war with the United States, even though they were their life-long friends. For this reason they have been hitherto neglected by the missionary bodies, who devoted themselves to the conversion of the tribes from whom the whites had most to fear. This unjust neglect of our steadfast friends should now be put an end to, and every effort should be made to educate and civilize them. It is a work requiring heroic self-sacrifice, zeal, and patience for its successful accomplishment, and the liberal and cordial aid of all its friends.

Shall not our faithful workers have the cheering assurance of our cordial sympathy and support in their great undertaking?

Contributions may be sent to me at No. 25 Beacon st., Boston.

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

To the Editors:

Just now as I took up THE OPEN COURT of March 17, my eye rested upon an article entitled "The Rights of those who Dislike Tobacco." This is a class to which I belong, and I at once read the article to which I give my hearty indorsement, having recently been a victim to the monstrous selfishness of smokers. The fatigue and annoyances of travel are much lessened by the delightful cars offered to the public for a certain price; but the comfort of both men and women is outraged to a degree not to be tolerated, by the indifference of railroad officials to the unpardonable conduct of men who indulge in smoking without regard to the effect upon others. This annoyance which is distressing enough in the Pullman cars is increased in the Mann Boudoir which by their compartment system offer the much needed seclusion and rest to the weary traveler; the omnipresent smoker because he is hidden from view, either imagines the odor will not penetrate farther than his apartment, or is quite indifferent as to whether it does or not, so that he is unmolested in his enjoyment. The air passes freely through the wicker-fashioned ventilators and is unobstructed in permeating every portion of the car. It dries and parches the throat and nostrils of those who have not rendered insensible the lining membrane of these organs by use of the vile weed, nausea is produced, and the otherwise pleasant journey is rendered miserable. As the writer of the article referred to, very truly says, we pay as much for our seats as the smokers pay for theirs, and we are entitled to the comfort the car affords. There ought not to be a smoking-room in any way connected with the parlor cars or sleepers. The smoking car should be an entirely separate coach, and strict laws ought to be enforced in regard to smoking on the train in any other car than the one provided for that purpose. This is all that any man could ask, for even under this arrangement he pays for one seat and gets two, and the cost of running the smoker must be partly paid by those who have no need of it. Men who smoke ought to suffer whatever discomfort there may be connected with it instead of those who are not addicted to the habit. Last summer during a trip down Lake Champlain something occurred which is in point while on the subject of tobacco. The day was a perfect one in July, a soft breeze stirred the beautiful blue water into ripples; the verdure as we passed along the Vermont shores was illustrative of the name; the mountains in the distance on either side made the scene very picturesque. We seated ourselves on the forward part of the beautiful steamer Vermont, which plies these waters, and a quiet happiness diffused itself over us as we gazed upon the charming landscapes presented to our view, when we were unexpectedly brought to realize that even this ambrosial atmosphere was not without the fumes of tobacco, and the inevitable vile man was also here "where every prospect pleases," for well up toward the bow of the steamer, sat an immense animal, gross and repulsive, smoking a cigar, the wreaths of abominably scented vapor floating back over all seated in that part of the boat, and worse than this on the floor at his side was a large soup-plate into which he injected his surplus saliva until it was half full, a loathsome and nauseating sight. Conduct such as this was to be looked for only in the lowest kind of saloon and yet among respectable refined people he went on with his disgusting programme unchecked by proper authority until he had finished his third cigar, and then stopped not because he was compelled, but because he had satisfied his vitiated desires, in his supreme selfishness not thinking or caring whether others were annoyed

or not. Railroad and navigation companies ought to demand at least decent conduct, that those of their passengers who are well disposed and orderly, may not be annoyed by boors.

In a recent trip South, riding from Chattanooga to Birmingham, Alabama, in a Mann Boudoir car, a lady was subjected to annoyance by the boisterous conduct of a party of politicians from the capital of a prominent State, who were going on an excursion to New Orleans. They smoked and drank until they were merry and noisy, and sang in a roaring tone songs of no very choice selection. Then some of them strolled through the car looking inquisitively into every compartment, after which followed more smoking and drinking and noisy demonstrations, vulgar remarks and generally objectionable conduct, with nobody to interfere, though even the porters were disgusted. True, their smoking and singing were done in the smoking-room, but the fumes and the noise were scarcely less disturbing than if indulged in in any other part of the car.

The parlor car and the sleepers will speedily become no more desirable than the day coach if beastly men are permitted therein to give free rein to their depraved inclinations. In using the word beastly, I do not refer thereby to the conduct of our domestic animals, for they are far less objectionable in their behavior than these men, but I mean an ogre, a frightfully misshapen and hideously featured creature, such as live in the goblin stories of old, for no matter how well dressed these men may be, their selfishness has rendered them moral monsters.

I trust those who are annoyed in traveling by men of base instincts, utterly regardless of good manners, may send in their complaints, until the companies who provide means of conveyance for the public will do something to abate the nuisance, to cause those who are disposed to make others uncomfortable, to refrain through fear of the stringency of the law.

CAROLINE M. EVERHARD.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HISTOIRE RELIGIEUSE DU FEU. *Comte Goblet d'Alviella*. Bibliothèque Gilon: Verviers, 1887. pp. 109.

INTRODUCTION A L'HISTOIRE GÉNÉRALE DES RELIGIONS. *Comte Goblet d'Alviella*. Leroux: Paris, 1887. pp. 185.

The author of these volumes, and also of an extremely interesting account of the movements to liberalize religion now flourishing in the United States, England and India, is at present professor at the University of Brussels. His pamphlet, telling what use has been made of fire in various ages and lands to express and excite devotional feeling, is very valuable as showing not only how much all the religions have in common, but how closely their peculiar differences depend upon the state of human knowledge of natural phenomena. One curious circumstance is the similarity of the name of Prometheus to that of an instrument for producing fire by friction, still in use in India where it is called "pramantha." The various legends that fire was not known upon earth until it was stolen from heaven, certainly justify belief that the first men had to live without it. We are glad to see that these essays have had two editions since their original publication in the *Revue de Belgique*.

The neatly bound volume containing the lectures on the origin and primitive forms of religion delivered by the Professor two years ago, was published just before the discontinuance of *The Index*, in which it could therefore be noticed only briefly and inadequately. The introductory lecture states the theological and other prejudices which make it impossible, as a general thing, for a man to study any religion but his own, and often put it out of the question to study even that. This important part of the

course is printed as delivered, and is supported by an appendix making a very strong plea for introducing the comparative analysis of religions into collegiate education. Perhaps money might as well be spent in endowing lectures thereon in our American universities, as in founding a new one, more strictly in the interest of Free-Thought. Most of the volume is taken up with very suggestive summaries, showing how the primitive men at first worshiped mountains, trees, animals, lightning, fire, the sun, etc., gradually came to adore the souls of the dead, expressed their feelings in various prayers, conjurations and ceremonies, and became subject to priests and sorcerers. Despite the mischief done by these latter, great service was rendered to morality, according to Professor d'Alviella, by these primitive religions. They may have been badly needed in order to repress savage passions and maintain social order, and at all events they were much less intolerant than their famous successors have been, with the single exception of Buddhism. The whole subject of the relations of morality and religion is so important that Count d'Alviella will, it is earnestly hoped, make it a special study, as he takes up one group of religions after another, so that he may combine all his results on this point. It is pleasant to hear that he disposed during the winter of 1885-6 of the Chinese, Mexican and Peruvian religions, that he took up the Egyptians last fall, that next winter will be devoted to Judaism, and that he will pass from the Semitic to the Aryan forms of faith and worship. Everyone who reads the results of his studies already published will welcome eagerly whatever else he may consent to print. Such books deserve peculiar praise from all who advocate "the scientific study of religion."

F. M. H.

LAST EVENING WITH ALLSTON, AND OTHER PAPERS. By *Elizabeth P. Peabody*. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

This collection of interesting essays may be regarded as gathered sheaves from a harvest of many years of helpful pursuits, constant intellectual activity and generous aspirations. It has been the special distinction of its author to live a life of high ideals, and to enjoy a large number of friendships and intimacies with men and women of rare intelligence and character. The volume comprises sixteen distinct papers, without counting a poem at the end of the series and an appendix, upon diverse themes; most of them gleaned from various periodicals in which they originally appeared. The earliest date of these productions is 1830. The others follow at irregular intervals during a period which falls but little short of half a century. All of them evince that they have proceeded from a mind of exceptional scholarship and culture, philanthropic spirit and deep moral and religious sensibility. While there are numerous topics touched upon in the course of these essays the leading sentiments which come into play all through them are the artistic, the philanthropic and the religious. The latter especially pervades and influences all the discussions, even those which else would be purely literary. If one looks for the sharp and clear definitions, and logical methods of modern science and inductive reasoning in the volume before us he will be likely to find them wanting, but may be reconciled to the deficiency by the special excellence and interest which it still possesses. It must be conceded that it is notable at least for the indications that appear of a very thorough and varied erudition, a power of copious and delicate expression, extraordinary imagination, tinged somewhat with mysticism, and pure and elevated feeling.

Although the author has long been accustomed to count herself among the liberal and progressive, it is not strange that much of the contents of her book should seem to voice a stage of the advance which is now considerably, if not altogether, superseded. This is but what might be expected in view of the length of time that has intervened since much of it was written. It however,

serves thus as a sort of chronicle of passing events and phases of development, particularly of those of the transcendental transition, which tend, through the influence of later questions and tendencies of thought, to be forgotten.

The first paper, "Last Evening with Allston," from which the volume takes its title in part, is a report of an evening passed in the company of the great artist, near the close of his life, in conversation upon religious themes. This is followed by a paper upon the "Life and Genius of Allston," and also by one upon an exhibition of his paintings. These articles afford a glimpse of Allston's mental character and his work. The next in order to these papers is entitled "A Vision," and is a remarkable piece of imagination writing. "The Dorian Measure" is one of the longest and most scholarly discussions in the book. It is based upon K. O. Müller's *History of the Dorians*, a work whose conclusions are not as readily accepted as they were when it made its appearance. Among the other subjects considered are Language, Primeval Man, Fourierism, Brook Farm or Christ's Idea of Society, A Plea for Froebel's Kindergarten, a branch of elementary intellectual training to which Miss Peabody has long been zealously devoted. These are all treated in a manner that is at once ingenious and suggestive, and with the remaining articles render it a book of exceptional interest among the recent issues of the press.

D. H. C.

ISAURE, AND OTHER POEMS. By *W. Stewart Ross*. London: W. Stewart & Co., 41 Farringdon street, E. C.; pp. 96. Price, 2 shillings.

This new volume by the editor of the *London Secular Review* consists of a score of minor poems in addition to the longer one with which the volume opens, and from which it takes its title. Mr. Ross, as we have before had occasion to say in a notice of his earlier book of poems, *Lays of Romance and Chivalry*, has decided poetic ability, and his muse seems to inspire him with a certain fantastic and weird imagery which may remind his American readers of Edgar A. Poe,—not in its rhythm or subjects, but in its passionate utterances and romantic exaggeration. Love, war and death are the prevailing topics of which he treats, but we think he shows to greater advantage when he leaves these well-worn grooves, as in the philosophic poem, "Reveresco," and that on Robert Burns, which gained the prize offered by the Dumfries Burns' Statue Committee for the best poem to be read at the unveiling of this poet's statue in his own home. From the latter we quote a few specimen lines:

"—The brave man whose fight is fought,
Whose weapon's sheathed, whose banner's furled,
Though still his fire and force of soul
Throb in the veins of half the world,
Australia loves him; India, too,
As though he had but died yestreen;
Columbia knows the Banks O' Doon,
And Afric sings of Bonnie Jean!"

THE latest number (May, 1887) of the *Revue Philosophique*, the editorial management of which is so ably directed by Th. Ribot, contains articles of great value on psychological and other subjects. Its summary is: 1. L'anesthésie Systématisée et la Dissociation des Phénomènes Psychologiques, by *Pierre Janet*. 2. L'intensité des images mentales, by *A. Binet*. 3. The conclusion of an essay: Le Phénoménisme et le Probabilisme dans L'école Platonicienne, by *F. Pierret*. Beside other interesting reading matter contained in this number, Mr. *Beaussire* discusses the instruction of Natural Law given at the *Collège de France*.

The most interesting essay to us is Mr. Binet's on the intensity of mental images. Binet says: "The world of images which everyone of us carries in his brain, has its laws as has the material world which surrounds us. These laws are analogous to the laws of organic matter, for the images are living elements, which are born, are transformed and die."

Mr. Binet limits his essay to the *intensity* of such images. Analogous to physiological processes intensity is accompanied by "a disintegration of a greater quantity of nerve matter and a more considerable production of heat. * * * We must become familiar with the idea that an *image* can pass through the same degrees of intensity as a muscular contraction."

"The quality of *intensity* is generally and practically neglected, for what we search for in images is a quality quite different from and independent of this first quality, viz., *truth*. But truth is nothing without *intensity*. If two arguments are different in strength, the stronger one will conquer whether it be true or false. One does not speak of truth in mechanics. There are only forces which work. It is the same in psychology; all discussion, all deliberation is at the bottom a problem of cinematics. When studying the intensity of images, we study in reality the method on which are based our true and false convictions."

In proving this, Mr. Binet makes an excellent use of the facts of hypnotism, the study of which he has made a speciality. P. C.

MRS. LAMB'S *Magazine of American History* is always brightly tempting in its useful line, but the article in the May number on "The White House and Its Memories," written by the editor and embellished with fine portraits of the ladies that have presided at the Presidential residence,—a strikingly lovely one of Mrs. Grover Cleveland leading the van in the frontispiece, and one of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland finishing the line,—makes that number especially attractive. Among other topics of interest treated we note "Republicanism in Spanish America," by Hon. W. L. Scrags; "The Wabash Country Prior to 1800," by Isaac R. Strouse, and "Canada During the Victorian Era," by J. G. Bourinot.

ADDITIONAL PRESS NOTICES.

It is full of meat, full of good thought and well worth a man's attention, time to read it, and the price of the journal.—*Indiana Saturday Herald*.

The deepest and broadest thinkers are contributors to THE OPEN COURT, published at Chicago. It is undoubtedly the best publication of the kind printed.—*Narragansett Times*, Wakefield, R. I.

We have received a copy of THE OPEN COURT, a semi-monthly paper published in Chicago, by B. F. Underwood and Sara A. Underwood, on ethics and religion upon a scientific basis.—*Knoxville (Pa.) Item*.

It claims to be devoted to the work of establishing "ethics and religion upon a scientific basis." It is ably edited and nicely printed, and the articles are written, in the main, by acknowledged scholars.—*Kansas Blade*.

THE OPEN COURT, a fortnightly journal, just started in Chicago, is the best thing of the kind we have seen. Its articles are well prepared and the mechanical execution is perfect.—*Tri-Weekly Pioneer*, Michigan.

THE OPEN COURT is on our table. It is a fortnightly journal devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis. The journal is exceedingly attractive in form and typography, and the articles able and brilliant.—*The Smelter*, Pittsburgh, Kan.

THE OPEN COURT.—It has a corps of able contributors who present a great variety of liberal thought, some of it bordering upon transcendentalism, but very much of it that is both instructive and entertaining to minds of average capacity.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Daily Union*.

We call attention to the advertisement of THE OPEN COURT, a high class literary and philosophic journal published at Chicago. It is a remarkably brilliant and original paper, and its editors and contributors rank high in the intellectual world.—*The Universe*, San Francisco, Cal.

THE OPEN COURT is the title of a fortnightly journal published in Chicago and "Devoted to the Work of Establishing Ethics and Religion upon a Scientific Basis," rather hard sounding as an undertaking, but really made easy by a simple exemplification of the subjects chosen for discussion.—*Daily Expositor*, Brantford, Ont.

The publication of a most excellent paper called THE OPEN COURT, was recently commenced in Chicago. It is a fortnightly journal, devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis, and is edited by B. F. Underwood, an assurance of itself that the paper is worthy the patronage of educated, thinking people. Among its contributors are Moncure D. Conway, Felix L. Oswald, Rev. M. J. Savage, John Burroughs, Lewis G. Jones and a host of other authors of well-established reputations.—*Sunday Courier*, Greenville, O.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

VOL. I. No. 9.

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[The readers of THE OPEN COURT will be pleased to know that among the contributions it has obtained from eminent scholars and thinkers, is the series of lectures by Prof. F. Max Müller, given last March at the Royal Institution, London. The publication of these remarkable lectures in this journal, beginning with the present issue, will be completed in six numbers. The first has now appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, but not many of our readers can yet have read it. The second, on "The Identity of Language and Thought" and the third, on the "Simplicity of Thought," not published nor to be published in England, have been secured exclusively for THE OPEN COURT, in which they will be printed from the author's manuscript. This distinguished philologist believes that language is the history of human thought, and no other man living probably is as competent as he to read this history understandingly, especially those pages which indicate how men reasoned and what they thought during the world's intellectual childhood.]

THE SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

ONE OF THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON, MARCH, 1878.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

Part I.

* It is more than a quarter of a century since I ventured for the first time (June, 1861), to address the members of the Royal Institution, and I well remember the feeling of fear and trembling that came over me when in this very place I began to deliver my first lecture on the Science of Language, as one of the physical sciences. I was young then, and to find myself face to face with such an audience as this Institution always attracts, was indeed a severe trial. As I looked round to see who was present, I met in one place the keen dark eyes of Faraday, in another the massive face of the Bishop of St. David's, in another the kind and thoughtful features of Frederick Maurice, while I was cheered with a look of recognition and encouragement from dear Stanley. I could mention several more names, "men, take them all in all, we shall not look upon their like again." To address such an audience on a subject that

could never be popular, and without any of those charming experiments which enliven the discourses of most lecturers in this room, was an ordeal indeed. But painful as the ordeal was, I do not regret having passed through it. Many of my most valued friendships date from that time, and though in advocating a new cause and running full tilt against many time-honored prejudices, one cannot always avoid making enemies also, yet I feel that I owe a large debt of gratitude to this Institution, and not to my kind friends only, but likewise to my honest opponents.

It is hardly remembered now that before the time when I boldly claimed a place among the physical sciences for what I called the Science of Language, Comparative Philology was treated only as a kind of appendix to classical scholarship, and that even that place was grudged to it by some of the most eminent students of Greek and Latin. No doubt, the works of Bopp, Grimm, Pott, Benfey, Curtius, Schleicher, had at that time attracted attention in England, and the labors of such scholars as Donaldson, Latham, Garret and others, could well claim a place by their side for originality, honesty of purpose and clearness of sight. But there is a difference between Comparative Philology and what I meant by the Science of Language. Comparative Philology is the means, the Science of Language is the end.

We must begin with a careful analytical and comparative study of languages; we must serve our apprenticeship as phoneticians, etymologists and grammarians, before we can venture to go beyond. In this respect I am as great a pedant as ever, and shall rather continue to be taunted as such than abate one iota from my implicit faith in phonetic laws. What I said years ago in my lectures on the Science of Language, that phonetics must form the foundation of Comparative Philology, and that the laws which determine the changes of vowels and consonants are as unchangeable as the laws which regulate the circulation of our blood, may have been a little exaggerated, but in this respect exaggeration is decidedly better than the smallest concession. I also hold still to another heresy of mine, for which I have been much abused, namely that a knowledge of Sanskrit is a *sine quâ non* for every comparative philologist, whether his special subject be Aryan, Semitic, or Turanian philology. I know it has been the fashion of late to cry

down the importance of Sanskrit, because it does not supply the key to all secrets, and because in some, nay, in many cases, Sanskrit is less primitive than Greek, or Irish, or Gothic. This is a capital lesson to learn, and may, I hope, put an end at last to the false position which Sanskrit still occupies in the eyes of certain scholars, as the fountain head of all Aryan speech. But with all this, Sanskrit will always maintain its preeminence, as affording the best discipline to the student of language; and we have only to compare the works of those who have mastered Sanskrit, and of those who have not, whether they treat of Greek, or Latin, or Armenian, or Albanian, in order to perceive the immense difference between the scholar who sails with a safe compass and the bold adventurer who trusts to the stars.

Comparative Philology is a delightful subject, and the more it is cultivated the more fascinating it becomes, by the very minuteness of the laws and rules which govern its proceedings. There is enough in it to absorb a man's whole mind, enough to occupy a whole life. But for all that, we must not forget that the study of languages has an object beyond itself, a wider purpose, a higher aim.

And what is that higher purpose which the Science of Language is meant to serve? It is to discover the secrets of thought in the labyrinth of language, after the dark chambers of that labyrinth have first been lighted up by the torch of Comparative Philology. If there are any here present who attended my former courses on the Science of Language, delivered in this Institution, they will remember how often I appealed to the philosophers, whether logicians, physiologists, or metaphysicians, inviting them to a study of language which, like the thread of Ariadne, would lead them safely through the intricate passages of the human mind, through which they had been groping their way for so many centuries, without ever meeting the monster which they meant to slay. In my lectures on Comparative Mythology, in particular, I tried to show the irresistible influence which language, in its growth and decay, has exercised on thought, not only in what is commonly called mythology, the stories of gods and heroes, but in every sphere of knowledge, call it religion, philosophy, science, or anything else. We may do what we like, our thoughts are always hide-bound in language, and it is this inevitable phase of thought and language, inevitable in every branch of knowledge, which I meant by Mythology, using that word in a far wider sense than had ever before been assigned to it. In order to make my meaning quite clear, and to provoke, if possible, contradiction, that is independent thought, I called mythology a disease of language, though adding at the same time that it was to be considered as an infantine disease, as a natural crisis through which our intellectual constitution must pass in order to maintain its health and vigor.

Now it is curious that those who expressed their agreement with me that mythology, including metaphysics, might indeed be considered as a disease of language, did not ask themselves what in that case the health of language would mean. Right language is right thought, and right thought is right language; and if we want to understand, not only the disease, but the health also of our thought, that is to say, the whole life of our thought, we can study it nowhere more efficiently than in the pathology of language.

¶ The Science of Language, therefore, was to me at all time but a means to an end—a telescope to watch the heavenly movements of our thoughts, a microscope to discover the primary cells of our concepts. I have waited for many years, hoping that some one better qualified than myself might lay hold of the materials collected by the comparative philologists, and build with them a new system of philosophy. Everything was ready—the ore was there, it had only to be coined. But whether philosophers mistrusted the ore, or whether they preferred to speculate with their time-honored tokens rather than with the genuine metal, certain it is that, with few exceptions, no philosopher by profession has as yet utilized the new facts which the Science of Language has placed at his free disposal.

I know the answer that will be made. The results of the Science of Language, it has often been said, are as yet so unsettled. They vary from year to year, and the best authorities in Germany, France and England, to say nothing of America, differ *toto cælo* from each other on some of the most fundamental principles. Some hold that, like the law of gravitation, the laws which govern the growth and decay of language admit of no exceptions; others hold, on the contrary, that disturbances in the regular courses of words may here, lead to the discovery of an unsuspected Neptune. Dialects, according to some, are the descendants of one uniform language; according to others they are the feeders of the classical languages, and exist not only before a common literary language can be framed, but continue to influence its later development by constant intercommunion. Dialect, in fact, has become the general name for the *centrifugal* tendencies of language, whether originating in individuals, families, villages, towns, or provinces, as opposed to the *centripetal* power of analogy, represented by the sway which, whether for good or for evil, majorities always exercise over minorities. But even on minor points there have been most sanguinary battles between hostile camps of comparative philologists. Whether the original Aryan language possessed one short *a* only, like Sanskrit, or whether the *a* was already, before the separation of the Aryan family, differentiated into *a*, *e*, *o*, has been treated as a matter of life and death; and I do not deny that in the eyes of the true scholar it is a matter of life and death. But it does

not follow that because Curtius hesitated on this point he therefore deserves all the ignominious epithets that have been showered upon his head. Among scholars by profession all this is understood. Curtius holds, and will hold, his place of honor in the history of Comparative Philology in spite of all that has of late been written against him, and no one will be more ready to admit this, I believe, than Brugmann, Osthoff and others, who have attacked him so fiercely. I am sorry for rude and ungracious language at all times, but I do not mind an honest fight. What I object to is, if critics, who are too lazy to form an opinion for themselves, amuse themselves, and think they can amuse others, by collecting a number of passages from the writings of these philological champions, in which they not only contradict each other flatly, but bandy epithets with which they seem but too familiar, whether from the study of slang dictionaries or from their partiality for the customs of primitive savages. Let every man judge for himself, and give his opinion and his reasons for it; but simply to point out that Bopp has been called an *ignoramus* by somebody—it may be even by someone who is somebody—that Sir William Jones has been dubbed a mere pretender, or Darwin a fool, may no doubt serve to raise a smile, and to bring a whole subject into discredit, but it can do no possible good. What province is there in the whole realm of human knowledge in which there is no difference of opinion? None, I should say, except where there is for a time neither life, nor progress, nor discovery. It is because there is at present intense vitality in the comparative study of ancient languages, traditions, customs, mythologies, and religions that there is in it that constant friction, that frequent scintillation, but also that constant increase of new light. Do you think we shall ever have infallibility and immutability in the republic of learning? I hope not, for to my mind that would mean nothing but sluggishness, languor and death. Scholars welcome everybody who in the open tournament of science will take his chance, dealing blows and receiving or parrying blows; but the man who does not fight himself, but simply stands by to jeer and sneer when two good knights have been unseated in breaking a lance in the cause of truth, does nothing but mischief, and might, indeed, find better and worthier employment.

To say, therefore, that the results of Comparative Philology, Ethnology and Mythology are still too uncertain to make it safe for a philosopher to take them into consideration, is mere laziness. The river of knowledge, like all other rivers, will never stop flowing for timid men to pass through with dry feet; it will flow on *in omne volubilis ævum*, and we must take our header into it, and swim or drown.

There is one advantage at least in getting old. To a young man, or I should rather say to a man of middle

age, to see the pendulum swinging from one extreme to the other, to see the views which he learnt with implicit faith from his teacher demolished by men it may be far inferior in knowledge, judgment and character, is often disheartening. But if one is allowed to watch the clock of knowledge for a longer time than is commonly allotted to hardworking students, one feels comforted on seeing the pendulum returning once more to the opposite side, and one finds out that after all there was more to be said for the exploded errors than we imagined thirty years ago.

I say one feels comforted, though others would probably say, "Is, then, our knowledge nothing but a perpetual swing-swing? Must we be content with always oscillating between truth and untruth, and does the flux and reflux of scientific opinion always leave us exactly where we were before?" No; I certainly do not take so desponding a view of our human destiny. On the contrary, I feel convinced that while the pendulum vibrates regularly backwards and forwards, the finger on the dial—to keep to our metaphor—moves onward, slowly but steadily—unless there is something wrong in the wheels within wheels which represent the incessant toil of honest and unselfish workers.

You may of late years have heard a good deal about new views in Comparative Philology. I highly appreciate every one of these new views, but I do not therefore entirely surrender the old views. There has not been a cataclysm, a complete break between the old and the new, as some giddy people want to make out. There has been, as there ought to be, a constant reform, but there has never been a *coup d'état*. Some of the very foundations of our science have had to be re-examined, and have been strengthened by new supports. Some important additions have been made with regard to phonetic laws, and on the whole it has been found that many things which were accepted as beyond doubt, were after all not quite so certain as they seemed at first.

Let us only take one instance. You have probably all heard of what I called *Grimm's Law*, and what, as I fully admit, would more correctly have been called *Grimm's Rule*. However, it may be called at least an Empirical Law, for it contains the observation of a uniformity in the changes of consonants in Low German and High German, as compared with all the other languages of the Aryan family. We find the observation of that uniformity in its crudest form in Rask. It was afterward generalized and more firmly established by Grimm. Still, a number of exceptions remained, and these were gradually diminished by the discovery of new rules by Lottner, Grassmann and Verner. But even now, much remains to be done. There are still exceptions to be accounted for, such as Gothic *fadi*, which as Sanskrit has the accent on the first, ought to be *fathi*; or Gothic *hvathar*, whether, which as Sanskrit *katara*

has the accent on the last, should be *hvaðar*. Nay, I believe that a higher law has yet to be discovered to account for the influence which, according to Verner, the accent immediately *before* Sanskrit tenuis is supposed to exercise. If the accent is on the vowel immediately preceding the tenuis in Sanskrit, the tenuis becomes aspirate in Low German; if not, the Sanskrit tenuis appears in Low German as the corresponding media. Thus Sanskrit *bhrátar* becomes in Gothic *bróthar*, *t* being replaced by *th*; but Sanskrit *pitár* becomes *fadar*; Sanskrit *mátár*, Anglo Saxon *móðor*. Why? Simply because the accent in Sanskrit was immediately before the *t* in *bhrátar*, but not so in *pitár* and *mátár*. This shows how closely languages are held together, a change of accent in Sanskrit being sufficient to explain the change of *th* and *d* in Gothic, Anglo Saxon and other Low German dialects. But we have, as yet, the facts only. Why the accent should exercise this influence we do not know, unless we suppose that the accent before the tenuis draws the tenuis toward the preceding vowel, makes it, as it were, the final of a syllable, and secures to it that aspiration which a tenuis would claim, if the final of a word.*

I wish I could give you to-day a fuller account of the excellent work that has been done during the last twenty years by such men as Lottner, Grassmann, Verner, Ascoli, Fick, Ludwig, Schmidt, Collitz, Brugmann, Osthoff, de Saussure, Schrader, and many others. You would be surprised at the perfection which has been attained in the elaboration of phonetic rules, in the observations on the working of analogy, in the more exact definition of technical terms, and in the historical conclusions to be drawn from the facts supplied by a comparison of cognate languages.

But my object to-day is a different one. I wish to call your attention to the progress that has been made in our comprehension of language itself. Now, whatever views were formerly held about language, everybody was agreed that language was a most wonderful thing, so wonderful, in fact, that perhaps the wisest thing that could be said about it was that it must have been of superhuman or divine origin. It was quite clear that, though men might frame new out of old words, no man could ever frame at his own pleasure a word entirely new. Nor did nature seem to have supplied primitive humanity with a vocabulary, for all vocabularies differed, and every person capable of speaking had to learn his language from his parents. Whence, therefore, could language, with its millions of words, come to us except from a superhuman and supernatural source? We wonder at the infinite number of stars, and we well may. One look at that silent eternal procession is worth all the miracles of all religions put together. But if the

stars on high and the still small voice within seemed to the greatest philosopher the two greatest miracles, might he not have added the galaxy of words as the third great miracle that passes all understanding, though it passes every day before our very eyes? If you consider that the great English dictionary, now being published by the University press at Oxford, is to contain two hundred and fifty thousand words, that is, a quarter of a million, and that on a low average every word admits of at least ten changes by means of declension, conjugation, or degrees of comparison,* you have before you, in English alone, two millions and a half of words, every one a bright star of human thought. I wonder what the number of the stars in Heaven may be. Struve, I am told, formed a guess that their number might amount to two millions! But the visible stars, up to stars of the fifth magnitude, amount to one thousand three hundred and eighty-two only, and I doubt whether anybody here present has ever seen more than twice that number, as I doubt whether many people have ever used more than twice that number of words. At Oxford, as Professor Pritchard informs me, the stars which we see with the naked eye are about two thousand eight hundred—about the same as the number of the members of the University in their various degrees of light and magnitude.

THE RELATION OF THE DOCTRINE OF POPULATION TO SOCIAL REFORM.

PROF. HENRY C. ADAMS.

One is almost ashamed to speak of the doctrine of population, so many have been the errors and misconceptions respecting it; yet it is fundamental to all right thinking upon the ultimate destiny of the human race, and, in consequence, to the consideration of any proposal of social reform. Indeed, it is believed by many to be a system of thought which stands opposed to all reforms, and on that account, also, it should receive the attention of students of social relations.

We shall put ourselves on the right track for interpreting correctly the *Essay on the Principles of Population*, by Robert Malthus, which appeared in 1798, if we notice the story of its writing. It appears that the elder Mr. Malthus was a student of Condorcet, a disciple of Rousseau, and a friend of Godwin. These writers believed the evils of society to arise from the vices of human institutions. Man was not deprived by nature; it was as easy for him to do right as to do wrong; his acts were determined by his surroundings. Could the artificial structure of society be changed, there was no reason in the nature of things why men could not attain a state of perfectability and live forever in comfort and happiness. These writers, it will be observed, were optimistic anarchists. They appealed from

*See Heyne, *Laut und Flexionslehre*, p. 98; also Sweet, *History of English Sounds*, p. 9.

*A Greek verb, according to Curtius, admits of 807 modifications; a Sanskrit verb of 891.

the artificial regulations of the eighteenth century to a law of nature, urging that harmony and happiness must necessarily follow the dethronement of king-made law and the enthronement of natural law. It was this set of teachings which the elder Malthus sought to force upon his son, but the intelligence of the son refused to submit to the vagaries of uncontrolled imagination. Let us assume, said the young man, that society has attained a perfect state of equality in which each has enough to satisfy rational wants, and that what you term the "law of natural liberty" is the only authority; such a happy state cannot last, for it lies written also in this law of nature that the human species will increase up to the limit of subsistence. "In a state of universal physical well-being, this tendency, which in real life is held in check by the difficulty of procuring a subsistence, would operate without restraint. Scarcity would follow the increase of numbers; the leisure would soon cease to exist; the old struggle for life would recommence, and inequality would reign once more."

In judging of the doctrine of population as a system of thought, we should never lose sight of the controversy in which it was formulated. As an answer to the conclusion of those to whom it was addressed the argument was final, for, assuming "natural liberty" to be the only premise of action, a perfected society is an impossibility. The poverty and crime which spring necessarily from the unregulated struggle for individual existence will surely make its appearance; but it is only when the conclusions of the essay are regarded as true independently of the assumptions from which they proceeded, that they throw a false light upon the problem of the ultimate destiny of the race. This was well recognized by Malthus, and when he perceived what use people were likely to make of his doctrine, he modified its premises so as to be more nearly in harmony with the facts of life; that is to say, he admitted the existence of moral restraints upon the increase of numbers, thus taking the entire question out from the domain of natural law and subjecting it to the control of a conscious purpose in society.

This, to my mind, is the most important lesson to be drawn from the doctrine of population when studied in his historical setting. The development of human society is not wholly directed by blind force acting through individuals, but the intelligence of society may be brought to bear so as to direct development toward rational ends.

Let us now return to the thought from which we started. If we brush aside the long and tedious discussion to which the law of population has given rise, we shall see that the true interpretation of Malthuseanism is not that poverty and crime are necessary phenomena in an advancing society, for the theory itself admits that these evils may be set aside by subjecting the natural

laws of production and procreation to the direction of an intelligent will. It does not therefore stand opposed to reform, but declares one of the conditions to which reform, if successful, must adjust itself. Whence, then, it may be asked, arises that contemptuous hatred with which many regard the doctrine? This, I think, comes from the restricted and unwarranted interpretation of the phrase "moral restraints." It has been commonly held that the only restraint to be brought into play was the self-restraint of the poor with regard to marriage, and the only motive which could induce to the exercise of this restraint was the fear of over-stocking the labor market. If the poor will propagate without reason they must take the consequences. Such is the comforting theory of the rich.

But such, I apprehend, is not the necessary conclusion from the premises. Were the poor sufficiently intelligent, or had they the time to become intelligent, so as to clearly see the bearings of great social forces, they might perhaps be held in a degree responsible for the barriers which they erect against the advancement of their own class, although even that would not excuse the well-to-do for perverting the industrial forces from their highest social employment to the ministry of personal luxury. But since the poor lack the intelligence necessary for appreciating the law of social progress, the superior intelligence of society should be brought to bear in directing their thoughts for them. In a certain degree this has been already done, as, for example, in the quite universal establishment of popular education. For it is well recognized that the spread of intelligence renders men sensitive to those influences which threaten race deterioration. Such efforts are commendable, but they are not adequate. The phrase "moral restraints" must be granted an interpretation which shall lead to broader schemes of reform than any yet undertaken before its full meaning may be said to have been apprehended.

It seems, then, that in applying the law of population we must look away from the individual and consider the question as a question of social development, and from this point of view two thoughts make themselves clear. First, it is not the actual numbers of people, but the rapidity of their increase that determines the grade of physical comfort in which men may live. If the proportion of producers to dependents is at any time too large, the tendency will be to lower the standard of living. But at the present time, while the world is passing through the period of industrial advancement which marks the nineteenth century, this thought is of comparatively slight importance. Under present conditions, over population is no explanation of poverty. But in the second place, it is the source from which population comes, rather than the rapidity of its increase, which determines the influence of numbers

upon the character of society. If the men born into the world are of the right sort there is no immediate danger of there being too many of them. How then may the source of increasing numbers be brought under the control of the social judgment? Legislation upon this point has for the most part failed. The restriction of marriages has commonly resulted in an increase of illegitimate births. There seems to be no adequate answer to this question, except the one which recognizes that all men are open to the influence of the same motives, and which seeks to adjust society in such a manner that these motives may produce their normal results. Upon whom do the moral restraints respecting population now work? Manifestly upon those who are born sufficiently high in the social scale to appreciate the allurements of hope. Who, on the other hand, are wholly careless as to the consequences of marriage? The answer is equally plain. It is they who have nothing to hope for in the world as they find it, and who are too weak to hew for themselves a path to success. This matter of hopefulness is in part a matter of temperament, but its development is largely a matter of circumstances. Of one fact we may rest assured, and that is that hope will never spring up where the door of opportunity is closed. It is not enough that the law grants men a legal right to better their circumstances if they are able; the conditions of success must be adjusted to the ability of all men, the weak as well as the strong, or the restraining influence of hope can never save us from an increase in numbers of the worst sort.

The conclusion of this somewhat rambling discussion is this. The doctrine of population, properly understood, does not stand in the way of rational reform, for the question of population will cease to be a matter of embarrassment in any society where men can easily attain and maintain a reasonably high grade of social enjoyment.

"MIND-READING, ETC.:" A REPLY TO M. J. SAVAGE.

BY J. S. ELLIS.

In your issue of April 28, appears an article by Minot J. Savage, on the above subject, the "etc." being brought out very conspicuously. The article is a very characteristic one, and I think it only fair to your readers that some criticism of it be allowed. The letter is characteristic in these points:

1. The claim that there are proven facts which are denied admittance into scientific theories. The claim seems to be, that because there are some things which cannot at present be explained, therefore we ought to believe the specialties put forward.

2. The demand that investigators should be believers.

3. The statement that, when once a general truth has been established in a man's mind, he does not require so much evidence to support a special case.

4. The total absence of any facts bearing on the subject; accompanied by the acknowledgement that Mr. Savage is "not ready to publish more than hints or fragments of facts" which have led him to the certainty he expresses.

"Psychic Research" has certainly labored for many years under special disadvantages. Although favored by the support of a few scientific men, it has been tabooed by the great majority. But its most conspicuous disadvantage has been the support of its "friends," the professional mediums. There can be no doubt that these persons have brought more discredit upon all forms of spiritualism, by the exposures which their exhibitions have entailed, than would have been inflicted by any amount of respectable opposition. But surely, after so many years of experiments and investigation, some facts rather than mere "hints and fragments" should be forthcoming. Men of sense demand, not "experiments," that to-day may be successful, but may fail to-morrow, even when all preliminaries are arranged apparently satisfactorily; but facts, the exhibition of which can be arranged and carried out with scientific certainty, openly, and with every precaution against fraud. For it is not enough that certain results should be exhibited and the spectators be forced to admit the statements of the exhibitors as to preliminaries. What is required is, that the whole of the preliminaries and accompanying circumstances should be perfectly exposed as in all really scientific investigations, and that the results should be capable of being repeated in similar circumstances. Until this is done, we are bound to treat the pretensions of all "mediums" as at least not sufficiently sustained to justify us in classing these pretenders among scientific investigators. It is this slight spice of talk about science which induces me to write this letter; for I find that, not only does it mislead a large number of persons who make no claim to scientific knowledge or methods of thought; but it actually induces some otherwise clear-headed thinkers to admit as possibilities, facts or supposed facts which their mature judgment would cause them to utterly repudiate did they approach the matter in the logical and scientific frame of mind with which they attack other problems.

The first claim is that there are "facts" which find no place in scientific theories. This is followed by a statement that thousands of sane persons assert that wonderful psychic facts are of "daily occurrence;" and is preceded by an acknowledgment that the writer is "not ready to publish more than hints or fragments of facts." After such an admission, it is not surprising that the only "facts" mentioned are that certain mediums have "told things" which they "could not have known." The reason this sort of rubbish is not admitted into scientific theories is plain to those of us who are unbelievers. If a chemist desires to exhibit the composition

of salt, he takes a sample from any cupboard or shop where he can find it. Allowing for impurity, the result of his experiment is the same. If the Psychic Force man wants to prove his "facts," he can only do so by getting certain "mediums" who are experienced in the business to perform the "experiments." Let Mr. Savage tell me some of the "strange powers" which have been exercised in his study, so that I can call them forth in my study, and I will do my best to assist in their establishment on a scientific basis. I certainly have often longed for the assistance of some force which would enable me to "move physical objects without muscular pressure." Vain wish, alas!

But why should investigators be believers? Scientific men do not care whether investigators are believers or not. They know perfectly well that investigation will turn unbelievers into believers, and give them knowledge in place of prejudice. It is true, that a man who believes in the truth he is seeking and knows the direction in which to investigate, is more likely to be successful in finding it than another with less belief and less knowledge. But if an ignorant unbeliever asks a scientific man for information, the scientist will give him the means of gaining the knowledge he requires, and not throw his letter into the waste basket, as Mr. Savage suggests.

The third claim might be paraphrased thus: "When once a man has persuaded himself that his particular nostrum is the truth, he will receive and promulgate any number of 'cases' supporting it that may be reported without any particular inquiry into their reality." That this is no exaggeration is shown by the acknowledgment that, in regard to the alleged proof of the existence of thought-transference, Mr. Savage's "acceptance is based not so much on the evidence offered, as on the fact that I am sure things quite as wonderful have occurred in my own experience." Is there any scientific theory into which this sort of thing can be made to fit? Mr. Savage says the present condition of affairs (that is, the non-acceptance of these alleged "facts" by scientists) is "a scandal both to science and philosophy." If there is any scandal, it would appear to me to rest on the shoulders of men who are putting forward notions so opposed to all true science, that the utmost that can be said in their favor is that they "need explanation;" the very facts on which they are based requiring substantiation. Until some substantial facts are put forward—facts which can be demonstrated by all inquirers, and not by a few specialists who make it their hobby—I think we are fairly entitled to relegate all this business to the domain of the mountebank and the charlatan.

The real value of evidence seems to be a point on which, too, spiritualists have very indefinite notions. They seem to think that all that is necessary is, that a few people at a seance should be forced to acknowledge

that they have seen something which they cannot explain, to give them fair ground for asking us to believe their explanation to be true. Even if we could not explain some of these things, if we knew all the circumstances, the evidence of even ten thousand eye-witnesses would be of no value, if it could be shown that they were wanting in sufficient accurate knowledge to make them competent judges. What would be the value of the evidence of a few millions of Africans as to the cause of an eclipse or a rainbow? The only things which are hinted at in the article are those which, if true, certainly would seem to partake of the miraculous, or something equally reasonable. If a friend of mine were to tell me something which I knew he could not possibly have known, I think my answer would be short if not flattering. And I can easily understand why so much has been written on this matter without even the first step having been taken toward placing it on a scientific basis.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part IV.

When I next visited my chimpanzee he said that we would have to postpone our further discussion because a rite of especial importance was about to be performed there by the Brahmans, and no stranger could be present. I expressed my sorrow at this, and my regret that I could not witness more of these secret solemnities.

"If you are sufficiently arboreal to climb with me yon tree," said the chimpanzee, "and to hide behind its larger branch and risk a small fine and large noise on possible discovery, you can witness what is done; it is mainly singing and dancing."

I was soon up the tree and seated on a limb jutting from the large branch. My monkey friend perched just in front of me on the more exposed side. Thus he not only helped to conceal me but was close enough to answer in a whisper any question I might to put. Presently a sedan-shrine was borne into the court; I caught only a glimpse of its deity, who seemed to have a monkey's face, but of this I was not certain, its back being toward me. After priests had prostrated themselves flat before it, and some cakes been laid on small stands, a number of men entered and knelt each to a priest, who covered the bowed head with his skirt. It appeared to be a process of confession and absolution. Then seven men entered, each bearing a musical instrument, and squatted on the stone floor. An equal number of temple dancers followed, and, having removed an upper garment bowed before the deity till their foreheads touched the ground. The movement and expression were those of absolute submission and helplessness. Then the musicians began their singing, with instrumental accompaniment, the dancers remaining motionless.

The "music" was a monotonous thrum-thrum and twang-twang; the singing was a prolonged whine in unison.

"How does that music impress you?" asked my sage when the first performance was over.

"I should hardly call it music," I answered softly. "It sounds like mere whining and whimpering, and is not beautiful."

"Perhaps you do not understand it. Now that they are about to sing again, I will get closer to you and translate every word."

This time the strain profoundly impressed me. It told of the hardness and weariness of life; the sentence of death under which each is born; the partings, the heartbreaks; the wonder whether the world were sport of demons or a hell for punishing sins of previous existence; the consuming famine was described, the drying up of streams, the ghouls of disease, the misery of existence. The tones in which these burdens were conveyed were as perfectly adapted to the sense as the moaning of a wounded animal, the sigh of bereaved hearts, the bleating of sheep whose lambs are slain, the cooing of lonely doves. As I listened my eyes filled with tears.

"You weep, my friend," said the chimpanzee. "For that this music exists. It was not meant to please the ear but to move the heart. It is developed out of the piteous supplications of mendicants. It is meant to move the hearts of gods and goddesses as it has moved yours."

Tinkle, tinkle! The dancers arose and went through their strange evolutions. These too, were not aiming at beauty, as I presently understood. They pleaded before their god with movements. One girl described the passion of that god; how he had seen his ideal become actual in a female form, pursued her, and become the father of heroes. When she had acted the divine legend, another told in her dance how mortals too kindle with love, which, unsatisfied, must consume them. Now clasping her hands, now pressing them to her throbbing temples, she portrayed every phase of passion till at last she sank, a picture of death, with hands folded on her breast. Then forth sprang a third, and, while the instrumentalist beat a happier measure, she danced the joy of happy love, of embraces, of paradise; without, however, any effort to be graceful or fascinating.

"But even this joy is sung in sad minors," I said, "and the dancer's face does not smile."

"No," said my friend, "for her every step is amid fearful perils."

The tired players and dancers now departed. In a few moments the courtyard was entirely vacant, save for the slumberous monkeys. In a few moments we were comfortably seated there.

"What you have just witnessed," said the chimpanzee, "is a fit overture to what I have to say about the evolution of our race through speech. You have heard

music and songs, and seen dances, exactly as they were heard and seen in the beginnings of time. Music and dancing, their original purpose being lost, have been elsewhere developed into arts of human pleasure; but, as in their origin they involved the favor or disfavor of deities, were matters of life and death, even so is it with our temple singers and dancers. Each is trained in the belief that a slightest mistake in accent or motion will bring him or her an eternity of torment. They are a select caste, and feel themselves in the employment of gods and goddesses who will not forgive the least admixture of error in their ceremonies, nor the slightest attempt to please mere mortals.

"A curious state of mind," I said.

"Yes, but like other natural curiosities, developed by simple forces. Have you not known people in your country who believe absurdities?"

"Many."

"They were created by the absurdities they believe; that is, such beliefs must have been for a long time conditions of comfortable existence and family development. For these choirs of the temple the dependence of actual life and death on their exact performances has gradually projected itself into a superstition of the divine and eternal interests dependent on their every motion, accent, tone, word. From this it is an easy step to personification of the spoken word: as Fate, Fairy (*fatum*, the thing spoken; *fari*, to speak).

"All that line of mental development," I said, "has in the West culminated in a dogma that the word of God is a distinct Person, embodying creative power, and that it once appeared on earth in human form and dwelt among men."

"Through such fables" said my sage, "runs a thread of truth connecting us with a period when the spoken word was really vital. The word was coinage of a need; it came hard and was never spoken or written in vain. To tamper with a word might mislead a tribe to its destruction. A warning of pickets inscribed on a rock, in signs agreed on, if altered might lead their fellows to disaster. This, however, is but a smallest illustration of the importance of the word as a factor of evolution. Your physiologists find the natural bridge between mere vocal sound and articulate speech too infinitesimal for measurement. Among us there was always a dispute as to how nature passed that minute point where vocal chords were able to articulate. Some said it was by a bit of luck; others maintained that it was the evolutionary culmination of the animal sounds repeated in the hissing, braying, cooing of the human infant; but all agreed on what was really effected by the acquisition of speech. The anthropoid race from which you and I are descended was a race of howlers. They howled when they were happy, and when they were unhappy; their community was organization of a howl. But one of them managed to cut up

his howl into bits, making it a chatter; this he used when he was satisfied, reserving his howl for distress. The result was that whenever that anthropoid's individual howl was heard all the rest knew it must be trouble, and hastened to his aid. The possession of this superior vocal power by reflex action took its place in that anthropoid's consciousness; he became alive to sounds inaudible to others. Once, hearing a howl more piercing than usual, he hurried to its utterer, and rescued from a serpent a female of the community. From the marriage of this chatterer with a wife able to make her howl expressive, sprang a family of anthropoid genius. Instead of the old monotonous howl these had various expressions—a whine when ill, a sharp cry for a serpent's approach, a growl when it was a wolf, a bark for something else. These sounds multiplied their sources of security. The anthropoids which could not acquire such vocal variability got the worst of things, the others the best. These formed an anthropoid aristocracy; all who were able cultivated some vocal variation which enabled them to marry into this aristocracy, in which all advantages were steadily accumulated. And while these were becoming the sum of every creature's best, *pari passu* the mere howlers were pauperized, denuded of their best individuals and deteriorated. There was interbreeding of ignorance and incapacity on one side by which anthropoids were turned into apes, while interbreeding of superiorities on the other was evolving anthropoids into men. You have only to suppose the selecting process to go on long enough,—millions of years going to acquire one further note of expression,—to realize that these minute variations must at last end for the progressives the cycle of the howl, and initiate the cycle of the spoken word. If a grain of sand be deposited annually on one spot, the process need only be continued long enough for a mountain to stand there. I have said 'word,' but at first it might be merest root of a word; yet roots grow, and spread in branches, for each variety of expression corresponded to a variety of experience. An anthropoid parent, dying by a serpent's bite, might inform his fellows that the serpent is deadly; they can turn his experience to wisdom without undergoing it. Oral traditions, representing an accumulation of facts and experiences, became to those who could remember them as a catalogue of the chief dangers and opportunities incidental to anthropoid life. This was a principle of selection. The community of chatterers advanced to be a social organism of the spoken word.

"Successive changes in one organ drew after them modifications of our whole animal constitution. Increased communication led to co-operation, followed by increased comfort, means, and so much liberation of intelligence from concentration on the momentary needs. These led on to the great transformation. This came when these stored up experiences, preserving most those

most impressed by them, so developing memory, finally relieved the race from bondage to want enough to admit intervals of leisure. Then was developed, out of memory and freedom, the power to compare traditions, select those that confirmed each other, and so gain some notion of classified events—or laws. For this began the work of purposed selection,—like that which in the hands of man has changed the rude stocks of nature into fruits and cattle. Mankind changed pine cones to pine-apples by mere instruction of interest, long before any evolutionary method in nature was recognized. That method which surrounds man with a civilized world of his own creation is not now applied by man to his own breeding. Conventionalism sanctioned by dogma forbids that. But there was no such arresting power over the forms preceding man. Between the animals which express themselves by gesture and cries, and the first talker, came no emaciating skepticism, no supernatural extortioner demanding half their food for sacrifice. They were able to make the most and best of themselves; consequently it were no more miraculous that they should develop themselves into man, if they saw fit, than that man, unrestricted by dogma, working freely, should change a wild briar into a rose."

At this moment the daughter of the chimpanzee approached. He placed his finger on his mouth, winked, gave me to understand that he did not wish to be suspected of speech, and waved me a silent farewell.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE NEW ETHICS.

BY WILLIAM CLARKE.

On the afternoon of the last Sunday in February, I stood amid a vast crowd composed mainly of working people near the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It was the day of the so-called "Church Parade" of the unemployed people of London, who intended by this means to attract the attention of the wealthy classes to their condition. I think I never felt so deeply what an utter farce the church had become in England. And by this word church I do not refer to the Catholic church, which is popular and sympathetic to the poor (however absurd its alleged miracles and pretended infallibility may be), but to the Protestant section of the Christian church, especially as established and endowed in England. Here were masses of poor people from every part of London to the number of twenty or thirty thousand, rough and ill-clothed, but for the most part quiet and orderly, who were come to show themselves in what is supposed to be their own church. This great church was specially guarded by over 3,000 policemen (called to protect the Lord Mayor and his wealthy friends against their humbler "brethren") although it is actually dedicated to a man who worked with his own hands for a living and taught his fellow-believers to do the same. If Paul could have foreseen

the time when a cathedral bearing his name should be erected in the greatest mammon-worshipping center in the world, and should be usually attended by mammon's chief votaries and that the poor to whom in his day "the gospel was preached," should only have been admitted to his temple on condition of 3,000 guardians of "law and order" looking after them, what, I wonder, would he have said? What a theme the presence of these unemployed might have furnished for a really inspired preacher with a genuine human gospel!—a gospel of salvation from the real evils of life, and not from any sham hell beyond the grave. What an opportunity for a Wycliffe or a Savonarola! But alas, no inspired man filled St. Paul's pulpit; only a well-meaning man, with no gospel worth having or worth listening to. "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all"—that was his text. And then we had the usual time-honored platitudes as to God intending that there should be divisions and classes in society; how rich as well as poor had their troubles, and how the rich were to remember the poor and give them presents, and how celestial pearl and gold was going to compensate for the absence of terrestrial cash. The preacher was evidently a kindly person who did really pity the condition of many of his hearers, but I could not help thinking of Emerson's words, "good nature is plentiful enough, but we want justice with heart of steel to fight down the proud."

When the service was over the revolutionary leaders stacked their red flags round the poor old dilapidated statue of Queen Anne in front of the cathedral, a procession was formed and with flags flying and bands playing, the unemployed marched to the embankment where a second discourse was preached of a very different nature from that inside St. Paul's. I followed after, and having learned from one or two of the socialist leaders what they thought of their experiment, I proceeded to meditate on the complete failure of the church to touch the vital issues of to-day, and I thought very much as follows:

The Protestant churches of Christendom are all vitiated by three radical defects. In the first place they are the outcome of the individualist movement of the reformation which, having spent itself, is now well-nigh exhausted. The individualism which in the reformation, the Puritan revolution and the French revolution, was necessary as a destructive agency to be applied to the old dungeon-house of feudalism, where men were stifled for want of thought and capacity for expansion, which was essential for purposes of discovery and invention, and, consequently, for the immense impetus given to material production—this individualism which we associate with such names as Luther, Cromwell, Voltaire and Franklin, has discharged, in the main, its task, has nearly exhausted its possibilities of good and is now

showing its evil side and developing its latent contradictions. Necessary as a protest against tyranny, mere individualism is powerless to build up any great human society into which the men of the future shall be as truly incorporated as men in Western Europe a thousand years ago were incorporated into the mediæval empire and the mediæval church. And individualists are satisfied that this should be so. It realizes their idea of "freedom." Herbert Spencer and Auberon Herbert, the English apostles of individualism, actually liken men to a pile of cannon-balls. Each unit quite distinct and separate from the other. Each unit is to be "free" to do exactly as he like, provided he leaves his fellow-units alone. This is supposed to be the final consummation of human progress; it is really the entering wedge of social anarchy, leaving the cash-nexus as the only bond of human relationship. The true social doctrine is the organic unity of society, in the absence of which no individual can possibly develop his life. To be relieved of social pressure and the social claims of every human being is not to achieve "freedom," it is simply to negate individuality in the truest, highest sense of that word; it is a retrograde movement, and it really provides at this hour whatever intellectual basis there may be for conservatism in England. As an outcome of this great individualist movement (contained in germ in Christianity, but fully developed by the reformation and subsequent events) we find the Protestant churches, particularly those of English-speaking countries, for in continental Europe ordinary Protestantism does not count as a living force.

Now this Protestantism becomes evidently more and more opposed every day to the new social ideal which is felt, not only by revolutionists, but by nearly all of the progressive spirits of our time. That ideal is, I think, a harmonious social order in which there shall be equality of opportunity. The cry of Browning in "Paracelsus" will be the cry of the social reformer: "Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once!" It is the general elevation of all, not the dazzling eminence of a few powerful or gifted persons, that the great social forces will now aim at producing. How can ordinary Protestantism help in this work? Its churches are devoted to setting forth aims wholly different. The general mass of mankind are regarded by it as "children of wrath" from whom a remnant are graciously to be selected by some mysterious process. Thus the ordinary Protestant doctrine is fundamentally aristocratic, denying practically the unity of mankind (the very corner-stone of the new ethics) and declaring a doctrine of divine favoritism. The man of the world who has imbibed Protestantism on its material side, declares with Fitzjames Stephen, its most brutal exponent, that this world is made for hard practical people, who know what they want and mean to get it. In other words he

applies the entirely non-ethical principles of Darwinism—the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest—to society. On the other hand the ordinary religious Protestant maintains a celestial favoritism, the palm-branches and golden streets for the “elect” and the chains and red-hot furnaces for the masses of mankind. On neither basis can any ethical social doctrine be founded.

In the next place Protestantism is allied to wealth and to social power. In most of the churches in England to-day neither Jesus nor any of his disciples (whose unreal images are painted on the windows) would be shown into a pew, and the chances are that they would be warned off the premises. These churches, in not a few cases, exist for the purpose of providing liberal doses of soothing syrup to the well-to-do classes, whose nice susceptibilities are outraged by the ragged garments of the poor. Now as Jesus denounced the respectable classes of his day (on the whole as decent a set of people as our millionaires, legislators, lawyers, etc.) as “serpents” and as “a generation of vipers,” and as fit subjects for “damnation,” there is little doubt that if he were with us to-day his condemnation of our organized religion would be little, if at all, less severe. For his spirit is not the spirit of modern Protestantism. To the poor the gospel is not preached. They are, on the contrary, lectured by wealthy archbishops on their want of “thrift,” and by gluttonous aldermen, who drink champagne out of big tumblers, on their “intemperance.”

Thirdly. The church still believes in “other-worldliness,” and regards the bad social state which obtains as having been ordained by God for the spiritual discipline of his “children.” If any human father were to treat his own child in the way that God is asserted by the church to treat the majority of the human race in this world (to say nothing of the lake of fire provided in the next), I think we should all contend for the honor of lynching him. This view of the world taken by the church may be right or wrong, but it is obvious that nobody holding any such view can solve our social problems. For if the church view is right then the social problem is insoluble, and we must wait with as much patience as we can command for the burning up of such a disreputable planet. And if the church view is wrong, then the church stands condemned as incapable of dealing with the tremendous facts of modern life. The new ethical movement, of course, regards the church view as utterly false. It declares on the contrary that we can make of human society pretty much what we like, that for every wrong there is a remedy, and that poverty and crime are no more “inevitable” than was chattel slavery or mediæval serfdom. Leaving, therefore, the clergy of the church to seek in the sepulcher for the redeemer in whom they only half believe,

the new movement would, as Emerson says, “descend as a redeemer into nature” and make here a new earth for a renovated humanity.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

The president of this body has told in *THE OPEN COURT* how it was organized twenty years ago, “on the basis of free thought,” and in order “to make a fellowship, not a party, to promote the scientific study of religious truth,” and “to keep open the lines of spiritual freedom.” This good work, though still necessary, has been so far accomplished during the last few years, as to stand much less in need of organized effort now than it did in 1867. Thus the F. R. A. has been obliged to take up, at its annual meeting, in Tremont Temple, Boston, May 26 and 27, the questions what it is to do hereafter, and why it is to keep itself before the world.

At the opening business session, on Thursday evening, May 26, with the original president, O. B. Frothingham, now vice-president, in the chair, a resolution was presented by the president for the current year, Wm. J. Potter, and adopted, to the effect that the executive committee shall make it their special work to correspond with their fellow-members on the question whether a reconstruction is necessary, and shall report thereon at the annual meeting in 1888. This resolution was read the next morning at the opening of the convention by Mr. Potter, who also presented a plan for enlarging the association into four allied groups, of which one should make religion and philosophy its special subjects, another study problems of natural science, the third take sociology, especially the diminution of vice, poverty, disease and crime, for its field, and the fourth devote itself to amelioration of Sunday laws, taxation of churches, and other branches of State secularization. Each section should have its own officers, and all be represented in the general government as well as in the annual meetings. Mr. Potter acknowledged that this plan is impracticable with the present limited membership. For such work, many broad scholars, eminent scientists and intelligent philanthropists must be brought together; and if such gains cannot be made under the present constitution, then perish the organization. Long live the idea, the real king!

The next speaker on Friday morning, Mr. A. W. Stevens, invited by request of the executive committee, advised the association not to call itself Religious; because religion, as expounded and defined on its platform, is only a calm and cold philosophy. The F. R. A. ought to suit its religion to people’s wants, or drop its name. He had no interest in any being but man, and no desire to solve any problems but those of this life. It

is these practical problems which the F. R. A. ought to make prominent, and to do so with success it should lay less stress on freedom and more on respect for scientific thought, and for the rights of society. This essay was so interesting that I should be glad to see it all in print, especially as Mr. Stevens showed such unusual regard for the rights of his neighbors on the platform as to stop at the exact end of his allotted half-hour, and, of his own accord, leave a number of his carefully prepared pages unread. This sort of honesty is so rare, even in liberal gatherings, that I was glad to see it repeated that afternoon by Captain Adams. Among the last passages read by Mr. Stevens was one proving that the anarchists condemned at Chicago were in reality usurpers. Rev. M. J. Savage then spoke of progress among Unitarians, as well as of the importance of religion. Mr. W. M. Salter, speaking on the supremacy of ethics, said he believed that when all else that the religious world holds dear falls or becomes uncertain, confidence in duty may remain unshaken. Religion so far as it has not been the outgrowth of the moral sentiment has been an expensive luxury to the race, and has come nigh to being a curse. Yet the moral sentiment as naturally blossoms into a religious faith as the buds of spring into leaf or flower. We cannot worship nature or the sum of nature's powers. Without morality and the infinite suggestions it makes, worship cannot find an object, and the word adorable would have to pass out of literature. The moral sentiment gives power. What ought to be, can be. The heart of the world is sound and would we but give way to it, the face of society would be as fair as is now the face of nature. The moral sentiment breeds a great hope. Our current doctrine of immortality has no moral fibre in it. The only reason for supposing there is another life is in case there are those who are worthy of it. Now no drivelling saint nor damnable sinner but imagines he or she is going to live again and live forever. There never was such effrontery.

It is in this society, or in such an association as is proposed by Mr. Potter, that the star of Bethlehem is to re-appear, according to Mr. M. D. Conway. Christian morality is based on the dogma of a speedy millennium, and therefore utterly impracticable. So is socialism. What is wanted is an association to advance ethical truth by scientific methods. Professor Davidson, who was not called upon until the session had proved too long for most of the reporters, while approving of the new plan, thought that what had been lacking was not a statement of aims but one of definite methods. The F. R. A. is too much like a Free Communication Association, which should hold conventions year after year, to talk up the general advantage of having more railroads, steamboats and telegraph lines, but should never suggest any practical method of getting them. No

wonder it drags and seems but half alive. It is high time to re-organize with different and practical methods, with a more definite aim, and in harmony with science, not faith.

This subject also came up with other topics, not only at the afternoon convention, but at the evening festival. Both Captain Adams and Mrs. Cheney agreed essentially with Mr. Potter. Mr. Frothingham appeared satisfied with what was done by the F. R. A. in supplying a free platform for speakers of all religions and no religion; so did Col. Higginson, who spoke of the convention and festival as the best ever given by the F. R. A., though he thought too much time had been spent on definitions of religion, an old habit not likely, I fear, to cease until some such name is taken as that of Progressive Association, proposed by Captain Adams.

The last gentleman, in speaking at 3 P. M., on Sunday amusements, said that those who say God wants to have us keep Sunday, ought to prove that he makes the cows give twice as much milk as usual Saturdays, and lets it keep until Monday, as well as that he takes more pleasure in a jangle of church bells than in a good concert. Then Judge Putnam showed, in a speech which called out much laughter and applause, that the Sunday law is not enforced, for it does not really make our behavior different from what it would be without it, except in so far as it permits rascals to refuse to pay notes signed on that day, or bills for goods then purchased. Mr. Wm. L. Garrison thought God had rather look at parks full of games than at gaudy churches, and that our Sunday was kept much more for the benefit of the rich than of the poor; and Rev. Charles Voysey, of London, sent a letter pleading for more "opportunities of innocent pleasure and games" on Sunday as a preservation from vice.

The festival was a great success, with its bright, cordial speeches, its tables lined with happy faces, its profusion of wild flowers, and its highly artistic music, due especially to a family where *THE OPEN COURT* is always welcome. A large number of copies of this journal was sent to the convention by its editors, and gratefully received by the audience, some of whom will extend the distribution as far as Texas. The executive committee, in their report soon to be published in a pamphlet, with the official account of the proceedings, tells how this journal was founded by "a gentleman in the West as generous in hand as he is liberal of thought," and also say: "We cordially congratulate our fellow-members of this association on the fact that so generously founded and promising a publication has arisen, outside of the association, to work for similar objects to those of *The Index*; and we think it will be generally agreed that *THE OPEN COURT* has thus far manifested a purpose, character and ability, which make it an honor alike to its founder and to its editors." I, too, rejoice

to see the same free platform which the F. R. A. sets up for a day or two, once or twice a year, kept standing, with all its height and breadth and purity, all the year round in THE OPEN COURT.

COMMON CONSENT AND THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In my article on "Herbert Spencer as a Thinker," I touched on the question of the immortality of the soul, or rather on the question of a future life, as viewed by him, and also—in a note—on the argument from general consent, which has ever been regarded by the unthinking many as of itself sufficing to prove that the soul of man is immortal. I propose now to remark more fully on the futility of the argument from common consent, associating it with the subject of the immortality of individual life.

It is a familiar problem in probabilities to determine how far a report may be trusted when it is received from such and such persons, whose veracity is regarded as respectively so and so. It is vouched for, let us say, by A, who tells truth five times in six, and by B who tells truth seven times in eleven; while it is contradicted by Y and Z, who tell the truth respectively only once in three times and once in five times; what is the likelihood of its truth, assuming its antecedent probability to be one in ten? I do not say that problems of this type are very useful; for the measures of veracity are not such as we recognize in the actual world. Such problems may be compared to those mechanical ones which are given in college examination papers, where we read of perfectly rigid rods, perfectly uniform substances, frictionless surfaces, and the like: in one case which I can remember (since I was one of the victims of the problem), we were invited to deal with a man whose perfectly smooth spherical head was surmounted by a conical hat of infinite height! But such problems may indicate true principles; and in cases where we can form a fair general idea of the likelihood of a certain conclusion being right so far as each of several points of evidence is concerned, we may infer also, in a general way, the likelihood of its being right when all those several points are considered together.

Now, imagine a community of a thousand persons, each one of whom is invited to decide on some one question of considerable difficulty; and let us suppose that the chance of each one giving the right decision may be averaged at one in ten. When all the results are collected together, it appears, let us say, that an immense majority agree in giving one answer, the rest giving either a different answer or declining to answer at all, on the ground that the question is too difficult for them to decide. Unquestionably in such a case as this, the opinion of most persons (common consent again) would be that the decision of the bulk of the community

of a thousand folk was probably right. It is on an assumption of this sort that government by majorities depends; and at a first view it seems right enough. But what are the actual facts? The chance of a right decision in each case is (on the average) the same as that of drawing one white ball from a vase containing ten balls, one only of which is white. If one were told that among the thousand balls severally drawn from a thousand such vases, nine hundred were of one color—unnamed—would one infer that they must probably be white? Would one not on the contrary feel absolutely certain that whatever color they may be, white they assuredly are *not*? A mathematician, at any rate, would so conclude, for he knows how overwhelming (practically infinite) are the odds against more than about one-tenth of the drawn balls being of the color which appears but once among ten balls in each vase. If all the thousand were announced as of one color—and this, according to believers in the immortality of the soul, would correspond best with the all but uniform opinion of mankind on that question—the chance that that color would be further announced to be white, would be one in a number represented by one followed by a thousand noughts. If the whole space within our sidereal universe were enlarged a million fold, and so enlarged, were filled with minute balls closely packed and so small that a million of them would, together, not be discernible with the most powerful microscope; and if among all these but one were white, the chance of a white ball being drawn from each one of all the thousand vases would be many millions of times less than that of drawing that single white ball at random from that practical infinity of balls of other colors.

Not less unlikely than this,—and therefore infinitely unlikely,—would it be that a thousand persons would independently agree in giving a right decision on a question where the probability of each concluding right would be as one in ten. And be it remembered that this chance of being right, though small in itself, is great compared with the chance of being right on any question of real difficulty, such, for example, as that of a future life. And on this supremely difficult question not a thousand, but, we are told, all the thousands of millions who have ever thought earnestly about it have been in agreement. It is infinitely more unlikely, then, that their common opinion can be right than even that from the thousand vases of our illustration the white ball should in every case have been drawn.

In passing, I may mention that Friar Bacon was the first, so far as I know, to point out the fallacy underlying the argument from common consent. "With all our strength," he says (in his *Opus Majus*, A. D. 1267), "we must prefer reason to custom, and the opinions of the wise and good to the perceptions of the vulgar; and we must not use the triple argument,—that is to say, this

has been laid down, this is usual, this has been common, *therefore it is to be held by.* For *the very opposite conclusion* does much better follow from the premises. And though the whole world be possessed by these causes of error, let us freely hear opinions contrary to established usage."

It is essential to this argument as to the drawing of correct inferences from common consent, that the matter in question should involve some difficulty, though not necessarily any great difficulty. All men agree that the sun shines, and all men are right, for the shining of the sun is obvious; but in Shakespeare's time all men agreed that the sun is fire, insomuch that he says "doubt that the sun is fire," as he would say, doubt that you live and move; but because that is a matter of less simplicity common consent should have been looked on with suspicion, and, as a matter of fact, we know now that the sun, whatsoever he may be, is assuredly not fire. In like manner with hundreds of matters which everyone who possesses the ordinary senses seems able to deal with, so simple do they appear; yet the common opinion about them, where there has been any real difficulty, has invariably been common error.

For it is by no means necessary, as I have said, that great difficulty should be involved in a question to render universal consent respecting it decisive evidence of error; but in such cases we must recognize the existence of some circumstance or circumstances by which opinion has been biased. It is practically impossible that *all* the members of a community of a thousand should arrive at a correct conclusion on some question where the chance for each deciding right was so great as nine in ten. If they all agreed we should have to recognize some bias one way or another, and to decide independently whether that bias was such as to be toward truth or toward error.

It will hardly be denied that the question of the possible immortality of man is one of considerable difficulty. The often vaunted fact that even the most cautious men of science will not pronounce immortality to be absolutely impossible, proves that the matter is not one to be decided in an instant by average minds. If, then, it is true that average minds have, with scarcely an exception, pronounced in favor of the doctrine of the soul's immortality, we must infer at least a very high degree of probability against the doctrine, if not absolute certainty that the doctrine is erroneous. Unless, indeed, we can recognize direct evidence in favor of the doctrine, or some reason to believe that opinions would be biased, and in the direction of the truth.

But we know that the only evidence on which the doctrine has ever been based is that derived from dreams about the dead, which were regarded, very naturally, as indicating the continued existence of the departed in some shadowy or spiritual form. We know now that this evidence has no such meaning as was attributed to

it during the childhood of races, and is still attributed to it by children and persons of weak mind.

The evidence of revelation can, of course, not be cited *here*, because the doctrines that there must be a God of such a nature as to take personal interest in man, and that he must have revealed his will to man, belong to those respecting which common opinion has given its most decisive, and therefore its almost certainly erroneous verdict.

As regards bias, there can be no doubt that, at the time when men think most of the question of a future life, viz., when some beloved one has passed away, most men desire to entertain the thought that the dead still live in another form, though when they reason about their hope (the few who are able to) they can picture no form of future life in which they could wish their loved ones to be renewed. There is certainly no reason for supposing that bias in this case would be toward truth rather than toward error.

When the most earnest believers in a future life give their reasons for the faith that is in them, we feel still more strongly that such fanciful reasoning cannot be expected to guide men to the truth. I have before me a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Brooks, Doctor of Divinity, in Boston, in which he speaks of a man immediately after death. "That man is dead," he says; "what is it that has come? A minute ago I was talking with him, he was speaking to me of the loves and dreams and imaginings with which I have been familiar, as I have known him these forty years. Now that is stopped. Shall I believe that an end has come to that vitality? The spiritual life is in the powers of the soul, not in the accident which linked them in association with this body in which the physical change has taken place. Shall I believe that they have ceased because it has ceased to be their minister?" To which he answers: "No, because what has passed away is merely the bodily life, not the inner life with its thoughts and emotions." He does not deem it necessary to show that the power of conceiving thoughts or feeling emotions is not as essentially a quality of that which has been destroyed by death, as the power of making fine cloth is a quality of a weaving-machine, and presumably brought to an end by death as the weaving powers of the machine by its destruction. What he says of the man might equally be said, and with about as much reason, of the machine. "A minute ago that machine was weaving beautiful cloth, now it has done its last work, and all its parts will presently be applied to other uses. Shall I believe that the powers of working charming patterns it possessed so short a time since are gone because its mere material structure is to be destroyed? Never; for only the merest accident linked those powers with the machinery!" No answer is needed to one argument any more than to the other. The destroyed machine lives no longer as a

piece of mechanism; it can never more produce the delicate textures or the charming patterns which it produced when it existed as a machine. It will live only in its products, direct and indirect. And in like manner, it seems reasonable to believe (though none can say it has been proved) the dead exist no longer as beings capable of feeling or expressing emotions. They live only in their work,—in the influences, direct and indirect, which they have produced on those around them during life, or on those who are to come hereafter. This, at any rate,—setting aside the rejected evidence of dreams and visions, and the more than doubtful evidence of revelation, so-called, which is full of errors in less difficult matters,—is the conclusion to which reasoning points as the most probable. Seeing that common consent points to the contrary doctrine, we may say that the true argument from common consent proves, almost to demonstration, that the doctrine of the soul's immortality is one of the common errors into which common consent is bound to fall.

THE MODERN SKEPTIC.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Part I.

A recent writer upon skepticism describes the skeptic as generally a "malcontent," not only in religion, but in politics and in society. "He is the personification of the ancient belief regarding the souls of the unburied dead," that is, he goes wandering about homeless and disconsolate. But few honest skeptics, I imagine, will see themselves in this portrait. The religious skeptics of to-day are a very large class, larger than ever before, and they are by no means the restless and unhappy set they are here described. On the contrary they are among the most hopeful, intelligent, patriotic, upright and wisely conservative of our citizens. Let us see; probably four-fifths of the literary men in this country and in Great Britain, and a still larger per cent. on the continent, are what would be called skeptics; a large proportion of journalists and editors are skeptics; half the lawyers, more than half the doctors, a large per cent. of the teachers, a large per cent. of the business men, almost all the scientific men, and a great many orthodox clergymen, if they were to avow their real convictions, would confess to some shade of skepticism or religious unbelief. They find the creeds in which they were nurtured no longer credible. Indeed, there are but few great names in literature, in science or philosophy for a hundred years, that could not be convicted of some shade of religious skepticism—skepticism about the miracles, the sacraments, vicarious atonement, original sin, or some other dogma.

The lawyers are probably less inclined to skepticism than the doctors, because the legal mind is closer akin to the theological mind; it has chiefly to do with arbitrary and artificial questions and distinctions, and is brought less under the influence of natural causes than

that of the medical practitioner. The lawyer falls into personal and exclusive views; he makes the cause of his client his own; and his whole training is to beget a habit of mind quite the opposite of the scientific. The physicians were the first to discredit witchcraft and to write against it, but the lawyers cherished and defended the belief nearly as long as did the clergy. The legalism, too, which has invaded Christianity, and which is such a repulsive feature in certain of the creeds, especially that of Calvinism, is the work of the attorney habit of mind.

The writer referred to is correct, however, in saying that "faith is a living force mostly in active temperaments." There is less skepticism among the farmers and among the laboring classes generally, except may be here and there in large cities, and very little among the women. Women are slow to reason, but quick to feel and to believe, and they cannot face the chill of the great cosmic out of doors without being clad in some tangible faith. The mass of the people are indifferent rather than skeptical. They are undoubtedly drifting away from the creeds of their fathers, but they have not yet entirely lost sight of them. "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world," says Gibbon, "were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false, and by the magistrate as equally useful." This is probably very much the case amid all nations, at all times.

Men of large action, too, generals, statesmen, sea captains, explorers, usually share the religion of their contemporaries. Frederick the Great is perhaps the most notable exception to this rule. A popular religion is always definite and practical, clothes itself in concrete forms, and appeals to the active temperament. The man of action has little time for reflection, to return upon himself and entertain intellectual propositions. Faith is an earlier and, in many ways, a healthier act of the mind than reason, because faith leads to action, while reason makes us hesitate and put off a decision. The church has always had trouble with philosophers and physicians, with men who wanted to know the reason of things and trace the connection of cause and effect. There was little skepticism in Greece until after the sophists appeared, the critics, men of ideas, who directed a free play of thought upon all objects and subjects, a type of mind which beget the philosophers of Athens, but not the great poets and artists. They came earlier, when there was more faith and less reason in Greece.

In fact, the great days of Greece were not when its head was the clearest, but when its patriotism and religion were the most fervent. As the heart cools the head clears. Those great emotional uprisings, those religious enthusiasms, which come in time to all nations, are not days of right reason, nor of correct science, still

they are the periods of history we like best to dwell upon.

It is always easier to believe than to deny. Our minds are naturally affirmative; it is not till the second or third thought that doubt begins. Belief is so vital and necessary that one would say the tendency was made strong at the perpetual risk of extra belief and superstition; it were better to believe too much than not enough. Hence mankind have always believed too much, as if to make sure that the anchor hold. To believe just enough, to free his mind from all cant and from all illusion, and see things just as in themselves they are, is the aim of the philosopher or of the true skeptic.

Men's minds are nearly always under a spell of some kind. What a spell the mind of Europe was under during the Crusades! What a foolish and misdirected enthusiasm this uprising seems to us, whose minds are under some other spell, say the scientific spell. What a spell the same mind was under for centuries with reference to witchcraft, even such a man as Sir Matthew Hale believing in it and defending it. Here was an astute legal mind, and an incorruptible judge, a man who could sift evidence and detect fraud, and yet the spell of his times in regard to witchcraft was upon him, and he could not escape it. The mind reasons in such cases, but it reasons inside of a magical circle, the bounds of which it cannot pass, cannot see. Most of us reason inside of a circle, when we reason at all, with reference to our religion; we are under its spell, its illusion. What a spell the mind of Christendom has been under with reference to miracles—could not get or see beyond the magic circle. The Catholic mind is still under this spell. What a spell the mind of the world was under in the third and fourth centuries with reference to magic, and in later times with reference to astrology, and alchemy and demoniac possessions! The skeptic sees how faith or belief tends perpetually to fulfill itself. If I believed in ghosts I should doubtless see ghosts. People always have. Those who believe in spiritism have wonderful things to relate; but to a cool, unbiased person not one scrap of evidence is forthcoming. In a credulous age miracles happen, but never in a scientific one. The evidences of the popular religion are evidences only to those who are already convinced. The man who believes in prayer—his prayers are answered; the more sincere the belief the more sure the answer. Sincerity of belief is of itself a blessing and makes us stronger. Faith-cures, of which we are just now hearing, have their root in this principle, as do also the power of charms, amulets, symbols, etc. Curses, anathemas, tend to fulfill themselves when the imagination is impressed by them. Think what power for mischief must have resided in the curses of the church when men's minds were under the theological spell; excommunication made man an outcast in the universe. The things

we fear, no matter how imaginary, stamp our lives. Of the things we love the same is true. Plutarch tells of a certain bird which the ancients used to look upon to cure jaundice—this was an early form of faith-cure. The opposite effect, or *faith-kill*, is related with regard to a bird in Ceylon, called the devil-bird. This bird makes a doleful wailing by night, and as it is seldom seen, a dread superstition has gathered about it. The natives have a fixed belief that whoever sees the bird will surely die shortly after, and, as a matter of fact, this usually proves true. The native is so frightened and so overpowered by his faith in the evil omen that he refuses food, goes into a decline and soon dies. Thus faith kills and faith cures. Faith in your physician is often worth more to you than his medicines; a soldier's faith in his general doubles or trebles his force.

The skeptic sees the benefits of a strong, active faith, irrespective of the object toward which it is directed. Faith in one's self and in the justice of one's cause is always half the battle. Can there be any doubt in the mind of the disinterested observer that the influence of such a man, say, as Mr. Moody, is more beneficial than the influence of such an orator as Mr. Ingersoll? Mr. Ingersoll appeals to reason and to common sense, and the victory seems easily on his side. He espouses the cause of the world against the church and the priests; and while the church and the priests suffer, no man is benefited. It is all down-hill work with the witty orator; it is what we like to hear and we go with him naturally and easily. It is all up-hill work with Mr. Moody; he rebukes pride and sensuality; he calls the worldling to a higher life; he seeks to awaken aspirations toward a higher and nobler good, and in the growth of character, the man who leads us the difficult way, who persuades us to do what we don't want to do, what our pride and ease and self-indulgence stand in the way of our doing, is a better man than he who takes us with the current of our natural desires and tendencies. Greater things are possible, nobler and more disinterested lives, from Mr. Moody's point of view than from Mr. Ingersoll's. It is not for nothing that we have had so long thundered into our ears the benefits of belief and the dangers of skepticism and doubt. And it is not because the things we have been asked to believe are in themselves true, but because the very act of belief is in itself wholesome and sets the current going, while doubt paralyzes and leads to stagnation. But how shall we believe a thing unless we know it to be true? Ah, there is the rub! But man in all ages has been the victim of delusions, and the gain to him has been that they have kept him going; that they have kept him working and striving. The great periods in history have been periods of strong faith, of serious affirmation, not of denial, nor yet of reason. Yet I would not say that faith alone has ever made a people

or an individual great. Spain, as a nation, probably has as much faith as ever, and yet how is she fallen from the three hundred years ago. But faith is more frequently the parent of great deeds than reason or denial. From the point of view of the nation, faith is best. There can be no strong feeling of nationality without a certain narrowness and unreasonableness. The philosophy of Athens no doubt weakened the feeling of nationality. They weakened the faith in the nation's gods; they had reference to universal ends. A proud, intense, exclusive nation like the Hellenes, had a kind of faith in itself and in its privileges and destiny, which, however conducive to the growth and strength of the nation, could not stand the light of reason and universal knowledge.

PSYCHIATRY, OR PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M.D.

Part II.

In institutions where the care of patients is not the principal object or where the management has not profited by the experience of those who have scientifically studied how to obtain the best results, resort is still had to restraint apparatus and mistaken means of reducing refractory cases to obedience. Among these may be named the "crib," bedstrap, fingerless gloves, handless sleeves, muffs, belts, manacles, chains, sacks, camisoles, buckled straps, leathern masks, pear-shaped frames and gags, wicker baskets, suspended boxes, the restraint chair, the dark chamber, padded room, the rotary machine, the suspended seat, the hanging mat, the hollow wheel, the swing, the douche and the surprise bath.

Scientific inquiry has led to the abandonment of the majority of these, and the substitution for them of more intelligent attendance. Some asylums adopt the extreme of absolute non-restraint by appliances of any kind, and while this ultra-abandonment may not be judicious in all cases, it is better by far than to allow resort to be had to the mildest restraint instruments, except under the personal supervision of the *good* asylum physician.

It has, also, been proven that faithful medical attention to patients during the day time not only prevents the hideous disorder and noises associated with the name of Bedlam, but insures sleep to the turbulent, and otherwise sleepless, far better than routine drugging at night to quiet, for the nonce, the shrieking maniac.

It would require more time than we can spare to review the development of the modern scientific asylum in its working details, but we may sum up the results in the statement that the patient has therein the best chance for his restoration to reason, and under all circumstances is ensured kind treatment.

Avoiding the dry details of the evolution of scientific methods of research into nervous and mental diseases, a survey of what is being attempted in such fields might be interesting:

The study is divided into clinical and pathological, and requires the co-operation of trained minds. One set of observers records (roughly speaking) all that the insane person does, and the course of his malady. Another carefully examines the healthy and diseased structures of those who die insane; still others scrutinize the bodily condition of the living patient as to his eye sight, hearing and other senses; search is made for any impairment of motility, and through what can be gained from friends, and sometimes the patient himself, less obvious diseases. The ancestry of each case is carefully investigated, for heredity plays an active part in mental decrepitude.

Acting under the advice of these observers the attending physician prescribes, and adds his portion to the written statements. The completed histories are grouped and studied by all these physicians with especial reference to whatever revelations each student may obtain. The fact that by this inductive process numerous otherwise unattainable truths have been discovered in the domain of mental pathology, should arrest the attention of every psychological student whatever his bias might be. During the last fifty years it has been ascertained by simple inspection of recorded observations that certain delusions, illusions and hallucinations accompany certain well-defined diseases, but before describing a few of these it is best to define what these mental or sense aberrations are. Spitzka's terse phraseology is worth quoting:

An insane delusion is "a faulty idea growing out of a weakening or perversion of the logical apparatus." Delusions are divisible into systematized or specific and unsystematized or general.

"An hallucination is the perception of an object as a real presence without a real presence to justify the perception." In other words, the hallucinated person sees, feels, hears, tastes or smells unrealities.

"An illusion is the perception of an object actually present, but in characters which that object does not really possess." The difference between the hallucination and the illusion is that the former is wholly without apparent basis, and the illusion is perverted perception.

A side comment may account for much in scientific papers that dissatisfies the average reader. The real physiological psychologist has waded through so much and has acquired justifiably positive convictions upon many subjects through his untiring zeal, that he becomes incomprehensible in his ways of thinking to even those whom he would willingly instruct. Step by step he has reached what to him are aphorisms, and when he presents the bare results without the qualifications that would be taken for granted by a co-delver the sciolist dissents from his conclusions as mere *dicta*, or worse than that, readily assents with "any fool knows that."

Comically enough many of the most laborious scientific explorations have resulted in justifying some popular estimate of facts, though the thinker has painstakingly determined the truth, where the average individual has accepted it through tradition, or because consonant with his own limited experience.

It has been ascertained, by the means mentioned, that when an almost complete inversion of character takes place; for example, when the temperate, economical, moral, cautious business man becomes boisterous, convivial, immoral and a spendthrift, and claims to be practically worth millions, or when the theologically biased individual asserts himself as the Almighty, or the student arrogates to himself outrageous mental superiority—all of which the French alienists generically class as *délire des grandeurs*, the probability is in favor of a diagnosis of *parietic dementia*, which may be or may not be associated with a blunted touch sense and defective motility such as a staggering gait. It has startled physicians to be convinced that the physical conditions, the changes that occur in the brain in this disease are fully as well, if not better understood, by alienists than those that take place in pneumonia.

Even the politician doctor, at the head of the average American asylum, will glibly tell you that unequally dilated pupils, a peculiar drawling speech and delusions of grandeur evidence *parietic dementia*, and that the duration is usually three years before death, which usually occurs during one of the maniacal outbreaks or convulsions that interlude the disease.

But that same political doctor is ignorant of the fact that certain invariable mechanical causes precede such phenomena. He does not know, nor does he care to know, that the convulsions had been preceded by a plugging of the minute vessels of the brain, and that the maniacal outbreaks were accompanied with, if they did not depend upon, an arrest of the blood circulation.

Thus it has been determined that certain peculiar mental conditions point to gout, rheumatism or syphilis, as causes; and these are the most curable of all the psychoses.

When a patient has undertaken a peculiar self-mutilation, imagines that his friends desire to poison him, and has delusions of marital infidelity it is in the great majority of cases alcoholic insanity.

Religious ecstasy is usually associated with erotism, and when such a patient kneels pleadingly to the official, if he be well-informed, he will know that such lunatic is one of the most treacherous and murderous he may meet.

Insanity apparently depending upon lung consumption (known as phthisical insanity) is often diagnosed as such through the peculiar suspiciousness of the patient, who usually declares that his relatives are trying to steal from or to murder him. Similar delusions may follow neck wounds and sunstroke.

Melancholic conditions are most frequently associated with quantitative or qualitative blood deficiencies; maniacal states, *per contra*, with the other extreme of superabundance of blood in the head, and yet marked exceptions to these rules occur which the alienist looks to the chemical physiologist to explain. A peculiar mental deterioration is caused by a fatty degeneration of the brain arteries.

A sudden occurrence of idea confusion, or a similar invasion of excessive stupidity, known as confusional and as stuporous insanities can be predicted as recoverable in most cases.

When any patient recovers weight without mental improvement, the prognosis is unfavorable, but where the return of mentality is accompanied by increase in flesh it is favorable.

Senile dementia is characterized by penuriousness which may reach a degree that will cause millionaires to starve themselves. They are especially susceptible to undue influence in the matter of property disposition, though very suspicious of those who were the subjects of their affection in their healthy periods.

Memories (as Ch. Ribot prefers to designate what is usually called memory) fade away inversely as acquired; for example, in old age, and its insanity, olden events are recalled with readiness, while recent events are frequently obliterated from the mind.

In some head injuries and nervous derangements, particularly where there is an imperfect circulation in the brain, special memories may be lost, and most commonly for proper nouns, then common nouns, verbs, adjectives are next in order liable to be forgotten, while expletives are usually recalled and pronounced as readily and more frequently than before.

Certain definite parts of the brain are known to centralize certain functions, not in the phrenological sense, but in a way that enables the modern surgeon, under the direction of the physician versed in this localization, to cut down upon certain regions of the brain to remove organic troubles even where there were no external evidences of the difficulty.

Thus the speech faculty, visual memory, and auditory memory occupy defined portions of the brain, and when these places are diseased, the ability to speak, or to read, or to understand language may be separately or conjointly lost, while sight and hearing, as senses, are unimpaired.

These are but a very small portion of the results of the alienist's studies. Huxley illustrates the proper method of studying man objectively, as a vertebrate, by asking you to imagine the student as a superior sort of creature who has visited the earth from the moon, and who finds *homo* among other genera, dissects and experiments with him, as he does the other animals, and being free from bias arrives at certain conclusions regarding

his mechanism. The psychological physiologist with the aid of microscopy may be compared with the electrical engineer from some other planet who studies out the subterranean and aërial telegraph, telephone and lighting lines he finds in a mundane city, to determine their connections, centers and uses. The higher animals, including man, have an innumerable lot of nerve connections running just as definitely and symmetrically between bodily points, and subserving as diverse functions as the fingers or the facial features are definite and have uses.

Morel's dictum that "the brain is the seat of insanity, but not always the seat of its cause," is based upon the fact that while the brain is the organ of the mind, the end and aim of both brain and mind is to correlate bodily functions and serve the purposes of the body. The central telegraph office as the collecting and distributing point for messages need not be the location of a difficulty that may shut off its work. The branching lines may be destroyed by storms, or the chief industries of a metropolis having ceased, the main office for telegrams cannot receive or transmit what is not sent there.

The physiological psychologist latterly recognizes the co-dependence of bodily organs and that superiority of function is purely relative, just as in sociological matters the harmonious working of the whole depends upon each part doing its duty.

In the preceding, an attempt has been made to convey some idea of the enormous work that is being done toward the mitigation of insanity and to obtain knowledge of the mental processes in health and disease. Of course, in this paper but a feeble idea has been imparted of the actual operations of the well-equipped, thoroughly scientific insane asylum. Nothing short of a residence in both could acquaint one with the astounding differences that exist between the ordinary political asylum and the many well-managed European hospitals for the insane, such as the West Riding, England; Morning-side, Scotland; Dublin, Ireland; Charenton, France; Christiania, Norway; Roeskild, Denmark; Stockholm, Sweden; Gratz, Munich, and Wurzburg, Germany.

Illinoisians will learn with pride that the Eastern Illinois Hospital for the Insane at Kankakee, by alienists the world over, is deservedly classed with the institutions mentioned.

PRESENT AIMS.

BY ARTHUR R. KIMBALL.

Humanity has ever been burdened with cares and perplexed with doubts; but as constantly in mankind has resided a vague intuition, that, near at hand, lies the satisfaction of all its wants, could only the open sesame be pronounced. When man first discovers in himself the thirst of the soul and hunger of the intellect, nature

teaches him that spiritual and intellectual pabulum exists somewhere for the support of these higher cravings. He feels sure that the doors will be opened if he may only knock at the portals. But *how* heart and understanding are destined to be upbuilt—the long process of experience and gradual development—he does not comprehend. Nature teaches him that there is a proper and legitimate satisfaction for all his longings, and so he imagines if he could but dine at the table of the gods, perfection would burst upon him. Experience, alone, schools him in the long spiritual evolution of assimilation and application in uses.

When the nations knew but a small portion of the earth, they expected some undiscovered clime to solve this problem for them, therefore they wandered from place to place. Until after the discovery of the New World there was a broadspread expectation of finding in nature's material conditions the new paradise, endowed with fountains of perpetual youth. But through many different channels experience impressed the truth upon man that his *entire* nature cannot be put off with childish playthings. Indeed, experience has *always* been teaching this truth, in a greater or smaller way; but now it has been tested on a most gigantic scale, with all the resources of the world at hand, and failure has resulted—failure as swift and speedy as ever before. Therefore, because earth does not, *of itself and alone*, fulfil the higher needs of humanity, a conception has more or less prevailed that these wants cannot be satisfied *on* earth. Thus arise the two points between which man commonly chooses. He may deny the good in the sensible, and look to a transmundane existence alone to fulfill life, or he may turn to the actual, in a newer and higher sense, to find his heaven there. These are the debating grounds of to-day, and although comprehensive thought will unqualifiedly deny neither, yet it can but see that one is the land where pygmies struggle, the other the wrestling-place of the giants. Mature thought may not doubt post-mortem existence, but it cannot accept this for the great immortality—the goal of Christianity; it does not feel itself asked to believe that by any sudden magic, is ignorance to be turned into wisdom and folly into happiness; moreover, it holds that Christianity bids us live and work in the moment. Faith, to it, means no visionary forelooking, but an actual trust and belief in the all good of the present. Nevertheless, it looks to a broad future of progress and the onward march of humanity, and the individual, it conceives, must proceed by various states and conditions. And this is what characterizes our present age; this is the immortality as derived from *practice*, and separate from the current *theoretic* immortality; and to embody such immortal life, it is evident that every element of the broad universe must be preserved—both the sensible and spiritual, and that which shall bind them together.

On these principles does modern activity proceed. It has in view the temple of progress, approached not by one way alone, but by paths centering to it from every direction.

Science and poetry have found, at length, the beauty of the commonplace. Men have more than intellectually conceived this—they have begun to live it.

The universal is the aim of science, but science now believes that this can be found in the particulars alone. Bitter experience becomes robed in the garb of poetry when we recognize this truth; for things must first be learned in their special relation of contrast and relativity, in order to be known as general and absolute. So duty and pain must exist as the actuating causes of relative experience; love, of the absolute. And in our lives

both kinds of experience are parallel, and so duty and love run along together in heart and mind, and lend each other strength.

Thus in our own age is human force at work—working and waiting for the final movement of organization which shall conclude the struggle in the blind experience of attaining, and open to clear vision a life of experience in uses and resultant new developments. Then will dawn upon us a new life, as distinct and different from the old as starlight from the world of sunbeams. This for our future; but in our present, we still work on, and find a not unmixed happiness in discovering and striking each separate note and chord of experience, until the Grand Master comes to make harmony for us out of the works of our weary fingers.

EGOITY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

"The absolute loneliness of each human soul in its interior experiences is the most awful fact of this human life. Alone we enter the earth, and alone we depart from it. So much of our living as is known to eye and ear, our kin, our lovers, our fellow-men possess; but it is not much."

And it is well; our unsuspected sorrows,
Our wearing struggles and our sad defeats
Were none the lighter for us could we shadow
With dark admixture lives all blooms and sweets,
Frail finite love is varying and short-sighted,
And finite pity cannot comprehend
The depth and dimness of a soul's endeavors,
What matter if it censure or defend!

Friends we know best, alas, they fail to read us
Almost as those who know us not at all;
And yet we blame not knowing all too truly
Souls dwell in unapproachable enthrall.
Intangibly do human passions fret us;
Sometimes maliciously, but oftener far
In heedless vacant ignorance, not knowing
Where thorns are mangling, nor if thorns there are.

O, soldier soul! In life's unceasing battle
No rest from action, no discharge, no truce!
Winning or fainting, failing or exulting
Thy powers are thine alone for fullest use.
Love may essay to aid, Hate to destroy thee,
Still thou must fight in solitary strength
Each hour, each moment, even to that ending
Where days and hours grow infinite in length.

But in the lulls we dream of golden ages,
Holy transparencies of peace and rest,
When Time, which must eventually be tender
Shall take the ice-masks off from face and breast.
Unlanguage'd, unexplained but comprehended
Who, then, will care to utter plaint or moan,
Feeling the long deep loneliness is broken?
All this lies past the tabulated stone.

DOWN AND UP.

BY ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

Low in the vale the mists hang cold and gray,
The sparkling, winding river lost to view,
The trees, the oaks and maples that I knew
Shrouded in film of darkness all the day:
Vapors and clouds alone before my eyes,
Where, at the mountain's base, the hamlet lies.

But up, far up, where rises peak on peak,
In solemn grandeur stretching to the sky,
Where tower Franconia's stately summits high,
A glow from Heaven shows to those who seek;
Transfiguring the rugged mountain's height,
Crowning its purpled shades with sunset light.

Down in the dusty street I hear the sound
Of discord, and the tread of tired feet,
Weary and fevered with the pavement's heat,
And all the restless toil that make's life's round:
Like monochrome the outlook, stone on stone,
Vista unvaried, greets the eye alone.

But up from window high, a world I know
Of budding elms and swaying branches green,
And myriad interlacing boughs between
Fair openings that the blue of Heaven show:
No sound save chirp and song of happy bird,
And wingéd fluttering aloft is heard.

Once, in a darkened room, in dusk of day,
From mullioned window came a beam of light
Falling alone on marble statue white,
Bathing its noble face in sunset ray.
In golden glory on the shaded room
Serene it shone above the twilight gloom,
Like soul that knows the troubled scenes below,
But dwells aloft in Heaven's celestial glow!

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of *THE OPEN COURT* is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1887.

QUID PRO QUO.

The Inter-State Commerce Law is doubtless defective in some of its provisions, otherwise there would not be so many protests against it, but the second section of that law, which forbids the granting of free passes to favored individuals by railroad presidents or directors, strikes us as a just one, and one which is in a greater degree than dreamed of by its framers a progressive move in the direction of ethical reform.

One of the strongest objections made by those who have given the subject careful study, against the indiscriminate giving of charity, is that such gifts tend to encourage pauperism by discouraging self-respecting independence in individuals.

But if acceptance of needed aid for which no return can be reasonably expected by those who give it, insidiously lowers morally the struggling poverty stricken classes, how can the acceptance of gifts by those in no pecuniary need, where there are no special ties of love or friendship between the giver and receiver, be less

demoralizing in effect, even though the classes whose members are thus benefited may be the so-called "higher?"

Until the days when ethics and religion shall be established on a scientific basis, doubtless there will continue to be more or less of this degrading bribe taking and "tip" receiving, for such in truth is all acceptance of favors for which no honorable reason can be given.

Let us briefly consider some phases of this demoralizing habit that we may the more easily observe its morally hurtful tendency.

Taking the free pass system to begin with: To whom have free passes mainly been given? To the hard-working, low-waged employes of the roads? To the very poor whom necessity requires to make journeys in the interest of duty, affection or bread-winning? No, not to these, for often by the grim laws of railroad corporations have sick, sad, disheartened and penniless men and women been ruthlessly put off the train far from their destination at no matter what outcome of heart-break, of personal loss or despair, because they have not possessed the means to pay the full amount of fare. But the recipients of the railroad companies' bounty have usually been people abundantly able to pay, prominent politicians, persons of high social standing possessing in some way great public influence, or wealthy capitalists; none of them in need of charity, but amply able to supply every want and to pay their own traveling expenses—persons to whom the free pass is only a "courtesy." A "courtesy," however, which both parties vaguely understand is to be repaid by some favorable expression of opinion or complimentary vote in case a time comes when the company or one of its directors, whether in the right or wrong, needs the influence of such expressed opinion or helpful vote. The "courtesy" then, divested of sophistry, is really a bribe, a mortgage on the freedom of the acceptor's judgment in any case in which this road or its officers may in future be concerned.

Since railroad corporations, in order to reap profit in return for the benefit they confer upon the public, find it necessary to ask a certain rate of fare, that rate should be made the same for all, unless for some special good reason, as in the case of children, excursion parties, etc., where justice or interest renders it proper to make deductions from full rates. We have never overheard a clergyman ask for half-rates at the ticket office on account of his profession, without feeling a sympathetic shame-facedness for him, as though (especially if he chanced to be physically a fine-looking specimen of manhood) he had been somehow inadvertently insulted by being placed on a level with "children under twelve years of age," and half-expecting him to rebel as we once saw a well-grown Miss, really under the regulation age, who when the conductor demurred at her half-fare

ticket and her petite mother explained, grew red in the face with hurt pride and as the conductor passed on, exclaimed vehemently, "Mamma I *never* will ride on the cars again unless you buy me a whole ticket, for I'm as big as you are and I *ought* to pay full fare!"

Every day nearly the newspapers bear record of the mean avarice of men in high places, men chosen by their fellows as the representatives of the wisdom, dignity and conscientiousness of the people who thus honor them, but who for a contemptible addition to their already sufficient means, allow themselves to become engaged in questionable transactions and sell to the highest bidder their influence, integrity and self-respect. And so used have we become to this sort of thing that the public sense of right has become in a manner blunted, and even when outraged justice gets hold of some more daring offender, he is not looked upon with the horror he would be could the far-reaching extent and result of his wrong doing in its poisonous workings upon social morality be fully appreciated.

In our municipalities things are no better—often worse. Here is a specimen of editorial comment, which is by no means rare in the newspapers of Eastern as well as Western cities:

We presume that the festive alderman or the bibulous common councilman who orders a dinner for himself and friends, or takes a carriage for his own private business or pleasure, and has the expense charged to the city, would not agree that he thereby becomes guilty of petty larceny, but that is just the size of it. There is no law authorizing such expenditures. The custom has grown up from small beginnings, but the aldermen and common councilmen have no more right to regale themselves and their friends at the public expense than they have to steal the money of the taxpayers before or after it has been paid into the city treasury.

It is sometimes said in defense of the "junketings," private money-making out of public needs and the public purse, doubtful personal transactions on city authority and expensive underhandedness of city officials, that they are ill-paid and must reimburse themselves in some way for the loss of time and money in their private business. But a sense of honor equal to that we expect from the day laborer who undertakes to plant our garden or paint our house, would forbid these men to accept a position which they cannot afford to fill save by a sacrifice of their honor and by sinking to the level of bribe takers and petty plunderers.

The ideal state of society can never arrive until men and women learn to be high-minded and self-respectful enough to refuse to accept favors not due them, until legislators understand that they are the ministers of justice and not of favoritism and refuse to waste the people's money in bestowing annuities on the well-to-do relatives and "relicts" of deceased prominent men, unless they are prepared to do the same by the thousands of indigent wives and children

of men now dead who living performed well their duty to State and society; until rich men who have performed worthy and beneficent acts refuse to brush the bloom of generosity from those acts by accepting commemorative money gifts gathered alike from rich and poor, willing and unwilling sources; until men in high or low positions refuse to accept from underlings or employes "testimonials" which leave the public in doubt as to whether won by appreciated worth or by politic manœuvering; until lovers about to wed refuse to levy a tax upon the love, pride or generosity of friends and relatives by their virtual bid for wedding presents; until men who hire service from other men for their customers, pay for such service a fair wage in honest fashion and forbid the free-booting of "tipping;" until in short, labor is paid *wages* and not put to dishonest make-shifts to secure its equivalent, and labor's wage is not given to those who do not need and have not earned it. S. A. U.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION.

Although the American Economic Association has been organized but little over a year, it has gained considerable prominence in the public mind. Its president, General Francis A. Walker, is widely known as an educator and statistician, as well as an economist, and his name has given the association a certain prestige which it could not otherwise so early have attained. The second annual meeting held in Boston, May 21-25, at the same time as the meeting of the American Historical Association, was marked by a keen interest in questions of practical economics and showed careful preparation on the part of speakers. The session opened with an address from the president, the most marked feature of which was that the speaker dwelt upon the importance of some form of control over the number and character of foreign immigrants. The forenoon of Monday was devoted to a study of the railroad problem. The association has adopted the policy of appointing standing committees to which are referred various topics for detailed study and report. The chairman of the Committee of Transportation is Professor E. J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania, under whose direction the papers on this topic were presented. After an historical sketch by the chairman of the agitation leading to the enactment of Interstate Commerce Bill, Dr. E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia College, read a paper on the "Long and Short Haul Clause." The comparison drawn between the principle of public taxation and the principle upon which railroad tariffs should be drawn was exceedingly suggestive. Mr. Simon Stern, of New York City, then reviewed the Italian Railway Commission,

as the result of which private companies gained control over the railroads in that country. He criticised the presentation of this subject as presented in Mr. Hadley's book on *Railroad Transportation* and, as Professor Hadley was present, this, of course, gave rise to a lively and interesting discussion.

The session of Tuesday morning was devoted to a consideration of the condition of gas works, water works, and street railways in the United States. It was the purpose of the Committee of Municipal Finance, of which Professor H. C. Adams was chairman, to discover what means had been adopted by municipal authorities to guard the interests of the public in case of these industries, which, from their very nature, are superior to the control of competition. Although the report was full of detail it was received with interest, and will form the subject of a monograph published by the association. Quite a number of other papers were read, the most important, perhaps, being an address before a joint session of the two associations, by Carroll D. Wright, on "The Study of Statistics in Colleges."

It will be seen from these brief mentions that the association deals with the practical questions of the day. Its influence is exerted fully as much by its publications as by its meetings. It has quite a strong membership in the East and hopes to extend its membership in the West during the coming year, and to this end has chosen Columbus, Ohio, as the place for its meeting in 1888.

GEORGE'S THEORY PROVED AND DISPROVED BY THEOLOGY.

The Nation rebukes Henry George for saying that "the Creator meant His bounties of nature equally for all men," and that "instead of this we have allowed them to become the property of a few individuals." *The Nation* wants to know how Mr. George came to find out the Creator's intentions in regard to the division of property, and, if what he says be true, how it happens "that the Creator has allowed His intentions to be frustrated by people like Jay Gould and Russell Sage?"

The Nation's criticism of Henry George's language is just and to the point; but this language is the language of the current theology, and is heard from almost every pulpit. And not only the clergy, but speakers and writers generally are accustomed to speak with confidence of the "intentions" of the Creator, with which *their* theories and objects are of course in harmony, and with which those of their opponents are always in conflict. Mr. George employs the same method, perhaps because he knows that the mass of people are, even in this age, more readily reached and more easily influenced by

bold declarations about the intentions of the Creator than by careful reasonings which involve no theological assumptions and no appeals to traditional religious beliefs and prejudices.

This method can be used and is used just as effectively against Mr. George's land theory as in its defense. Some months ago Archbishop Corrigan, replying to this theory, made "the primeval curse" the basis of land ownership. He said: "We take the air and the light as God gives them, and owe Him thanks for His bounty. It was only the earth which fell under the primeval curse; and only the earth, not the air or light, which man's industrious toil can coax back to something like its original fruitfulness. When he has done so, his great reward is to enjoy the results without hindrance from others."

Here we have a number of assumptions all contradicted by science: that the original condition of the earth was one of abounding fruitfulness; that the earth has been cursed, and that its condition is worse than when man first appeared; that the relation of earth and air,—to the ever-changing conditions of which the adjustments of organic life, of limb and lung, have been going on together through countless ages,—are such that one could be cursed and the other not. The one truth implied in the argument, but obscured by the Archbishop's mythological statements, is that the constitution and condition of the earth, and the nature and needs of man are such that labor is necessary to man's subsistence and comfort, and the only materials to which this labor can be applied are those of the earth. The question how land should be held cannot be decided by appeals to theology; it must be, in the opinion of most thinkers has already been, practically decided on grounds of public utility. But theological methods and mythological fancies employed in the discussion of economic problems and current practical issues will fare hardly between the disputants; and although they may for the moment impress unmodernized minds, their weakness is sure to be shown, and the superior value of the scientific method of treating such subjects must by contrast, be strikingly manifest.

The exodus of the Catholic children from the public schools promises to become complete. The late Council at Baltimore legislated to bring about this result, and the *Catholic Review*, commenting upon its action, says: "A thousand new Catholic schools will dot the American landscape before the close of 1887, and two hundred thousand children will make their abode in them." Catholics have for years protested against Protestant religious teaching in our public schools, and although the Catholics have all along really desired Catholic schools,

yet, if Protestants had not so generally disregarded the protests and petitions of their Catholic fellow citizens—protests and petitions based upon the rights of conscience—this general withdrawal of Catholic children from the public school would probably never have been urged by the ecclesiastical authorities. The demands of the Catholics have in the main been just, and they are evidently set in their main purpose, conscious of the wrongs which they have had to endure, because they have been in the minority. Of course they will soon ask that legislatures and senates consider their ideas of State education, and they will never be satisfied until they receive their proportionate amount from the public school fund for the support of their schools. Protestant Christians may yet feel constrained to join the movement for the complete secularization of public schools of this country and all other State institutions.

* * *

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for June reprints "Labor Cranks," an article by James Parton, which appeared in a recent number of THE OPEN COURT. The associate editor, T. B. Wakeman, commenting upon it in the same number, thinks that it leads to some conclusions different from those intended by its author, namely: that questions that demand earnest attention from all men so affect certain minds that there is a consequent devotion, an intensity of application to them, that precludes the possibility of giving notice and due consideration to other things of equal importance. He suggests that the best way to head off cranks like Carlyle, John Brown, Fourier and Henry George, is to "gradually, justly and therefor safely" realize "their ideas as a part of the progress of the world." The world in general either pooh-poohs its "cranks" or silences them by law when they become too troublesome, but the ideas for which they stand cannot be crushed; it is but tying "the safety valve." Truth must ultimately prevail, and "ideas which become so dominant as to make noble natures cranks, should be used as wheels of progress and thus made a part of the rolling-stock of the world." Of this it may be said that a noble nature is not enough in itself to command us to accept theories and beliefs,—indeed there have been noble men whose thoughts on important subjects were untrue and would have led to disastrous results had they been accepted by the world. The question for us to ask upon the presentation of any scheme or system is, Is it right and just? If so found we are commanded to further it as much as possible.

* * *

Announcement reaches us of the proposed publication of a journal to be entitled the *American Journal of Psychology*, G. Stanley Hall, Ph. D., Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in the Johns Hopkins University, will be its editor. While "the main object of the journal will be to record the progress of

scientific psychology," giving special prominence "to methods of research," articles "of unusual importance in the fields of logic, the history of philosophy, practical ethics and education will be welcomed." There will be in addition to this, digests and reviews and important papers from other journals, including translations from foreign languages, of articles of special interest. The journal will be issued quarterly at \$3.00 a year.

* * *

In one of Lilian Whittings recent Boston letters to the *Inter Ocean* of this city, speaking of the fact that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. had received from the Boston Browning Club a vote of thanks for the gift to the club of their new and exquisite edition of Browning which is printed with the greatest care from the poets own revisions of his text, says: "The errors in former publications have been numerous, and Professor Rolfe amused the society greatly yesterday by stating that he doubted not that many misprints were cherished by Browningites who mistook them for profundities or obscurities as might be."

* * *

The Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, listened to the last of the course of weekly lectures for this season, by Mr. Salter, on Sunday, May 29. This last year has been an encouraging one for the Society, its labors having been fruitful in results. The task it has taken upon itself to perform is a noble one, and we wish it a hearty good-speed.

* * *

The American Association for the Advancement of Science will meet in New York City on August 10, and continue in session one week. This being the first meeting held in New York, a large attendance is expected. The meeting will be held in the buildings of Columbia College, and will be presided over by Professor S. P. Langley, the incoming president of the association.

* * *

We are glad to note that among the topics to be discussed at the eleventh annual meeting of the Church Congress next October, is "the higher education of women," a good sign of progress in the church, this.

* * *

THE OPEN COURT of June 9th will contain the concluding part of Dr. Montgomery's criticism of Prof. E. D. Cope's *Theology of Evolution*. In the number following Prof. Cope will reply to his critic.

* * *

The *Literary World* presents a new method of reviewing poetry:

The book has a cubic content of 117 inches; it contains 608 pages, comprises (we take the author's word for it) 300 poems, and it weighs 2 pounds 3 ounces—all for \$2, with the portrait of the author thrown in.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM LONDON.

To the Editors:

Since I sent off my letter of April, Mr. Bradlaugh has tried several times to get his Oaths Bill read a second time, but new Conservative members have come forward to block the bill and join hands with the Roman Catholic, Mr. De Lisle, and the extreme Protestant, Mr. Johnston, against the Atheist.

Meanwhile, the question of oath or affirmation is constantly arising in one way or another, especially in connection with juries, where there is so much confusion of mind as to what is the law and what is not, that each magistrate decides the matter according to his own particular fancy. Some free-thinking jurors are allowed to affirm, a few take the oath, and others are not permitted to do either, but are compelled to lounge idly about the court. It is seldom that magistrates will release Freethinkers who have been summoned to serve on a jury from their service, because it is urged that then every juror would say he was a Freethinker in order to shirk a troublesome duty. Only a few days ago (on Saturday, April 23), at the Liverpool Sessions, presided over by Mr. C. H. Hopwood, Q. C., the Recorder, when the jurors were about to be sworn, one of them, Mr. W. A. Newcomb, asked to affirm instead of taking the oath, as he had been allowed to do in another court, by another magistrate, on the previous day. Questioned by the Recorder, Mr. Newcomb stated that he was a person of no religious belief, whereupon Mr. Hopwood told him that he could not accept him as a juror; someone else must be sworn in his stead. He (Mr. Hopwood) was sorry, but he could not help it; he had done his best to get the law altered. Mr. Newcomb, having said that he had no wish to shirk his responsibility as a citizen, then asked, "Am I discharged? can I leave the court?" The Recorder: "No." Mr. Newcomb: "I publicly protest against this injustice. I am here to do my duty, and cannot do it." The Recorder: "It is the law."

Some surprise has been expressed by Freethinkers here, that Mr. Hopwood, who worked so hard to get the Oaths Bill passed when he had charge of it in a previous Parliament, should not have done as many judges do, and allowed the free-thinking juror to affirm, or at least to have released him from attendance. To those, however, who know something of Mr. Hopwood, his action is perfectly explicable. The Recorder of Liverpool is a rigidly conscientious man; in his present position he is called upon to administer the law as he finds it, and whatever he conceives the law to be, that will he administer, whether he thinks the law be good or evil.

On Wednesdays, as the House of Commons rises at 6 P. M., blocking* amendments do not operate; so on the Wednesday following the incident just related, Mr. Bradlaugh tried to get his Oaths Bill through another stage. At a quarter to six the Clerk of the House called over the orders of the day, as usual. No objection was made to the Oaths Bill. The Speaker then actually put the question, "that this bill be read a second time," when some voice cried from a back bench on the government side of the House, "I object," and these two little words stopped any further progress with the bill that day.

The next day Mr. Bradlaugh asked the First Lord of the Treasury, "whether, at Liverpool City Sessions on Saturday last, the Recorder refused the oath and affirmation of W. A. Newcomb as a juror, Mr. Newcomb having applied to affirm on the ground that he was a person without religious belief; whether, on Monday, at an inquest at Wood Green, Mr. Wynne Baxter, the coroner, accepted the affirmation of Mr. Oates as a juror,

although Mr. Oates had stated that he was without religious belief; whether he is aware that similar instances of conflict, as to acceptance and rejection of affirmation by jurors without religious belief, are constantly occurring in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, and before coroners; and, whether, under these circumstances, the government can afford any facilities for taking the opinion of the House on the second reading of the Oaths Bill, which, during the whole of the present session, has been persistently blocked."

The First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. W. H. Smith, replied that he knew nothing of the particular cases referred to, and was not aware that instances of the same kind were constantly occurring. It was impossible, he said, for him to give consideration to any measure which was not a government measure. Mr. Bradlaugh then asked if the Right Honorable gentleman would influence the members of his party to withdraw their block from his bill, but Mr. Smith protested that he could not do this.

All, then, that is left for Mr. Bradlaugh, is to put the bill down for its second reading every time the "Orders of the Day" are a little lighter than usual, and to hope that it will be reached before half-past twelve, the hour that the block takes effect. This, of course, he will do persistently, and, if tenacity of purpose and patient perseverance count for anything, then before long we ought to see the bill through another stage.

Unlike members of Parliament, jurors and numbers of others, witnesses may affirm; the law expressly provides for this, but attaches a most obnoxious condition to the privilege. Before a witness is permitted to affirm, the magistrate is required to satisfy himself that the oath will have no binding effect on the witness's conscience. This is a very obnoxious—one might even say, insulting—condition, because an honest man will speak the truth whether "bound" by oath or by affirmation, and when the oath was the form the law required the free-thinking witness to take in order to render him legally liable for what he said, he was as much bound by it, morally, as he now is by his solemn declaration, and certainly we have no records of perjured free-thought witnesses. Christians, however, are very fond of saying that the formal acknowledgment which the law requires from every non-Christian witness, that the oath has no binding effect upon him, is an admission that when he has no choice but to take the oath, then he won't feel himself bound by it. The Christian majority first puts disabilities on the free-thinking minority, and then taunts it with them. And yet they preach, "Love one another!"

But although for a number of years, now, Freethinkers have been allowed by law to affirm in giving evidence, nevertheless there are so many cases in which their affirmation cannot be received that the judges seem in a state of great confusion on the subject. A little while ago, in the Divorce Court, a witness objected to being sworn because he was "an Agnostic." The judge, Sir James Harman, expressed himself as very doubtful as to any form under which he could take the evidence, but the clerk of the court came to the rescue, saying, "It is under Bradlaugh's Act, my lord." Whereupon Sir James Harman said, loftily, "If anyone knows how to swear this witness, let it be done." At the Middleton (Lancashire) Police Court, last week, the magistrate apparently knew nothing of the Evidence Amendment Acts or "Bradlaugh's Act," and no wiser clerk of the court coming to the rescue, illegally insisted on the administration of the oath.

A week ago died Sir John Mellor, the last of that patient triumvirate of judges who tried the Tichborne "claimant," Orton, in a case which lasted over 100 days. Sir John Mellor was a profoundly religious man, and in 1884, five years after his retirement from the bench, he published a pamphlet on the oath question, entitled, "Is the Oath of Allegiance a Profane Oath?" He began by contending that the frequent and profane use of oaths

* Last month I explained the nature of the Parliamentary "block."

is the main cause of the "existing want of reverence and awe rightfully attaching to the name of God," and regretted that—considering the excitement that prevailed, and the prejudice that had been created by the introduction of the Affirmation Bill into the House of Commons—none of the great religious bodies had troubled to discuss the oath question, and ascertain how far the fearful multiplicity of oaths was calculated to induce irreverence for the "Supreme unseen Cause." Sir John Mellor wrote: "Profoundly convinced, by a long judicial experience, of the general worthlessness of oaths, especially in cases where their falsity cannot be tested by cross-examination or be criminally punished, I have become an advocate for the abolition of oaths as the test of truth; but I would retain the punishment for false declarations wherever at present the law prescribes a penalty for a false oath. * * * An honest man's testimony will not be made more true under the sanction of an oath, and a dishonest man will only be affected by the dread of temporal punishment." The learned judge then dealt with the oath of allegiance required of every duly elected representative before he can sit and vote in Parliament. This, he said, is "an unnecessary, vain, and therefore profane oath," for since it cannot extend the duty or increase the obligation of allegiance it necessarily follows that it is a "taking of the name of God in vain." Mr. Justice Mellor wound up by saying that since in his opinion the oath of allegiance was unnecessary and profane, he would suggest that, instead of the oath, a Roll of Parliament should be made up and signed by every member upon taking his seat.

Last month lack of space prevented me from mentioning the wonderful will of the late Scotch judge, Lord Gifford, which had just then been published. I see that the will was noticed in *THE OPEN COURT* of March 31, but I must say a few words more about it here, it is of so much importance. Many and varied are the feelings and opinions to which it has given rise, but Freethinkers can have but one feeling—that of respect for and gratitude to Lord Gifford; and one opinion—that it ought to prove a most important aid to Freethought. Lord Gifford announced in his will that he was so convinced that "the true knowledge of God—that is, of the being, nature and attributes of the Infinite, of the All, of the First and the Only Cause"—is the means of "man's highest well-being," that he resolved upon founding lectureships or classes to aid in the teaching and diffusion of such true and sound knowledge. He therefore bequeathed £80,000 for the purpose of establishing a lectureship at each of the universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrews, for "Promoting, Advancing, Teaching and Diffusing the Study of Natural Theology," in the widest sense of that term; in other words, "The Knowledge of God, the Infinite, the All, the First and Only Cause, the one and the Sole Substance, the Sole Being, the Sole Reality, and the Sole Existence, the Knowledge of his Nature and Attributes, the Knowledge of the Relations which men and the whole universe bear to Him, the Knowledge of the Nature and Foundation of Ethics or Morals, and of all Obligations and Duties thence arising."

The lectures are not to be perpetual, as they are so often in our universities, but are to be appointed for short terms, because the testator expressly desires that the thoughts of different minds should explain and illustrate the subject; the lecturers may be of any religion, or of no religion at all, provided only they be men, able and true, earnestly seeking to elucidate the truth.

Lord Gifford wished the lecturers to treat the subject as a strictly natural science, considered just as "astronomy or chemistry," nevertheless the lecturers are to be under no restraint whatever in their method of dealing with the theme, as he is 'persuaded that nothing but good can result from free discussion.' The testator desired the lectures to be public and popular, so that

not only the university students, but also the whole community, might profit by them.

Thoughtful men and women, sincere lovers of truth, can hardly do sufficient honor to the dead judge, who did not selfishly encumber posterity for all time with an endowment for the propagation of his own special views, as some men do, but who, after satisfying all private claims, leaves the remainder of his fortune to promote a free discussion on the subject nearest his heart.

The Freethinkers of the English colonies of South Africa are very desirous of forming themselves into associations and of having an experienced Freethought lecturer out there from England. They have applied to Mr. Bradlaugh to aid them to get a lecturer to go. There seems to be numbers of Freethinkers there, and they feel quite assured that there will be no difficulty in getting large audiences in such places as Port Elizabeth, Kimberley Diamond Fields, Graham's Town, Graaf-Reinet, King William's Town, Queenstown, etc. If any American lecturer would care to communicate with the secretary, the address is T. Broughton, 8 Upper Hill street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

It is interesting to note that at Monte Pincio, in Rome, a column to Galileo has been erected near the palace of the Medicis. It has upon it the following inscription: "The neighboring palace, once the property of the Medicis, was the prison of Galileo Galilei, guilty of having seen the earth revolve round the sun.—S. P. Q. R., LDCCLXXXVII."

May, 1887.

HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

MIRACLES.

To the Editors:

I apply to you, or to any of your readers, for help. It is an old experience of investigators to find that somebody thought up their think long before they did. Such has more than once been my own case, and my request may probably lead me to it again. The thought this time is an argument on miracles which seems to me to be broader, deeper and more complete than Hume's, and to be conclusive, which I do not think Hume's is. And my request is that I may have pointed out to me any discussion of this argument; for I have not succeeded in finding one. This is my statement:

Hume's argument on miracles is in brief this: "Since it is always more probable that the witnesses to an alleged miracle are mistaken than that the miracle happened, the evidence for the miracle must always be weaker than that against it." This admits that there may be evidence for a miracle. My argument goes further, viz.: Evidence for a miracle not merely must be weaker than that against it, but *cannot exist at all*. This appears as follows: Evidence is matter offered by one person for the purpose of causing another person to believe. In order that this can happen, the two parties to the transaction must have had a previous common experience, for otherwise the listener has no principle or knowledge within himself for the offerer to appeal to,—nothing which can be convinced. In the case of anything capable of proof, the thing will be found to be a case falling within some previously known general rule, illustrated by some part of the past experience of life. But alleged evidence to prove a miracle not only does not fall within any such rule and experience of life, but it does not even contradict them. It is outside of them; has nothing to do with them at all; has no relation to them; in short, it is not evidence at all, because it does not appeal or apply to any common ground of experience or consciousness in the two parties to the offer, such as furnishes the only foundation or substratum of possibility for convincing and being convinced which can exist for two human minds. The offerer of such alleged evidence may believe in the genuineness of what he considers to have been an experience of his own. He may be believed by a listener who believes himself to have had a similar experience,—that is, who is

already convinced. A hearer under the influence of mere appetite for the marvelous may *believe* such a statement. But such belief is not being convinced by evidence.

Where is this point discussed? Is the argument less significant than I think it? I will add that my argument is not the same as Mill's about contradicting a complete induction. It does not require the pretty large assumption that an induction can be known to be complete; and it does not admit, as Mill's does, that the distinctive quality of evidence may exist in matter offered as proof of miracles. Both Hume and Mill admit, I believe, in terms, that miracles are not impossible, and that they may possibly be proved. I do not now deny that they are conceivable, but I do deny that, as the human mind is at present constituted, evidence to prove them can exist.

SMITH JOHN, D. D.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ETHICS. By *Edwarde Maude, M. A.* Edited by William James, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1887. pp. 220.

This little treatise, the work of a young man who died under thirty years of age, is introduced to the public, the editor says, not only in justice to the author's memory, "but in justice to philosophy." The aim of the work is to harmonize the various schools of ethics, which it regards as mainly right in their affirmations but wrong in most of their negations, and "fighting only because they see the shield from different sides." "Impartial minds find great difficulty in rating themselves with one or the other of the various schools, exclusively, and this because they cannot find it in their hearts to shut themselves out from the other schools for the slight causes that can be alleged." The difference between right and expediency is regarded as superficial. Duty and interest are identical. Our author does not treat ethics as the science of good and evil, or of the effects of actions, but as the science of that which merits praise or blame in character, or "the science which studies the responsibility of free beings for their actions with a view to determining for what, and how far these beings are worthy of praise or blame, reward or punishment for what they do or for what they fail to do." An act for which the actor deserves praise may produce evil effects, or one for which he deserves blame may result in good. The effects of an action in no way affect its ethical quality. Ethics cannot say "this act is good because it is useful, for that judgment must be made by some other science which has for its business the study of the effects of actions." Ethics can deal only with the subjective side of conduct. The ethical quality of an act is determined by the effort made by the actor to do that, rather than any other act. The so-called virtuous impulses, from the ethical point of view, "should be regarded exactly as the unreasoning impulses to immediate sensual pleasure are: both are unmoral; neither is *in se* vicious; neither is virtuous, so far as the actor is concerned, since he is entirely irresponsible for their existence. An act even done with good intent, but without effort of will, is not an ethical act. Neither intent nor good consequences of conduct make it virtuous. The only sin is failure to oppose obstacles by the virtuous exercise of our will. Virtue is possible only for imperfect beings. Professor C. C. Everett is quoted: "The moral law even in itself is only transitional. No action is complete so long as it is performed merely from a sense of duty." "So virtue is a mark of imperfection. The science of ethics must determine how far a man is praiseworthy or blameworthy for his acts, but this is what never can be determined and therefore a science of pure ethics is impossible. The world is or ought to be interested only in the objective effects of actions—the science of good and evil. While 'the

rightness of an act may be known innately' its goodness can be known only by experience." Such briefly is the view presented.

The novelty of the work consists chiefly in its *definitions* and *distinctions*, and here the author shows much acuteness. In making virtue to consist simply in effort of will, and an act virtuous only in proportion to the effort made to perform it, regardless of its effects, and excluding from virtue all good acts resulting from good impulses, from inherited tendencies, from a natural disposition to do right,—all acts which are performed with pleasure, however useful, the author divests virtue of about all the word connotes; and of course if ethics deals only with the energy of free volition, there can be no science of ethics. We think that most of the fallacies of this little work can be traced to the assumption of a metaphysical will, and volition that is exempt from law and causation. It seems not to have occurred to the author that volitional energy must depend upon inherited qualities, and can afford no sole ground for praise and blame.

ENTWICKELUNG UND GLÜCKSELIGKEIT. Ethische Essays von *B. Carneri*. Stuttgart, 1886. Schweizerbartsche Verlags-handlung.

This work of 470 pages is a collection of twenty-seven essays which were published before in the *Kosmos*, one of the most prominent German periodicals. All of the essays touch upon the ethical problem and such topics as are in close reference to ethics. Carneri's aim is to base ethics upon the evolution theory and Darwinism. He distinguishes ethics from morals. Morals are the historically developed ethological state of certain periods. They are different in different times, and as a rule can be formulated in a code of dictatory or imperative prescriptions. Ethics (*Sittlichkeit*) is to him morals in a wider sense. It is the abstract ideal of morals, which enables us to estimate and measure the different moral stages and views.

"Ethics," he says, "is the highest efflorescence of evolution to which humanity as it appears in the restriction of a community necessarily evolves. To ethics the pursuit of happiness naturally leads by a purification of the instinct of self-preservation."

Happiness is defined as "conscious, unchecked evolution," and "ethics is the reconciliation of individual evolution with universal evolution (*Versöhnung der individuellen Entwicklung mit der Entwicklung der Gesamtheit*). In this way the social restraint serves to enhance and purify happiness." Carneri objects to explain self-sacrifice from a happiness motive.

"Utilitarians," he says, "do violence to logic and the common usage of language; and here their whole system breaks down. Who for a noble purpose sacrifices his property and life, by no means pursues his own happiness or utility, which, indeed, he foregoes forever. Yet the pain which is caused in this way does not prevent that his sacrifice affords him a last happiness, the only one which remains possible."

"The happiness idea," Carneri says in another passage, "has its weak points, but it approaches most nearly the distinction of pleasure and displeasure, as it declares that emotion gives the first impulse. It is primarily emotion and only secondarily utility which prompts the *ego* to search for its complementary *tu*, and causes *egotism* to find full gratification in *altruism*." * * * "Emotion is the first impulse, but it is intelligence which gradually ennobles emotion." We may fairly regard Carneri's view as a reconciliation of utilitarianism with altruism. The work contains many interesting essays on different topics. He treats on Kant, Condillac, Leslie Stephen, Darwin, etc. He speaks of the "Position of Woman," "The Explanation of Consciousness," "Knowledge and Faith," "The Power of Mind," etc.

Let me conclude with the last passage of Carneri's book, where he contemplates the progress of humankind and human aspirations for the highest ideals, "The Good, the Beautiful and

the True." "There is much lacking in our civilization still," he says, "but when we review the whole past of human history without prejudice, we must confess that man has taken good care of the talent in his trust, and we may say with confidence, 'Man will never lose himself.'" P. C.

ZURY: THE MEANEST MAN IN SPRING COUNTY. A Novel of Western Life. By *Joseph Kirkland*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1887. pp. 538. Price \$1.50.

This is an interesting, though not an agreeable story. It is an apparently realistic description of pioneer life in the West with none of its more sordid phases glossed over, or its bitter experiences left out. The characteristics, and the successful career of Zury Prouter, the hero, are carefully drawn from the time when he first arrived in Spring County, a healthy, wide-awake, self-assertive lad, whose family and possessions journeyed thither in a "prairie schooner" and "settled" on a bit of mortgaged land, through his long life of contemptible and barely honest, niggardly meanness and bargain-making until he attains great wealth, legislative honors, and a third wife. To read this work is a much easier way to understand how some Western farmers have succeeded in amassing fortunes than to make personal experiments thereof. Fortunately the majority of our Western pioneers have never been reduced to such low moral levels as are here portrayed, but "Zury" is undeniably a strongly drawn type of a certain class, whose natural bents are warped and distorted by dire need, and degrading environments. There is a love story in this decidedly unique novel, which begins, proceeds and ends in a manner altogether original if not quite commendable. The dialogues and talk so freely scattered through the book are carried on in a strange so-called Western dialect which on the whole detracts from the interest of the story from the necessity on the part of the reader of partial translation. But whoever wishes a graphic picture of the superficial thoughts, aims and daily life as it is in small Western communities will find it in the story of "Zury," who gloried in his well-won distinction of being "the meanest man in Spring County."

AN ILLUSTRATED GRAMMAR OF SKAT, THE GERMAN GAME OF CARDS. By *Ernst Eduard Lemcke*. 2d edition, revised and greatly enlarged. New York, 1887: Westermann & Co.

Skat is considered the national German game of cards. It has been introduced into America, and it is spreading rapidly through the efforts of many enthusiastic players. No doubt the game possesses much fascination, and the author of this *Grammar of Skat* treats the subject so ingeniously that even non-players, as the writer knows from his own experience, must grow interested. To Mr. Lemcke, Skat is more than simply whiling away the idle hours of leisure. He looks upon it as an essential feature of German culture which he wants to see introduced into American social life as a cure of the Puritan ideas of Sabbath observance, etc. The origin of Skat, although it is not older than fifty or sixty years, is shrouded in myths. Its principles are quite democratic, as the knave (*der Bauer*) beats even the king. A remarkable feature of the game is that the trumping power of the cards is different from their counting value. P. C.

The Century for June presents as its frontispiece a strong portrait of Count Leo Tolstoi, and George Kennan gives an interesting sketch of a visit to that original thinker, of whom he remarks: "His theories of life and conduct seemed to me nobly generously and heroically wrong, but for the man himself I had, and could have, only the warmest respect and esteem." In the same number Julian Hawthorne writes of "College Boat Racing and the New London Regatta," which article is accompanied by spirited illustrations by W. A. Rogers. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's description of "Peterborough Cathedral," in England, is also finely illustrated by Joseph Pennell. Some of

the portraits given this month are of Charles Sumner, Preston S. Brooks, Henry Wilson, Anson Burlingame, Dred Scott and wife, Chief Justice Taney, and Professors Moleschott, Voit and Pettenkofer.

The Unitarian Review for June opens with a paper on "The Revelations of God," as understood in the light of nineteenth century thought, by John W. Chadwick; the second article considers "A Flaw in our Town Democracies;" "St. Paul's Doctrine of the Risen Christ," by Conrad Mascol, was prepared, the editor states, by special request as a sequel to an article in the May number on "St. Paul's Doctrine of the Resurrection;" "Our Present Need," by E. F. Hayward, treats of the needs of Unitarian churches; "The Eastern Question" is interestingly explained by Prof. Boros, of the college at Koloysvár, Transylvania; "The Editor's Note-Book" in "One Phase of the Social Question" and "The Mission of Sovereigns" notices at considerable length two new books; "The Pauline Writings" are the subject considered in "Critical Theology," and George Meredith's novels in "Literary Criticism."

Wide-Awake for June is a particularly brilliant number, both in reading matter and illustration. Three chapters are given of what promises to be one of Charles Egbert Craddock's best stories, "The Story of Keodon Bluffs;" Mrs. Whitney translates some "bird talk" into verse; Harriet Prescott Spofford, in a poem, tells the sad story of "A Splendid Fire" made from the manuscripts of a disappointed poet; Louise Guiney writes of water sprites; Lizzie W. Champney begins a finely illustrated story of the Far West; Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton tells the experience of a successful woman florist, and Grace Denio Litchfield relates her thrilling experience during the earthquake at Mentone.

JAMES H. WEST, of Geneva, Ill., is about to publish *Uplifts of Heart and Will*, a book consisting of thirty-seven religious meditations or aspirations, the peculiarity of which, is that they are not addressed "to any ulterior deity," but are the expression of the emotion of the soul yearning for moral perfection.

INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSIONS.

The issues therein treated of are highly important and ably discussed.—PROF. RICHARD OWEN, New Harmony, Ind.

I think THE OPEN COURT the best publication of the kind that I have met with lately, North or South.—LEROY M. LEWIS, Monroe, La.

I am wonderfully pleased with THE OPEN COURT. It is so original and fresh that it rests one.—JOHN C. MITCHELL, Danversport, Mass.

I congratulate you upon producing a paper so excellent in every way. It will be as *The Index* was, the very Bread of Life to me.—P. B. SIBLEY, Spearfish, Dak.

If you can determine to issue THE COURT weekly, I will be glad to double my subscription. I congratulate you on its excellence.—G. P. DELAPLAINE, Madison, Wis.

When I first learned that *The Index* was about to be discontinued, I felt that I was to lose the companionship of an old friend, and was disposed to question the action of the trustees in their determination to close up the affairs of such a valuable paper. But I now feel reconciled to such action since THE OPEN COURT has come into existence, for it is a most noble inheritance that has come to continue the good work of *The Index*. I am glad to see the familiar writers once more contributing their highest and purest thought; Montgomery, Potter, Conway, Holland, Ball, Gunning. Surely these are welcome names, and beside this, you have already added other contributors who give promise of doing most excellent work. THE OPEN COURT is in every way attractive as it comes from the press, and presents a most inviting appearance even before the contents have been examined; its reconstructive work is admirable and cannot fail to command respect even from opponents, while those in sympathy with its aims and purposes look forward with increased interest to each successive issue freighted as it is with such valuable material.—C. C. STEARNS, Worcester, Mass.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

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[The first of Prof. F. Max Müller's three lectures on the "Science of Thought," concluded in this issue, recently appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, but not many of our readers can yet have read it in that periodical. The second, on "The Identity of Language and Thought" and the third, on the "Simplicity of Thought," not published nor to be published in England, have been secured exclusively for THE OPEN COURT, in which they will be printed from the author's manuscript. This distinguished philologist believes that language is the history of human thought, and no other man living probably is as competent as he to read this history understandingly, especially those pages which indicate how men reasoned and what they thought during the world's intellectual childhood.]

THE SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

ONE OF THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON, MARCH, 1878.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

Part II.

No doubt English is one of the richest languages, and much of its wealth is kept only in reserve. A poet is very eloquent who uses more than ten thousand words. It is all the more amazing, therefore, to see the intellectual wealth of languages spoken by the lowest savages. Owing chiefly to Darwin's reports, it has been the fashion to represent the inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego as standing on the very lowest rung of the ladder which represents the ascent or descent of man. You remember what Darwin said of them. They seemed to him like the devils which come on the stage in such plays as the *Freischütz*. "Viewing such men," he says, "one can hardly believe that they are fellow creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. Their language, according to our notions," he adds, "scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat; but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural and clicking sounds!" These Fuegians, as they appeared to Darwin, may be responsible for much that is now called Darwinism. But even with regard to the physical features of these

Fuegians, Darwin must either have been very unlucky in the specimens he met, or he cannot have kept himself quite free from prejudice. Captain Parker Snow, in his *Two Years' Cruise off Tierra del Fuego*, speaks of the same race as without the least exaggeration really beautiful representatives of the human race. Professor Virchow, who exhibited a number of Fuegians at Berlin, strongly protested against the supposition that they were by nature an inferior race, or that they might be considered as a connecting link between ape and man. Captain Parker Snow sent me, in 1885, the following interesting letter: "I am now over sixty-seven years old"—that makes him now seventy—"but I would gladly voyage again among those so-called savages, and my wife—same age—coincides. Indeed, we have both lived among wild tribes in various parts of the globe, and never once received aught but kindness and love from them, whether in the Pacific, or Australia, or Tierra del Fuego. Nor from the days when, as a boy in 1834-5, I was much among them, and often since, have I once lifted a weapon to harm them. No occasion. I and mine found them honest, and *above* the ordinary 'civilized' lower strata of life, 'Cannibals' (when from necessity, or revenge, or policy—'to imbibe the white man's powers') though they were."

But what shall we say of their language? The same language which to Darwin's ears seemed hardly articulate is described by Giacomo Bovi, who learnt their language, as consisting of *parole dolci, piacevoli, piene di vocali*. The Yahgan dialect, which has lately been more carefully studied by missionaries, has a dictionary of 32,430 words. Now let us remember that Shakespeare, in the enormous variety of his plays, achieved all he wished to achieve, expressed all he wished to express, with 15,000 words, not quite half the wealth of the language spoken by those devils of the *Freischütz*, whom Darwin could hardly believe to be fellow creatures. Every one of these words represents an intellectual effort, and every one of them can be either declined, conjugated and compounded, according to the strict laws of a most complicated grammar.

I have always had the fullest belief in Darwin's devotion to truth, and I had expressed my conviction that, if the real facts about the language and the general character of the Fuegians were placed before him, he would withdraw the strong language which he had

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used, after but a short stay among them. And so it was. In a letter, dated Down, Kent, November 22, 1881, Darwin wrote to Captain Parker Snow:

“DEAR SIR—I hope that you may succeed in publishing a new edition of your *Cruise to Tierra del Fuego*. You saw so much more of the natives than I did, that, wherever we differ, you probably are in the right. Indeed, the success of the missionary establishment there proves that I took a very erroneous view of the nature and capabilities of the Fuegians.”

That is what I call real Darwinism—love of truth, not of self or system. It is the heart that makes the true man of science, not the brain only.

What then has the science of language done for us in explaining that stupendous wealth of words and forms, whether in English, or in Sanskrit, or in Hebrew, or in Turkish, or even in the language of the so-called devils of Tierra del Fuego? It has completely changed the aspect of the miracle, and instead of exhibiting language as something incomprehensible, bewildering and supernatural, it has shown us, that the process by which this supposed miracle of language has been wrought is perfectly simple, natural and intelligible. We no longer stare at language in utter bewilderment, but we understand it. Give us the materials, and we can build up a language, perhaps more perfect, though, it may be, less beautiful, than English, Sanskrit or Fuegian.

But what are these materials?

Whatever language we take, we find that it can be analyzed, and as the result of our analysis, we find everywhere *material* and *formal* elements. In *give* and *gift*, for instance, the material element is *give*, the formal elements are *er* and *t*. In *to wit*, in *witness*, and in *wittingly*, we easily see the permanent material element, *wit*, used in the sense of knowing, and followed by such formal elements as *ness* and *ing*. These material elements are generally called roots, and it stands to reason that in modern languages it is often very difficult to discover the true roots. There have been so many phonetic changes that in order to discover the most primitive form of a root, we must always go back to the more primitive languages. The same root, *wit*, for instance, exists in English in such words also as *history*, but no one who did not know that this word came to us from Rome and Greece, would be able to discover the presence of the root *wit* in *history*. In Greek we know it, because we know that, according to fixed phonetic rules initial *v* is dropt, *d* before *t* is changed to *s*, thus giving us *istor* instead of *vid-tar*, the Sanskrit *vet-tar*.

Now this is one thing which the Science of Language has achieved. It has discovered the material elements or roots in all the Indo-European languages. But while this achievement belongs to the nineteenth century with us, it belonged to the fifth century B. C.

in India. In India the earliest grammarians asked the question, which we have asked but lately, namely, What is language made of? and they found, as we have found, that it consisted of those material elements or roots, and of a certain number of formal elements, called suffixes, prefixes and infixes. This was a wonderful achievement, particularly for men whom certain people even now would call savages or niggers. The result of this analysis or taking to pieces of the Sanskrit language is now before us, in a list of about two thousand roots, which is ascribed to the great grammarian Pāṇini, who lived about the same time as Æschylus. Given that number of roots and there is no word in Sanskrit which Hindu grammarians do not undertake to build up. That is to say, the whole flora of the Sanskrit dictionary has been traced back by them to about two thousand seeds. Wonderful as this achievement is, we must not exaggerate. Many of the etymologies of the native Indian scholars are fanciful. The idea that it should be impossible to trace any word back to a root, never entered their heads. If there is no root, a root is invented for any special word, for according to their views, the only object of a root is to account for the existence of a word. Hence many of these roots which we find collected by Pāṇini may be safely set aside. From our point of view we are quite prepared to admit that Sanskrit, like other languages, may possess words of which the roots can no longer be discovered. We could not discover, for instance, the root of such a word as *history*, if Latin and Greek had had been swept away out of existence; nor should we know that the root of *age* was *I*, to go, unless we could follow up historically the traces of that word from *age* to *eage*, *edage*, *etaticum*, *atas*, *avitas*, *avum*, and Sanskrit *eva*, which comes from the root *I*, to go.

If we sift the list of roots in Sanskrit, retaining such roots only as can be traced in the actual literature, the number of 2,000 dwindles down to about 800. That is to say, with about 800 material elements we can account for the whole verbal harvest of India. Now that harvest is as rich as that of any other of the Aryan languages, and what applies therefore to Sanskrit, applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to Greek, Latin and all the other Aryan languages. Their stock in trade is no more than about 800 roots. I should even say, it is considerably less, because as languages grow they drop a number of scarce and isolated words, and supply their wants by new derivatives, or by new metaphorical expressions. I see that Professor Skeat, in his list of the principal Aryan roots occurring in English, brings their number to no more than 461.

Imagine, then, what a difference this makes in our view of language. We may feel bewildered by a quarter of a million of descendants, but we can manage eight hundred ancestors; and if we can once manage

these eight hundred ancestors, their descendants, whatever their number, need no longer perplex and frighten us.

In this respect the Science of Language has brought daylight where all before seemed dark and confused. Whatever in language is not material is formal. These formal elements are in many cases material elements in a metamorphic state. Thus *hood* in *child-hood*, which is now a formal element, used to form collective and abstract nouns, was still not many centuries back, a living word, the Anglo-Saxon *hād*, meaning state or rank. This *hād* again is related to the Gothic *haidus*, meaning manner, way; and this *haidus* exists in Sanskrit as *ketú*, a sign. When we have come so far, we ask what is this *ketú*, and we find that its root is *kit*, to observe, to see, while *u* is a purely formal element, used to form nominal and verbal bases in Sanskrit.

Besides these metamorphic words—the soil, as it were, left by a former vegetation—the Aryan languages make use of a number of demonstrative elements, with which to form nouns, adjectives and verbs from roots. These were at first intended to point to whatever was meant to be the subject of a predicative root. If there was a root meaning to strike, then “*strike-here*” might be a striker, a fighter; “*strike-there*” might be “wound;” “*strike it*” might be “sword.” After a time these demonstrative elements became differentiated and specialized, and they stand now before us as suffixes, and terminations of nouns and verbs.

What has so far been established by the Science of Language is this, that, if we have, say, 500 material or predicative roots, and a small number of demonstrative elements given us, then, roughly speaking, the riddle of language is solved. We know what language is, what it is made of, and we are thus enabled to admire, not so much its complexity as its translucent simplicity.

There remains, however, the old question, “Whence these roots?” We have found them by careful digging, we have pulled them out of the ground, and there can be no doubt about their reality. There they are, but people want to know how they came to be there; nay, they seem more eager on that point than on the whole subsequent growth of language.

There was a time when the existence of roots was denied altogether, and words were derived straight, either from imitations of the sounds of nature, particularly the cries of birds and the shouts of animals, or from interjections, such as we utter ourselves, whether we like it or not, when under the sway of pleasure or pain, or any other powerful passion. Nothing could sound more plausible. Could the name of the *cuckoo* be anything but the imitation of the bird’s note? Could *tolderollol* be anything but a shout of joy? Do we not hear in to *chuckle* the sound of suppressed laughter, and in to *chuck* the clucking of the hen? Now to

chuckle means also to fondle, so that we can clearly see how so abstract an idea as to caress or to love may be expressed by a sound imitated straight from the cackling of a hen.

And why should not a complete language have been formed by the same process? If *bow-bow* was used for barking, why should it not be used also in the sense of persecuting? If *pooh-pooh* was an expression of disgust, why should it not be accepted as the name of a critical review? And if those who generally *bow-bow* and *pooh-pooh* moderate occasionally the breath of their indignation, or change it into a more or less loud breeze of mutual love and admiration, why should that not be called a *puff*, from which *puffer*, *puffery*, *puffiness*, and all the rest.

All this goes on swimmingly for a short time, but then comes a sudden precipice. There are onomatopœic elements in every language, but they end where real language begins. They are like volcanic rocks breaking here and there through the superincumbent stratified layers of speech. We know perfectly well what they are; they require no explanation whatever; but they are certainly not what we mean by speech, by discourse, or Logos. I had to fight these two theories when I delivered my lectures on language five-and-twenty years ago. In order to describe them by short and clear names I called them the *Bow-bow* and *Pooh-pooh* theories. Description was taken for irony; but whether these names contained truth or irony, certain it is that both these theories are now dead, never to rise again, I hope.

But though so much is gained, and we are not likely to be troubled again with derivations of words direct from the crude sounds of nature, there remains the question to be answered, namely: “What is the origin of those roots which stand like a rampart between the chaos of sounds expressive of mere feelings and the kosmos of words expressive of concepts?”

It is perfectly right to ask that question, but it is also right to see that such a question can admit of an hypothetical answer only. Think of what times we are speaking!—times when no Aryan language did exist, when no verb or noun had yet been formed, when man, in fact, was hardly yet man in the full sense of that word, but only the embryo of a man, without speech, and therefore without reason. We can enter into all the secret workings of the human mind, building up for itself the shell of language, after the materials were once given. But a state of mind without language and without reason is more than we can fully realize. All we can do is to guess, and to guess cautiously.

There are three things that have to be explained in roots, such as we find them:

(1) Their being intelligible not only to the speaker but to all who listen to him;

(2) Their having a definite body of consonants and vowels;

(3) Their expressing general concepts.

In my former lectures I called attention to the fact that everything in nature that is struck vibrates and rings. This is the widest generalisation under which the vocal utterances of man can be classed. Under the influence of certain emotions the human body finds relief in more or less musical sounds, produced by the breath passing either slowly or violently from the lungs to the larynx and from the larynx to the mouth.

This is perfectly true; but these sounds which naturally accompany our emotions, though they may supply the material, are very far as yet from being roots. It was Professor Noiré who first pointed out that roots, in order to be intelligible to others, must have been from the very first social sounds—sounds uttered by several people together. They must have been what he calls the *clamor concomitans*, uttered almost involuntarily by a whole gang engaged in a common work. Such sounds are uttered even at present by sailors rowing together, by peasants digging together, by women spinning or sewing together. They are uttered and they are understood. And not only would this *clamor concomitans* be understood by all the members of a community, but on account of its frequent repetition, it would soon assume a more definite form than belongs to the shouts of individuals, which constantly vary, according to circumstances and individual tendencies.

But the most difficult problem still remains. How did these sounds become the signs, not simply of emotions but of concepts? for we must not forget all roots are expressive of concepts. To us nothing seems more natural than a concept. We live in concepts. Everything we name, everything we reason about is conceptual. But how was the first concept formed? that is the question which the Science of Thought has to solve. At present we simply take a number of sensuous intuitions, and after describing something which they share in common, we assign a name to it, and thus get a concept. For instance, seeing the same colour in coal, ink and in a negro, we form the concept of black; or seeing white in milk, snow and chalk, we form the concept of white. In some cases a concept is a mere shadow of a number of percepts, as when we speak of oaks, beeches, and firs, as trees. But suppose we had no such names as black and white, and tree, where would our concept be?

We are speaking, however, of a period in the growth of the human mind when there existed as yet neither names nor concepts, and the question which we have to answer is, how the roots which we have discovered as the elements of language came to have a conceptual meaning. Now the fact is the majority of roots express acts, and mostly acts which men in a primitive

state of society are called upon to perform; I mean acts such as digging, plaiting, weaving, striking, throwing, binding, etc. All of these are acts of which those who perform them are *ipso facto* conscious; and as most of these acts were continuous or constantly repeated, we see in the consciousness of these repeated acts the first glimmer of conceptual thought, the first attempt to comprehend *many things as one*. Without any effort of their own the earliest framers of language found the consciousness of their own repeated acts raised into conceptual consciousness, while the sounds by which these acts were accompanied became spontaneously what we now call conceptual roots in every language.

In this manner all the requirements which roots have to fulfill are satisfied. They are necessarily intelligible to a whole community, because they refer to acts performed in common. They have a definite or articulate sound, because they have been repeated so often that all individual or dialectic variety has been eliminated; and they have become conceptual, because they express not a single accidental act, but repeated acts from which all that is purely accidental, temporal or local, has been slowly removed or abstracted.

Professor Noiré, who has most carefully analyzed this primitive process in the formation of conceptual thought, thinks that true conceptual consciousness begins only from the time when men became conscious of results, of facts and not only of acts. The mere consciousness of the acts of digging, striking, binding, does not satisfy him. Only when men perceive the results of their acts—for instance, in the hole dug, in the tree struck down, in the reeds tied together as a mat—did they, according to him, arrive at conceptual thought in language. I do not dispute this, but even if we admitted that the concepts embodied in our roots did not arrive at their full maturity till the acts which they expressed had become realized objectively by their results, we must not forget that every language retains the power of predicating these roots, and that only by that power is it able to produce its wealth of nouns and verbs.

In Sanskrit the number of these roots has been estimated at about eight hundred, and the great bulk of the Sanskrit dictionary has been traced back to these eight hundred living germs. But this is not all. If we examine these eight hundred roots more carefully, we find that they do not represent an equal number of concepts. There are, for instance, about seventeen roots, all meaning to plait, to weave, to sow, to bind, to unite; about thirty roots, all meaning to crush, to pound, to destroy, to waste, to rub, to smooth; about seventeen meaning to cut, to divide, and so on. I believe the original meaning of roots was always special, but became generalized by usage, though, on the other side, certain roots of a general meaning became specialized also.

But the important fact which has been established and can no longer be doubted is, that the eight hundred roots which supply our dictionary can be reduced to about one hundred and twenty concepts. These one hundred and twenty concepts are really the rivers that feed the whole ocean of thought and speech. There is no thought that passes through our mind, or that has passed through the minds of the greatest poets and prophets of old, that cannot directly or indirectly be derived from one of these fundamental concepts. This may seem to lower us very much. We thought ourselves so rich, and now we find that our intellectual capital is so small; not more than one hundred and twenty concepts. But does that prove that we are poor? I believe not. Nature has not become poor because we know that the infinite wealth which it displays before our eyes consists of no more than about seventy-two elements, nor is our mind poor because the elements of thought have been reduced to one hundred and twenty, and might, with some effort, be reduced to a smaller number still. What remains to us is the power of combination, of composition and decomposition; and if that power has enabled us to decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics, to determine the metals in the sun, to discover the seventy-two elements of nature, and to elicit the one hundred and twenty elements of thought, we need not be ashamed. Nature produces the greatest effects by the smallest means, and man ought to be proud to follow her example.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. ROBERT B. DRUMMOND.

A friend sent me the other day, a copy of a sermon by Rev. Charles Voysey—the fifth of a series on Lord Gifford's Will—in which there occurs the following passage: "Edinburgh, queen of cities, is ten times more truculent [*sic*] to social opinion than London; with even more of secret unbelief and revolt from revelation, there is far more outward and insincere conformity than anywhere else that I know of. Moral courage is conspicuous by its absence. Mutual fear is the reigning spirit and the ruling motive. They do not deserve to have such a treasure, such a God-send as their *Scotsman*."

It may be necessary here to explain that Mr. Voysey has been rebuking *The Times* and commending *The Scotsman* for their respective articles on Lord Gifford's remarkable bequest of £80,000 to the Scottish universities for the establishment of free theological lectureships. *The Times* sneered at it. *The Scotsman* gave it warm welcome. Mr. Voysey continues: "It is the one gleam of intellectual and moral light in the midst of suppressed convictions and the deepest insincerity. *The Scotsman* speaks for the poor victims of social oppression and gives tongue to the thoughts of those who are afraid to speak out for themselves. Indeed, on any deep question

of religion or public morality, *The Scotsman* is at the head of all the British press, always faithful, always true, always brave; and with such a spokesman, such a leader, I am amazed at the moral cowardice which well-nigh smothered the Scottish people and stultified all their just boast of superior intelligence." This is high praise of *The Scotsman*, and it is not undeserved. But Mr. Voysey does not seem to have enough considered that even the most outspoken and independent of journals must largely reflect the public opinion which it aspires to guide, and if *The Scotsman* is one of the most powerful of newspapers it can only be because it is supported by a public which shares in its sentiments and is imbued with its spirit. But as to what Mr. Voysey says of Edinburgh society, it is very much what Mr. Buckle said, only he said it much better nearly thirty years ago. Mr. Buckle was thought at the time to have drawn an exaggerated picture, and indeed was taken to task by *The Scotsman* itself for the severity of his strictures. Undoubtedly, however, there was much justice in his remarks, and it may be that Scotland has profited by the lesson. They would be much less applicable now. Of course, there is a certain amount of truth in Mr. Voysey's censure, even still. There is, no doubt, a good deal of hypocritical conformity; a good deal of church-going for mere fashion's sake, or for the sake of relatives, sisters, wives, or maiden aunts, but there is much less of this than there was when Buckle wrote; and there is beside a geniality, a cheerfulness, a humanity in the tone of society which contrasts very pleasantly with the gloom which used to be thought essential to goodness. The old-fashioned Sabbath is now quite out of date. Perhaps the churches are still "as crowded as they were in the middle ages;" but if so, there are usually plenty of people in the parks and gardens enjoying themselves on a fine Sunday, nor is it thought any sin to scale Arthur's Seat or the glorious Blackford Hill. The very word "Sawbath," which used to be universal is now heard only from the lips of very old-fashioned people, and is generally replaced by "Sunday." Of course, there is still room for improvement, especially in the way of providing facilities for the multitude to exchange the dusty streets for the pure air of the hills or the sea-coast; but it will come. The truth is the Scotch, as a people, cling fast to their national Presbyterianism, in theory at least, the most democratic of all forms of ecclesiasticism; and they are by long custom and discipline good church-goers,—surely not a bad habit, if they find help from it, and if the help afforded is of a kind worth having. That a remarkable change, however, has taken place, of late years, in the whole tone of thought,—in the attitude of the public mind—toward the orthodox theology, and is still going on, is clear at any rate to every one living in Scotland, if not to those who only look at it from a distance.

Mr. Voysey has furnished me with a text. But I now pass from him to notice a few of the more recent evidences of the change to which I have referred. It is now a good many years since the Rev. George Gilfillan, of the United Presbyterian Church, recommended that the Westminster Confession of Faith should be laid on the historical shelf. Mr. Gilfillan was an eccentric man and a bold man, and no doubt he had no authority to speak for anyone but himself. But what would have been thought at that time if the Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland had been found claiming it as a merit, and as a proof of his conduct and forbearance, that he had never attacked the doctrine of the Confession. Yet these are the very words of Dr. Cunningham, in his address as Moderator a year ago, as reported by *The Scotsman* at the time. He says: "For myself I may say I have always asserted great liberty in my preaching, but I have never thought it right, I would have esteemed it wrong to assail or malign the doctrines of the Confession." Assail or malign it! Why, this is the Confession which every minister of the Scottish churches subscribes at his ordination, and which he is bound by the most solemn pledges to uphold and defend! Yet, here is the Moderator of the General Assembly, in the face of the whole church, boasting that he has never attacked it. A few further sentences from Dr. Cunningham's remarkable address may be quoted. "I have found," he says, "there is a vast field both outside and inside the Westminster Confession, some of it almost untrodden where the most saving truths may be gathered for the healing of a nation now so different from what it was two or three centuries ago. How different are the ideas of God and God's universe; of man, his origin, his history, and his destiny which have recently been revealed to us! These have not only modified our old theological conceptions; they may almost be said to have created a new theology." What effect these bold words may have produced in the country manses, it is of course impossible to say. Nothing could very decently be said against the Moderator, and it seems clear that he at any rate has laid the Confession of Faith on the historical shelf.

Take another point. This Gifford bequest, to which reference has already been made, is surely itself a notable sign of the times. It remains to be seen, indeed, whether the universities will accept the responsibilities proposed to be laid upon them; but there is, I think, every probability that they will. The notion of free theological teaching in the universities is not a new one. It was taken up and favorably considered, both by Professor Flint, of Edinburgh, and Professor Story, of Glasgow, at the opening of last winter session. Professor Flint had no objection to it on principle, but opposed it on the ground of expediency, remarking that as long as the churches required ministers educated in the

confessional theology, the free chairs would be starved. No one can deny that this objection has weight. It would be practically of little use to liberate the chairs of theology in the universities unless the churches were at the same time to liberate themselves. Meanwhile, even this does not look so impossible as it did only a short time back; and when we find Professor Candlish, a son of the late well-known Dr. Candlish, of the Free Church, submitting to the Glasgow Free Presbytery an overture having for its object the revision of the Confession, and carrying with him no less than thirty-seven members, against forty who voted on the other side; when we find another well-known Free Churchman, Dr. Marcus Dods, expressing doubts "whether creeds, used as terms of office, have not done more harm than good," and advocating freedom of thought as "more likely than the imposition of a creed to bring all Christendom to a common recognition of the truth," we begin to think that even in Scotland the days of the old theology may be numbered.

That perfervid Celt, as Emeritus Professor Blackie profanely called him, the Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's church, Edinburgh, has lately been crowing over the growth of the Establishment. He says there is no doubt that the Church of Scotland is increasing year by year in numbers, and in its influence for good upon the country. This may be, but as it cannot be supposed that all the members and adherents of the Establishment are politically in favor of State-aided religion, it is only another evidence of the growth of moderate opinion. For of all the Presbyterian churches, there can be no doubt that the Established is by far the freest, the broadest, the most rational and the most progressive. The sermons preached in her pulpits may not be characterized by what can strictly be called advanced thought, though that is not altogether wanting, but it is believed there is a geniality, a breadth, a humanity about them which are not to be found, or found only in a much less degree, in those of the other Presbyterian communions. All the more, of course, is it to be regretted that she should still profess a creed which is so far from representing her real opinion and belief. Dr. MacGregor would, no doubt, be glad to see a great Presbyterian union, in which all the churches at present competing against one another should be banded together, to make one compact body strong enough to resist all the forces of unbelief, agnosticism, and whatever else is most hateful to the ecclesiastical bosom. He is not likely to see it. In the first place, whatever he may say, disestablishment will come, and, if the Irish question were disposed of, it would be even "within measurable distance." Then, if it were to come, union would be no nearer than before. There would simply be a new arrangement of elements. Affinities would be freer to act, and fresh combinations would take place. Possibly,

indeed almost certainly, the more evangelical section of the present Established Church would unite with the Free Church, and perhaps the United Presbyterians, to form a strong church on the old theological foundation. There might be a second church with a reformed confession—say the Confession of Westminster with the Calvinism left out. But almost certainly there would be a church really free—creedless, confessionless—standing on the broad ground of humanity, and wide enough to take into its motherly arms not only the Unitarian, but freethinkers of every shade, so far as they desired any union implying religion and worship. This, at least, seems to be, in the meantime, the best hope for Scotland and for the progress of free religion there.

OUR VIKING ANCESTORS, AND WHAT WE OWE TO THEM.

BY SAMUEL KNEELAND, M.D.

The popular opinion, founded on the chronicles and annals of English and French ecclesiastics, their enemies in race and religion, is that the Vikings were a set of blood-thirsty pirates and robbers, whose hands were against everybody worth plundering, and even against the successful of their own numbers—who spared neither age, sex, nor condition—who had no sense of justice, honor, or mercy—who were, in fact, to use the language of the French chroniclers, “men of hell, the spawn of the devil”—whose ravages were so constant and so terrible that this special clause was inserted in the prayer books of the ninth to the eleventh centuries, “from the rage of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us.” Is this a just representation of them? I think not. Barbarous they were, fierce and lawless, but no more so than their opponents in that age, when might made right. One need only look over the venerable Bede, the old Saxon chronicles, and the English annals to see that the spirit of the times was inhuman, and that Saxon and Frank, Dane and Angle, were no better than the Vikings. Their work was not simply to kill and rob, but to explore, colonize, and trade; their influence is now felt in all English-speaking peoples, and the principles most dear to constitutional governments can be traced to these old Viking warriors.

Omitting the Finnish and Slavonic races (Vends), who preceded them in Scandinavia, let us begin with the historic Odin and his hordes from Scythia, who settled in Denmark and its islands, finally occupying the western shores of the Baltic—fierce pirates and robbers. The Saxons, a name given to all those roving tribes, had possession of Britain in 374, in Kent at the south, and the Orkneys and Shetlands at the north. Even in the fifth century, the Vends terrified Denmark by their extreme ferocity; but in the sixth, the Scandinavians became the stronger, and formed a kind of offensive and

defensive league against them; but they were by no means a happy and united family. According as fortune favored one party, his neighbors fell upon him for their share or the whole of his plunder; so that, while all united in ravaging Britain and the Vends, the Frisians and Jutes plundered the Saxons, the Danes the Swedes, and the Norwegians the Scanians—and all were enemies of the Finns, who were regarded as scorcerers and wizards.

On the sandy shores of Friesland and the lands bordering on the Baltic, their hordes became pirates from necessity, as the Arabs of the desert must be robbers; while the soil was unproductive, the sea was their harvest field and their camping ground; the many creeks (viks) served them for hiding places and harbors, and all their surroundings were favorable for plundering excursions, and even expeditions to distant fertile and richer shores. They were naturally seamen, from their great extent of coast line, which is the secret of their power as warriors, their wealth and intelligence as traders, and their success as bold discoverers. The Northern ocean on the west, the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia on the east, could not satisfy their energy and their longings; in their small but strong boats or galleys they braved the fury of the Atlantic, discovered and settled Iceland and Greenland, and planted a colony in Vinland, Mass., four centuries before Columbus saw the American shore—always, it will be noticed, maritime. As Northmen or Vikings, they controlled the northern seas from the eighth to the eleventh century, and these were principally Danes; first making voyages along the English coasts, they wintered on its southern border in the middle of the ninth century, and soon after established themselves in possession, ruling it under Sweyn, Canute and his sons, for nearly fifty years; at the same time they had their kings in Ireland, and early occupied the Orkneys, Shetlands, and Hebrides. The Danes went chiefly to England and France, the Norwegians to Scotland, Ireland, and the northern islands. The Varangians were Northmen, who with their fleets entered the Mediterranean, and ravaged in the neighborhood of Constantinople in the latter part of the ninth century, afterward forming the body guard of the Byzantine emperors. From the sixth to the ninth centuries they plundered on the coasts of France and Holland, boldly penetrating into the heart of the country, ascending the shallow rivers in their flat-bottomed boats, by day their means of conveyance, by night, drawn on shore and covered with a tent, serving as shelters. In like manner they entered Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Sicily, carrying destruction in their train. From the Norwegian Hrolf, or Rollo, the first earl of Normandy was descended, in the sixth generation, William the Conqueror, who with his Normans, French in language but Northmen in energy and bravery, found the

stoutest resistance on English soil from those of his own race.

These Vikings appeared on the coasts of Europe only for plunder, were greatly feared for their irresistible fleets, and consequently had the reputation of being the embodiment of every thing that was wicked, in the minds of their victims and enemies. Fortunately, from their Sagas this may be in a measure corrected, and we are forced, by the corroborating testimony of the finds, to admit that they were not without noble qualities, culture and refinement. They were brave, generous to a defeated enemy, eloquent speakers, wise politicians and able rulers. No doubt they committed many acts of wanton cruelty, but their robberies can be matched by the spoilers of the nineteenth century; if opposed, their raids frequently ended in foreign conquests, in which neither homes nor sacred buildings were spared. At home they passed the summer in fishing, hunting and stealing from their neighbors; the long winters they spent in carousing, listening to the songs of their bards, relating their exploits, praising real or legendary heroes, encouraging the young men to similar deeds of daring, and in planning expeditions for the coming spring.

Accustomed to the strife of the elements, and constantly warring with each other, of necessity depending on personal prowess, they became fearless, independent, self-reliant; their cardinal maxim was, "might makes right;" while rapacious, they were magnanimous; careless of the rights of others, yet fighting to the death for their own; eager to die in battle, which they regarded as a sure passport to the Valhalla, the hall of Odin's chosen warriors. Impelled by their strong will and fierce passions, energy and heroic endurance were their dominant characteristics. The young Viking was educated, like the Spartan youth, to the use of arms and a life of fighting; so great was their strength, skill and courage that at the age of twelve to fifteen years they were formidable foes. No family line was allowed, as in these days, to depend for its continuance on a sickly heir, unable to bear arms; only healthy children were, as a rule, allowed to live. The boy was of age when he could do man's work, and wield his father's sword, spear and shield. Revenge they considered a sacred duty; "blood for blood" was their law, but as they degenerated at the approach of the historic period, and became softened by Christian association, money was often accepted as the price of vengeance. They placed dependence on merit only; they knew no "blue blood," except that accident of high birth only made their responsibility the greater; they fully believed in *in blesse oblige*. They asked of their candidates for leadership, "what can you do?" or, "what have you done?"—not what did your father or grandfather do. They acknowledged nature's nobility, and not that purchasable by money, with a tainted name. Their aim was to do

something, and to do it well; it was their custom, as we know from their Sagas, at their feasts, funereal or joyful, for the warriors to make a solemn vow to perform some bold and hazardous deed, not always creditable, or die in the attempt; some of the most exciting and beautiful of these tales are the relations of these exploits—imagine a chief of Tammany, or any city hall, doing such a thing! With this barbarian character, they were fond of poetry, heroic, sentimental and historic, and it was the delight of all classes to listen to the recitals of their bards.

To sum up their characteristics—these were courage and faith to bear the hard decrees of fate, in which they firmly believed, and to fight against their enemies; independence in thought and action; regard for oaths and promises; faithfulness in friendship and love, but craft against craft; vengeance on their foes; respect for old age; hospitality, liberality and charity; temperance and cheerful content; modesty and politeness; desire for the good opinion of others, and careful treatment of the dead. All these are given in the Havamal and other Eddas, forming a code of morality which, considering the lawlessness of the times, must excite surprise and challenge admiration. Such were the characteristics of the Vikings, to whom English-speaking peoples owe many of their best traits and privileges; and yet they have been called savage barbarians, without regard to God or man, because their bravery sometimes degenerated into fierceness and cruelty, and their independence into obstinate self-will.

To these Vikings we owe public meetings for the general welfare, called "Things," invested with legislative, judicial, and executive powers, the first "Open Court," to which all freemen went as a great and sacred privilege; their sound political wisdom is shown in their laws and penalties. Public opinion was just, severe and more powerful than law in preserving the honor, integrity, and good name of these freemen. In short, we owe to these so-called northern barbarians most of what has been and is of value to man as a member of society, in Europe and America, viz.: representative government, public meetings, trial by jury (the twelve men often appealed to in the Sagas), security of property, freedom of speech and person, public opinion as a guide in politics, respect for woman, liberty of religious belief, etc. The republic of Iceland evolved the English Magna Charta, and from that the declaration of American independence, and will eventually produce universal constitutional freedom, or, to use President Lincoln's famous expression, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, which shall not perish from the earth."

The Norsemen raised woman to her true and equal position; she was not a slave without soul, as in the East; nor a toy, as in Greece; nor a mere housekeeper

with the keys, as in Rome; they believed that her sharper perceptive powers gave her a keener insight into divine things than the slower reasoning of man, that she was nearer to the gods and knew the future. Their ideas of her future state we know not; they had no paradise for females, pointing, as in Mohammedanism, to an Eastern origin; she would find no heaven in the Odinic Valhalla, and had to go to the lower world of Hela, with those who died of disease and in their beds—and that is about all we know.

Beside the memorials of the Vikings in the names of the first six days of the week, their fairy tales have come down to us, filled with elves, dwarfs, mermaids, nicks and nisses; many of our nursery rhymes, much of "Mother Goose," are well known to the Norse people, their originators.

They were consummate naval architects, as the finds prove; their descendants in America, mixed Danes, Anglo-Saxons and Norwegians, English-speaking all, have inherited their skill and improved upon their models. The "Puritan" and "Mayflower" are evolutions from the Norse galley, the former built for peaceful contests, the latter for war. King Olaf, Niels Juel and Tordenskjold find their modern counterparts in Nelson and Farragut; Erik the Red and Leif his son lived in spirit in Franklin, Kane, Livingstone and Stanley. The bold, free, adventurous spirit which animated the Vikings makes the English-speaking peoples the masters of the seas, whether for conquest or discovery, from the frozen ocean to the tropics, from Geenland to India and Africa.

LIVE AND NOT LET LIVE.

BY WHEELBARROW.

This is the motto of monopoly, the creed of selfishness, the religion of greed, and it makes no difference whether it is practiced by the man of millions, or by him who has no capital but his trade.

I sign my name "Wheelbarrow," because that is the implement of my handicraft, or was, when I was a strong man. I was by profession a "railroad man;" my part of the railroad business was making the roadbed, by the aid of a pick, a shovel and a wheelbarrow. I was a skilled workman, and had obtained the highest diploma that could be got in the profession. Jemmy Hill and myself worked on the same plank, and so buoyant and easy did we make the trip up and down, and dump the dirt into the exact spot, that we were worth twenty per cent. more than any other men on the job. There was a superannuated old Irishman in our "gang" who had helped in building every railroad from Montreal to Minneapolis; he had become too stiff for the wheelbarrow and the pick, and was reduced to the shovel alone, which he could still handle tolerably well; his duty was to stay on top of the pile and "level off" with the shovel. His

work was made hard or easy according to the skill of the rest. Awkward fellows would dump their loads in a dead heap, maybe a couple of feet from the place, leaving him to shovel it the rest of the way, while Jemmy and I would give the loads a flirt with the right wrist, or the left, as the case might be, and scatter the dirt on the precise location, leaving Tim nothing to do but give it a couple of taps for form's sake. One day he burst into admiration at our skill, and said, "Ye z could wheel on a horse's rib." I show this diploma, not from vanity, but as proof that I graduated with high honors in the railroad college.

You may sneer at classing dirt shoveling with "skilled labor." A hundred dollars to one that you can't wheel a 'barrow full of dirt up a plank, say at the easy incline of 30 degrees, without looking at your feet, and the same wager that you can't come down the plank, dragging the empty 'barrow behind you, without running the wheel off the track. You won't take the bet? Very well; then don't make fun of my diploma until you are able to "wheel on a horse's rib."

One day a greenhorn came along and got a job in our gang; he was awkward as a landlubber trying to climb the top-gallantmast. He would look at his feet as he went up the plank, and the wheel of the 'barrow would run off; he would look at the wheel, and his feet would step off; he asked advice, but we who had learned the trade had now become monopolists, and refused to give any instruction; all of us except Jemmy Hill; he took the fellow in hand, and showed him how to walk the plank, which he obviously had no right whatever to do. That night, up at the shanty where we lived, my tongue swaggered a good deal, to the admiration of everybody except Jemmy Hill. I gushed eloquently about the wrong done us in employing greenhorn wheelers and "plug" shovelers, and we proposed to form ourselves into a "brotherhood" to protect ourselves against monopoly, and especially making it a capital offense for one of the "brotherhood" to teach a fellow-creature how to wheel a 'barrow full of dirt up a plank.

The next day was Sunday, and Jemmy and I took a walk to a favorite spot where we used to smoke our pipes and gossip. The glorious St. Lawrence rolled at our feet, and the sun shone bright overhead. Jemmy was a young fellow from the North of Ireland, about five feet nine or ten, slim, all sinew and bone, blue eyes, light hair, and a fair, smooth face, beautiful as a girl's. He had a soft, musical voice, and there was nothing manly about him, except that he liked to smoke; but he was brave as Phil. Sheridan; he was a holy terror in a fight; I saw him scatter a dozen fellows once in a riot, like Samson used to clear out those Philistines. He is president of a railroad now, and rides in his own special car, in which there is always a welcome berth for me.

We talked about the necessity of protecting our

craft from "plug" workmen, or, rather, I did; Jemmy merely smoked his pipe and listened. At last he pulled out of his pocket a watch-charm, and handed it to me to examine. The crest on it was a couple of torches, one lighting the other, with this motto underneath: "My light is none the less for lighting my neighbor." He explained that this was the motto of some secret society that he belonged to in Belfast; I forget the name of it now, but no matter, that was the motto of it, "My light is none the less for lighting my neighbor." I accepted the rebuke, and acknowledged that the motto was a good one. That was many years ago, but the longer I live the more I am convinced that it is sound in political science and social economy. It is the very antithesis of the narrow principle, "Live and not let live."

I commend it to workmen the world over; the practice of it will make them better, happier and richer than the other principle, which cannot become general without reducing the world to barbarism. Had this been the motto of the telegraph brotherhood it might have saved them the humiliation of "signing the document," it might have spared them the necessity of the strike, and even in their failure it would have secured to them the sympathy of all men whose good opinion was worth having. How can we sympathize with men in a struggle with monopoly who themselves seek to become monopolists of the knowledge that earns bread, who in the very charter of their order pledge themselves to one another never to teach their trade, and who seek to control the free action of their brother craftsmen? Men who would enslave others easily become slaves, and the telegraphers who left their keys free men and proud returned to them in a month with their liberty signed away. George Stephenson, the greatest engineer of modern times, or perhaps of any time, was refused admission into the "order" of engineers because he was a "plug," who had never served an apprenticeship. The men who did that would have deprived him of his genius if they could, although that genius has multiplied the comforts of man a hundred or a thousand fold.

Men are interested not in the downfall, but in the upraising of one another; not in the poverty of any, but in the riches of all; not in the ignorance of a part, but in the intelligence and wisdom of the whole. The contrary principle impairs the symmetry of the moral universe, whose laws are perfect and harmonious as the laws which govern matter. Every man is interested in the welfare and prosperity of every other man; none can suffer loss without all sharing in it. I cannot show you where I lost a penny by the great Chicago fire, and yet I know that two or three hundred million dollars worth of property could not be blotted out of existence without my losing something somewhere. I cannot show you that I lost a dollar by the Franco-German war, and

yet I know that two great nations cannot destroy tens of thousands of each other's men, and tens of millions of each other's property without my losing something. This world of ours is a small world, and no part of it is so remote from me that people can suffer loss without my sharing in that loss; and conversely, mankind can not grow richer and leave me poorer, nor wiser and leave me ignorant, nor better and leave me worse. That is my religion, and, in the language of Ingersoll, "Upon that rock I stand."

THE CROSS OF THE NEW CRUSADE.

BY PROF. VAN BUREN DENSLOW.

The old crusades were a brutal outgrowth of superstitious ignorance and religiously insane stupidity. There was nothing respectable about them save the persistency with which the nature of things wrecked them. They were the greatest waste of motive, blood and effort ever made in history and the most effectual lesson going to prove that it is when men mean to be the establishers of righteousness and the special patrons and protectors of God that they most nearly lose their reason and commit their most hardened and atrocious crimes.

Men, therefore, are not to be either trusted or respected merely because they move in considerable masses toward the attainment of any result. On the contrary sanity and soberness, as often as the crowd are seized by some epidemic of unreason retire their possessors from influence, while a falling in with the craze of the hour, or becoming the craziest man in the craze, leads to fame and even to fortune.

The craze of the present hour is the attempted cross between political economy and religion, known as anti-povertyism, which like the cross between the white and black races, brings out into conspicuous relief the worst qualities of both parents and the good qualities of neither. Political economy has always consisted of sensations produced by assaults upon common sense, and religion has maintained its good name by making its promises redeemable in a future state from whence, if they are not redeemed, no notice of protest ever gets back to the endorser. The anti-poverty creed is economic in that it attacks common sense savagely. It is religious in that it makes no promises which can come back to torment those who issue them until, like the Yankee clock-seller in Georgia, they have had time to provide a new clock in place of the one that "wont go." Like religion it promises a heaven to its disciples, but differs from most religions in making heaven consist of real estate in this world instead of harps and timbrels in the next. Instead of telling its devotees they shall in another world "inherit the earth," it assures them the real estate is now theirs, but must be recovered by ejection of its present possessors. Instead of taking out a writ of ejection from the courts, however, they are to apply to the legislature

to take them out somewhat as woodchucks who can't be hounded out of their holes are smoked out. Anti-povertyism is a long name for what the early saints called the worship of Mammon, or the new golden calf on wheels. It resembles its father, political economy, in two things. It resists assault by creating a smudge of obscure smoke which makes the eyes sore to peer through, and which none but the very dull can see through at all. And it teaches that we are saved by wealth and not by faith. It resembles its mother, religion, in holding that wealth is given by the grace of God and that it ought to be so possessed by all, that it would cease to buy the services of any. The highest utility of wealth it thinks will be attained only when none will seek to possess it. True, it will then have lost all purchasing power, but it will be every man's comfort to know, as in the case of Confederate notes, it is easy to get hold of a large supply. No name could fit so well this hybrid between religion and the philosophy of pelf as that of "The Cross of the New Crusade."

The crusaders of the middle ages could see nothing obscure or doubtful in the platform that if the world was ever to be made happy it must be by rescuing the possession of a rock in Judea in which a Jewish prophet had been buried, out of the possession of certain gentlemen of the Unitarian persuasion and Saracen extraction who had failed to discover that this Jewish prophet was the creator of the universe. To them the proposition that taxing the Saracens out of existence would diffuse sweet peace in every pious breast was too plain to need argument. What good thing could men possibly lack when the sepulcher of Jesus was again possessed by Christians? So to George and McGlynn it is clearer than day that to prevent any man from acquiring a home, by precluding all private title to a home, will give homes to all the homeless, and make all persons the permanent and happy possessors of that which each person is precluded from permanently and happily possessing.

"Ah, but," say these real estate Christs, "you must state our gospel in our own language. We will not be responsible for any definition of our principles which we do not coin ourselves. We tell you that under the new socialistic state to be arrived at by taxing all ground rents until no man shall remain entitled to a ground rent, there will be the greatest possible disposition on the part of all owners of land to improve the land. Only by improving the land can they get a rent at all. Rent will accrue only on the improvements and not on the land."

The rental of improved lands is thus made to be brought into court, like the baby before Solomon, to be cut in two to determine how much of its life shall be bled away in behalf of the improver and how much of it shall be drank up by the sand to appease the demands of the State. It is forgotten that any such

metaphysical division of rents destroys rents. It is like cutting away in a man the portion derived from vegetable from the part derived from animal food. When the knife enters to make the dissection the soul goes out and there is no man. Land can not be improved, and rents can not exist, where the moment a value is created in land it is confiscated. For in principle the theory might as well be applied to all forms of personal property. We might as well divide the total value of the table or chair between the portion of value that inheres in the wood of which it is made and the part that is derived from labor. The wood before its severance from its trunk was part of the land; hence, according to George, it was created by God. Hence, it belongs to the State. Hence, it is only by an act of robbery and spoliation "exploited" into private ownership. Only the portion of value which is derived from labor may justly belong to its possessor. So we might divide the house, the watch or the piano, between God as the source of the raw materials or constituent properties, and man as the source of certain labor rendered thereon. Giving the former to the State, all private title to personal property of every kind, as well as real, would be resolved into spoliation and plunder. Thus may a fine theological subtlety be lugged into the real estate business, and the question whether land which I have paid for belongs to you or me can be determined by a series of casuistries concerning God, whom neither of us knows anything about or has any facilities whereby we can learn anything about him. Meanwhile property becomes blasphemy according to this fine phrenzy, and the man who saves is thrust behind bars as being the man who steals. The complainant in the case is God, and the fact that God enters the complaint is certified to by the strong assurance afforded by human cheek, gall, brass, presumption and impudence. It may be in vain to hope to dispel this idiocy, as all idiocy is without cure, but chiefly the idiocy that has the power to rant and breed ranters. Still the unstricken will see that ground rent means a payment for the use of desirable space. It is not a thing which can be either taxed out of existence or owned by the State, even in the most paralyzed and savage conditions of society.

When George and McGlynn themselves hold a meeting, they bring into existence the very element which they say they meet to tax out of existence, viz., ground rent. In the very Academy of Music, wherein they meet, at fifteen minutes before their time of meeting but in consequence of their anticipated meeting, every seat in the Academy becomes the subject of a ground rent. This gate fee is a money-value which purchasers will pay for a certain space in consequence of its contiguity to a part of the societary movement. The societary movement in this case is the attraction presented by the combined presence of a pretended

economist peddling a new kind of heaven, and a popular priest vouching for a new fiction in economic imposture. Both are promising certain social sugar-plums which they will never deliver. Notwithstanding the promise is a swindle it confers a money value on the seats. It creates an active competition for their possession. This economic value is rent. Let the government now exact that Henry George and Dr. McGlynn shall show how much of this ground rent is due to the labor which constructed the seats and how much is due to the societary movement that attracted the crowd. It would be like showing how much of the rose is due to the sun and how much to the soil. In default of their being able to make this impossible metaphysical division in relation to this physical fact let the government of course take the whole rent as a penalty for the imposture. On these terms George and McGlynn would not hold the meeting. Their ground rents, gate fees, contributions, or what you will, would be taxed out of existence, but pursuant to their own theory. They would be hoisted by their own petard.

Where two concurrent conditions must both cooperate before any fact can exist there can be no division between these conditions to ascertain the degree in which each contributes to the result. To do so would be to measure the immeasurable and to set prescribed bounds to the absolute. Each contributes *in whole*, not in part, to the result, and to borrow the form of a certain legal phrase, the effect is seized of each as its entire cause and not of either as a separate and distinct part of its cause.

The attempt to divide that portion of the values of land which accrue from the labor of its possessors from that portion which accrue from the societary movement is like an attempt to divide the body of a child between his two parents; the division destroys its subject. Tax George's meeting to the full value of the seats, whether in gate fees or contributions, and there will be no meetings of George's disciples. Apply his doctrine to himself and he would be instantly deprived of the power to advocate it.

I would suggest, therefore, to our legislatures and city councils to be passed and enforced either as a statute or a city ordinance the following concise law:

BE IT ENACTED, That

1. WHEREAS, a party favors the abolition of ground rents, and
2. WHEREAS, this party holds meetings, which are sustained by the ground rents of seats therein, collected either in the form of an admission fee at the door or of voluntary contributions; and
3. WHEREAS, this party believes the world will be made happy by confiscating all ground rents in whatever form to the State, and
4. WHEREAS, the State concurs in this opinion so far as respects the ground rents of all meetings held explicitly to abolish ground rents, and
5. WHEREAS, there can be no direction in which to begin to apply a new and benevolent principle which will be so just or appropriate as to apply it first to those who are the first to desire its application, therefore

IT IS ENACTED, That the admission fees and contributions taken in all meetings held by any party having in view the advocacy of the abolition of ground rents shall be collected by the police only, and shall be paid into the city and State treasuries exclusively for the maintenance of such of the insane as shall be deprived of their usefulness to society through their mental incapacity to withstand the seductive flattery with which Henry George seeks to persuade every

man who fails to acquire property that the reason he has not acquired it is because he has been robbed of it by the man who has.

This would prove the George-McGlynn medicine by observing its symptoms when applied to the doctors who prescribe it. It is well known that many physicians prove their medicines by first taking them themselves. It is not uncommon to meet doctors who have been so unfortunate in their sincerity as to follow this practice. But it is extremely uncommon to continue to meet them long. They follow so soon in the long procession of their patients.

If our legislatures and city councils will only commend Henry George's chalice to his own lips, and if he thrives on it I do not doubt that all other receivers of ground rents, whether for long or short terms, will stand ready to drink from the same cup.

Meanwhile, might it not be well for the new crusaders to inquire whether it was the sepulcher of buried superstitions at Jerusalem that emancipated the laborer from his lord, or whether it was not the iron and steel furnaces at Damascus. Was it the ignorant Christians who left their huts and caves in Europe to carry the sword into Judea that were truly noble in their work or was it the Turks who responded to slaughter with the gifts of tea, cotton, the loom, mathematics and science.

Doubtless under the iniquities of the crusades some stray flower of utility or beauty may have bloomed. But the crusades in bulk were a dead cataract of human hate—a prolonged Niagara of social insanity—equally fatal to the life that stood under and the life that came over. Ignorance only can inspire the furious zealots who suppose a revival of their spirit can do good.

TH. RIBOT ON MEMORY.*

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

Memory, as generally understood, is the outcome of a long evolution; as such it is first a *biological* fact, and only secondarily a *psychological* fact. In other words, *consciousness is not an entity, but an incidental phenomenon*. Certain nervous processes are accompanied by consciousness.

Memory, in the usual sense, comprises three things:

1. The *conservation* of certain states—we would prefer to call it *forms*, which perhaps is a more precise expression than the French word *état*;—2. Their *reproduction*;
3. Their *localization* in the past. The last point makes memory perfect; at this stage it is commonly called *recollection*. The first two are indispensable and, as a rule, stable. The third element, which is purely psychological, is unstable; it appears and disappears; it represents the range of consciousness in the realm of memory, and nothing more.

*I present in the following sketches Th. Ribot's views of the most important psychological problems, and begin with *Memory*, where the famous French scientist follows the trail of his German contemporary, Professor Ewald Hering. Ribot's method, which is employed in many cases very successfully, is to get at a right understanding of evolution by studying the inverse process, viz., *dissolution* as it is exhibited in different morbid states. As I am anxious to present Ribot's views, and not my opinion on his views, I shall be careful to retain, wherever possible, Ribot's own expressions.

Reflex actions, if often repeated, grow automatic with all their associations. Without seeking for extraordinary illustrations, we find in every-day life long chains of organic, complex, and carefully determined acts, whose links, all differing from one another, follow in a constant order; for example, the ascent and descent of a staircase which we have often used. Our psychological or conscious memory is ignorant of the number of steps; but the organic, or unconscious, memory is familiar with them as well as the number of flights, the arrangement of the landings, and other details; it is not easily deceived.

The conservation and reproduction of such nervous actions are independent of consciousness. *Trousseau*, in his *Leçons Cliniques* (II, 41-2), reports the following case: "A musician who played the violin in an orchestra, was frequently seized with momentary loss of consciousness during a musical performance. But he continued to play, and kept time, although remaining in absolute ignorance of his surroundings. He neither saw nor heard those whom he accompanied." From such cases we learn that consciousness has its own peculiar sphere. We have to reduce the part it plays to proper proportions. The sudden absence of consciousness proves it to be nothing short of an additional element in the mechanism of memory.

The question as to the seat of memory can give no room for serious controversy. The law, as formulated by Bain, is that the renewed impression occupies exactly the same parts as the original impression. It is impossible to say in what the modification of the nervous substance consists. Neither the microscope, nor re-agents, nor histology, nor histo-chemistry can reveal it; but facts and reason indicate that a modification takes place, when sensations or movements are recorded in nervous tissue. A rich and well equipped memory is not a collection of imprints but an arrangement (*un ensemble*) of dynamical associations very stable and very ready for resuscitation.

Memory, accompanied by consciousness, is a more complex form than automatic memory, for every physical action presupposes a nervous action, but the reverse is by no means true. *If we consider consciousness as an essence, or a fundamental property of the mind, all is obscure; if we consider it as a phenomenon having its own conditions of existence, all becomes clear.* This understood, unconscious activity loses its mysterious character and is explained with the greatest ease.

One example may serve for many to show how noiselessly unconscious cerebration does its work. Carpenter in his *Mental Physiology* relates among other similar cases: "A mathematician was occupied with a geometrical problem the solution of which he failed to obtain after a number of trials. Several years later the correct solution flashed upon his mind so suddenly that

he trembled as if another person had communicated to him his own secret."

The nervous system is traversed by continuous discharges. Among these nervous actions some respond to the unceasing harmonious activity of the vital functions; others, fewer in number to the succession of states of consciousness; still others, by far the most numerous to unconscious cerebration. Six hundred million cells and four or five thousand million fibers, even deducting those in repose or which remain inactive during a lifetime, offer a sufficient contingent of active elements. The brain is like a laboratory full of movement, where thousands of occupations are going on at once. Unconscious cerebration may act in several directions at the same moment. *Consciousness is the narrow gate through which a very small part of all this work makes its appearance.*

The psycho-physiological residue of memory which is produced in our nerves by recording perceptions and sensations may be styled with Wundt a *disposition*. He says in his *Grundzüge der Philosophischen Psychologie*: "The eye, each day comparing and measuring distances and relations in space, gains more and more in precision. The consecutive image is an imprint; the accommodation of the eye, its faculty of measurement, is a functional *disposition*. It may be that, in the case of the unexercised eye, the retina and the muscles are constituted the same as in the exercised organ, but there is in the second a *disposition* much more marked than in the first."

Each of us has in his consciousness a certain number of recollections: images of men, animals, cities, countries, facts of history, or science or language. These recollections come back to us in the form of a more or less extended series of associations. Take as one of these terms the memory of an apple. According to the verdict of consciousness, this is a simple fact. Physiology shows that this verdict is an illusion. The memory of an apple is necessarily a weakened form of the perception of an apple. What does this perception suppose? A modification of the complex structure of the retina, transmission by the optic nerve through the corpora geniculata and the tubercula quadrigemina, then through the white substance to the cortex. This presupposes the activity of many widely separated elements. But this is by no means all. It is not a question of a simple sensation of color. We see, or imagine, the apple as a solid object having a spherical form. These conceptions result from the exquisite muscular sensibility of our visual apparatus and from its movements. Now, the movements of the eye are regulated by several nerves, viz., the sympathetic, the oculo-motor and its branches. Each of these nerves has its own termination, and is connected by a devious course with the outer cerebral layer, where the motor intuitions, according to Maudsley, are formed. We simply indicate outlines and give an idea

of the prodigious number of nervous filaments and distinct communities of cells scattered through the different parts of the cerebro-spinal axis, which serve as a basis for the psychical state known as the memory of an apple, and which the double illusion of consciousness and language leads us to consider as a simple fact. Visual perception is more complex still, and if we take a spoken word the complexity is equally great. Articulate language supposes the intervention of the larynx, the pharynx, the lips, the nasal fossa, and, consequently, of many nerves having centers in different parts of the brain, viz., the spinal, the facial, and the hypoglossal nerves. If we include auditory impressions in the memory of words, the complication is greater still. This shows the importance of the associations which Mr. Ribot calls the *dynamic* bases of memory, the modifications impressed upon the elements being *static* bases.

The static bases produce those untraceable changes of the nervous substance which are marked by the different dispositions. They modify the forms of the nervous cells in some way or other. The dynamic bases are the anatomical conditions of what is called in psychology association of ideas; they form combinations which connect certain parts of the brain; if one nervous cell is irritated, many others, being in communication with it are also called into action.

When we begin to talk, we use first simple words; later, isolated phrases. For a long time we do not realize that these words are made up of simple elements; many are always ignorant of the fact. Forbes Winslow (*On the Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind*. Fourth edition, p. 257.) cites the case of a soldier who was trepanned, losing in the operation some portion of the brain. He forgot the numbers five and seven, and was not able to recollect them for a considerable time. There is another more curious fact: "A man of scholastic attainments lost, after an attack of acute fever, all knowledge of the letter F."

The psychical memory constitutes the most complex, the highest and most unstable form of memory. This is generally called recollection. Ribot calls it *localization in time*. The explanation of localization in time starts with the law, that imaginary acts are always accompanied by the belief (at least for the moment) in the existence of the corresponding reality. This illusion, which exists in the highest degree in hallucination and dreams, also exists, although in a less degree, in all states of consciousness, which in reality are purely mental perceptions.

I shall not attempt to determine, says Ribot, whether memory is a postulate of the idea of time, or whether the idea of time is a postulate of memory; certainly time implies memory, and memory implies time.

We determine position in time as we determine position in space by reference to a fixed point, which,

in the case of time, is the present. It must be observed that the present is a real existence, which has a given duration. However brief it may be, it is not, as the language of metaphor would lead us to believe, a flash, a nothing, an abstraction analogous to a mathematical point. It has a beginning and an end. But its beginning does not appear to us as an absolute beginning. It touches upon something with which it forms a continuity. When we read or hear a sentence, for example, at the commencement of the fifth word something of the fourth still remains. Each state of consciousness is only progressively effaced; it leaves an evanescent trace, similar to that which, in the physiology of sight, is called after-sensation; hence the end of the fourth word impinges upon the beginning of the fifth. It is evident that the retrogressive transition exists as well between the fourth word and the third, and the sum of the duration of many will give the position of any state whatever with reference to the present or its distance in time.

Our way of localization is facilitated by the use of reference points. I understand by a reference point an event, a state of consciousness, whose position in time we know—that is to say, its distance from the present moment, and by which we can measure other distances. These reference points are states of consciousness which, through their intensity, are able to survive oblivion, or, through their complexity, are of a nature to sustain many relations and to augment the chances of resuscitation. They are not arbitrarily chosen; they obtrude upon us. Their value is entirely relative. They are for an hour, a day, a week, a month; then, no longer used, they are forgotten. They have, as a rule, a distinct individuality; some of them are common to a family, a society or a nation. These reference points are like mile-stones or guide-posts placed along the route. The intermediate terms disappear from our recollection because they are useless.

The process of remembering is abbreviated by elimination. If to reach a distant recollection it were necessary to traverse the entire series of intervening terms, memory would be impossible because of the length of time required for the operation. Abercrombie furnishes a proof: "The late Dr. Leyden was remarkable for his memory. I am informed, through a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with him, that he could repeat correctly a long act of parliament, or any similar document, after having once read it. When he was, on some occasion, congratulated by a friend for his remarkable power in this respect, he replied that, instead of an advantage, it was often a source of great inconvenience. This he explained by saying that, when he wished to recollect a particular point in anything which he had read, he could do it only by repeating to himself

the whole from the commencement till he reached the point which he wished to recall."

We learn from this that one condition of memory is forgetfulness, and we discover here a striking analogy between two essential vital processes. To live is to acquire and lose; life consists of dissolution as well as assimilation and forgetfulness is dissolution of memory.

Recollection is not possible if its localization is missing. Toward the close of his life Linnaeus took great pleasure in perusing his own books, and when reading would cry out, forgetting that he was the author, "How beautiful! What would I not give to have written that!" Walter Scott, as he grew old, was subject to similar forgetfulness. One day some one recited in his presence a poem which pleased him much; he asked the author's name; it was a canto from his *Pirate*. A much more instructive instance is recorded by Macaulay in his essay on *Wycherley*, whose memory in his declining years, he tells us, was "at once preternaturally strong and preternaturally weak." If anything was read to him at night, he awoke the next morning with a mind overflowing with the thoughts and expressions heard the night before, and he wrote them down with the best faith in the world, not doubting that they were his own. That in this instance the mechanism of memory was dis severed, pathology proves plainly by analysis. Interpreting the case according to principles already laid down, we should say: The modification impressed upon the cerebral cells was persistent; the dynamical associations of the nervous elements were stable; the state of consciousness connected with each was evolved; these states of consciousness were re-associated and constituted a series of ideas and phrases. Then the mental operation was suddenly arrested. The series aroused no secondary state; they remained isolated and were not connected with the present, so that they could not be located in time. They remained in the condition of illusions; they seemed to be new because no concomitant state impressed upon them the imprint of the past.

Cells have the power of self-nourishment and are endowed, at least during a portion of life, with the faculty of reproduction. Physiologists are agreed that this reproduction is only one form of nutrition; the basis of memory is, therefore, nutrition; that is to say, the vital process *par excellence*.

ALL LAWS IN HARMONY.

BY MRS. R. F. BAXTER.

Are there any laws governing this universe or its inhabitants that conflict with each other?

There are those which keep the stars and the comets in their orbits, and produce the inflowing and outflowing of the tides; others that cause the water from ocean, lake and river to rise, and fall again in rain and vapor. Each organism and each function has its laws by which

its actions are determined. Whether disobeyed knowingly or ignorantly the penalty is the same. Nature is inexorable and always declares, I will have my pay. And there are the laws of heredity; of the adaptation of certain kinds of food to the wants of the physical system to sustain its vitality; another that certain kinds of vegetable and animal productions are poisonous. To these we may add mental, moral and spiritual laws, which obeyed will insure development in every direction; if neglected or violated, will produce the opposite effect.

We must necessarily believe that all these laws and countless others, have the same basis and conduce to the highest good. But there is a rapidly increasing class who maintain that all laws governing the health and the disease of the body can be ignored entirely, and that these disorders of the physical system, caused by the violation of laws relating to them, do not exist; that if one only think they do not, he will be free from pain and the consequences of breaking the edicts of his physical nature.

Carry this belief to its extent, and it follows of course, if *true*, that if you put your hand into the fire it will not be burned, if you eat poison you will not suffer therefrom. Imagination, it is true, has a great effect. Every scientific person will admit this; but not that it will work miracles, will not set a broken bone or create a new heart or lungs. By its power in accordance *with its own laws* it will assist nature in the work of eradicating disease, particularly that of the nervous system. There is a magnetic power in the presence of a strong will or cheerful physician which will divert the mind of a sick person from dwelling constantly on his condition. Many doctors and nurses understanding this *law*, always have a mirthful story to tell their patients, and frequently keep a stock on hand for this purpose. I have often heard women say of such professors of the art of healing, "The sight of him, with his firm, strong step, and smiling face, makes me feel better immediately."

These men or women do not say to an invalid, "Nothing ails you, you are not sick, you only think you are." The salutary effect of their presence is in accordance with a well known law. There is a restoring influence emanating from the aura of a good, strong, healthy person—a magnetic current which one weaker physically and mentally receives.

But suppose a person attacked with some zymotic or filth disease, like typhoid fever, or diphtheria, should call in medical aid and it should be said to him, "Nothing is the matter with you, you only imagine you are sick," what would be the result? The intelligent physician, while relying often upon other aids beside medicine in many cases, in such an instance while administering remedies which his experience has found efficacious, and insisting on proper diet, pure air and entire separation

from others, immediately proceeds to investigate the premises and to search for the origin of the malady, which is often found in defective drainage, plumbing or other conditions favorable to the production of this form of disease.

That there are sometimes cures *apparently* affected by "Christian Scientists," as they term themselves, I do not deny. We hear of them, but not of the many failures. If there are real cures they must be in accordance with laws these professors do not understand. All the capabilities of humanity are not yet discovered. When that time comes we may be assured that there will be no conflict between any laws created by unerring wisdom. In the future when the progress of the knowledge of sanitary measures and other right conditions of living shall have become universal, a time may arrive when such observance of these laws will have entirely obliterated epidemics, and all contagious diseases from the earth, as is confidently predicted by our most eminent scientists.

In the meantime we ought to have our feet firmly planted on the truths of science already discovered, and wait patiently for those yet to be made known, for every step forward is one upward, and we may look to the future assured that all laws are divine and that, as expressed by that true poet of nature, Walt Whitman: "The indirect is as much as the direct. The spirit receives from the body as much as it gives to the body, if not more." "There is but one form, one spirit in the universe, but its different manifestations or channels of operating are countless."

In this age when immense fortunes are acquired by the manufacture of patent medicines that pretend to cure every ill which "flesh is heir to;" when quackery with unblushing effrontery advertises its nostrums in every daily paper; when medical colleges, so-styled, are sending out their hundreds of graduates armed with their diplomas, to deceive the ignorant and credulous and to encourage impurity and vice, it is incumbent on all interested in the elevation of humanity to investigate every theory and method which claims to cure disease by simply ignoring its existence, and the conditions which have caused and serve to perpetuate it.

The chain of cause and effect runs through all the phenomena of nature, visible or invisible, from the stars too far distant to be detected by any telescope yet invented, down to organisms too minute to be seen by the most powerful microscope. To investigate the operations of this universal law and place ourselves in harmonious relations with it, is the one and only way to insure the highest health and success of which humanity is capable. Upon it depends the destiny of nations as well as of individuals. Until this truth is recognized and all reforms for the renovation of the world based upon it, entirely fruitless will be the attempts, although they

may be honestly and sincerely made, to produce the desired result. Too late it will be discovered that their fancied panaceas are founded, not on the immovable rock of knowledge of the laws of harmony to whose music every movement in the universe keeps time, but on the sifting sands of visionary sentimentalism or vague speculation.

The majority of people when they name the so-called properties of matter never doubt that they are describing an external substance as it exists *per se*, instead of the different ways in which they are affected by a reality of whose ultimate nature they know nothing. Tell them that weight, resistance, extension, etc., describe the *effects* on us of an external reality rather than the reality itself, and they are utterly unable to comprehend what you mean. It is none the less true that mind and matter form a synthesis. The hardness and softness (resistance), for example, which we ascribed to matter are sensations. Every perception, every sensation, implies a sensitive organism and an external reality acting upon it. This is evidently what Aristotle meant when he described sensation as the "common act of the feeling and the felt." Without the living organism what are sound, color, fragrance, hardness, softness, light, and darkness, or any of the so-called secondary, not to speak here of the so-called primary qualities of matter. Can there be sound without an ear to collect and transmit the aerial vibrations to the acoustic nerve, where (to use a materialistic terminology) they can be transformed by some mysterious process into sensation? Without an eye there can be no luminous effect. There must be both vibrations of the air and an acoustic nerve to have sound, undulations of ether and retinal sensibility to have light, emanations of particles and an olfactory nerve to have fragrance, and external objects and nervous sensibility to have hardness or softness. Vibrations of the air, undulations of ether, emanation of particles and external objects may all exist in the absence of an organism; but what are sound and luminousness, fragrance and hardness, but sensations? And of the external factors mentioned what do we know, except in connection with the subjective factors? By psychological analysis our conceptions of matter are reducible to sensation, "the common act of the feeling and the felt," and this is what Fénelon meant when he said of matter, "It is a *je ne sais quoi* which melts within my hand as soon as I press it."

Says the Indianapolis *Iron Clad Age*:

Science is a fabric evolved from a series of ascertained facts, which facts may be logically used as mirrors to reflect the images of inferential facts whose reality is beyond the ken of our senses. But theology can have no scientific basis, for its retrospect is a rayless wilderness where all is hushed save the faint echoes of dreams and fables and its perspective an imaginary region where faith is the only occupant, and where logical fact labors in vain for a foothold.

The Open Court.

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The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conduct of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1887.

THE MENTAL HEALING CRAZE.

Boston papers state that the "mental healing" craze which has prevailed in that city the past two or three years under the name of "mind cure," "faith cure," "Christian science," "metaphysical healing," etc., has run its course there. It seems to have reached Chicago later, and judging from what we have seen and heard, the craze is about at its height in this city.

The fact of the influence of the mind over bodily conditions is unquestionable, and the adherents of these new (or old) methods of treating disease have considerable latitude in which to indulge in general statements on this subject. Every intelligent person knows that there is an intimate relationship between mental and physical conditions, that a mental shock may produce physical paralysis and that contusion of the brain may cause unconsciousness or insanity.

This undeniable fact of the influence of mental conditions of the organism over those conditions distinguished as physical, serves as the basis of the dozen or

more metaphysical and theological theories of the mental healers, some of which are wild and crude and belong to primitive rather than to modern thought, and none of which admit of scientific verification. In connection with each of them, are put forth claims as to extraordinary cures which have been or may be affected by the method of that particular "school" or system. So contradictory, and so superficial and undigested are the speculations advanced by the teachers of mental healing, that they at once give rise to the presumption that between them and the essential principle observed in producing the practical results, there is only an assumed and imaginary connection.

But what are the results. If the practitioners of these different schools of mental healing are to be believed, there are few if any diseases which they are not by their methods able to overcome; and they can all cite the testimony of persons who have been treated by them in support of all the claims they make. But anybody who has ever taken the pains to investigate these claims as the writer has, knows that when the exact truth is learned, the wonderful cures are at once divested of all that made them appear miraculous.

One of these practitioners in Boston, one whose rooms were thronged with patients, represented that he had by his method been able to effect cures in several cases of cancer, cataract, etc. A committee was appointed by the society before which his statements were made, to investigate a few of his cases. The committee took from this "healer" the names and addresses of half a dozen persons whom he claimed to have treated successfully for these diseases, and by careful examination of the facts, found that among them all there was not one case of cancer, and that his representations generally were false. Some women and even men had been wholly or partly relieved of nervous affections; and this fact, in no way remarkable, was sufficient to satisfy hundreds of people of the truth of his pretensions and of the truth, too, of the ridiculous notions which he presented as science, in explanation of his method of practice, and in all seriousness, as a final solution of those problems with which other thinkers, because lacking "the understanding of God," had grappled in vain.

Yet after making allowance for exaggeration and misrepresentation, willful or unintentional, there remains a residuum of truth sufficient to indicate that, underlying all the methods which give prominence to the power of the mind in the alleviation and cure of disease, is an important principle, a better understanding of which may yet lead to most beneficent results.

The various systems of mental healing have a modicum of truth for a basis, and in spite of the credulity, superstition and charlatany which have marked the craze, it may do something to make the people see what

"Hail to thy face and odors glorious sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not
 Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts."

Sidney Lanier in his *Hymns of the Marshes* pays sweet tribute to the "green colonnades, of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods," which he calls

"Beautiful glooms, soft dusk in the noonday fire—
 Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,

Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,—
 Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves."

In the hot summer days now upon us who does not with Alexander Smith, "pant for woodlands dim," and long

"To lose the sense of whirling streets 'mong breezy crests of hills,
 Skies of larks and hazy landscapes with fine threads of silver rills;"

or wish with Whittier,

"To feel, from burdening cares and ills
 The strong uplifting of the hills."

and at last decide with Bryant to

"Away! I will not be to-day,
 The only slave of toil and care.
 Away from desk and dust! Away!
 I'll be as idle as the air.

"Beneath the open sky abroad
 Among the plants and breathing things
 The sinless, peaceful works of God,
 I'll share the calm the season brings."

But there are toiling over-worked thousands yet to whom vacation time is only a meaningless phrase or exasperating suggestion, and others to whom it means only added labor. Every year thoughtful philanthropy is widening the area of its blessed privileges, and may not the release from their regular routine of thought which it brings to earnest men and women, give them the needed time in which to plan for others more needful even than themselves of rest—the poor, the sick and the miserable—some methods of securing it for such!

S. A. U.

COMPETITION A CONDITION OF PROGRESS.

With advancing civilization competition changes its forms, its methods, but never disappears. Reformers who would eliminate it from the active life of man, disregard the fact that under its influence man has always acted, and that it has been and is now as essential to progress as are association and co-operation. Competition between nations even now is, to a considerable extent, competition in military strength, in ability to arm and equip large armies for the destruction of life and property. As the sympathies of men broaden and the interests of nations become more inter-dependent, war must cease, when the vast energies which war now absorbs, will be given to the pursuits of peace. In all

the peaceable arts and industries, upon which a non-military community must depend for rank and influence, competition, under a different form of course, is just as necessary to success as it is in a community which relies upon its preparation and genius for war. And competition in the industrial world, as in the lower forms of the struggle of life means the success of some and the failure of others, prosperity here, hardship and suffering there, injury to one class or community by reason of circumstances which prove advantageous to others. Thus Mr. John Fretwell writes to *Unity*, "that since the heaviest blow inflicted upon Hungarian prosperity in the last few years has come from the competition of your western prairies with the plains of Hungary, formerly the granary of western Europe, I venture to ask you to draw the attention of American Unitarians also to this terrible misfortune that has befallen our poor brethren in Hungary."

The fertility of our western prairies, and the enterprise of our western farmers and of our grain merchants have contributed to the prosperity of this country; but it seems that they have brought "terrible misfortunes" upon Hungarians—a fact not pleasant to contemplate. Perhaps the Hungarian farmers who are suffering from inability to compete successfully with our western farmers, will be forced into raising other products or be compelled to turn their attention to other industries, in which they may in time become so prosperous as to be the cause of a misfortune elsewhere as great as that which has befallen them. It is this very necessity of putting forth new energies, of forming new plans, and trying new experiments that spurs men onward, forces them out of old ruts, and urges them to make the changes and the adjustments without which progress is impossible. The most that philanthropy can do is to secure as far as possible equality of opportunity for all, and to afford to the incapable and the weak such encouragement and direction and help as will make them fit to survive.

Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of the Andover Theological Seminary, charged with denial of the plenary inspiration of the Bible and with teaching the doctrine of "probation after death," contrary to the creed and purpose of the institution, has been pronounced guilty by the Board of Visitors. But the Board of Trustees are in sympathy with Prof. Smyth, and he cannot be deposed except by a decision of the Supreme Court of the State, to which appeal will probably be, if it has not already been made.

* * *

In an article entitled "the American State and the American Man" in the current issue of the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. Albert Shaw dwells upon State interference in personal affairs which he declares prevails to a far greater extent than the majority of intelligent Americans imagine. He admits that *laissez-faire*

doctrines are taught in the schools and colleges, but places over against that the statement that the American does not act in accordance with them, that in fact he keeps "his economics and his practical politics as separate as some men do their religion and their business, and he is just as naively unconscious of it." He offers the legislation of the Minnesota legislature during the sixty-day session of 1885 as evidence in support of his statement, and cites numerous laws that may be classed as instances of State interference. He emphasizes the fact that these laws were passed by men who profess *laissez-faire* principles, no connection existing between their political philosophy and their votes. He advocates unlimited State interference as a cure for this anomaly, and says: "Let it be understood that it is within the legitimate province of the State to do anything and everything," and he believes that the result would be scientific, and consequently better legislation.

* * *

In the lately published *Life of Longfellow*, by his brother Rev. Samuel Longfellow, extracts are given from his journal which afford the uninitiated an idea of some of the amusing as well as annoying penalties of fame, of which the following is cited as a sample:

Two women in black called to-day. One of them said she was a descendant of the English philosopher, John Locke, and that she was going to establish a society for the suppression of cruelty to letter-carriers. A lady in Ohio sends me one hundred blank cards, with the request that I will write my name on each, as she wishes to distribute them among her guests at a party she is to give on my birthday.

A gentleman writes me for "your autograph in your own handwriting."

Am receiving from ten to twenty letters daily, with all kinds of questions and requests.

Letters, letters, letters. Some I answer, but many and most I cannot.

Think of the sublime impertinence of requesting a busy man to write his signature one hundred times for a stranger's pleasure. One naturally wonders if she would not have charged to his account any that might be spoiled in writing!

* * *

The Seybert Spiritual Commission of Philadelphia, have in a volume of 150 pages, about to be issued by the Lippincott Company, made a report of their three years' investigation of mediumship. Slade, Mrs. Margaretta Fox Kane, Mrs. Best, Mrs. Maud Lord, Mansfield and several other mediums were tested, all of whom the report says used fraud, while none of them performed any extraordinary feats. The commission says that "without imputing untrustworthiness to the testimony of others, we can only vouch for facts we have ourselves observed."

* * *

Hon. Geo. S. Hale in a recent address to a Unitarian Association mentioned that when Victoria was born no person could hold any office of trust or honor in the

Kingdom of Great Britain without participating in the sacrament according to the usages of the English Church, and that when James Martineau was born it was a "crime to express the sentiments which we commemorate and proclaim." These facts suggested to Mr. Hale, "the space over which society has passed and how it pitches its moving tents each night, each day, each year, each century, nearer to the Mecca of a happy union of all religions."

* * *

The Transylvanian Saxons have many peculiar customs, some of which are revealed in an article reprinted from *Blackwoods Magazine* in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June. We note one of these customs in the following, of which the Saxon mother finds consolation for whatever natural deformity her children may be afflicted with: Whenever a child grows up clumsy, with a crooked nose, a large head, or with any disability of mind or body it is claimed that an evil spirit has stolen the original child from the cradle and substituted an elf; once satisfied of this, very cruel remedies are sometimes used in order to force the evil spirit to restore the child, for instance the unfortunate creature suspected of being an elf is placed astride of a hedge and beaten with a thorn branch until it is quite bloody, when it is supposed that the evil spirit has brought back the child again.

* * *

The Victorian era has been one of great progress in science, in the arts of industrialism and in political, social and religions reform. In these movements the queen has had but little active participation, but her character as a wife and a mother, her good influence on the side of marriage and home, and her pure tastes and sympathies which have raised her life far above the standard of her ancestors, have secured her the respect of millions who know that as a sovereign she is but little more than a political figure-head. The jubilee observances in England as well as in this and other countries, are in the nature of a personal tribute to a woman who is honored for her simple virtues, and for the good influence which she, in her high position, thereby exerts on all classes, rather than for any remarkable gifts she possesses, or great achievements on her part.

* * *

Says the Chicago *Times* in vein of irony:

There should be a specific tax on each and every minister imported from a foreign country, and another one on their appraised value. If the people living on Back Bay, Broadway, or Prairie avenue want to indulge in the luxury of an imported minister, they should be made to pay roundly for it. The money raised in this way could be used in helping to support poor churches in the country that are not above hearing the gospel preached by ministers produced on our soil. Of course we cannot compete in the production of ministers with a country possessing as many advantages as England has. Manufacturing ministers in this country is an infant industry that deserves to be protected and fostered by the general government.

We find the following in the Boston *Transcript*:

Two small children, one of them four and the other three years old, were taken to see the stuffed animals that Barnum has given to Tufts College—Stuffed College these children now call it, quite naturally—and saw the elephants and giraffes and other beautiful animals, and had an idea given them of the difference between these figures and the real creatures. On the Sunday after this visit the children were favored with a little lecture on the future life and the spiritual body, and a very intelligent attempt was made to convey to them an understanding of the idea.

"Yes, I know how it is," said the elder of the two, eagerly; "they just take us after we're dead, and take our skins off, and stuff'em with sawdust 'n' things, 'n' then we're spirits!"

This is a conception of the future existence which is recommended to the Psychological Society as possibly containing the germ of a great discovery.

* * *

Rukmabia, the Hindu lady from whose pen there have proceeded a series of striking letters signed "By a Hindu Lady," in which the evils of the Hindu marriage system have been most clearly shown, has recently been condemned by the Bombay High Court to take up her residence with a husband to whom she was betrothed at the age of eleven. Her long continued resistance has raised the question whether British law shall not be brought to bear upon the Hindu marriage custom with the purpose of reforming it.

* * *

The length of Dr. Montgomery's essay, Part III, compels us to divide it; but there will be no delay in publishing Professor Cope's reply, which is to begin in the next issue of THE OPEN COURT, in which Dr. Montgomery's paper will be concluded.

* * *

In the death of Mark Hopkins the country has lost one of its most eminent educators and one of its most useful and honored men. He was for nearly half a century president of William's College.

SOCRATES.

BY W. F. BARNARD.

Great sage, philosopher, high-minded man,
Lover of truth, scorning to lie and live;
No praise too great for thee can man ere give,
No nobler life hath been since life began.

We yield the highest honor to thy name
For thy great duty done. What glory now
Is 'round about thee. Ne'er upon thy brow
There lay a laurel wreath to crown thy fame.

Nay, thou had'st never need of this, there pleads
Thy high unselfishness, thy hate of fears,
Thy teaching of the higher human needs,

Thy faithfulness through all thy stormy years,
And thy triumphant death; these noblest deeds
Are everlasting voices in our ears.

"I DO NOT KNOW."

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

You sorrow, friend, that your faith is not mine;
You vainly grieve because when Death shall call
I own I know not where I go, or if at all
I go, or stay, cease being, or enter some new life divine.

I grieve but for your grieving! Once in youth
Your faith *was* mine; and when Death came too near
I faced him terror-stricken: believing fear,
Possessed my soul when I thought creed was truth.

Some truth since then I've learned, and by its test
Have found the creeds to totter, crumble, fail,
Their seeming strength built on foundations frail,
On crude imaginings, man's hope and fear at best.

Once, in my ignorance, I glibly prated
Of devils, pains, and penalties; of God and bliss,
Reward and punishment. But now I know but this:—
I do not know to what humanity is fated

Save that which men name *death*—the sure estate
Which comes to all alike—the sphinx-like unrevealer
Of Life's enigma,—the dumb tantalizing sealer
Of the unanswered questions put by man to Fate.

But we know not—though much we long to know—
What Death may be: beginning, mean, or end,
Or whether it comes as teacher, foe, or friend—
Our eager questioning wins not "Aye" or "No."

To all alike it comes; the great, the wise, the good,
The sinful, sad, the strong, the weak, the gay,
The saint, the hypocrite, the prophet, each one day
Receives the summons—no matter in what mood.

Yet death I fear not—souls as weak and blind
As mine its dark ordeal have passed serene,—
Why should I falter at some change of scene,
Which I but share with all my human kind?

But should immortal life, my friend, be ours,
I shall be glad as you—and try to scale
With you its further heights, if strivings then avail—
With joy accepting all my new-born powers.

Mayhap then, by some alchemy here unknown,
Our baser natures may toward their likings stray
And hateful qualities drop from us quite away,
While what is best within us seeks its own.

And if—as may be—for I do not, cannot, know,
To unsufficing life, death brings sure end
I need not murmur—nor need you, my friend,
Whose creed, *believed*, means far less joy than woe.

I say "I do not know"—most surely do not,
Yet have I caught faint gleams of what seemed light—
In hours, in ways, too sacred here to cite,
Like gleaming from a distant star we view not.

COPE'S THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION.

BY DR. EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part III.

Our understanding revolts against the supposition that organization with all its marvellous adaptations can be due to a mere fortunate confluence of chance occurrences. It is, indeed, quite inconceivable that the fortuitous arising of variations wholly unrelated to the propensities and needs of life, should by the negative process of successive weeding, ever be competent to construct out of shapeless material those most specific organs with which we find ourselves endowed; and still more inconceivable that organs thus formed should display those wondrously purposive activities which we call their functions. Surely, we are not shaped from without merely to fit conditions of the medium. It seems far more credible that we are shaped from within that conditions of the medium may fit us. Evidently there is here some definitely formative, nay, some positively creative power at work in the living substance. Where can it come from? Of what nature can it be? These are the decisive questions.

Now, if you are a mechanical biologist, believing fully with Professor DuBois-Reymond and our present physical science in the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, you have here no particular problem at all before you. For, from this point of view, the first cast of the dice, the first launching of the world-forming atoms, had already decided, unchangeably—with absolute fatality—all that has followed since, or will ever follow hereafter. The arising and preserving of such and such variations is, then, an occurrence as rigorously predetermined as anything else in nature—everything that ever happens happening of necessity, through undeviating predisposition, exactly as it does. There is, indeed, no escape whatever from this conclusion, *unless the mechanical conception itself is fallacious*. Every biologist who introduces into this unbending mechanical nexus any kind of deviating or directing influence ought clearly to know that he is opposing the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy; wittingly or unwittingly he is professing himself an unbeliever in this supreme generalization of modern science. To consistent physicists as to consistent theists, the first kinetic cast of the world-material must be the all-important, all-involving event in creation. It is strange that theistic predestinarians have not seized more eagerly upon this argument. They should welcome the mechanical materialists as their most potent auxiliaries. There is, in truth, no better theistic stronghold of the natural sort anywhere to be found. Only, then, we mechanically constructed puppets would be automata sure enough; and in spite of theology and logic, human self-humiliation—so ready to indulge its mood up to a certain point—refuses to degrade itself that far.

The perplexity regarding the evolutionary drift of the physical nexus is nothing new. Since Democritus it has been the standing difficulty of the mechanical conception to derive complexity of form and aimed activity from material particles and their motion. Democritus, in order to account for the deviation of atoms from the straight path during their primordial fall through space, fancied that larger atoms had overtaken smaller ones, which—thereby diverted from their course—came to form more and more intricately entangled arrangements. Epicurus, however, was aware that in empty space material particles, whether large or small, must fall with equal velocity. He assumed without explanation, that a spontaneous deviation from the straight path had gradually given rise to complexity of form and motion. His disciple Lucretius, very much in the manner of Professor Cope, sought to furnish an explanation for this deviation by violently breaking through the physical order on the strength of our experience of voluntary movements. Modern cosmogony with the aid of the law of gravitation—a law itself mechanically unexplained—got over one great difficulty involved in the ancient view, namely the inevitable falling of all atoms to the bottom of the world. And it acquired, moreover, a principle by which material particles are made to form aggregates on their way to common centers, deviating at the same time from the straight path through collisions.

To account for the second great fact, that of teleological disposition in nature, the mechanical views of antiquity took their cue from Empedocles; conceiving that in endless time all possible material configurations must necessarily occur, and that those most advantageously constituted would naturally tend to maintain themselves. This may be called the Darwinism of the ancient philosophy.

Historical connection with these ancient views has been made here because our mechanical world-conception was formed in direct continuity with them. Soon after Gassendi had revived the Atomism of Epicurus, it was adopted in its main features by Descartes, Boyle and Newton, and has been used ever since with signal success—leaving unsolved, however, the problems of material integration and teleological direction.

It is the scientific installation of matter and motion, not only as the building material, but also as the building efficiency of our world, that has thrown into prominence the psycho-physical dilemma, which we have called the central problem of modern philosophy, or "the puzzle of puzzles." Now, if we ever desire to extricate our understanding from the philosophical and scientific deadlock, produced by the artificial opposition of a material substance to a mental substance, each of which has to follow its own course without possible interaction; if we desire to attain a unitary view of

nature we have, first of all, to be strictly consistent, not allowing any makeshift compromise to establish spurious openings for an apparent blending of the two postulated spheres of reality.

The principle of the Conservation of Energy—as already stated—presupposes, without escape, that from the very beginning the original material particles were started with definite velocities in definite directions. And this primordial disposition involved, then and there, with absolute necessity the entire ensuing world-evolution in all its minutest details. No philosophical scientist who uses this leading principle of modern physics, not merely as a working hypothesis in the investigation of special problems, but as a torch to illuminate our world-conception, can deny the validity of this its final implication. And who can fail to see that this view is really the special creation-hypothesis brought to a focus, concentrating into one sole omnipotent act of premeditated design the rigorously fore-ordained production of all that was ever to take place in the physical universe?

In a mechanical scheme of this kind mental states can come in only as passive accompaniments, and conscious realization can only witness as an unrelated outsider the physical spectacle, being utterly impotent to affect its course in the least degree. We are forced by such a doctrine to conceive our mental nature as having an origin, a history and a destiny totally independent of the physical world. This, however, is altogether contrary to experience; and it is, moreover, an evident fact that we actually realize whatever is perceptible of the physical world in our own individual consciousness. Our perception of it is undeniably a mental occurrence within our own being. Now, the impossibility of conceiving mind as consciously reproducing, indeed as identically duplicating—within its own sphere of existence by means of its own affections—the physical universe, to which, according to the mechanical view, it is wholly unrelated and incommensurable;—this impossibility of imagining the universe realized in consciousness as in any way connected with the universe assumed in physical science, has led many philosophers to trust exclusively their immediate consciousness and deny altogether the existence of the physical universe. The untenability of this very prevalent idealistic escape from the psycho-physical dilemma the present writer has endeavored to expose on various occasions, and has pointed out what seemed to him the only possible solution of the puzzle.

But the principle of the Conservation of Energy is still governing physical science, and biologists are as perplexed as ever how to derive organic teleology in accordance with it.

The ways and means by which organic forms are naturally built up have remained all the more obscure on account of our being able to study exhaustively by

direct observation only *re*-productive organization, while productive organization, which has taken ages to get accomplished, is left a matter of inference chiefly. Ontogenetic or individual evolution may rapidly epitomize phylogenetic or race evolution; yet, most assuredly the reproductive germ, which contains potentially in its own intrinsic constitution, all phylogenetic results, cannot possibly undergo a process of development which can be at all causatively compared with that of a primitive protoplasmic form, competent at first to reproduce merely its own duplicate, and which only increment upon increment, through ceaseless interaction with the medium, during countless generations, has at last come to be the complex being we now find. Productive evolution, differing thus radically from re-productive evolution, demands a radically different explanation. This is not sufficiently born in mind. Evolutional science has to put two totally distinct questions: How are developmental traits individually acquired? And how are they then generically transmitted?

Since the discovery of reproductive germs in all organic propagation, it has become plain to everybody that through these minute material vehicles, organization, with all its peculiarities, is somehow transmitted from parents to their offspring. A reproductive germ is a very tiny and inconspicuous sort of a thing, but the downright fact is, that without it, we and the rest of the organic world would be non-existent; with it we become everything we are. Metaphysically unbiased scientists could not fail to perceive that mental endowments form likewise part of this organic heritage. Now, if it is difficult to make out exactly how parental organization can be reproduced in all its complexity from a uniform and microscopic germ, it is still more difficult to understand how specific mental faculties are reproduced along with the specific material structures.

In this connection the phenomena of instinct, which constitute a kind of link between reproduction of mental and reproduction of purely organic traits, became a subject of particular interest. Instincts, at all events, appear to be closely connected with organization. Indeed, Lamarck already regarded them as acquired mental habitudes, which had become organically fixed. He says: "This inclination on the part of animals to persist in their habits, and to renew the actions subservient thereto when once acquired, is propagated thenceforth in all individuals through reproduction or generation, by which the organization and disposition of the parts are conserved in the acquired state, so that the same inclination exists already in the new individuals, even before they have exercised it." (*Phil. Zoologique*, 1809, p. 325.) Blainville (1832) calls instincts "fixed reason," and reason "mobile instinct." Comte (1838) makes use of the same considerations as Lamarck to account for the transmission of any kind of acquired aptitude ("*une*

pratique quelconque”) in man or beast. (*Cours de Phil. Pos.*, Vol. III, p. 787.) And seventeen years later we find Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Psychology*, expressing the same opinion: “Instinct may be regarded as a kind of organized memory.” (p. 555.) “Conscious memory passes into unconscious or organic memory.” (p. 563.)

The materialistic philosophy of the eighteenth century had made this kind of interpretation current among physiologists. Vital activities of every description, mental or non-mental, were held to be functions of the organism. Acquired habits were said to have become organized by means of definite modifications in the structure of the functioning organ, conscious memory being no less regarded as the outcome of such organic modification. It was to the persistence of the *molecular* modification evinced in the revivability of the experimentally modified function, that the term “unconscious memory” was applied, and not to any latent efficiency possessing the nature of mind. Professor Hering’s very lucid rendering of the genuine doctrine, the doctrine that memory is a “function of *organized matter*,” has, strange to say, become the nucleus of various fantastic speculations even among biologists. The equivocal term “unconscious memory” was seized upon and pressed into service as a *mental* agency that coerces the material of which the organism consists.

The essential and revolutionary import of the eighteenth century interpretation lies in the implied assertion that there exist in the living individual mental acquirements which are functions of his organic structure. And it is evident that, if some mental states are allowed to be thus functions of organic structure, then all mental states must be allowed to be functions of organic structure; for consciousness, meaning the manifestation of mental states of every kind, is a unitary phenomenon, all constituents of which are essentially of one and the same nature. Our mental presence, or moment of actual conscious realization, contains all sorts of mental states inextricably blended, pointing to one common source of emanation.

It is of the utmost importance to be perfectly straightforward, discarding every kind of vagueness and ambiguity, in declaring organization to be the veritable matrix of mind. For the proof of this assertion, if it can be given, decides for good, among the sundry claims for philosophical insight, in favor of objective or realistic monism. It would follow therefrom, inevitably, that—consciousness being a function of organic structure—organic structure cannot possibly be in its turn a product of any kind of mental operation. Nor could consciousness be anything in itself independent of organic structure; no affection of a mental substance; no efflux from a universal consciousness; no mode of an unknowable first cause. The essential, all-important question, then, is: Does

organic structure determine mind, or does mind determine organic structure?

Many reasoners and investigators, before our present animists, such as Haeckel, Murphy, Butler, etc., have maintained that a mental activity of an unconscious kind is shaping the organism. And if we ask why they have come to evoke mental aid to effect this peculiar kind of material grouping, we find that it is simply because they were aware that our conception of physical efficiency is incompetent to account for the reproduction of the complex organism from a uniform germ. Thoughtful biologists—however mechanically inclined otherwise—have very generally felt obliged, no less than Plato and Aristotle, to assume some hyper-physical principle coercing vital building-material into organic shape. Claude Bernard believed that “in all living germs there resides a creative idea,” and Professor Virchow admits that the unity of the future organism must be somehow potentially contained in the germ-cell. Considering only morphological results, regardless of vital activities, it remains, indeed, even then, utterly unintelligible on mechanical principles how, through agitation by heat-vibrations, the germ-molecules should be rendered competent to transform adjacent pabulum into vital building-material, causing it to aggregate in the minutely predetermined and wondrously intricate form of a living chick or other complex organism. What, in all reality, can it be that induces the material of the germ-cell to accomplish such marvelous reproductive evolution? It is this crux of biological science that has proved sufficiently distracting to drive even cool investigators to desperate means of explanation. Our so-called memory being a faculty of *mental reproduction*, it has seemed plausible to some perplexed mechanical biologists that something of the same nature as this ideal remembrance of former existence must be likewise at the bottom of *organic reproduction*.

Now, as hinted before, it is quite obvious that, if memory or mental reproduction depends on specifically organized structure—a state of things generally accepted as a fact by evolutionists,—then specifically organized structure cannot reciprocally depend on memory or mental reproduction. This would be out of the question even if mental states were capable of influencing the physical nexus. A certain something cannot possibly be at one time the produced effect of something else and at another time its producing cause. The relation cannot be reversed. If B is an outcome of A, then A can by no manner of means become an outcome of B, for B merges into existence only through A. But waiving these impossibilities, and allowing, beside, that mental reproduction may be itself a formative or organizing power; admitting, furthermore, that no contradiction is involved in assuming that something mental can exist in an unconscious state; granting all these

absurdities, it remains still wholly incomprehensible how the unconscious memory of a number of germ-molecules can transform an immensely larger mass of pabulum into living substance, and finally succeed in constructing the complex organism,—an achievement which from the beginning must have been the aim of the unconscious memory residing in the germ-molecules.*

Professor Cope, who also believes in the organizing power of mentality, is at least aware of the fraudulent pretensions of so self-contradictory a thing as "unconscious memory." He does not operate with this self-stultifying and nullifying agent. He says: "No sensibility" (or other mental condition) "is meant, which implies that the person who is supposed to be sensible is unconscious,—this is a contradiction in terms, or self-contradictory language." (*T. of E.*, pp. 9-10.) We entirely agree. Let us not delude ourselves with words. It is quite certain that memory as a mental fact is conscious, and that organic predisposition to action or function is not a mental fact.

How does Professor Cope then account for the organic predisposition inherent in the germ-cell, which causes it to construct the complex organism? He assumes, to begin with, a peculiar force, to which he gives the name of "bathmism" or "growth-force." This force, he maintains, increases organic bulk by "repetitive additions," *i. e.* cell-division. It "simply adds tissue either in enlarging size or in repairing waste." (*O. of F.*, p. 203.) This explanatory assumption amounts, evidently, to no more than giving a new name to the biologically unexplained fact of cell-division and consequent increase of bulk. Let us see whether we become in any way enlightened by its application to the old fact. He says: "The spermatozoid is highly endowed with static bathmism, and communicates it to the female ovum. The mingling of the two elements in the presence of nutritious material presents an excess, and form-building results. Its activity will regulate subsequent new growth by giving the motion of nutritive material its proper direction." (*O. of F.*, p. 191, note, 1886.) Here growth-force accomplishes really vastly more than "simply adding tissue in enlarging size." It uses the added tissue as "form-building" material; this being, indeed, the most enigmatical part of the whole performance. But let that pass for the present. The plain and observable fact here is, and has long been, that "form-building results" from "the mingling of the two elements," and that "the motion of nutritive material" receives "its proper direction." The great puzzle is to find a scientific explanation for this marvelous occurrence. Has Professor Cope made any advance in this direction by

calling in an entirely unknown and unverifiable agent, and assuring us, that it is this most efficient *fac totum*, named bathmism, who is the veritable performer of the stupendous organizing task in question? We all know well enough that organisms grow; but are we any the wiser for being told that they grow by means of growth-force?

But, even thus largely endowed, the constructive ability of the new *fac totum* fails, when called upon to build up heterogencous textures; for instance, to build up, not merely a mass of epithelial tissue, but also muscular and nerve-tissue. Here new help has to be evoked. The task is to evolve a succession of graded tissues. To accomplish this, Professor Cope infuses a "grade-influence" into the growth-force, and is then in a position to operate with "grade growth-force," simply by assuming that "grade-influence directs growth-force." (*O. of F.*, p. 203.) But whence does "grade-influence" derive its directing power? Professor Cope tells us: "grade-force is not regarded here or elsewhere as a simple form of energy, but as a class of energies, which are the resultants of the interference of mind (*i. e.* consciousness) with simple growth-force." (*O. of F.*, p. 208, note, 1886.) So we have come round again to the Anaxagorean device of shifting on the *nous* the hyper-mechanical work manifest in the material process, trusting that this *deus ex machina* may somehow acquit himself of the imposed duty.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editors:

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1887.

It is an old story, but a good one, that of Emerson in Egypt. It is a kind of intellectual tickle, touching humorously on the great characteristics of the Concord seer, and a spontaneous ripple of amusement broke over his audience, yesterday, as Mr. Sidney H. Morse, after reading with enthusiasm that noble poem, *The Sphinx*, continued: "You know the story is told, that when Emerson went to Egypt and stood there in the desert by the old Sphinx, she opened her lips and said to him, 'You're another!'"

This was at a meeting of the Sections of the Philadelphia Society for Ethical Culture, held at the school building. The regular course of lectures of the society, in the regular place of meeting, has closed for the summer; but it has been thought advisable to keep up some continuity of the corporate life of the society in spite of the torrid season, and so it has been determined to hold meetings of the sections on the first Sunday of each month until the regular lectures begin again. Mr. Morse, of Boston, the sculptor, and former editor of *The Radical*, well-known to the Liberals of New England, being in town at work on a bust of our Camden poet, Walt Whitman, was persuaded to talk to the sections on "Emerson." Mr. Morse said, aptly enough, that the ethical movement seemed to be the heir of Emerson's teachings.

The leader of the Philadelphia society, Mr. Weston, at the end of Mr. Morse's talk, took occasion to acknowledge that no other writer had been to him so helpful and suggestive as Emerson. Other members of the society must have felt a like due

*The fallacy of Professor Haeckel's special view of this kind of mentally originated organization, called by him the "Perigenesis der Plastidule," the present writer has exposed in *Mind*, No. XIX, 1880.

impulse of spiritual gratitude as they sat there hearing one who had known the man read and speak of his great message, while from the chimney-piece shone down upon them the white light of the benign wise face of the Emerson bust, delicately modeled in the clay by Mr. Morse, and full of the gracious characteristics of a loving likeness.

At the next meeting of the sections, on July 3, an unpublished lecture of Professor Adler's on "The Influence of Mind on Morality" will be read.

Walt Whitman lives, as is well known, in great seclusion. He is visited, but rarely visits, and his early hours and simple habits keep him as aloof from the world as his heart will let him. The lecture in New York this spring, which everyone has heard about lately, on the anniversary of the Lincoln Assassination, was a repetition of a similar friendly ovation in Whitman's honor a year ago, in the Chestnut Street Opera House here. From then until last winter, the 22d of February, when he consented to meet with his fellow-members of a new club recently organized in Philadelphia, and read them some of his poems, I suppose he has not once met, in town, with anything like so large a social assemblage. The rooms were crowded, the low platform was invaded; faces and figures, brighter and more conventional, were close on every side, but none were so marked as his. In the midst of the group about and on the platform he was still aloof. He sat there in loose gray clothes, in a big rocking-chair, his neck free in a wide, white turned-over collar, the long gray hair and beard falling full upon it, his blue eyes looking a little dazed, though masterly and unabashed, when he lifted them from his glasses and his book or MS. to gaze out over the listening faces in front of him. Poor poet! he looked more perplexed and troubled afterward, when he had done reading and two or three people undertook to talk over theories of poetic art in general, and his own peculiar methods in particular. He had invited and allowed it, of course, and, of course, it was not the personal element in it that bothered him. Perhaps it was a natural perplexity (I will hazard the guess) in seeing that these men evidently had some established code of poetic methods in mind which they called "art," of which he, a poet, never thought of as a settled thing cut out in a finished block with rigid edges and angles square, but rather as something everlastingly mouldable, as his baggy clothes were by the more important body that wore them, and asserted "*Le style c'est l'homme!*"

The formation of this club, of which he is a member, was quite an event in Philadelphia life last winter, and it promises to be of progressive interest for many seasons to come. It was formed upon the model of the Nineteenth Century Club, of New York, and with much the same liberal aim in view; that is, to gather together from the various prominent elements of literary, artistic, scientific, journalistic, political and social life of the city, a representative association which would be interested in the discussion and consideration of all manner of current subjects, competent to follow and further the latest development of thought or experiment and to debate thereupon, yet under such pleasant social conditions as would not only enlarge thought but stimulate its best social influences. The first general meeting was called early in January, and regulations and a name were then discussed, but not until a later meeting, on the 31st of January, was the Contemporary Club duly christened and fully launched. But at the first earlier meeting, one of its members, who has since removed to New York, and whose hand and mind may now be perceived in the editorial management of that capable new paper, *The Epoch*, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, the translator of *Anna Karenina* and other Russian novels, addressed the club on "The Russian Language and Literature," and some discussion then followed upon Realism in Fiction. It was at the second

regular meeting of this new club that Walt Whitman appeared. Since then, "Vagabond Life in Eastern Europe" has been described by Mr. George F. Kennan; "Some Recent Phases of Psycho-Physics" have been reviewed by Professor Stanley Hall, and the question, "Who Pays Wages; Capital or Labor?" has been considered by Mr. Joseph D. Weeks.

Mr. Kennan's current magazine articles on Russian matters, and his recent papers on Tolstoi, in *The Century*, are familiar. And his vivid narrative of travel and personal adventure was the main feature of the evening when he spoke before the club, it may be understood; but not the least interesting were the details concerning the political and intellectual slavery of the Russians, and the family, property, and theories of Count Tolstoi, details which were elicited from Mr. Kennan's special experience by questions put by Mr. Talcott Williams, of *The Press*; Mr. Tatui Baba, the distinguished Japanese Radical, and by others. In fact, the interchange of question and answer, and the action and reaction of different views and opinions, which is arranged to take place upon the given subject of the evening after the stated address is finished, is a most valuable feature of the plan of the Contemporary Club. The fact that these after-clap discussions—to say nothing of the smaller discussions thereupon agitated in social groups—seemed to increase in interest at each successive meeting, points encouragingly to the future success and influence of the Philadelphia Club. Other signs of its success are not wanting, for its membership is limited to a hundred, and its limits are virtually full, while the list of applicants for admission is patiently lengthening and awaiting possible vacancies. Why should not such liberal clubs be organized from the representative elements of every large city? And why would it not be desirable for such clubs to form with each other some social affiliation?

Mr. Weeks, the Pittsburgh iron-king, who addressed the club at its final meeting for the season, seems to have that union of practical and speculative ability peculiar, I often think, to the New Englander. I was not surprised, on asking him, to find that he hailed from Connecticut. It is the Emersonian temper to hitch your wagon to a star; and to make reforms practicable in the business world there is needed all the shrewd energy of the Yankee-ized American, for there are difficulties enough in the way of the co-operation of capital and labor, and these were brought out obstinately enough in the discussion that followed Mr. Weeks' statement of the theory that the capitalist advances the money which pays the wages labor earns, in the expectation that the business undertaken will pay.

Professor Hall's review of "Recent Phases of Psycho-Physics" was cautious, but earnest and far-seeing, as becomes a Professor of Psychology in the Johns Hopkins University. The speakers afterward—Mr. Hodgson, a member of the English Society for Psychical Research, and Professors Fullerton and Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania—were evidently, on various grounds, not fully in accord with his temper of approach. Mr. Hodgson, of course, considered that Professor Hall did not allow due weight to the evidence of the English society's experiments. And some of this evidence is curious enough, no doubt, as set forth in the society's reports; but after all, it can not be a mistake, on the other hand, to allow amply for the subtle, unconscious love of deception and deceiving which must at present underlie such recondite research; and the most thoughtful persons present that night must have felt that Professor Hall said much when he said, according to my understanding of his words, that, making all allowance for misconception and deception, there was still evidence remaining of a trend of things which might lead us to perceive that we were on the eve of the discovery of some law in psychology as powerful to alter our knowledge and progress in its domain, as the discovery of the law of evolution was powerful in biology; that the conditions were similar in

psychology now, as in biology then, just before that universal principle was apprehended.

The readers of THE OPEN COURT will be interested to hear of the earnest, almost spiritually scientific, work that Professor Hall's psychology class is now doing in Baltimore. They are visiting hospitals and asylums for the insane, collecting evidence from close experience of all sorts and conditions of men, and gathering knowledge of their brothers, which, subjected to scientific scrutiny, sifting and arrangement, may do much to prepare a wider moral knowledge. If they were to do nothing directly available to knowledge, yet, to put us on the way to find methods of approach in this great field of apprehension, would be to give progress a leading question. We may take the hint that the moral outlook at the Johns Hopkins is deep, earnest and stirring.

C. P.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

To the Editors:

JUNE, 1887.

Summer is upon us, full-fledged, and those who can do so are leaving the city. Fashionable churches will soon be closed, and they who most need access to these cool and beautifully sequestered places which are open only three or four hours in the week, at most, are deprived of shade and comfort during the heat of summer. I say nothing of spiritual refreshment, which is supposed to be their *raison d'être*, though that ought to be a higher motive than the other for keeping them open. How many millions of dollars are thus locked up in the heart of this city at a period when every nerve of the worker cries out for space and shade, only the expert statistician can approximate.

Bishop Potter has set on foot a scheme to build a grand cathedral, to cost, with the land upon which it is to be built, not less than \$6,000,000. Miss Wolfe's bequest to the Bishop affords a nucleus, and subscriptions are rapidly coming in. The Episcopal church in New York is very rich and generous—as far, at least, as the good of the church is concerned.

One of the ostensible objects in building the cathedral is to impress the public with the grandeur and dignity of the Episcopal form of worship; another and better is to furnish to that public a place of rest which shall always be open to the weary and heavy-laden. Daily service will afford a sinecure to a large number of resident priests. With so many churches already closed thirty-nine fortieths of the time, it seems pitiful that these should not be made oases along our hot thoroughfares, and the six millions be saved for industrial schools or other practical enterprises. If is probably too much to expect that, however.

Meantime, the crusade against land monopoly and priestly oppression, headed by Father McGlynn, assumes gigantic proportions. No one who has not carefully followed its course can rightfully conceive what may be its scope and extent. The daily papers report Father McGlynn's meetings as they would report Barnum's circus; to them they afford sensational news of the day. In reality, there is a widespread and spontaneous movement for which society has long been in process of evolution, which has its center in this city. The scouts upon its flank, composed of foreign emissaries, may be anarchists; but there is nothing more grand and pathetic than the patient self-possession and repression of those who compose the rank and file of the main body of agitators.

Of this semi-religious movement, undertaken in a great measure by Catholics, Father McGlynn is the real exponent and leader. Forced into the van by temperament and religious conviction, he is not the man to yield craven submission to the Pope or to take any retrograde step.

When he is about to speak four or five thousands vainly seek admission after the largest hall in the city is filled. The audience is made up of workingmen with their wives and daughters, at the

weekly meetings of the Anti-Poverty Society, and not a policeman is to be seen.

When Father McGlynn comes to the front he is greeted with an enthusiasm that finds vent alike in cheers and tears, and it is long before the tumult ceases. Those who give this ovation are mostly Catholics who have been helplessly bound to the Juggernaut of a foreign Pope, and here is one of themselves who is gradually loosening their chains while breaking his own thrall-dom. As he stands before them, big-bodied, big-brained and big-souled, with a noble, overhanging brow, massive chin and determined mouth, one moment stern as fate, again quivering with Irish wit or drooping with sympathy, meanwhile pouring out his fervid soul in natural oratory, the spectator realizes something of his peculiar influence.

The workingman to whom he speaks is fairly intelligent and altogether self-respecting; he is in earnest, and he is multiplying in power and numbers. And Father McGlynn is his prophet. No man was ever more loved than he, and no man, since Luther, has had the opportunity and provocation to become the leader in a church reform which, very likely, may yet be felt from Rome to its farthest circumference.

Concerning the peculiar land theories held by Father McGlynn and his friend Henry George, it is not necessary to speak. We are only considering his influence upon religious thought.

The Protestant clergy, as a whole, are afraid of Father McGlynn, yet there is a distinct growth in liberal thought among them from year to year. From Beecher's popularity and power they have learned to let creeds alone or handle them with gloved fingers. They choose more practical topics and give illustrations from real life more freely than they did five years ago, and they are eager for accessions to their ranks. For instance, a lady belonging to the liberal school of thought, living in a small suburb of New York, lately joined the Dutch Reformed church in order to secure social advantages otherwise wanting. "Do you love Christ?" was the only question asked by the pastor and brethren in examining the candidate. "What do you mean by that phrase?" she returned. "Well, do you love the principles of fraternal love and righteousness which he taught?" "Most certainly I do," she replied, and that was all they required. There was no suggestion of the atonement or other mysterious articles of orthodox faith to which she could not have subscribed. And this case is a type of many more. Comment upon the honesty of all concerned is unnecessary.

Is it not a part of the great liberal religious movement that the degree of Bachelor of Letters has just been conferred on Columbia College's first woman graduate? Miss Hankey, of Staten Island, passed the Harvard examination, four years ago, on twenty branches of study. She has taken the full course at Columbia and passed all its examinations with a remarkably high standing. Four prizes were awarded her for excellence in chemistry. Miss Hankey was not permitted to attend lectures or recite, and all her study was done without the stimulus of teachers or fellow-students. Her graduating thesis on "The Literature of Greece" won high encomiums, and President Barnard has watched her course with surprise and delight.

HESTER M. POOLE.

D. A. WASSON'S POEMS.

To the Editors:

JAMAICA PLAINS, MASS.

According to the wish of the late Mr. D. A. Wasson, I propose to arrange and publish a collection of his poems. Many of these have become very dear and precious to those who have known them in MSS., or in various collections, or in magazines. It is desirable to make the collection of his best productions as complete as possible, and I have already received copies of poems

from private sources, which were unpublished and unknown to me. I shall be very grateful to any one possessing such poems who will send them to me or give me information in regard to them.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

BOOK REVIEWS.

GEDENKRUCH. Erinnerung an *Karl Heinzen*. Milwaukee: Freidenker Publishing Co., 1887.

This pamphlet of 107 pages shows how well Heinzen deserved the monument dedicated to him at Forest Hill, near Boston, a year ago, with the inscription "His life work the elevation of mankind." He was driven, on account of his share in the revolution of 1848, from Germany, and became in 1853 the editor of an anti-slavery journal at Louisville, Kentucky, where his press was destroyed by a mob. Among seventy-seven other publications are several in English, for instance, those entitled *Mankind the Criminal*, *Six Letters to a Pious Man*, *The True Character of Humboldt*, and *What is Humanity?* The last was published in 1877. The speeches at his funeral, in 1880, and at the dedication of the monument, by Messrs. S. R. Köhler, R. Lieber and C. H. Boppe, editor of the *Freidenker*, are in perfect harmony with the brief biographical sketches, and with the extracts from his writings. The spirit of these last may be judged from the words: "I could be perfectly contented at seeing the world go to ruin if a lie was needed to save it." "It is a law of history, as it is a law of botany, that no fruit can come forth and ripen unless the ideal blossoms first drop off and are forgotten." "Never have I covered up truth as contraband. I have always lighted the torch of thought completely, and announced my entire purpose."

F. M. H.

TRY-SQUARE, OR THE CHURCH OF PRACTICAL RELIGION. By *Reporter*. New York Truth Seeker Co.; pp. 312.

This purports to give the history of an independent society started by a plain, blunt, yet thoughtful and practical man named Job Sawyer, in a place called Pinville. The author professes only to give notes of the movement as a reporter. The organization was called "The Church of Practical Religion," and "Try-Square" was the rule by which the organizer tested his own and the society's work. This rule was "every act or word that will result in injury to anybody is wrong and is prohibited. No other act or word is prohibited." Uncle Job Sawyer explains that "after using this rule constantly for some time I began to call it my Try-Square from the similarity in the manner of its use to the little implement called by that name used by carpenters and some other mechanics to determine whether their work is square and correct." Many questions of importance are discussed in the plain talks reported as given by "Uncle Job" in a sensible, earnest way. Law, property, temperance, infidelity, conscience, death, etc., are among these questions. The book is radical in tone, but temperate in spirit and utterance.

THE ART AMATEUR for June, which is numbered 1 of Vol. XVII, appears in its new cover. This is neat and unobjectionable. But our designers must either be very fully employed, or very unskillful, if a hundred-dollar prize could bring out nothing more original or beautiful than a medallion with a head of Minerva and a ribbon string. However, the contents are good, if the outside be plain, as is often the case with many things in this world. The most valuable paper of this number is a sketch of the "Life and Works of Sir Frederick Leighton," the President of the Royal Academy, illustrated by *fac similes* of some of his drawings. The most interesting of these is a study for his painting of Cymon Iphigenia, a very beautiful female head, reclining, with the arms raised over it. There is also a study of drapery and heads from the studies for the ceiling of Mr. Maynard's

home in New York. The portrait of the artist himself gives the impression of a handsome Englishman, strong, intelligent, brave and frank, and there are woodcuts of other pleasant subjects. Beside the usual notices of saloons and art gossip, we were specially interested in an instructive note on "Composite Photography," pointing out the fallacy to which this method is liable, especially from what is called atomic inertia. A good illustration of this art is given in a composite photograph of a literary club of nine young ladies. The result is very pleasing, and tends to show that literature is favorable both to health and beauty. We might quote many bright things from this excellent number, but as we could not copy the many fine designs our readers had better get it for themselves.

A VERY lovely frontispiece illustrates Professor H. H. Boyesen's Norwegian story "Fiddle John's Family," begun in the July number of *St. Nicholas*. Other delightful illustrations of English scenery accompany Frank Stockton's "In English Country." Palmer Cox, Isabel Frances Bellows, Charles G. Leland, Mary E. Wilkins and Anna M. Pratt are among this month's contributors. The National Holiday is paid due respect to, in prose and verse.

TREASURE TROVE is one of the best as well as cheapest of the young people's magazines. In the June number, the Queen's Jubilee is commemorated by a pictorial and prose sketch of Victoria and a chapter descriptive of "Parliament and the Tower," and Fourth of July by an article on "Bunker Hill." Instruction as well as amusement is the aim of this publication. 151 Wabash avenue, Chicago. \$1.00 per year.

The *West American Scientist* says:

Germanium is an addition to the list of known elementary substances, discovered by Dr. Clemens Winkler, a German chemist. It exists in combination with silver and sulphur in agyrodite, a new mineral.

PRESS NOTICES.

Its matter is wholly original, and it is ably edited.—*Fairhaven* (Mass.) *Star*.

Some of the most able and influential thinkers of the age contribute to its pages.—*Syracuse* (Neh.) *Journal*.

It is a very interesting and instructive publication, and its articles are contributed by a bevy of writers of well-deserved celebrity. Published at Chicago, \$3 a year, 15 cents a number.—*Malden* (Mass.) *Mirror*.

THE OPEN COURT, a fortnightly journal, now established in Chicago, reaches its eighth number this week. Its elegantly printed pages are crowded with the choicest epigrammatic literature of the best thinkers and philosophical writers of the age.—*The Graphic News*.

THE OPEN COURT is the title of a new publication that reaches us from Chicago—a fortnightly review, which numbers among its contributors such writers as James Parton, M. D. Conway, John Burroughs, Felix Oswald, etc. The price is three dollars a year, and it is richly worth it.—*New England Observer*, Keene, N. H.

The current number of THE OPEN COURT, published at Chicago, contains a large array of special contributions on various subjects, able editorials on timely topics, correspondence, poetry, and book reviews. THE OPEN COURT is destined to take rank as one of the foremost of American periodicals.—*Lebanon* (Ind.) *Pioneer*.

THE OPEN COURT, a fortnightly journal, issued from Chicago, is before us. This new publication is devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis. Those who enjoy solid reading matter, furnishing food for earnest thought, will be greatly interested in THE OPEN COURT.—*National City Record*, San Diego, Cal.

The current number of THE OPEN COURT, a fortnightly journal published in Chicago and devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis, is full of interesting and instructive matter. Prof. Max Muller contributes an article on the "Simplicity of Language." "The Relation of the Doctrine of Population to Social Reform" is an article filled with brain food for the reformer, while the ultra-scientist would find much in Richard A. Proctor's "Common Consent and the Future Life." "Present Aims," by Arthur R. Kimball, is another splendid essay.—*Peoria* (Ill.) *National Democrat*.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

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[The second of Prof. F. Max Müller's three lectures on the "Science of Thought" is commenced in this issue. This lecture on "The Identity of Language and Thought," and the third, on the "Simplicity of Thought," not published nor to be published in England, have been secured exclusively for THE OPEN COURT, in which both will be printed from the author's manuscript. This distinguished philologist believes that language is the history of human thought, and no other man living probably is as competent as he to read this history understandingly, especially those pages which indicate how men reasoned and what they thought during the world's intellectual childhood.]

THE IDENTITY OF LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

ONE OF THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON, MARCH, 1878.

Part I.

Language, under the microscope of the comparative philologist, has turned out to be a very simple thing. With about one hundred and twenty radical concepts and twenty demonstrative elements we could build up a dictionary and a grammar rich enough to supply all the demands of Shakespeare; and surely more than that, no language can fairly be called upon to supply. I stated in my last lecture that I had succeeded in reducing all actual roots of Sanskrit, about eight hundred in number, to one hundred and twenty-one concepts, but I added that the number of concepts might easily have been reduced still further. The fecundity of these roots and the pliancy of our fundamental concepts are perfectly astounding. If you take the concept of uniting, or putting two and two together, you find it expressed by seventeen different roots. No doubt, every one of these roots had originally a more special meaning. Some meant to plait, others to sow, to weave, to bunch, to roll, to tie. But every one of them might have been generalized and afterward again specialized to such an extent that it could have supplied every verb, noun, adjective or adverb expressive of some kind of union; that is to say, one root might, if necessary, have done the work of seventeen.

Now, if I took only one of these seventeen roots, all meaning to unite, I am afraid I should spend the whole of my lecture, if I attempted to give you all its derivations in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin and English. What I wish to make quite clear to you is, how words and concepts, which seem to us quite modern, belong nevertheless to what we should call the very granite of our thoughts. The growth of our thoughts has been historical and continuous. Many of the intermediate links may have been forgotten or lost, but they were there, and it is the object of the Science of Language to restore them, and thus to furnish a safe foundation for the Science of Thought.

We shall probably consider *fashionable* a very modern word, and so it is; still it is closely connected with Latin *factio*; *c* meant originally the make or cut of a garment, whether of a raw skin, as worn by a primitive hunter, or of the most stylish sealskin dolmanette of the present season. We do not imagine that anything will have seemed what we call *queer* to the primitive and sober ancestors of our race. Still, *queer* is only the German *quer*, what runs across and out of this a name for every kind of oddity or extravagance has been formed. What we call *righteous* was originally conceived as right and straight, straightforward; and the root of right is ARG, which means to lead, to steer, from which also *rex*, a ruler, a king, *royal* and all the rest. *Gay* is the German *gähe*, literally going, or, as we now say, going it. *Vapil* is "like smoke"; *rapturous*, from *rapio*, what carries us away. *Noble*, Latin *nobilis*, from the root GNĀ, to know, meant originally "worth knowing," which gives us a high idea of the Roman nobility, at least in its first beginnings. In Kingley's expression, "one of nature's own noblemen," the original meaning is still faintly perceptible.

What I wish you to see is, that there never was any break in language, that all that is new in it is old, and all that is old is new, and that if we take any of the eight hundred primitive roots, or any of the one hundred and twenty simple concepts, we can derive from it any quantity of words to satisfy every fancy of our mind. Take, for instance, the root PAS, which in a primitive state of society expressed the act of tethering or snaring.

In Sanskrit this root helps us to express cattle; *pasu*, which is the Latin *pecus*, Gothic *faihu*, German *vieh*, cattle; also *pecunia* and *pecus*, our lawyer's *fee*. It

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supplies, besides, *pâsa*, fetter, and similar words. Now, when we have a word for animal, such as *pecus*, we have also the material for expressing such concepts as *peculiar*, the transition of meaning being clear enough from *peculium*, one's private property, to *peculiaris*, anything that is one's own,—anything that is proper, singular, individual, and, it may be, odd. It is difficult to resist the siren songs of language, and not to follow her into all her flights of imagination. Every word, as soon as we hear it, carries us off to near and distant memories. They float about us like thin gossamer filaments in autumn. But we must for the present resist the temptation of catching at them, and confine our attention to a few only of the principal concepts, expressed by means of our root PAS. In Greek, then, this root does not only supply the concept of fastening, but also that of standing fast. Πέπηγα means "I stand fast," and this is a great step beyond "I make fast." We have here the constantly-recurring process of a root expressive of an act becoming a root expressive of a state. Again, what is "made fast" means not only what is compact and solid, but also what is curdled and frozen. Rime, frost, hoar-frost, all are expressed by this root; besides this, the ice, or the scum on the surface of milk,—any raised surface, in fact,—comes to be called *πίλος*, a mound, a hill, as, for instance, *Arcopagus*, the hill of Ares at Athens, and the great council held there. What is thick is called from the same root, *παχύς*, from which *pachy-dermatous*, or thick-skinned. Lastly, as we say twofold, from folding, the Greeks said *ἄπαξ*, once, literally "one stick;" German *Ein-fach*.

If we look to Latin we find an equally large harvest. Here such concepts as settling, agreeing, making peace, are expressed by the root PAS, in *paciscor*, *factus sum*, in *pax*, peace, *pacare* to pacify, and this *pacare* helps us to express the idea of *payment*, for to *pay* was originally conceived as to pacify, just as a *quittance* was a quieting. It is so difficult, as I said just now, to resist the temptation of following language through all her vagaries. But when one speaks of *quietus* and giving the *quietus*, and all that, one cannot help thinking of the different shades of meaning which so simple and harmless a word as *quietus* is able to reflect. *Quietus* in English is not only *quiet*, but also *quite*, entirely, as in *quyte* and *clene*, i. e., quietly and cleanly, that is, altogether; while the same word, after passing through French, appears once more as *coy* and *coyish*, a word of a very peculiar flavor, which can only be approximately rendered by quiet, modest, bashful or retired.

But to return to *pax* and *peace*. We find in Latin still a large number of words and derivatives all springing from the same root. There is *pignus*, a pledge, there is *página*, a page, there is *propágo*, a layer, then offspring in general; there is also *págus*, a settlement, a village, and from it *paganus*, a pagan, a heathen.

In German this root is bifurcated, being either *fah* or *fang*. Thus *fahen* in modern German is to catch, but also *fangen*, from which *gefangen*, captured, *Gefängniss*, prison. *Fähig* means able to clutch, but afterward *capable*, clever; and *Fähigkeit* is the name for talent. *Fair* has also been traced to Anglo Saxon *facger*, Gothic *fagr-s*, literally fit, then beautiful, then kind. On the other hand, *finger* seems originally to have meant taker, just as *fang* in English is a tusk or a claw. All these words are only like peaks standing out by themselves, but if we had time we should find every one of them surrounded by greater or smaller heights all leading up to the same summit. The one verb *fangen* enables us to express an infinity of thoughts in German. *Anfangen* means to begin, *Umfangen* means to embrace, *verfangen* means to catch, from which *verfänglich*, literally perplexing, as *eine verfängliche Frage*, an awkward question. *Empfangen* means to receive, *empfänglich* may express receptive, but also sympathetic, sentimental, and all that. *Unterfangen* is to undertake, but it has the by-sense of a bold undertaking.

All this is only meant to give you an idea of the enormous variety of thought that can be traced back, and, as a matter of fact, took its rise from one single root such as PAS, to tether. Whether we speak of *peculiar* people or of *peace* of mind, of *pagans* or of the *propagation* of the gospel, of a *page* of writing or of the *Arcopagus*, of *Gefängniss*, prison, or of *ein empfängliches Herz*, a susceptible heart, we do it all by means of one and the same primary concept,—PAS, to tether.

Multiply that power eight hundred times,—that is to say, take any one of the eight hundred roots and draw from them as Sanskrit, Greek, Latin and German have drawn from that one root PAS,—and you will see that a language with such a capital might be as rich as Cræsus.

We have now learned what language is, what it is made of, and we are, I think, justified in saying that it represents the simplest miracle in the world.

Let us now turn our eyes on thought. Is thought a very perplexing thing? Is it very complicated, wayward like the wind, tortuous like the convolutions of the brain, inscrutable like the sidereal nebulae? It seems so. If anything is mysterious, it has often been said it is our mind; if anything is wonderful it is our understanding; if anything lifts us above the whole of creation it is our reason. Even those who use sober and subdued language about everything else, break out into rapturous strains when they speak about the intellect and all that has been achieved by that old wizard.

I shall try to show you that nothing is so easy to be understood as our understanding, nothing so perfectly reasonable as our reason, and that the whole of our intellect, all the tricks of the wizard in our brain, consist in nothing but—addition and subtraction.

This is no new discovery, but it is a discovery that is very apt to be forgotten! One of the cleverest and most consecutive thinkers whom this country or the world has produced—I quote the words of Stuart Mill—declared, more than two hundred years ago, that thinking consisted simply in addition and subtraction.

This sounds very discouraging; but you have only to try and you will find that Hobbes was perfectly right. And not only Hobbes, but much more ancient philosophers too. Whoever it was that invented the word *cogito*, knew that to think was to combine, for *cogito* stands for *co-agito* and means to co-agitate, to bring together, to combine; and it is clear that we cannot combine two or many things without at the same time separating them from all the rest.

Whoever found out the word *intellect*, had learnt the same lesson. *Intellect* stand for *inter-lect*, and *inter-lego*, meant originally to interlace, to bind together, to combine, and that is all that the intellect is meant and is able to achieve.

Any book on logic will teach you the same lesson, namely that all our propositions are either *affirmative* or *negative*, that we can do no more than to say A is B, or that A is not B. Now in saying A is B, we simply add A to the sum already comprehended under B, while in saying A is not B, we subtract A from the sum that can be comprehended under B.

But why should it be considered as lowering our high status, if what we call thinking turns out to be no more than adding and subtracting? Mathematics in the end consists of nothing but addition and subtraction, and think of the wonderful achievements of a Newton or a Gauss, achievements before which ordinary mortals like myself stand simply aghast. To my mind nothing is greater than to see the greatest results achieved by the smallest means, and if our race has completed the work which we most admire, the temple of our intellect, by such natural processes as combining and separating, surely we may be as proud to belong to it as if we belonged to a race of giants or angels.

There is nothing new in all this, it is one of those open secrets which are not often mentioned, but which everybody knows, as soon as they are mentioned, though it may be that some people do not like to be reminded of them.

But though the process of thinking, that is of adding and subtracting, is so simple, much depends of course on what we combine or separate. Now what is it that we combine and separate? Most people would answer, we combine and separate what is given us by our senses, and they might say again, that nothing can be simpler than what we see or hear, or smell or touch. Whole systems of philosophy have been built upon what is called experience, and this so-called experience is supposed to be so obvious, so natural, so intelligible,

that nothing need be said about it. True philosophy, on the contrary, knows of nothing more difficult, more perplexing, more beyond the reach of all our reasoning powers than what is called experience. Kant's whole philosophy may be said to be founded on the question: "How is experience possible?" Here, too, the stone which other builders refused, is become the head-stone of the corner.

It is curious to see how the senses and what they give us are treated with undisguised contempt by many so-called philosophers. Do we not share our senses with the animals—they seem to say, and is it not, therefore, the lowest kind of knowledge which man possesses? Why trouble about what we can handle and see and hear? Any one can understand that, and there is much higher game for real philosophers. To me it seems, on the contrary, that there is nothing more mysterious than what the senses give us. We can understand our understanding, we can reason out our reason, but we can as little understand what we see and hear, as we can see and hear what we understand. Our sensuous knowledge, so far as its material is concerned, will always remain the standing miracle of our life on earth. So far from despising it as obvious, palpable and plain, we should rather fall down on our knees before it as the unknown, the unknowable, the beyond.

But though this beyond—what Kant calls *das Ding an sich*, must forever remain unknown, we know at least what we have made of it—that is, we know what it has become when we know it. I need not dwell in this place on the well-worn argument that we never can know a thing as it is by itself. To know a thing by itself would mean to know it, not as we know it, but as we *do not* know it, and that is clearly self-contradictory. Then what do we know? We never know things, but we are conscious of our sensations only. We first of all feel pain and pleasure, hot and cold, sweet and bitter, but that is feeling and not yet knowing. In order to change feeling into knowledge, we must first of all look upon our feelings as caused by something. There is no reason why we should do so, except what we choose to call reason, or what Schopenhauer calls the category of causality. A *tabula rasa*, a wax tablet, simply receives an impression, it does not change it into something that caused the impression. The best proof that we are not a *tabula rasa*, as Loeke and all sensualistic philosophers imagine, is that we, as soon as we receive an impression, are driven to say, "Something has impressed us." That something, however, is *our* postulate, it is *our* doing; it is simply what *we* create out of the sensations of which alone we are conscious.

But not only do we create this objective world of ours, the things, but we place them, not within us, where the sensations are, but without us, that is, in space. And secondly, we place them without us, not in a lump, but

one after another, in succession, or, as we call it, in time. Space and time are necessities of that objective world which we have created, and Kant calls them, therefore, rightly the necessary forms of sensuous intuition.

This may sound very learned, but it is really as simple as child's play. What can we be conscious of? Not anything outside us—for how should we get outside ourselves? but something within us, something that we feel, our sensations. And if we transform what is within us, into something without us, of course it must be *somewhere*—and that is what we call space, and it must be *somewhen*, if we may say so, that is it must be in time. What is nowhere and nowhen, is, as far as we are concerned, as if it were not. But when we have got so far, when we have changed our sensations into things that are supposed to cause our sensations, and when we have placed them one by the side of another, and one after another, that is in space and time, can we say then that we know them? Let us try the experiment.

I say once more, how sensations arise, how æthereal vibrations produce in us consciousness of something, how neurosis becomes æsthesis, we do not know and never shall know. But having the sensations of light or darkness within us, what do we know of any cause of darkness or any cause of light? Nothing. We simply suffer darkness, or enjoy light, but what makes us suffer and what makes us rejoice, we do not know—till we can express it.

And how do we express it? We may try what we like, we can express it in language only. We may feel dark, but till we have a name for dark and are able to distinguish darkness as what is not light, or light as what is not darkness, we are not in a state of knowledge, we are only in a state of passive stupor.

We often imagine that we can possess and retain, even without language, certain pictures or phantasmata; that, for instance, when lightning has passed before our eyes, the impression remains for some time actually visible, then vanishes more and more when we shut our eyes, but can be called back by the memory whenever we please. Yes, we can call it back, but not till we can *call*, that is, till we can name it. In all our mental acts, even in that of mere memory, we must be able to give an account to ourselves of what we do, and how can we do that except in language? Even in a dream we do not know what we see, except we name it, that is, make it knowable to ourselves. Everything else passes by and vanishes unheeded. We either are simply suffering, and in that case we require no language, or we act and react, and in that case we can react on what is given us, by language only. This is really a matter of fact and not of argument. Let any one try the experiment and he will see that we can as little think without words as we can breathe without lungs.

We may say, for instance, that we know the blue

sky, or we know that the sky is blue. But how do we know it? Nothing can be blue without us. Outside there may be millions of vibrations of luminous ether, but what we call blue is ours, just as what we call sweet is ours. Sugar is not sweet, *we* are sweet; the sky is not blue, *we* are blue. And who tells us anything about the sky? How do we know that there is a sky and that it is blue. Should we know of a sky, if we had no name for it? We have only to try to think of sky without naming it, and we shall find that sky and all that it conveys to us is gone. And so with everything else. If a language has no name for father-in-law, the people who speak it do not know what father-in-law is. They know a person who is the father of their wife, supposing they have names for wife and father, but they do not know any father-in-law. Try to teach a savage what a circle is;—you can only do it by giving him a name. You may point to a wheel;—that will give him the percept or presentation of a wheel. You may give him a rope, fastened to a pole, and making him go round, that will give him the percept of running round. But the concept of a circle, and more particularly of a perfect circle, cannot be produced or fixed in the mind, except through a name and its definition. It may be said that a geometrician can define a circle without a name, but how does he define it? Again, by means of names. If he calls a circle a figure, he uses a name; if he calls it plane figure, comprehended by a single curve line, he is dealing in names; and even if he called it a mere something, he would still be within the spell of names. We may try what we like, if we want to think, if we want to add and to subtract, we can do it in one way only, namely by names.

How is it, I have been asked, that people go through the most complicated combinations while playing chess and all this without uttering a single word? Does not that show that thought is possible without words, and, as it were, by mere intuition? It may seem so, if we imagine that speech must always be audible, but we have only to watch ourselves while writing a letter, that is, while speaking to a friend, in order to see that a loud voice is not essential to speech. Besides, by long usage speech has become so abbreviated that, as with mathematical formulas, one sign or letter may comprehend long trains of reasoning. And how can we imagine that we could play chess without language, however silent, however abbreviated, however algebraic? What are king, queen, bishops, knights, castles and pawns, if not names? What are the squares on the chessboard to us, unless they had been conceived and named as being square and neither round nor oblong?

I do not say, however, that king and queen and bishops are *mere names*.

Is there such a thing as a mere name? A name is nothing if it is not a *nomen*, that is, what is known, or

that by which we know. *Nomen* was originally *gnomen*, from *gnosco* to know, and was almost the same word as *notio*, a notion. A mere name is therefore self-contradictory. It means a name which is not a name; but something quite different, namely a sound, a *flatus vocis*. We do not call an empty egg-shell a mere egg, nor a corpse a mere man; then why should we call a name without its true meaning, a mere name?

But if there is no such thing as a mere name, neither is there such a thing as a mere thought or a mere concept. The two are one and inseparable. We may distinguish them as we distinguish the obverse from the reverse of a coin; but to try to separate them would be like trying to separate a convex from the concave surface of a lens. We think in names and in names only.

MONTGOMERY ON THE THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION.*

BY PROFESSOR E. D. COPE.

Part I.

A disputant can have no greater good fortune than to have an antagonist who correctly understands his position, and who represents it fairly in discussion. I experienced this pleasure in reading Dr. Montgomery's review of my opinions. But this is not my only satisfaction. If I am wrong I wish to know it, and I know of no one whom I think better able to show me my error, if any there be, than a man who is at the same time scientist and metaphysician. I have been desirous of understanding the metaphysical objections to my views, and now I have them so clearly expressed that he who runs may read. And I propose to examine these objections, and, in the language of Professor Tait,† to use my "reason as best I can for the separation of the truth from the metaphysics" which they contain.

In beginning, I must make an appeal on behalf of the *a posteriori* method and against the *a priori* method of investigation; for the scientific against the philosophical and theological methods. I do this not as against Dr. Montgomery's method, which is generally, though not always, *a posteriori*, but for the purpose of explaining distinctly my own. The *a posteriori* method only can lead to a knowledge of the universe as it is; the *a priori* method leads either to credulity or skepticism; in either case to uncertainty. It is true that a system which rests on observation and inference must be, in the present state of human knowledge, incomplete. It will display unfinished designs, foundations without superstructures, and many defects incident to insufficient materials; but it will be permanent and trustworthy as far as it goes. This is all that I claim for the hypotheses of the *Theology of Evolution*, most of which have been more fully elaborated in other publications both prior and

subsequent. In these I have endeavored to confine myself to observed phenomena as foundation materials. I have not troubled myself to investigate extensively the problem of cognition, since most of the prevalent metaphysical idealism (in the modern sense) is mere verbal quibbling. Moreover, in our modern observations of natural phenomena we have not only the mutual aid rendered by one sense to another, but the corroborative evidence of numerous capable and intelligent co-workers in the field. If the observations thus accumulated are untrustworthy, as the idealistic school would have us believe, it must be admitted that there is a remarkable method in all these errors. And one of the most important results of these so-called errors is the doctrine of mental evolution as a corollary of biologic evolution, which I think gives to idealism in the Berkeleyan sense its final *quietus*.

The facts on which the theistic hypothesis rests are briefly as follows: Mind is a primitive and controlling property of matter, because,

1. Consciousness in the form of will directs, in the beginning, the designed movements of living beings, thus giving rise to habits and automatic and reflex movements of all kinds.

2. The evolution of the organs, and therefore of the entirety of the species of living things, has been primarily due to movements inaugurated in consciousness in the form of will within themselves, or to movements which are the reflex products of consciousness, all under the restrictions presented by the environment.

Both of the above propositions are amply sustained by the facts of physiology, embryology and paleontology. Two other propositions are included in my thesis. The first of these is a more remote inference from the facts than either of the preceding, and is an interpretation of them, which is indicated by the conclusions of the latter. They are:

3. The integrity of the physical basis of consciousness is, in this planet, within certain ranges of temperature, maintained by a form of energy which is not chemical, but which resists the action of true chemism. It follows that the origin of protoplasm cannot be traced to chemical energy alone, but to some energy of the vital type which must have been a property of a physical basis, not protoplasm. Hence consciousness may be a property of non-protoplasmic physical bases.

4. The hypothesis that there is no physical basis of consciousness outside of the earth, is, from the above point of view, and from a consideration of the rules of probability, so improbable as to border on the absurd.

Dr. Montgomery does not consider propositions 3 and 4, but he emphatically denies the truth of propositions 1 and 2. According to him mind in

* A Lecture by E. D. Cope. Arnold & Co.: Philadelphia. 1887.

† *Properties of Matter*, p. 47.

its various aspects is dynamically quite distinct from the material world, the two being parallel, but without mutual interaction. He finds a logical absurdity in the supposition that mind (will) controls the direction of energy, and hence of matter. For this and for other reasons he sees my system "vanish into thin air," or to lie wrecked on the rocks where so many other craft have perished. I observe just here that Dr. Montgomery runs no such risk, for he seems to have no boat of his own. Indeed, I should say, he was safely ashore, stranded among the sands of self-contradictory opinions, in which the feet sink at every step, leaving the traveler toward the truth in about the position from which he attempts to start. Thus, as a substitute for the proposition that will controls the direction of energy, he "fully admits as a leading proposition to be scientifically proved against mechanical biology, that *spontaneous* activities have played the greatest part in evolution, and that those special spontaneous activities called volitional and emanating from nerve-centers have conduced more than any other influence to realize the organic development of higher animals," etc. (Criticism, Part III.) In this passage we find Dr. Montgomery to be distinctly affirming our propositions 1 and 2, which he has previously (Part I) as distinctly denied. The two propositions are again clearly adopted (Part III, end) in the following language: "The aid which sense-perception affords to organic development cannot be overestimated; but the progressive organization to which it ministers, takes place just as unconsciously as all other organizations. * * * Only our vital spontaneity enables us to place ourselves in such relations to our medium as will best conduce to our welfare. *And we know by means of pleasurable or painful feelings which of the manifold influences of the medium are affecting us beneficially and which harmfully.*" (The italics are mine.) In the last sentence consciousness takes the lead, but in the first, progressive organization takes place unconsciously. Both statements are correct, but *appear* to be self-contradictory, and Dr. Montgomery does not furnish the explanation of the contradiction. It is furnished by the well-known fact of cryptopnoÿ, in the organization of unconscious habits out of conscious beginnings. These and other expressions show that the facts are well-known to Dr. Montgomery, but that in this instance he failed to connect them. And I interject here the observation that I find a similar failure "to connect" in several places in his Part III. I refer to assertions of the unconscious nature of various acts which he believes, with myself, to affect organism. This correct statement of oft observed facts does not, in the least, invalidate my position that the movements in question were inaugurated in consciousness. They have passed through the usual "catagenesis" by cryptopnoÿ.

I find Dr. Montgomery's position in the monistico-dualistic controversy to be somewhat difficult to define. He is neither a realistic or an idealistic monist. His philosophy appears to be of the most pronounced dualistic character, but I cannot find that he distinctly admits holding that form of doctrine. On the contrary he is at one time (Part I, p. 163) an idealistic monist opposing my "tridimensional realism," saying that the idealist can "find matter only a superfluous impediment easily argued away." In the Part III, the physical basis is treated as existent and independent. In most of his views the present writer fully agrees with Dr. Montgomery, but one difference is so radical as to throw our philosophies into fundamentally different schools. I refer to the question of the control of will over energy (and therefore matter), which the doctor denies, and which I affirm. I can also only look upon his hypothesis of the "substratum" of personality as a pure speculation in the present state of knowledge.

Having shown that my critic generously gives me a good deal of aid and comfort, I will consider his objections in greater detail. From many interesting excursions and discussions I select the following leading points of difference. Dr. Montgomery denies (1) that mind (consciousness) can direct the movements of matter. He denies (2), therefore, that consciousness is at the foundation of the direction of evolution of living beings. (3.) The "doctrine of the unspecialized" is erroneous because development of mind is dependent on organization, and because (a) the lowest animals are not conscious, and (b) protoplasm itself is not a generalized substance. That (4) a deity cannot be inferred from my premises, but mind so conceived must be inferior in attributes to that of the lowest animal.

1. *Objection to Control of Mind over Matter.*

Does mind control matter at any time and place, or does it not? Dr. Montgomery says that it does not because it cannot; and he undertakes to demonstrate that he is correct by reference to the law of physics, as follows: "In this world of ours, only matter is movable and possesses momentum. Only something which is itself movable and in possession of momentum can possibly impart motion to matter. Mind as such is not movable, and does not possess momentum; therefore it cannot move matter (*q. e. d.*)." This is a logical statement, and as such is unobjectionable. But it does not meet, much less controvert, my proposition, which I must now repeat, quoting from the *Origin of the Fittest*, p. 427-8. "The explanation" [of the control of mind over matter] "can only be found in a simple acceptance of the fact as it is, in the thesis that *energy can be conscious*. If true, this is an ultimate fact, neither more nor less difficult to comprehend than the nature of energy or matter in their ultimate analysis." In this thesis is involved the realistic doctrine that mind is a

property of some kind of matter, as odor and color are properties of the rose. It asserts also that mind is a property of matter in energetic action, or in other words that mind is a property of some kind of energy. I await with interest a disproof of these positions. If admitted, mind is a property of something which possesses momentum, and is also a property of some kind of motion. As these are the conditions essential to the communication of motion to other matter, mind can control matter (*q. e. d.*).

Of course the question that lies below my thesis may now be raised by Dr. Montgomery, so I will raise it for him. Is it "the fact as it is," that "energy can be conscious?" Since consciousness is a property, and not a substance, there is no logical impossibility in the statement. But is it the fact? for to fact we must appeal, and on fact we stand. That energy is necessary to consciousness no physiologist can deny. Stop the material basis of energy and consciousness is lost. But my critic and myself are agreed that consciousness is not *per se* a form of energy. There is then no alternative, since consciousness exists, but to regard it as a property of some kind of energy. To the kind of realist who does not regard consciousness as a form of energy identical in qualities with other forms of energy, the language I have used is the only available expression of what he believes to be the fact. It is not a mere question of words. It is self-evident that mind is not matter—or "substance") since it has no extension. It is also self-evident that beside matter and its properties nothing exists. Therefore mind is a property of matter, as color and sound (forms of energy) are properties of matter, although it forms (using it as synonymous with consciousness in the physiological sense) a distinct class or type of property. It is more exact to speak of it as a property of energy, that is, a property of a property of some matter. It seems to me that a person who cannot admit that mind, like energy, is a property of matter does not exercise what Newton called "a competent faculty of thinking."

In accordance with Dr. Montgomery's argument it is easy to prove that energy does not move matter. From a metaphysical standpoint energy is a concept as distinct from matter as is consciousness. Assume that energy is not a property of matter, and apply the formula above quoted, substituting the word energy for mind. "In this world of ours only matter is movable and possesses momentum. Only something which is itself movable and in possession of momentum can possibly impart motion to matter. Energy, as such, * * * does not possess momentum; therefore it cannot move matter."

The supposed logical difficulty of the doctrine of the control of matter by mind is further expressed as follows (Criticism, Part III): "Every biologist who introduces

into this unbending mechanical nexus any kind of deviating or directing influence ought clearly to know that he is opposing the doctrine of the conservation of energy. Wittingly or unwittingly he is professing himself an unbeliever in this supreme generalization of modern science." We reach here the point of simple assertion or denial of matter of fact. Logical as the above proposition appears to be, it is equally applicable as a negation of the most undeniable facts. Why is not any and every effect of matter on mind an equally impossible violation of the principle of the conservation of energy? If energy derived from material bases perturbs the current of mental phenomena, that energy must be, according to Dr. Montgomery's view, irrecoverably lost; it passes out of the domain of physical basis, to which it cannot ever return. Therefore matter and its energy can no more control mind than mind can control matter. Does my critic insist on the former proposition as he does on the latter? Consistency requires him to believe that matter (energy) cannot control mind, and therefore this is what I infer his belief to be. The only way out of the dilemma is to recognize that mind is a property of some matter; that it gives character to that matter, and that the energy of matter reciprocally gives character to it. This granted, energy need not be supposed to be either created or lost. *Five pounds is five pounds, whether raised by the right hand or by the left, and the will expends no more energy in doing the one than in doing the other.*

One more logical difficulty is raised by my critic, and it is a very natural one. We read, "Now, as hinted before, it is quite obvious that if memory or mental reproduction depends on specifically organized structure,—a state of things generally accepted as a fact by evolutionists,—then specifically organized structure cannot reciprocally depend on memory or mental reproduction. This would be out of the question, even if mental states were capable of influencing the physical nexus. A certain something cannot possibly be at one time the produced effect of something else and at another time its producing cause. The relation cannot be reversed." Inasmuch as the process of education of men and animals is, by implication, denied in this paragraph, let us see whether there is not something wrong about it. The difficulty with it is that the fact of mental digestion, or organization of the sense-perceptions, is omitted. Experience accumulates sense-perceptions which are arranged in revived consciousness in various orders of likeness and unlikeness. It is a fundamental quality of memory to be "aware" of like things at the same time, and of unlike things at different times. Out of these classifications come the appreciation of cause and effect, and out of this appreciation come designed or appropriate acts. Out of acts (motions) come structure; and structure comes out of every stage of the activity from its beginning,

as well as from its ending. Up to the moment that the motion enters the control of will, matter and non-living energy are in command; so soon as it reaches, and after it leaves the dwelling-place of will, mind is in command. And the ultimate result is new motions, which bring us new sensations, new classifications, new will-directions, and new motions again. So mind and matter pursue their eternal interaction. Simple matter produces simple consciousness. Consciousness complicates itself by means of memory, and in the act turns on its physical basis and complicates it. I take it that these are the facts, and logic must use them, since they are incontestible.

I add, in conclusion of this part of the discussion, that I do not adopt the opinion that mind can control matter *a priori*, but *a posteriori*, as an inference from the observation of innumerable facts. In our daily experience we observe that it is mind that adapts matter to itself and itself to matter, and not matter that adapts itself to mind. Mind is the more variable element of the two, and the modifications it produces are intelligent, which is not the property of non-living matter.

2. *Objection to Direction of Evolution by Mind.*

The position that consciousness and will are properties of matter is reinforced from all departments of psycho-physiology. What can be more convincing in this direction than the phenomena of memory? But equally satisfactory evidence is seen in the formation of habits, or modes of animal motion. These betray a mechanical structure of the physical basis, which could only originate under conscious conditions. Such an arranging of matter is an exhibition of energy; and that energy that wrought such special structure from pre-existent structure, or no structure, *did so for reasons*. It exhibited that admirable property which Dr. Montgomery well defines as an "inner-awareness of what takes place independently of it." But his views do not permit him "to insinuate mental effectuation into the physical nexus (p. 163). He tells us that "mind as such" * * * "cannot alter a jot the path of material particles * * * This means *according to our present scientific conception*, that it (the path of particles) is absolutely predetermined by the previous physical disposition of the molecules and their motion." This is a denial of the fundamental law of evolution, that structure is modified or produced by use. That evolution builds on foundations already laid is, of course, true, but that "the motion of particles is *absolutely* predetermined by the previous physical disposition of the molecules and their motion" is in contradiction of the logic of progressive evolution. There can be now no kind of doubt that use has produced structure in animals by additions to and changes in "the previous physical disposition of the molecules and their motion," during the ages of geological time. Use is a form of motion, and

motion is directed by consciousness in the form called will. Therefore, "mind as such" has "altered the path of material particles," and has produced new organic structures out of them, however incredible it may appear to my amiable reviewer. This is a statement of an apparent fact of the history of life and mind on the earth, and it will require some further evidence to convince me that the appearance is deceptive than the statement that it is impossible. The advancing development of brain throughout the ages, is not the least important part of the evidence that the mind, conscious and unconscious, has been concerned in this evolution. I believe that in past ages as now, use developed the mechanism and size of the brain, and that it followed inevitably, then as now, that the most intelligent animals provided better against the vicissitudes of life than the less intelligent, and that they thus survived. That this is true is indicated by the history of the ancestors of man. Without the weapons of offense or defense, or the mechanism for speed or concealment possessed by the animals of other lines, they survived, and lo! they now inherit the earth!

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A NOTABLE PICTURE.

BY RAYMOND S. PERRIN.

Any one who has been in the National Gallery in London, will doubtless recollect the painting of "The Trinity," by Pesello, 1422. If the person who sees this painting for the first time has thought much about God, it will make a very deep impression on him—an impression which will be pleasant or unpleasant, according to the conception of deity the beholder has formed. God, in this picture, is presented in a sitting posture holding in his extended hands the bar of the cross upon which Jesus is nailed. Four centuries have not dimmed the crimson of the blood that trickles from the wounds, nor the deathly pallor of the skin, nor the wonderful life in death of the sufferer's face. The Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, rests upon the bosom of the father and watches the son without any sign of consciousness of the terrible tragedy. A crimson devil and many angels, in the form of birds with human faces, hover about the cross. God wears a hat resembling somewhat that of the Pope of Rome. His face bespeaks a man simply intent on his purpose. It betrays no pity or other emotion. The artist seems to have been content with the single trait of firmness in repose. Not even thoughtfulness or intelligence is attempted. The garb and attitude are those of a ruler. All the attributes of despotism are suggested. Jesus wears his customary expression of resignation to torture. He looks neither suppliant nor reproachful, nor even tender. The artist attempts nothing but patience and pain. The Holy Ghost, as above intimated, is disappointing, that is to one reared in the reverence of Christian spirituality. We generally think of ghost as

meaning spirit, and of spirit as meaning mind; whereas, this dove does not suggest any inspiration whatever. It is a strain upon the imagination to look upon it. It is entirely out of place, for there is nothing in dove-like feelings known to us which can be woven into the relationship here depicted between father and son.

The devil and the angels are zoölogical inceptions of great originality. But has not the independence of morphological sequence displayed in these singularly constructed beings a manifest connection with the disregard of moral sequence displayed in the whole picture? Surely the scheme of human salvation as here portrayed is not a moral one. There are many things which can be said in favor of the love of God for humanity—a love equal to the sacrifice of his son—but it seems evident that the son is not duly considered. In all moral relations, as far as we know, human beings constitute the terms. It may be perfectly moral for Gods to sacrifice one another, but humans are only able, in justice, to sacrifice themselves. Our sacrifices must be personal to have any merit. We may advise one another to be self-sacrificing, but the moment we employ force in the matter the relation becomes one of injury and must be judged accordingly. If God only advised Jesus to sacrifice himself, the artist has been singularly unfortunate in presenting the relations of his subjects; for force, unrelenting force, is the one motive which the attitude of God in this picture expresses. Of course Christianity cannot be held responsible for the artist's conception.

In this figure of theological belief there are, no doubt, possibilities which it would be rash even to consider. The persons presented are Gods, not men, and how are we to judge the conduct of Gods? All we can do is to determine whether it would be right for a human father to force his son to sacrifice himself for others? We think the proposition is a contradiction in terms. It is impossible to force any one, perhaps even a God, to sacrifice himself. We must change the wording in order to make the question rational. Is it right for one of us to injure another in behalf of some one else? Here is a very simple problem in conduct. The laws of every civilized people are entirely made up of provisions against such a contingency—such an infringement of personal liberty. None of us have a right to determine to what extent we may injure another, no matter what our ultimate aim may be. We have no right, as individuals, to injure any one under any circumstances. Speaking for men, this is the old basis of law and morality. As to Gods, that is another thing. Injuries among Gods is a question fraught with insuperable difficulties, for the relations of divine beings, as far as they have been disclosed to us, seem to involve more or less injury to one another. All that we can safely say concerning the conduct of God is,

that divine sacrifice is always self-sacrifice. When it is transferred from one divine being to another, it becomes of necessity injury, pure and simple.

If we could only discover to what extent Gods may injure one another, without infringing upon justice, we would indeed be wise. Such wisdom might remove a great deal of unhappiness, not to say misery, from the world.

But we must not be too sanguine. The relations of Gods among themselves will ever be a mystery to us, for we have no knowledge of the terms of the relationship, and there is no hope of obtaining such a knowledge. All we can hope for is to distinguish between divine self-sacrifice and divine beings sacrificing one another, or more correctly speaking injuring one another. This distinction, I think, we can clearly make out even with human eyes. Of course, from our standpoint, there is much to be said in favor of that delicacy which discourages investigation into the subject. To measure the injuries which divine beings may inflict upon one another for our exclusive benefit does seem somewhat obtrusive on our part. The injury, in the opinion of many, is not only useless but would be ungracious and profane.

What a power is art to produce so many impressions and reflections as this picture of the Trinity must, in those who pass before it. Coming down from a distant age it portrays the beliefs of the past. How thankful we may be that we have at last risen above the level of thought and feeling which the artist and his contemporaries occupied. Who, in our age, would think of preaching the religion, or of teaching the morality set forth in this picture? Who would think it possible, now that our emotions are classified and measured and their sources understood, to hesitate before such a simple moral question as whether it is right to injure another in order to carry out our ideas of good?

In thus felicitating ourselves, however, it would be well to remember that though the barbarous notions of conduct which this picture presents are safely buried in the past, we are not, as yet, entirely exempt, as a nation, from the tendency to materialize or limit our notions of deity. God to us, it is true, is no longer a person, for the sciences have taught us that personality means limitation, and that, therefore, God must be the universal principle or fact, not an individual. But we are continually neglecting this generalization, placing in its stead images of conduct. Is it not humiliating to us, that these images are not as we supposed symbols of virtue, but types of error, immoral examples?

God is the motive of the universe, and knowledge of God consists in our appreciation of divine or general motives in their true proportions. This is simply to raise the mind above the limits of human character, of

which theology is merely a reproduction in grotesque form, to the empire of universal cause and effect. To do this we must become truly spiritual. We must exchange for a true knowledge of life our dreams of immortality. We must make conduct the measure of life as well as of happiness, for in our actions alone we live. This will prevent us from putting our faith in beings, or the representatives of beings, who are known to us only through the contradictions and absurdities of their conduct.

A MODERN MYSTERY-PLAY.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE.

In Wright's *Essays on Archæology* the curious reader will discover some amusing examples of the gross anthropomorphism of the Christians of the middle ages. Nowhere were religious conceptions coarser or more grotesque than in England and the Lowlands of Scotland, among those whom Dr. Robert Knox terms the "spatula-fingered" Anglo-Saxons,—perhaps the most unabstract of European peoples. Of course Mr. Herbert Spencer, while "binding the universe up into bundles,"—as poor Carlyle said of Comte,—has not omitted to notice these gross mediæval conceptions. By education, no less than by temperament, Mr. Spencer is unable to recognize that the apparent incongruities "between religious beliefs and social states,"—in the middle ages at least,—would appear perfectly congruous to a Roman Catholic, even to its latest and perhaps most scholarly champion, Mr. W. S. Lilly. The mystery-plays of the dark ages, though certainly very much grosser, were not a whit more anthropomorphic than is the Passion-play of the Bavarian hamlet Oberammergau, which crowds of refined ladies and gentlemen, both of England and America, throng to witness and to which columns of descriptive articles have been devoted by the most respectable and influential London newspapers. That the old plays were exceedingly broad pictures, as Wright terms them, is most unquestionable. Nevertheless they *were* pictures, and at their inception they were intended,—as Pope Gregory the Great said of religious paintings,—to serve as *idiotarum libri*, or books for the illiterate, and, doubtless, from the Catholic standpoint, they admirably fulfilled the function for which they were designed.

The methods pursued by the Salvation Army are those by which Christianity was quickened immediately after the crucifixion and disappearance of its protagonist, the enthusiastic Galilean. I have studied those methods at the old headquarters of the Army in Whitechapel, London, where I have been enabled to realize the immense effect produced on the popular mind of England by that Antinomianism which was the moving doctrine of the reformation. Side by side with this

outbreak of fanaticism, however, another,—and I think a much more praiseworthy,—movement was being conducted in a contiguous district of the teeming East End of the great city. Old Gravel Lane runs across the London dock, and connects Ratcliff Highway,—now more genteelly called St. George's East,—with High street, Wapping. I need hardly add that all these are historic places, grim and forbidding though they now are. Though shorn of its ancient pre-eminence by the removal of the larger portion of the shipping to the newer and more eastern docks, this region is still sacred to sailors, crimps, dance-houses, liquor saloons and brothels,—a *terra incognita* to the respectable citizens of the great metropolis. The wretched courts, alleys and by-ways that spread from it on either side are inhabited by laborers and their families, nearly all of whom are of Milesian extraction and who constitute the most numerous portion of the Irish colony in London. I, myself, have often heard the original language of Connemara spoken in this district, and I still remember an evening spent in Ratcliff, when I listened with as much delight as Borrow, the "Romany Rye," to wild legends of Fingal, Grace O'Malley and Brian Boroimhe, sounding strangely out of place in this Gehenna of squalor, misery and vice. The men earn a precarious and wretched subsistence by their chance employments in the docks. Every morning the gates are opened, while an official "takes on" the number of laborers deemed necessary for the day, either in the wine vaults, on the warehouse floors, or on the quays. Each man receives a metal ticket, with the hour of his entry stamped on it, and his name is entered in the "taking-on book" opposite the number of his ticket. The feverish impatience and anxiety of the crowds who linger near the gates are generally very painful to witness, and very few of these administrators to the wealth of this overgrown metropolis average more than three days a week of regular employment throughout the year. The young women and girls are employed in sack making at their own "homes," and at any time scores of girls, having forms that a duchess might envy, may be met on the streets with heavy piles of rough sacks on their heads. Being only "London Irish," of course no artist has gone out of his way to paint them. They are by far too vulgar for the gallery of the aristocrat or the merchant prince, whose costly canvases have more than enough of Italian and oriental women with water-pots and vases on their heads and shoulders.

Vulgar and vicious as this district is, it was, nevertheless, the region selected to labor in by the most self-devoted priest that has ever adorned and honored the Church of England since the death of George Herbert. "Man is born to be a doer of good," wrote the Emperor Marcus Antoninus,—a maxim which did not govern his own conduct with respect to the rising sect of Christians.

Let us, whatever we may think of its doctrines, honorably and gladly acknowledge that Christianity has from its inception inspired and stimulated a refined and elevated altruism. The self-sacrifice of such men as Herbert, Mompesson and Lowder reflects honor on humanity none the less because their noble exertions were in a great degree prompted by their religious convictions. "St. Peter's, London Docks," is situated in Old Gravel Lane. It was for many years the church of the Rev. Charles Lowder,—“Father Lowder,” as he was called by his affectionate parishioners. Defying alike the prejudices of his co-religionists and the hostility of the people among whom he volunteered to labor,—these being nearly all, at least in name, Roman Catholics,—Father Lowder openly put in practice the highest ritual allowed him by the law, caring, indeed, little or nothing for judicial committees or for any secular court or ordinance appointed by the State to restrain High Churchmen from excess of zeal. My pen almost shrinks from the attempt to describe the nauseous impurity and bestiality of the denizens of these riverside purlieus. Morning, noon and night the mind of this educated and refined gentleman must have been shocked by his surroundings, the very children playing in the gutters using all unconsciously the vilest language of the brothel. Throwing aside fastidiousness, this grand humanitarian devoted himself to the reclamation of the district. Corpus Christi and other processions wended their way, under his guidance, down the Lane, into Wapping, and along the courtesan-haunted Highway, while the services inside the church were of the very “highest” order possible. For a long time the people did little but scoff at the zealous priest, now and then, however, manifesting, in a way that called for the interference of the police, that they were Roman, not Anglican, Catholics. Gradually, however, as it was found that Lowder's religion was a practical one, embracing works of mercy, kindness and charity; when it was seen that willing hands were extended to rescue the fallen, and that agencies were established to promote the welfare of the poor, to encourage temperance and thrift, and that St. Peter's was truly a “light shining in a dark place,” the demeanor of the “natives” was changed. Then it was, too, that the Roman Church, which claimed the allegiance of these outcasts, awoke to the recognition of the fact that Ratcliff and Wapping were not in Tasmania or at the north pole, but at its own door. Henceforth a little of the attention that had been confined to netting big fishes among the aristocracy was bestowed on East London, and Henry Edward, of Westminster, appears to have found the locality on a map, and, having found, made a note of it.

St. Peter's and its various agencies,—including even a dining and coffee-house for laborers,—has thrived wondrously. Except in the Hall of Science, Old Street,

the headquarters of the Secularists, there is no other example of the rapid growth of a congregation composed mainly of the laboring classes. “Father” Lowder died,—I think about four years ago,—but the work still continues vigorously as when he was alive to conduct it, his example having encouraged others to follow in his footsteps. Unlike the Salvationists, whose frenzied appeals to avoid “the wrath to come,” and lurid pictures of hell-fire temporarily excite the ignorant mind only to provoke a terrible reaction in the direction of sensual indulgence and profound debauchery, the Ritualists of East London have worked entirely on what I may term pre-Reformation lines. Among other things they have had recourse to as means of instruction, is a modification of the passion-plays. Unlike the peasants of Oberammergau, the authorities at St. Peter's are mindful of the Horatian advice not to “introduce on the stage things that ought to be enacted [*i.e.* supposed to be enacted] behind the scenes.” Of course this circumspection is a concession to modern progress, and it indicates, as Mr. Spencer would say, the ever-increasing incongruity between religious beliefs and an improved social state that the conception of the Virgin Mary or the crucifixion of her son would not now, be made the subject of a tableau either on a public or private platform in England.

From notes made at the time, I am able to describe one of these revivals of the mystery-play. The author, or more properly the composer, was the Rev. Charles Lowder himself, and, of course, his main object was to enable his congregation more vividly to realize the salient events connected with the incarnation and early life upon earth of “the Son of God.” The play opened by the Choragus (“the master of plays”) and chorus, consisting of twelve ladies attired in loose white dresses, six of which were ornamented with blue and six with pink trimmings. These recited the prologue, after which the curtain was drawn and a tableau representing “the Annunciation” appeared. This was followed by the “Nativity,” the “Adoration of the Shepherds,” the “Presentation in the Temple,” the “Flight into Egypt,” etc. By far the most effective tableau was that of the simple house and work-shop of the carpenter Joseph, showing Mary carding flax, the child Jesus with a broom in hand, and Joseph himself at a rude work-bench. Quite as reverently as though engaged in regular worship the chorus sang a hymn, from which I cull the following verses:

“Sons of Adam, sons of sorrow,
Would ye wis who is this
Laboring at Nazareth?”

“Very God, the angels call him,
And adore, evermore,
Bending low before him.

"Very man, yet now behold him,
Mary's child, meek and mild,
Called the Son of Joseph.

* * * * *
"Know'st thou what it is to hunger,
Barely fed with daily bread?—
Jesus, too, did hunger!

"Know'st thou what it is to labor,
Toiling on till youth is gone?—
All his life he labored!

* * * * *
"Is thy labor very lowly?
Brother, see, at Nazareth he
Swept the floor for Mary.

* * * * *
"Man! whate'er thy lot and station,
Rich and glad, or poor and sad,
God was Man at Nazareth!"

The reader will, I think, agree with me that there was nothing ridiculous or what the most rigid Evangelical Christian would regard as profane in this gospel-play. Doubtless it was conceived, as it was most certainly represented, in a spirit of religious reverence. In this respect it presented a marked contrast no less to the ribaldry of the Salvation Army than to the coarse buffoonery of the mediæval passion-plays. The object aimed at was to bring the doctrine of the Incarnation before the people in a manner best calculated to permanently impress them with its significance. The old Romanist method, on the contrary, tended to bring religion into contempt, and thus, in some measure, it prepared the way for the great Protestant revolt. What, for instance, could be more absurdly ridiculous than the Festival of the Ass, formerly celebrated at Beauvais? In commemoration of the patient animal upon which Joseph and Mary were presumed to have fled into Egypt, the people of Beauvais used once a year to caparison a donkey in cloth of gold, and place upon its back a richly-dressed maiden, to represent the Virgin Mary. A long procession of priests and people conducted these from the cathedral to the parish church of St. Stephen. Girl and donkey were placed near the altar, and during the celebration of high mass the well-trained animal was compelled to kneel at the most solemn parts of the "sacrifice." Du Cange (Book III, pp. 426, 427) has preserved the hymn, with its French chorus, which some not-too-faithful an interpreter has rendered into English, some specimen stanzas being as follows:

"The ass comes hither from Eastern climes;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
He is handsome and fit for his load at all times.
Sing, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw, too, and hay in plenty.

"The ass is slow and lazy too;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
But the whip and the spur will make him go.
Sing, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw, too, and hay in plenty.

"The ass was born with stiff long ears;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
And yet he the lord of asses appears.
Sing, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw, too, and hay in plenty.

"At a leap the ass excels the hind;
Heigh-ho, Sir Donkey!
And he leaves the goat and the camel behind.
Bray, Father Ass, and you shall have grass,
And straw, too, and hay in plenty."

"The worship," writes the Rev. H. Christmas* "concluded with a mutual braying between the clergy and laity in honor of the ass. The officiating priest turned to the people, and in a fine treble voice, and with great devotion, brayed three times like an ass, whose fair representative he was; while the people, imitating his example in thanking God, brayed three times in concert."

This was truly an edifying act of worship, and one which Pope Leo XIII might do well to re-establish as a sort of complement to the dogma of papal infallibility, by voting for which on the 18th of July, 1870, five hundred and thirty-three Catholic bishops brayed in accordance with the papal mandate.

In England the so-called Catholic revival,—not the Roman Catholic be it noted,—is extending itself downward as well as upward. How far miracle-plays will help to recover the masses I cannot state, but it is noteworthy that the national church is sparing no effort both to ameliorate the physical condition of the people, to improve their morals, and to counteract the rapid growth of skepticism. It has one association,—the Guild of St. Matthew,—specially designed to confront the Secularists, and which endeavors to meet them rationally and admits them to its platforms in fair and open argument. In so doing it has, I believe, challenged and obtained the respect of Mr. Bradlaugh, who desires nothing better than that the conflict between Secularism and Christianity shall be conducted more generously and courteously than in the old time of vituperation and abuse.

FAILURE OF THE RADICAL METHOD.

BY REV. JULIUS H. WARD.

The recent convention of the Free Religionists, in Boston, representing, as it does, the dregs of the great reform era in New England, furnishes a curious illustration of the change which has been slowly creeping over American life since the close of the civil war. This association of radical people was organized twenty years ago in order to bring the protesters against conservative religious life together. It succeeded in this, and numbered its members in all parts of the country, but found them chiefly in New England. Since then it has furnished yearly, if not oftener, a free platform for the

* *Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean*, Vol. 1.

expression of opinion on current religious and social questions, and has proved to be a clearing-house for ideas which found little favor in the press or in the churches. It has been its special aim to be a voice in the wilderness, not to be an element of organized life in the community. It has held the seat of critical judgment, but has done little to forward either needed reforms or the helpful operations of civilized life. Meanwhile, there has been a gradual change in the way of looking at society and in the method by which social results are reached. The old method of agitation has been replaced by a broader view of life and of the relations which men bear to one another in the advancement of the world. The agitator has been found to be simply an individual. He is nothing more than a unit. He carries no more influence than the strength of his utterance or of his will. He is powerless in present society unless he can organize others to work with him. The demand to-day, if any great end is to be reached, is that a few persons shall associate to further an object, and that its method shall be one that is in accord with the institutional order. It is not simply a question of individual rights, but the moving of the community as a whole to think as you do. Once it was an emphatic protest, and the voice in one wilderness resounded to the voice in another; now it is the union of men and women together for the furtherance of a common object.

The Free Religious Association is a notable illustration of the working of this principle in American society. It began as a protest; it was an association of the Puritans of the Puritans; it struck the ax unsparingly at the root of the tree; it believed that the denunciation of what it did not approve was all that was required. The time has come when this negative position is no longer profitable. Mr. O. B. Frothingham attempted to maintain this position in a congregation in New York and found it an impossible task; Professor Felix Adler has only succeeded in doing this by connecting it with an organized system of philanthropy. The organ of this movement has now been merged in a broader journal which has its own way of expressing the affirmative positions of the Association. The center of the Free Religious movement in Boston, which was to have been in the support of Theodore Parker's society, has long since disappeared, and nothing but the unsightly building, which is now his empty memorial, remains to suggest to the passer-by that Free Religion in Boston once had a local habitation as well as a name. This has been partly due to the negative positions which this company of people assumed. It is due still more to the change in the life of society, so far as men have purposes in hand by which it may be redeemed. This was openly confessed by Rev. W. J. Potter, the president of the association, at its recent convention in Boston, when he openly laid before its members a scheme of associated

secular, scientific and religious work, by which its life might be revived and its usefulness made evident to the world. This plan is similar in its method, if not in its scope, to that of the Social Science Association, and it is the expression of that rational interest in humanity at large which the Free Religionists have assumed to have at heart. What will come of the scheme remains to be seen; it has not apparently been received by the rank and file with that cordiality which should ensure its practical success, but it seem to be the only channel by which the Free Religionists as a body can put themselves *en rapport* with the moral and religious forces which now control the better elements in American society. It would appear that even the come-outers from organized religion are compelled to fall into lines of sympathy and union with the institutional order from which they have heretofore most vigorously dissented.

COMPETITION IN TRADES.

BY WHEELBARROW.

A short time ago the president of the Federation of Trades Unions testified before the Senate Committee on Labor. I see by the papers that he proposed as a remedy for the alleged wrongs of journeymen mechanics, that the convicts in penitentiaries, instead of working at trades within the walls, be taken out and worked upon the public roads. On behalf of the "knights" of the shovel and wheelbarrow I protest against this plan. What right has the Federation of Trades Unions to dump—I use a term suggested by my profession—what right has that federation to dump the whole convict "brotherhood" upon us? What right has the president of it to make his class an order of nobility to flaunt their airs of eminence in the faces of us who labor in a lower calling, who have not reached the rank of mechanics, but who must content ourselves with the honorable but yet inferior designation, "laborers"?

The president of the Federation and his order get higher wages than we laborers get; they can better afford to stand the competition of the convicts than we can. We who "work upon the roads" have just as much right to protection against convict picks and shovels as the president of the Federation has to protection against convict chisels, awls or jack-planes. Will he give us some good reason why convicts should be permitted to compete with some kinds of labor and not with others? Are we to have an aristocracy of trades?

I never had time to study the principles of political economy, and I know nothing about the laws of social science, but the facts of both have fallen upon me heavy as a hammer, and upon the stern logic of those facts I built my own ethics of labor in those delightful moments when, having dumped the load, I leisurely trolled my wheelbarrow behind me down the plank to the hole in the ground where it had to be filled again. Sixteen

hours a day of hard work is bad schooling for a boy of thirteen. In the bright days of childhood, when the mind and body should grow into strength and beauty, mine were being stunted and warped by toil savage and unnatural. I ought to be five feet ten; that's my correct stature by rights; I am less than five feet six. Toil stunted me when I was in the gristle. I had no time to study books, and the principles of life that I learned, such as they were, I had to gather in the college of hard knocks.

After all, a man can think with considerable clearness walking down a plank with an empty barrow behind him, and I have worked out hundreds of labor problems while "walking the plank" in that way. Some of my solutions I afterward threw away as incorrect, and others I cling to still. The open air is a good place for mental work; a clear atmosphere makes clear thought, while the inspiration of a few big draughts of t into a good pair of lungs quickens the mind. You don't get your full ration of oxygen in the house; out of doors you do, and that is a wholesome stimulant better than wine. You can unlearn a great many things, too, in the open air, and one of the useful arts is that of unlearning. I have unlearned many of my theories about labor, and some of my doctrines I have been compelled not only to change but to reverse. The effect of labor competition upon the welfare of workingmen appears to me now in a different light than it formerly did, and I am satisfied that we must reverse our ancient opinion that it is desirable to produce a scarcity of men, a scarcity of skill, and a scarcity of production. So long as we cling to those old superstitions we can never successfully assert the dignity of labor.

Already they have reduced labor to a mendicant condition. It begs for favors where it ought to compel rights. The beggarly petition "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," is unworthy of straight-built, square-cut men. Let us shape the laws of this land—social and political—so that we may obtain a reward for our labor equal to its full value. We are leveling wages to the grade of alms, and our masters pay it to us like the dole of charity. If we take a narrow view of human life our share of life's comforts will be narrow and mean. We must expand the horizon of man, and not contract it. What can be more degrading to labor than the assumption of the Federation that the hosts of workingmen in Illinois cannot stand the competition of a couple of thousand prisoners bungling at the tasks imposed on them for punishment? The welfare of the workingmen can never consist in the scarcity either of talent or goods, but always in the abundance of both.

Men like the president of the Federation fight the beneficent law of mutual assistance under the impression that they are fighting competition by limiting human skill. So they foolishly resolve that all handicraft shall

be a monopoly; they put "mechanics" back again among the black arts, and forbid the teaching of trades. Not only would they set convicts to "working on the roads," but all the children of the poor. I have four sons, all free-born Americans, so-called, and all now grown to manhood. I tried to give them trades, as they respectively reached the proper age, but in every instance I was forbidden to do so by the laws of the trades. All four of them are now men, but not one of them was permitted to learn a trade in the land where they were born and which they have been taught to call a land of freedom. The oldest got a job as fireman on the railroad, and after a few years managed to steal the trade of an engineer; the next drifted off to that undefinable country known as "the mountains," and there he is wasting away his life digging holes in the ground searching for silver and gold. The next picked up a book and taught himself the shorthand trade; he gets twice as much wages as I ever got with my wheelbarrow and shovel; the youngest gets a dollar a day in a store in the humblest capacity, but hopes to work up in time to the grade of a clerk. That all four of them didn't become hoodlums and tramps is not the fault of the unions. A man with a heart in him, even if he has no brains at all, must see in a moment that the policy which robbed those boys of their right to learn a trade cannot be right, and not being right it cannot be either economical or wise.

One evening I was talking to that shorthand writer about the strike of the telegraph operators, supposing that he would probably take a deep interest in the subject, but he cared little about it. "I hope the operators will win," he said, "but I am not anxious either way. It's a choice of monopolies, and I side with the weaker. The companies monopolize the profits of telegraphing, the operators monopolize the art. They forbid one another to teach the trade, and if their monopoly is beaten by the other it will be no more than the big pike swallowing the little one."

I look at it that way myself, and it appears to me that if the policy of shutting up one trade in order to prevent competition is good for that, it must be good for every other calling or profession, and all the trades and occupations being closed, the people outside must be either rich, or tramps, or thieves. The trades having shut everybody out, have shut themselves in, and having deprived a large part of the community of the means of buying anything, trade diminishes, there is less demand for labor, and less money to pay for it, another exclusion then becomes necessary, until we get back to the wigwams, where we don't need any mechanics at all. We might follow the principle to greater extremities yet, until at last we grub roots or climb trees for a dinner, like that primeval ape from whom we all have sprung. I think it is in the story of *Rasselas* that I read

an account of an ambitious man who was promised by the genii the fulfillment of one wish, whatever it might be. He wished that he could be the only wise man in the world, and that all other men might be fools. The wish was granted him, and immediately afterward the people took him and said, "this man's a fool," and they put him in the lunatic asylum, where he remains to this day. He was a fool, and so is every man a fool who thinks to grow wise on his neighbor's ignorance, or rich on his neighbor's poverty.

I object to the principle for another reason. It fosters the spirit of caste among workingmen, and creates a ragged aristocracy, the shabbiest aristocracy of all. In a gang that I worked in once was an Irishman named

Jack Patterson; an honest man was Jack, and as true a gentleman as ever swung a pick. He had a son named Dick, and how he managed it I don't know, but Dick broke through the crust that excluded him from the trades, and learned the art of a plasterer. Being now a mechanic, he occupied a round on the social ladder one step higher than we did who worked with a shovel and a pick. Having attained this giddy elevation Dick refused to associate any longer with his father. A friend condoling with his mother on Dick's unfilial conduct, the old lady replied: "Well, Dick always was a high-spirited boy; sure, you couldn't expect him to associate with an Irish laborer." The Federation of Trades Unions would make Dick Pattersons of us all.

THE CREEDMAN.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I do not much affect a human creed,
 And yet there sometimes comes to all a need
 Of voice, authoritative—stern
 The straight from devious way to learn.
 Ah! it were well, indeed, could we
 But half those ancient Creedmen saw, but see—
 Had we but half the reverential awe
 By which they sought to find a binding law.
 They hid themselves in caves and deserts wild,
 Where God was felt a presence—man a child—
 And everywhere a voice within was heard
 Rung from the Heavens down—"Thus saith the Lord."
 Ah! ye by sense and passion blindly led
 Behold the Creedman on his rocky bed,
 Weak from the sackcloth, and the stripes that bleed
 Down from the brain and heart, as grows the Creed;
 A needful balance to the wayward mind—
 A needful check—or bondage for mankind.
 And we reject it all—and feel no shame,
 We, who are what we are, because the Creedman came,
 And crystalized to form the mighty word,
 That all the Heavens proclaim—"Thus saith the Lord."
 'Fore God I bless his name, that such have been—
 Forgive the blindness, and the deadly sin
 Of persecuting priest, and burning stake
 That taught men how to die for Truth's dear sake;
 That through the darkness to Servetus spake,
 And like a burning flame on Bruno broke;
 And we reject—but unto such we owe
 The thought that taught us how to dare—and know.
 Through the dim forest and the pine tree shade
 The lightning leaps—the storm a path has made—
 All Nature echoes to the mighty word,
 Through all her secret caves—"Thus saith the Lord:"
 But most within the heart of man is heard
 This grand monition of the sacred word,
 "Thus saith the Lord" inscribed within,
 Stern as is Duty, at approach of Sin.

THE OPEN COURT.

BY NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

Ah, many a *Court*, I know, have we,
 Where men may gather and witness bear
 To their faith, and tell of the wrongs that be,
 And how to render the world more fair;
 May seek to unravel this endless strife,
 And speak, with eager yet bated breath,
 Of the meanings and uses of human life,
 And the strange, sad mystery of death.
 But none so grand, so free as *this*,
 Where creeds can never the light eclipse, —
 No Bible held for a reverent kiss
 E'er truth may be uttered by earnest lips!
 Where all may come who would intervene
 To crush the evil, to aid the weak,
 And Reason sits, like a judge serene,
 Giving her verdict on all who speak.
 Ah, strength comes soonest to those who know
 That doubt is the sunrise of the soul,
 Who let the priest and his dogmas go,
 And read from the leaves of Nature's scroll;
 Who are brave to differ, and bold to mine
 'Neath the crumbling walls of the ancient church,
 Till the rays of the gems of truth divine
 Gleam out to guerdon the patient search.
 Then never falter, or stand aloof
 From the hearts that meet and mingle *here*
 Where belief is based on a rock of proof,
 And Love is the God held ever dear;
 Where to all is given the right to speak,
 To question, aye! and to disagree
 As fellow-searchers for light on a brink
 That is washed by the waves of an Unknown Sea.

Articles of great interest by several distinguished thinkers, both European and American, who have not yet contributed to *THE OPEN COURT*, will soon be presented to our readers in these columns.

The Open Court.

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B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1887.

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR EGBERT C. SMYTH.

The Boston *Post* says that in Andover the feeling of indignation is intense on account of the verdict of the Visitors in the case of Professor Egbert C. Smyth, Brown Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Theological Institution in Phillips Academy, Andover, and that strong expressions are used even by ladies, such as "dastardly," "persecution," "heresy hunters," "cowardice," etc. This feeling would seem to indicate that the creed of Andover, as stated by the founders of that institution, is pretty thoroughly outgrown, and that a mild form of heresy is rather necessary to the popularity of a preacher or professor, even in an orthodox community in New England; yet in this popular judgment there is, as usual, a lack of discrimination and exact justice. Complaints were made to the Visitors that Professor Smyth was teaching doctrines contrary to the creed of the institution and to the intent of its founders. According to the evidence presented it was clear, as the Visitors reported, that Professor Smyth had taught "That the

Bible is not 'the only perfect rule of faith and practice,' but is fallible and untrustworthy even in some of its religious teachings," and "That there is and will be probation after death for all men who do not decisively reject Christ during the earthly life."

The creed of Andover is written in language so clear as to be unmistakable, as is the will of the men who founded the institution, and it is difficult to see how a fair interpretation of its letter and spirit in connection with the admitted views and teachings of Professor Smyth could admit of any other decision than that rendered by the Visitors. The absurdity of the creed and the folly of the founders in prescribing it as a test of doctrinal soundness of all who should occupy chairs of instruction in the seminary are evident enough, and it is gratifying to know that now people generally have the intelligence and liberality to see this; but the fact remains that the verdict from an ethical point of view is correct, and that Professor Smyth, in subscribing to the creed and coming under obligations as a professor to teach nothing contrary to it, and then identifying himself with the more advanced theology by presenting the views of those who hold that the Bible is imperfect in some of its teachings and that probation extends beyond death, occupies a position that is inconsistent and morally indefensible. We cannot, therefore, join in the indiscriminate praise of Professor Smyth, and in condemnation of the verdict against him, however much he, in his theological views, is in advance of those who incorporated theirs as a test and qualification in the Andover creed. The case seems to us clearly one in which was involved fidelity to a trust, and whatever be the decision of the civil court to which an appeal is to be made, we do not see that the facts and the evidence left the Visitors any alternative.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion is "collective mediocrity." It finds expression in manners, habits, usages, laws and literatures, which react upon it and tend to give it comparative fixedness in its elementary characteristics, in spite of its proverbial fickleness. This complex body of thought, like an organism in which many parts coalesce and become co-ordinated in one structure, although subject to modification in the later accretions, becomes like "the cake of custom" hardened with age. It is not strange, therefore, that in some of the older countries, like China, it is hardly possible for the reformer to make so much as a dent in public opinion, in favor of the removal of barriers to progress and the introduction of the ideas and methods of a more advanced and progressive civilization.

Even in the most enlightened communities to day, public opinion is the most powerful influence constantly exerted against intellectual development and moral and social progress. It prevents free and impartial discussion

of unpopular views, and intimidates into silence and conformity with prevailing beliefs and observances the great majority of those who hold these views; thus directly discouraging independence, sincerity and consistency of thought and speech, if not indeed making these qualities the exception among those who hold decidedly unpopular views, and silence or acquiescence and a temporizing course the general rule.

All original thought must come from individuals. All great moral and social reforms must receive their first impulse from the few and not from the many. Nothing, therefore, is more imperatively demanded in the interests of progress, than the freest and fullest expression of those opinions which clash with the orthodoxy and conservatism of the day, as a counterpoise to the tendency of an arbitrary and despotic public opinion to make all think alike, and thus to produce "intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death." It is not simply the right, it is the duty of those in advance of their fellow-men to speak their honest thought, and in a way to be understood. Loyalty to conviction and courageous devotion to the highest conceptions of truth, regardless of public opinion or personal interests, is a demand of the times, both in public and private life. There is a vast amount of truth not likely to be popularly received for a long time and they who defend it in spite of the pressure of public opinion, perform a service the value of which cannot be overestimated.

A state of things, as John Stuart Mill observes, in which a large portion of "the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the general principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters and logical, consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world. The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interests to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles; that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves, if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be effectually made right until then. While that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned."

HYPNOTISM.

The study of hypnotism in Paris, by Prof. Charcot and his *chef de clinique*, M. Babinski, is throwing

much light upon mesmeric phenomena. A rigid scientific investigation is being made and facts are being brought to light that show how vast the field for research is and how many medical and social problems the study raises. The possibility of one individual acquiring unlimited control over another so as to be able to impose his will upon him and make him do whatever he wishes has long been claimed; if this can be proved modifications of individual responsibility will necessarily follow. That it can be proved experiments now being performed at the Salpetriere hospital before a committee appointed by the government would seem to indicate. One of the modes of experimentation is as follows: A female patient, Mlle. A., is forced into the lethargic sleep by pressure on a suggested hypnotic point, when by a slight friction on the forehead she passes into the somnambulistic state. Dr. Babinski then approaches and tells her that she must make her will in his favor, and at once. She demurs at first, saying that she is too young to die, etc. This lasts a short time during which she goes on to say that she desires to leave her property to her mother and other relations, but after continuous persuasion and keeping up the suggestion that it is best to give everything to Dr. Babinski, she at last begins to weaken and finally agrees to the proposition, enumerating her possessions, which consist of about thirty francs and some few articles of jewelry. The next Thursday is appointed for the signing of the will. Dr. Babinski then cautions her to say nothing about it in the meantime, and if asked, to say that she acted of her own free will. She is then awakened. When the appointed day arrives it is noticed that she is rather nervous, and says that she has something to do but cannot recollect what it is. On being hypnotised, however, she remembers her promise, and when one of the bystanders is introduced as a lawyer she immediately draws up her will in favor of the doctor, asserting at the same time that she is acting with complete freedom, that she knows she has a poor family but prefers to give everything to Dr. Babinski. When awakened she repeats the same story. In commenting upon the study of hypnotism, *L'Univers*, a Parisian religious journal denounces the new science as "dangerous to morality." Professor Charcot has by the aid of instantaneous photography been enabled in experimenting with the patients to reproduce those peculiar facial expressions which are found in certain ancient works of art portraying the lives of saints and others who were supposed to be "possessed," showing that these pictures were copies from nature of hysterical men and women. Miraculous illumination is thus explained,—hence the wrath of *L'Univers* against Professor Charcot.

CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS IN ENGLAND.

The Co-operative News (Manchester, Eng.) of June 11th, gives an interesting report of the Co-operative Congress held at Carlisle, Eng., the preceding week. Sir Wilfred Lawson presided and Geo. Jacob Holyoake made the leading address. At the opening of his speech Mr. Holyoake said:

"It was in the year when Her Majesty's reign began that I first became a speaker on co-operative subjects; so that this year, in which you accord me the distinction of being your president, is also the half-century terminus of whatever service I have been able to render the cause of industrial association."

We are sorry that our limited space, which in the press of original matter precludes lengthy quotations, prevents our culling tempting passages from Mr. Holyoake's able speech, which met with "unbounded applause" from those who heard it, and can only make place for his definition of what co-operation really is. "Future historians of this century," declares Mr. Holyoake, "will find it difficult to name any social feature of the great Victorian reign more original, more English, or more beneficent, than this of co-operation, whose inspiration is self-dependence—whose method is economy—whose principle is equity," which "is not an emotional contrivance for enabling others to escape the responsibility of making exertions on their own behalf, but a manly device for giving honest men an equitable opportunity of helping themselves. * * * In these days of State socialism it is not the interest of statesmen, or of any who influence public affairs, to discourage the increase of co-operators, who preach no doctrine of industrial despair—who do not hang on the skirts of the State—who envy no class—who counsel no war on property—who do not believe in murder as a mode of progress—as many do in well-to-do and educated circles, as well as among the ignorant and miserable. Co-operators are of a different order of thinkers. They believe that in a free country justice can be won by reason, if the agitators will make but half the sacrifice of time, comfort, money, liberty and life, which have to be made by those who seek social change by civil war. Aid to those striving to help themselves, but unable to make way, may be gracefully given and honorably received; but the ambition of co-operators is to reach that condition in which they shall be under no obligation to charity, to philanthropy, to patronage, to the capitalist or the State, nor need the dubious aid of revolution. Their ambition is not to be taken care of by the rich, but to command the means of taking care of themselves. The co-operator may not recast social life, but he may amend it. He does not profess to destroy competition, but to limit its mercilessness; and where co-operation is better, to substitute it for competition."

Among the delegates to the Congress from abroad

was Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, of New York City, who was "heard by the Congress with great admiration and well-deserved enthusiasm."

Dr. McGlynn declares that he believes in every doctrine of his Church and in the supremacy of the Pope in all spiritual matters. But he refused to recognize the authority of Rome on political or other temporal questions; and when the Pope tells him that he must stop advocating the theory that there can be no just ownership in land, and orders him to Rome, he refuses to obey. "I feel," he says, "that I can do my humble share toward bringing about so desirable a consummation rather by opposing and defying the unjust encroachments of the insatiate lust of the Roman machine for power than by submitting to such encroachments." Certainly, Dr. McGlynn has the courage of his convictions, and while we fail to see the practicability or the wisdom of the land theory which he defends, we admire the independent, manly spirit he has shown in adhering to his honest convictions. He will probably be excommunicated. Had he lived a few hundred years ago he would have been burned at the stake. It is not likely that Dr. McGlynn will continue long to retain confidence in the rightful authority of the Pope, even in spiritual matters. Such experiences as his are more powerful than any amount of reasoning to change the convictions of men in regard to religious doctrines and authorities. A little persecution or proscription sometimes serves as a stimulus to thought and enables men to realize the absurdity of claims never before questioned.

* * *

In the batch of Thackeray letters given in the July *Scribner*, he mentions in one a visit to an old school or college mate, a church of England clergyman. "I went to see that friend of my youth whom I used to think twenty years ago the most fascinating, accomplished, witty, and delightful of men. I found an old man in a room smelling of brandy and water, * * * quite the same man that I remember, only grown coarser and stale, somehow like a piece of goods that has been hanging up in a shop window. He has had fifteen years of a vulgar wife, much solitude, very much brandy and water, I should think, and a depressing profession, for what can be more depressing than a long course of hypocrisy to a man of no small sense of humor?"

"It was a painful meeting. We tried to talk unreservedly, and as I looked at his face I remembered the fellow I was so fond of. He asked me if I still consorted with my Cambridge men; and so I mentioned Kinglake and one Brookfield of whom I saw a good deal. He was surprised at this, as he heard Brookfield was so violent a Puseyite as to be just on the point of going to Rome. He can't walk, having paralysis in his

legs, but he preaches every Sunday, he says, being hoisted into his pulpit before service and waiting there while his curate reads down below.

"I think he has very likely repented: he spoke of his preaching seriously and without affectation: perhaps he has got to be sincere at last after a long dark lonely life."

* * *

The re-issuing of the famous *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* in Mr. Morley's universal library, makes one realize the enormous step that modern biology has taken. This work, it is hardly necessary to say, was published anonymously, but the authorship was afterward acknowledged by Robert Chambers. It is a popular statement of evolution fifteen years before the *Origin of Species*, and is sometimes spoken of as a very remarkable anticipation of Darwinism. But it failed to show any proof of a motive power, and does little to lessen the originality of Darwin's work. Chambers is very deeply concerned in showing that his views are not opposed to religion, and devotes much space in this cause. Yet this book was received with a storm of denunciation which it is difficult now to appreciate. This the author bore very philosophically; for, as he explained, his design in not putting his name to the book was "not only to be personally removed from all praise or censure which it might evoke, but to write no more on the subject."—*Science*.

* * *

A writer in the Boston *Herald* having claimed that every person should enjoy "individual freedom of action" as long as he does not "directly or personally affect the happiness of others," and that persons playing cricket on Sunday do not so affect the happiness of others, another writer in the *Beacon* of that city takes exception to this theory of personal liberty in an article which concludes with this sentence:

And when any person would go so far as to play cricket or any other game on Sunday, a day that is held sacred by the people of the highest morals, then it is that he does disregard the best feeling in a community, and therefore should be made to sacrifice his personal liberty, even though it does not "directly or personally affect the happiness of others."

* * *

It is unavoidable in times like these that men who substantially agree should dispute about terms, and that others who differ widely in their theoretical views should be in practical sympathy with one another; for many who have outgrown ancestral beliefs retain a reverent regard for the names and symbols of the past, while others who have been unable to cast aside speculative beliefs, the conditions of which came to them as a birth-right and the germs of which were planted in their minds in early youth, have, nevertheless, imbibed much of the liberal spirit of the age. We find men with no belief whatever in supernaturalism of any kind, who

yet insist on being classed with Christians in belief, and others who admit the truth of large portions of the Christian system, or who are largely influenced by its ecclesiastical methods and dominated by its doctrinal spirit, yet scornfully repudiate its name.

* * *

In George Macdonald's *David Elginbrod* is reproduced a Scotch epitaph which runs as follows:

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod;
Hae mercy on my saul Lord God,
As I wad hae if I were God
And ye were Martin Elginbrod.

* * *

Sidewalk Stroller in the *Chicago Evening Journal* writes:

A long line of carriages was standing in front of a store on Madison street, and, as I was passing, a small black-and-tan pet dog ran out of the store. He held up one foot and looked bewildered for a moment, and then ran to the carriage at one end of the procession, and smelled the hoof of the right fore foot of one of the horses. He then went to the second carriage and smelled the hoof of the right fore foot of one of its horses. Then he took the next carriage, and then the next, until he had taken in the fifth carriage, when he nimbly jumped into it, curled himself up on the seat, and went to sleep. That was his way of finding out which was the carriage of his mistress, who soon afterward came out of the store, and get into the same carriage. The fact that the horse's hoof was made of horn, and that it had been plunged into all sorts of mire, all over the streets was nothing to him; that particular hoof smelled differently to him from any other horse's hoof in the world, and no other smell could be applied to it which would efface that peculiar smell.

* * *

Says the *Chicago Journal of Education*:

Why are the words of one writer read from generation to generation while another writer is forgotten soon after he is dead? The words they used are the same. Carlyle's sentences are often involved and inverted. His style is abrupt and sometimes execrable. The same may be said of some of Emerson's essays. Thousands of unremembered authors wrote in far purer language. Why will Carlyle and Emerson live? Thought is immortal. Nothing else is. Our bodies die. Nature decays. The world will in time become silent and dead, like the moon. We live by thinking, not by eating. Mind is the only evidence of life. We call it instinct that causes the mother to bend lovingly over the cradle of her child, or the bee to poison its victim behind the second cephalic ring, but it constitutes a complex intellectual operation, the psychological character of which is undeniable. Intelligence, instinct, reflex-action, these are the three terms of psychology, and between these forms of activity there is no barrier, no hiatus, no abyss.

* * *

To seek to change opinions by laws is worse than futile. It not only fails, but it causes a reaction which leaves the opinion stronger than ever. First alter the opinion, and then you may alter the law. * * * However pernicious any interest or any great body may be, beware of using force against it, unless the progress of knowledge has previously sapped it at its base and loosened its hold over the national mind. This has always been the error of the most ardent reformers, who in their eagerness to affect their purpose, let the political movement outstrip the intellectual one, and thus inverting the natural order, secure misery either to themselves or their descendants.—BUCKLE.

COPE'S THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION.

BY DR. EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

Part IV.

Mind, coercing matter in this special case of vital organization, must evidently have a conscious idea of the organizing task to be performed, and must, moreover, be endowed with the power of actually performing it against physical necessity. The molecules, left to themselves, would fall into purely physical combinations; but consciousness is believed to interfere and to force them into different and designed arrangements. This favorite expedient is altogether illusive;—nothing but a glib and evasive answer to a pre-eminently positive question. Try for a moment to imagine preorganic consciousness—whatever that may be—directing the course of molecules, though wholly devoid of any organs or instruments to get hold of them; nay, having no possible means of even perceiving or consciously realizing their bare existence. It is impossible.

Our biology stands helpless in the presence of reproductive organization. It stands, however, more helpless still in the presence of productive organization. Let us see what anti-physical and anti-organic assumptions Professor Cope has to make, in order to secure the assistance of consciousness in productive evolution. Who can deny that we have experience of consciousness solely in connection with the living substance of organic individuals? To maintain that consciousness can exist in any way independently of such a matrix, is as bold an assertion as can well be made, requiring a strictly scientific justification.

Professor Cope ventures the assertion on the strength of the biological doctrine, that vital performances which are at first accompanied by consciousness, tend through frequent repetition to become more and more automatic, until at last the vital textures, whose functions they are, have undergone such definite organization as to be capable of performing them without conscious assistance. On the strength of this tenet, he concludes that the less organized or coherent the manifesting substance happens to be, the more consciousness will it have. He calls this strikingly original conception "the doctrine of the unspecialized." According to it he fancies that the constituent elements of the living substance or protoplasm are not firmly connected together by physical or chemical bonds, but remain in a state of loose independence. This "unspecialized" or "undecided" state he conceives to be a higher condition of matter than when it has fallen into physical and chemical combinations. "As soon as mechanical or chemical force appears in the molecules of the sustaining substance consciousness disappears." (*O. of E.*, p. 419.) The generalized outcome of this view leads, of course, to the conception that universal consciousness resides in "the lucid interspace of

world and world," as property of the wholly unspecialized interstellar ether, "the form of matter pervading all spaces whatever."

Professor Cope invites approbation to the following climax of his teaching: "Is it not probable that the grand sources of matter not yet specialized into the sixty odd substances known to us, may still sustain the primitive force not yet modified into its species, and that this combination of states may be the condition of persistent consciousness from which all lesser lights derive their brilliancy?" (*O. of E.*, p. 420.) We confess that the endeavor to derive all specialization from primordial and general uniformity and potentiality is highly tempting. But can we really believe that specialization into living forms represents a degradation in worth, when in fact, all the progress and excellence we recognize in this world is manifestly due to high-wrought organization? Surely, organic specialization does not mean seegregational differentiation from a pre-existent and all-containing totality. Its forms are not fragmented emanations, become particularized through specific deterioration. Organic specialization means, most certainly, gradual development of genuinely primitive life, by dint of a creative elaboration of the sundry vital functions and their underlying structures.

Professor Cope's astounding "doctrine of the unspecialized" rests entirely on the supposition that the consciousness of the organic individual resides in protoplasm, where "mechanical or chemical force" has not yet "appeared in the molecules." He obviously believes *morphologically* unorganized protoplasm to be also *molecularly* unorganized. And here lies his fundamental mistake. For, not only the gradual elaboration of protoplasm, from lowest to highest forms, out of material not derived from the unspecialized "matter pervading all spaces," but directly from matter subject to "mechanical or chemical force;"—not only this gradual chemical building up of higher protoplasm in the course of productive evolution; but, more strikingly still, the building up of definitely predetermined structures from the uniform protoplasm of reproductive germs, proves conclusively that the molecular constitution of protoplasm is rigorously determined or "decided." How could of two reproductive germs consisting both of uniform protoplasm, the one develop into a mouse, the other into an elephant, if this marvelously specialized difference were not strictly predetermined in the molecular constitution of the germs? The protoplasm of many infusoria is still in a very primitive state, quite fluent with the exception of the surface layer. You cut such an infusorium into several pieces and each piece will reconstruct the entire, definitely specialized individual. How could this possibly occur if the molecular constitution of the protoplasm forming the entire individual were not almost absolutely fixed? From a microscopic germ

of seemingly uniform protoplasm the wondrously specialized human organism is gradually developed. It is obvious that the reproductive germ itself must be here molecularly specialized in a supremely decided degree; for, are not the visible *morphological* specializations arising from its evolution, clearly the unfolded consequence of such *molecular* specializations? And, as regards the peculiar substance with which we know consciousness to be actually connected in higher organisms, chemical and biological facts render it all but certain that the higher that consciousness the more highly elaborated also the molecular structure manifesting it. This gradual elaboration of higher and higher organic substance, as a sustaining matrix of higher and higher life, is, indeed, the cardinal fact and essential import of evolution. And it is for this reason that we have been here so emphatically dwelling on it.*

We have really no evidence whatever that protoplasmic individuals of a primitive kind are at all conscious. On the contrary, it can be positively demonstrated that nutritive assimilation, and the protrusion and retraction of processes takes place solely by dint of the chemical and physical relations subsisting between the organism and its medium, and between different parts of its own protoplasm. Nor have we evidence of any description, allowing us to conclude that the reproductive germ of any sort of organism is in the slightest degree conscious. Still less, then, have we a right to conclude that consciousness is the influence which determines organization.

Professor Cope's fundamental assertion that "science proves that mind is the creator of organisms," has through sundry modes of consideration been shown to be untenable, and with it has given way his first and only "step in the evidence of the existence of a great mind." (*T. of E.*, 25.) The greatest practical difficulties, however, in the path of the mental origination of organic results have not yet been touched upon. These are: The initial entrance into existence of new organs; the organization of the "circulatory and digestive systems;" the purposive movements of the tendrils of plants, and those of carnivorous leaves that crush and digest insects; indeed, all protective and adaptive organization of complex vegetation.† Professor Cope thinks that "the answer to the question whether such organic

results originated in consciousness or unconsciousness, constitutes the key to the mysteries of evolution, and around it the battle of the evolutionists of the coming years will be fought." (*O. of E.*, p. 394.)

Of course we, who do not believe in the organizing power of consciousness as such, cannot look upon this question "of consciousness or unconsciousness" as the central point of contention in the evolutionary campaign. Nevertheless, we fully admit as a leading proposition—to be scientifically proved against mechanical biology—that *spontaneous* activities have played the greatest part in evolution, and that those special spontaneous activities, called volitional and emanating from nerve-centers, have conduced more than any other influence to realize the organic development of higher animals, especially the development of man; that, furthermore, the future evolution of the human race will be almost entirely dependent on the direction taken by such activities. Spontaneous activity subjugates and utilizes the mechanical nexus. The philosophical revolt against mechanical necessity will certainly receive its scientific justification.

No doubt the organic development, manifestly accompanying functional activity wherever it takes place, has to be regarded as the essential fact in productive evolution. And, though the scientific evidence for the transmission of acquired modifications and aptitudes is not yet abundant, still it is sufficient clearly to indicate that in that direction is to be sought the veritable spring of progressive development. Paleontological research demonstrates that productive evolution has actually taken place on our planet. And if we are not positively certain to what influences it was mainly due, we have at all events experience of various occurrences decidedly pointing toward functional activity as its proximate cause. It is, above all, the astonishing process of retrograde metamorphosis, distinctly traceable in parasitic organisms, which affords strong proof that organic structure can maintain itself only by dint of vital activity, and that the deteriorating results of functional inaction become *hereditary in the race*. This unmistakable and most striking experience renders it at least highly probable that, vice versa, the developmental results of functional activity have likewise become hereditary in the race. And, if the very existence of organic structure is thus dependent on functional activity, then all organic structure must have been developed by means of such activity. Indeed, it is not difficult to demonstrate that the living substance, even when constituting lowest forms of life, exists solely by means of a definite cycle of molecular activities, kept up through functional interaction with the medium.

Organic structure is the sensible manifestation or bodily expression of vital activity; a particular structure, the bodily expression of a particular vital activity; both, the structure and the activity by which it is formed and

*Organic substances are actually built up in the laboratory and out of it, by means of the synthetical process known as chemical substitution.

† We agree with Professor Cope that plants have most likely descended from free moving protoplasmic individuals. Indeed, the old Aristotelean view, that a plant is a reversed animal, is highly probable. It has become a parasite of the soil, much in the same way as a tapeworm is a parasite of the intestinal membrane, developing in many instances a vast number of somites or joints. Only plants have come to spread their recipient verdure wide and wider into the luminous air, lifting into life the crowning glory of their incense—shedding bloom, to solemnize in nuptial splendor the great mystic rites of procreation. Whoever has witnessed the protoplasm of plants slip out of its cellular envelope, move about for a while in amaboid fashion, become then sessile, and enclose itself again in a new envelope of its own making, can hardly avoid adopting the Aristotelean inference.

sustained, are the visible exhibition of one and the same indiscernible fact of nature. You may stimulate a vital structure to heightened activity, but you cannot altogether arrest the peculiar molecular process by which it is constituted without simultaneously suppressing its vitality.

When pathologists discover a hypertrophic heart they at once know that some impediment in the circulation has thrown an abnormal amount of work on the pumping muscle, through which increased function the excessive structural development was brought about. When they meet with a greatly enlarged, healthy kidney they are certain that the other kidney has in some way become useless. Surely, it would be an extravagant, unwarranted hypothesis to assume here that some kind of consciousness has been the influence which has directed the building up of those most specifically constituted organic structures. But the question of conscious direction starts into prominence as soon as it is some so-called voluntary exercise, that seems to give rise to structural development. When I deliberately set about to develop the muscles of my arm through voluntary activity, and the result aimed at actually follows, it has all the appearance as if it had been produced under the guidance of consciousness. Here we find ourselves face to face again with the supposition that mind is moving matter, a notion whose fallacy we have exposed in the first part of this examination.

Let us see whether we can catch a glimpse of the means which in reality conduce to determine this marvelous occurrence—the development, the creation of organic structure. A person setting out on a walking tour finds at the end of it that the muscles of his leg have been greatly developed—a result neither consciously aimed at nor anticipated. What can consciousness have contributed toward the result in this instance? It will, of course, be said that the walking at all events was done under the influence of consciousness. But mere artificial stimulation will answer the same purpose. Muscular structure can be kept up and developed by nothing but electric stimulation. Here, then, we become distinctly aware that the faculty of developing under activity is wholly inherent in the functioning structure. It is true the activity has to be stimulated, but any kind of stimulus will answer. Can consciousness be regarded as one of these? Does the mental state, called consciousness, itself originate somewhere in the brain, the special molecular motion which, propagated along the motor nerves, acts as a natural stimulus to the muscles? Such a mental origination of motion is wholly inconceivable.

When manual skill of a peculiar kind is acquired and becomes at last automatic, the principal change that has taken place consists evidently in a modification of nerve-structure, whose molecular constitution has become

thus specifically organized, enabling it in future to act or function at once in so definite a manner that its propagated commotion results in the peculiarly co-ordinated set of movements which make up the skillful performance. How has this been brought about? The unusual combination of movements has been effected by means of manual aptitudes already organized, with the further assistance of sight and touch. We are nowise directly aware of the structural modification which is occurring in the nerve-centers. It is unconsciously wrought by the constant reiteration of those particular muscular movements. They are its true inciting cause. For it is a fact, that muscular fibers and their central connections form one continuous organic texture. Nothing can happen in the peripheral parts without affecting the central parts.

We know, then, that consciousness organizes nerve-structure just as little as it organizes muscular structure. The faculty of becoming specifically organized under special modes of activity resides in nerve-structure in the same manner as it resides in muscular structure; and this amounts, in all verity, to a creative accession of specific energy. For it must obviously be regarded as a specific energy that a particular functional activity of nerve-structure can become thus automatically capable of definitely stimulating a certain simultaneous and successive set of muscular movements. We have, then, here an altogether hyper-mechanical faculty, belonging to what *we perceive* as the molecular constitution of the functioning structure. And the constituent elements of this structure are not placed into organic arrangement by any outside influence, whether conscious or unconscious. They are held together in their peculiar order by intrinsic forces; the entire vital arrangement and commotion possessing, moreover, the inscrutable and creative power of progressively developing under functional activity. This organic development may rightly be called *creative*, because it is not that something already existing has merely changed place and form, but that something has newly merged into being which did not exist before. This actual state of things constitutes a fundamental, anti-mechanical fact of nature, forming part of that vital spontaneity of which our world-mastering, world-transforming volition is an outcome.

The aid which sense-perception affords to organic development cannot be over-estimated; but the progressive organization to which it ministers takes place just as unconsciously as all other organization. Our so-called memory, which we build up through sensorial experience, is organically wrought by dint of processes occurring wholly beyond consciousness. Only our vital spontaneity enables us to place ourselves in such relations to our medium as will best conduce to our welfare. And we know, by means of pleasurable or painful

feelings, which of the manifold influences of the medium are affecting us beneficially and which harmfully.

Beside, our race, through ages upon ages of vital toil with its cumulative organic results, and through traditional experience artificially secured, has acquired the power not merely of benefiting by the best conditions naturally offered in the medium, but of actually transforming the medium itself, so that it may better subserve its human purpose.

In this sense we assent to Professor Cope's dictum, that "Intelligent choice may be regarded as the originator of the fittest, while natural selection is the tribunal to which all the results of accelerated growth are submitted."

THE GOSPEL VILLAGE.

BY ONE WHO SOJOURNED THERE.

"Of course they won't convert you," said the old stage-driver, as he drove me up among the mountains, which I had private reasons for exploring thoroughly. "Your head's level. But they'll do their best to make you comfortable; and you can't help liking 'em. I've known 'em, and known all about 'em, for more'n two years, and I know they never speak an unkind word to anybody, nor about anybody, nor find fault with anything, not even the weather. I used to growl a little, when I first drove over there, about the dust, and so on, but they never joined in; and when I got familiar enough to ask why they didn't, they said it is God that makes the weather. I s'pose He does here in Southern California, if He does anywheres. Well, it beats all how they feed and clothe the tramps and cranks. If they weren't so hard up themselves, the village would keep chock full of free boarders. But they can't stand such poor living a great while; and then, you see, I'm a Justice, and I clear out the worst of 'em as fast as I can. There's an Elder that's been hanging 'round these six weeks, trying to make 'em pay him for preaching to 'em, when he knows its against their principles to. I've been kind of hankering after his company back with me, and I guess I'll get it this trip. You see, as I watered the horses in what we call Brandyville, I heard that their Elder had gone off mighty sudden, and it would be just the place for the man I'm after. Guess he'll call it a providence; and may be it is; though it's rough on Brandyville."

His talk ran on until we rattled down, through pastures full of sheep, vineyards in bearing, and rich fields of grain, to the great grove of apple, orange and walnut trees, amid which stood an old monastery, with several cottages that evidently had been but lately built. In the broad veranda sat the Elder, a fat, jolly looking fellow, even younger than I. He was delighted to hear of the opening in Brandyville, and at once began to tell us a string of what he called good stories, which he said the villagers were too old-fashioned to appreciate. The old stage-driver listened with a broad grin, but suddenly stopped the flow of jokes about the Bible, in order to give more particulars about the vacant pulpit. As he did so, he nudged me, and I saw in the room within a tall, slender girl, moving to and fro with a look of disgust and pain on her sweet, pale face. There beamed only peace and charity from her large, dark eyes, however, when she came out to welcome me to her home. There Martha dwelt with her meek, yet steadfast father, whom I soon learned to call Uncle Joshua, her blithesome little sister, Mary, her old aunt, and her cousin Ben, a young man who was like her in that he said almost nothing. His eyes seemed, however, to see all that went on around him; while there was such a dreamy look in hers, as made me at first wonder at the neatness of the house, and the excellence of the dinner, though this con-

sisted mainly of food which I had brought, at the stage-driver's suggestion. As he and Ben were harnessing the horses, and the young preacher was waiting for the stage, Uncle Joshua said: "My brother, you have done what you could for us, and we have tried to do for you, according to our means and our principles. I thank you, and bless you in the name of the Lord Jesus. And now, I beseech you, as I have done already, tell us, for His sake, if there is anything in our principles and purposes, that is contrary to His words. We are weak and ignorant, but we try to follow Christ. If there is any better way than this tell us plainly."

"Oh, well," said the minister, with a smile, "the main trouble, in my opinion, is that you are making unnecessarily hard work of it."

"But when Jesus was asked, 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' He said unto them, 'Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.' And you know we have two parables to teach us the same truth: 'Many be called, but few chosen.'"

"Dear me, I have been trying to make you see that all this was only a prophesy that the Jewish nation would be punished for crucifying Him, by losing the honor of being the chosen people."

"I know, brother, you have taken a great deal of trouble with us, and I have been studying the Gospels very carefully while you have sojourned here, trying to see which of us is right. It looks to me as if He did not speak for that day only, but for all the ages. Matthew, Mark and Luke all tell us that He said, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away.' And His last words to the Apostles, according to Matthew, were these: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.'"

"Amen," murmured the sweet voice of Martha.

"But you don't surely think," said the minister, "that we are commanded to raise the dead, and take up rattlesnakes, and heal the sick by laying hands on them, as the Apostles were, do you?"

"I think that if we had more of their faith we should have more of their power; and I know that Jesus was speaking to great multitudes when He said, 'If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters,—yea, and his own life, also,—he cannot be My disciple. And whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be My disciple.'"

"But even you do not keep these precepts literally. You don't want Miss Martha, here, to hate you, and you have not yet given up all you have, though you seem likely to. Don't you see you've got to use common sense in interpreting Scripture; you've no right to say that Jesus taught what isn't rational."

"But, brother, even His friends thought Him mad. The Bible says nothing about 'common sense;' but it does say 'It is not in man that walketh to direct His steps.' 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.' Who am I that I should set my own mind above that of Christ, and seek to explain His words away? You know yourself that we are trying to use our property even as the first disciples did theirs. And it would be better for Martha to hate me, and all men else, even him whom she might love most tenderly, rather than let anyone come between her and Christ."

"But I am sure you would do him better service if you would live more like other Christians. You're not going to convert many people if you begin by making yourselves unpopular."

"You agree with me that California is not so religious a nation as Judea; but Jesus said: 'Woe unto you when all men

shall speak well of you; for so did their fathers to the false prophets.' 'That which is highly esteemed with men is abomination in the sight of God.' He told His disciples that the world would hate them as it hated Him. He looked forward even to this day, as he said in sorrow: 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?' The time has come, brother, for you to leave us. We shall see your face no more. Let me beseech you to remember how Paul and James and the beloved disciple bid us not to be conformed to the world, but to keep ourselves unspotted from it, for 'The whole world lieth in wickedness,' and 'Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.'

The minister retreated so badly routed that I took care not to argue with Uncle Joshua, though I found that the children were taught nothing but writing and a little oral arithmetic, besides reading the Bible, and that no book but this was ever read, nor any newspaper, except those sent with notices of funerals. What else could be expected of men who delighted to talk of Jesus "having never learned," of God having "made foolish the wisdom of this world," of knowledge vanishing away, and of "avoiding oppositions of science, falsely so-called." They imitated Wesley in interpreting such texts as, "Woe unto you that laugh;" "Bodily exercise profiteth little;" "Is any merry? let him sing psalms;" etc., so strictly that there was no play, even for little children.

They owned all their property in common. The women kept themselves in complete subjection to their fathers and husbands, and took little "thought for raiment" or "outward adorning;" but no neglect could destroy Martha's loveliness. I remember much more of her aspiring face in meeting, which of course was held on Saturday, than of Joshua's sermons. I remember, though, that he justified their practice of trusting not to physicians, but to "the prayer of faith," by the unusually good health in the village, and also that, while showing sincere gratitude to God for having brought them to a place where they did not need to take thought for the morrow, or lay up any riches, he predicted that the whole earth would come into the same condition as fast as men really began to live according to the Sermon on the Mount.

No one could have followed it more faithfully. Even when a naughty boy who had strolled into the village was wantonly picking, and throwing away after a single bite, the peaches not yet ripe enough for market, Joshua would do no more than remonstrate gently, and quote text after text. I took up my gun in order to frighten him, but Martha stepped between, saying, "Resist not evil!" Fortunately my spy-glass answered just as well, for he had no sooner seen me level it, than he jumped down and ran off, telling a companion who was waiting for him: "It's no use foolin' with them things."

I had spent a month apparently in hunting and fishing, at first near the village and then in long excursions through the mountains, before I picked out the place for sinking the mine that has made me rich. As a guide, I had Ben, whom I got very fond of, especially after he killed a big rattler I was about to jump on.

He had a curious way of asking questions when we were alone together, sometimes about politics, then about the laws governing the sale of real estate, then about the genuineness of the Gospels, and then in turn about the success of communistic settlements.

I kept as far as I could from saying what I knew Joshua and Martha would not wish him to hear; but at last he told me just as I was about to leave for San Francisco, that all his inquiries had the same object. His uncle and mother and the other settlers had put all their property into starting the village, but had only paid one quarter of the price of the real estate. The

next payment would be due in a few weeks, and there was no chance of meeting it. The owners, among whom was the stage-driver, might allow them more time, but would certainly not give up their claim entirely. His uncle and cousin were willing to submit to what they called the will of God. But he did not feel sure that Jesus had commanded such a way of living, and even if he did, the fact that he and the apostles were entirely wrong about politics showed that they were not likely to have known much about business either. The Gospel plan of having all things in common, and taking no thought for the morrow, had always proved a failure. In their village those who were not too old or feeble to work hard lacked motive to do so. He did not work himself as he could anywhere else, for he could see no gain to those he loved best from his labor. His mother thought as he did, and his uncle had finally consented to his going away if I would take him with me. This, of course, I was glad to do. He is now superintendent at the mine, and has married his cousin Mary.

With his help I kept watch over the community until the time drew near on which it was broken up. One day I found Martha weeping bitterly and even more distressed about her father's and sister's prospects than her own. I told her of the new home, ready for us all to live in together, and she at once consented, saying that she would rather serve me than anyone else. But when I begged her to be my wife, she shrank back and said she could not let even me come between her and Christ. I promised again and again that I would never turn her away from the path she had chosen, but would do my best to make it easy to her feet. I assured her that I loved her all the more because she walked so high above the world, and lived such a perfectly Christ-like life.

"Alas," she moaned, "you call it Christ-like; but you will not follow it. Even while you sojourned here, you were serving Mammon. You will keep on doing so; and I could not marry you without becoming a helpmeet for you. The wife must be subject to the husband."

"No, no! I don't wish that. I believe that every woman should be free to choose her own path to heaven, and you more than all the rest."

"Woe unto us both! I see it all plainly. You do not believe in Christ! If you did, you would try to give up the world; and you would not offer me any more freedom than is appointed in the Word of God. And oh! Oh! You remember what Jesus said is to become of all who believe not on him! Are we to love each other, only to be separated forever?"

"You may make me a Christian, Martha. I wish I were more like you."

"But I am very weak and ignorant. If I marry you, your thoughts will be my thoughts, and your ways my ways. It is better that you marry some one wise and strong enough to show you your path to heaven. We shall meet there where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage. Till then we must part. It is for such as me that Paul wrote: 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' At last my cross is laid upon me! Leave me alone with Christ, I beseech you, until his yoke grows easier for me to bear!"

She burst into tears, and broke away from me. Before I could see her again I was telegraphed for from New York. I left money with her aunt, to get the whole family to where Ben was waiting for them. I wrote letter after letter to her and her father; but had no answer. I was detained longer than I expected to be, and had almost made up my mind to leave the business unfinished, when I happened to see this heading in a Sunday paper: "TOO CHRISTIAN BY HALF! PRAYER CURE VERSUS SMALL-POX!" Joshua had taken in a sick tramp and called no physician. Among the dead was Martha.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MIND-READING, ETC., AGAIN—A CORRECTION.

To the Editors:

Your issue of June 9th contains an article by J. S. Ellis. It purports to be a criticism of mine which appeared in your paper of the 28th of April. Had Mr. Ellis only made an attack on me I should not have broken into my vacation time by taking the trouble to reply. But so extraordinary are its misrepresentations that I cannot let them pass. Some casual reader, or some one who did not read my article at all, may get the impression from Mr. Ellis that I really hold the astonishing positions which he attributes to me.

He says that my article is a "characteristic one." I am not familiar with his writing; but if this is "characteristic" of him, then he alone, is abundant justification for my first article. Instead of sitting in scientific judgment on me, he needs to learn the very first principles of the "scientific method"—the chief of which is the calm observation and record of a few facts to start with. For most of the statements he makes about the positions I took in my article are simply *untrue*. I proceed to give a few specimens:

1. He says I "demand that investigators should be believers." This is even ludicrously false. Why does he suppose I care to have people investigate who are already believers? I merely pointed out the absurdity of a person's investigating a thing when he is *thoroughly convinced beforehand* that it is all humbug. I only said that this—a somewhat common—state of mind was hardly the proper one for a scientific investigator.

2. He makes me say that "the non-acceptance of these alleged facts by scientists is a scandal both to science and philosophy." I said *nothing of the kind*. I said that, since there is such a body of alleged fact, and since it has been in existence so many years, and since so many otherwise intelligent people are believers, it is a scandal that there should be no scientific investigations worthy the name. The man who can think those two statements identical I cannot regard as a good illustration of the scientific state of mind.

3. He puts me in the position of saying, that "when once a man has persuaded himself that his particular nostrum is the truth, he will receive and promulgate any number of 'cases' supporting it that may be reported without any particular inquiry into their reality." This is just about as near to what I said as a caricature in *Punch* is like a photograph of Mr. Gladstone. What I *did* say is simple common sense. A man who is familiar with the fact of gravity does not need to go into an elaborate examination of the statement of his small boy that, having flung a stone into the air on a particular day, it fell back to the earth again.

I have no means of verifying the statements as to thought-transference that have been published by the English Society. But I quite fail to see the manifest absurdity of my inclining to the opinion that they *may be* true, on the ground of my personal acquaintance with similar things.

And if—as is true—it was *not* my purpose to publish these facts at present, I hardly see what right Mr. Ellis has to demand that I either give up my personal property—these facts—or else hold my peace.

Why, then, did I write the article at all? I wrote it at the request of the editor of this paper. And my purpose—as any "scientific" observer ought to have seen—was not at all to *prove* the truth of mind-reading, or anything else. It was only to commend the subject as worthy of scientific attention, and to suggest some criticisms as to the *temper* in which the investigation ought to be carried on. And Mr. Ellis promises to render me valuable aid in my work; for the temper he shows is a first-class specimen of "how not to do it."

4. Mr. Ellis, again, charges me with wanting some "sort of

rubbish" admitted into scientific theories. This, also, is simply false. I asked nobody to admit anything into any scientific theory.

This is enough to illustrate the competence of my critic (?) to see and state facts, even concerning plain statements made by the writer of a newspaper article.

As my chief purpose, at this time, is to correct these gross misrepresentations, I will make short work of what I wish further to say. Mr. Ellis thinks it "characteristic" of me to hold the opinion "that there are proven facts which are denied admittance into scientific theories." I am glad if it is characteristic of me to be sensible enough to hold such an opinion. How does the world's knowledge grow except by the discovery of *new facts*? And of course there is *always* a time, after these new facts are discovered, before they are admitted "into scientific theories." How about evolution itself only a few years ago. So this wonder that is characteristic of me, turns out to be only a very commonplace piece of common sense after all.

Only one point more will I make. Mr. Ellis seems to think that nothing can be demonstrated to be a fact unless it can be dealt with as a chemist deals with a salt in his laboratory. I believe that nothing can be demonstrated except by the scientific method. But this one method, in the hands of a sensible man, will take account of the *kind* of supposed fact and the *conditions*. Suppose, for example, that a scientist stoops low enough to consent to investigate the preposterous and barbaric superstition that a man is something besides dirt, and that there is something in him that continues to live after the death of the body. There are, even in this nineteenth century, certain curious people who at least *hope* that this may be true. There are even some who claim that they have received communications from their "dead" friends. Now suppose, I say, that a scientist should turn aside from the more important question of bugs and skeletons to investigate these absurd claims. Now, of course, if a man consents to *investigate* a thing he, by that fact, admits that there is *something to investigate*. And, if he is a rational man, he considers the *nature* of the supposed fact to be investigated. Does he expect to catch a "spirit" and cage him in his laboratory till he gets through with him? Every sensible man knows that the *mental* or nervous condition of even a hypnotic subject may make or mar all experiments. And these the "operator" may be entirely unable to control, as he can easily control his "salt." And all this is a thousand times more true in dealing with what is called a "medium."

It is just this sort of nonsense, of testing these things in the *same way* as one would conduct a purely physical experiment, that I had in mind in my first article. But the "scientific method" must always be adhered to—the method of getting facts first, being sure of them—and then trying to see what they mean afterward. But *if* it should ever happen that one *were* dealing with an invisible intelligence of any kind, it is palpably absurd to talk of treating *such* a fact as if it were a "salt," or of being able always to repeat the same experiment and get the same results at will. This supposed invisible intelligence *may* have a will of his own, and so object to being "ordered around" at the caprice of the experimenter.

I express no belief in these things. I only say that, *if* such claims as these are ever to be investigated, these suggestions and such as these have got to be taken into account. To defy all the common sense of the supposed conditions and facts and then to speak of it as investigation at all, is manifestly a farce.

Now, any one who jumps to the conclusion that I am a spiritualist because I say these things, will manifest the same unscientific temper that Mr. Ellis has already done. I only claim that *if* spiritualism is to be investigated at all, it should be investigated in the light of its own claims and not according to methods which,

while appropriate enough to "salts," are absurd as applied to its asserted facts.

M. J. SAVAGE.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

To the Editors:

OTTAWA, CAN., May 19, 1888.

It is somewhat surprising to see the unanimity with which American newspaper and other writers condemn the English government of Ireland. We do not wonder at this on the part of the political press, because the necessity of catching the Irish vote is sufficient to account for it. But we should expect to see a disposition calmly to investigate the facts displayed by those who do not write for the purpose of conciliating the Irish. It is sometimes difficult to balance the conflicting statements on either side. Still, there are rational probabilities which should make people pause before they condemn the English government on all Irish charges. The fact that Parliament is evidently so anxious to do justice to Ireland that it has, during the last twenty years, passed so many acts for that purpose, putting the Irish tenant in a much better position than his fellow subjects in England and Scotland, that an altogether disproportionate amount of its time and attention has been given for many years to Irish affairs; these considerations form a strong presumption that there is something wrong in the wholesale condemnation of the American press.

The most absurd tirade on English government in Ireland that I have yet seen, appears in the last number of THE OPEN COURT, written by an otherwise very sensible woman—Mrs. Stanton. She seems to have been reading some of the sham histories of Ireland, written by Irishmen, which bear about the same relation to facts as the mythical histories of ancient Greece and Rome. It seems that "Down to the sixteenth century Ireland, in her system of education and jurisprudence, was pre-eminently the great center of progress and learning. To her free schools and universities came students from every part of Christendom, and Irish teachers and professors spread throughout the known world." We are told the still more astounding fact that "The body of her laws, revised and codified, is now, by order of the British government, being translated [out of the original Gaelic, I suppose] and published as a rare and valuable treasury of ancient jurisprudence, Parliament making an annual grant for that purpose since 1852." This must be news to British statesmen. An annual grant for thirty-five years to translate and publish the jurisprudence of the times of Brian Boru! "But alas!" Mrs. Stanton adds, "all this glory has departed. All the solemn treaties made by England when Ireland consented to a union [the union took place in 1800] have one after another been violated; her manufactures, by direct legislation, have been ruthlessly destroyed, the education of her children made a penal offense [what would Archbishop Whately, the author of Irish National Education, have thought of this?], her lands confiscated, her troops disbanded." And so on, through a column of senseless abuse of England, of which it is unnecessary to take any notice.

Every candid person in the United States must be struck by the contrast between the North and the other three divisions of Ireland; the one distinguished by content and prosperity as much as the others by discontent and poverty. So far from Irish manufactures being ruthlessly destroyed by English legislation, we see Belfast a flourishing manufacturing center, having grown from a town of a few thousands of inhabitants, at the time of the union, to a large city of 220,000. All the industries which distinguish the neighboring city of Glasgow, even to the building of iron steamships, are here carried on. With the exception of Catholic disabilities, which lasted twenty-nine years after the union, but which were abolished sixty years ago, the Irish people are on a perfect footing of equality with each other, North and South, as well as with their fellow-subjects in England and Scotland. There is perfect freedom of trade between them. Every

measure of improvement in legislation has been extended to Ireland. Every extension of the suffrage—down to the latest one, under Mr. Gladstone's government, which doubled the numbers of the Parnellite party in the House of Commons—has been in common to the three kingdoms.

If it be said that the inhabitants of the North of Ireland are of a different race from the rest of the island, that they are the descendants of colonists from the dominant race in England and Scotland, we may compare the aboriginal Irish with the inhabitants of Wales, who are of the same Celtic stock. The Welsh, while protesting loudly against the Established Church, in which few of them believe, are nevertheless prosperous and contented. They also were conquered by the Saxon. But they do not shoot their landlords; they do not refuse to pay their rents, and boycott and murder those who do.

This leads us to the true cause of all the miseries of Ireland. When the Reformation took place in England, the Welsh joined with it at once. Like the Scotch people, they became and have remained more Protestant than the English. The majority of them are strongly Methodist. The Irish, unhappily, clung tenaciously to the old religion. The Church of Rome, since the days of the Spanish Armada, has been the persistent enemy of England, as she is to this day the enemy of every free people. She has made the most of the adhesion of the Irish people. To multiply the numbers of the faithful, she long encouraged early and improvident marriages, till the population outran the resources of the land. Forty years ago, a population of eight millions of potato-fed people broke down under stress of famine and perished in thousands, while no such calamity overtook any other part of the British islands. The Church has opposed the education of the masses in Ireland, and has done everything in its power to thwart the excellent system of national education established chiefly by the influence of Archbishop Whately.

The first effect of home rule would be that the clergy would get complete control of education, and everybody who knows anything about education in the Province of Quebec knows what that means. Nevertheless, many thoughtful persons in America say that the Irish ought to have home rule; that they ought to have a Parliament of their own to manage local affairs, and advice flows in from all quarters in the United States and Canada to the British people to abandon their system of legislative union and adopt a federal system in its stead. But a legislative union has many points in its favor, and the nation will be slow to change it till they have better proof than they have yet had of the success of the federal system on the other side of the Atlantic.

J. G. W.

IS MEMORY NECESSARY TO CONSCIOUS MENTAL LIFE?

To the Editors:

MORRIS PLAINS, N. J.

Mr. Daniel G. Thompson, in his interesting article on "Personal Immortality," in THE OPEN COURT, says that *memory is everywhere* necessary to conscious mental life, because we can only recognize an experience by reference to former experience (in other words, by comparison), and upon this, if I understand him rightly, he bases his hope of immortality, and at once recognizes the weakness of the position in the fact that memory is apparently dependent upon bodily conditions.

Of course, if the continuance of conscious life *is* dependent on memory, the logical result must be that immortality can only exist when memory is retained, but—is not memory, as he understands it, rather a quality of the mind than of the soul, and as such, necessarily dependent upon the existence of the body and a clog—rather than an agent—of immortality?

Surely, we are *conscious* of mental life, quite independently of any comparison or memory. The fact that we know, that we think, implies the existence of something of which we think, and

If comparison were necessary to that experience, we should have to conceive it possible to *not* think, which is unthinkable. We think—therefore there is an object of thought; therefore that object existed before our thought conceived it, and must always have existed, or we could not conceive it as having done so. Would it not seem that we must seek the best argument for immortality in the existence of that of which we think, rather than in the fact that we think of it, and in so doing compare it with former experience? The mind conceives—yes—but it is the existence of that of which the mind conceives, not the fact of the conception, which suggests the immortal. Of course, immortality is past as well as future. It cannot be otherwise. Mr. Thompson says: What once *was*, is; but it is necessarily equally true that what *is*, *was*. May not memory or comparison be the *echo*, as it were, of immortality rather than, in any sense, its proof?

Again, Mr. Thompson says: Disintegration or dissolution of the body is merely disappearance, and we are bound to consider reappearance possible under appropriate conditions; but can it be said of the soul, or immortal part, that it *ever* has appeared, or ever disappeared? The body, we know, returns to the native elements; but of that which animated it what do we know? We cannot certainly affirm of it that it is disintegrated; it may have been a simple principle!

If immortality *can* be scientifically demonstrated, it must be, it would seem, by seeking for the proof in an experience which is as universal as death itself. Do we not find this universal experience in the fact that an object of thought must exist before thought itself? must always have existed? must continue to exist, independently of that which thinks it?

And as man's thought embraces the eternal, does it not, in embracing it, become eternal also? For that which existed before his thought was, *is*, and must always be. Memory, as we conceive it, is but one of the myriad manifestations of the possibility of thought, as thought, and *may* be the perishable or mortal part of that which is imperishable and immortal. If this be so, the death of the body will be but one experience in the existence of the eternal *soul* or *thought*; one link in an endless chain of being. This solution of the problem, if permissible, would at once make immortality *individual* (if not personal) as the necessary result of individual experience. It would almost seem as if, in such a connection, *individual thought experience*, through the medium of the body, would alone make what we mean by *personal* immortality possible, and then *only* as contingent to, and not as an absolute necessity of, *individual eternal life*. That which is *personal* may die, if not with the body, later; but that which is individual, as the experience of thought, embracing an object necessarily eternal, cannot die, but must be as eternal as the object it can conceive, otherwise it could not conceive it.

I am so fully aware of my ignorance of philosophy that I can only beg Mr. Thompson's indulgence for these remarks, in consideration of my very deep interest in the subject of his paper. Unfortunately, it is this ignorance which makes it so difficult for most of us women to follow the hopeful views of scientific philosophy and, when "faith" is no longer possible, leaves us in that quagmire of doubt which is our dismal nineteenth century inheritance.

Yours truly,

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ELEMENTS OF BOTANY. By *Edson S. Bastin*, A. M., F. R. M. S. Professor of Botany, *Materia Medica* and Microscopy in the Chicago College of Pharmacy. G. T. Engelhard & Co., Publishers: Chicago, 1887.

There is not much room for originality in the make up of a

botanical work, but Professor Bastin has written a valuable treatise that no cyclopedia or library could equal in the special information afforded. As he says in his preface: "A botany is needed for high schools, academies and colleges of pharmacy and medicine; there are works which are admirably adapted to students of mature and scientifically trained minds, and there are others which are quite well suited to the needs of young beginners. Too many text books on scientific studies are written for the few whose exceptional taste for science makes them willing to encounter unusual difficulties, but such text books are ill suited for general use, and often create a distaste for what they are intended to encourage." Professor Bastin lays stress upon the order of presenting a subject, as what is best for the average student is not equally suited to the well-disciplined mind, "*nor is the logical arrangement of a mass of scientific facts necessarily the logical order of inculcating them*, a position strongly taken by Herbert Spencer, and one that is affecting all branches of education. "The mind of the pupil should be led from that which is familiar to that which is less so—from the known to the unknown." Professor Bastin, therefore, leads his classes to observe, *accurately*, roots, stems, leaves and other structures, with which they are already more or less acquainted, before the intricacies of all organization are taken up, requiring the use of the compound microscope and trained observing faculties. The elementary facts and principles of botany are presented simply, clearly and with regard to the natural growth of the student's mental faculties. The too liberal use of technical terms has been avoided. Familiar plants have been selected from which to illustrate structures, and a copious glossary is appended.

The abundance of illustrations throughout the work lighten the student's labor greatly. Most of these are drawn by the author.

Plants, and not books about plants, or mere botanical names, are insisted upon as the subject matter. First, the organs or instruments with which plants do their work, as roots, stems, leaves, parts of flowers, their forms and modifications are treated; then the microscopic details, and under the head of physiology the way plants and their parts do their work are discussed. The classification comes last, which in older works was made the main and first consideration.

The facts of evolution are strongly brought out in a matter-of-fact way, without the apologies, polemics or aggressiveness, thought necessary a decade ago in such a presentation. Professor Bastin became very adroit at this method of teaching, when, years ago, he taught botany (as well as all the other sciences) in the Chicago University. His students imbibed Darwinism without knowing that they had done so, and his associates, the theological professors, bewailed the degeneracy of the modern student's intellect in that it sought reasons for things in preference to relying upon tradition. Professor Bastin's pupils lost all relish for dogmatism, inspired or expired.

In Professor Bastin's book a defense of some nomenclatural changes would have been in order, for, however much they may really be justified in the teacher's mind, they shock those who learned the olden names of divisions, classes and orders into rubbing their eyes and pricking up their ears. Some of these changes the professor is not responsible for and these especially grate upon the sensibilities of an old-timer. For instance, though we may agree upon the abolition of hard and fast demarcations into genera, varieties, etc., some sort of classification, however arbitrary, is necessary. One of the most convenient mnemotechnical aids was the termination of the noun and adjective denoting the order, "*acæ*." Broad-minded old Asa Gray, who readily conceded the truths of evolutionism, but who left the work of revision to a later generation, affords us *Compositaceæ*, instead of *Compositæ*. The euphonious sacrifices in the case of

Labiata and *Leguminosa* even Gray had adopted, but if there is anything in the retention of a terminal to designate a division it should be general. In chemistry the endeavor to make all the metals end in "ium" or "um," as *Ferrum*, *Potassium* would be as unreasonably balked, if Hydrogen took rank as metallic, because Hydrogenium would sound oddly. Most of Professor Bastin's changes fall among the cryptogamous series.

He is celebrated for a vast amount of work upon plant hairs, which he modestly does not include in this work. The histological and physiological parts are very interesting, and form an important addition to general knowledge.

Professor Bastin is well known to scientists as a thorough-going conscientious student and teacher. He is fortunate in the companionship of an intellectual wife, to whom he dedicates his book. Her sympathy and interest in his work he affectionately acknowledges.

s. v. c.

COLUMBUS; OR, A HERO OF THE NEW WORLD. An historical play, by D. S. Preston. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887; pp. 99.

This patriotic poem is highly praised by Edwin Booth, as well as by James Russell Lowell, and is dedicated to the latter in verses felicitously recalling those delightful hours in which he taught the Harvard students to appreciate Dante. The first act shows us Columbus in the Alhambra obtaining, through the generous sympathy of Queen Isabella, means to set out for America, despite the opposition of haughty nobles and superstitious priests. His whole tone of thought is so enthusiastic and imaginative that those who can share it will find nothing incongruous in the appearance of the guardian genius of the United States, which quells the mutiny upon the ocean. A similar vision ends the drama, which leaves the discoverer restored to the favor of his sovereigns, who had been temporarily offended by his disorderly administration, as well as by his sending Indians to Spain to be sold as slaves. There is action and pathos enough in the play to make it a success on the stage provided that these visions could be made to seem impressive to the audience. Perhaps we are too practical for this to be possible; but we can all read with sympathy the melodious lines in which the high-souled queen encourages and consoles the great discoverer, who is nowhere portrayed more nobly.

THE SAILING OF KING OLAF AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Williams Brotherton. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1887. Price \$1.00; pp. 145.

The writer of these poems whom we have known hitherto mainly as a poet serious, devotional, and tenderly spiritual in her expression, comes to us in this radiant and beautiful little volume in a *role* new to us in her, but in the oldest and most delightful poet fashion—as a balladist of romance, and her "Sailing of King Olaf," "The Cardinals Saraband," "Dorothy Vernon's Flight," "Malison," "Saga of the Quern-Stones," "The Poison Flask" and others, will stir the blood of youth and age equally, the one from sympathy and the other for remembrance. The poems are divided into four departments, the first unnamed, the others under the headings "Carmina Votiva;"—"Rose Songs, etc.,"—and "The Inner Life." The artistic cover depicts the vessel of King Olaf on its weird trip, and the book is a credit to its publishers as well as to its author, whose charming portrait adorns the first page and gives an added value to her sweet singing.

THE series of Thackeray's letters now being published in *Scribner's Monthly* is sufficient to make that magazine a popular one, but apart from this it proves its *raison d'être* in the brightness and variety of its other articles. The July number continues the interesting "Illustrations of Napoleon and his Times," by

John C. Ropes, who gives us in addition to some half dozen new pictures (caricature and other) of Napoleon, those of Sir John Moore, Murat, Ney, Grouchy, Wellington, Blücher, and Sir Thomas Picton, from the author's own collection. "A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago—selections from the letters of Eliza Southgate Bowne" will be found interesting reading as well to students of history as to the ladies. The story department is full and inviting.

THE JOURNAL DU CIEL, semi-monthly, is published by Joseph Vinot, Cour de Rohan, Paris, to popularize the study of astronomy and is the organ of the Society of Astronomy. All subscribers to the *Journal* are members of the Society. Other members pay one franc yearly. Those who choose to act as corresponding members will be furnished with instructions for observation and, so far as the society can afford it, with instruments. One hundred and sixty-two such observers were at work September, 1884. The society loans pamphlets, etc., to members who pay six francs a year, beside postage. The *Journal* itself for May 18 gives the Ephemeris, or time of rising and setting of sun, moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, with the positions of these and other planets, from June 27 to July 10. There are also records of observation of shooting stars, comets, etc. The *Journal* has had a prize from the Academy des Sciences.

INDIVIDUAL EXPRESSIONS.

Your paper improves in each issue.—WM. C. MILLS, Rockford, Ills.

I take much pleasure in reading THE OPEN COURT, and wish it a long and prosperous life.—ROSA L. SEGUR, Toledo, Ohio.

What a strong number the last one of THE OPEN COURT [No. 9]—almost too solid for this hot weather! I was glad to see Adam's name too.—W. M. SALTER.

Three cheers for your new journal, THE OPEN COURT. Also please find inclosed three dollars to renew subscription.—ISABEL UNDERHILL, Locust Valley, N. Y.

I deeply regretted the abandonment of *The Index*, but am so well pleased with THE OPEN COURT that I feel I have lost nothing.—EMORY P. ROBINSON, Sidney, Ohio.

The first numbers of THE OPEN COURT have been a pleasure and profit to me. I believe you have laid a foundation on which to build to literary and financial success.—H. C. FULTON, Davenport, Ia.

I think you ought to be overwhelmed with congratulations on the success of THE OPEN COURT. Certainly it is a wonderfully progressive paper, and grows more inviting every issue.—JANET E. REES, Morris Plains, N. J.

I do not feel so lonesome as I thought I would without *The Index*. The high character and sustained excellence of THE OPEN COURT leave nothing to be desired. In fact I would not well know how to get along without it. You may rest assured I shall miss no opportunity to procure subscribers to THE OPEN COURT.—R. J. MOFFAT, North Sydney, N. B.

Max Müller is one of the most prominent names in science and literature. It will give a great lift to THE OPEN COURT to have original articles from his pen, especially those you have secured, they being lectures that have been delivered at the Royal Institution. I wish you could enlist a few more of the European celebrities. Haeckel might be willing to contribute. He has been and may still be at Rhodes studying Medusa.—E. MONTGOMERY.

I was glad to read in *The Index* last year an article on "Protection"—*Incus a non lucendo*—analyzing its social and political development, and also one recently in THE OPEN COURT on "Ethics in Public Affairs," and I trust other writings of like import and spirit will occasionally appear in your columns. Class agitation and class administration constitute the *bete noir* of civilization and tend to deprave human conduct in all its dealings. But in the light of an "open court" I trust the uncleanness of this beast may be exposed and perhaps some day it will be disowned by the world.—JOHN HENRY ELLIOTT, Keene, N. H.

Some years ago I read several lectures delivered by you, and, while not believing that the evidence you based yourself upon at all justified your conclusions, yet I was pleased with your general treatment of religion, and believe that you are honest and try to be fair. It is to be regretted that neither Christians nor "infidels" always deserve the above praise, and it is a sad fact that Christians are frequently very unfair, and, along with many "infidels," are far from liberal under any reasonable construction of the term. My object, however, at this writing is simply to obtain a copy of THE OPEN COURT.—A. M. CARLISLE, Tall-hassce, Fla.

The Open Court.

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DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

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[The second of Prof. F. Max Müller's three lectures on the "Science of Thought" is continued in this issue. This lecture on "The Identity of Language and Thought," and the third, on the "Simplicity of Thought," not published nor to be published in England, have been secured exclusively for THE OPEN COURT, in which both will be printed from the author's manuscript. This distinguished philologist believes that language is the history of human thought, and no other man living probably is as competent as he to read this history understandingly, especially those pages which indicate how men reasoned and what they thought during the world's intellectual childhood.]

THE IDENTITY OF LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

ONE OF THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON, MARCH, 1878.

Part II.

It is very strange to see how some philosophers are perfectly unable to see the identity of thought and language, while others never doubt it; and still *more strange to observe* how even those who clearly see that thought is realized and can be realized in language only, yet shrink from drawing the inevitable conclusion, that all philosophy has to deal in the first instance, and in the last instance too, with words, with thought-words, or word-thoughts. It may be both useful and interesting, therefore, to examine some of the leading philosophers as to the opinion which they held and expressed on this subject. Their answers in many cases will turn out to be very different from what one is led to expect from the general tenor of their philosophy.

There is a curious break between the so-called scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages, and that stream of philosophic thought which, beginning with Descartes (1596-1650), has rolled on without interruption till it has reached the very threshold of this institution. That break has had its advantages, but there have been losses also, particularly in the want of precise language and terse argument on the part of our modern philosophers. Hence while scholastic philosophers seldom leave us in doubt as to their views of language and its relation to

thought, modern philosophers seem to imagine that they can either neglect altogether that fundamental question of all philosophy, or express themselves in ambiguous terms about it. If we ask, for instance, what Abelard (1079-1142), the disciple of Rosedinus, taught on the relation between language and intellect, he leaves us in no doubt, but states plainly in his own quaint words that "Language is generated by the intellect and generates intellect," thus showing that he had clearly apprehended the interdependence and essential identity of the two.

Hobbes (1588-1679), who among modern philosophers is still most in sympathy with the traditions of Mediæval scholasticism, declares without any hesitation that man has reason because he has language; and he adds, "It is evident that truth and falsity have no place but among such living creatures as use speech."

Locke (1632-1704), though fully aware of the importance of language in all philosophical discussions, could not bring himself to say that thought is either impossible or possible without language. "Most men," he says, "*if not all*, in their thinking and reasoning within themselves, make use of words instead of ideas, at least when the subject of their meditation contains in it complex ideas." This half-hearted opinion we find again and again in philosophers who shrink from the effort of resolute thought. They are ready to admit that it is *almost* impossible to think without words, but where this *almost* begins or where it ends, they never tell us.

Even Leibniz (1646-1716), who may truly be called the founder of the Science of Language, seems rather an unwilling witness to the inseparableness of language and thought. In his "Dialogue on the connexion between things and words," he says "It troubles me greatly to find that I can never acknowledge, discover or prove any truth except by using in my mind words or other signs." To which his friend answers: "Nay, if these characters were absent, we should never think or reason distinctly."

While Locke and Leibniz were thus constrained, almost against their will, to admit the impossibility of thought without language, Berkeley, their worthy contemporary and rival, was convinced that words were the greatest impediment to thought. He became so angry with language, that in one passage he declared he would

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in his future inquiries make as little use of language as possible—an Irish bull which was omitted, however, in later editions of his work.

Hume (1711–1776) agrees with Berkeley that we possess no general ideas, but particular ones only, to which a certain term has been annexed which gives them a more extensive signification. But whether these terms had any existence before they were thus annexed, and, what is still more important, whether it is possible to think without these terms, Hume, so far as I can see, never declares in any decisive passage of his works.

It is curious that even Kant (1724–1804) should have said so little on this vital question of all philosophy. He calls language the greatest, but not the only instrument of thought; he admits that without expressions accurately corresponding to their concepts, we cannot become quite intelligible either to ourselves or to others. He declares in one passage that to think is to speak with one's self. But from the very cursory nature of these remarks, we may safely conclude that the problem which occupies us at present, did not excite his special interest, but took its place as part and parcel of the more general problems of his philosophy.

But while Kant thus disappoints us, his townsman, Hamann (1730–1788), a man of wonderful genius, though little known outside Germany, utters no uncertain sound. "Language" he says, "is not only the foundation for the whole faculty of thinking, but the central point also from which proceeds the misunderstanding of reason by herself." And again, "With me the question is not, What is reason? but, What is language? What we want is a Grammar of Reason."

The greatest minds of Germany were all at that time approaching nearer and nearer to the truth, I mean to a perception of the absolute identity of language and reason. Herder (1744–1803) declares his conviction that "without language man could never have come to his reason," and I do not hesitate to add, that, without language man could never have come even to his senses.

William von Humboldt (1767–1835), the greater of a *par nobile fratrum*, wrote: "If we separate intellect and language, such a separation does not exist in reality."

Schleiermacher (1768–1834), the translator of Plato, and at that time the most powerful among liberal-minded German theologians, chimes in with a still clearer note: "Thinking and speaking," he says, "are so entirely one that we can only distinguish them as internal and external, nay even as internal every thought is already a word."

The two most prominent leaders of philosophical thought in the beginning of our century, Schelling and Hegel, divided as they were on many other points, are quite at one on the identity of reason and language. Schelling (1775–1854) says: "Without language it is impossible to conceive philosophical, nay, even any

human consciousness." Hegel (1770–1831) proclaims his conviction still more boldly and tersely: "We think in names," he says, as if no one could ever have doubted it.

It may seem a rather violent transition from Hegel to Alphonse Daudet, but in some cases the man of the world, and, we must add, the minute observer of the world, may catch glimpses of truth which either escape the metaphysician altogether, or are at all events not apprehended by him at their realistic fulness. When Daudet wrote his *Roumestar*, it is well known that Gambetta imagined it was aimed at him. He recognized some traits of character in Roumestar which he had discovered in himself, though he imagined that nobody else suspected them. One of them was that Roumestar was unable to think unless he could speak. After a time Gambetta and Daudet met at a dinner, given by Hébrard. They sat silent for a time, till at last Gambetta burst out: "Where did you get the words which you make Roumestar say, 'if I do not speak I cannot think.'" Daudet replied, "I invented them." "That is strange," Gambetta replied. The same evening Gambetta and Daudet became reconciled. They seemed to know each other better, and, perhaps, to know themselves better—than many philosophers do.

Of course we must make a distinction. Gambetta felt that he really could not think without speaking, that is to say, without speaking in a loud voice. That was his peculiarity, and it may be a peculiarity common among the people of the South. What Schelling and Hegel meant was not that we cannot think without uttering words, but that we cannot think, even silently, without words. Savages call that kind of thinking, speaking in the stomach, and it would be difficult to find a better name for it.

To return, then, to Schelling and Hegel and their illustrious predecessor. I confess that to myself also it has always seemed incredible that language should ever have been conceived as something that will exist by itself, apart from our whole intellectual nature, or that thought, on the other hand, should have been considered as possible without language. We have only to try the simplest experiment and we shall find that thought, divorced from language, is an utter impossibility. We may see a dog, but if we ask ourselves what it is, if we want to *know* what we see, we can answer by the name "dog" only. Even if we had never seen a dog before, we should still answer by a name only. We should say, it is a quadruped, an animal, or a living thing, a something, but we could do all this by names only, by what the ancients called *Nomina*, i. e., *gnomina*, means of knowledge.

We know, however, what philosophers can achieve, nay, I believe it would not be difficult to show that the sway of philosophical mythology is more powerful even than that of religious mythology. Because we have a name for thought and another for language, therefore,

it is argued, there must be thought without language and language without thought. We might argue in the same way that, because we have a name for the outside and another for the inside of a thing, therefore there must be an outside without an inside, and an inside without an outside. We were told at school that the Greeks must have been very strange people, because they had but one word for language and thought, namely, *Logos*, but that they afterward perceived the folly of their ways and distinguished between the *Logos ἐνόησις*, thought, and the *Logos ἐκφορικός*, language; as if the ancient Greek conception of language and thought as one, did not show a far greater insight, a far more powerful grasp than the later distinction, useful as it is, between the outside and inside of thought.

However, I can with some effort enter into the mind of those who, like Berkeley, look upon thought as one thing and on the sounds which we call words as quite another. It is a kind of philosophical hallucination, but there is at all events some method in it. What I cannot understand is, how philosophers can halt between these two opinions, how they can admit that *most* of our thoughts are carried on in language, but not quite all; that *most* people think in words, but not all; that complex arguments may require words, but not simple propositions. What should we say of a mathematician who maintained that for simple addition and subtraction he did not require numbers, but that they were indispensable for higher mathematics. I need hardly say that when I speak of words, I include other signs likewise, such as figures, for instance, or hieroglyphics, or Chinese and Accadian symbols. All I maintain is, that thought cannot exist without signs, and that our most important signs are words.

Among modern English logicians there is a curious lack of courage on this point. The only one who has what is now called the courage of his opinions, is Archbishop Whately. He declares without any reservation that logic is entirely conversant with language. All the rest shake their heads from one horn of the dilemma to the other. Sir William Hamilton deems Whately's opinion too absurd to be imputed to an archbishop. John Stuart Mill, though in this case less bold than the archbishop, stands up for him so far at least as to try to convince Sir William Hamilton that the formation of concepts and the subsequent process of combining them as arguments, must be considered as a process of language. But Mill himself, in his great work on logic, cannot muster the same courage as Whately. "Reasoning," he says, "the principal subject of logic, takes place *usually* by means of words, and in all complicated cases can take place in no other way." But by what other way it can ever take place he never shows. He calls language one of the principal elements or helps of thought, but he never mentions any other helps or

instruments. He speaks of the reasoning of brutes, but forgets that this is but a metaphorical expression, and that we know nothing of the inside of brutes, except by analogy. He mistakes the abbreviated or silent reasoning of man for reasoning without words, though he would easily have seen that in substituting algebraic or logarithmic signs for the ordinary figures, the mathematician is dealing indirectly with numbers and with numbers only.

The same uncertainty pervades nearly all our handbooks of logic. Archbishop Thomson follows indeed the good example of Archbishop Whately, when he says that we get entangled in absurdities by any theory which assumes that either thought or language existed in a separate state, but he shrinks from drawing the conclusion, that logic deals with language and with language only.

Mr. Jevons cannot bring himself to say that we *never* think without words, but, as a cautious reasoner, he adds, "*Hardly ever* do we think without the proper words coming into the mind."

Professor Fowler seems inclined to follow Archbishop Whately. "*Practically*," he says, "we always think by means of language;" yet, he adds, "a logician need not come to a decision on this point." Can there be a more vital question for a logician than this? Would any writer on Optics venture to say: "Practically we see with our eyes, but the optician need not make up his mind on this point." Professor Green, a very honest and straightforward thinker, is affected by the same hesitation. "It is hard," he writes, "some say it is impossible, to think without expressing thought in language."

To me it seems inconceivable how any philosopher, that is to say, a student of thought, can leave such a question undecided. I can understand, as I said before, certain minds being so completely under the spell of philosophical mythology as to find it impossible to conceive that thought, which has a name of its own, should not have a separate existence, apart from language. The ancient nations, because they had called the Unknown by many names, became polytheists, and powerful thinkers only, such as Æschylus, could perceive behind the many names, the one God. But what I cannot understand is how people could be half polytheists, half monotheists, or, as applied to thought, how they could bring themselves to believe that thought, though generally embodied in language, could from time to time walk about as a disembodied ghost. I have myself not the slightest doubt that the time will come when this belief in disembodied thought will be looked upon as one of the strangest hallucinations of the nineteenth century. People do no longer believe in witches, nor in ghosts. But the belief in disembodied thought will die very hard, nay history teaches us, that though it was

scotched by some of our most powerful thinkers, it always raises its head again and again. If anything can give it its *coup de grâce*, it is the Science of Language, though, strange to say, some of the most popular representatives of that science are against us. Here, as elsewhere, we must have the courage of our opinions. We must make no concessions. We must say "Never," not "Hardly ever," and this "Never," I feel convinced, will mark a new departure in the history of philosophy, nay it will supply a new foundation for every system of philosophy which the world has ever known.

THE WORLD'S SUN AND SAVIOR.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

There is a passage in Renan's *Vie de Jesus* relating to the worship of Mithras which, at a first reading, appears almost like a jest. After describing the attraction which this cult seemed to have for the various nations and races under the government of Rome, he goes on to say that he has sometimes permitted himself the thought that, had not the religion of Christ become predominant, the religion of Mithras would now be the worship prevalent throughout the world. Considering that the religion of Mithras was unquestionably the worship of the sun, what Renan thus said sounds to the average Christian, to whom the religion of Christ is the worship of God the Son, as incongruous and outrageous as it would seem to the average Briton or American to be told that, had not English become the predominant business language, Hawaiian would have prevailed as the business language of the world. But the apparent wildness of Renan's remark disappears when we recognize the evidence which shows its unquestionable justice. The people under Roman sway turned as eagerly toward sun-worship in its various forms as the people of Israel turned to the cognate worship of the host of heaven. And even as it is by no means clear that the Israelites ever really escaped from the Sabaism of their forefathers, seeing that to this day the whole ceremonial of the Jewish religion is obviously based on, if it is not actually the same as that employed in, the worship of the heavenly host, so it is by no means certain that the races which embraced Christianity really gave up sun-worship, seeing that not only do all the days and seasons, with most of the observances of sun-worship, remain in Christian ceremonial, but the whole story of the sun is retained in two at least of the gospel records of the life of Christ. In fact it might be suggested, without any violent improbability, that the struggle between the religion of Christ and the religion of Mithras, considered by Renan, was only one form of sun-worship prevailing over another, the worship of Serapis overcoming the worship of Mithras. There is a passage in a letter of the Emperor Hadrian not so often quoted as the very doubtful testimony of Tacitus, but much more significant

and having the advantage of being certainly genuine, in which he specially states that the Christians, as he had known them in Egypt, were worshipers of Serapis, the sun-god, and that their chief priests were known as "bishops of Christ!"

It may be remarked just here that now when the doctrine of evolution modifies all our views respecting the progress of nations and races, not only in civilization and culture but also in morals and in religious ideas, there is nothing surprising in the presence of very decided traces of nature-worship in all modern forms of religion. The wonder, indeed, would be great if no such traces could be recognized. For while it is certain that apart from a supernatural revelation (in which, I suppose, no intelligent reasoner can now believe) every race which passes beyond a certain stage of culture must attain to sun-worship as the highest and purest form of nature-worship, it is well known that no matter how religion itself may change, religious ceremonial can scarcely ever be modified. Moreover it is observable of all forms of religion and of all moral teachings, that no matter what the real history of their founder, the story of the sun, most impressive of all nature's myths, was invariably combined, sooner or later, with the narrative of his life. So was it with Confucius, with Zoroaster, with Gautama; and it is natural that so also it would be with Christ. Precisely as in the second century the writers or compilers of the gospels according to (but certainly not by) Matthew, Mark and Luke mixed up with the account of one Jesus events which, as every reader of Josephus can perceive, really belonged to the history of other men (most of them also named Jesus), some of whom were alive when Jerusalem fell (or more than a generation after the death of Pontius Pilate), so those same writers or compilers deemed it necessary to show also that all the remarkable signs, tokens and events belonging in the ancient solar religions to the successive sun-gods appeared or occurred also in the history of the Son of God.

That the worship of the sun should prevail for a long time in the history of each advancing race, after the earlier and less impressive forms of nature-worship had in turn prevailed and died out, was altogether natural. The daily victory of the sun over the powers of darkness, his triumphant return to power ("rejoicing as a giant to run his course,") in the midsouthern heavens, and his slow decadence thence, must early have attracted the attention of the least observant. It was natural that, even in that first beginning of solar religion in which the sun was regarded as god of the day, men should hail his return with prayer and sacrifice as he

"Flatter'd the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

Equally natural was it that, as he sank in the west

prayer and sacrifice should again be offered, now not in adoration but in propitiation, lest the wrathful red of the western skies should portend his angry departure from the world whose life depended on his beams. With a slight change we may believe of the respective races who were the first parents of modern nations what Blanco White, in a fine sonnet, suggests in regard to the impossible first parents which were assigned by men ignorant of biological possibilities to the whole human race—when those first parents noted the coming on of night:

“Did they not tremble for this glorious frame,
This wondrous canopy of light and blue?”

So, trembling, they offered propitiatory sacrifices, after man's way when anxious about his personal welfare. And a race of priests came into existence, quite as naturally, who undertook, for a consideration, the important business of offering the morning sacrifice of adoration and the evening sacrifice of propitiation.

But, as longer observation showed men the sun as god of the year, a much more impressive doctrine and a much more complicated ceremonial came into existence. By this time, it must be remembered, the influence of the heavenly bodies—sun, moon, planets and stars—upon the affairs and fortunes of men and nations had come to be accepted by all. It is difficult for us to realize the confidence with which our own forefathers as well as those of all other races, accepted this doctrine. Nowadays none but the ignorant and unwise believe in astrology, and none but rogues pretend to believe, but in remote times, and thence onward through the beginnings and developments of the religions even of to-day, faith in the influences of the heavenly bodies was almost universal. When this was so—when the star-strewn heavens by night and the wondrous canopy of light and blue by day were men's temple, before as yet the sun and moon and planets had descended from their dignity as gods—can we wonder that the annual progress of that sun-god, whose glory meant life, while his departure to the gloomy cave of winter meant death, should be watched with special interest, alternating between anxiety and hope, by all men? The story of the sun-god as the savior of men was repeated every year before men's eyes, though only the priests who were practiced astronomers could tell the exact times when he passed the chief stages of his career.

Consider the life of the sun as god of the year, and we can see a reason for every detail in the ancient solar myths and in the records of the life of the various sun-gods.

Begin with the failing of the power of the sun during the autumn months—for we cannot rightly understand the meaning of the sun of a new year until we have considered the feelings with which in old times men must have watched the gradual departure (as it

seemed) of the mid-day sun from the region of glory he had occupied in the midsummer heavens. Day by day toward the time of the autumnal equinox the mid-day sun sinks lower and lower. Nay, as day follows day his rate of sinking grows more and more rapid, his diurnal arc from the eastern to the western horizon grows shorter and shorter, until the roughest instrumental means—dial, shadow-throwing obelisk or what not—shows how the mid-day strength of the sun-god is waning. A fit time this for sacrifice and prayer, for sacrifice of thanksgiving because of the work the waning sun has done, the beneficence he has displayed during the months of summer; but a time also for sacrifice of propitiation lest the sun-god should depart in anger from the world. We see the clearest traces of the diverse feelings with which men watched the retreat of the sun in autumn toward the gloom of winter in the Feast of Tabernacles celebrated by the Jews at this season, a feast rivaled only in importance and duration by the Feast of the Passover in spring, and in the Fast of the Atonement, the most characteristic feature, perhaps, of all the Jewish ceremonial system. I am told that to this day the Jews regard the due observance of this day of mourning and lamentation as the most marked duty of the year. Now, as of old, though no longer in the same way, the soul that does not mourn and lament on this great fast day is cut off from among the people. And doubtless in the far-off days, when in lamentation on this day the people appealed to the retreating sun-god, at the time when his retreat seemed most rapid, to return to them, it was a solemn duty on the part of each member of the community to join in the prayers and lamentations by which they hoped to prevail on their god to return to them.

Thenceforward, as week after week and month after month, measured by the orb that ruled their night (the Measurer, as they called her)* passed on, they found their god sinking lower and lower. Shamash, Shemshin, Samson, the power whose might lay in his rays, was shorn of his beams by Delilah, the gathering gloom of winter. Yet there remained this to encourage hope of his restoration: daily he sank lower and lower, but each day he sank less than the preceding. At last it seemed as though when men's hearts had sunk lowest (for the bulk of the community would know nothing of those tokens of return which would seem clearest to the astronomers, their priests), he ceased to sink any lower. The sun of the old year had reached that point where his career ends, and lo! such life as remained in him was to be passed on to his son. The threatened desolation was to be averted. The priests recognized the approaching advent of the Savior of the world. As day by day they watched at this season of the winter solstice, the most delicate observations possible in those days disclosed no evidence of the return of the sun to

mid-day power; the sun stood still. And to the thoughtful mind there is much significance in the continued use of the word solstice, seeing that the sun does not, in the astronomical sense, even appear to stand still. We see how much attention the astronomer of old directed to the sun at mid-day when we find a word strictly referring to the sun's mid-day height still used as if it referred to the sun's course along his yearly apparent path.

At last, three or four days after the winter solstice, it became clear not only that the sun had ceased to sink lower, but that he had even begun to pass higher at his mid-day culmination. His places of rising and of setting were also now manifestly slowly shifting from their most southerly positions back toward east and west respectively. But not until the heliacal rising of a certain star gave the desired astronomical evidence of the return of the sun to his new year place could the astronomical priests announce the birth of the sun-god. Then they proclaimed the nativity of the Savior of the threatened world; for then these magi could announce that they had seen his star in the east, heliacally rising before him, standing over the place (the "cave," as the unseen half and the southern half of the celestial sphere were alike called) where the Savior was born. The Virgin (constellation and sign both) in those days was in the west, with upraised arms stretched toward her son, fading out of view and sinking below the horizon as day advanced.

Thenceforward, day by day, week by week, month by month the youthful sun-god increased in strength and wisdom (in the power of his heat, in the glory of his light) till at length the time came when he was to pass from the winter half of the celestial sphere, crossing the mystic circle which divides that half from the region of the sun's glory and might in summer. At that crossing—that passover, that crucifying—came naturally the most solemn festival of the whole year. Associated with the moon's movements (for so only could months be determined) its astronomical character to this day attests its actual origin. The same priests who had proclaimed the birth of the sun-god proclaimed his rising above the great dividing circle. The sun is risen, he is risen indeed. Forty days (such seems to have been the special time appointed for watching his approach to this critical circle) they had observed him nearing it; now for forty days more they watched him moving along what is still called right *ascension*, and is still measured by astronomers from this very crossing place. Then, and then only, his ascension was completed (and Ascension Day still measures forty days from Easter). Thereafter he passed to his throne of glory in the midrealm of the heaven father.

And so year by year the story of the sun-god was repeated, and the festivals and fasts, the sacrifices and

prayers were renewed till they entered into the very life of the people, never to be given up, no matter what changes might come over their forms of belief.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part 17.

On going to my tryst next day I was stopped by a policeman, who informed me that Lord and Lady Somebody and Maharajah Somebodyelse and their suite were visiting the Monkey Temple. I lost nearly an hour of my Chimpanzee in this way. When at length this fine party came out to their sedans they looked to me—the English especially—like tawdrily dressed creatures carried about as a show. Monkeys are carried about in some cities, but so much had my respect grown for monkeys that these visitors, still laughing at the monkeys, without in the least comprehending them, seemed, for the moment, the inferior order. The illusion was heightened by the absurdity that such commonplace people should possess the privilege of seeing others kept at a distance from any place where they wished to move. I could not help growling in this way, and before I knew what I was doing began on an unpolite quotation from Shakespeare about "man, proud man, drest in a little brief authority," plunging on to the words, "like an angry ape," before I realized how personal the similitude was.

"I really beg your pardon," I cried.

"Go on with the quotation," said the Chimpanzee "I like the phrase."

"Like an angry ape, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep; who, with our spleens, would all themselves laugh mortal."

"Good!" cried the Sage. "That writer's memory ran a long way back. The man drest in brief authority and of fantastic tricks was actually evolved from the Angry Ape."

"Why angry?"

"Ah well, I must leave much to your imagination. You will bear in mind that mankind were developed from a monkey aristocracy. The few first talkers kept together, mated together, reproduced their superiorities, and thus an aristocracy of birth was formed."

"I have been taught to resent the idea of hereditary aristocracy."

"Possibly, but rather, certain historic perversions of it like the Hindu castes. There can be no real aristocracy except that of birth or heredity. So all would perceive if every superiority attested high birth instead of the merely accredited birth attesting superiority. Titled and crowned people are often low-born. In our anthropoid commonwealth we had no superiorities; when the talking aristocracy was formed they began to have trouble. The power of speech had been really developed by the continued mating together and interbreeding

of those who approximated articulate utterance. But these were as yet few compared with the chattering multitude. The mysterious power of the talkers excited at once the fear and the jealousy of the masses. The angry ape appeared at the head of a mob. The talking aristocracy would have been all slain had they not been able, through their power of communication, to combine more perfectly than the others. Under certain circumstances, it has been said two and two do not make four, but forty. So it was when the first talkers confronted an inarticulate rabble. However, the atmosphere of anger became intolerable to the talkers, and they all fled. They migrated from forest to forest, hoping that they might find some talking tribe to unite with, for they were too few to hold their own against the more ferocious animals. One day—so runs the legend—when they were seated amid the foliage of a tree they observed a handsome anthropoid animal approach; he took a palm leaf, on it made some marks with a stick, then fastened it to a tree and went on his way. They all got down and examined the leaf, finding on it strange marks of yellow color. They left the leaf where they found it, resumed their seats in the tree, and watched to see what would follow. Soon another, a female even handsomer than he who had marked the leaf approached, took down the leaf, scrutinized it, then followed on the exact path the other had gone. Thereon the whole company, after a brief consultation, pursued the solitary figure and surrounded her. They treated her gently, and, when her fears were soothed, found that she could talk a little—less than themselves. But she had a talent which they had not; she could make marks on any surface corresponding to sounds she uttered. She made them understand that she was one of a small company which had developed a power of communicating silently by these marks on leaves, and who, like themselves, had become objects of jealousy and fear to their tribe. They, too, had become exiles. She guided the company to her friends; these talkers and writers became allies, and together they went on a pilgrimage to find other allies of similar advancement. They found a few here and there, and at length had gathered a sufficient number to form a powerful tribe.

Now, it had become, among all the monkey tribes, a rumor, then a tradition, that somewhere there existed a society of nobler beings, a realm of angels. The talking and writing people in the distance were thus dreamed of among the lower tribes; but whenever any one was found among them developing these angelic powers, he was slain, or had to fly. Such exiles sometimes found their way to the nobler commonwealth.

“You will observe that by so steadily exiling or slaying their superior minds the old ape tribes doomed themselves to remain apes. The race of inferior monkeys has been developed from those who rendered progress

impossible. The survival of the fittest for preserving their old social order became their principle of existence. On the other hand the exiles drew to themselves every variation and improvement which had excited the fear or jealousy of their fellows. Some of these variations were intellectual, others physical. Two or three would come bringing an improved heel, others a rudimentary thumb, yet others a shapelier nose or chin. It had been gradually recorded on palm leaves that these peculiarities could be transmitted to children. Certain scribes were appointed to observe and register the results of mating one superiority with another. Natural affections followed the lines of improvement so indicated, and any affections contrary to the laws formed by experience died out—as now, in Christian societies, sexual feeling between brother and sister has been extirpated. Here, too, as already mentioned in the case of an earlier phase, freedom was the great factor in the evolution. So long as the principle of selection was purely and exclusively determined by improvement of the race—there being no restriction whatever for the sake of any god—the evolution was rapid. The progress to humanity was by grand leaps. As in the case of speech, obtained by an infinitesimal change of form, leading on infinite effects, each subsequent attainment surrounded itself with a new world. Take this city of Benares; within my memory it has been transformed from a village to a city. By what means? By a kettle of water. One man put a valve on it that would bind or loose its vapor at will. Another set the kettle on wheels and called it a steam engine. The face of the world is changed. That kind of thing happened millions of times. Each little step taken opened a world of resources, with powers to utilize them. Man was developed.

“But as the first developed talkers and writers had been comparatively few, so the first men were comparatively few; and these, like their forerunners, were pursued by fear and jealousy of the half-humanized. In this higher commonwealth the dismal story of the anthropoid tribe was repeated. The aristocracies of intelligence and beauty were forced to flee, and in the end formed a society which began the works of human civilization. So it went on for ages. The ape seemed to have died out of this new form. He might reappear in the fantastic tricks of boys, but education soon bound him. But, alas, though physically bound he survived morally, and, in the further progress of the human society, made himself felt. For man found himself surrounded by obstructions and enemies. Serpents, wild beasts, diseases, hurricanes, drouth and famine beset him. He fought these bravely and steadily made headway against them until it unfortunately occurred to some of the least courageous to try and explain them metaphysically. Now there had been preserved from

their ancient apehood a tradition of the wrathful gorillas or other creatures against which the more human forms had been defended. In dreams the hated and hunted ancestors of humanity have been haunted by visions of the Angry Ape. There now arose some mystery men who ascribed outward reality to the vision coined by fear, and imagined that there must be a gigantic Ape, creator and god of apes, who was angry and jealous at the way in which some of his creatures had taken the work of creation into their own hands. The idea once started response came from the closeted ape lurking in each of the least developed. These now ascribed thunder and lightning, tempests and diseases, to the wrath of the Supreme Ape, and there grew a panic-stricken clamor for men who could pacify the Ape demon. In response to this clamor appeared the priesthood.

"The priesthood declared that the jealous and angry Supreme Ape would destroy them all unless they gave him the larger part of their food, and built temples to him, and in these supported a large number of men to kneel before him, acknowledge his supremacy, and sing his praises all the time. I have somewhere one of the litanies to the Eternal Ape."

"I should much like to see it," said I.

The Chimpanzee went off and returned with some very old and dry palm-leaves, from which he read me the following

LITANY TO THE HOLY APE.

O, Ape of Apes, we acknowledge Thee to be our Creator and Ruler!

Thou art angry with us nearly every day.

Just art Thou, visiting our sins upon our children.

Thou art so very, very just!

Anger is thy customary attitude.

Thou art angry that we should keep Thee angry.

We have wickedly eaten the fruit of knowledge. Mad art Thou!

We have walked in the light of our own eyes. Mad art Thou!

We have followed the guidance of our own hearts. Mad art Thou!

We have set before us the wisdom of man instead of fear of Thee.

Mad art Thou!

We have not remembered that the wisdom of man is foolishness to the Great Ape. Mad art Thou!

Thou god of wrath!

Thou jealous god!

Thou god of battles!

Almighty Gorilla!

The sun is Thy throne and the sun-stroke Thy sceptre.

Whirlwinds are wheels of Thy chariot.

Common sense cannot stand before Thy uncommon abilities.

Thou sendest Thy plagues and our reason is silenced.

The thunder is Thy argument.

The logic of Thy lightning is irresistible.

Weak-minded were he who would withstand the persuasiveness of Thy pestilences.

Pity, Everlasting Ape, our inherited depravity, our tendency to think for ourselves!

Through accursed human knowledge we have strayed from Thy ways like lost monkeys.

Yet, O Holy Ape, much of the monkey is left in us still.

We can still turn from the tree of knowledge to the tree on which cocoanuts grow.

Though we look like men not much of the spirit of men is left in us.

We will part with all of it if Thou wilt smile on us.

Thou shalt have our virgins, or Thy priests shall.

Also, two-thirds of our wool.

Likewise of our bread and butter.

All who deny Thee shall be roasted.

Only spare us, spare us, Holy, Eternal, Omnipotent Ape!"

"Good God!" cried I with excitement, as the Chimpanzee ceased.

"Good God!" said he, looking around. "Who is he?"

"It was only an exclamation," I answered; "nevertheless—"

But before I could enter upon any theistic discussion a gust of wind, from a storm whose rising we had not noticed, broke through the court and scattered the litany leaves. They were tossed among the monkeys who found great fun in chasing them. The happy possessors of the inscribed leaves perched themselves at various points, when, surrounded by eager groups they played with their treasures. But the leaves were very ancient and dry, and in a few moments they were all reduced to fine dust. Just then a great crash of thunder came, and my old Chimpanzee looked up with a twinkling eye.

"O Angry Ape," he cried, "you have overdone it this time with your fantastic tricks, and puffed out of the world your last litany."

"I am not so sure of that," I remarked.

DEMOCRATIC THEORY AND PRACTICE.

BY W. L. GARRISON, JR.

In considering the right and the necessity of admitting women to the franchise—opening the door of opportunity to the hitherto suppressed majority—the still larger question of universal suffrage presents itself. It may safely be affirmed that many advocates of woman suffrage are unprepared to accept the logical consequences of their principles. The line must be drawn somewhere, but each disfranchised class would draw it so as to include itself, whatever becomes of those left shivering outside of the body politic. When it was proposed to admit the freedmen to citizenship, there were women of prominence who would have prevented the precedence of the negro. The plea was plausible that the educated women were much better fitted to vote intelligently than the imbruted product of slavery, and only political necessity forced the ballot into black hands, as the same necessity had already compelled Mr. Lincoln to proclaim emancipation.

A recent writer in the *North American Review* has called attention to the varied and unequal laws that determine the right of suffrage in the different States and Territories. No uniformity prevails. Whatever

may be our Fourth-of-July opinions regarding democratic institutions, the fact remains that the democratic theory of the founders of the republic is as little regarded in practice as was the Declaration of Independence in the days of slavery. Therefore the oft-heard, doleful complaints or predictions of the failure of a republican form of government, and the assertion that our democratic experiment is on trial, may be truthfully met by the affirmation that the world has never had a republican form of government, and the only thing on trial is the usurpation which calls itself a democracy.

Why be deceived by names? Until the right of the most ignorant, the poorest and even the immoral to be represented at the ballot-box equally with the learned, the rich and the virtuous is acknowledged, we fall short of the saving theory that "government derives its just power from the consent of the governed." Otherwise the unfortunate classes alluded to must be excepted from the definition of people. When Mr. Lincoln characterized our government as "of the people, by the people and for the people," who can suppose that he meant to eliminate the very ones whose hope and encouragement lay in self-government?

In nearly all governments recognizing the monarchical theory, wealth and learning have known how to protect themselves. Unprotected, unrepresented and uncared for, except in so far as they could be used to serve and profit the powerful classes, the common people have toiled, and suffered and died. Democracy is the final attempt of human nature to vindicate its own dignity and trustworthiness. From immemorial times the government of the many by the few has been the rule. Under the plea of divine right, or personal might, or the natural order of society, tyrants have been in the saddle, and the mass of mankind have been trodden in the dust. Democracy proclaims the inherent and natural rights of every being wearing the human form. No person, however lowly, however unlearned, however lacking in virtue through ignorance can rightfully be excluded in choosing the rulers of all. The only basis of self-government is abiding faith in humanity, and a recognition that all human growth tends heavenward as naturally as plants seek the light.

These axiomatic truths need emphasizing nowhere more emphatically than in this republic, where with the increase of material comfort and education comes also the assumption of the rich and educated that they alone should control the franchise. One wearies of the fashionable objection to giving woman her political rights, everywhere offered by those enjoying the prerogative, that "we have too wide suffrage already; it should be limited rather than extended." No voter has ever yet been discovered who unselfishly says "as suffrage is too broad, therefore, deprive me of my right to vote." Test him by that proposition and he talks of the tea-party in

Boston Harbor and of Bunker Hill. The divine right of the royal family of Russia to govern is not more an article of faith with the Czar, than is the conviction of the legal voter of the United States in his divine right to the ballot.

Is it not, therefore, the most effective way of liberating woman to strike for the right of every human being governed, to have his voice represented and recorded at the polls, with only the acknowledged exceptions which bear unfairly on no one? Of course it is necessary to agree that an arbitrary limit of age must govern the admission to citizenship, although we admit that many under the prescribed age may be more competent to vote than many above it. The rule savors neither of injustice nor proscription.

A proper rule of probation for foreigners before voting is justifiable. Otherwise elections might be carried by importations of people who had no purpose to remain; but foreigners intending to become *bona fide* citizens need not be long excluded. The feeble-minded and the insane have no opinion to be recorded, and the criminals, having deliberately violated laws in whose making or retention they have an equal voice with all others, have forfeited, for a period at least, their right to be consulted. Having proclaimed themselves enemies to society by their acts, they cannot justly complain if society protects itself by excluding them from it.

With these exceptions can a true democracy debar from citizenship even its most unpromising members? At present the artificial line of sex is drawn in all the States, with partial exceptions of a limited nature in a few. In Rhode Island property qualifications obtain; in other States educational tests are used, and race differences are an excuse for disfranchisement.

The legal inability arising from sex is receiving too wide-spread discussion to need any consideration here. The near and complete recognition of woman's equal citizenship is certain.

The property qualification has not made Rhode Island a model of self-government, and its speedy abolition is a foregone conclusion. Virtue and poverty are not incompatible, and wealth is often the possession of the ignorant. An educational test can be urged with more show of reason, but will not bear examination. It is preparing one to swim while prohibiting him from the water. Liberty is the only possible preparation for liberty, and to borrow Mr. Lowell's admirable statement, "the best way to teach a man how to vote is to give him the chance to practice." The disfranchisement of vice is impossible because a moral test is impossible, excepting at the line of law breaking. Rags and squalor are deceptive tests, as the distinguished bank-presidents and mill-treasurers resident in our State prisons demonstrate.

If the democratic theory is true that responsibility

educates, that rights and duties are reciprocal, it is the very classes which fastidious critics of our form of government would exclude from the polls which most need to be brought there. Unless the assumption is correct that the mass of the people are really interested in good government, if only shown where their interests lie, we may as well abandon self-government and go back to "the reign of Chaos and old Night."

The founders of our government probably never dreamed of the strain our institutions would incur from the inundation of foreigners, bred under despotism and precipitated *en masse* into our politics. That the system has borne the strain so well, and assimilated with success such apparently indigestible material, is proof enough of its vitality and virtue. It takes but a generation to transform aliens into law-abiding American citizens. The process is not always savory, but the product repays. It is natural that abuses should be developed and mistakes made, but as the people cannot escape payment for them, they learn self-government most through suffering and discipline.

It cannot be demonstrated that one class was ever able to understand and represent the needs of another. No matter what sophistry is offered in its justification it is a power that cannot be delegated. Every disfranchised class in a republic is an oppressed class, be it women, Indians or Chinese. From national contempt and hatred the negro has, by virtue of the ballot, gained the deference of all political parties. Our theory of government allows no place for disfranchised subjects. Their existence irritates and festers to the discomfort of the whole body. The Indian, protected by law through the constitutional method of the ballot, and subject to its enactments, loses his dangerous nature and becomes harmless as a citizen. The poultice of suffrage allays the sore of barbarism, and justice is a better safeguard than armies. Our Chinese population awaits the same remedy, and American politicians will yet study the language of compliment for the countrymen of Confucius when they cast American votes.

Democracy suffers the penalty of its own disobedience. It cannot have peace or safety while it refuses to live up to its creed. Deprived of the national method of expressing dissatisfaction, the disfranchised find more dangerous vents for their discontent. Suffrage is a safety-valve. Dumb abuses grow in silence, and attain threatening proportions before society is aware of their existence. Gifted with speech they call attention to themselves for their own destruction. Suppression in Russia produces dynamite and assassination. Expression in America secures a guarantee of safety Siberia cannot give. When New York sends a pugilist and gambler to represent her in Congress, like pain to the body, it is the signal that something is wrong, and the doctors are called in. There should exist no dark

spot in a republic unrepresented. Stifle the political voice of Five Points, and Fifth Avenue forgets its dangerous neighbor. Allow it utterance, and wealth unites with philanthropy to extinguish vicious conditions.

The faithless may deplore the broadening of suffrage, but it is futile to oppose it. To quote again from Lowell's address on Democracy: "For the question is no longer the academic one, is it wise to give every man the ballot, but the practical one, is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer? It may be conjectured that it is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads."

The right to vote once grasped has never been voluntarily relinquished, and in spite of pessimism, with every extension of the franchise, society has rested more safely on its broadened base. So, however threatening appear the portents, and however the tempests roar, the ship of democracy, now too far upon its course to put back, must

"Right onward drive unharmed.
The port, well worth the cruise, is near
And every wave is charmed."

GOETHE AND SCHILLER'S XENIONS.

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

It is well known what good friends Goethe and Schiller were. After the two great poets had become personally acquainted they inspired, criticised and corrected each other, their common ideal being the firm basis of their mutual friendship. The chief monument of their alliance are the *Xenions*, a collection of satirical epigrams which were published for the first time in the *Musen-Almanach* of 1797.

Goethe and Schiller had many enemies. On the one side the orthodox and narrow-minded *pietists* considered their poetry as irreligious and un-Christian; they accused them of paganism, while on the other side the shallow rationalist Nicolai, a man of some common sense but without any genius, railed at them as well as at Kant, Fichte and other great minds of his time who went beyond his depth so as to be incomprehensible to him.

Nicolai was a rich and influential publisher in Berlin; he was an author himself, and a very prolific one too, but all his writings are barren and shallow. On several occasions he had severely criticised Goethe, and our great poet-twins accused him that in fighting superstition he attacked poetry, and when he wanted to suppress the belief in *spirits* he tried to abolish spirit also. So Goethe makes him say in the *Walpurgisnacht*:

"Ich sag's Euch *Geistern* in's Gesicht,
Den *Geistes*-Despotismus leid ich nicht;
Mein Geist kann ihn nicht exerciren."
[I tell you, spirits, to your face,
I give to spirit-despotism no place;
My spirit cannot practice it at all.]

—Bayard Taylor's Translation.

"Willingly serve I my friends; but 'tis pity, I do it with pleasure.
And I am really vexed, That there's no virtue in me!"

And he answers in a second distich:

"There is no other advice than that you try to despise friends,
And, with disgust, you will do What such a duty demands."

David Hume's skepticism was in Schiller's time superceded by Kant's idealism. Hume, being in hades, hears Kantian philosophers talk. Their ideas are all confusion, he thinks, and only his own theory is consistent. So David Hume says to a neophyte:

"Do not speak to those folks, for Kant has confused all together.
Me you must ask; for I am, Even in hades, myself."

A crowd of many people generally behave very foolishly, although the single individuals who constitute the crowd may be quite sensible. This fact has been often observed, and one of the *Xenions* says:

"Every one of them, singly considered, is sensible, doubtless,
But, in a body, the whole Number of them is an ass."

Famous is the following distich:

"Science to one is the Goddess, majestic and lofty,—to th' other
She is a cow who supplies Butter and milk for his home."

Often quoted for their ethical value are these *Xenions*:

"Art thou afraid of death? thou wishest for being immortal!
Live as a part of the whole, When thou art gone, it remains." *

"Out of life there are two roads for every one open:
To the Ideal the one, th' other is leading to Death.
Try to escape in freedom as long as you live, on the former,
Ere on the latter you are Doomed to destruction and death."

"Truth which injures, is dearer to me than available errors.
Truth will cure all pain, Which is inflicted by truth."

"No one resemble the other, but each one resemble 'the
Highest!

How is that possible? Say! Perfect must ev'ry one be."
Grandeur is not a matter of vastness, but of loftiness;
not material but spiritual greatness makes sublime:

"Our astronomers say, their science is truly sublimest;
But sublimity, sirs, Never existeth in space."

The poet addresses his Muse:

How I could live without thee, I know not. But horror o'er-
takes me
Seeing these thousands and more Who without thee can exist."

We conclude with two distichs on religion. Goethe as well as Schiller were of true religious instinct, but both were averse to any sectarianism or dogmatical belief:

* Mr. E. C. Hegeler requests me to call the attention of the reader to the importance of this distich. It contains *in nuce* "the fundamental idea of Monism." The original German is:

Vor dem Tode erschrickst Du! Du wünschst unsterblich zu leben!
Leb im Ganzen! Wenn Du Lange dahin bist, es bleibt.

This "living immortal" by living in the whole as a part of the whole is the immortality of the soul Mr. Hegeler spoke of in his essay "The Basis of Ethics," and this idea is the salient point of the Monistic doctrine which the founder of THE OPEN COURT has made its standing programme.

"Which religion I have? There is none of all you may mention
Which I embrace; and the cause? Truly, religion it is!"

This religion is, as the poets express it in the above-quoted distich, to live as a part of the whole, as a part of humanity. The answer given in the last *Xenion*, we may well imagine, did not satisfy the narrow-minded orthodox. They cannot bring forward reasons, but they say: "Belief is a matter of conscience; if you do not believe, it is because you do not want to." Of such people the *Xenion* says:

"Well, I expected it so, for, if they have nothing to answer,
Then they immediately make Matter of conscience of it."

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

The brain being one of a number of associated organs, it is not remarkable that general health or sickness should affect the mind, nor that mental states should influence bodily conditions. Hippocrates knew that heart disease caused anxiety which was expressed in the face, and everyone knows that the liver difficulty called jaundice is attended with the "jaundiced disposition," and that the *spes phthisica*, a peculiar hopefulness, belongs to lung consumption.

Hope, fear, joy or grief influence the nutrition of the body; a fright may stop the digestion of a meal or cause death by arrest of the heart's action; joy has been known to kill, and excitement to impart great temporary strength. A very superficial examination of certain anatomical facts will aid the reader to understand this inter-dependence of mind and body, and intimate the direction in which the physiological psychologist works. It is no longer blasphemy to call the heart a pump, though that is precisely the charge Plempius from his pulpit made against Harvey for the assertion, nor is it flying in the face of Providence to speak of the arteries, capillaries and veins as tubes through which the blood is pumped by the heart; but when this half knowledge is built upon by the aid of the microscope, and the observer announces that the entire animal economy is a mechanism controlled by definite physical and chemical laws, and apparently nothing else, the olden denunciations are renewed.

Every portion of the body must have its food, and the blood current is merely elaborated, diluted, though concentrated, food, and the nerves and brain require more of this sustenance than other parts. Consciousness is lost the instant the brain is not supplied with blood, whether from heart failure or other cause. Surrounding the arteries are muscular bands that by contraction and expansion supplement the heart's action in propelling the blood onward. If there happen to be irregularity in the constriction or dilatation of these tubes, through the tightening or relaxation of the enveloping muscles, then circulatory aberrations occur, such as congestions, blushing, flushing, paleness, rapidity or slowness of pulse,

etc., producing convulsions, apoplexy, paralysis, neuralgias, faintings; and where these disturbances are limited to areas instead of being general, certain local effects follow, such as tumors and ulcers.

Toward the gray matter of the brain and spinal marrow proceed a multitude of sensory nerves, carrying inward impressions of touch, taste, heat, cold, smell, sight; telegraph lines that relate the individual to the outer world. From this same gray matter proceed motor nerves to all the muscles that move the arms, legs, trunk, head, or that surround the intestines, blood-vessels, the lung tubules and the glands. An impression that is unpleasant may pass over some of the sensory nerves and cause the motor nerves to provoke contractions of its muscles, which will be evidenced by a start, or spring backward, a flushed or pallid face, an outpour of perspiration from the sweat glands, that are, for the time being, paralyzed. In countless instances the control of the body by the nervous system, and in as many more, the dependence of the nervous system upon the healthy working of other organs, could be shown; but all these facts are obtainable by experience and a study of elementary physiology.

One of the most protean ailments is known as hysteria. The sufferer is usually a female and in most instances has inherited an unstable nervous system, which, through idleness, social dissipation and the yielding of relatives to every caprice, becomes confirmed. The erratic working of her circulation may, for awhile, shut off blood supply from the back part of the brain and afford hysterical blindness, partial or complete; if the speech center in front of the left ear be denuded, by spasm, of blood, then there is "aphonia" or hysterical speechlessness, or feebleness of voice; erratic blood supply also causes the "clavus" or hysterical headache; similar vasculating nutrition to other parts may set up the breathlessness, even the mucous rattling in the lungs, that simulates pneumonia, the rapid heart action, the writhings, contortions of hysterical convulsions or paralytic conditions and limb contractions.

Hysterical paralytics have been known to be bedridden for years and upon an alarm of fire spring nimbly from the house, or after months of successfully maintained cramped position of a leg suddenly straighten it under excitement, or when chloroformed. Minor cases usually complain of many indefinite things, but major or minor sufferers invariably react favorably to mental impressions if suitably afforded. For instance, an honest old physician frankly told the father of an hysterical girl that nothing but quackery would cure her. Resort was had to an "Indian doctor," who, with the impressiveness of his mysterious mumblings, long hair and emphatic assurances of omnipotence, actually induced her to arise from bed, restored to health. Years afterward some ruse the doctor used was injudiciously explained to her

and she at once returned to her bed and became demented. Discipline and education are far better methods than such deceit.

Many a scientific physician has suffered in his own esteem upon being credited with some such success, accidentally gained, and many a charlatan has exulted in the discovery of some such power over cases and marched to further conquests as a magnetic, magneto-electric, mesmeric, hypnotic, spiritualistic, faith-healer, or under some such designation.

Dishonesty and ignorance are not confined to any so-called school of medicine, and regularly educated physicians may be found who justify their resort to questionable means of securing fees.

It is not alone the hysterical who are susceptible to mental influence over diseases. Many a good old practitioner has been told "The very sight of you makes me better," by persons who could not be classed even as nervous. It is the unconscious operation of mentality that occurs every minute of our lives and is most noticeable when the pull at a dentist's door bell stops a toothache.

Members of the Chicago Medical Society can recall the time when an honest ignoramus detailed his wonderful power in several cases and asked for an explanation of its source. A better informed physician present suggested that a good-looking doctor was the secret of the recoveries in the cases described, and advised him to look up the literature of hysteria.

The history of medicine is full of successive epidemics of quackery, and undoubtedly during them many cases have been permanently benefited through emotional exercise, while more have been temporarily helped. The old superstition of the kings' ability to cure scrofula by his touch died out with the advance of knowledge, it becoming known that most of the applicants for this species of divine healing did not have the king's evil at all, and that the coin given to each case attracted malingeringers. Perkins by means of his "tractors," cylinders of metal held in the hands, "cured" multitudes throughout Europe. The Grotto of Lourdes, and a dance upon the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, has enabled many a cripple to throw away his crutches, but some way or other such rages die out and people need some new imposition.

One of the most prolific sources of revenue to every species of charlatanry, including faith-cure, is *mistaken diagnosis*. The cancer doctor removes false cancers and whenever ignorance pronounces upon the nature of its own disease, knavery is ready to relieve it of its troubles and its cash. In this recent puerility called "Christian Science" we may grant that not all its votaries are either knaves or fools, for undoubtedly people who are fairly well informed on most topics, and who are sincere in their belief, practice it, or are practiced upon by

it, often with success for the reasons mentioned, but such people are guiltless of physiological or pathological knowledge, know nothing of the fundamentals of scientific medicine and can be thus uninformed without deserving to be called rascals or generally ignorant.

There seems to be bitter internecine war among these Christian healers, for Mr. Teed, who claims to be the Messiah, does not disdain to touch the patient, while other "metaphysicians" do not find the contact necessary. Some contributor to Mr. Teed's journal pertinently asks how it is possible for faith healers to acquire all this wonderful power in twelve lessons regardless of their being atheists, illiterate, impure or the reverse.

"Christian Science" can effect cures in many hysterical cases, particularly headaches and some minor troubles that are not hysterical, but that can be reached through a mental impression; but of course belief is a *sine qua non*. That or any other species of medical nonsense can "cure" self limited diseases which will recover if left to themselves. The *post hoc ergo propter hoc* delusion is constantly held up to the student of medicine to warn him that he must not think a recovery to be a cure in every case, but the "metaphysician" is bothered by no such misgiving. Mumps will recover in a week; even typhoid fever and rheumatism in six weeks if not treated at all, possibly scarlatina or small-pox, but it is better to aid recovery by the exercise of a little medical common sense.

It would be safe to offer a reward of a million dollars for any "metaphysical" cure of a *genuine* cancer, a *real* migraine, an *actual* lung consumption or even a *positive* corn, not to mention the amputation of a leg or the reduction of a dislocation.

Occasionally we hear of actual failures of Christian Science and owing to the very materialistic views of the educated physician he is not surprised at such failures any more than at the inability of that "science" to faith-cure a leaky water pipe, without a plumber, or to faith-cure into solidity one of Budensick's wrecked houses, for when Bright's disease means that the kidneys are disintegrating, and dropsy follows from this or a badly disorganized heart, which does not pump blood to the kidneys, and when gangrene or decay of the body, usually the legs, follows from the little tubules or capillaries being plugged up or not conveying the needed nutrition to parts, the aforesaid physician cannot possibly conceive of faith, or mummery of any kind, restoring these tissues any more than it can build a house or pump out a sinking ship.

The following was clipped from the *Chicago Evening Mail*, and is very much to the point, while it accounts for the special mentions of dropsy and gangrene made above:

KANSAS CITY, MO., June 10.—The death of Mrs. Hannah Updike, from dropsy and gangrene, while in the hands and under the care of believers in the Christian science, or faith cure, is exciting no end of comment in this city. Mrs. Updike was the wife of a well known stockman of Topeka, and was brought here and placed under the care of the faith healers eight days ago, at her own request. She was suffering from dropsy and gangrene. The doctors had pronounced her case incurable. Before death gangrene had spread over an

entire limb. From the time she was given up to the care of the faith healers all medicines, even opiates, were stopped. She was constantly surrounded by a half-dozen or more believers, who in the midst of her terrible agonies urged her to believe and she would certainly be cured. At midnight, Mrs. Eunice Behan, one of the party, stood over her and declared that "disease must succumb to the fiat of the mind." At 12:45 Mrs. Updike was dead, and Mrs. Houston, the nurse of the healers, brushed back the hair from her cold forehead, and said, sadly, "She surrendered hope to fear."

A few hours before her death her agony was so great that her husband, against the protests of the others present, gave her an opiate. "We told him not to do it," said one of the attendants. "It was recognizing the power of fear over the mind. It also dulled the mind, and prevented it from rebelling with all its power against the results of latent fear, which we hold is made manifest on the body in different forms of disease."

"Did you know she was dying?" a reporter asked.

"The mind can rise above all emergencies," was the only response.

As an excuse for not summoning a physician to at least relieve the intense pain of her dying hours one of the healers said: "Mrs. Updike became a true believer in the cure of Christian science. We are censured for not calling in a physician, but had we done so it would have been a recognition of the fact that some material injury existed. This would have spoiled the Christian science cure."

In speaking of the case Dr. Ellston said: "I consider that criminal ignorance was displayed in the treatment of this case. The law, however, has no provision for punishing ignorance."

THE MODERN SKEPTIC.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Part II.

The wise skeptic also sees that faith or superstition, rather than reason, must be the guide of the mass of mankind. What Strabo said nineteen centuries ago still holds true. "It is impossible," said the old Greek, "to conduct women and the gross multitude, and to render them holy, pious and upright by the precepts of reason and philosophy; superstition or the fear of the gods must be called in aid, the influence of which is founded on fiction or prodigies. For the thunder of Jupiter, the ægis of Minerva, the trident of Neptune, the torches and snakes of the Furies, the spears of the gods adorned with ivy, and the whole ancient theology are all fables which the legislators who formed the political constitution of States employ as bugbears to overawe the credulous and simple."

But from the point of view of the individual, of a serene, well-balanced, well-ordered life, reason is the best. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is the voice of the cool, disinterested reason, directed to the individual. And when one sets out to prove all things, what guide can he have other than reason? This is "the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world," this and conscience; but in the region of speculative opinion and belief, conscience plays a very subordinate part. "Few minds in earnest," says Cardinal Newman, in his *Apologia*, "can remain at ease without some sort of rational grounds for their religious belief, to reconcile theory and fact is almost an instinct of the mind." It certainly is in our day, more so, probably, than ever before. No intelligent man can now conscientiously humble his reason before his faith, as good Sir Thomas Browne boasted he could. He said: "Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason, live but in their own kind, as brutes do in theirs." He said we are to believe, "not only above but contrary to reason and against the argument of our proper senses." A good many other people believed so too about that time. Poor Ann Arkens, young, intelligent and beautiful, was stretched upon the

rack, then burned with faggots and blown with gunpowder at Smithfield, all because she could not believe against the "argument of her proper senses" in transubstantiation, that the bread and wine the priest had mumbled over remained anything but bread and wine.

The skepticism of our day is mainly the result of science, of the enormous growth of our natural knowledge. In its light the old theology and cosmology look artificial and arbitrary; they do not fit into the scheme of creation as science discloses it. Our science is undoubtedly ignorant enough. We know no more about final causes, after science has done its best, than we did before, but familiarity with the laws and processes of the world does undoubtedly beget a habit of mind unfavorable to the personal and arbitrary view of things which the old theology has inculcated. Science has, at least, taught us that the universe is all of a piece or homogeneous; that man is a part of nature; that there are no breaks or faults in the scheme of creation, and can be none. One thing follows from another or is evolved from another, the whole system of things is vital, and not mechanical, and nothing is interpolated or arbitrarily thrust in from without. All our natural knowledge is based upon these principles. It is only in theology that we encounter notions that run counter to them, and that require our acceptance of doctrines in which our powers of reason and observation can have no part.

The man of science has no trouble in discovering God objectively—that is, as the all-embracing force and vitality that pervades and upholds the physical universe—in fact he can discover little else. Knock at any door he will, he finds the Eternal there to answer. But his search discloses no human attributes, nothing he can name in the terms he applies to man, nothing that suggests personality. He can no more ascribe personality to infinite power, than he can ascribe form to infinite space. Yet he knows infinite space must exist; it is a necessity of the mind, though it drives one crazy to try to conceive of it. It is a matter we apprehend, to use a distinction of Coleridge, but cannot comprehend. In the same way we know an infinite power, not ourselves, exists, but it passes the utmost stretch of comprehension. This I say, is disclosing God objectively, as a palpable, unavoidable fact. To disclose God subjectively through the conscience, or as an intimate revelation to the spirit, that is to experience religion, as usually understood. The person finds God by looking inward instead of outward, and finds him as a person. Some religious souls have a most intense and vivid conception of God subjectively, who cannot find him by an outward search at all. Cardinal Newman is such a man. He says the world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which his whole being is so full. "If I looked into a mirror and did not see my

face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living, busy world and see no reflection of its Creator." What he calls this power, of which all visible things are the fruit and outcome, does not appear. Probably nature simply; but is nature something apart from God?

While this inward revelation of God to the spirit may be the most convincing of all proofs to the person experiencing it, yet it can have little force with another, little force as an argument, because, in the first place, it cannot be communicated or demonstrated. All independent objective truth is capable of being communicated and of being verified; but this fact of which Newman is so certain, he confesses himself, he cannot bring out with any logical force. It is its own proof. And in the second place, because the world knows how delusive these personal impressions and inward voices are. Men have heard an inward voice or felt an inward prompting that has led them to commit the most outrageous crimes against humanity, to burn witches and heretics, to mortify their own bodies, or to throw themselves from precipices. Good men and wise men have been equally sure, upon subjective evidence, of the existence of the devil; they have heard his promptings, his suggestions, and they have fought against him. Our fathers were just as sure, upon personal grounds, of the existence of the devil as Newman is of the existence of God. One may personify the whisperings, or the motives of evil within himself, and give it a bad name, and he may personify the nobler and higher voices within him and give it a good name. In either case it is a subjective phenomenon, which the man bent upon exact knowledge cannot attach much weight to. Satan walked and talked with the biblical writers, the same as did God; he even talked face to face with God himself. Not long since a respectable mechanic in one of the large cities believed himself bewitched; the hallucination worked upon him till he took to his bed, and finally he actually died, to all intents and purposes bewitched to death.

It is in the light of such facts and considerations as these that the so-called skeptic refuses to credit all people tell him about their knowledge of God. So that he is finally compelled to rest upon the God of force and law of outward nature.

It is also to be said that the decay of religious belief in our times is rather a decay of creeds and dogmas than of the spirit of true religion—religion as love, as an aspiration after the highest good. If we regard it as a decay of Christianity itself, it is to be remembered that Christianity bears no such intimate relation to modern life, either the life of the individual or to the life of the state, as polytheism bore to the life of the ancient world. It is rather of the nature of an aside in modern life, while in Greece and Rome and in Judea the natural

religion was the principal matter. The whole drama of history clustered around and was the illustration of this central fact. The state and the church were one. The national gods were invoked and deferred to on all occasions. Every festival was in honor of some divinity; the public games were presided over by some god. In going to war, or in concluding peace, solemn sacrifices were offered, and the favor of the gods was solicited.

"The religion of polytheism," says Gibbon, "was not merely a speculative doctrine professed in the schools or preached in the temples," on the contrary its deities and its rites "were closely interwoven with every circumstance of business or pleasure, of public or private life."

In comparison with many oriental people we are an irreligious and God-forsaken nation. No gods are recognized by the state, and in 1796 Washington signed a treaty with a Mohammedan country, in which it was declared that "the government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion."

Hence, whatever we owe to Christianity, we cannot begin to owe to it what the ancient peoples owed to their religions. Great Britain still maintains the union of church and state, but it is a forced and artificial union; it is a *union* and not a *oneness*, a matter of law and not of life, as in ancient times. Yet ours is an age of faith, too, faith in science, in the essential soundness and goodness of the world. We are skeptical about the gods, but we are no longer skeptical about things, or about duty, or virtue, or manliness, or the need of well-ordered lives. The putting out of the candles on the altar has not put out the sun and stars too. We affirm more than we deny. We no longer deny the old religions, but accept them and see where they belong. Man is fast reaching the point where he does not need these kind of props and stays, the love of future good or the fear of future evil. There was a time when the pulling down of the temple pulled the sky down with it, all motives for right were extinguished, but that time is past. Righteousness has a scientific basis; the anger of heaven descends upon the ungodly in the shape of penalties for violated laws. A comet in the heavens is no longer a fearful portent, but sewer gas in your house is. Cholera is not a visitation for ungodliness, but for uncleanness, which is a form of ungodliness. We cannot pray with the old faith, but we can fight intemperance with more than the old zeal. We cannot love God as our fathers did, but we can love our neighbor much more. The spirit of charity and helpfulness has increased in the world as the old beliefs have declined. The skeptics and disbelievers could never slaughter each other as the Christians have. Science substitutes a rational basis for right conduct in place of the artificial basis of the church. The anger of the gods no longer threatens us; the displeasure of the church is no longer

a dread; but we know that virtue alone brings satisfaction. We cannot read the Bible with the old eyes, but we read nature with new eyes.

Probably religion has long ceased to play any important part in the great movements of the world. A religious war is no longer possible. In our two great wars and in the founding of this republic, religious belief was not concerned at all. The skeptics were just as ardent and just as brave and patriotic as the believers. The author of the Declaration of Independence was a skeptic. The policy of England, France, Germany, Russia, is it in any way inspired by the Christian religion? Never were so much courage and hope, and benevolence and virtue in the world as to-day, and never before were the ties of the old faiths so weak.

HINDU LEGEND.

BY GERTRUDE ALGER.

At Heaven's gate an Indian stood alone,
Whence could be seen, within, a golden throne
Awaiting him, 'mid glories nigh too great
For earthly eyes; when straightway to the gate
The gods came down and bade him "Enter in"
Where all was light and joy, untouched by sin.
The weary traveler heard the sweet request,
Unmoved, nor entered to his Heavenly rest;
But only said "This gate I cannot pass
Without my wife and brothers who, alas!—
Have fallen on the road, my good dog, too,
Is left behind, and not till it be true
All these I loved in life, with me may share
The Heavenly glories, will I enter there."
In vain the gods entreated him, for he
Was deaf to all, and scarcely seemed to see
The great celestial light about his throne,
And all the wonders meant for him alone.
'Twas not until the gods had given assent
To all he wished, that he would be content.

Excommunication seems to have no terrors for Dr. McGlynn. In a recent address to a large and enthusiastic audience in New York, he said:

But then they say they have excommunicated me. No; no man can do that. There are only two beings in all the vast universe that can separate me from God. One is that infinite, wise, good and merciful Being, our Heavenly Father. He could do it; but He never will until I consent first to separate myself from Him. * * * Then there is only one other being in all the universe, and that is Edward McGlynn. He can separate me from Him. * * * In such cases as mine their excommunications lose their terrors; their lightning, produced by a "super" from behind the scenes; their thunder a bit of sheet-iron shaken by a poor devil who gets fifty cents a night. An unjust excommunication is not worth the paper it is written on. It is with his own conscience one has to deal. * * * And if I am deprived of the sacraments of the church, I am theologian enough to know that I can save my soul without them.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1887.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION.

At the last annual meeting of the Free Religious Association, the Executive Committee at the suggestion of the President, were authorized and requested to "consider the conditions, wants, and prospects of Free Religion in America at the present time," to ascertain whether the reconstruction of the Association for more extended and effective efforts toward attaining its objects is desirable and possible, and to report their conclusions to the next annual meeting. In the convention the following morning the President sketched a plan which he thought, if it could be carried into effect, adapted to the end desired. The plan was briefly the division of the Association into "four working sections," each with its own organization, but the whole to be included in one general organization. He indicated the sections as follows:

1. SECTION OF SOCIOLOGY—For the thoughtful study of all problems pertaining to the social elevation of mankind, and for inciting and organizing practical measures to promote such progress.

2. SECTION OF RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY—Designed to bring together scattered thinkers and scholars on

these subjects, and to encourage original research therein, according to the scientific method.

3. SECTION OF NATURAL SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION AND ETHICS—For intellectual workers occupying a distinct and wide domain, yet so closely allied to those of the second Section that the two at first, perhaps, might best be classed together.

4. SECTION OF THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO THE STATE—For resisting encroachments on liberty of conscience in religion, and for removing barriers to such liberty which may still exist in statute books, contrary to the fundamental theory of civil government in this country.

The Executive Committee desire to confer with liberal thinkers within or without the Association, as to the feasibility of this or some similar plan for enlarging and strengthening the work of the Association. Mr. W. J. Potter, the President, invites correspondence and suggestions on the subject. He may be reached through his post office address, New Bedford, Mass.

For twenty years the Free Religious Association has maintained a free platform, from which orthodox and heterodox Christians, Hebrews, Buddhists, monistic and dualistic thinkers, Materialists and Spiritualists, and anti-Christians merely, or those not advanced beyond the position of negation, have all had an opportunity to define and defend their views, and each in his own way. The papers and speeches have sometimes been of a high order and the discussions usually intelligent and conducted with courtesy and in good taste.

The Association was formed in the interests of religious enlightenment, freedom and progress. It had its origin in a departure from Unitarianism, and it has been chiefly under the management of those who had found even in that, the most liberal of the Christian denominations, limitations which they thought inconsistent with entire freedom of thought. In drafting the statement of their aims and objects, the founders of the Association used language such as in the church they had been accustomed to employ to define their position in distinction to the Unitarian creed.

Mr. Frothingham, in his article in the July number of the *North American Review*, says that the objects of the Free Religious Association, as its constitution declared at the beginning, were "to encourage the scientific study of religion and ethics, to advocate freedom in religion, to increase fellowship in spirit, and to emphasize the supremacy of practical morality in all the relations of life." Mr. Frothingham is mistaken. A constitution with the objects of the organization so stated could not have been adopted twenty years ago. Its leader and members had not become sufficiently emancipated from theological beliefs or theological phraseology. The first article of the constitution, as originally adopted, was as follows:

This Association shall be called the Free Religious Association—its objects being to promote the interests of pure religion,

to encourage the scientific study of theology, and to increase fellowship in the spirit; and to this end all persons interested in these objects are cordially invited to its membership.

The amended article, from which the quotation is made in the *North American Review*, adopted after a year's consideration, and not without some opposition, as late as 1887, marks the evolution of thought inside the organization from its formation to that date.

The Free Religious Association has done a good work; and if some such plan as that submitted by Mr. Potter can be agreed upon and carried out, we have no doubt that the usefulness of the organization will continue and be greatly increased.

THE ROCK AHEAD IN WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Some years before ever the Woman's Christian Temperance Union had, under the intrepid and wide-awake leadership of Frances Willard, become awakened to the fact that the ballot would be the most effective weapon in its warfare against intemperance; before the great mass of its members had—lulling their religious scruples to rest with new readings of St. Paul—turned their faces doubtfully in the direction of progress, or set their feet in the path already trodden into comparative smoothness by the heterodox pioneers of suffrage, a professedly ardent lover of liberty surprised the writer by what seemed to her an attack on the true principles of liberty in his earnest opposition to any immediate action with view to obtaining the franchise for women, and by his stirring appeal to her as a freethinker to cease effort and agitation in that direction. "You know as well as I do," he said, "that women as a class are, by reason of their previous condition and limitations, far in the rear of men in their views of intellectual liberty. Women are to-day the chief pillars of the churches, and are a thousand times more subservient to the wishes and will of the clergy than men. We who understand what a barrier to liberty of conscience and expression the orthodox churches must remain, ought to work first of all for the upbuilding on solid foundations of the principles of true liberty for humanity. If we do not secure this legally before women are given the ballot, or have outgrown the influence of creeds, we shall be thrown back at least a century in our work; for, if women could vote to-day, their first efforts in the direction of influencing legislation would be, under leadership of their revered teachers, the clergy, to mix religion with politics, to put the name of God into the Constitution as a shibboleth, to lay traps in law to fetter free expression of opinion and force upon us new theological shackles to take the place of those we have by long effort succeeded in breaking, or which have become worn out by time, and so perhaps plunge the nation into intolerance and consequent disaster. I understand your feelings as a woman who longs to see her sex relieved of the bonds which it has become used

to. I understand and sympathize with that love of liberty which rebels at the thought of refusing to aid in whatever direction liberty calls; but reason is greater and more imperative than even liberty, and reason bids you work for the larger liberty of conscience at the risk of seeming to ignore temporarily the rights of your sex."

We did not then and do not now acknowledge the justice of this plea, though we have since, as we had before, heard it from many other sources. Macaulay says that the best way to prepare a people for freedom is to give them freedom. And the best way to prepare women to recognize and respect the rights of others is first to recognize, and permit them to exercise, their rights. The temporary evil resulting from any narrowness on their part—due largely to their non-participation in what vitally concerns them, and the restriction of their thought to merely domestic matters—will be more than compensated by the larger views and broader sympathies and more liberal spirit which will come to them. But the evil feared by our pessimistic prophet is nevertheless a possible one among these temporary evils, and unless guarded against in time, may prove a very serious one. Already, even before the end in view is attained, we find evidence here and there of the underlying spirit of religious intolerance among women workers for suffrage, which is sufficient to fill the hearts of the true friends of the movement with alarm and dismay, and it is to warn against the encouragement of the encroachments of this insidious foe to progress that this editorial is written.

Already women workers for suffrage of known heterodox views, however careful "not to offend one of these little ones" by parade of, or reference to, their own religious opinions, and however sensitively regardful of the differing opinions of their co-laborers by thoughtful avoidance of subjects foreign to that of woman's enfranchisement, are beginning to find their rights of opinion attacked by leaders in the orthodox flank of the suffrage army. Many of these incidents, of course, never reach the public, but one or two instances which have we wish here to refer to as indication of a spirit sure to bring disaster to the woman's cause if allowed to grow. Members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union seem thus far to take the lead in this aggressive Phariseism. We quote from a correspondent of the Boston *Woman's Journal* of a recent date:

At the County Convention of the W. C. T. U., just held in Rock Island, Ill., the hour devoted to equal suffrage was occupied by Mrs. Clara Neymann, of New York, whose services were secured by the Equal Suffrage Society of Moline for the occasion.

Mrs. Louise S. Rounds, State President of the Illinois W. C. T. U., spoke of the paper presented by Mrs. Neymann. She said she had heard names quoted—Emerson, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—eminent names that would live for years, perhaps, but not one word of Jesus, to whom alone this reform could look for permanent support. She was first of all a Christian, then a temperance woman, and, last of all—having come to the

position "gingerly," as her hearers would witness—a believer in suffrage for women on temperance grounds. She was tired of hearing the old, threadbare cry, the long-harped-on tune, of "woman's rights," preached by the goddess women who had been leaders in the cause. She spoke with much vehemence, and struck the pew with her hand to enforce her remarks.

Several ladies present mildly deprecated the president's remarks, and

Mrs. Neymann asked if a criticism was just which was based solely on negations. As she understood Mrs. Rounds, she was criticised for what she had failed to say, not for what she had said.

It would, it seems to us, be more politic for the purpose such Christians have in view to wait until some indiscriminate and enthusiastic freethinker assails, in the suffrage meetings, the Christianity of some suffragist. It is always safest, in view of gaining adherents to one's opinions, to remain upon the defensive. It is cowardly and unjust to attack unprovoked; it is pusillanimous to refuse to defend one's self from such attack, whether it be personal violence or an assault upon our convictions. Certainly no greater wrong could be done than thus to assail one so careful to avoid giving cause of offense to those who differ from her theologically as the gentlemanly and loving-hearted Mrs. Neymann, who, while still smarting under this uncalled-for attack, relating to us the particulars, showed not one trace of ill-will toward her opponent, but only grief tempered by surprise that she should have been the object of it.

One more straw indicative of how strongly the current on which the suffrage movement is floating is tending toward the treacherous rock of intolerance we find in the following clipping from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of May 18:

Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert presided over a meeting of the Cook County Women's Suffrage Association, held at the Sherman yesterday afternoon. After transacting some business prior to their adjournment for the summer, a few remarks were made by Mrs. M. E. Holmes, Galva, Ill., President of the State Suffrage Association, in which she alluded to the encouraging progress being made in the State. She then closed by saying that the one thing necessary was to consider the relation of suffrage to the church; that suffragists stand out from church work too much. She claimed that they cannot do the work until they, as suffragists, get into the churches; that a strict spiritual as well as a suffrage society is necessary. She said this is the only way to get the church people in the work. A strong feeling is prevalent, that suffrage has nothing to do with religion, and, if that be the case, she wanted nothing to do with suffrage. Mrs. Underwood, assistant editor of THE OPEN COURT, and who recently came to this city from Boston, asked if the constitution of this association touched on the subject of religious creed or dogma. The question was asked, she said, simply for information, as in Massachusetts the suffrage movement was one solely and distinctly separate from religion and prohibition, and she felt it should so continue, as there are many of its leaders like Mrs. Stanton and others, who perhaps hold to no particular religious creed or church, and would, on these grounds, be barred out of the movement if it rested on creed or church dogmas. Several ladies thought this an attack on their individual church, and all came forward to air themselves on their personal church and religious tenets. Mrs. Harbert soon took in the situation and

stopped debate. Mrs. Underwood in a few words made herself plain and poured oil on the troubled waters.

To some it may seem almost impertinent on the part of members of an association which comes so laggardly into the field of suffrage work, to say to those who have made the work possible to them that they do not choose to work with them, and that their best policy is to give way gracefully to the newcomers, who feel quite competent to accept any stray laurels of success which may now be won, and to denounce as unworthy of recognition such leaders in the movement as Mary Wolstonecraft, John Stuart Mill, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frances Wright, Ernestine L. Rose, Judge Hurlbut, Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, Parker Pillsbury, Frances D. Gage, and hundreds of others whose names will readily occur to mind.

Women of the Christian Temperance Union, beware of this rock of intolerance! Read history and ponder its lessons; learn to think it possible that your wisdom may not comprise *all* the wisdom of this world, and remember that the heretics of yesterday are the revered teachers of to-day.

S. A. U.

A prominent Mexican liberal writes that the church in Mexico is fast declining in influence. "The men," he says, "are generally unbelievers, although they are counted as church members because they do not take the trouble to explain their position. The strength of the church is with the women and the ignorant. Attend the services, and what do you see? Many men? No; nine out of ten worshipers are women. The fact is, there has been a very rapid spread of unbelief among the intelligent men of Mexico. The school of Kant has many disciples. Speculative philosophy has taken root among our students. Those representatives of the church who let politics alone and consider only the spiritual aspect of the situation are greatly alarmed at this growth of liberalism in religion. At the rate we are going we shall be a nation of believers in the greatest freedom of religious thought."

* * *

The following short sketch of Richard A. Proctor is copied from the *Chicago Tribune*:

The eminent English astronomer, Richard Anthony Proctor, has decided to become an American citizen, and is building a residence at Orange Lake, Florida, the great orange grove section of that State. The learned man's wife is an American, and it is fair to presume that she is entitled to more credit than the sunny groves of Florida for her husband's intention to make his home in the United States.

Mr. Proctor was born in England, in the year 1837, in good social position, and received a thorough education. After preparatory studies in several private schools, he proceeded to King's College, London, and from thence to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1860, with honors. In 1866 he was appointed a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England; and an honorary Fellow of King's College, London, in 1873. He edited the proceedings of the Royal Astronomical

Society in 1872-73. In 1869 he created great interest by maintaining against the almost universal opinion of astronomers, the theory of the solar corona and also that of the inner complex solar atmosphere, this the discovery of Professor Young, both of which have since been accepted. Mr. Proctor has lectured in all the principal cities of England, Canada, the United States, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, New Zealand and other countries. He knows how to make astronomy interesting, a gift rare as well as most desirable.

Mr. Proctor has written much on scientific subjects in various publications, and is the author of more than sixty books. *Knowledge*, an English periodical edited by him and which has a large circulation in scientific circles, will be issued as an American publication. The articles on astronomy in *Appleton's Encyclopedia* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* were written by Mr. Proctor, who constructed a chart of the heavens, and in 1874, added greatly to his reputation by his learned researches into the transits of Venus. This great astronomer is a man of strong domestic tastes. He lost his first wife in January, 1879. The present Mrs. Proctor, who is a niece of General Jefferson Thompson, of Virginia, became so in May, 1881. Her husband had made a tour of the United States previously to the time of his marriage to this American lady, in 1873-74, 1875, and just before that happy event. The accession of Richard A. Proctor to the ranks of naturalized Americans will be a decided gain to the cause of learning, scientific inquiry and popular instruction.

* * *

Referring to the recent Andover decision, the *Unitarian Review*, now ably conducted by Joseph Henry Allen, of Cambridge, Mass., pertinently observes:

The press as a whole, continues to side very vigorously with the accused; but the press, as well as the trustees in their recent manifesto, confuse two radically diverse questions. The one is a question of sympathy with the comparatively liberal and humane spirit displayed at Andover. * * * But the second question is the plain ethical question of the right of these estimable gentlemen to teach what they do teach in the place they hold under the local conditions of their foundations. On this point, which is really the main question of the two, we hold that the Visitors have acted justly, and that a high standard of honor should have led the professors to resign their places before this. They are honorable men, but the confusion of mind which keeps them where they are is to be regretted in the interests of morality and theology alike. If taken up to the law courts the Andover case will serve to advertise the dissensions of the Trinitarian Congregationalists, and the liberal cause will profit thereby; but we shall esteem it a misfortune should the courts set aside the decision of the Visitors. The thing most needed now by our Trinitarian brethren is a new and free Andover, unshackled by a creed and the necessity of maintaining legal obligations which are not those of reason and of truth.

* * *

Dr. McGlynn's speech contains a very significant passage, which the *Tribune* and the *Sun*, not less significantly, have suppressed. We quote from the *verbatim* report of the *Times*:

They calumniate me when they say I took the stump for Mr. Cleveland. It is a lie. They tried to make a religious feeling against Mr. Cleveland because he vetoed an appropriation of \$25,000 for a Catholic Protectory. I should have done the very same thing in his place.

This is the first revelation "from the inside" of the reason why "they tried to make a religious feeling against Mr. Cleveland." Everybody knows of the effort, and that it was strong enough, in the secrecy which enveloped it, very nearly to defeat Mr. Cleveland. Many people also knew well enough the reason for it, but could not prove it. Now it is officially revealed by a

man who knows perfectly what was going on in the councils of Mr. Cleveland's opponents in 1884. The revelation is one of the greatest pieces of Mr. Cleveland's proverbial luck. A secret diversion of the Roman Catholic vote from a Democratic candidate is a serious misfortune, but open, announced opposition on religious grounds is another matter. No better piece of luck could befall a candidate than to have it known that he was to be "jumped on" by some of our foreign citizens "because he vetoed an appropriation of \$25,000 for a Catholic Protectory." Such an announcement would insure his election. Our people will not stand religion in politics; least of all will they stand the Pope in politics.—*The Nation*.

* * *

Rev. Dr. Burgon, Dean of Chichester, in replying to Canon Freemantle in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review*, declares that the doctrine of evolution is false and "the veriest foolishness," and in support of this opinion he says that "man is never found at all in a fossil state." The editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, after remarking that, had Dr. Burgon "opened the most elementary contemporary treatise on geology, he would have found that abundant fossil remains of man, and abundant traces also of his works, have been found in association with the bones of now extinct animals," and after pointing out some of the other errors of the learned dean, adds: "Dr. Burgon's article will do good. The extreme ignorance he manifests on scientific questions, and the unbounded confidence with which he nevertheless undertakes to discuss them, will open the eyes of many as to the pressing need for the scientific education of the clergy."

* * *

The Protestant clergy of Montreal have made vigorous efforts to suppress all means of amusement and diversion on Sunday, but the City Council has resisted these attempts to curtail the few privileges the people now enjoy, and a most important advance has been made by the opening of the Fraser Institute—the free public library—on Sunday. This is owing to the generous and wise action of Mr. John H. R. Molson, the wealthy brewer, who has donated \$10,000 to the Fraser Institute, upon the condition that it shall be opened to the public on Sundays at the same hours as upon other days. The trustees have accepted the gift and the conditions. Mr. Molson is a vice-president of the Montreal Pioneer Freethought Club, which was the first institution in Montreal to open its reading rooms and library free to the public.—*Secular Thought*.

* * *

Mr. O. B. Frothingham has an article in the *North American Review* for July on "Why Am I a Free Religionist?" In connection with his reasons for belonging to the Association, he gives some account of its origin, early history and possible future. The treatment of the subject is not so full as we could wish, but there is enough in the article to make it of interest, especially to members of the Association.

* * *

The concluding part of Professor Cope's great essay, proof of which has not been returned in time for this issue, will be inserted in No. 13.

TWO PROPHETS.

BY ALFRED H. PETERS.

The greatest human possession is the power of compelling thought. He is the most godlike man who forces the world, or any considerable portion of it, to accept his words as truth. Chief among such are the establishers of great ideas hitherto untried or unheard of. These become founders of religions and of systems of ethics and of physics, spiritual and mental sovereigns of whose title there is never any dispute. Second only to such are those interpreters and confirmers of ideas, more or less accepted, who possess unusual insight or expression. These, if not sovereigns, are, by virtue of their being stimulators to spiritual and mental activity, the prophets and ministers of the race. Of the first class there appears but one in a thousand years. Of the second, every generation produces one or more; leaders and shapers of their age, not sure of the first place, but sure of the affection and reverence of mankind for a portion of, if not for all time. Of this class Franklin was the most conspicuous individual produced by us previous to the present century. No one of our countrymen, before or during his time, influenced general thought throughout the world as did he. He was, pre-eminently, the wise man, the oracle of the new republic. Of the same class in this century two men, thus far, overtop all others as thought-compellers of their own time in the United States—Emerson, the fortifier of humanity, and Beecher, its apologist. No Americans, save Franklin, have in a general way so influenced human opinion as have these two.

Sprung from the same stock; educated for the same profession; idealists both; no teachers ever bore to their fellows more different messages, or in a more different way. Alike optimists and humanitarians, their theories of the conduct of life were entirely opposite. Radical dissenters from the old order of things, the dissent of one was not the dissent of the other. Courage, tolerance, and a hatred of cant they indeed possessed in common, as they did that quality of intellect which cannot be specialized, whose work applies to all time, and to one part of the world as much as to another, the surest test everywhere of human greatness.

As the advocate of reason against passion, as the maintainer of the possibilities of the human will and the declarer that virtue is its own reward, Emerson is the later apostle of all those who make the higher life dependent upon themselves. He came not crying repent, so much as overcome. Repentance is good, but not to require repentance is better. Denial of self for others is good, but to make it unnecessary that others should deny themselves for you is as noble as it is to deny yourself for them. Charity is good, but why make occasion for charity? To profit at another's expense, whether by his good will or by your dishonesty, is a confession of

inferiority. Human inequality is a natural law; what one possesses another lacks. Cease then, to envy what is another's and make the most of what is your own. Think not to avoid conflict, which is an inexorable condition of existence, but let the conflict be with yourself.

A democrat and an individualist he nevertheless was by temperament exclusive, as all very fine natures are however they may strive to be otherwise. To him the same law regulated the intermingling of men that regulates the mingling of oil and water—like seeks like and appeals to like everywhere. With the greedy, cozening, time-serving, passion-yielding crowd he had as little sympathy as they had with him. No man ever became his disciple whose best energies were exercised upon material things. With all fault-finders, blamers of others, and wearers of their hearts upon their sleeves he had as little patience as he had with other mendicants. But wherever he saw man or woman, of whatever estate, walking alone, "consuming their own smoke," doing their own thinking and making daily trial of their own strength, there he recognized one in earnest, and a true yoke-fellow with himself.

He is the best representative of the stoic school of philosophy which the nineteenth century can show. Not of that order which held pain to be no evil, or withstood destiny by despising everything of which it could deprive them, but one of those fate-abiding, passion-tempered spirits, "gentle and just and dreadful," of whom the best types are Seneca and Marcus Antoninus. Like them he believed that "no man can ever be poor who goes to himself for what he wants." He held the most desirable things to be, not commodity and supremacy, things dependant upon others, but appreciation and perception, things dependant upon one's self. He taught that loss is a necessity to which we should build altars, and that nothing so disenthalls us from the disturbing confusion of life as the habit of thought.

Of course it is to the intellectual class that he mainly appeals. By this, however, is not meant those merely who are engaged in bookish pursuits, but that great, serious, and for the most part, silent company of men and women in whom there exists a perpetual hunger of the mind. He has been an inspiration to meditative spirits and perceivers of beauty the world over. Especially helpful is he to those who are just having their early ideals of the world undeceived. The most critical period in the life of every right dispositioned young man or woman is when they first realize that people regard having as more important than being. Such an one, when sore at finding "his graces have served him but as enemies," is unspeakably strengthened and comforted by the lofty teaching that if a scrupulous sense of honor does not pay, materially speaking, yet he who refuses to barter his convictions possesses what is worth more than all

rewards of policy—the knowledge that the world could not overcome him.

When the history of American thought is finally written, one of the epochs in it will be marked by the New England Transcendental Movement. This was the first permanent effort in the republic, on the part of any considerable number, toward an inquiry into the conduct of life which did not assert for itself the authority of supernatural revelation. Unlike the movement of Channing, it cut entirely loose from Christianity and appealed from the doctrine of human weakness to the doctrine of human strength. It was the first re-affirmation of the philosophy of Zeno by any recognized body of thinkers which had been heard for fifteen centuries. No matter if many enthusiastic people brought ridicule upon the movement by giving its name to their own schemes for making the world over in a day. Extravagance of intellect is no more to be wondered at than extravagance of emotion. It was one of those periods in society which the historian Grote declares especially valuable to study, because routine is broken through and the constructive faculties called into exercise.

The first effect of this movement was a decline of reverence for all authority whatsoever whose claim to directorship was founded on other than present excellence. Its next effect was to make religious independence respectable. Its latest effect, which was set back twenty years by the war for the Union, was to make respectable independence in politics. The same region is at the present time giving most uneasiness to the beneficiaries of politics which has for the last thirty years given most uneasiness to the beneficiaries of religion.

Of this movement Emerson was the acknowledged head. Unlike certain others he did not abandon the transcendental principle because of its failure to work an immediate reformation. Withdrawing from the world he consecrated himself to contemplation, like a mediæval mystic. All of transcendentalism that was founded upon individual effort drew from him its main inspiration. His influence is seen in all later subjective literature. Whether he was poet or philosopher, or both, men may continue to differ, but there is no difference as to the position he will occupy among the compellers of thought.

Instead of the doctrine that happiness depends mainly upon one's self, the mass of men have ever preferred to think that it depends upon the aid of their fellows or of supernatural powers. They would fain believe that the law of cause and effect may in some way be made void, and from time to time, therefore, it is proclaimed that punishment for the sins of one's ancestors is a crime, and for one's own a mistake. But for the tremendous conviction that every transgression carries with it a penalty, this doctrine would long ago have

superseded the one upon which all civil and religious government has been thus far based. Charity, sympathy and generosity are more winning virtues than justice, temperance and patience. The world loves the one; it does not love the other. Its submission to them is the homage which weakness pays to strength.

To the multitude of those who were ready to break from Puritanism, the transcendental philosophy was no more attractive than the old theology. Its creed was equally austere; its practice no less disciplinary. It was, in fact, a kind of Calvinism whose deity was a natural instead of a revealed one, and wherein election depended principally upon one's self. Its subjection of the emotions to the intellect, and the little charity exercised by some of its apostles toward human weakness made its rejection by the mass of people an assurance from the start. It was a life with more love in it for which they asked, something realistic and not an abstraction. So true it is that "the blood which first passes through the brain is never so red as that which flows direct from the heart." Another dispensation was demanded, and presently its prophet appeared.

As a sympathizer with human frailty and ignorance, as a believer in the efficacy of forgiveness, and in the possibility of a common brotherhood, Beecher was, beyond all others of his time, the representative of such as made mutual sympathy the ruling principle of existence. Others there were, as honest lovers of mankind as he, but either their natures were too fine for hearty promiscuous contact, or they were hedged about by the traditional sanctity of their calling, and were priests rather than men. Never had man less of the priest about him than this one. Of that professional air which makes the ordinary teacher of religion everywhere recognizable he was wholly free. And he was no less so actually than in appearance. His hearers were his confessors more often than he was confessor to them. That vast multitude which hung upon his uttered or printed words had not a man among them more greedy of life than himself.

There was a coarseness of fiber in him as there is in all popular favorites. His expression was like a burst of martial music whose stirring strains have oftentimes mingled among them notes which grate upon a refined ear. Herein was the secret of that affection which the mass of his countrymen had for him more than for any other orator or writer of his time. People loved him as they loved Luther, and Mirabeau, and Lincoln, because they felt he was of the earth, like themselves. What a successful politician he might have become had he been ambitious of place and willing to accommodate himself to the conditions of popular suffrage?

Those opposed to his opinions felt and confessed the magic influence of his personality, and even criticism was silent among those to whom his coarseness of expression was an offense. The inconsistency of his later

with his earlier religious views was useless against him as a reproach. Had his memorable trial resulted in conviction, the spirit of compassion with which he had inspired his generation would have poured back upon him as the cloud returns to the earth. If the religion of the future is to be based upon charity Beecher will rank among the foremost of its prophets.

But not alone of the spiritual life was it that he spoke as one having authority. When his vast utterance shall have been distilled it will be found that, beside being a man lover, he was an earth lover; one for whom there was a message in every animate or inanimate thing; a Homeric man, the half of whose power of expression came from his intercourse with thought-compelling nature. He was indifferent to nothing which affected the happiness or welfare of others. One is astonished at his diversity of effort. His natural bent of mind seems to have been toward the concrete and realistic. He was too keen an enjoyer of material things to occupy himself with speculations upon the absolute. Though his arms were outstretched to every repentant evil doer yet no man ever denounced individual or corporate injustice more than he. Government was to him, as Jefferson said, the art of being honest. Upon every political issue his voice was heard in defence of what he believed to be the most honest side.

It is true, his words, like the words of every orator, cannot be read without some of their strength being lost. It is true, also, that his influence has to no great extent been felt abroad. His thought was not of that condensed kind upon which men of letters are nourished, nor of the technical kind sought after by specialists. His audience was that great middle class among his own countrymen whose minds neither dwell apart from the flesh, nor are so benumbed or besotted by it that they are incapable of regarding anything higher.

To such, his courage, his fervor, and his homely illustration were an irresistible attraction, whether they always agreed with him or not, while to weak, bruised, or erring spirits the outpourings of his life-appreciating, sympathetic nature were a peculiar comfort and support. It was fortunate for his fame that no profession could narrow him, no party enslave him nor communion label him. Had his inconsistencies been double what they were he would have been forgiven, for, notwithstanding them all, he was a very great man, and at his death shaped the general thought of the American people more than did any one of his countrymen then living.

The author of *John Inglesant* asserts that "all creeds and opinions are but the result of character and temperament." Of the many lives which might be cited to prove the truth of this saying no better ones can be found than the two which are the subject of this article. Both of these men possessed masterful characters and were therefore a law unto themselves. But their

temperaments were altogether unlike. Emerson was barely charitable to human weakness, because his predominant intellectuality lifted him above common desire. He could live with men or he could live apart from them, and in his hours of depression could obtain relief within himself. Beecher pitied and extenuated human weakness, because no man more craved intercourse and sympathy than he. The virtue of Emerson was negative; that of Beecher was positive. One looked at what a person was; the other at what he did. Positive virtue is most esteemed by men of action; negative virtue by men of thought. Positive virtue is often the reaction from positive vice; negative virtue generally has less to repent of. Without positive virtue there would be little reform; without negative virtue there would be no self-control. Positive virtue and negative virtue, as human nature now exists, appear to be equally necessary, but if all men were negatively virtuous, of positive virtue there would be no need.

When to their own work is added the work of their disciples, one cannot help thinking that from these two men has gone forth a greater influence than during their time, went from all the seats of learning in the land combined. Money founds and endows academies and universities. Men dispense instruction therein, learned, patient and for the most part unselfish. Thither flock a multitude of youth; a few to get wisdom, many to get knowledge and more to get a start in the world or to have a good time. A certain habit of thought becomes current and a certain routine of instruction, founded thereon, for a time prevails, when lo, up rises some master outside of the schools, teaching without authority, and straightway pupils attend on him from the farm, the market and the workshop, and students in ancient foundations desert their *alma mater* to sit at his feet. Such is the power of genius. However much our time may be accused of materialism, let genius but speak and the world gives ear. Surely a generation that has grown up under two such great spiritual teachers cannot be wholly a materialistic one.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ECCLESIASTICAL ATTENTIONS TO MURDERERS.

To the Editors:

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.

Perhaps in America you are more fortunate than we are in England and your clergy may not weaken the public sense of the atrocity of murder as they do in England, by the ill-judged obtrusion of consolation on men rightfully adjudged to the gallows. A few years ago one of the "merry misers" of London, in *Gt. Coram street*, was murdered by her paramour in the night, who was conjectured to be a foreigner. A Danish clergyman of spotless repute, was apprehended on suspicion. Before he could prove his innocence, which he speedily did, he claimed the sympathy and assistance of the Chaplain of the *Middlesex House of Detention* "as a brother minister and a brother Christian." The "brother clergyman" shrank from him and refused his hand when offered;

yet, if the man had been really guilty and ordered to be hanged, the same clergyman would have shown him the tenderest attentions, and would have assured a joyful reception at the throne of God to a man whose hand it was pollution to touch on earth. A case of this kind has again occurred in which the Bishop of Lincoln has been the actor. I send you the protest which I thought it right to make against this practice, which is begetting a conviction in England, that no one is absolutely sure of going to heaven unless he has committed some murder.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lincoln:

It being my intention to take public notice in Leicester of the inclosed paragraph, which appeared in the *Daily News* of February 22, it seems right that I should first ask whether so incredible a statement can be true.

"Richard Insole, 24, fisherman, was executed at Lincoln, at nine o'clock this morning, for the murder of his wife at Grimsby. The pair had lived apart, and Insole becoming jealous, shot her with a revolver five times, the last shot being fired while the woman was lying on the floor. Insole paid great attention to the ministrations of the Bishop of Lincoln, who had frequently visited him. The bishop administered the sacrament to him on Sunday morning and was in attendance upon him from eight o'clock this morning until just before the execution."

This paragraph represents that your lordship "frequently visited" Insole the wife killer of Grimsby. Can it be that a bishop paid these flattering attentions to a brutal murderer. A city missionary would have been a messenger of glory grand enough for a scoundrel of this class. Indeed, the self-respect of an honest missionary should be above this business. It is said that your lordship actually administered the sacrament to this murderer who had fired at his wife five times, the last time when she was upon the ground. What can men think of the sanctity of the sacramental cup which touches such villainous lips? Was Insole prepared for the Holy Communion who was not converted save by the rope round his neck? Was it right to dispatch to the Court of Heaven one whom your lordship as a gentleman would never think of proposing as a member of the Athenæum Club? Is the committee of the Athenæum Club more dainty as to whom it associates with than the Holy Trinity? Did Insole's wife go to heaven who was sent to her account without a word of warning or prayer of preparation? If she is gone to hell is it right that Insole, her murderer, should be in heaven—she crying in vain for a drop of water to quench her burning tongue while he who sent her into damnation is supping at the cool springs of paradise? If happily she be in heaven, it would be better that her husband should be elsewhere. How could the murdered and the murderer nestle in Abram's bosom? High ecclesiastical attentions to coarse, brutal, blood-stained criminals is to condone and encourage crime. We may not insult the doomed however vile—nor discourage their repentance; but we should warn the murderer that if he thinks himself fit company for "the just made perfect," he must himself negotiate his own admission to heaven. We who refuse to let him live in this world cannot be any parties to soliciting his admission to the company before the throne. How can angels wish one of their trumpets blown by a murderer? Notes of music dyed with innocent blood must tingle the ears of Jehovah. All a bishop can fitly do in this case is to offer prayers for the soul of the murdered wife—and head a subscription for her family. He who slew her should be left to the hangman in this world and to the Judge of the next.

In these days, when we are told that those misjudge Christianity who question the morality of its teachings—these sacramental transactions with a murderer require explanation and I shall read with attention any I may receive, if your lordship really took part in them—as represented.

Your lordship teaches that he who believes that Eve was but a mere primrose dame, filching the apple of freedom, "shall without doubt, perish everlastingly"—while here is a wife murderer who (as we know from report) fares well, eats well, sleeps well and dies well, with the bishop at his elbow to impart to him "the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection." Who can reconcile these things. Who can read them and not be amazed?

Whatever part your lordship may have taken in this affair, it has been, I doubt not, from humane motives—but motives do not make morality—however they may excuse conduct.

[At the anniversary of the Secular Institute at Leicester, I did as I intimated, brought the correspondence under the notice of the audience. Between the time of sending the letter to the Bishop of Lincoln and the public citation of it, there was time for a reply.

No answer came nor did I expect it. It does sometimes occur to a bishop that he professes to be "a soldier of Christ" and that he ought to answer for the faith that is in him, when reasonable requirement is made to him to that effect. Some years ago when I addressed Bishop Wilberforce, then in the occupancy of the See of Oxford, he gave prompt and courteous attention to my inquiries though the occasion of them and the nature of them would be held to excuse his disregard of them. The moral sense of the community is much sharper than it was, education is more generally diffused, the observation of clerical ways is more critical than formerly, and the Bishop of Lincoln might usefully have explained the grounds on which he continued a practice no longer consonant with the moral feeling of the age. After a few days I addressed to his lordship the following further communication:]

Your lordship might infer from my recent letter that it was written on behalf of relatives of the murdered woman, indignant at the distinction conferred upon the man who killed her. This is not so—I do not know them, yet I own that in all such cases my sympathies are more with the families of the victim than with him who brought the misery upon them.

It was from moral considerations that I wrote. The public concern is with restitution rather than salvation. As far as possible restitution should be exacted from the criminal. In days when I was deputed to report upon executions I had experience of murderers which led me to write a pamphlet against public killing as feeding the vanity of murderers and further depraving the scoundrel class by permitting them the gratification of witnessing murder without responsibility. I have known some murderers. The man Forwood, known by the name of Southey, the name which he had the vanity to take—told me that he intended to kill his wife and family. His wish was to win the distinction of Tropmann by a great crime. As he represented that Lord Dudley was the cause of his misfortunes I suggested that he should kill him, if he was persuaded of the rightfulness of redressing private wrong by murder. But this did not divert him. He did kill seven persons and then wrote to me from Maidstone gaol to bring his case under the notice of the public. I answered that "I was reluctant to kick a man when he was down, even though he was a murderer, but I drew the line at a man who killed his wife and children. I hoped that his frightful ambition of notoriety would be ended by the rope." I have reason to think that I prevented articles being written on his trial, as he was hanged without attention being bestowed upon him. Until that case arose I did not believe that a man would incur the gallows for the sake of publicity. As I have said, I doubt not that your lordship's attentions to Insole were dictated by honorable pity, and not inconsistent with the letter and spirit of Christianity. Nevertheless, administering the Holy Sacrament to murderers effaces the terror of crime and diminishes its gravity in the eyes of criminals. The interest of society is in restitution, not repentance and it is conducive to public morality that men should know that he who commits a crime in which restitution is impossible places himself without the pale of sympathy in this world or of mercy in the next unless some expiatory is in force there.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

REPLY TO PROCTOR ON "COMMON CONSENT."

To the Editors:

Will you kindly give space to a brief rejoinder by way of counter-criticism to the article of Richard A. Proctor in THE OPEN COURT of June 9, entitled "Common Consent and the Future Life?" The attempt is made to prove by the doctrine of mathematical probabilities or chances, that the doctrine of immortality can only be true in one chance in ten chances, if it is to be decided by the "common consent" of the "average minds." Without touching upon the method of proof, let us see where this same doctrine of probabilities will lead us if applied to other things or questions about which there is "considerable difficulty" of decision.

But first let us turn Professor Proctor's proposition around a little and see what it may be made to present to us. By the professor's mathematical deductions the belief in immortality by "common consent" is not likely to be true at all, or only in the ratio of one chance in ten, or one hundred, or some other higher

mathematical limit. Therefore, he discards this proof or argument as to immortality as utterly valueless in a scientific or rational aspect, as nothing but the merest blind guess work, with all the chances against it. It is the belief in immortality against the whole field of real difficulties, mathematical certainties and logical proofs.

But one opinion always provokes another. Suppose (and it is a valid supposition, since some races of men, sects and individuals have always disbelieved in the immortality of the soul) that the greater part, the large majority, of men *disbelieved* in immortality; that by "common consent" it was held to be true that there was *no* immortal life, no life beyond this present life. Or, since science is soon expected to bring most men to see the falsity of their belief in immortality, suppose in A. D. 2100 it is found that most men of average ability shall hold the belief in the non-immortality of the soul, by "common consent," what logically would then follow from the application of Professor Proctor's method of demonstration? Namely this: Whatever belief is held upon a subject of "considerable" or "real" difficulty by "common consent" can only be true one chance in ten, or some higher ratio—that is, it is not true at all—it is an untruth, a falsehood. Now apply this principle to either of the hypothetical cases instanced, and what is the result? By the same logic, the same method of mathematical demonstration, it would be shown that it can *not* be true that there is *no* immortality, or only to the extent of one chance in ten or one hundred. Therefore its alternative must be true and must be accepted, viz: that immortality is true in the ratio of chances of nine to ten or ninety-nine to one hundred.

Or, take the question of the existence of a personal (spiritual) God, which I suppose Professor Proctor would agree was a subject of "some difficulty." The "common consent" of all men, (perhaps we may say in all ages) has been that of a belief in such a being. But by the application of the professor's theory of mathematical probabilities the question is easily settled in the negative "by a large majority."

Or, take the question of the liberty, or equality of civil rights, of men, a matter of "considerable difficulty" as history shows. In America by "common consent" this belief is held as announced in the Declaration of Independence. And does Professor Proctor want to apply his theory of mathematical probabilities to this doctrine to show its absurdity or falsehood?

Or, take the question of honesty, or the belief among men by "common consent" that one should tell the truth and should not steal. This is a subject of "considerable difficulty," too, at least there is quite a divergence of practice among men in regard to it. Do we have to apply the doctrine of mathematical probabilities to this belief to decide its validity?

If Professor Proctor would substitute for "common consent" the common *instinct* among men as to the belief in immortality a juster element would be introduced into the discussion, and the question could then be studied scientifically in the line of its proper demonstration.

Is it not true that the "common consent" of the "average minds" among men in regard to moral, religious (not speculative) and spiritual questions, and as to the faiths and beliefs of men in regard to God and the immortal life, is a legitimate and convincing argument in itself, and one which no scientific or mathematical demonstration can reach or unsettle, since it is not founded on intellectual conceptions or based on scientific information?

H. D. STEVENS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

L'HÉRÉDITÉ PSYCHOLOGIQUE. Par *Th. Ribot*. Troisième Édition. Corrigée et augmentée. Paris, 1887.

It is to be regretted that the latest English issue of this book is a mere reprint of an antiquated translation, and we now call attention to the third edition of Ribot's *Hérédité*, which is just out and has not as yet found a translator.

In the preface M. Ribot, says: "This new edition has been revised in many points. The researches into hereditary insanity or insanity of the degenerated, and the important hypothesis of

Weismann concerning the physiological cause of heredity could not be passed by in silence. Many things have been gained from recent investigations especially from the excellent work of M. Déjérine: *L'Hérédité dans les maladies du système nerveux*."

Undoubtedly M. Ribot is the man whose opinion on this question is to be valued most highly, the solution of which can give us a clue to the scientific explanation of evolution. "We do not know for certain," says Ribot, "what man was in the beginning and we can not say what man will be in the future. But imagine him in his natural state and in that of an extreme civilization. Compare the savage, almost naked, his brain full of images but void of ideas, * * * with a highly civilized man, cultivated in art and literature * * * and practicing Goethe's precept, "Try to understand yourself and the world." Between the two extremes the distance seems infinite and yet it has been passed through gradually, step by step. Without doubt, this evolution resulting from the complex action of numerous causes, is not entirely due to heredity. But we would not have succeeded in our task, if the reader has not now comprehended that heredity has largely contributed to produce evolution."

We select a few passages from one of the most interesting chapters of Ribot's book, *Les hypothèses sur l'hérédité*. On the ground that "psychical heredity is one aspect of biological heredity," M. Ribot reviews the different explanations proposed by Darwin, Galton, Herbert Spencer, Haeckel and Weismann. The theories of the three former savants are mostly known, or at least easily accessible, to an English speaking public. The views of the two latter, Haeckel and Weismann, are of quite recent date, and a translation of what the author says about their theories may be welcome. We translate from pp. 403-405.

"The latest hypothesis of Haeckel, known under the name of *perigenesis*, is a dynamical explanation of heredity. Darwin's and also Spencer's hypotheses do not reduce heredity to a purely anatomical explanation, but these writers attributed less importance to the dynamical properties of living matter than did Haeckel.

"The comparison so often made between an organism and a State, Haeckel maintains, is no vague and far-fetched analogy. The cells are veritable citizens of a State, and we may consider the body of any animal with its strong centralization as a cellular monarchy, the vegetable organism, the centralization of which is weaker, as a cellular republic. The cell, however, is not the elementary and most simple organism. Below it there is the *cytode*, viz., a mass of albuminoid substance without nucleus and without membrane.

"Cells and cytodes are the vital units. The living matter of moneres and these cytodes *Van Beneden* and *Haeckel* call *plasson*, i. e., the primordial plastic substance of which protoplasm is only a differentiation.

"The plasson can be resolved into molecules which are not resolvable into smaller molecules, but constitute the ultimate limit of division. These are the *plastidules*. It is in the nature of plastidules that we must search for an explanation of heredity in all its forms. "According to Haeckel each atom possesses a certain amount of force; it is animated. The atom has a soul, which means that it exhibits the phenomena of pleasure and displeasure, of desire and aversion, attraction and repulsion. If every atom is endowed with sensation and will, these two qualities can not be considered as belonging to the organism as a whole, and we must, therefore, search for the properties which distinguish the plastidules from the molecules, and constitute the real essence of life.

"The most important of these properties, it appears to us, is the faculty of reproduction or memory, which appears in all processes of evolution, and especially in the reproduction of organisms. All plastidules possess memory; this faculty is absent in

the case of all other molecules. According to Haeckel memory is not only a property of organized matter, he ascribes memory to all living matter. This memory, common to plastidules, explains heredity. Haeckel attributes to each plastidule an undulatory rhythmical motion.

"By the generative act a certain quantity of the protoplasm or albuminoid matter of the parents is transmitted to the child, and with this protoplasm an individual and special form of molecular motion. These molecular motions call forth the phenomena of life and are their real cause. There is also an original plastidulatory motion which is transmitted by the parental cell and preserved. The influence of external circumstance, from which adaptation and variability result, produces a modification of this molecular movement."

Haeckel accordingly draws the conclusion: "Heredity is the memory of plastidules," or the transmission of the movement of plastidules and adaptation consists in acquired movements.

Haeckel trusts that, in this way, he has given a monistic and mechanical explanation of heredity; monistic, for in the plastidules the ordinary properties of matter, life and consciousness are united, mechanical, for his hypothesis is based on the principle of a communication of motion.

More recently Weismann has proposed a new and important theory of heredity under the name of continuity of the germ-plasma (*Continuität des Keimplasmas als Grundlage einer Theorie der Vererbung*). No hypothesis affirms more positively the invariable and indelible character of hereditary transmission. It is based upon the investigations of different contemporary embryologists, especially of Van Beneden, who have shown that fecundation consists in a fusion of the male and female germ (*ovum*), that it is a copulation only of germs, and that the body of the cell does not take any part in it. These germs contain the germinative plasma. But if a new being is produced only a part of this plasma is used, the rest forming a reserve which serves to constitute the germinative cell of the offspring. In other words, the plasma which is contained in the germinative cell does not all participate in the reproduction of the new organism. Some part of it is designed for the conservation of the race, and deposited from the beginning in the future sexual organs. The author represents the continuity of this germinative plasma by the figure of a long root, from which offshoots spring at certain distances, representing the individuals of successive generations. Each of the two germs which unite in fecundation, says Weismann, should contain the germinative plasma of the respective parents, the progenitors of this generation. At the same time it contains the nuclear plasma of the germinative cells of the grandparents and the great-grandparents. The nuclear plasma of the different generations exists in always smaller quantities, according to the distance of the generation.

"The germinative plasmas of the father and mother constitute two halves of the child's germ cell, of the grandfather only one-fourth; that of the tenth generation back constitutes only one thousand twenty-fourth part. Yet the latter may very well reappear in the formation of a new being. The phenomena of atavism prove that the germinative plasma of ancestors can manifest its persistence even in the thousandth generation by characters which were long lost.

"These hypotheses show the difficulties of a scientific explanation of heredity. But, after all, Ribot says: Heredity is one of the most stable manifestations of determinism. In the domain of life continuity cannot take a more palpable form. * * * Heredity is identity, viz.: the partial identity of the materials which constitute the organism of the parents and that of the child. * * * By heredity we feel ourselves linked into the irrefragable chain of causes and effects, and by heredity our poor personality (*notre chétive personnalité*) is attached to the ultimate origin of things through the infinite concatenation of necessities." p. c.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL: An Introduction to the Practical Sciences. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of *A System of Psychology*. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1887. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 281.

This work, less abstract and scientific in its terminology than the previous and more extensive work by the same author, *A System of Psychology* assumes the philosophical positions therein maintained, and proceeds therefrom to a discussion of the important questions respecting belief and practical duty involved in the consideration of "The Problem of Evil." The author is, in his main positions, in cordial agreement with the English utilitarian school of thinkers. From this standpoint in the work now before us, he criticises Sedgwick, Green and other representatives of intuitional psychology with great acuteness and vigor.

After expressing his dissent from the various theological explanations of the origin and character of moral evil based upon supernaturalism, Mr. Thompson proceeds to compare moral evil with evils which are purely physical in their nature, and deduces the conclusion that pain is the index of evil, both moral and physical—the former differing from the latter merely in the additional element of volition which attends it. Evil, as suffered, is always pain, even if it be moral evil, the latter being only pain arising from certain peculiar causes. Pain being a phenomenon of consciousness or mind, since we are unable to determine scientifically the ultimate origin of mind, the origin of evil is equally beyond our ken. It is still open to us, however, to study it as an existing fact; to determine, so far as may be, its proximate causes, and to seek for the most effectual and scientific means for its elimination. It is to this practical task that our author applies himself in the work before us.

If pain is the essential element in moral evil, it follows that the effort for its elimination is but another expression for the search for happiness. Our author's philosophy, however, is widely removed from that popular conception of hedonistic utilitarianism which issues in the conscious pursuit of individual pleasure. His trenchant criticism on the intuitional philosophy of Thomas Hill Green, indeed, is based largely upon the fact that the strife for that ideal perfection of the nature of the individual which is held up as the chief incentive for human action is essentially egoistic in its character. Mr. Thompson's utilitarianism, on the contrary, is profoundly altruistic in its outcome. "The chief good," he maintains, "is not coincident necessarily with the maximum happiness of the individual, who may be able only to find his good in his own selfish ends; but, on the other hand, the latter may be so educated as to derive his highest happiness from the happiness of others, and find his chief good in life in contributing to the realization of the social *summum bonum*" (p. 44). The cultivation of an altruistic disposition is, therefore, in the opinion of our author, of prime importance in the struggle against moral evil. "Without this, enlightenment is wholly in vain; men are not made virtuous by making them understand intellectually what virtue is."

The observation of nature also demonstrates that the chief social good is most likely to be attained when the largest possible liberty is allowed to individual conduct. The two general rules, therefore, which should guide us in our efforts for the extinction of moral evil are these:

"First—Aim at the minimum of extrinsic restraint and the maximum of individual liberty.

"Second—Aim at the most complete and universal development of the altruistic character."

The four chief methods of reducing evil Mr. Thompson finds to be: "The industrial method, working for the control and modification of material forces; the political method, aiming to establish security and justice; the philanthropic method, seeking to

remove evil by direct altruistic effort; and the educational method, which endeavors to effect the development of individual altruistic character" (p. 95). The chief obstacles to the attainment of the desired end are: The artificial morality founded on an assumed supernatural system; the elevation of institutions above the individual, which "brings up the controversy between authority and individualism;" the allied socialistic fallacy, and the persistent retention of egoistic dispositions in individual men and women.

Under the head of "The Great Theological Superstition," Mr. Thompson attacks with rationality and vigor, yet in good spirit, the theological conception of sin as untrue and immoral, leading in various directions to perverted notions of morality, checking the altruistic spirit by limiting it, in effect, to those of kindred doctrinal fellowship, and becoming in many ways "no mean hindrance to the growth of the highest and best religious sentiments."

Under the title of "The Institutional Fetich," our author reprobates that prevalent conception of our time which asserts for the family, the State and the church a rightful authority over the individual, independent of their intrinsic utility. He combats especially some recently expressed opinions of Bishop Littlejohn and President Seelye in support of "the unqualified sovereignty of the family and the State," and strenuously maintains the right of private independent judgment,—the duty of criticising freely the imperfections of existing institutions and striving intelligently and wisely for a more perfect social order. He finds the doctrine of authority to be the chief obstacle to the elevation and enfranchisement of woman, and an interference with the just rights of the child, who should be recognized as an independent human being having his "own independent ends, which should be respected." Admitting the defects in existing democratic institutions, he finds the cause of these defects in egoism, not in individualism. "The root of the evil is a self-centered disposition which is not to be remedied by setting one man above another." This principle of authority stimulates an aggravated development of egoism, and increases the evil instead of abating it.

Under the head of "The Socialistic Fallacy," Mr. Thompson criticises the prevalent tendency to find in socialism and industrial co-operation the relief for all the evils which afflict society and the individual. "Co-operative organization must be a microcosm of the general life, and subject to the same conditions." Hence, we can expect no special virtues to be developed in the commune or the co-operative society which do not exist in individuals or in the existing social organism. On the contrary, the success of socialism implies the elevation of competent individual leaders above the masses, and thus stimulates a growth of egoism which is fatal to the highest moral and social conditions. The prevalence of the existing militant system is also deprecated as tending in a like manner to defeat all efforts, however earnest, for the promotion of the altruistic character. The style of our author is admirably clear, and the general tone of the discussion, covering as it does a wide range of practical questions which are uppermost in the thought of millions at the present day, will doubtless secure for Mr. Thompson's book a wide circle of intelligent readers. No thoughtful person can rise from its perusal without a quickened sense of personal responsibility as regards the important problem herein discussed, and a sincere recognition of the thoughtfulness, candor and ability displayed in its consideration.

THE HISTORICAL JESUS, AND OTHER LECTURES. By *Gerald Massey*. Villa Bordighiera, New Southgate, London, W.

Those who love the author of "Babe Christabel," "There's No Dearth of Kindness," "Lyrics of Love," "The People's Advent," "The Cry of the Unemployed," "Nebraska, or the Abolitionist to His Bride," and other poems as precious for their sympathy with the poor, the persecuted and the oppressed as Whit-tier's, may be much surprised at these six pamphlets. Their titles

in full are: *The Historical (Jewish) Jesus and the Mythical (Egyptian) Christ; Paul as a Gnostic Opponent of Peter, not the Apostle of Historic Christianity; The Logic of the Lord, or Pre-Christian Sayings Ascribed to Jesus the Christ; The Devil of Darkness, or Evil in the Light of Evolution; Man in Search of His Soul During Fifty Thousand Years, and How he Found It; The Seven Souls of Man and Their Culmination in Christ.* Mr. Massey's main purpose is to show that the Christ, like Osiris and other heroes of astronomical fables, is "mythically the re-born sun, mystically the re-born spirit or glorified ghost of man." Substantially the same ground had been taken in his book entitled *Natural Genesis*. The view of Jesus as a solar myth is sustained by many curious analogies between the New Testament and the Egyptian records, but some of these comparisons seem too fanciful, and *Natural Genesis* appears, from its author's own statements, to have found little favor with the eminent Egyptologists in the British Museum. A poet is, as such, singularly incapacitated for success in abstruse investigations like those undertaken by Mr. Massey, who labors under the additional disadvantage of not having had any early training in exact scholarship. That he should have worked his way up so far above the privations and ignorance of his boyhood is greatly to his honor, especially as he has never lost that sympathy with the toiling, suffering millions which has made him a poet. It could not make him an expert antiquarian also, though he might still win laurels as a novelist. His account of the pre-historic sayings of Jesus is especially defective, and makes no reference to one which occurs in an early manuscript of the gospels, and runs somewhat thus: "That same day he saw one plowing on the Sabbath, and said unto him: 'Blessed art thou, O man, if thou knowest what thou art doing; but if thou knowest it not, then art thou a transgressor of the law and accursed.'" The representation of Paul as a gnostic, who denounces Peter as the man of sin, or Anti-Christ, may be nearer to the truth than is the orthodox view that the two apostles worked in harmony; but even the good intention of showing that there is nothing in theosophy or isoteric Buddhism worth keeping secret from all except the initiated, does not justify dwelling so long on the old fancy of our seven souls, the first of which is in the blood and the second in the breath, while the place of the other five is immaterial in every sense. We can agree with Mr. Massey that there should be no more mystery about religion, whatever we may think of his praises of spiritualism, of his censure of vaccination and vivisection, or of his fondness for sensational hits.

THE ART AMATEUR for July has many fine and interesting illustrations. The colored plate representing *The Kingfishers*, after a painting by Miss Ellen Welby, is very spirited and full of life and motion. The colors are bright indeed, but we presume this appearance of crudity is increased in the reproduction. The wood cut well represents the washing day atmosphere, hazy and picturesque with steam and suds of Amanda Brewster's "*Lavoir in the Gatanais*"—wherever that may be. Another wood cut in different style, very bold and free—is from a drawing by Thomas Hovenden from his own picture. It represents "*Vendean Peasants Preparing for Insurrection*." The subject, an interior of a peasants' house, with men and women earnestly discussing or listening is vigorously portrayed—the figures are good—the attitudes natural and the faces strong and expressive. The sketches of costume are varied and interesting. The technical matter is also good, and the instructions to amateur photographers and decorators are full of value. William Hart, in an article on *Painting Landscapes and Cattle*, says some very true things in regard to the importance of shadow in painting and the effect of chiaro-oscuro on color. The rest of the literary work is less interesting than usual. The first article gives a dreary enumeration of deception and treachery among art dealers, which may be useful

as warning to purchasers if not instructive to students of art. Theodore Child gives an account of the Paris Salon, but he takes delight in damping the pleasure naturally felt at our country-woman, Miss Gardner's, reception of a third-class medal, by a flippant attack upon the artist. That Miss Gardner's work should be influenced by the counsels and help of her distinguished friend and master is not surprising—it is hard to separate the merit of a pupil from the value of his teacher. But Miss Gardner has worked long and earnestly, and we believe conscientiously and it is as disrespectful to the jury as to her to assert that she is "a humbug," and the award of the medal "simply ridiculous." Miss Gardner's friends may be consoled, however, on turning to another article of the same critic—on the Millet exhibit. We looked eagerly to this page, hoping for a description of the works of the great artist displayed there. Instead of this the critic favors us with his judgment that Millet was "a very poor painter, and that his pictures are good in spite of their execution which is generally coarse, brutal, hesitating and monotonous." If he condemns Millet so mercilessly, Miss Gardner may prefer his censure to his praise. He seems utterly insensible to all the wonderful charm of land and sky which Millet has rendered so wonderfully. He appears also never to have learned Coleridge's great lesson, "never to judge a work of art by its defects." He says some good words of Millet's representation of humanity, but he does not seem to recognize his beauty. The portrait of Millet is a fine wood cut and has something of his characteristics, but the wood cut is not delicate enough for human portraiture.

MIND for July sustains its high reputation as an exponent of psychologic subjects by very able and interesting essays. The first is a continuation of Professor William James' highly interesting paper on "The Perception of Space," in which many curious and important facts are brought to light. F. H. Bradley has an essay on "Association and Thought," the intention of which is to show in outline how thought comes to exist. Professor John Dewey contributes a paper on "Knowledge or Idealization," and E. Gurney on "Further Problems of Hypnotism." The discussions are by S. H. Hodgson on "Subject and Object in Psychology," W. L. Mackenzie on "Recent Discussions on the Muscular Sense," and M. H. Towry "On the Doctrine of Natural Kinds." The Critical Notices are "J. Dewey, Psychology," by the editor; "W. Knight, Hume," by G. F. Stout; "Scottish Metaphysics Reconstructed," by W. H. S. Monck; "M. Carriere, the Philosophical Ideas of the Renaissance," by T. Whittaker. There is a full list of notices of new philosophical works and interesting notes, published by Williams & Norgate, 14 Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London.

The June number of the *Revue de Belgique* contains notices of two interesting books. A Canadian missionary, Petitot, has published the results of his study of Indian myths in a work entitled *Traditions indiennes du Canada nord-ouest*. Paris: Maisonneuve, 1886, 538 pp. An answer to Seeley's *Natural Religion* has been made by a French scientist, named Guyan, under the title of *L'irreligion de l'avenir*. Paris: Alcan, 1887, 508 pp., Svo. This prophecy of "the Irreligion of the Future" is reviewed by Count Goblet d'Alviella, who praises highly its ability. Guyan begins by a survey of the historical development of religion, which he shows to consist essentially in intimate relations between man and God. His second part insists that, in laying aside its intolerance, its dogmatism, its belief in oracles, devils, etc., and its reliance on sacraments, and its idolatry of Scripture, religion has grown at the same time purer and weaker, so that there is every reason to expect the process of self-purification to end in its ceasing to exist. Any one who doubts this will do well to compare the political and

social force exerted by the church six hundred years ago, with the amount to-day. M. Guyan goes on to predict that morality will survive religion, and that the place of the dissolving churches will be amply filled by schools of philosophy, ethical culture societies, philanthropic associations and art clubs. D'Alviella's own view of these questions will be given in a later article. His quotations from *L'irreligion de l'avenir* show that it is eminently worthy of a speedy translation into English.

PRESS NOTICES.

THE OPEN COURT, published in this city, is one of the ablest journals of its class in the United States.—*American Commercial Traveler*, Chicago, Ill.

THE OPEN COURT, published at Chicago, has in its issue of June 23d some very interesting articles. Some of the best writers of the country are contributors.—*Narragansett* (R. I.) *Times*.

Under the above title ["Jails and Jubilees"] Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton contributes an interesting article to THE OPEN COURT—the brilliant Chicago successor of the Boston *Index*—which puts strong points in a readable way on the Irish-English question.—*Hartford Times*.

The lecture on "The Identity of Language and Thought," by Professor Max Müller, published in the last number of THE OPEN COURT, is rather the best article in that journal of useful and entertaining literature. To us that one lecture is worth the entire subscription price of the magazine for one year.—*Daily Reporter*, Maquoketa, Iowa.

THE OPEN COURT is a fortnightly journal published at Chicago and devoted to the work of establishing religion and ethics upon a scientific basis. It is undoubtedly an able periodical. The current number has articles from Richard A. Proctor, John Burroughs, Prof. Adams, Moncure D. Conway, and from other distinguished scholars and scientists.—*Lebanon* (Ind.) *Pioneer*.

Each number of THE OPEN COURT gives additional evidence of the correctness of the *Herald's* opinion expressed on receipt of the first issue. There are, we are glad to know, among our readers many men of more than average intelligence, who would like just such a publication. To such we would say, send to B. F. Underwood, 169 La Salle street, Chicago, for a sample copy.—*Arcola* (Ill.) *Herald*.

THE OPEN COURT is a new fortnightly journal lately established in Chicago, having for its object the consideration of any and all subjects that effect us independent of all creeds and dogmas with a view to establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis. THE OPEN COURT will be greatly appreciated by thousands of intelligent men, in and out of the church, who have become tired of old superstitions, and who prefer reason to mere assertion.—*The Plain View* (Minn.) *News*.

We are in receipt of copies of the OPEN COURT, a freethinkers' magazine, published fortnightly at Chicago. It declares its work to be that of "establishing religion upon a scientific basis." In other words it will endeavor to scientize away the Christian religion. While we have no sympathy with such aim, we are glad to get THE OPEN COURT, as it contains some excellent contributions from eminent writers of the materialistic and agnostic schools, is ably edited, and its letterpress well nigh perfection.—*Nelsonville* (Ohio) *News*.

Our readers will remember that some months ago we spoke very highly of the new literary venture at Chicago, THE OPEN COURT. We have now received it regularly for several months, and the good opinion then expressed of its initial number is more than justified. It contains the ablest and freshest thought of the age, and the printing and paper are faultless. To a thoughtful, intelligent reader we know of nothing so well worth the money as this paper. It is published fortnightly, 24 pages, \$3 per year.—*Anti-Monopolist*, Enterprise, Kas.

Its object is to investigate the great moral, social, religious and philosophical questions affecting the interests of mankind, from a scientific and independent standpoint. The editors aim for the truth and right, which can be best discovered by unprejudiced and impartial examination and discussion of every matter, and while they freely express their own opinions in the articles written by themselves, they expect contributors to exercise a like independence. The journal is ably edited, and among its contributors are some of the greatest scholars and thinkers.—*Sauk County* (Wis.) *Democrat*.

The table of contents of THE OPEN COURT for the first half of July is equally rich and varied with those of the preceding numbers. Professor F. Max Müller's essay on "The Identity of Language and Thought," Part I, is the initial article, followed by a lecture by Professor E. D. Cope on "The Theology of Evolution," in reply to Dr. Montgomery's criticisms upon the subject. Other leading articles are: "A Notable Picture," by R. S. Perrin; "A Modern Mystery-play," by M. C. O'Byrne; "Failure of the Radical Method," by Rev. Julius H. Ward; "Competition in Trades," by Wheelbarrow. Editorials discuss "The Case of Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of Andover," "Public Opinion," "Hypnotism," "Co-operative Congress in England," supplemented with "Editorial Notes." The other departments are supplied with a like variety of articles upon equally interesting current topics.—*Wisconsin State Journal*.

The Open Court.

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[The third of Prof. F. Max Müller's three lectures on the "Science of Thought" is commenced in this issue. This lecture on "The Simplicity of Thought," is not published nor to be published in England, having been secured exclusively for THE OPEN COURT, in which it is printed from the author's manuscript. This distinguished philologist believes that language is the history of human thought, and no other man living probably is as competent as he to read this history understandingly, especially those pages which indicate how men reasoned and what they thought during the world's intellectual childhood.]

THE SIMPLICITY OF THOUGHT.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

ONE OF THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON, MARCH, 1878.

Part I.

If the conclusions at which we arrived in our last lecture are correct—if thought and language are identical, or, at all events, inseparable—it would seem to follow that all our knowledge is "merely verbal" or "merely nominal." To most people this will seem a sufficient condemnation of any argument that could lead to so preposterous a conclusion. If we want to express our most supreme contempt for any proposition we say it consists of mere words. What in our days we are most proud of is that in all our pursuits we deal with facts and not with words. Words, we are told, are the daughters of the earth, things the sons of heaven. A philosophy, therefore, which would attempt to change all our knowledge into mere words, could hardly expect a patient hearing; certainly not in the country of Bacon.

It is difficult to deal with such an objection, because it really conveys no meaning whatever. There must be sense in every word we use in argument, and, as I pointed out before, there is no sense whatever in such an expression as *mere words*. There are no such things as mere words, unless we look for them in those vast cemeteries which we call lexicons or dictionaries. There we find, indeed, mere words, dead words, unmeaning words. The German language, as if to warn us against taking such corpses for living words, calls them *wörter*, and

distinguishes them from *worte*. It calls a dictionary a *wörterbuch*, not a *wort-buch*.

Outside a dictionary, however, and outside a mad-house, there are no such things as mere words; nor is there, on the other side, any such thing as mere thought.

Things, it has been well said, are *things*, and *things* are words. Can we know anything except by means of a word? Is it possible to become conscious of any thought except by means of a name? We may distinguish, no doubt, between names, and concepts, and percepts. But percepts (a term which I use for presentation, the German *Vorstellung*), percepts by themselves are nothing, concepts by themselves are nothing, while it is only the three together—percept, concept and name—that constitute what we mean by real knowledge.

Let us try an experiment. It is possible to imagine that people, say some primitive savages, had never seen or heard of *gold*. How would they become acquainted with it? In digging they might receive the impression of something glittering, but even that impression would be of no consequence to them unless they were startled by it, unless their attention was directed to it; and thus the mere sensation of glittering became changed by them into something that glitters. That change of the subjective sensation into an object of sense is *our work*—it is the first manifestation of the law of causality within us.

But that glittering object is even then nothing to an intelligent observer unless he can lay hold of it by some concept; that is, unless he can name it, unless he can call it glittering. We, at our time of life, find no difficulty in calling a thing glittering, or bright, or shining. We have names and concepts ready-made for everything. But all these names and concepts had first to be made. A number of single percepts of glittering, glimmering, flickering, sparkling, flashing, flaming, gleaming things had first to be comprehended under one general aspect, while at the same time a root had to be found to express it. How these roots were formed I explained in my first lecture. They all owe their origin to the *clamor concomitans* of social acts. Thus glittering goes back to a root GHAR, which meant at first to melt, to fuse by heat. From it *ghrita*, liquified butter, or *ghee*. What was melted and liquified by heat was generally not only warm but also shining, so that the same root, in its objective application, came to mean to melt—that is to say, to be in a state of melting, to glitter, to shine. From

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that root, used in that meaning, we have in English such variously differentiated forms as to glint, to glitter, to glisten, to gleam, to glimmer.

With such a root, then, which was at the same time a concept, it was possible to conceive and name that glittering thing which had been dug up with many other things, and which excited our attention chiefly by this distinguishing feature of being bright. But by being called glitter this dug up thing was not yet gold. Far from it. Its old name in Sanskrit, *hivanya*, said no more than that it glittered, and not everything that glitters is gold. Still, even that first name marks an enormous advance beyond the mere fright excited in an animal by the sight of a flaring object, or beyond the mere human stare, or even the phantasma in our memory. It is knowledge—not much, as yet, but it is knowledge; it is the work of intellect, not the mere passive stupor of the senses.

The same object might be called and conceived by many new names, and with every new name new knowledge would be added. Whatever new qualities a miner discovered as distinguishing this glitter from other kinds of glitter, would be added by means of new names, or new adjectives. By this process what we call the intension of the first name would grow fuller and fuller. But we must remember, every one of these new qualities could be known again by the same process only by which the first quality of glittering was known, namely, by being named. Suppose our primitive savages wanted small stones for building purposes. If among the stones they were breaking they met with some that would not break, they would throw them away, and thus gold might be called rubbish or refuse. If, on the contrary, they looked out for material that would bend and not break on being struck, they would pick out the old glitter which they had thrown away as rubbish, and now call it pliant, flexible, ductile, malleable. All these properties were attended to, known and named at the same moment. Gold was now not only bright, but malleable, and ductile, and by a constant repetition of the process of naming and conceiving, and conceiving and naming, people arrived at last at what we call true knowledge of gold, including its specific gravity, and its power of resisting nitro-muriatic acid, and all the rest. That true knowledge may be more full, more accurate, more concerned with essential qualities than our first knowledge of mere glitter. But there is no difference in kind. Our perfect knowledge is as much nominal or verbal as our imperfect knowledge was, nor can it ever be anything else.

It may be said by those who think it right to despise what they call verbal knowledge, that such knowledge would not help us to distinguish a gold sovereign from a brass penny. But they forget that without a name we should not know either a gold sovereign or a brass

penny, much less be able to distinguish them. We may do what we like, we cannot jump out of our skin, and the skin of all our thoughts is language. We begin, no doubt, with sensuous irritation and intuition, but intuition by itself is not knowledge, it is blind; conception by itself is not knowledge, it is empty; a name by itself is not knowledge, it is mere sound. Only the three together represent what we mean by knowledge, and the final embodiment of that knowledge is the word.

If that is so with the names of things which we can touch and handle, it is far more so with the names of objects which we cannot reach with our senses at all. Let us take, for instance, the word *species*. No one has ever seen or handled a species. Even if we should see what used to be meant by species, we should not know it for a species, unless we had first called it so. The first question, therefore, is, How did we ever come into the possession of such a name as species? This is a mere matter of historical research. We know from history that species was a Latin rendering of the Greek *εἶδος*, and this *εἶδος* has been adapted in Greek philosophy as a convenient term for distinguishing a lower from a higher class. Thus bull-dogs, greyhounds, spaniels, terriers would be called species, that is lower classes or sub-classes, while dog would be considered as a higher class or genus, till we ascend still higher and comprehend all dogs, pigs, cows, and horses as a higher genus animal, of which dogs are then a species only.

This, however, was clearly a technical employment of the terms *species* and *genus*, and these names must have existed before, when they had a meaning very different from that assigned to them by the founders of logic. A *genus* meant originally a breed, and was used for any living beings, whether animals or plants, which could be traced back to common ancestors. *Eidos* or *species*, on the contrary, meant originally no more than what is seen, the aspect, or appearance or shape of things. These two words were found convenient even during a very primitive phase of thought. Stones that were black or gray or yellow, were considered as different sets or sorts or species. They appeared like each other, but no more. Dogs on the contrary, that were black or gray or yellow, though if their color alone were considered, they might be treated as sets or sorts or *species*, were conceived as a *genus* or breed, if it could be shown that they belonged to one and the same litter. Thus the two kinds of classification, which seem to us the result of the latest scientific thought, the *genetical* and the *morphological*, were foreshadowed in the earliest words of our language. In Sanskrit also we have *gāti*, kith, used in the logical sense of genus, while species is expressed by *ākṛiti*, which means form.

Even for logical purposes these two words *genus* and *species* were by no means very appropriate. What was a *genus* from one point of view, became a *species*

from another, what was a *species* for one purpose, became a *genus* for another. *Genus* and *sub-genus*, *class* and *sub-class* would therefore have answered the purpose far better.

The very fact, however, that what we from one point of view call a species, may from another point of view be called by us a genus, shows at all events that logical genus and species are of our own making, that we name and conceive them, and that there is no such thing as *genus* or *species*, in the logical acceptance of of these words, independent of ourselves.

The confusion, however, became greater still when these two terms were transferred from logical to physical science. What a *genus* was in nature was easy to understand. Individuals descended from common ancestors formed a genus or a breed. In some cases the descent from common ancestors might be doubtful, but the definition of *genus* would not be affected by such scientific doubts.

But what was a *species*? If people had asked that question before they introduced that word into the technical language of physiology we should have been saved much trouble and vexation of spirit. If different species had, or may have had, common ancestors, they would form together one *genus*; if not, they would form different *genera*. A third is not given, and there is no room therefore for *species* in nature.

We must never forget that what we really have to deal with, what is given us to digest in language and thought, are individuals and nothing else. These individuals either have common ancestors or they have not, at least so far as our knowledge goes. If they have common ancestors they form one breed, if they have not they form different breeds. And again I say, where is there room for *species*?

There may be individuals such as man and monkey, of which it may still be doubtful whether they had common ancestors or not. But in that case we have simply to suspend our judgment, and we know that in the end the result can only be, either that they belong to the same breed and in the distant past had common ancestors, or that they had not. There is no room for a third possibility, for which we want the name *species*.

We may speak, no doubt, of more or less permanent varieties, and if we like, we may call them *species*. But varieties are always varieties of one and the same original breed, while species are supposed to be something very different.

If there ever was an Augean stable, it was the stable of species, and to have cleared that stable with their powerful brooms will always be the glory of Darwin and his fellow laborers.

But why did not Darwin go a step further, and with one stroke kill that hydra which unless entirely

annihilated, is sure to put forth fresh heads again and again?

Species is a mere chimera, a myth, that is to say a word made for one purpose and afterward used for another. No one has ever seen a species, and even if such a thing as a species existed, we should not know of it till *we* had conceived and named it as such. If we want to discover the real origin of species, we could only do so by tracing the history of that name and concept from stage to stage back to its first beginnings. That would be a most interesting undertaking, and it would teach us at least this one lesson, that no one has any right to say that species means this and does not mean that. Species means neither more nor less than what different philosophers define it to mean. We often hear disputants laying down the law with great emphasis that such a word means this and nothing else. Who has given them a right to say this? Every word has no doubt a traditional meaning, but traditional meanings, like everything that is traditional, are constantly changing. There is no more in a word than what we put into it, nor can we take more out than we have put into it. Darwin himself often complains of this! "No one," he writes, "has drawn any clear distinction between individual differences and slight varieties, or between more plainly marked varieties and sub-species and species." But why should he not himself have tried to do this? The endless disputes whether or not there are some fifty species of British brambles will no doubt cease after Darwin's researches; but so long as the name of species remains in natural history by the side of genus, individual, and variety, we shall never get out of the real brambles of our language, that is, our thought.

Darwin is evidently under the sway of the old definition that all species were produced by special acts of creation. I have not been able to trace that definition to its responsible author, but surely there is no authority whatever for it. The term species was formed quite independently of any such theological ideas.

The Greeks, when they used *eidos*, or *species*, never thought of Zeus as their originator. Nor do I think that in Germany or France or Italy species ever had that theological odor. Some people seem to imagine that Darwin's great merit consisted in having proved that species were not the result of special acts of creation. I doubt, however, whether Darwin himself would have cared either to prove or to disprove this. What he has proved is, "that the only distinction between species and well-marked varieties is, that the latter are known or believed to be connected at the present day by intermediate gradations, whereas species *were* formerly thus connected." Where, then, is the ground of difference between variety and species, even from Darwin's own point of view, except in our momentary ignorance? What used to be called species, will have to be called

either genus, sub-genus, or permanent variety. But there will in future be no room for species in the vocabulary of Natural History.

Does not this show how entirely we think in names, and how even the strongest minds are under their spell? If Darwin had asked himself what the true meaning of species was, if he had studied the history of the word, which is after all its best definition, he would have seen that the word has no right at all to exist in natural history, and his work on the *Origin of Species* would really have marked the end of all species, at least within the realm of nature. A belief in species in natural history is nothing but scientific mythology, and what Darwin calls the search after the undiscovered and undiscoverable essence of the term species, is to my mind no more than the search after the hidden essence of Titans and Centaurs. As soon as we relegate the term species to that sphere of thought to which it properly belongs, the *air* becomes perfectly clear. We have in nature individuals and genera or breeds; for what we call varieties are no more than the necessary consequence of the accumulated effects of individualization. The slight and almost imperceptible differences which keep individuals apart from each other, which, in fact, enable them to be individuals, may by inheritance become stored and strengthened till they constitute what we call a variety in nature. But these centrifugal forces are always controlled by the centripetal force of nature, and in the end the genus always prevails over all individualizing tendencies.

LA SALLE, Ill., July 12, 1887.

B. F. Underwood, Esq., Chicago:

DEAR SIR—Please publish among the contributions the translation by Dr. Carus of "L. Carrau's Analyse" of Abbot's *Scientific Theism*, in the French *Revue Philosophique* for June, 1887, preceded by my correspondence with Mr. Abbot in reference thereto. Sincerely yours,
EDWARD C. HEGELER.

LA SALLE, Ill., June 30, 1887.

Francis E. Abbot, Esq., Cambridge, Mass.:

DEAR SIR—The French *Revue Philosophique*, conducted by Th. Ribot, brought a long review of your book, *Scientific Theism*. I at once told Dr. Carus (who is with me) we should prepare a translation of it for THE OPEN COURT, coming, as it does, from a journal of so high standing, also from an entirely outside sphere.

I should, however, not like to ask the editor of THE OPEN COURT for the publication before having heard from you, that you will not look upon this as an unfriendly act against you, as many remarks in the review (though Dr. Carus who has thoroughly read it, thinks it impartial) may be quite hurtful to you.

Also to the readers of THE OPEN COURT I should like to be in the position to say that the publication is satisfactory to you. Perhaps you will kindly write me a note to that effect adapted to publication. Sincerely yours,
EDWARD C. HEGELER.

NONQUITT BEACH, Mass., July 7, 1887.

E. C. Hegeler, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Your courteous letter, inquiring if I object to

the translation of M. Carrau's critique of my *Scientific Theism* in the *Revue Philosophique*, for publication in THE OPEN COURT, is received. I have not the slightest objection to criticism of any sort, and welcome it whenever it is intelligent and fair. I have not read M. Carrau's article, but that makes no difference.

My book raises questions which go far deeper than is as yet perceived by any one, and which sooner or later will command the respectful attention and study of every thinker who aspires to master the great theme of which it treats. Some of my American critics (for instance, Prof. Royce, Dr. Montgomery, Mr. Gill and Mr. Underwood) have criticised before they have understood, and such criticisms are profitless to all concerned. But the reputation of the *Revue Philosophique* justifies a hope that its criticism will at least prove to be *ad rem*; and there will be no keener, more patient, or more disinterested reader of any pertinent criticism of *Scientific Theism* than its author. But no criticism of it can possibly be pertinent which is not grounded in long and intense study. I wait patiently for such criticism as that. Very truly yours,
FRANCIS E. ABBOT.

P. S.—You are at liberty to print this note, as you request, if you care to print it unchanged. A.

A REVIEW OF FRANCIS ELLINGWOOD ABBOT'S SCIENTIFIC THEISM.

BY L. CARRAU.

[Translated from the French in the *Revue Philosophique*. By Dr. P. Carus.]

F. E. Abbot's *Scientific Theism* is a book which scandalizes most of the philosophers of to-day. There is affirmed the existence and intelligibility of a noumenon, of a thing in itself; the exterior world is supposed to be really and substantially distinct from its subjective representations. And what is worse, this assertion is obtained by sufficiently plausible reasons and with some strength of dialectics.

In an important introduction Mr. Abbot inquires into the origin of idealism, which he considers as the dominant philosophy of our time and which according to him is an irreconcilable enemy of science. Idealism has been established by Kant, whose great reform may be summed up in the passage of the preface to the second edition of his *Critique of Pure Reason*.

"It has hitherto been assumed that our cognition must conform to the objects; but all attempts to ascertain anything about these *a priori*, by means of conceptions, and thus to extend the range of our knowledge, have been rendered abortive by this assumption. Let us, then, make the experiment whether we may not be more successful in metaphysics if we assume that the objects must conform to our cognition."

But Kant himself has only continued and deepened the nominalistic tradition of the Middle Ages. The true founder of idealism, of subjectivism, of phenomenism (all this is at bottom the same), is Roscelin; and nominalism is the father of all modern philosophy.

Nominalism is essentially the doctrine which refuses all objective reality of *genera* and *species*. We may distinguish extreme nominalism, according to which universals are only names or words (*nomina, voces, flatus*

objectivity—can be ascertained daily and constantly by processes which force the assent of the most incredulous minds. Mr. Abbot concludes that science owes its uninterrupted progress and its more and more undisputed authority to a method which is exactly opposed to that of idealistic philosophy; consequently, a divorce has been effected which is fatal to philosophy as well as to science—certainly in a less degree to the latter than to the former—and that this separation should cease for the better reputation of philosophy, whose discredit might become irremediable; and for the higher interests of the human mind which cannot dispense with philosophy. And this separation will not cease unless philosophers quit a sterile subjectivism and leave the *ego*, to enter resolutely into the universe declaring its absolute reality, unless they consider their own thought as a part of this universe which gives to it its existence, its value and its object; unless they graft upon science the experimental objective and a *posteriori* method, which by conquering nature daily increases the power of man and produces an intercourse of intelligences by an adherence to truths the number of which incessantly increases.

Kant has opposed the phenomenon to the non-phenomenon, and he was right. But this opposition soon becomes with him that of the phenomenon and noumenon, the noumenon being taken as the unknowable. In other words, the unknowable is the incomprehensible. Strange perversion of the meaning of terms! The *νοούμενον* of the Greeks, the true intelligible, becomes in modern phraseology exactly its contrary. What cannot be known is only what does not exist at all. What is intelligible is cognizable, if not actually known. What is actually known is the phenomenon indeed; what remains to be cognized is the noumenon. But at bottom it is one and the same reality, a reality which exists of itself. The noumenon of to-day will be the phenomenon of to-morrow. There are not two distinct spheres like two worlds which exclude each other. There is only one single world, the intelligibility of which is the fundamental postulate of science—a postulate which may be proved, if it were necessary, by each new discovery. To an infinite intelligence all would be phenomenon, to man the non-phenomenon is only in so far not accessible as he does not yet know this side of existence, although nothing cuts off human intelligence forever.

Idealism, subjectivism, phenomenism bear in themselves their contradiction. If nothing exists but what is represented, what is represented exists, but in proportion as it is represented. In other words, the subject has only its existence in and by its different successive states. Only the representation, the act of consciousness is real and *it* is of absolute reality. It is at once all subject and all object. It exists in itself. That means, it is the noumenon; and it

means, also, that all which exists is noumenon; and pure phenomenism leads to an exclusive noumenism, that of phenomenism.

I only sketch the arguments of Mr. Abbot. They are original, and, I dare say, they are not lacking in thoroughness. I can only sum up their essential features and, perhaps, have deprived them of their force. But the book is short, and I commend its perusal, to give to the relationism or the scientific realism of the author the attention which it deserves.

Scientific realism, if accepted, must lead to a religion which is the religion of science, the only one which modern spirit admits.

If the fundamental postulate of the scientific method is infinite intelligibility of the universe which exists in itself, one has to ask what is intelligibility.

Nothing is intelligible but relations. Truly our understanding comprehends nothing but relations, for all cognizance can be resolved into judgments. And as we have said, relations are not separable neither in existence nor in thought from the realities themselves among which they exist.

“It was the great defect of the old scholastic realism to treat relations as if they were things, and conceive them as separate entities; it is the great merit of the new scientific realism to treat things and relations as two totally distinct orders of objective reality, indissolubly united and mutually dependent, yet for all that utterly unlike in themselves.

“The thing (*τὸ ὄν τι*, *hoc aliquid unum numero, das Ding, das Etwas*) is a unitary system of closely correlated internal forces, and manifests itself by specific qualities, actions, or motions; the qualities, actions, or motions constitute it a phenomenon; the system of relations constitutes it a noumenon—constitutes, that is, both the real unity of the thing and its intelligible character. This immanent relational constitution of the single thing is, according to the theory of noumenism, the true ‘principle of individuation’ (*principium individualitatis—quodvis individuum est omnimodo determinatum*); perception never exhausts or discovers all the single relations of determinations which it includes, although prolonged attention always discovers more and more of them. It is never known wholly, which, however, is no reason for denying that it is known in part by science. Scientific discovery has thus far stopped with the atom and the person, as the practical limits of its analysis of the universe into single things (*μόναδες, Einzelwesen, Einzeldinge*); the universe itself is the all-thing (*allding*); between these extremes is a countless multitude of intermediate composite things, (molecules, masses, compounds, species, genera, families, societies, states, etc.) The systems of internal relations in all these various things vary immensely in complexity and comprehensiveness—in fact, the complexity and

comprehensiveness of the system determines the grade of the thing in the scale of being; but in every case the immanent relational constitution of the thing constitutes its real unity, quiddity, noumenal essence, substantial form, formal cause, or objectively intelligible character."

The universe, therefore, is intelligible, as it is the system of systems. But what is intelligence? It is (1) the sole discoverer of immanent relational constitutions; (2) the sole creator of immanent relational constitutions. And intelligence manifests this creative power of relational constitutions by voluntary activity when it disposes of means having in view an end. The executing *will* is only a servant. It is intelligence which conceives ends and discovers means for their realization. Now, means are only a relational system having in view the end, and the end itself is a thing conceived as possible, i. e., as a system of immanent relations.

Let me add that intelligence is identical in all its forms and its degrees. Moreover, all intelligence, from the instinct of animals up to sovereign thought, has as its sole function to discover or to create ends, i. e., systems of immanent relations. Intelligence is essentially teleological.

Let us draw the conclusions of Mr. Abbot's premises:

The infinite intelligibility of the universe proves its infinite intelligence. Indeed, only an infinite intelligence can create an infinite relational constitution.

"The infinitely intelligible universe is the self-existent totality of all being, since there is no 'other' to which it could possibly owe its existence. But that which is self-existent must be self-determined in all its attributes; and it could not possibly determine itself to be intelligible unless it were likewise intelligent. To express this thought in less abstract terms: the universe must be the absolute author or eternal originator of its own immanent relational constitution. The intelligibility or relational system of the universe, considered as an effect, must originate in the intelligence or creative understanding of the universe considered as a cause. This is substantially the meaning of Spinoza's famous distinction of *natura naturans* and *natura naturata*."

From this infinite intelligibility and this infinite intelligence of the universe which influence one another, follows that it is an infinite subject-object or an infinite intelligence having consciousness by itself.

The immanent relational constitution of the universe-object being infinitely intelligible must be an absolutely perfect system of nature. Therefore: It is no chaos, which would be no system at all. It is no mere multitude of monads or atoms, for they would form an unintelligible aggregate of systems—and it is no mere machine, for a machine is an imperfect system which cannot either preserve or reproduce itself. It is a cosmic organism, for such an organism is the only absolutely perfect system.

The infinitely intelligible and absolutely perfect organic system of nature proves that the universe-object is the eternal, organic, and teleological self-evolution of the universe-subject. The eternal self-realization or self fulfillment of creative thought in creative being is the infinite life of the universe *per se*.

The evolution theory, it is true, is the great scientific conquest of our century; but not in the mechanic and materialistic sense of Spencer and Haeckel. Their own principles refute them. They speak of a *tendency* to preserve the type of ancestors by heredity, of a tendency to cast out by selection those which are less adapted to the struggle for existence, as if the word tendency did not imply an immanent teleology in nature itself and excludes mere mechanism!

"The infinite organic and organic life of the universe *per se* proves that it is infinite wisdom and infinite will, infinite beatitude and infinite love, infinite rectitude and infinite holiness, infinite wisdom, goodness and power, infinite spiritual person, the living and life-giving God from whom all things proceed."

This deduction of Mr. Abbot's is a little too bold! Pantheism generally did not take the trouble to prove the existence of an immanent thought in the universe. The God of Spinoza has an attribute which resembles intelligence. The difficulty commences when moral attributes and personality are required. Spinoza is supposed having excluded them from his "substance." Mr. Abbot wants to preserve them; and I am by no means sure that he has succeeded. I have no space to quote here the passage containing his argument, but I highly appreciate the ingeniousness of his dialectics on this point. To give him a chance of being appreciated it would be necessary to reproduce the whole last chapter of his book. There his views are summarily indicated, and we hope that the author will give them in another work the full development they deserve. Let me only select one more quotation in which sense and how far Mr. Abbot declares himself a pantheist:

"If all forms of monism are necessarily deemed pantheism, on the ground that pantheism must include all systems of thought which rest on the principle of one sole substance, then scientific theism must be conceded to be pantheism; for it certainly holds that the all is God and God the all; that the dualism which posits spirit and matter as two incomprehensibly related substances, eternally alien to each other and mutually hostile in their essential nature, is a defective intellectual synthesis of the facts, and therefore greatly inferior to the monism which posits the absolute unity of substance and absolute unity of relational constitution in one organic universe *per se*, and which conceives God, the infinite subject, as eternally thinking, objectifying and revealing Himself in nature, the infinite object. * * *

If, on the other hand, pantheism is the denial of all real personality, whether finite or infinite, then, most emphatically, scientific theism is not pantheism, but its diametrical opposite. Teleology is the very essence of purely spiritual personality; it presupposes thought, feeling and will. * * * There is no such thing as unconscious teleology, if it is not conscious in the finite organism, as of course it is not in the organic structure as distinguished from the organic consciousness and action, then it must be conscious in the infinite organism which creates the finite. Ends and means are inconceivable and impossible, except as ideal or subjective relational systems which the creative understanding absolutely produces, and which the will reproduces in nature as real or objective relational systems; hence the recognition of teleology in nature is necessarily the recognition of purely spiritual personality in God.

“For every deeply religious philosophy must hold fast, at the same time, the two great principles of the transcendence and the immanence of God. If God is not conceived as transcendent He is confounded with matter, as in hylozoism, materialism or material pantheism. But if He is not conceived as immanent He is banished from His own universe as a Creator *ex nihilo* and mere infinite mechanic. Scientific theism conceives Him as immanent in the universe so far as it is known, and transcendent in the universe so far as it remains unknown—immanent, that is, in the world which lies beyond human experience. This is the only legitimate or philosophical meaning of the word transcendent; for God is still conceived as immanent alone, and in no sense transcendent in the infinite universe *per se*. Hence, the merely subjective distinction of the transcendence and immanence of God perfectly corresponds with that of the ‘known’ and the ‘unknown’ as absolutely one in real being; God is ‘known’ as the immanent, and ‘unknown’ as the transcendent, but He is absolutely knowable as both the immanent and the transcendent. It is really denial of Him to confound Him with the ‘unknowable’ or unintelligible—that is, the non-existent. Scientific theism does not insult and outrage the human mind by calling upon it to worship what it cannot possibly understand—an unreal quantity, a surd, a square root of minus one, an ‘unknowable reality,’ which is only a synonym for impossible reality or absolute unreality; for that is the quintessence of superstition. But it gives an idea of God which not only satisfies the demands of the human intellect but no less those of the human heart.”

Such language is elevated and makes us think. Shall I say that I am not entirely convinced? The infinite personality of the universe gives me the impression of a contradiction. A person must be an *ego*, and an *ego* exists only on the condition of a *non-ego*. A person is necessarily limited; if he has consciousness, he must

distinguish himself from what he is not. I know that on this account a personal God would not be all being, and it is a pity without doubt that there is existence outside of God; and such non-divine existence must either have been created by Him or be co-eternal, as in the system of Plato or Stuart Mill. But it seems a greater pity still that God cannot be a person analogous to ourselves, only more perfect. It is a pity, at least, if we look at it from the demands of the heart. The hearts which I know are entirely apathetic to such a divine nature, to such a cosmic system. It is an excellent God for intelligence, but no object for love. To love the universe and the laws of the universe, or the order of the world, are poetic expressions. Truly one really loves only that being which can respond to one's tenderness, a heart which burns with the same fire. The universe has for man neither heart nor tenderness; at least man has never become aware of it. I think God must be at once immanent and transcendent, but it is a transcendent God to whom prayer and love is offered; it is not the law of gravitation or the systems of suns or atoms which are addressed. And if this part of the universe which is unknown still be a transcendent God, I judge from analogy that the unknown universe will be neither more merciful nor more helpful than the universe now known. Man implores a God just against the universe and against fate, which are often cruel in their laws. Whether we may be mistaken or not in the belief that God exists I do not examine here, but I declare that man's heart will be entirely changed if the divine nature of the scientific theism suffice him.

I cannot enter into a discussion of Mr. Abbot's book; it would take too much time and space. It may suffice having called to this truly remarkable book the attention of such men as still expect to find in the meditation of these deep problems the ultimate *raison d'être* and the chief dignity of thought.

TH. RIBOT ON DISEASES OF MEMORY.

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

Materials for the study of the diseases of memory are abundant. The difficulty lies in classifying them—in giving to each case its proper interpretation and in learning its true bearing upon the mechanism of memory. Ribot distinguishes two great classes: (1) *general* and (II) *partial* diseases of memory. General diseases are either (1) temporary, (2) periodical, or (3) progressive.

(1.) *Temporary amnesia* usually makes its appearance suddenly and ends in the same way. Trousseau reports the case of a magistrate who, attending a meeting of a learned society in Paris, went out bareheaded, walked as far as the quay, returned to his place and took part in the discussions with no knowledge of what he had done. Very often acts begun in the normal state

are continued by the patient during the period of automatism, or words just read are commented upon.

If a period of mental automatism is not accompanied by consciousness amnesia does not need explanation, as, nothing having been produced, nothing could be conserved or reproduced.

A child made to inhale the vapor of ether or ammonia, of which the odor was disagreeable, cried, angrily: "Go away, go away, go away!" and when the attack was over knew nothing of what had taken place. If, in this case, it is reasonable to believe that consciousness was present, we may also affirm its existence in many other instances. The magistrate just mentioned was able to direct his movements in such a manner as to evade obstacles, carriages and passers-by, which denotes a certain degree of consciousness. In cases where consciousness is indicated amnesia can be explained by the dream-like weakness of the conscious state, which is so feeble that amnesia ensues. And indeed, the states of consciousness which constitute the dream are extremely weak. Dreams of which all remembrance immediately vanishes are very common. The visions of the night seem very vivid; a short time elapses and they are effaced forever. They seem to be strong, not because they are so in reality, but because no other stronger state exists to force them into a secondary position.

We pass now to temporary amnesia of a destructive character. Cases of this kind are of greatest interest. A young woman, married to a man whom she loved passionately, was seized during confinement with prolonged syncope, at the end of which she lost all recollection of events that had occurred since her marriage, inclusive of that ceremony. She remembered very clearly the rest of her life up to that point. * * * At first she pushed her husband and child from her with evident alarm. She has never recovered recollection of this period of her life, nor of any of the impressions received during that time. Her parents and friends have convinced her that she is married and has a son. She believes their testimony, because she would rather think that she lost a year of her life than that all her associates are imposters. But conviction and consciousness are not united. She looks upon husband and child without being able to realize how she gained the one and gave birth to the other. The explanation of this case may be found in the impossibility of the reproduction or the entire destruction of residua. Strange cases of amnesia are such which require a complete re-education. We quote two interesting cases from Forbes Winslow:

"A clergyman, of rare talent and energy, of sound education, was thrown from his carriage and received a violent concussion of the brain. For several days he remained utterly unconscious and when restored, his intellect was observed to be in a state similar to that of a naturally intelligent child. Although in middle life, he

commenced his English and classical studies under tutors and was progressing satisfactorily, when, after several months' successful study, his memory gradually returned and its former wealth and polish of culture."

"A gentleman about thirty years of age, of learning and acquirements, at the termination of a severe illness was found to have lost the recollection of everything, even the names of the most common objects. His health being restored, he began to re-acquire knowledge like a child. After learning the names of objects he was taught to read, and, after this, began to learn Latin. He made considerable progress, when, one day, in reading his lesson with his brother, who was his teacher, he suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head. Being asked why he did so, he replied: 'I feel a peculiar sensation in my head; and now it appears to me that I knew all this before.' From that time he rapidly recovered his faculties."

(2.) The most clearly defined and the most complete instance of *periodic amnesia* on record is the case of a young American woman reported by Macnish in his *Philosophy of Sleep*. "Her memory was capacious and well stored with a copious stock of ideas. Unexpectedly and without any forewarning, she fell into a profound sleep, which continued several hours beyond the ordinary term. On waking she was discovered to have lost every trace of acquired knowledge. Her memory was *tabula rasa*; all vestiges, both of words and things, were obliterated and gone. It was found necessary for her to learn everything again. She even acquired, by new efforts, the art of spelling, reading, writing and calculating, and gradually became acquainted with the persons and objects around, like a being for the first time brought into the world. In these exercises she made considerable proficiency. But, after a few months, another fit of somnolency invaded her. On rousing from it, she found herself restored to the state she was in before the first paroxysm; but was wholly ignorant of every event and occurrence that had befallen her afterward. The former condition of her existence she now calls the old state, and the latter the new state; and she is as unconscious of her double character as two distinct persons of their respective natures. For example, in her old state she possesses all the original knowledge, in her new state only what she acquired since. * * * In the old state she possesses fine powers of penmanship, while in the new she writes a poor, awkward hand, having had neither time no means to become an expert." These periodical transitions lasted for four years.

A second, less complete but more common form of periodic amnesia is that of which Dr. Azam gives an interesting description, in the case of Felida X., and to which Dr. Dufay found a parallel in one of his own patients. A brief summary will suffice for our purpose.

A woman of hysterical temperament was attacked in

1856 with a singular malady affecting her in such a manner that she lived a *double life*, passing alternately from one to the other of two states, which Dr. Azam defines as *the first condition* and *the second condition*. In the normal or first condition, the woman was serious, grave, reserved and laborious. Suddenly, overcome with sleep, she would lose consciousness and awake in the second condition. In this state her character was changed; she became gay, imaginative, vivacious and coquettish. She remembered perfectly all that had taken place in other similar states and during her normal life. Then, after the lapse of a longer or shorter period, she was again seized with a trance. On awaking she was in the first condition. But in this state she had no recollection of what had occurred in the second condition; she remembered only anterior normal periods. With increasing years the normal state (first condition) lasted for shorter and shorter and less frequent periods, while the transition from one state to the other, which had formerly occupied something like ten minutes took place almost instantaneously. For purposes of special study, the essential facts in this case may be summed up in a few words. The patient passed alternately through two states; in one she possessed her memory entire; in the other she had only a partial memory formed of all the impressions received in that state. The case reported by Dr. Dufay is analogous to that just given.*

It is worth noting that in some forms of periodical amnesia there is a part of the memory which is never wiped out, but which remains common to both conditions. On examining the general characteristics of periodical amnesia we find, in extreme cases *an evolution of two memories. The two memories are independent of one another; when one appears, the other disappears, each is self-supporting, each utilizes, so to speak, its own material.* As a result of this discription of memory, the individual appears—at least to others—to be living a *double life*. The illusion is natural, for the *Ego* depends (or appears to depend) upon the possibility of associating the present states with those that are reanimated or localized in the past. There are *two distinct centers of association and attraction*. Each draws to itself certain groups, and is without influence upon others. And this leads us to a great subject, viz.: to the conditions of personality.†

The *Ego* is *no distinct entity* of conscious states. Such an hypothesis is useless and contradictory; it is a conception worthy of a Psychologist in its infancy. Contemporary science sees in *conscious personality a*

compound resultant of very complex states. The mechanism of consciousness is comparable to that of vision. Here we have a visual point in which alone perception is clear and precise; about it is the visual field in which perception is progressively less clear and precise as we advance from center to circumference. The *Ego*, the present of which is perpetually renewed, is for the most part nourished by the memory. Beneath the unstable compound phenomenon of consciousness in all its protean phases of growth, degeneration, and reproduction, there is a something that remains, and this something is the obscure consciousness which is the product of all the vital processes, constituting bodily perception, and which is expressed in one word, *coenaesthesia* (Germans call it "Gemeingefühl"). *The unity of the Ego is not that of a mathematical point, but that of a very complicated mechanism; it is a consensus of vital processes, co-ordinated by the nervous system and by consciousness the natural form of which is unity.*

(3.) In *progressive amnesia* the work of dissolution is slow and continuous, resulting in a complete destruction of memory. Physicians distinguish between different kinds of dementia according to causes, classing them as senile, paralytic, etc. These distinctions have no interest for us. The progress of mental dissolution is fundamentally the same, whatever be the cause, and this progress is to us the only fact with which we are concerned. The question now arises, does loss of memory in this dissolution follow any regular order?

Amnesia is limited at first to recent events, extends to ideas, then to sentiments and affections, and finally to actions. *A priori* it would be natural to believe that the latest impressions were the most distinct and the most stable. But if with the beginning of dementia the nervous cells degenerate, they become a prey to atrophy. Neither a new modification in the cells nor the formation of new dynamical associations is possible, or at least permanent.

The most careful observers have remarked that the emotional faculties are effaced much more slowly than the intellectual faculties. At first thought it seems strange that states so vague as those pertaining to the feelings should be more stable than ideas and intellectual states in general. Reflection will show that the feelings are the most profound, the most common and the most tenacious of all phases of mental activity. While knowledge is an acquired and a foreign element, feelings are innate. Feelings form the self; amnesia of the feelings is the destruction of the self.

The last acquisitions to succumb are the organic habits, the routine of daily life. This requires only a minimum of conscious memory, having its seat in the cerebral ganglia, the medulla and the spinal cord. We thus see that the progressive destruction of memory

* For further details, see Azam, *Revue Scientifique*, 1867, May 20, September 16; 1877, November 10; 1879, March 8. And Dufay, *ibid.*, 1876, July 15.

† Mr. Hegeler calls my attention to the fact that these instances of double consciousness are analogous to cases of hypnotism. A person who was hypnotized, when awakened, retains in the normal state no recollection of the state of hypnosis. But if the patient is hypnotized again, he remembers what had taken place in a former hypnotic state and eventually will remember it in succeeding states of hypnosis. In this way two distinct personalities are formed in one and the same individual. In the study of these facts the key to problem of the soul must be looked for.

follows a logical order, a law. *It advances progressively from the unstable to the stable.*

If memory in the process of decay follows invariably the path just indicated, it should follow that the same path in a contrary direction is the process of growth; forms which are the last to disappear should be the first to manifest themselves, since they are the most stable, and the synthesis progresses from the lower to the higher.

And so it is, indeed. Taine quotes a very instructive example in his essay, *De L'intelligence*: "There is a case of a celebrated Russian astronomer who first forgot events of recent experience, then those of the year, then those of the latter portion of his life, the breach continually widening until only remembrance of childhood remained. The case was thought to be hopeless. But dissolution suddenly ceased and repair began; the breach was gradually bridged over in a contrary direction; recollections of youth appeared, then those of middle age, then the experiences of later years, and finally the most recent events. His memory was entirely restored at the time of his death."

(II.) The facts of *partial amnesia*, that there should be loss of memory for music and for nothing else, appear inexplicable and almost miraculous. But if we have an accurate idea of what the word really means, the marvelous element disappears, and these facts, far from exciting our wonder, are seen to be natural and logical consequences of a morbid influence. *Memory may be resolved into memories*, just as the life of an organism may be resolved into the lives of the organs, the tissues, the anatomical elements which compose it. Gall, the first to protest against the view that memory has one special and only one seat in our brain, assigned to each faculty its own special memory, and denied the existence of memory as an independent function.

The case recorded by Sir H. Holland has been often cited. "I descended," he says, "two very deep mines in the Harz Mountains, remaining some hours underground in each. While in the second mine, and exhausted both from fatigue and inanition, I felt the utter impossibility of talking longer with the German inspector who accompanied me. Every German word and phrase deserted my recollection; and it was not until I had taken food and wine, and been some time at rest, that I regained them."

A surgeon, who was thrown from his horse and remained for some time insensible, described the accident distinctly upon his recovery, and gave minute directions with regard to his own treatment. But he lost all idea of having either wife or children, and this condition lasted for three days. Is this case to be explained by mental automatism? The subject, while partly unconscious, retained all his professional knowledge.

Is it now necessary to admit that the cerebral residua corresponding to an idea, and those corresponding to its vocal sign, its graphic sign, and to the movements that express the one or the other, are associated in the cortex? And what anatomical conclusions are we to draw from the fact that there may be loss of memory of movements without that of ideas, of speech without that of writing, or of writing without that of speech? We can only suggest these queries, which we are unable to answer.—

There are also cases entirely opposite in character, where functions that were apparently obliterated, have been revived, and vague recollections attain extraordinary intensity. Is this *exaltation of memory*, which physicians term *hypermnnesia*, a morbid phenomenon? It is, at least, an anomaly. General excitation of memory seems to depend entirely upon physiological causes, and particularly upon the rapidity of the cerebral circulation.

There are several accounts of drowned persons saved from imminent death who agree that at the moment of asphyxia they seemed to see their entire lives unrolled before them in the minutest incidents. One of them testifies that every instance of his former life seemed to glance across his recollection in a retrograde succession, not in mere outline, but the picture being filled with every minute and collateral feature, forming a kind of panoramic picture of his entire existence, each act of it accompanied by a sense of right and wrong. An analogous case is that of a man of remarkably clear head, who was crossing a railway in the country when an express train at full speed closely approached him. He had just time to throw himself down in the center of the road between the rails, and as the train passed over him, the sentiment of impending danger to his very existence brought vividly into his recollection every incident of his former life in such an array as that which is suggested by the promised opening of the great book at the last great day."

Even allowing for exaggeration, these instances show a superintensity of action on the part of the memory of which we can have no idea in its normal state. Certain religious ecstasies manifested in last moments are often cases of *hypermnnesia*. They are in the view of psychology only the necessary effects of irremediable dissolution.

All these cases corroborate the fact that memory depends upon nutrition. What is quickly learned is soon forgotten, and the expression "to assimilate knowledge" is not a metaphor. The psychical fact has an organic cause. For the fixation of recollections time is necessary, since nutrition does not do its work in a moment.

Cellular modifications and *dynamic associations* are assumed to be the material basis of recollection. There is no memory, no human brain, it matters not how crowded it be, that is not able to retain all that comes

within its grasp, for, if possible, *cellular modifications* are limited, the possible *dynamic associations* are innumerable.

REMARKS BY MR. E. C. HEGELER ON THE TWO FOREGOING ARTICLES.

As founder of this journal I have presented in its first number my views on religious and ethical subjects, quoting modern psychology as their main support. Hering's essay on *Memory as a General Function of Organized Matter*, has since been presented to the readers. Further, a compilation from Ribot's *Diseases of Memory* (the title to which book the American translator has supplemented by the words, an *Essay in the Positive Psychology*) has been presented in part and is continued in this number, giving those most instructive examples, the cases of *double consciousness*, or the formation of *two personalities* not knowing of each other, *in one brain*.

I have deemed it of importance that this explanation of the nature of personality appear side by side with the review of Francis E. Abbot's *Scientific Theism*, hoping that it will have a clarifying effect. I share with Mr. Abbot the desire of preserving the "God Ideal," but object to individualizing God, which is a limitation. I agree with Mr. Abbot in imagining the great All (embodying what the words God and Universe imply when united) as possessing intelligence or reason. What reason and intelligence are, however, modern psychology and the science of language have taken from the domain of mystery. Intelligence will appear and evolve wherever life appears throughout the universe.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

"THE WORST ENEMY OF WOMAN IS WOMAN."

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

In his strictures on my article "Jails and Jubilees," Mr. Hegeler makes the assertion that "the worst enemy of woman is woman."

Such an assertion in so influential a journal as THE OPEN COURT must not pass unchallenged. There are many old saws repeated from time to time unquestioned that pass into accepted proverbs because no one points out their falsehood and absurdity. The above wholesale libel on womanhood is one of these, as the most casual survey of the facts of history will readily prove.

The established customs of all nations; state and church governments; civil and canon law; the tone of literature, sacred and secular, alike show that woman's worst enemy is man.

All social customs are based on the idea of woman's inferiority and her necessary subjection to man for the good order of society, but the fact, that in proportion to her higher education and development she repudiates his authority, shows that her subordination has not been of her own choice. Hence to make woman responsible for

any of the evils, moral or material, that have grown out of her enforced condition of ignorance and folly is to the last degree unreasonable.

We must not blame Chinese women for cramping their feet in iron shoes, nor Turkish women for their folly and imbecility in the slavery of the harem, nor American women for lapping their ribs, boring holes in their ears, or cultivating an excrescence like a camel's hump on their spines. Men are responsible for all this. They do not care what women do to exaggerate their own helplessness and ignorance. Masculine opposition has been uniformly called out to keep women as they are, to suppress their individual life, larger liberty and higher education. Their protests have been loud and long against women entering the colleges, the professions, the world of profitable work, but they have never made any organized opposition against the customs that degrade and defraud them. For every step in progress that woman has made toward the freedom she enjoys to-day, she is indebted to her own sex.

Because one woman has questioned the goodness and wisdom of the Queen of England, it will hardly do for Mr. Hegeler to pass so sweeping a libel on all woman-kind.

To farther prove that man has always been woman's worst enemy, look at his constitutions, state and national, at his civil and criminal codes for one-half the citizens of the United States—for the mothers who rocked the cradle of the Republic.

The English system of jurisprudence from which sprung our American law, from Blackstone down to Story, is invidious and inimical toward woman. Lord Brougham has well said, "the English common law for woman is a disgrace to the civilization and Christianity of the nineteenth century."

Women have had no voice in the making of these laws and constitutions, but for half a century at least, have publicly protested against them, and all the modifications made in these infamous statutes, have been the result of the prayers and petitions of women. Although Congress during one century has passed fifteen amendments to the United States Constitution securing new liberties to men, we have thus far asked in vain for any new guarantees to protect the interests of women. Although native born, virtuous, intelligent, law abiding citizens, we hold the anomalous position of subjects under a foreign yoke. We are taxed without representation, tried without a jury of our peers, having no voice in the laws and rulers under which we live. Representatives from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France make and administer the law for the daughters of Jefferson, Hancock and Adams, and we have no redress.

If we turn from the state to the church, another institution equally dominated by man, we find nothing

there to inspire one ray of hope. The status of women baptiz'd into the church is even more degraded than born as a citizen into the state, because the whole Christian system is built on the doctrine of original sin, and woman its chief actor and author.

The canon laws expressing the thought of the "Holy Fathers" from St. Augustine down to Cardinal Gibbons, as well as the Jewish prophets and Christian apostles, as recorded in the Old and New Testaments, are one and all so degrading to my sex that the Rev. Charles Kingsley has well said, "this will never be a good world for woman until every remnant of the canon law is swept from the face of the earth." All these voluminous ecclesiastical authorities, unknown to women in general, have emanated from the brain of man; for violations of the sacred code, the penances and disciplines have been administered by man. Women have been exiled, imprisoned, scourged, tortured, drowned, burnt alive, by the edicts of man. Through the trying period of celibacy and witchcraft her sufferings make the blackest page in human history, and yet the doctrine of her subjection through omnipotent sin, the source and center of all woman's wrongs and miseries is echoed by "holy men" in their pulpits at this hour, and worse than all, claimed to be by divine authority. Verily in the church as well as in the state, woman's worst enemy has been man.

Man held the key to the literature of the world for centuries, and there we find philosopher, scientist, novelist and poet, secular and sacred alike, down to our own day, uniting in one grand chorus on the frailty and wickedness of woman. In the beautiful garden of Eden, the ideal Eve in her primeval purity and dignity, when addressing Adam is made to say, "God thy law, thou mine." No one but a blind man could conceive of such a base surrender of individual sovereignty by a being fresh from the hands of her Maker. And what a reflection on the Maker, is a character devoid of all moral responsibility.

"God thy law, thou mine." And this has been quoted by men in all times as one of the most beautiful sentiments that ever fell from the lips of woman. But while Milton sums up the highest virtues of the sex in one line, Pope takes two. He says:

Some men to business, some to pleasure take,
While every woman is at heart a rake.

Similar sentiments characterize all masculine authors, Swift, Fielding, Aristotle, Rousseau, Montaigne, Chesterfield and Lord Bacon, each in turn making woman the target of their wit, vulgarity and satire. Our later writers sugar coat their arrows, but the same poison lurks underneath. Thackeray, Dickens, James and Howells have all alike painted for the world's amusement exaggerated types of weak and vicious women, while a tender truthfulness regarding their own sex, generally pervades the writings of women.

What novelist ever drew a grander heroine than Charlotte Brontë's Jane Eyre? What poet ever painted so pure a character as Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Aurora Leigh?

In the department of science these masculine enemies have at last attacked the size and substance of woman's brains. They have actually explored the cranial arch of the female head to show that our brains weigh less and are of an inferior quality to their own. If a woman, who knows that half their facts published to the world are pure fabrications, makes any defence, her communication is curtailed and put in fine print at the end of the periodical,* while those who libel the feminine brain are spread out in coarse print over many pages.

I think I have given facts enough to disprove Mr. Hegeler's assertion. As to his personal criticism I have only to say that in my arraignment of the Queen of England, as the representative of a great nation, I did not over-estimate the influence she might have exerted in half a century to improve the condition of her subjects. Had she given as much thought to lightening the taxes on her people, as to increasing her private fortune; had her economies been in personal and family deprivations so that she could herself have made the necessary marriage settlements on her children, and built the desired monuments to her husband, such economies would have indeed been praiseworthy. But on the contrary she has kept her private fortune, steadily accumulating, intact, while enjoying unbounded luxuries for herself and children by enormous taxes on her subjects. Such economy rightly named is avarice, and there is no merit in it.

Mr. Hegeler says he never read a harsher criticism of Victoria than my article in THE OPEN COURT. If mine has been the one discordant note in the grand jubilee chorus to the Queen, it is because behind all the busy preparations for the most brilliant pageant the world has ever witnessed, of gilded royalty and nobility, my eyes beheld the dark shadows on the back-ground of homeless, starving men, women and children, into whose desolate lives would never come one touch of light or love. There is something to me unspeakably sad in the eager gazing multitudes that crowd the streets on these grand gala days. There is ever a sphinx-like questioning look in their upturned faces, that seems to say, "Ah! must the many ever suffer that the few may shine?" As the sun went down on that 21st of June, what a contrast in the close of the day's festivities between the children of luxury and want.

Some brilliant in jewels, velvet and lace, are borne in gilded equipages to their palace homes, gay with music, flowers and innumerable lights; there to feast on rich viands from every quarter of the globe; to pose in the stately quadrille or whirl in the giddy waltz, and rest at last on soft couches, curtained in rich India silks,

* See *Popular Science Monthly* for June.

to dream of life as one long tournament. Others turn from the gorgeous pageant weary and worn, hungry and hopeless, to thread the dark alleys to their cheerless homes in some dingy court, to gnaw a dry crust, rest on a bundle of straw and dream of the long road they have traveled and the dreary vista of life that opens before them. Who that can share in imagination one hour the miseries of England's impoverished people, can rejoice in a reign of fifty years that has cost the nation 22,000,000 of pounds sterling in extra allowances to the Queen and her children, in addition to the legitimate cost of the royal household and the hereditary property rights of the throne.

CAN RELIGION HAVE A SCIENTIFIC BASIS?

BY LEWIS G. JANES.

The leading object of *THE OPEN COURT*, it is stated, is "to establish religion on a scientific basis;" and "the scientific study of religion," is declared to be one of the dominant purposes of the Free Religious Association. A valued friend, however, who shall here be nameless, but who is an officer of the Free Religious Association, and in hearty sympathy with the general tenor and character of *THE OPEN COURT*, has more than once affirmed in public that there can be no such thing as the discovery of a scientific basis for religion. Religion, he asserts, is an ultimate fact in human nature. It existed before the first glimmerings of science were perceived by the human mind. Its object and mission then were essentially what they still remain, in spite of the manifold changes which time has wrought in its form and expression. Then, as now, it gave utterance to man's sense of dependence upon a power external to himself. Then, as now, it framed upon human lips the symbolic words for those emotions of awe and reverence with which man regards the "Power, not himself," in whose presence he dwells eternally. In the lowest fetichism as in the highest theism the characteristic features of what we term religion, are manifest.

The attempt to establish religion on a scientific basis, is therefore, my friend declares, illogical and certain in the nature of things to be defeated. If it were possible, it would break the continuity of that line of development by which the crude emotional expression of primitive man has become displaced by the loftiest aspirations of theistic worship. It would establish a broad line of demarcation between religions true and religions false, whereas all religions have had an essential truth in their foundation and *raison d'être*, and the falsehood and error which have mingled with their various historical manifestations, have simply given voice and expression to that immaturity of thought and feeling, that limitation of intellectual and social environment, which were peculiar to the particular time and place in which each form of religion arose and commanded allegiance. It would

repeat the error of Christianity in separating itself thus radically in thought from its historical antecedents.

Such in substance is my friend's criticism upon the attempt to establish religion on a scientific basis. Are his objections to this effort logical and rational? Are they founded upon a true conception of what constitutes a "scientific basis" for religion? To me it does not so appear. Religion, he asserts, is an ultimate fact of human nature. To this I heartily assent. Being a fact of nature—of human nature—therefore, it seems to me, it is susceptible of that careful study, that thoughtful analysis and orderly classification, which, when successfully applied to other natural facts and phenomena, have established them on scientific foundations. Already we have the vigorous and growing science of comparative religion, a thorough acquaintance with which constitutes, doubtless, one of the essential conditions for the establishment of religion on a scientific basis. Already we have the germs at least of a rational philosophy and psychology which will enable us to assign religion to its proper place, and give due weight to its claims and authority in the development of a perfect and symmetrical human nature. Scholars and writers like Kuenen, Tiele and Max Müller in the department of comparative religion, like Spencer, Fiske and Thompson in the department of philosophy and psychology—what are they but builders of this new temple of a religion based upon science, dedicated to reason and the fair uses of humanity's new day, which is just beginning to dawn upon the earth?

That religion in its earlier manifestations antedated the beginnings of science, constitutes, therefore, no valid reason why it may not be finally established upon a scientific basis. On the contrary it affords the first and essential condition for such an establishment. The *fact* must first be given before it can be assigned its due place in that orderly arrangement and classification which constitutes its scientific relationship to other facts. But something more than this susceptibility to systematic study and orderly arrangement is intended, no doubt, in the conception of the establishment of religion on a scientific basis. Heretofore religion has claimed the right to maintain its theories of the universe and of man's relation thereto, to enforce its mandates upon society, to declare ethical sanctions and to regulate the lives of individuals and the destinies of nations, independent of the dictates of reason and of the progress of scientific discovery. It has said, "Thus shalt thou believe concerning the creation of the world, concerning rituals and creeds, concerning the right and authority of church and state over the individual, for I am God's vice-gerent, endowed with supernatural authority to announce the infallible truth." When science declared the earth to be globular in form, religion said, "Not so; does not the Scripture speak of the 'four corners'

of the earth, and can that which is round have corners? Believe this heresy of science at your peril!" When science affirmed that the earth revolved around the sun, religion maintained the geo-centric theory, based upon an alleged infallible revelation of its truth. When science and reason declared that men had rights as opposed to oppressive rulers, religion asserted the divine right of kings. When reason affirmed the authority of moral science in questions of human duty, religion interposed its "Thus saith the Lord" as final and irrevocable upon all problems of practical ethics.

The establishment of religion on a scientific basis involves the relegation of all these and of all other similar questions, to science and reason for their solution. It necessitates the acceptance of reason as the final arbiter in all these problems. It disclaims the unfounded assumption of authority, based upon alleged supernatural revelations of truth. At the same time, religion established on a scientific basis will be equally removed from that crude and dogmatic form of liberalism which, while it affirms its allegiance to free thought, places all the emphasis upon the freedom, and little or none upon the thinking. Its *credo* must be the intelligent affirmation of principles which have been thoroughly thought out, viewed upon every side, and found to conform to and harmonize with all discovered and demonstrated truth. It must submit even such rational affirmations to the deepening thoughts and widening intelligence of each successive age and generation, neither rejecting the old simply because it is old, nor approving the new for its novelty, but modifying or adhering to the form of its doctrine with respect solely to the greater or less of truth and accuracy in its statement. Relinquishing no jot or tittle of its character as religion, it will, nevertheless, become more and more completely rational, and thus appeal to the convictions and command the allegiance of all thoughtful and sincere men and women. Recognizing the good that is in all the historical forms of religion, it will cultivate a generous charity toward all. It will condition its fellowship on character, not on creed; it will answer dogmatism with courteous appeals to reason and to conscience, and its conquests will be those of love and not of physical force. Where it cannot confidently affirm the great hopes of the older faiths, it surely will not dogmatically deny them, for all dogmatism is foreign to the scientific spirit. Denying only what is manifestly irrational and false, it will greatly believe those things which are of good report and which harmonize with all that we truly know of this wonderful universe in which we live, and of our own more wonderful natures.

"We are in transition," said Emerson, "from the worship of the fathers who enshrined the law in a private and personal history, to a worship which recognizes the true eternity of the law, its presence in you and me,

its equal energy in what is called brute nature and in what is called sacred. The next age will behold God in ethical laws, as mankind begins to see them in this age, self-equal, self-executing, instantaneous and self-affirmed; needing no voucher, no prophet, no miracle. * * * There will be a church founded on moral science; at first cold and naked, a babe in the manger again; the algebra and mathematics of ethical law—the church of men to come, without shawm or psaltery, or sackbut; but it shall have heaven and earth for its beams and rafters, science for symbol and illustration. It will fast enough gather beauty, music, picture, poetry. The nameless thought, the nameless power, the super-personal heart, it shall repose upon." Such was our prophet's vision of the church, in that day when religion shall be established on a scientific basis. In a like noble faith, fronting a vision so grand and beautiful, shall we not all press forward in the line indicated by THE OPEN COURT, and strive for its speedy realization?

TEMPLES AND TEMPLE-CITIES.

BY B. W. BALL.

We are told that the French government has at last succeeded in obtaining leave from the Greek government to search at Delphi for remains of the temple which stood there. "It is supposed," says the *London Daily News*, "that there are priceless treasures buried in the ground. There was no sanctuary to which so many valuable presents were made as to the Delphic one." This is true enough, but in the fourth century, B. C., the Phocians plundered the Delphic temple of its most valuable and venerable *ex votos*, such as the golden donatives of the Lydian King Kræsus, which were melted down and turned into money. For a long course of centuries, it is said, the Delphic soil has not been disturbed. Delphi was for ages the Holy See or chief temple-city of Greek paganism. Its priesthood, through the oracle which uttered its responses there, governed the primitive world or guided the policy of all its leading States. The Delphic temple stood high up above the level of the sea in a Parnassian glen, "among savage gorges and cold springs," overlooking what is now the Gulf of Lepanto. Its site was most picturesque and commanding. Secluded from the world in a mountain solitude and yet accessible, both by sea and land, as the immense throngs of pilgrims, who frequented the temple in the palmy days of its priesthood, indicated. That priesthood, according to Bishop Thirwall, one of the ablest historians of primitive Greece, did not abuse or misuse, upon the whole, the vast power which it wielded for so many centuries. The best account of the oracle religion, which had its seat at Delphi, may be found in the history of Greece, by Ernst Curtius. He exhausts the subject, and the chapters which he devotes to it are most interesting contributions

to the religious history of mankind, and are worthy to be bound in the same volume with Gibbons' celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, which relate the rise and early progress of Christianity. The Delphic oracular religion, as the religion of the most refined, intellectual and rational people of antiquity was, of course, not a mere gross superstition. The god Apollo was an ideal Greek, or Hellene, the presiding genius of art, lyric poetry, heroic games, and light and right. In fact he might have been called the god of "sweetness and light," the patron deity of old Hellenic culture and civilization, under whose prophetic direction that civilization was diffused all round the shores of the Midland Sea. He was the god, also, of the art of healing as well as of prophesy, the assuager of pain and the soother of guilty consciences. Mr. Gladstone, it seems, has a special reverence for this old Greek divinity. In fact he regards Apollo as the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew Messiah and Deliverer or Savior, while he deems the motherless goddess, Athenè, the tutelary genius of Athens, as the pagan equivalent of the *logos*, or word. However this may be, it may be truthfully affirmed that the oracle religion of Apollo is entitled to rank among the purest and most civilizing of the foremost religions of the world. It must have been such to have been the chief religion of ancient Hellas, and to have exercised the control, which it did, over all the outlying nations of the ancient world. It was in the days of its supremacy a cosmopolitan or truly catholic religion, in comparison with which the Judaism of the period was the religion of an obscure semi-barbaric race of shepherds, whose deity matched with Apollo was a merely tribal god with an altogether limited and local jurisdiction. In the days of Byron the Delphic oracular cave was used as a shelter for cows. To such base uses had it been degraded by the lapse of centuries. Yet the Delphic steep, with its great oracular shrine, was the center of the moral development of the most advanced and civilized moiety of primitive humanity. Its rocky soil was trodden by the feet of the most famous men of antiquity. Its Lesché, or Conversationshaus, was brilliant with cartoons from the brush of Polygnotus. The dramatic poet, Euripides, in his beautiful tragedy of *Ion*, and Plutarch, in one or two of his miscellanies, gives us a vivid glimpse of the daily life of the great Grecian temple-city, which was a sort of watering place for the old pagan world. On its steep the Amphictyonic Council held one of its annual sessions. This was what would be called in Christian parlance a Panhellenic ecclesiastical gathering, which regulated the religious concerns of Hellas, and, in particular, saw that the Delphic oracle suffered no detriment or desecration. Byron was a visitor to the Delphic glen during his tour through Greece. He

says in his *Childe Harold*, that though Apollo no longer haunted the oracular grot,

Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

Delphi would be just the spot, in which an enthusiastic Hellenist might read to most advantage the history of primitive Greece, with the Gulf of Lepanto sparkling far below and the peaks of Parnassus above him

Soaring snow-clad through its native sky
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.

Read in such a storied and sublime locality the history of Greece would have a new significance. Another English nobleman who visited Delphi, viz: the late Lord Houghton, better known as the poet Milnes, also wrote some fine verses inspired by the genius *loci*, he says or sings:

Beneath the vintage moon's uncertain light,
And some faint stars that pierced the film of cloud
Stood those Parnassian peaks before my sight,
Whose fame throughout the ancient world was loud.

Still could I dimly trace the terraced lines
Diverging from the cliffs on either side;
A theatre whose steps were filled with shrines
And rich devices of Hellenic pride.

* * * * *

Still rise the rocks and still the fountain flows.
* * * * *

Desolate Delphi! pure Castalian spring!
Hear me avow that I am not as they,
Who deem that all about you ministering
Were base imposters, and mankind their prey;

That the high names they seemed to love and laud
Were but the tools their paltry trade to ply;
This pomp of faith a mere gigantic fraud,
The apparatus of a mighty lie!

Let those that will, believe it; I, for one,
Cannot thus read the history of my kind;
Remembering all this little Greece has done
To raise the universal human mind.

* * * * *

I know that hierarchs of that wondrous race,
By their own faith alone, could keep alive
Mysterious rites and sanctity of place,—
Believing in what'er they might contrive.

It may be that these influences combined
With such rare nature as the priestess bore,
Brought to the surface of her stormy mind
Distracted fragments of prophetic lore.

In modern spiritualistic parlance the Delphic priestess was a clairvoyant, medium, or mind-reader. The oracle was shrewd and its priesthood knew all about the States and cities of the world of its day and all about every prominent person and family in it. They could speak all the languages of their time.

Once temples and temple-cities were the centers not only of moral but of political influence. The Mohammedan world has for its metropolis such a city, viz., Mecca. Rome, with its St. Peter's Church, is in like

manner the ecclesiastical metropolis of the two hundred millions, be the same more or less, who believe in Romanism. But the scientific, enlightened, rational civilization of to-day, and the foremost modern communities, do not acknowledge allegiance to high priests or recognize temples or temple-cities as centers of power and influence where supernatural aid and counsel can be obtained. The great shrines and temple-cities of all the creeds and religions and of every age, clime and race, were and are all external manifestations and outgrowths of the same superstitious mood of mind and the same dense ignorance of nature and natural law. Memphis, Saïs, Jerusalem, Delphi, Rome, Mecca and Benares were and are all on the same moral plane, all claiming to be centers and radiating points of supernatural power and influence. There was a time when this preposterous claim was universally acknowledged. But that time has gone by so far as all really modern men and communities are concerned. There are still shrines and so-called shrines, and pilgrims and pilgrimages to shrines and so-called holy cities; but the people who indulge in such eccentricities, and who believe in such exploded supernaturalisms, though living in and breathing the air of the world of to-day, belong really to the past of several centuries back. They are absurd survivals of gross ignorance, credulity and superstition.

From an æsthetic point of view and as relics of a nearly extinct mood of the human mind the Parthenon of Athens, the Pantheon of Rome, and the Pyramids of Egypt, and the ruins of the old Samothracian temples, and St. Peter's dome, and the great old mediæval cathedrals and minsters of Europe are noteworthy and interesting. We may even say with Emerson, that

These temples grew as grows the grass,
and that

Love and terror laid the tiles.

But we cannot forget the bestial condition of the people who toiled at the bidding of priests and kings, almost guerdonless, to rear these monstrous and useless architectural enormities to swell the arrogance of absolute hierarchs and monarchs. A pine-board New England meeting-house really indicates a higher civilization than do or did such gorgeous temples as I have enumerated.

CHOPPING SAND.

BY WHEELBARROW.

I believe there is somewhere in the laws of mechanics a principle known as "waste of power." At all events, I have heard the phrase used by workingmen, and although I do not understand its technical or scientific meaning, I suppose it refers to some leak or other defect in the machine or implement, in consequence of which its mechanical efforts are weakened, and some of its labor lost. I fear that many of the efforts of

workingmen to improve their condition are in the wrong direction, and therefore a "waste of power."

Much effort is being used to relieve the mechanic trades from the competition of convict labor. I think this effort is a "waste of power." Lately I pointed out the unfairness of the demand that convicts be not permitted to work at the mechanic trades, but only "on the roads." As a worker "on the roads," I claimed protection also from convict competition. It is gratifying to notice that my claim has been conceded by the trades as reasonable and just, for in the platform adopted by the Anti-Monopoly Convention in New York, the demand that convicts be compelled to "work upon the roads" has been abandoned, and it is only now required that they be employed at such labor as will be least in competition with workingmen outside.

It is plain as figures that if they are employed at any useful or productive labor at all, they must compete with somebody, and in that case the spirit of the resolution requires that they be employed at the most expensive occupations; at those trades which pay the highest wages, because they can best afford to stand the competition. Of course this doctrine will not be admitted, and having made the circuit of every useful trade and calling in the land, we bring up at last against the frank position we should have maintained in the beginning, namely, that convicts must be compelled to work at something that produces nothing, and I suggest that they be employed at chopping sand.

I have no patent on this plan; it is not original with me. I have seen it actually tried, and I know its value. Once I was employed with some other men in building a house. I was bricklayer's clerk. My duty was to carry up the bricks in a hod, while the bricklayer fixed them with his trowel, square and true. This was before the hod carrying business was prostrated by the competition of the pulley and the rope, and when I used to find it a healthful rest and recreation from the monotony and weary iteration of the shovel and the pick. One day the boss brought a young fellow with him to work upon the job. He had taken him as an apprentice to the bricklayer's trade; he gave some instructions about setting the youth to work, and then went away. The new comer was not well received, for it was clear as print that unless he should tumble off a scaffold and break his neck, he would grow into a "competitor" at the bricklaying business with the very men then working on the job. "What shall we set him at for a beginning?" said one of the men to the foreman. "Set him to chopping sand," he answered, and that was done.

It was explained to the new comer that the sand they were using was rather coarse, and that some of a finer quality was required. A hatchet was given him, a bushel or two of sand was placed in front of him, and he was told to chop it up fine. He worked

faithfully and well, but at last he discovered that all his labor was a "waste of power," that although he might chop forever, the sand would remain the same. Here then is the solution of the convict labor problem, set the convicts to chopping sand; this will give them work enough, and the results will be the desired nothing. How much of the workingmen's efforts to improve their social condition is based on false reasoning; how much of it is a useless "waste of power," a weary chopping of sand!

Again, if the hard labor of convicts is intended merely as a punishment, nothing can be more exquisitely refined and cruel than the labor of chopping sand. To work and produce nothing is torture. The divine quality of labor is proved by the pleasure its product brings. Whether the profit of it comes to the worker or not, it is a satisfaction to know that by his work something exists that did not exist before, or exists in better shape. In my childhood I knew an old man for whom my father used to work. His name was Andrew Mann. Poverty and hardship were his lot in early life, but in his old age he had become very rich, partly through some lucky speculations, and partly through the "unearned increment" of some town property which he had bought in an early day. Riches bring to a man the luxury of eccentricity, and there are some men who from lack of early education, or some other aptitudes, enjoy no other luxury in old age. Andrew Mann was one of these.

One day a poor man came to him for charity. "Why do you not go to work?" he said; the man answered that he could not get employment. "I want a man to turn a grindstone," said old Andrew; "you can have the job if you want it, and I'll give you a dollar a day." The poor man gladly accepted the offer and went to work. He turned the grindstone merrily under the old man's directions, but nobody came to grind anything. This, of course, was none of his business, and he kept on turning. At last he became very tired, and said, "Mr. Mann, isn't somebody coming to grind something?" "No," said his employer; "but go ahead with your work." Like the never-ending drip of water on the head, this profitless toil at last became intolerable, and the poor man fairly begged his tormentor to send a man to grind an axe, or a chisel, or a hatchet, or anything at all that would show some benefit from his toil. But the old man was inexorable, and told him to grind on. At last the torture became insupportable, and the man threw up the job. "I don't object to turning a grindstone," he said, "if I could see anything to grind, but to grind away at nothing will drive me mad." If punishment alone is the object of convict labor, and if it is good social economics that convicts must not earn anything, then let them turn barren grindstones or chop sand.

NATURE'S LESSON.

BY W. F. BARNARD.

What time we murmur, saying "weary life!"
And deem our task-work overburdensome,
How all the gladder voices of the world
Sing through our sighing with announcement sweet
Of labor done with willingness and joy.

The flowers give their perfume to the wind,
Growing for beauty's sake the whole year through.
The trees made vocal with the voice of birds,
Put forth the bud to keep themselves in leaf;
And every living thing lives out its life,
Intent to reach some end whate'er befall.
The rivers flow unwearied evermore,
Through all their curves and shallows, and through all
Their rapids that disturb them, singing still;
The loudest in the rapids, bearing on
With only thought to find the sea at last
That answers to their singing with its deep
And everlasting solemn organ-tones,
Announcing all the labor of its tides.
The very hills keep silent watch and ward
Above the world, their sleepless summits raised
To mark the passage of the sun and moon
And everlasting journeys of the stars;
That fail not, coming ever with the night,
Brightest in darkness.

All obey the law;
Which bids them live and work. That highest law,
To which our lives shall set themselves at last
More fully and completely, seeking naught
But strength to keep the path that points alway
To something nobler than they yet have known;
The strength to be as steadfast as the stars,
And faith to keep them faithful to the end.

This is the way one of our Chicago dailies refers to the Concord philosophers:

The Concord School of Philosophy opened with the thermometer in the 90's, and at once fell to a discussion of Aristotle's doctrine of reason. If people so defiant of hot weather as these should be sunstruck, it would serve them right. Who but people that have lost their reason would discuss abstruse theories of reason with the thermometer in the 90's?

It remains completely unknown to us what objects may be in themselves and apart from the receptivity of our senses. We know nothing but our manner of perceiving them, that manner being peculiar to us, and *not necessarily shared in by every being*, though, no doubt, by every human being. This is what alone concerns us.—*Kant (Max Müller's Trans.), Vol. II., p. 37.*

At the bottom of all the anarchism in this country is laziness. The Russian anarchist has some reason for seeking the life of his despotic ruler; but here, where no amount of assassination will better his condition, the anarchist has no status. As a matter of fact, his anarchy is a business—out of the laboring man's pocket.—*Puck.*

The Open Court.

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The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful ininds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

It is now eight years since these courses of summer lectures were started by Mr. A. Bronson Alcott and Mr. F. B. Sanborn. The father of the *Little Women* was then earnestly exhorting young people to study the Westminster Catechism, which teaches that mankind are under the wrath of God, and insists on the duty of "opposing all false worship" and the sin of "tolerating a false religion." He and his friend, Dr. Jones, of Jacksonville, this State, continued during several years to preach a reactionary transcendentalism, no longer heard at Concord, in language still so often quoted in the newspapers, that the present lecturers are supposed to be more unintelligible than is actually the case. The presiding intellect from the first has been that of Dr. Wm. T. Harris, a man of singularly beautiful character, great acuteness in metaphysics and strong moral earnestness. He is one of those thinkers who unwittingly puts his own ideas into the works which he interprets. He is sometimes very abstruse, and his most impressive utterances

are so much like those of an orthodox clergyman of the new school, that his lectures, with those of the two mystics just mentioned, gave the early sessions a rather conservative tone. The original orthodoxy of the school has been much mitigated of late by the part taken by Messrs. Fiske, Davidson and others. Dr. Edmund Montgomery has sent in three lectures which have attracted much notice. The last, that on *Aristotle's Theory of Causation in Its Relation to Modern Thought*, was read on Thursday morning, July 14th, and judging from reports given, is remarkable for the great vigor with which the reality of the external world is asserted, and not as a mere form of thought, but as the result of definite sources of power which are no part of the human mind, and which are known to us through our senses. Professor Davidson pronounced the paper one of the best he had ever heard, but thought that its author had in some cases misunderstood Aristotle, which is what every commentator on him, so far as we know, says of every other. His main objection to the essay was that it did not explain the fondness of men for seeking after ultimate causes, which taste, however, has been sufficiently accounted for perhaps by Comte, as a characteristic of the pre-scientific stage of thought. Dr. Harris took exceptions to what was said about Aristotle by both Davidson and Montgomery, and asserted against the latter, the subjectivity of things in themselves.

The disappointment at the absence of Dr. Montgomery was great. A Concord correspondent wrote to the *Boston Post*:

If the doctor doesn't show himself to the world at the next session of the school, the Concord faculty and students will unquestionably—to use words in his lecture to-day—emphatically deny that he is a real man, subsisting as a substantial entity outside of themselves.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Aristotle's views of metaphysics were discussed thoroughly and constantly. A just, though rather summary, survey was given of his contributions to ethics, sociology and politics, the lecture of Professor Ferri, of Rome, on the last subject, having found a translator in Mrs. Helen Campbell. The best work of the great peripatetic, that of laying the foundations of natural science, was treated of in only a single lecture, nominally on Aristotle's *Physiological Doctrines*. His real services to that science were almost entirely ignored; and extravagant praises were lavished on his habit of beginning the study of natural phenomena, by trying to reason out what they ought to be according to the supposed design of nature, before looking to see what they really were. Thus special investigation was disparaged in favor of speculating on what we imagine to have been the divine intentions. This view was accepted by the faculty, but nothing, so far as we can learn, was said of Aristotle's real discoveries in zoölogy, or of the attention he gave to meteorology and astronomy, although Dr. Harris

made the surprising statement that there does not exist a single science which was not named and defined by Aristotle, and reference was made to praise given by Cuvier and Agassiz to their great forerunner.

The most interesting of Aristotle's theories, that about the drama, was made the subject of nine lectures, the first of which was delivered on Wednesday evening, July 13th, by Mr. Davidson, who showed what full and rich use the Greek drama made of all the arts, especially music, to which the proper place cannot easily be given by us moderns, who have ceased to employ the chorus.

Shakespeare and his contemporaries were treated of in six lectures. Mr. Edwin D. Mead showed how much mistaken Mr. Snider, a lecturer in previous years, had been in representing Julius Cæsar as a champion of the world-spirit against the state. The usurper was led by personal ambition. Among other dramas bringing the individual into collision with institutions, are *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus*. He also said that Sophocles aims to show that Antigone is punished unjustly; and Dr. Harris remarked that she is really a champion of religious institutions against political ones. How far Shakespeare was in advance of the Greek dramatists in letting the punishment of criminals proceed from their own conscience rather than from any arbitrary decree of a supernatural Nemesis, was spoken of by Professor Shackford. Dr. Bartol spoke to a large audience of the healthy delight in this world shown by the great dramatist, who is not like Emerson, a celestial visitor, but has taken out his naturalization papers. Marlowe, the most revolutionary writer of his century, was depicted by Mr. Sanborn, as were Ford and Massinger by Mrs. Cheney. Mrs. Howe spoke on *Aristophanes and the Elizabethan Drama*, and Mr. Cooke on *Browning's Dramatic Genius*.

Among the most instructive lectures was that of Professor Davidson, on *Education in Greece*. He showed how the old method which sought merely to make good citizens, was reconciled with the new theory of getting knowledge for its own sake by Socrates, who answered the question, How to restore the lost moral sanctions? by inventing liberty, which should be defined as "action guided by knowledge and insight, not by habit and traditional authority."

Another of his lectures, which was particularly charming because it contained so many of his own translations, showed how far all other women have been surpassed in poetic genius by the "violet-crowned, chaste, sweet-smiling Sappho," whom the Greeks placed next to Homer, and whose intensity resembles Dante, except in its freedom from mysticism, while the masculine strength of Burns is united in her to the exquisite womanly pathos and humor of *Lady Nairn*. Only one of her songs, whose number must be estimated by the

hundred, has been suffered to come down to us unmutated by monkish bigotry, which delighted to perpetrate such scandals as that about her suicide on account of unrequited love. She is now known to have lived to a good old age, and to have been the happy, honored mother of the child of whom she says,

I have a little maid as fair
As any golden flower.

Among other fragments which have been spared by the church is this,

The lullaby of waters cool
Through apple boughs is softly blown,
And, shaken from the rippling leaves,
Sleep droppeth down.

All antiquity admired these lines addressed to some friend of her own sex:

I hold him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.
Thou smiled'st; like a timid bird
My heart cowered, fluttering in its place:
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

Her own prophecy,

I think there will be memory of us yet
In after days,

has been fulfilled, for as another Greek poet said,

Sappho's white, speaking pages of dear song
Yet linger with us, and will linger long.

One of Dr. Harris' four lectures presented what he calls "my best contribution to philosophy." This theory which is said to have been attained by no other philosopher, may be summed up thus. We can perceive nothing but what we can identify with what was familiar already. This identification is made unconsciously through syllogisms. Sense-perception could not begin without *a priori* ideas. Unconscious syllogizing forms the warp and woof of human experience. The mind acts in the form of syllogisms upon the presentation of every sense-perception. A similar view is claimed, however, for Rosmini, and Mill (*Logic*, II, III) shows the inconsistency of the "set of writers" who "represent the syllogism as the correct analysis of what the mind actually performs in discovering" truths of science and daily life, with "the doctrine, admitted by all writers on the subject, that a syllogism can prove no more than is involved in the premises." I must protest with Mephistopheles against the idea that

What we've done at a single stroke, easy and free,
Has got to take place in steps, one, two and three.

Dr. Harris and Professor Davidson are, without doubt, the pillars of the school; but there is some difference of opinion as to which of them is its indispensable support. Most of the lecturers who were announced on the programme have attended for at least a day or

two, or sent in their lectures to be read by others; and and there have been fewer disappointments than a year ago. The attendance has been smaller, owing partly to the dryness of the main subject, and partly to the number of hot days before the session began; and a scholar who has been present at several of the sessions writes us, "No one of ability comes here now except to lecture, and but few of the audience can take in what is original in the metaphysics." Perhaps this statement needs some qualification. It is a great pity that one of the hottest and least accessible spots in Concord should have been picked out for the chapel on account of nearness to the house in which Mr. Alcott formerly dwelt. The school closed Thursday evening last week, with a reading of Scotch ballads after another lecture by Professor Davidson. *English and Scotch Philosophers* and *Poets of Nature*, beginning with Thomson, were provisionally announced as the subjects for next year.

The present management of the Concord School is not, in our opinion, adapted to make its work one of great importance in the solution or discussion of philosophical questions. The school is controlled not by minds imbued with the spirit of modern scientific and philosophic thought, but by one or two men whose chief tastes and interests are merely literary. Hence it resorts to the discussion of Greek and Elizabethan literature, when, as the Boston *Herald* observes, it ought to be "a wrestling place of the giants of the earth." "As a coterie of a few bright men engaged in literary studies, it has no future, but as the arena for free philosophical discussion, it should have special attraction for our best thinkers in the field of philosophy, sociology and religion."

GERMAN INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

What Dr. McGlynn, the excommunicated priest, says in his rather sensational article in the August number of the *North American Review* in favor of the rights of conscience, the separation of Church and State, the equal taxation of the property of all corporations, without exception in favor of any ecclesiastical bodies, and the support from the common treasury only of common schools and common charities is good, although but a repetition of what our liberal journals have been saying for years. What he presents respecting the attitude of the Roman Catholic church toward our public schools is, too, doubtless, just. But many of his statements—such as that American institutions are in danger from German influence, that there is a scheme on foot to Germanize the country and to make the German as much the national language as English, and that this influence has its stronghold in the Catholic church, which like the country at large is to be Germanized—will not strengthen confidence in his

sagacity and judgment among intelligent unprejudiced thinkers.

German is as much the language of Protestantism and Freethought as of Roman Catholicism. German immigrants are among the most intelligent and liberty-loving that come to this country; they become attached to our institutions and yield to those forces which soon make all immigrants Americans and determine the leading language of the country. German as well as English is a language of science, philosophy, poetry and song, a knowledge of which is necessary to a liberal education, and it is not strange that Germans cling to this language and use it to teach their children German learning and literature; but this is done without neglecting to learn and use the language in which most of the business of the country is done and in which its constitution and laws are written. There is nothing to indicate that the Catholic church is especially interested in increasing, or that our institutions are in danger from German influence, which in this country is strongly republican and on the whole liberal in its religious character.

It is stated on apparently good authority that there is not much demand for the revised editions of either the Old or the New Testament, compared with the demand for King James' version, which with all its errors, is still preferred by the people. Mr. Magee, of the Methodist Book Establishment, said recently to a reporter:

The revised version is no good as an article of merchandise, and we would not venture to order a half dozen copies at one time. The people have no confidence in it, and are not willing to adopt the mere verbal changes. There is too much capital represented in the old Bible to be supplanted.

* * *

Professor Cope, in the *American Naturalist*, calls attention to the fact that the Nero type of physiognomy is becoming frequent among the weaklings who lounge about club rooms and are taught to do nothing but gratify their senses. Imbecility and family extinction flow from power used for debasing purposes. The history of the Romanoff Czars of Russia give extreme illustrations of this.

* * *

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Entychus—the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" when the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt: "Please, sir, ministers should not preach too long sermons!"—*Investigator*.

* * *

"Boy," said a schoolmaster, putting his hand on the boys' shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so too," replied the boy.

MONTGOMERY ON THE THEOLOGY OF EVOLUTION.*

BY PROFESSOR E. D. COPE.
Part II.

I must here warn my readers not to infer that my doctrine involves any foresight or intention on the part of living things as to their evolution. Consciousness is first passive, and is merely stimulated by contact with matter. Its subsequent action is determined first by its immediate needs, and second by the intelligence with which it satisfies them. No animal, except man, has yet taken into account the future evolution of his kind, and even he in a majority of instances neglects to adopt the measures necessary to accomplish it. Sensation is a humble department of mind, but it has accomplished wonders. The action of the environment alone, without its intelligent response, would have extinguished life almost as soon as it had birth on the earth.

I refer here to the recent expression of Weissmann, that structures acquired through the movements of animals cannot be inherited by their descendents. He bases this opinion on the fact that the reproductive elements of animals have a continuous life; i. e., that the reproductive cells have their origin from certain cells of the gastrula, and that protoplasm of the one has an absolute continuity of existence from that of the other. Let this be granted; the fact is, however, clearly demonstrated by paleontology, that characters have been successively acquired by animals, and that they have been inherited. And it can be shown that these characters are just as much due to mechanical causes as would have been the case with so much dead matter, *moved in the same way*. But that the motions of the animals could have taken place in the manner they have, excepting under the original influence of consciousness is not for a moment to be supposed.

Professor Weissmann's reproductive cells, like other cells, experience nutrition in the course of their existence. This is necessary to supply the material necessary to segmentation, both before and after fertilization. It is the molecular condition of this nutrition which determines the changes noted in inheritance, and which constitute evolution.

The fact is that evidence of the control of mind over matter is much clearer when sought for in the special department of science called phylogeny (or evolution) than in any of the departments which deal with finished creations. Mind is then seen to be related to matter somewhat as the builder is related to his house. When the house is finished, we no longer behold him as a creator; on the contrary, we see him everywhere under restraint. The walls prevent him to the right and left, and the floors and ceilings below and above. He is compelled to lie on the bed he has made for himself, to

cook in his kitchen and to eat in his dining-room. His liberty is curtailed on every hand. His house wears out, and it must be repaired from time to time at his own expense. But do we learn of the man's true relations to the house by these observations? Surely not. We must see him as the builder before we comprehend his importance to the house. So it is with physiology or functioning as compared with phylogeny or creation. Function of all kinds, whether in the processes of life, or of chemical or of physical energy, betrays little of the creator. It is rather the destroyer that we see. Phylogeny, on the other hand, shows us the building and the builder. In many living processes, however, both functioning and building go on simultaneously. Building is in excess of destruction when use adds something to pre-existent structure. But when use is in too small or in too great quantity, not addition, but subtraction (or degeneracy) follows. I believe that the primary source of obscurity in all discussions on the relations of mind to matter is the failure to discriminate between the functioning of the finished machine, and the original building of the machine. Functioning is seen in the automatic stage of mind, or most frequently in the automatic stage of energy, which is still more remote from the conscious mind. Yet more remote from its source is the man-made machine which records and repeats to us the thoughts of its author, as the book on the phonograph, to which Mr. Montgomery refers.

3. *Objection to the Doctrine of the Unspecialized.*

Nothing is better known in animal and vegetable phylogeny than that the unspecialized is the parent of the specialized; and the corresponding truth in general evolution is well stated by Spencer as the process of change of the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Ontogeny teaches the same truth as seen in the growth of the mind from infancy to maturity, and in this field, as in that of inferior functions, ontogeny probably repeats phylogeny. I have cited the mind of the amœba as the most primitive and the most generalized, and have declared that from this primitive consciousness, aided by its copartner memory, the varied and more complex minds of all higher animals have been derived. Dr. Montgomery opens his objection to this view by denying consciousness to the amœba. In proof of this he asserts "that nutritive assimilation and the protrusion and retraction of processes take place solely by dint of the chemical and physical relations subsisting between the organism and its medium, and between different parts of its own protoplasm" (Part III). Now I do not question the truth of the above statement. I have nowhere stated *assimilation* of nutritive material to be accompanied by consciousness, or at least to be produced by it, nor is the contractility of protoplasm to be regarded as an indication of the presence of consciousness. Not even designed movements mean present

* A Lecture by E. D. Cope. Arnold & Co.: Philadelphia. 1887.

consciousness; but I believe that such movements can only *have had their origin* in consciousness. That the amœba exhibits conscious-designed acts is testified to by Leidy in the following language:* “The amœba evidently possesses a power of discrimination and selection in its food, for although it appropriates with the latter many particles of vegetal tissues, and even abundance of sand-grains, it commonly rejects dead diatom shells, and the empty shells of other algæ.” Leidy also remarks:† “Personal consciousness is observed as a *condition* of each and every living animal, ranging from microscopic forms to man.” But it is not yet demonstrated that the amœba may not be degenerate and automatic, rather than the most primitive of animals.

There is an incredulity as to the mentality of animals which is natural to the human being. The only way to get over this state of mind is to observe them. Dr. Montgomery has studied the protozoa, and if he has not seen them perform designed acts he differs in experience from some of the ablest students of the subject.

The second objection (*b*) to the doctrine of the unspecialized is directed against the opinion that protoplasm is a generalized substance. He remarks (Part III) that I “obviously believe morphologically unorganized protoplasm to be also molecularly unorganized.” This sentence does not correctly express my opinion as I have stated it in several places in *The Origin of the Fittest*. I there called attention to the fact that protoplasm consists of an association of simple substances which represent the four predominant types of chemical valency. From this I infer that the result is likely to be a greater or less mutual restraint of the four types of molecular motion, producing, perhaps, a neutralization of much of it through interference. This is further suggested by the very inert character of protoplasm itself. Again, I understand that static chemical energy is the condition of stability of chemical compounds. This stability is therefore the expression of the most positive types of chemism, and we know that these types, as expressed in stable compounds, are many. But protoplasm displays neither chemical energy as a whole, in relation to other substances, nor stability of union as regards its component parts. So far, then, as regards the type of energy known as chemism, protoplasm is one of the most generalized of substances, and this statement will be true, of course, with reference to such molecular movements as express that kind of energy. It is just this weakness, in all probability, which gives opportunity for the kind of motion or energy which represents vitality, whether it be conscious at a given time and place, or whether it be a recent product of conscious energy, of the reflex or some other automatic form. Dr. Montgomery has missed my meaning on this subject

completely, and his argument thus loses its relevancy. I admit and believe fully that the molecular peculiarity of the protoplasm of different species of living things is the very cause and condition of inheritance, and have so published. But this has obviously nothing to do with chemical energy.

4. *Objection to Inference of Deity.*

As a basis of inference for the existence of primitive mind or Deity, we have then the following facts: First, the direction of energy by will; second, the direction of the evolution of organic beings either immediately or primitively by will; third, the necessity for belief in an anti-chemical type of energy to account for the stability of living protoplasm. As a matter of speculation we have the extreme improbability of the restriction of mind to the earth, among the myriad bodies of the universe.

The fact second above mentioned involves the “law of the unspecialized,” since evolution shows that primitive forms are always unspecialized, both in mechanical and mental organism and function. According to this principle the primitive mind must be simple and without those intellectual and moral qualities which characterize the highest known, that is, human, minds. On this ground Dr. Montgomery asserts that my primitive mind or Deity must be of lower constitution than human minds, but perhaps of about the grade of that of the amœba. Taken by itself this view has a reasonable appearance. (*Critique*, Part II.)

Not wishing to reach any conclusion by an *a priori* method, I have as I think, in the first and second propositions above enumerated, confined myself to demonstrated facts. I have in the third proposition stated a fact of which the interpretation requires further scientific evidence for its support, but in the correctness of which I have nevertheless great confidence. Facts may sometimes appear to land the logical reasoner in absurdities, but it may be in such case confidently assumed that the absurdity is but an appearance of temporary duration. The *reductio ad absurdum* of Dr. Montgomery of a “generalized,” and therefore utterly inapt Deity from my premises, is an instance of this kind. If I believed that the physical basis of Deity is protoplasm, his *reductio* would be legitimate, but I have in various ways asserted my disbelief in such an idea, a disbelief which necessarily follows from an extension of the “doctrine of the unspecialized” to the inorganic world. Function, mental and other, follows organization in the organic world, but not a step would ever have been taken without consciousness to inaugurate it. The same law was probably applied to the construction of protoplasm, which though generalized in respect to chemical functions, is itself the product of specialization from still simpler antecedents. Under the circumstances we are forced into a hypothesis in order to explain facts otherwise inexplicable. It is this:

**Manograph of Fresh Water Rhizopods of North America*, 1879, p. 44.

†*Christian Register*, April 7, 1887.

We know that consciousness of every degree may be, and is, experienced by men, as results of various physical interferences. We see the same phenomenon in all living things. There is no reason to suppose that the case is different in the universe generally. We may believe that consciousness, like combustion, will invade every physical basis which is capable of exhibiting it whether in greater or lesser degree. Is there any reason to suppose that protoplasm is the best substance in the universe for the display of the phenomena of consciousness? Probably not. Certainly not if we are to judge from its exhibitions in the protozoa. Metaphorically speaking, protoplasm without some peculiarities of organization of which we know nothing, appears to be almost anæsthetic to consciousness. We do not know the physical basis of the most pronounced consciousness, but we can safely conclude that it is not protoplasm. Science will probably some day reveal it to us. That it will be chemically inert we may well believe, but how complex may be its molecule, cannot be surmised. If the law of the unspecialized is true in molecular physics as it is in chemistry and in organism, it will be the simplest of substances, the protyle of chemical speculation.

The question of the immortality of the lesser mind of man is inseparably connected with that of the existence of Deity. Direct evidence on this question is almost wanting. I say almost, in view of the many assertions made by reliable people as to the appearance to them of persons after death, which I am unable to refute or accept. Nevertheless a belief in a primitive or predominant mind, or Deity, is entirely favorable to a belief in immortality. If the human mind can acquire a relation to a physical basis similar to that of the divine mind, it must continue to exist. As development of will has elevated the human mind from its humble beginnings, we naturally look to the same source for further progress. Evolution looks on the interaction of social forces of contending and co-operating interests and affections, as the source of that development of the standard of will-action which we call moral. And it is evident that if there be any existence beyond the present one, a moral order is the only one which is practicable as a state of enjoyment. Moral will power then represents the highest attribute of mind, whether greater or lesser, and we must suppose that it has, like other mental functions, a correspondingly peculiar molecular basis. And it must be the creator of this basis under the general law of the limited control of mind over physical energy. It seems eminently reasonable that the development of will in man should eventuate in the production of a type of energy similar in kind to that which expresses will in Deity, and that it should be persistent in the one case as it is in the other.

5. Conclusion.

The objections which Dr. Montgomery has expressed

against the *Theology of Evolution* are the effective ones that can and will be made. As the reader perceives, I do not regard them as affecting its stability. As I have attempted nothing but fundamentals, so there is no dispute as to details. But I wish to say in concluding, that from a scientific standpoint the subject is in its most primitive stages. I shall be gratified if I have succeeded in effecting one result in some minds; that is, if I have proven to their satisfaction that the question is at least an open one, and that instead of the result of scientific research having proved inimical to a belief in the past, present and future existence of conscious mind in the universe, it is decidedly and positively favorable to such a belief. I refer to conscious mind as a practical question which interests everybody. The unconscious mind, though highly important from a scientific point of view, is not important to theology or morals. Doubtless some automatic form of energy exists to which Haeckel's expression atom-soul may be applicable, and his plastidule-soul may be my bathmism; but no one who believes in the immortality of these or any other forms of energy only, can be regarded as believing in the immortality of consciousness. Arguments both for and against such immortality derived from the consideration of the conservation of such forms of energy, are perfectly idle. We do not know of any form of inorganic energy that is persistent, that is that does not undergo constant metamorphosis, excepting heat, and this is not the physical basis of consciousness.

Of a somewhat less mysterious and inscrutable character than the plastidule-soul of Haeckel is the "perdurable substratum" of Montgomery. Some explanation of the mysteries of evolution and mind must be had, and these hypotheses represent the efforts in this direction of two able men. The latter does not adopt the view of Haeckel, but endeavors in his highly interesting article on the "Substantiality of Life,"* to demonstrate the existence of a "perdurable substratum" for the display of organic phenomena, both mental and non-mental. He puts in philosophical form the hypothesis of the soul. I cannot perceive, however, that he adduces other than speculative evidence for the existence of this "substratum," or that he succeeds in abolishing the "aggregation hypothesis" of science. That such a substratum may exist I will not attempt to deny, and as a working hypothesis it can be entertained so long as it does not conflict with tridimensional realism. The principal ground for the substratum hypothesis as regards mind, is found in the evanescent quality of consciousness, and in the precision of its reappearances. In the language of the article quoted (p. 31) "conscious states are clearly ephemeral influences of an enduring being, poised—far beyond conceptual comprehension—in the exquisitely exact and subtle balance of what symbolically

* *Mind*, July, 1881.

reveals itself to us as vital substantiality." But the substratum which returns consciousness into being after unconsciousness in the physical organism, is the automatic form of energy which effects repair of exhausted tissue (as is stated by the author, p. 25), a species of energy which owes its individuality to the consciousness which preceded it in time, and of which it is a dead derivative product. No other "substratum" is necessary so far as I see, but I am not at present prepared to deny its existence. We *know* of the creative power of consciousness; of anything else we do not know. And thus knowing, we may rest in a definite hope that consciousness does and will continue to create a form or forms of energy which will persist in a physical basis which is more permanent than that perishable protoplasm of which it is now a property.

As regards any unconscious substratum of consciousness, not tridimensional matter and energy, I am an agnostic. I do not know what represents consciousness during its eclipse. I would not consider my hypothesis fatally defective if it should be discovered that there is nothing left to take care of the premises during its absence, but organic energy. This is the field for future research. Meanwhile we can trust consciousness for what it can do when it is present.

There are some minor points on which I differ more or less with the language at least of my critic, but it is not desirable to extend the discussion beyond a reasonable length. One of these is as to the nature of the impressions produced on the mental organism (brain) by external stimuli. I have asserted that the man receives them, and is passive. Dr. Montgomery states that they are received in a form that is as much "saturated with intelligence" as are the movements which issue from the man in response. Perhaps this statement is a little fuller than its author intends to make. In the sense in which I used the word passive, i. e., without exhibition of will, my statement is certainly correct; if Dr. Montgomery wishes to express the fact that perception as a subjective act possesses all the peculiarities of the subject, I agree with him. As to the peculiarities of perception being rightly included under the head of intelligence, I doubt it. I at least used intelligence as the act of the intellect, for which perception simply furnishes the material.

In closing I will observe that the personal and mechanical conceptions of the universe, which are almost everywhere regarded as antagonistic and mutually exclusive, are not truly such. Both are true. The mechanical type of order is the automatic product of the personal, by cryptopnoy. It is the dead which is always present with the living. Catagenesis is the only theory which reconciles the personal and mechanical theories of the universe.

The views expressed in the preceding pages have

been necessarily discursive; I therefore summarize them so far as they relate to theological issues.

1. Nothing exists excepting tridimensional matter and its properties (or behavior).
2. The properties of matter are energy (motion) and consciousness.
3. Consciousness is not a property of universal matter, but is conditioned by the axiomatic qualities of matter, of extension and resistance.
4. The mode of motion (energy) of matter is on the other hand primitively conditioned by consciousness, but ceases to be so conditioned when it reaches a certain degree of automatism (to be better defined by future research).
5. Consciousness ultimately disappears from matter and energy which have established automatic conditions; therefore the condition of the persistence of consciousness is the maintenance of will, the antagonist of mechanical automatism.
6. Every new process of conscious will creates new (? molecular) machinery in the conscious matter.
7. Hence physical and mental development depend on the will.
8. The phylogeny of protoplasm requires a parent substance.
9. Since then the existence of primitive mind in a primitive physical basis is far more probable than the opposite view, the existence of a Supreme Being is exceedingly probable.
10. Since will controls the movements and organization of matter, the persistence of human consciousness in other worlds than the earth is possible.

MEMORY.

Prof. W. D. Gunning gave a lecture recently at Keokuk, Ia., on "Memory" in which he presented interesting facts and illustrations in support of positions which have been maintained in papers printed in this journal, by Mr. Edward C. Hegeler, Prof. Ewald Hering, and in abstracts of some of Ribot's works, prepared for and presented by Mr. Hegeler. Professor Gunning said in substance:

You sit idly on a veranda in Florida, where the odor of flowers and blossoms regale you, but pass away. A woodpecker tells his song from a neighboring tree. Years pass and you forget it—You happen in the home of a professor in Indiana, and from a mocking bird you hear the very song—the identical song—you heard from a woodpecker in Florida; while you were on the veranda a mocking bird was perched, perchance, on the ridgepole and heard the song as idly as you, but its brain was a phonograph, and the symbols passed latent through five generations, when the phonograph began to unroll. In the common phonograph the words and tones of the human voice are latent in the dots and dashes of the ribbon, and the instrument speaks back to you every word and tone. So the bird carries a chronograph in its brain. Where is Munchausen with his story of frozen music which sang again as it thawed? Munchausen told a story of a

horse hitched to a church steeple not so marvelous as the story which a horse tells of itself when it trembles at the scent of a lion it does not see, and when no odor of a lion had ever assailed its sense. How deeply were the attacks of the lion indented on the brain of the horse perhaps five thousand years ago, and the phonograph again unwinds at a whiff from a lion's cage now. Every organized being is such a phonograph. Darwin found the birds on the Galapagos Islands so tame they would light on his hand. No man had been there to teach them dread. Since then men have frequented the Island, and now a bird at sight of man shudders as a horse at scent of a lion. The birds remember how men stoned and shot his ancestors before he was hatched. At Rock Island the government forbids man to kill birds and articulate brutes. The memory of persecution is already fading from the memory of birds, turtles and squirrels. Some had forgotten, some had dim recollection. Under the touch of science instinct has stepped from its robes of kingcraft that held in awe the mind, and its name now is "unconscious memory." It is memory, physiological memory. Instinct may be called the "inherited experiences of a species." Memory, in its lowest phase, is a function of organized matter. Limbs remember lessons of walking and walk automatically. The vast procession of life through ages of earth commensurate with the spaces of the heaven, ever widening, ever gaining new powers of perceiving, getting deeper emotions, never quite forgetting, until the age that it holds in unconscious memory all the ages foregone and man is impacted memory of all yesterdays. The conception takes us into the inner temple of nature. Matter and mind are different phases of one fact. You know that the speech or song from the phonograph does not come from nothingness. It may be a mystery, but not a deep one to science; and if it were it would only type that deepest mystery, the unsolved problem of philosophy, the relation of the mind to matter. You know that the thoughts of man do not come from nothing. Their underlying stratum is a gray, lace-like membrane. When you remember an incident of childhood it was indented on the life-stuff of the mind. The indented tablet gives up its record, and thoughts and fancies of the past flit across the field of consciousness. "Will you say that in assigning a natural basis to memory I am weighting matter with properties which it cannot carry?" But a few years ago elementary works on philosophy gave a full inventory of the properties of every form of matter. But who is there now whose eyes are so clairvoyant over the realm of matter? Who could have thought that a sheet of paper could carry latent, as long as the paper endured, the tones of the voice?

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

To the Editors:

LONDON, ENGLAND.

One notable sign of the times is the rebellion in Wales and many of the agricultural districts of England, against the payment of certain dues to the Church known as tithes. The payment of tithes in England originated with one of our earliest law-makers, Offa, King of Mercia. In 794 Offa is supposed to have given all his tithes to the Church in expiation of some particular sin. This law, of course, only extended over Mercia, the dominion controlled by Offa, but sixty years later Ethelwolf enforced it over all England, and his grant to the Church was confirmed by succeeding kings. William I (the Conqueror), following Edward the Confessor, enacted that "Of all corn the tenth sheaf is due to God, and therefore let it be paid to him." In like manner, if any shall have a herd of mares, the tenth colt; if any have cows, the tenth calf; of cheeses, the tenth cheese; of milk, the milk of the tenth day; the tenth part of the profit of bees, woods, parks, meadows,

orchards and "of all things which the Lord shall give." If any one feels inclined to withhold his tenth part, said William of Normany, then he shall be forced the payment thereof.

Tithes are divided into three kinds, predial, mixed and personal. Predial tithes are payable on the annual produce of the ground; mixed tithes are payable on things nourished by the ground or on the fruits thereof (colts, cheeses, etc.); personal tithes are payable on profits arising from the personal labor and industry of man. The tithes are also divided into two classes, great and small. The great tithes are those due on corn, hay and wood. The small tithes include the mixed and personal and all the predial other than those which come under the head of "great."

As may easily be imagined the payment of these tithes in kind excited much ill-feeling which grew as the years went on so that at length, in the years 1836, 1837, 1838 and 1839, four acts—known as the "Tithe Commutation Acts"—were passed. These acts provide for the substitution of a corn rent, payable in money, for all tithes. Extraordinary tithes are paid on hop grounds or market gardens, coming into cultivation since the Tithe Commutation Acts.

In England the objection to the payment of tithes is directed mainly against the extraordinary tithes and the principal seat of the rebellion is in the great hop growing districts of Kent. In Wales, however, the refusal to pay tithes bears a somewhat different aspect and is without doubt in the majority of cases, objection on the part of non-conformists to pay dues to a church to which they do not belong. There, then, is a steady resistance against the payment of any tithes whatsoever, and this resistance has increased to such a degree that the agitation is now popularly known as "the tithe war."

On the 13th of May the bailiffs employed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners went to Llandrills to serve writs of distraint on certain rebellious farmers—for the law still upholds William's fiat, that he who is inclined to withhold his tenth part, shall be forced the payment thereof. On one farm the bailiffs seized twelve cattle for a claim of £20; on the next, a stack of hay for £22; on the third, four cows for £19. There was tremendous excitement in the neighborhood and the bailiffs were prevented from going to some of the farms by large crowds which had assembled. The men, armed with sticks, hid themselves behind hedges until the bailiffs came up and then springing suddenly upon them caused them to run. At Cynwyd (between Corwen and Llandrills, Merionethshire), the auctioneers were surrounded by farm laborers and stoned.

Disturbances are continually taking place at the sales and a force of 250 police were sent into Meifod Valley, Montgomeryshire, to protect the representatives of Christ Church, Oxford, in selling stock seized for unpaid tithe. It is stated that no further attempt will be made to effect the sales without the assistance of the military.

I have just been staying at Jersey, one of the Channel Islands, and there, I am informed, tithes are payable on corn and apples only. Curiously enough, corn has fallen almost entirely out of cultivation and there are now comparatively few orchards, it has been found much more profitable to grow potatoes than either corn or apples; so that, at Jersey, although the clergy have the right to exact tithes, nevertheless there is little or nothing for them to exact them on.

A letter from Lord Randolph Churchill which appeared in the *Times* of May 15th, upon the position of the conservative party and the Oaths Bill has produced considerable agitation in the minds of many members of his party. The letter is somewhat long as Lord Randolph gives his view of the course of action taken by Mr. Bradlaugh and the House of Commons in reference to him since 1880, but the point lies in the concluding paragraphs in which he says, "I am strongly of opinion that the hands of

those who, like myself, were identified with opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh in a former parliament are tied. Should we oppose and defeat the bill by no means exclude Mr. Bradlaugh from parliament; all we do is that we provide that the oath shall be continually profaned whenever Mr. Bradlaugh or persons of similar opinions are elected as members of the House of Commons. By supporting and passing the bill, on the other hand, we secure that the parliamentary oath in the future will in all probability only be taken by those who believe in and who revere its effective solemnity." This letter of Lord Randolph Churchill's was in reply to one from the Rev. Dr. Lee, who appealed to his lordship to do his "utmost to defeat so fundamentally bad and so destructive a measure" as that Oaths Bill, which he says is backed by eight revolutionists. The day after Lord Randolph Churchill's letter appeared there was one in the *Times* from a very old and venerated member of the Tory party, the Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, asking to explain why conservatives who have opposed Mr. Bradlaugh in the past may consistently oppose the Oaths Bill now. "An affirmation devised to ignore God even though it do not in terms exclude Him" writes Mr. Hubbard, "is in words a promise or a declaration, but the words can have no binding effect upon him who utters them, for he owes responsibility to no being beyond or higher than himself, and the oath or affirmation of a proclaimed infidel can carry to others no conviction of his testimony, and can impart no confidence in his promise." It is strange how meanly Christians hold their fellow-men, they do not seem able to believe that men will do right merely because it is right; they seem to think that men must be coerced into right doing by fear of punishment or hope of reward. Of course I am now considering men who are commonly supposed to be honest; fear of punishment or hope of reward beyond the grave never withheld the dishonest man from his wrongdoing; the punishment and the reward are too remote. The goal is much more effective, it is nearer. Several other letters appeared in the *Times*, of no great importance, and then came one from Mr. Bradlaugh, in which he clearly states the position of freethinkers in regard to the oath. HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER.

MR. PARTON'S ARTICLE ON "LABOR CRANKS" CRITICISED.

To the Editors:

May I ask for space for a few observations on Mr. Parton's recent paper on "Labor Cranks" [printed in THE OPEN COURT No. 5]? I am not at all disposed to challenge the correctness of many of Mr. Parton's statements. I admit that an overwhelming compassion for human suffering and sorrow has wrought a certain sort of ruin in many a life. If Jesus had not had this overwhelming compassion, he might have escaped what Mr. Parton would doubtless esteem the highly unsatisfactory end of a public execution. If his soul had been of a different fiber he might indeed have had so much "patience and tolerance" with the ideas current in his time, that he could have lived with impunity to a green old age, and have become one of the most illustrious of the hair-splitting rabbis. As it was he preferred, like many other so-called cranks, "to give to misery all he had—a tear." He stands forever a "youth to fortune unknown," but not to fame. Still, no one could deny that by his untimely taking off he was "disqualified from thinking beneficially" or otherwise—that he thereby lost the "power of communicating with other minds."

Mr. Parton admits that he once had much compassion for suffering and sunken humanity, but this is remembered now only as a youthful indiscretion. He has so far conquered this effeminate tendency of his nature that he can now contemplate thousands of his fellow-creatures in misery and ignorance, unmoved. Did not Nero give the highest proof of Mr. Parton's philosophy, when the Eternal City was in flames?

Other men and women—such cranks, for instance, as John

Howard, Mary Carpenter, Florence Nightingale, Robt. Raikes, etc., witnessing scenes similar to that which nearly deprived Mr. Parton of his reason, have had their whole lives changed thereby. This sort of crankiness Mr. Parton thinks he has successfully avoided. To me his case seems to be the not uncommon one of

"One lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devil's-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God."

JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

[While we yield to Mr. Barnhill's special request to print the above, we must say that in our opinion it fails to do justice to the meaning and spirit of the article criticised.—ED.]

INTERNATIONAL FREETHOUGHT CONGRESS, 1887.

To the Editors:

JUNE 11, 1887.

I should be obliged if you would give the widest publicity to the annexed invitation. I should also be very pleased to send special invitations to any American freethinkers whose names and addresses you might furnish to me.

Yours very sincerely,

C. BRADLAUGH.

By the authority of the Council-General of the International Federation of Freethinkers, under the auspices of the National Secular Society (of which I am president), and with the approval and confirmation of the freethinkers of Great Britain and Ireland in conference at Rochdale assembled, I most earnestly invite you to attend the sittings of the International Freethought Congress, to be held in the Hall of Science, 142 Old street, E. C., London, at 10:30 A. M., on Saturday, September 10, at 11:15 A. M., on Sunday, September 11 and at 10:30 A. M. on Monday, September 12.

Your early reply will be esteemed a favor.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

20 Circus Road, St. John's Wood, London, N. W.

MEMORY AND CONSCIOUS MENTAL LIFE.

To the Editors:

NEW YORK CITY, July 20, 1887.

I cannot pass by the very courteous queries of your correspondent Janet E. Ruutz-Rees, regarding one point in my article in THE OPEN COURT, on the subject of "Personal Immortality" (May 12, 1887). I think it due to her to explain a little more fully my assertion that memory is essential to conscious life. I did not go into such an explanation because I had already done so in my *System of Psychology*. In the analysis of consciousness which I make there, it appears that conscious experience universally requires both the presentative and the representative as necessary elements and that no consciousness whatever is attained without representation. The elements of conscious experience are agreement, difference, time, representation and power, active and passive. In order to any continuance of sensation or thought in the absence of which continuance there can be no consciousness) there must even be a representation from moment to moment of the preceding moment's experience. Without this there can be no identification nor distinguishing. Hence, there can be no perception without representation, or memory; and if no perception, certainly no conscious experience whatever; for generalization, abstraction and reasoning evidently depend upon memory. In other words, representation is primordial and essential to all consciousness. The latter consists of apprehensions of likeness and difference; these require continuance, else there could be no such apprehension; and there is no duration of the experience without the postulate of representation. We have no perception of a tree without a re-cognition of the object, a reference to a class which our past experience has enabled us to constitute.

Where there is sensation with representation at a minimum, cognition is at a minimum; and when we get so low down in the scale of consciousness as to find that there is substantially no memory we discover that there is no consciousness. As representation varies so conscious mental life varies in degree of definiteness.

I shall hardly venture to repeat the analysis made in my *Psychology*. Indeed, you could not allow me the space. But if it should happen that your correspondent has access to the work in question (London: Longmans & Co., 1884), she will find my ideas fully set forth in Chapters IX, XXXII, XXXVII, XXXVIII and XXXIX.

In conclusion let me thank her both for the inquiry she makes and for her own suggestions upon the general topic.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MASSACHUSETTS. By *Brooks Adams*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887; pp. 382. Price \$1.50.

No better evidence of the rapid advance of Freethought in this age could be offered than this work, written by a Boston lawyer, the grandson of the sixth and the great grandson of the second President of the United States, and a member of a family remarkable for its legal, political and literary ability; a work which has already met with angry criticism from orthodox sources, and with dubious comment from the conservative critics of the secular press. If it had been written by any active and avowed Freethinker and issued by a Freethought publishing concern, it would, even in these days of growing liberalism, have been generally denounced as a bitter libel upon the revered historical idols of the old Bay State, and the "Puritan ancestors" upon which the state prides itself. The work is written in a vigorous style, in a daring spirit and is eloquently palpitant with the intense desire of its lawyer-author to bring forward in the strongest light "the other side" of a story which he seems to feel has been only half told hitherto, and that half with manifest theological and partial bias. The "emancipation" of which the book claims to give the history, is the evolution of colonial Massachusetts from what the author calls a "theocracy" to a genuinely republican form of government. Mr. Adams says, "there would seem to be a point in the pathway of civilization where every race passes more or less under the dominion of a sacred caste. When and how the more robust have emerged into freedom is uncertain, but enough is known to make it possible to trace the process by which this insidious power is acquired and the means by which it is perpetuated," and it is this which he here undertakes to do in the case of Massachusetts, with whose history that of his own family is so closely interwoven. His arraignment of the Puritan clergy is very severe. He accuses them of arrogance, bigotry, cruelty and greedy assumption and abuse of power. He does not hesitate to make strong accusations or to use straightforward phrases in regard to them, of which we give a few samples. "The clergy held the State within their grasp and shrank from no deed of blood to guard the interests of their order." "One striking characteristic of the theocracy was its love for inflicting mental suffering upon its victims." "The power of the priesthood lies in submission to a creed. In their onslaughts on rebellion they have exhausted human torments; nor in their lust for earthly dominion have they felt remorse, but rather joy when slaying Christ's enemies and their own." "—— who was bred for the church, and whose savage bigotry endeared him to the clergy." "The duplicity characteristic of the theological politics." During the supremacy of the clergy the government was doomed to be both persecuting and repressive." "An established priesthood is

naturally the firmest support of despotism." "An autocratic priesthood." "A venomous priesthood," etc. He brings up a startling array of witnesses against the evil wrought by the clergy in the matter of the witchcraft craze, and their treatment of Quakers, Anabaptists and others who presumed to differ from their Congregational creed. Some of the evidence in these cases read like nightmare horrors set down in cold print. His pen portraits of some of those whose names are familiar to us in colonial history are often strongly drawn and set these heroes before us in entirely new lights. Especially vivid are his delineations of the Mathers, father and son, Increase and Cotton, also of Samuel Adams, Anne Hutchinson, John Cotton, John Winthrop, John Endicott and others. Extracts are given from the Mather's private diaries, which reveal in a pathetically ludicrous light the intense religious self-deceptions of these two undoubtedly strong men, and suggests thoughtful studies of human nature. Mr. Adams does not fail to render due justice to the nobler characteristics of these men, his main purpose being to show what effect sincere belief in their creeds had upon their actions and their time. Speaking of the pilgrim fathers, he observes truly, "The exiles of the Reformation were enthusiasts, for none would then have dared defy the pains of heresy, in whom the instinct onward was feebler than the fear of death. Yet when the wanderers reached America the mental growth of the majority had culminated, and they had passed into the age of routine, and exactly in proportion as their youthful inspiration had been fervid, was their later formalism intense." In this sentence is a lesson and a warning to the enthusiasts of to-day.

APHORISMS OF THE THREE THREES. By *Edward Owings Towne*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1887; pp. 41. Price, \$1.00.

The rather mystifying title of this handsomely printed and daintily bound volume leads one in these days of "occult" investigation to expect something more romantic than the really prosaic origin of it as given by the compiler in the preface, which is that a club of gentlemen in Chicago dine together on "every ninth night after the first night of each and every of the nine months following the ninth month of the year," and enter into elaborate conversation, "seated in threes at three three legged tables," and that one of these nine, in a spirit of friendly appreciation of the wit and wisdom of his companions, has noted one hundred and eighty-one of the sayings which appeared to him particularly wise or sparkling and made a book of them which is, we hope, gratifying to those thus complimented. Doubtless, in the glamour thrown over these sayings by a good dinner and its accompaniments, they seemed to their reporter worthy of so enduring a form, but we fear they will strike the majority of unbiased readers as being mainly a collection of platitudes, commonplace, sophistic or pert.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for August is filled with its usual abundance of progressive educative literature, among which we can only briefly note ex-President A. D. White's "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," which deal with the Middle Age ecclesiastical views respecting meteorological phenomena; these are sharply contrasted with the almost universal modern view that law governs them all. In "Astronomy with an Opera Glass" Mr. Serviss describes and illustrates pictorially what can be seen in the moon and the sun with that handy little instrument. Grant Allen gives a review of "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886," or substantially the period covered by the reign of Queen Victoria. A biographical sketch and a portrait are given of Paul Gervais, a French zoölogist and paleontologist. The subjects of "Scientific Orthodoxy," and the application of "Physical Culture as a Means of Moral Reform," are discussed in the "Editor's Table."

The Open Court.

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THE SIMPLICITY OF THOUGHT.*

BY PROF. F. MAX MÜLLER.

ONE OF THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON, MARCH, 1878.

Part II.

[Not published nor to be published in England.]

All difficulties which visit us in the various spheres of thought, whether scientific, historical, philosophical, or religious, vanish as soon as we carefully examine the words in which we think. Let us see clearly what we have put into every word, its so-called intention, and let us never try to take more out of it than we or others have put into it. My wonder is, not that we misunderstand ourselves and others so often, but rather that we ever understand ourselves and others correctly. From our earliest childhood we accept our words on trust. We fill them at random, and when we come to compare and to exchange them, we are surprised if they do not always produce on others the same effect which they produce on ourselves.

And if that is so in treating of the common affairs of life, how much more mischief must language produce, when we deal with philosophical problems? To my mind true philosophy is a constant *katharsis* of our words, and the more completely this process of purification is carried out, the more completely the clouds will vanish which now obscure Logic, Physiology, Metaphysics and Ethics. How could there be contradictions in the world, if we ourselves had not produced them? The world itself is clear and simple and right; we ourselves only derange and huddle and muddle it. Hamann said many years ago: "Language is not only the foundation of the whole faculty of thinking, but the central point also from which proceeds the misunderstanding of reason herself." There is, therefore, no help or hope for philosophy except what may come from the science of thought, founded as it is on the science of language.

I can only give a few illustrations, but every one will be able to carry out the same experiment for himself.

How often do we hear it said: "I am not a materialist; still, there is a great deal to be said for materialism." What is the meaning of that? It simply means that we are playing with words, or rather that words are playing with us.

If we want to know what materialism is we must

first of all study the meaning of the word *matter*. The history of a word, if only we could get at it in all its completeness, is always its best definition. It has been the fashion to laugh at etymologies, but in laughing at etymologies we are only laughing at ourselves. Every word is an historical fact as much as a pyramid. Now a pyramid may seem a very foolish and ridiculous building, but for all that it represents a real primitive thought executed in stone, just as every word represents a real primitive thought executed in sound. The builders of the pyramids and the architects of our language are so far removed from us that in trying to interpret what they meant by their pyramids or by their words we are apt to go wrong. But the very fact that we are able to tell when our interpretation has been wrong shows that we are competent also to judge when our interpretation is right. The etymological meaning of every word shows us the intention with which that word was framed, and allows us an insight into the thoughts of those palæozoic people whose language we are still speaking at the present moment. *Moment* is not a very ancient word, but how does it come to mean *present time*? *Momentum* stands for *movimentum*, and, being derived from *movere*, it meant motion, and, applied to time, the motion of time. "At the present moment" was therefore intended originally for "at this motion of time," or, it may be, "at this motion of the shadow on the dial." But *moment* had also another meaning. It meant anything that makes move, therefore weight, importance, value. Now if we tried to derive the second meaning from the first, we should go wrong; and we should at once be set right by any one who knew that *momentum* in Latin was used also for the weight which made the scales of a balance move, which was therefore a matter of importance, something decisive, something momentous.

If, then, in the same manner we ask for the original meaning of *matter*, we find that it comes to us through French from Latin *materies*. *Materies* in Latin meant the solid wood of a tree, then timber for building; and it had that meaning because it was derived from the root *MÂ*, to measure, to make. Wood became and was called *materies* only when it had been measured and properly shaped for building purposes. From meaning the wood with which a house was built it came to mean anything substantial out of which something else had been shaped and fashioned. If people made a wooden

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idol, they distinguished between the material, the wood and the form. When statues were made of metal or marble, these also were called the matter or material; and at last, whenever the question came to be asked what anything—what, in fact, the whole world—was made of, the same word was used again and again, till it came to mean what it means with us now, matter, as distinguished from form. This matter, then, which may be wood, or metal, or stone, or at last anything of which something else is supposed to consist, is clearly beyond the reach of the senses. The senses can never give us any information about matter in general, because, as we saw, matter may be either wood, or stone, or metal, or anything else, and such a protean thing escapes entirely the grasp of the senses. We know matter as a name only, not as *matter*, but as a name which conveys exactly what we have put into it, neither more nor less.

If that name had been used by philosophers by profession only they might no doubt have differed about the right meaning of the word, but they would have felt bound to give us an exact definition of it. But, unfortunately, philosophy cannot reserve a language for its own purposes. Whatever terms philosophers coin soon enter into the general currency; they are clipped and defaced and recast in the most perplexing way. People now speak of decaying matter, and matters of importance. "What is the matter?" people say, and they answer, "It does not matter."

Such is the injury which words suffer by wear and tear that true philosophers feel it all the more incumbent on themselves to call in, from time to time, the most important words to weigh and assay them once more, and then to fix once for all the exact meaning which they mean to attach to them. Locke* defined matter as an extended solid substance. I doubt whether we gain much by that definition, for substance comprises no more than matter, while extended and solid means hardly more than that matter exists in space and time. At all events if matter escapes the grasp of our senses, so does substance. To speak of matter and substance as something existing by itself and presented to the senses, is again mere mythology.

Mill evidently felt that substance was nothing substantial but a mere abstraction, that is, a word; and he therefore defined matter as the "permanent possibility of sensation." But that is a mere playing with words. We cannot say matter is possibility, for in doing so we stray from one category into another. We can only say matter is what renders sensation possible, or, more correctly still, matter is what can be perceived, provided that it possesses perceptible qualities. The important feature in Mill's definition of matter is the contrast which he establishes between matter and mind, the former being, according to him, the permanent possibility of sensation,

i. e., of being perceived; the latter the permanent possibility of feeling, i. e., of perceiving.

If, then, we once define matter as what by its qualities can permanently be felt, in opposition to mind or what can permanently feel, it is clear that in all our reasonings about matter we ought to abide by this definition. What, then, shall we say to a declaration such as we find in Mill's *Logic*, that it is a mere fallacy to say that matter cannot think. He cannot mean a fallacy of the senses, for, as I explained before, matter, as such—that is, matter without its qualities—can never fall under the cognizance of the senses. Matter is a word and concept of our own making, and it contains neither more nor less than we have put into it. But whatever we may put into this thought-word, we must not put into it what is contradictory.

Now I ask, is it not self-contradictory first to define matter as what can be perceived, in opposition to mind, or what perceives, and then to turn round and say that after all matter also may not only perceive, but think? Mill would not venture to say that thought was possible without perception, and therefore his argument that it is a fallacy to say that matter cannot think seems to me a contradiction in terms. I do not say that we could not conceive thought to be annexed to any arrangements of material particles. On the contrary, I should say that our experience never shows us thought except as annexed to some arrangement of material particles. But when we have once separated matter from thought, when we have called matter- what is perceived, in opposition to thought or what perceives, we must not eat our own words or swallow our own thoughts by saying that, for all we know, matter may think or mind may be touched and handled.

From this point of view I call materialism no more than a grammatical blunder. It is the substitution of a nominative for an accusative, or of an active for a passive verb. At first we mean by matter what is perceived, not, indeed, by itself, but by its qualities; but in the end it is made to mean the very opposite, namely, what perceives, and is thus supposed to lay hold of and strangle itself. What causes the irritations of our senses is confounded with what receives these irritations; what is perceived with what perceives, what is conceived with what conceives, what is named with the namer. It is admitted on all sides that there never could be such a thing as an object or as matter except when it has been perceived by a subject or a mind. And yet we are asked by materialists to believe that the perceiving subject, or the mind, is really the result of a long continued development of the object or of matter. This is a logical somersault which it seems almost impossible to perform, and yet it has been performed again and again in the history of philosophy.

And do not suppose that I have any prejudice against materialism. To my mind spiritualism commits exactly

*On the Understanding, IV., 3; p. 120. (Ed. London, 1830.)

the same grammatical blunder as materialism. We cannot compare matter and spirit, and say, like the old Gnostics, that one is of the devil and the other of God. Matter is the temple of the spirit. It is immense, it is incomprehensible, it is marvelous. Matter is all that is given us to know, and the whole wisdom of the human race constitutes but a very small portion of what matter is meant to teach us. Why, then, should we despise matter instead of falling on our knees before it, or at all events listening with reverential awe to the lessons which the Highest Wisdom has designed to teach us from behind its veil?

There is nothing morally wrong in materialism as a philosophical system. Its weakness arises from the fundamental grammatical blunder on which it is based, the change of *it* into *I*.

And the same blunder underlies spiritualism. Spirit was one of the many names by which human ignorance tried to lay hold of the perceiver as distinguished from the perceived. It is a poor name, if you like; it meant originally no more than a puff or whiff, a breeze, a breath. It is an old metaphor, and all metaphors are dangerous things. Still, as long as we know what we mean by it, it can do no harm. Now, whatever definition may be given of spirit by different philosophers, they all agree in this: that spirit is subjective, perceiving, knowing; and if, therefore, spiritualism tried to account for what is objective, perceived or known as spirit, it commits exactly the same grammatical blunder as materialism, it changes *I* into *it*.

Matter and spirit are correlative, but they are not interchangeable terms. In the true sense, spirit is a name for the universal subject, matter for the universal object. And as there can be no subject without an object, nor an object without a subject, neither can there be, within a narrower sphere, spirit without matter, nor matter without spirit. Matter is determined by us quite as much as we are determined by matter. As we have made and defined the two words and concepts, matter and spirit, they are now inseparable; and the two systems of philosophy, materialism and spiritualism, have no sense by themselves but will have to be merged in the higher system of idealism. The science of language teaches us what such words as matter and spirit meant in the beginning, and what they came to mean in course of time in different schools of philosophy. The science of thought has to teach us what such words shall or shall not mean in future; nay, it has sometimes to relegate them altogether from the dictionary of philosophy.

These few illustrations must suffice to show you what work the science of thought has to do. It has to carry out a complete reformation of all philosophy, and it has to do this by examining the foundations on which philosophy stands, by analyzing every brick with which its walls have been built, by testing all the arches on

which its cupola is made to rest. If we think in words we must never take words on trust, but must be ready to give an account of every term with which our thinking and speaking is carried on.

I showed how in natural history the one term *species*, which was introduced at random we hardly know by whom, has caused endless confusion of thought. As there was the term *species*, it was taken for granted that there must be something corresponding to it in nature. Now I have nothing to say against *species* in the Aristotelian sense of the word. It is a useful word for many purposes, as when we have to speak of swords, or knives, or books, or any other sorts of things as so many *species*. But in nature there is no need and no room for *species*, and to try to find the origin of *species* in nature is like trying to find the origin of ghosts and goblins. The science of thought is meant to break the spell of words, but that spell is far more powerful than we imagine.

One of the richest sources of philosophical mythology springs from the transition of nouns of quality into nouns of substance. We are quite correct, for instance, in saying I feel hungry, or, I am hungry and thirsty, and we may safely speak of our hunger or thirst if we restrict these words to the expression of qualities or states. But when language leads us on to say, I have hunger, I have thirst, hunger and thirst are apt to become entities. We then go on to say that we are driven by hunger or thirst, or that we have lost our hunger and thirst, that is, our appetite. And then the question arises, What is hunger and thirst, or what are our appetites, our desires, our passions? We imagine we have to possess something which we may call our passions. We ask for their seat, for their origin, for their nature, and then the psychologist steps in and dissects these passions, and describes them as if they were things or entities by themselves, like corpses on a dissecting table.

In this case, however, a little reflection suffices to show us that to speak of passions and appetites by themselves is only a convenient way of speaking, and no one would think that he was being robbed if passions are shown to be no more than states of feeling.

It is different, however, when the science of thought proceeds to show by exactly the same analysis that there is no such thing as intellect, understanding and reason. "I reason" meant, as we saw, "I add and subtract." If, then, we proceed to say that we possess reason, that means no more than that we possess addition and subtraction. No one, however, would say that, because we can combine, or add and subtract, therefore there is some entity, or faculty, or power, or force within us called combination, which enlightens us, which lifts us above the animal creation, which rules our thoughts—nay, which governs the whole world. I do not deny that we

reason; on the contrary, I hold that we do nothing else. But as little as we possess a thing called hunger because we are hungry, or a thing called patience because we are patient, do we possess a thing called reason because we are rational. Why, then, should philosophers trouble their heads about the true seat of reason, whether it is in the brain or in the heart or in the stomach? Why should they write it with a capital R, and make a goddess of Reason and worship her, as she was actually worshiped in the streets of Paris? What would the French mob have said if they had been told that in worshipping this goddess of Reason they were worshipping addition and subtraction? Yet so it was; and possibly addition and subtraction were something far more perfect and wonderful than the goddess of Reason before whom they knelt and burnt incense.

This is, of course, an extreme case of philosophical mythology and idolatry, but the number of these psychological gods and goddesses, heroes, fairies and hobgoblins is very large. Our mind is swarming with them, and every one of them counts a number of worshipers who are deeply offended if we doubt their existence. The protests are already beginning, as I fully anticipated, against my philosophical heresy in having denied the existence of reason, intellect and understanding. As the Ephesians cried out with one voice about the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" I know I shall have to hear for the space of more than two hours, the shout of my critics, "Great is the Reason, great is the Intellect, great is the Understanding of the Reviewers!" Yet I am not a blasphemer of the great goddess of Reason; all I have tried to show is that to reason—that is, to add and to subtract—is simply an act which we perform, and that the goddess, if goddess there must be, is not an image which fell down from Jupiter, but the voice within us which makes us keep a true account of all we think and speak and do.

It is difficult—nay, it is impossible—to give in a course of three lectures an adequate idea of what I mean by the science of thought, still more to answer all the more or less obvious objections that may be raised against the fundamental principle of that science, namely, the identity of thought and language. I must ask you to look upon these three lectures as a kind of a preface only; and if you think the subject worthy of a fuller consideration, this large volume on the *Science of Thought* which I have just published will give you all the necessary material, and will supply the answers to many of the questions which have been addressed to me by some of those who have done me the honor of attending these lectures. One of the questions which I have been asked most frequently is: If thought is identical with language, what about deaf and dumb people? Are they unable to think because they are unable to speak?

My answer is, first of all, that deaf and dumb people

are exceptions, and we must not allow our general arguments to be influenced by a few anomalies. Secondly, I have the authority of the best judges, such as Professor Huxley, for stating that a man born dumb, notwithstanding his great cerebral mass and his inheritance of strong intellectual instincts, would be capable of few higher intellectual manifestations than an orang or a chimpanzee if he were confined to the society of dumb associates. Thirdly, we must remember that words are not the only embodiment of thought. Holding up three fingers is as good a sign for the addition of one, one, one, as the sound of three. Shaking the fist in the face is as expressive as saying "Don't." Hieroglyphic writing shows us how our thoughts may be embodied in signs without any reference to the sound of spoken words, and Chinese is read and understood perfectly by people who, when they pronounce and speak it, are quite unintelligible to each other.

It is by means of signs appealing to the sense of sight, and not at first to the sense of hearing, that deaf and dumb people are educated and thus become what they were meant to be, rational beings.

Again, as to animals, I have been asked whether they, because they are dumb, must be declared to be incapable of thought. Here the science of thought steps in at once and says: "Before you ask whether animals think, define what you mean by thinking." Descartes, in his famous aphorism which is supposed to form the foundation of all modern philosophy, *Cogito, ergo sum*, explains *cogito*, I think, as comprising every kind of mental action. If, therefore, we mean by thinking, perceiving, enjoying, remembering, fearing, loving and all the rest, we have no grounds for denying animals, particularly the higher animals, the possession of these qualities. Their enjoyments, their fears and hopes, their loves and disappointments may be different from ours, still, with the usual discount, animals may claim for the troubles of their souls the same words which we use for our own. Every philosopher, however, knows that what we seem to know of the inner workings of the mind of animals we cannot know directly, but by analogy only. We judge by signs. If, then, we mean by thought that mental function which has its outward sign and embodiment in language, we must say that animals do not think as we think, namely, in words. They may think in their own way. Their way of thinking may be, for all we know, more perfect than our own. I am inclined to believe all the good that can possibly be said of animals, but I cannot allow that they think, if we define thinking by speaking.

Definition, here as elsewhere, is the only salvation of philosophy. If we wish to fight and conquer we must look to our swords; if we wish to argue and to conquer we must look to our words. "Looking to our words" is the fundamental lesson of the science of thought. Do

not let us despise words. They are the most wonderful things in the world. Their history, or, as we now call it, their evolution, is more surprising than evolution in any other sphere of nature. The beginnings are so few and so small, their final outcome so magnificent and overwhelming. To some minds, I know, nothing seems grand or worthy of admiration except what is intricate, complex and almost unintelligible; to others there is nothing more fascinating than what is simple, regular and almost transparent. The science of thought appeals to the latter class. And as Kant, when in his *Critique of Reason* he had disentangled the skein of mediæval philosophy, exclaimed in the words of Persius:

"Tecum habita et novis quam sit tibi curta supelles!" we may sum up the result of the science of thought in the same words: "Dwell with thyself and you will know how small thy household is!"

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

STATE OF THE QUESTION IN FRANCE.

Part I.

BY ALBERT RÉVILLE, PROFESSOR IN THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

It is to readers American and liberal that I now address myself; and to readers, consequently, accustomed to live where Church and State are separated, and who, if I am not mistaken, would find it somewhat difficult to put themselves into the same frame of mind as the societies of the old world. There, almost everywhere, union is still the rule, even in old Republics such as that of Switzerland. I shall perhaps even surprise more than one of my readers, in telling them that in these Swiss Republics it is the democracy that maintains the union, the aristocracy that is rather disposed to separation. Swiss democrats are afraid that the severance might be too much in favor of plutocracy.

I ought equally to recall to my American readers that the English mind in general—of which they represent the triumphant outcome upon new ground and freed from old traditions—is already in England itself more disposed toward this separation than the Continental mind, whether of France or of Germany. Historical precedents on the Continent have accustomed the people, for centuries past, to ask for the intervention or support of the State upon matters from which it becomes more and more evident that the State, as such, should hold itself aloof. This is most distinctly visible in the so-called Latin races, who inherited from the Roman domination a pronounced taste for centralization in all things; and with the French people this is the case.

In England, albeit there exists a State Church largely endowed and privileged, the considerable numbers and the diversities of dissenters show that the mind of the English people is not inherently opposed to separation and that the disestablishment of the Anglican Church is only now a question of time.

In France, what is the situation?

Since the Revolution of '89, omitting the fifteen years of the Bourbon restoration, 1815 to 1830, there has been no State Church. The State, as such, professes no definite religion. Very often, until the establishment of the actual Republic, facts have been in discord with this constitutional principle, inasmuch as on many an occasion such as public festivals and military masses, and in rules for public instruction, the State has seemed to make profession of Roman Catholicism, basing its action upon the incontestable fact that Roman Catholicism was the religion of the great majority of Frenchmen. The latter Empire made itself above all conspicuous in these fallings off from acknowledged principles. But this inconsistency was owing to customs of old date or to momentary causes, rather than to any formal intention of making Catholicism a State religion. It had long been criticised and blamed by the most liberal-minded; and the existing Republic, able at length to put into practice the principles of liberal democracy, has not ceased to harmonize facts and theory. The government, as such, does not identify itself with any particular sect and labors actively, in its laws for public instruction and for military organization, to put out of sight the last absolute privileges which the Church of Rome still possesses.

On the other hand, the French State recognizes and subsidizes the churches that, by the number of their adherents and their secular assemblies on the national soil, appear to have a right to its official recognition and to its aid. As a set-off to this, it claims the right to supervise and to intervene, where the nomination of their ministers and the management of their property are concerned.

In the first place, we have the Roman Catholic Church, which looks upon the forty to fifty millions of francs, or even perhaps a little more, that are allotted to it annually for the support of its clergy and its services, as an indemnity intended to replace the revenues that it drew from its real estate prior to the Revolution of '89. When the Constituent Assembly merged all these possessions, termed *mort-main*, in the national domain, it decided that thenceforward the Catholic priests should receive an allowance from the State. This agreement, unacknowledged during the revolutionary turmoil, was affirmed by the concordat entered into between Napoleon, when First Consul, and the Court of Rome, and since that time it has not ceased to be binding. It is to be noted here that in France, considering the great numerical preponderance of Roman Catholics, the older and the modern governments have always deemed it expedient to take precautions for guaranteeing the national autonomy against possible pretensions or encroachments on the part of the Popes, who, from motives really or apparently religious, might meddle with French affairs and thus restrict the independence

of the country. It is clear that the man whose individual conscience is submitted to a priest, himself dependent on a foreign superior, is not as a citizen as free as he would be if he depended only on his God, without an intermediary essential for his salvation. It is thus that, conformably with the concordat, the government nominates the bishops, the Court of Rome giving them only ecclesiastical confirmation, as also the cure's of important parishes, the others being simply officiating ministers. If a bishop appears to it to have abused his episcopal power in a manner prejudicial to public tranquility or the national interest, it can summon him before the Council of State and have him condemned by appeal from the ecclesiastical to the civil court, such condemnation authorizing the chief of the State to banish him from its territory. This extreme course has, however, for a long period remained purely theoretical.

In the same way the French State recognizes and subsidizes the Reformed Church (the old Calvinists), that numbers about a million of adherents. It is the President of the Republic who confirms the pastors nominated by the Consistories—these latter being appointed by suffrage of the faithful—after being satisfied that they hold university diplomas granted by the State faculties, in proof of regular studies and satisfactory examinations. To this end the State supports two faculties of Protestant theology, one at Montauban, the other in Paris. That of Strasbourg was taken away from France, with Alsace itself, at the close of the last war with Germany.

This mutilation of territory, for which France cannot console herself, has also greatly diminished the Church called Lutheran, or that of the Confession of Augsburg, which counted in Alsace the larger number of its followers, and which, save in Paris and in the old country of Montbéliard, has now but few communities. Nevertheless, it continues to receive for its pastors and its churches the subsidies of the State.

It is the same with Jewish communities, that are subjected to laws similar to these affecting Protestant churches. Further still, since the conquest of Algeria—although, properly speaking, it forms no part of the organic law—the French government grants subsidies to a certain number of Musselman communities.

There is then, without descending into details, an undeniable spirit of liberalism and equity in the religious constitution of France; and in this country, formerly ravaged by religious wars and persecutions of grievous intensity, it may be said that the Revolution of '89—except during the Reign of Terror and during the years of reaction that followed the Restoration—inaugurated an era of peace and tolerance, such as the old régime would not have been willing to recognize as legitimate. That old régime, concentrated in the person of the King

of France, was essentially and exclusively Roman Catholic.

However, for a certain number of years past, voices growing more and more numerous have been crying out for the suppression of the budget of public worship and for the total separation of Church and State.

It was in the protestantism of the French tongue, under the impulse of Vinet and of the supporters of the *Réveil* (French Methodists), that the first claims were made. The right of the State, as such, to intermeddle in the government of the Church was contested. It was held that the Church, lulled to sleep under the guardianship of the State, would be lacking in its own proper vitality, directed as it would be by pastors, diplomed perhaps and educated, but on whom the official investiture could not confer the gifts of the Holy Spirit. It was this movement that gave rise to the formation of a certain number of so-called Free Churches, several of which exist in Paris and in the provinces. At the same time it must be added—and again on this point I call attention to a frame of mind that may be little known and perhaps be difficult of comprehension in America—the mass of French Protestants look with apprehension upon schisms or external divisions in the Church. This alone it is that explains why it has not yet ostensibly divided itself into two groups, the one liberal and more or less rationalistic, the other orthodox and more or less faithful to the old orthodoxy. The fact is, the two do co-exist under cover of the same organism, despite the asperity of the controversies exchanged between theologians of opposite views. The majority of French Protestants, knowing themselves to be of very small numerical force in comparison with the Roman Catholics, their memory still freshly charged with the sufferings and rude combats of their ancestors, regard their own Church as a sort of religious department in the great national country of the other, for which they nourish a sort of veneration, an affection filial and tender, not easily to be reconciled with the idea of separation and banding apart. It is not on their side that are heard the most violent outcries in favor of detachment from the State. Without apprehension, they wait to see what will come from the relations of the Catholic Church with republican democracy.

It is hence above all that arises the getting-up of interrogations addressed to the Chambers and to the government. The question in France is much more political than religious. For the ardent Catholics do not wish for the separation. On the contrary, they would much prefer that the book of compromises that has existed since the Revolution should be suppressed, and that the State should become again exclusively Catholic as it was formerly. The Roman clergy have never recognized as legitimate a state of things that places "error" and "truth" on an equal footing.

But it is well-known that, of all the countries of Catholic traditions, France is the one where the Catholic creed is the most lowered in popular esteem. And here there must be no exaggeration. The falling-off from Catholicism is more palpable in the towns than in the country, in certain of the Central and Northern departments than in others. Brittany, a notable portion of the South, and French Flanders, in a word, those districts where the inferior classes still speak a local *patois*, still cling earnestly to the Catholic faith. On the other hand, the departments the most industrious, the richest, the most densely populated—except, perhaps, that of the Nord, as it is specially called—are in great measure emancipated from their old moral bondage to the clergy. It is also to be observed that the women in large majority have remained more deeply attached to Catholicism than the men, which is not without notable influence on the disposition of children and the family instincts.

But as a general rule it may be said that a very large proportion of young Frenchmen shake off, toward the age of twenty, the religious ideas that were instilled into their childhood. Skepticism or incredulity take their place, augmented by the gross superstitions that the Catholic clergy uphold. Mistrust of the priesthood, when it is not a passionate hatred, succeeds to earlier submission. It is at once the force and the misfortune of Roman Catholicism, that the majority of those whom it brings up in its school confound it absolutely with Christianity, with religion in itself, and think themselves called upon the moment they reject the Catholic dogmas, to reject also all religious belief. Protestantism has in their eyes but a partial approval. It is, they say, less absurd, less anti-national, more liberal; but it gives them the impression of having halted half-way, of being odd, eccentric, singular. They rather incline to wish it well, but remotely; and above all have rarely any idea of entering its ranks. So much the more, inasmuch as marriage brings back the revolted Catholic as a matter of course into a sort of compromise. The promised bride is generally a devout and practicing Catholic, and she could not be had without a Catholic marriage. The mother desires that the children should be baptized; and, for the sake of peace the man consents to become Catholic again during some hours of his life, taking it out by abuse of the clergy and their pretensions, all the rest of the time.

BREADTH AND EARNESTNESS.

BY CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

A friend with whom I was lately discussing some question of social reform, and the efficacy of philanthropic effort in general, asked me if I did not think the increased knowledge and mental breadth which the years bring to all of us were almost inevitably accompanied by a decreased moral enthusiasm? The question

is one of the saddest, but one also which every thoughtful mind is compelled to ask at times. My friend is both thoughtful and intelligent, with conscience and sympathies keenly alive to the sufferings and shortcomings of his kind; one of those natures in which a rigorous logic, unrelieved by imagination or great spiritual trust and insight, governs all the other faculties. Such a nature, always subjecting its vision of ideal truth and goodness to the narrow measurements of intellectual definition, is, when accompanied by a sensitive heart, necessarily led to a depressed view of life and its own surroundings. It is my observation that this extreme conscientiousness, applied to processes of thought as well as to practical affairs, forms a large ingredient of the pessimistic philosophy of the day. I have small sympathy with those critics who, complacently resting on the sublime heights of their idealistic creeds, are content scornfully to ignore every less pleasing interpretation of the universe than their own; and to me the pains of a moderate and thoughtful pessimism are more easily understood than the conceited joys of an unqualified optimism. Without, therefore, taking fright at or severely condemning my friend's view as set forth in his question, I am inclined to give it sober examination.

Doubtless in many cases breadth of intellectual horizon is gained at the expense of moral earnestness; but this is hardly more than to say that in the realm of morals as in nature one of the first effects of an enlarged view is loss of visual distinctness. Climbing the mountain to catch a wider vision of the surrounding country, the adventurous tourist sees both less and more than before; smaller details and particulars are lost in the largeness of the scene, and have become blended with the general landscape. But if our mountain climber has another object in view, is a practical surveyor let us say, intent on the selection of a new town-site, this larger view will prove as useful as that gained from the plain below, if he wishes to consult scenic effect and fitness, the minor morals of his work, along with more practical needs. The same truth holds in the moral realm. The social reformer needs the widest possible survey of the field in which he labors, the largest knowledge of men and human motives, and of the laws governing the world's progress. Proof of this is found in the advanced charitable methods of the day. The old thoughtless standards of benevolence, with the unreasoning methods of help and relief to which they gave rise, have been replaced by the severe, but safe, instructions of scientific philanthropy, which seeks to work upon as accurate *data* and with the same patience and logical precision as in material science. The leaders in the associated charities movement are basing their efforts upon a wider knowledge of the problem with which they are dealing than their predecessors possessed, knowledge taking the form of carefully-gathered

statistics, yet not accompanied, so far, by a depressed faith in their work. On the contrary, the workers in this particular field are distinguished for their cheerful courage and zeal. In this case wider knowledge means nearer knowledge, nearer heart as well as brain knowledge, intimate acquaintance and sympathy with those elements of wrecked and diseased manhood which make up the philanthropist's problem. All true knowledge that men gain of each other, of whatever class or condition, must be of this kind. Failure in knowledge generally results from failure in sympathy, as conversely stated failure in sympathy results from lack of knowledge.

We can divorce knowledge from moral enthusiasm only as we misinterpret both terms. There is a so-called culture extant in our times which admits no strong uniting tie with conscience and the sense of obligation; that easy, *dilettante* conversance with books,—knowledge often of the names of things rather than of the things themselves—that complacently holds itself aloof from the world's duties and needs, and is as cold and selfish at heart as any form of brutal tyranny that ever oppressed the race. It has neither breadth nor vitality, nothing but what Margaret Fuller called the "cold skepticism of the understanding." No such abnormal development of one set of faculties above another can be dignified with the name of culture. Equally there is a kind of enthusiasm, the ardent, undisciplined faith of youth, which the superior knowledge of manhood corrects and modifies. We need not mourn the loss of such enthusiasm, which, useful in its place, appears elsewhere as silliness; as the artless trust and innocence which make up the charm of childhood become unbearable when preserved in such a figure as Dickens has portrayed in Harold Skimpole. There is an enthusiasm which is but the overflow of exuberant fancy and childish good nature, as there is another which, owning the deeper quality of faith, I like rather to call by that name, partaking as it does of that deep soul-content and trust which, in spite of loss and discouragement, still abides.

A widening knowledge of men and things may bring diminished faith in immediate results, though it need not do that if we estimate results on the side of character and self-discipline. When enthusiasm dies it is because it has been too much engrossed in these immediate results; but it is the very essence of faith to wait the unseen and far off. Knowing how slowly the world was made, and with what difficulty man has won his present degree of progress, the wise reformer submits to copy his efforts after those of the universe, to work along the slow, sure lines of nature and the world's past achievement, moderating his hopes to the promises here conveyed. Science teaches us that we can do anything in the work of reform but hurry. It is because things do not move faster, and a hundred failures

seem necessary to a single success, that my friend and others like him, with conscience and sympathy unduly excited by the loss and waste that everywhere accompany fruition, are led to their present mournful estimate of things. Perhaps we need to correct our notions of failure. The lenses Herschel spoiled before completing the final perfect one were failures perhaps as regarded the immediate end of the lens, but successes, rare and priceless, as related to the development of the science of optics. Moral mistakes hurt and hinder the man who makes them, but the race learns to conquer its selfish instincts and base passions in no other way—and by the race is meant no glittering abstraction, but the aggregated number of individuals like ourselves.

The need of faith remains though most of its former objects have passed away; faith in principle, the abiding nature of those laws man has not more discovered than wrought out of his own hard, glorious experience; faith based on the certainty of the just and sure relation cause everywhere sustains to effect. I make use here of part of a quotation found in a recent volume of essays: "Faith is a misapplied word when set to the theological scheme as the way of salvation; faith to me now is something which follows truthful, disinterested, sincere action, and stands waiting to see whether you will accept whatever comes of such conduct, though it lead where you know not, see not, away entirely from your own plan. The point is whether I shall wish I had not done this or that, whether I shall wish another way had been chosen, whether I will seek to retrace steps, or whether I can say I saw not, yet I acted to do right."

John Morley presents us with the same thought in his essay on Rousseau, where he says, "Men and women are fairly judged by the way in which they bear the burden of their own deeds. The deeper part of us shows in the manner of accepting consequences."

Life is the greatest of consequences so far as the necessity of our accepting it is concerned. Through the combined action of choice and necessity we find ourselves caught in the web of its mingled relations, with something we have agreed to call duty continually urging us forward; something we have learned to distinguish as happiness and peace of mind when we choose the right action above the wrong, and as unhappiness and sense of guilt when we make the contrary choice. Such knowledge is enough to determine the practical bent of men's lives, to prove the growing worth of truth above falsehood, right above wrong, and thus give rise to that assured expectation of goodness we call faith.

And I find better evidence for belief in the continued, hopeful effort of man to promote and establish this goodness, in that system of thought which takes all knowledge for its province, than in any of the partial

systems of the past based on miracle and credulous fancy. Knowledge but increases, not destroys man's power of usefulness in the world of material gain and enterprise; and to suppose a contrary rule obtains in the field of his moral achievement, is to convert the universe into a hideous satire; a conclusion which experience of truth and goodness already gained, as well as the heart's instincts, leads us to promptly rebel against and deny.

ARISTOCRATIC PROTESTANTISM.

BY C. K. WHIPPLE.

In an article in *THE OPEN COURT* of June 9, contrasting "Protestantism and the New Ethics," I find the following passage:

"The general mass of mankind are regarded by it [ordinary Protestantism] as 'children of wrath,' from whom a remnant are graciously to be selected by some mysterious process. Thus the ordinary Protestant doctrine is fundamentally aristocratic, denying practically the unity of mankind (the very corner-stone of the new ethics) and declaring a doctrine of divine favoritism."

This statement recalls the impression made upon my mind during a close attendance, for several years preceding and following 1870, upon the daily prayer-meetings of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association. I suppose the character and tendency, the rules and methods of this institution, to remain now as they were then; and if so, it may be worth while to state the circumstances which then made me consider it "fundamentally aristocratic," both in theory and practice.

The Young Men's Christian Association is a school of preparation for membership in the orthodox church; or more accurately, a recruiting office for enlistment there. By its constitution and by-laws two classes of members are established, one to make and execute the rules, the other to obey the rules; one to govern, the other to be governed; one to choose offices and be eligible to office, the other to hold a membership thus restricted, and subject to the further restriction of liability to arbitrary dismissal by vote of the managers, without cause assigned. It was, no doubt, these peculiar features of the Young Men's Christian Association which caused the formation of the "Boston Young men's Christian Union," a really unsectarian and exceedingly useful society.

I say *really* unsectarian, because the Young Men's Christian Association makes special claim to be so, and, curiously enough, does it on the ground that it excludes from its superior class *only* those who are not members of orthodox churches. Membership in Unitarian or Universalist churches would absolutely disqualify for upper membership in the Association, and would be regarded as worse than belonging to no church whatever.

At the time of my intimacy with the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, its sectarian character was

further shown by a rigid discrimination against unorthodox literature in books for the library and periodicals for the reading-room. Nothing was consciously admitted there which called in question any doctrine or practice of the orthodox church, or which even proposed inquiry into the authority upon which such doctrine or practice rested. The idea of the ruling authority manifestly was, first, by perpetual assertion and assumption to persuade the inferior class that the doctrines there taught were sound and indisputable, and next, to keep from their knowledge the fact that any of them had been successfully controverted. For instance, among the most constant and emphatic of the assertions and assumptions made by those of the ruling class who conducted the meetings were these: that the bible, in all its parts, was "the word of God;" that no error, either of fact or doctrine, could be found in either the New or the Old Testament, and that all claims of the discovery of such error had been successfully refuted. Every one of these assumptions had been thoroughly disproved in the works of Bishop Colenso, Francis W. Newman, William Rathbone Greg and William E. H. Lecky, as well as in the pamphlet by Andrew Jackson Davis, entitled *Self-Contradictions of the Bible*. But these works and the many like them by other authors, would neither have been bought for the Young Men's Christian Association library nor admitted to it if offered as a gift. Yet the institution of whose policy in every department this is a fair specimen, continually and unblushingly claimed to be unsectarian.

The classification of members as high-caste or low-caste was made at the very beginning. As soon as an applicant had given his name, age and residence, he was asked by the Secretary: "Of what church are you a member?" If his reply did not show *orthodox* church-membership, he was assigned to the inferior class, with no vote in regard to the officers, or the administration or the policy of the society, or to any change which might seem desirable in either; and he was also required to give his signature of acquiescence in the system, one part of which was that he himself might at any time be deprived of membership at the mere will of the Executive Committee.

It is hardly to be expected that young men of even average intelligence and self-respect should make application for the crumbs that fall from such a table. On the other hand, in a place so large as Boston there is no lack of ignorance and credulity, and even so excellent a thing as piety often co-exists with both. The pious young man is taught to consider it his duty to take part in the propagandist work of the Association, and, though he is of course assigned to the governing class, his first thought is of doing good by saving souls, and he really works hard at it, repeating confidently the formulas which the church has put in his mouth. And

to the poor and ignorant young man who is not yet pious, but who believes it essential to become so in the church's sense, there are many attractive things in the view of the Association given by those who invite him there. There is a pleasant room, warmed and lighted at the appropriate seasons, with pictures, and music, and literature of various sorts, and companionship spiritually desirable, abundantly cheap at \$1.00 a year, especially as such membership is (they tell him) in the line of his present duty, and also in the way of salvation. Is it strange that many walk into that parlor, and continue to sing the song that is taught them there?

The ignorance and credulity of which I have spoken were by no means confined to the subordinate class. Both qualities were conspicuous in the majority of young men who joined the Association while I was conversant with it. Very few of them seemed capable of giving a reason for either their faith or their hope. Very few seemed to have the slightest conception of the nature of evidence. And yet it seemed to be taken for granted as a settled matter by both classes in the Association that, as soon as one of these ignorant young fellows became "pious," he was competent to instruct all who were not so. And it was pathetic to see the humility with which members of the subordinate class accepted this doctrine, allowing themselves to be catechized and lectured by one who had last week been one of their own number, without venturing to question him in return, or to doubt that the superiority thus claimed was real, or to apply the test of reason to his pretensions.

To return to the thought quoted at the beginning of this article (that the ordinary Protestant doctrine is fundamentally aristocratic) it was plain from the demeanor of both classes in the Young Men's Christian Association that they really believed that class No. 1 possessed more rights and were entitled to more privileges than class No. 2; and that the doctrine and policy and practice of the Association would strongly tend to keep them and their successors in that mind. In short, that the influence of the Young Men's Christian Association tends toward a return to the doctrine of the pilgrim fathers that the saints were the only appropriate rulers, and that the right to vote depended upon membership in the church.

SCIENCE IN THE NEW CHURCH.

BY EDWARD CRANCH, PH.D., M.D.

"What is Science, rightly known?"

'Tis the force of Life alone:

Life canst thou engender never,

Life must be Life's parent ever."

—Goethe and Schiller (*Venia*).

Life is a force, propagating itself in perpetual series, where the conditions of suitable substances and congenial forces are present.

All forces are practically one; man can change them but not renew them, else could he produce Perpetual Motion and the Elixir of Life. The origin of force for this earth is, by common consent, referred to the sun, on which we are dependent every moment, humbling as it may sound. But what is the source of the sun's power, and does life and vital heat come from our sun, or from some power beyond? In short, what is the first cause of all force and substance?

All past religions and many scientists have tried to answer, but the thought of the world has gone beyond all that has hitherto been offered, till now a New Church is arising, upsetting all previous notions of a plurality of gods, of an absolute tyrant-god, of a blind principle called Nature; setting these aside and making all things new.

Let us study the teachings of this New Church a little and see if reason and experience will confirm them.

There is but one source of life and substance. Could one least atom of outside substance be a source of life it could control conditions, being self-existent, and make itself infinite, thus destroying the universe, for there is no room for two infinities.

That which is life itself must include, in the degree of infinity, all the manifestations of life we can ever know; therefore, it must be infinitely powerful and infinitely wise.

As there can be no life without substance, therefore this infinite must be substance itself; indeed, in their very source, life and substance must be identical, and must be continually proceeding as an infinite will, forming and creating, according to the endless accommodations of infinite wisdom. The only form that unites will and wisdom in use, is the human. Animals have only a semblance of them, and men only have them in an imperfect, finite degree; but the form that alone can use infinite will and infinite wisdom is a Divine Humanity, from which creation has proceeded, something in the way now to be outlined.

The first exhalations from this Divine Humanity, surrounding him as every man's personal atmosphere of exhaled particles surrounds his body, form a living sun in which he dwells, apparently far beyond everything else, but conscious of everything, therefore omniscient, and so omnipotent; above space and time, by which he cannot be confined, for they would limit the infinite. Consider our own thoughts; are they not superior to both space and time? Witness Rosalind's pretty riddle to Orlando: "I will tell you who time ambles withal; who time trots withal; who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal."

Being the source of all power, he is omnipotent, but not *absolutely* so, as formerly believed; for he can do nothing contrary to his own order, consequently cannot do evil, cannot form anything hurtful, nor be angry, as

is the case with finite, and therefore necessarily imperfect creatures.

The emanations from this living sun are exactly analogous to the emanations from our own sun; that is, they consist of heat and light, of atmospheres and of a world of objects, created from substances at one time atmospherical, and still pervaded by those atmospheres, by which forces are distributed as in their proper media; just as in this world our planet is formed of substances at one time fluid or gaseous in and around the sun, and still pervaded by such atmospheres, whose vibrations and changing densities bring us heat, light and other forces.

The world that was created from the spiritual sun was a spiritual world, ready for the habitation of men yet to be formed; for no superior beings exist, no angel lives who was not once a man, woman, or child on this or some other planet. But this digresses. To return to the consideration of creation in its order: The substances of the dead, material suns were formed at the same time and from the same spiritual atmospheres as the objects of the spiritual world, and these first-formed material substances, by their mutual attractions, contractions and combustions, continually kept active by the influences of the spiritual sun, formed each its own system of planets, which, revolving in widening orbits, are receding from their central body, perhaps one day to be used up and scattered, their particles going to form other suns and systems, for matter is indestructible, and creation must forever go on.

Having reached a reactionary basis in the rocks and sands of the lower worlds, the Lord began to introduce new life by a more direct way; for the introduction of life was not entrusted to a dead sun, only the care of it for a season. All creation has man and his eternal welfare as an object, and man is only distinguished from lower forms by his ability to know and co-operate with his Maker, by means of the rationality and free-will, which he feels within himself; the earliest men had no spoken language; no outward sign of separation from the lower animals.

The many series of living forms all bear some relation to man and resemble him in some one or more of his mental and physical qualities; hence, the resemblances that have been attributed to self-evolution, as if each little polyp, plant or animal was wise enough itself to determine what it needed, and alter its whole structure accordingly. If, for instance, the flesh-eating flowers of Borneo "know enough" to imitate the smell and looks of raw meat to attract their prey, is it not strange that they went so far in that direction and did not improve by originating self-motion, which perhaps could have been done more simply? The fact is, we so seldom use the only powers that distinguish us from animals and plants that we are often at a loss where to draw the line between will and its blind

images in our own lower life and in the life of the lower forms.

Evil came into this world by man's own abuse of his essential qualities, liberty and rationality, and his consequent rejection of the Divine, and exaltation of self and the world in His place; whereupon, the Lord, in tender mercy, permitted the formation of hell, where evil souls (for the souls of men retain all their vital characteristics, and men and women live as men and women after death in the spiritual world before spoken of) can "enjoy life," as Bill Nye would say, "in their poor way," apart from the direct influence of the Lord, who is not responsible for their self inflicted misery, any more than the sun is responsible for the poisonous saps that grow under his beams. The Lord did not create such poisonous and hurtful forms, but they have risen as an ultimatum of the evil states of hell, which place will finally be reduced to greater order, though like the order of a prison, contrasting with the free life of heaven (for which all men were designed), as a frog-pond might contrast with a forest of singing birds.

Man has the power while yet in this world, of choosing how he will live, and establishing that life by habit; after death he can change his habits no more, but will forever go on in the direction he has chosen here; for in that world there is no material foundation in which alone the man can be radically changed, and in which alone propagations can take place.

Forms of life in the spiritual world other than man, are created instantly by the Lord from the atmospheres, etc., as they were at first created on this world, though now they increase by germination and procreation.

Having skimmed the field so far, space fails and no more can be said than to refer the reader to the writings of the New Church given to the world by the Lord Jesus Christ, the very Divine Man Himself, by means of his servant Emanuel Swedenborg.

There the inquirer will find full light on the nature of the two worlds and their respective suns, the constitution of the human mind, the relations and comparisons of human and animal life, including the new doctrine of discrete degrees, by which the several steps of life are graded as higher and lower, not as greater and less; all this and much more will be unfolded to the mind that inquires and studies in the right spirit. "Thought from the eye shuts the understanding, but thought from the understanding opens the eye." (Swedenborg.)

To Skepticism we owe that spirit of inquiry which, during the last two centuries, has gradually encroached on every possible subject, has reformed every department of practical and speculative knowledge, has weakened the authority of the privileged classes, and thus placed liberty on a surer foundation, has chastised the despotism of princes, has restrained the arrogance of the nobles, and has even diminished the prejudices of the clergy.—
Thomas Henry Buckle.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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MONISM AND MONISTIC THINKERS.

Monism—from the Greek *monos*, single, alone—is the philosophical conception that all phenomena have a common source, and that one ultimate principle underlies them all. This conception is presented in distinction especially to the various forms of dualism—such, for instance, as that of Descartes, who assumed an extended substance devoid of thought, and an unextended thinking substance—and in opposition to all systems which have recourse to a plurality of principles to explain mental and physical phenomena.

There are many different conceptions of monism, all agreeing, however, in the single-principle theory as opposed to dualism. Several of these monistic conceptions were referred to by Dr. Edmund Montgomery in a series of articles printed in the first three numbers of this journal. There is the monism of Spinoza, “the monism of substantiality,” which identifies God and nature in an absolute substance that possesses, with many attributes unknown to us, both thought and extension;

the monism of Schelling, “a monistic system of transcendental realism;” Hartman’s “monism of unconscious transcendental Will, logically evolving the world;” Hegel’s “monism of self-evolving logical reason, of the formal deductive sort;” “a spiritual monism which generally goes by the name of Transcendental Idealism;” the monism of Herbert Spencer, which sees in mental and physical phenomena but different modes of an absolute inscrutable Power; the mechanical monism of Haeckel, according to which every atom is eternal and has “sensation and volition, pleasure and pain, desire and aversion, attraction and repulsion,” which properties aggregating parallel to combinations of material particles form complex souls, even the souls of men; the “psycho-physical monism” of Lewes, according to which consciousness is the subjective aspect of the same fact of which brain motion is the objective aspect; the monism of Bain, who holds that physical and mental phenomena are the properties of one substance—“a double-faced unity.” We have seen quoted by Mr. Hegeler, as expressive in a general way of his monistic position, the pantheistic words of Paul on Mars’ hill: “For in Him we live and move and have our being” (Acts xvii. 28). Monotheism may fairly be regarded as a religious form of monism.

That all these different theories of monism can be true is, of course, impossible; that they are all even logically consistent is improbable; that any one of them contains the entire truth is extremely unlikely; that they all contain certain aspects or hints of the truth which, fused into a synthesis with errors eliminated, would afford a better explanation of phenomena than any of them singly can give, is reasonably certain.

On another page may be found a number of passages which we have extracted from the writings of monistic thinkers. Our own monistic position, which we have been requested to state, we now give in a few words:

There is no chance, no caprice in the operations of nature. Every motion has a speed, direction and destiny predetermined by its condition and the nature of things. Such is the regularity of occurrences in the physical world that in those groups of phenomena which we have been able carefully to observe and study, as in astronomy, we can predict events long before they happen. All phenomena are connected and dependent, and all are subject to causation; there is no event without an antecedent, no effect without a cause; in the succession of phenomena the thread of continuity is unbroken and the condition of any given time is the outgrowth and product of all pre-existent times. The farthest stars are connected with our planet, and the remotest ages are related to the present. Evolution and involution (dissolution) are waves of a shoreless ocean that belongs equally to the beginningless past and to the endless future. Every form of matter is the product of the modification

of previous forms. Every form of force is a manifestation of the universal immanent force

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking beings, all objects of all thought
And rolls through all things.”

Mental phenomena are no more exempt from causation than are material phenomena, and if we were able to see the contents and condition of any mind and to calculate the forces which would operate upon it, we should be able to foresee its action with as much certainty as we can predict the velocity of a falling body.

Mind implies organism and environment. We can have no conception of mind without matter, and no conception of matter without mind, for the very qualities which we ascribe to objects—color, fragrance, hardness, weight, resistance, etc.—are but so many different names for ways in which we are consciously affected. Says Dr. Ewald Hering: “Materialism explains consciousness as a result of matter; idealism takes the opposite view, and from a third position one might propound the identity of spirit and matter.” We hold to the monistic view that mental and physical phenomena are manifestations of the same reality, and that, as Haeckel observes, “the whole knowable universe forms one undivided whole, a ‘monon,’ and that spirit exists everywhere in nature, and we know of no spirit outside of nature.”

Says Prof. F. Max Müller, in his lecture concluded in this number of *THE OPEN COURT*: “Matter and spirit are correlative, but they are not interchangeable terms. In the true sense, spirit is a name for the universal subject, matter for the universal object. And as there can be no subject without an object, nor an object without a subject, neither can there be, within a narrower sphere, spirit without matter, nor matter without spirit. Matter is determined by us quite as much as we are determined by matter. As we have made and defined the two words and concepts, matter and spirit, they are now inseparable; and the two systems of philosophy, materialism and spiritualism, have no sense by themselves, but will have to be merged in the higher system of idealism.” (In a system of monistic realism we should say.)

To those who insist that we must think of the universal power as a personality, we reply in the words of Tyndall: “When I attempt to give the power which is manifested in the universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun ‘He’ regarding it; I dare not call it ‘Mind;’ I refuse to call it even a ‘Cause.’ Its mystery overshadows, but it remains a mystery, while the subjective frames which my neighbors try to make it fit simply distort and desecrate it.” “Belief in the personality of God is a ‘theological cramp,’” says Emerson. “A personal God is not

thinkable consistently with philosophical ideas,” observes Fichte. “The idea of a personal God is pure mythology,” says Schleiermacher. “Alas!” exclaims Goethe, “for the creed whose God lives out-side of the universe, and lets it spin round His finger. The universal spirit dwells within and not without.”

“The universal spirit” or universal immanent force is the sum total of Natures capacities and powers, which though divided like the billows are united like the sea, constituting from everlasting to everlasting an unbroken unity, while producing that variety of form and manifestation among which is personality—a phenomenon so complex and in which there are such concentration and intensity of force as to make it unique, and to seem in its fulness and strength to exist apart from the natural order, as tho’ it were detache^d, isolated, independent, autonomous, giving rise to the belief that its distinguishing characteristics are the essential attributes of the universal source and basis of all activity. But personality is connected, as science can demonstrate, by countless invisible ties, to the universal order from which it is never for a moment severed; and it is one of the modes, the highest known to us, of the universal power that manifests itself to us with such wonderful wealth and diversity of form.

CONCERNING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

To the Editors:

Would you be kind enough to send me the names of a few good books suitable for a little girl ten years old to read that are instructive and entertaining without being *religious*. In using the word *religious*, I mean in the general acceptance of the term. I find it very difficult to get children’s books that do not treat largely about a personal God and immortality. Perhaps a list of such books might be interesting to more than one mother that reads *THE OPEN COURT*. Very truly yours,

Mrs. C. H.

The above note asks a question which in various forms is so often repeated by parents who are desirous that their children should grow up free from any theological bias or prejudice that we very willingly give here our views on the subject.

It is natural enough that parents who have themselves found difficulty, as they grew into a wider sphere of thought, in emancipating their own minds from the influence of false dogmas and narrow creeds imbibed in youth and enforced by the books they then read, should object to allowing their children to begin life thus prejudiced; but in this age of general diffusion of knowledge and of steadily growing liberalism in the churches, and out, it seems to us that this fear is in great part groundless.

But though we believe with Charles Lamb that in a well selected library of standard works children should be turned loose “to browse as they please among all its treasures, secure to pass the evil without knowing it to

be evil, and to gain the incalculable good that comes from familiarity with good books;" yet in these days when books of all sorts come tumbling from the press by tons, it *would* be a help for parents anxious to guide their children in the direction of true knowledge and the highest morality to have a list to which additions could be frequently made, of the books which would be of the most help to young readers in these directions.

In one of the magazines lately Rev. Edward Eggleston gave a list of the books which had been most helpful to him. We did not see the article, but have read various criticisms of his taste and judgment because of the character of some of those aids. These criticisms could not but be unjust, for in reading as in eating it is quite as true that "what is one man's meat is another's poison." Lessons might be gained for Mr. Eggleston from books which might be hurtful to the morals of a Sam Jones and insipid or worthless to the mind of an Emerson. Thus it is very difficult for even the wisest parent to guide unerringly the literary tastes of his children, and the wiser the parent the less would he hope to do so. But it still *is* wise to place before the developing intellect invitations to growth by the choice of the best in all good directions. That is the utmost that should be done.

Except in books directly intended for orthodox Sunday-school use, there is comparatively little that has a decidedly theological tendency in these days of growing liberalism. Since the note which we print was received we have looked carefully through the contents of three magazines for youth for the current month, *Wide-Awake*, *St. Nicholas* and *Treasure Trove*, and can find nothing directly theological in any of them, and stranger still, no direct reference even to God and immortality, save in some few verses. Writers like Charles Eghert Craddock, Louise Imogen Guiney, H. H. Boyesen, Frank R. Stockton, Palmer Cox, Margaret Sydney, Lizzie Champney, Elbridge S. Brooks, Sarah K. Bolton, Rev. Edward A. Rand, Edward Everett Hale and many others, give lessons in courage, in truth, in history, in art, in medicine, in helpful work and healthful play, without bringing in any reference to creed, dogma, or orthodox religion. For ourselves, we would by no means choose to keep children in ignorance of creeds or dogmas. The harm done by them has been in limiting the study of these by orthodox parents to each parent's particular creed and church tenets. Ignorance is always harmful. The child who does not know what creeds are is unprepared to pass judgement as to their truth or untruth, nor will a spirit of mere contempt for creeds be shown by any unbelieving parent who has come to his unbelief in the course of his search after truth, for, as Mrs. Oakes-Smith, in her poem, "The Creedman," beautifully shows, creeds have

done their necessary part in the evolution of man's intellect and morals. So let the children read freely—while taught to use their reason in so doing—that they may be prepared to think clearly and without prejudice. So only can their minds grow symmetrical in wisdom and their thought develop harmoniously.

The genius of the very best writers in all departments for grown people is now-a-days enlisted for the benefit of the rising generation. The question with the parent of to-day is not "*Where* can I find suitable reading?" but "*What* shall I choose from this over-abundance?" If we were to choose a small library for the use of a child of ten or twelve years, our choice would be somewhat as follows:

In history, Dicken's *Child's History of England*, Col. Higginson's *Child's History of the United States*, and Edward Clodd's *Childhood of the World*; in biography, *Plutarch's Lives*, Parton's *Captains of Industry*, Sarah K. Bolton's *Girls Who Became Famous*, and Eldredge S. Brooks and Miss Jane Andrews' series of short biographical sketches for young readers; in travel, Livingstone, Stanley, Du Chaillu, Horace Scudder's *Bodley* books, Louise Alcott's *Shawl Straps*, and Edward Everett Hale's various *Family Flights* through different countries, are all delightful reading; in science, R. A. Proctor's *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, Arabella Buckley's series of *Science Studies*, Mary Treat's *Home Studies in Nature*, Felix Oswald's zoölogical sketches, Trench *On the Study of Words*, and the Appleton's series of *Science Primers*; in fiction, Louise Alcott's *Old Fashioned Girl*, *Little Men* and *Little Women*, Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, Anstey's *Vice Versa*, Jules Verne's *Around the Moon* and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies*, Dicken's *David Copperfield*, *Dombey & Son*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Christmas Carols* and *Nicholas Nickleby*, George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*, Frances H. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and Fredrika Bremer's *Home* and *The Neighbors*; in poetry, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant. To these we would add Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* and *Ethics of the Dust*, Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, the Grimm brothers' *Fairy Tales*, Hans Christian Andersen's works, and even such old books as *Aesop's Fables*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights' Entertainment* and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Children are usually thorough realists and like books of action which convey truths by example, rather than didactic works which bore them by wearisome preaching. In the above incomplete list we have aimed only to give a few hints to those who, like our correspondent, have probably no time to search for themselves for such literature as they prefer their children to read.

BRAINS AND SEX.

The incidental mention of relative and absolute brain weights and sizes of the sexes, by an author in the *Popular Science Monthly* last April, brought out a rather peppery reply and a rejoinder in succeeding numbers.* Correlative articles made a timely appearance in the July issue.†

Time honored *post-mortem* statistics were cited and sneered at, but the very evident fact was maintained that the average female brain weight was less than that of the male.

The worst error was made by Dr. Hammond, who stated that "the head of a boy or girl does not grow in size after the seventh year; so that the hat that is worn at that age can be worn just as well at thirty." How the doctor could have made such a blunder is inconceivable. He reconsidered the matter and substituted brain for head, but that could not dispose of the hat preposterousness.

The main points brought out are as follows:

The brain of the child is larger in proportion to its body than is that of the adult, but immaturity should prevent too many studies being undertaken in youth.

The men and women who have made the most of themselves are those who have begun to study hard after they have reached adult life.

The skull of the human male is of greater capacity than that of the female, and civilization increases the difference. The average male brain weighs a little over forty-nine ounces, the female a little over forty-four ounces, or about five ounces less. The proportion being 100:90.

Relatively to the weight of the body the difference is in favor of women. The body of the female is shorter and weighs less than that of the male. Thus in man the weight of the brain to that of the body average as 1:36.50, while in women it is as 1:36.46, a difference of .04 in her favor.

A large brain may have its gray cortical substance thinner than a smaller brain.

In man the frontal lobe, separated from the posterior portion by the "fissure of Rolando," affords 43.9 per cent. of the total brain length in the male, 31.3 per cent. in the female.

The specific gravity is greater in male than female brains, but this increases in insanity and old age in both sexes. The doctor makes a fair allusion to the mental differences of the sexes, based upon the foregoing, but his critic construes his remarks into implying female incapacity and inferiority. She quotes Topinard to the

effect that "the brain increases with the use we make of it."

Dr. Hammond defends his position by asserting that the mental differences of the sexes are due to women not having availed themselves of the advantages offered them by civilization. He does not deny that there are *some* female brains of superior weight and that *some* woman have excelled, mentally, but as a rule he holds that women are logically defective.

Romanes alleges for women a comparative absence of originality, particularly in the higher levels of intellectual work, but there is no disparity in powers of acquisition after adolescence; young girls being more acquisitive than boys of the same age. After development the male has the greater power of amassing knowledge. Woman's information is less wide and deep and thorough than that of a man. In musical execution he concedes equality. The female lacks judgment and impartiality but is more refined in her sense faculties, her perceptions are more rapid, thoughts swifter, but superficial. Her will control is less, her temper is unstable and emotions shallow. Coyness, caprice, vanity, love of display and admiration, for pageants, society and even "scenes," characterize her. Romanes concurs with Lecky: "In the courage of endurance females are superior, but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. They rarely love truth, though they adore what they call 'the truth,' or opinions derived from others, and hate vehemently those who differ from them. Their thinking is a mode of feeling, they are generous but not in opinion. They persuade rather than convince and value belief as a source of consolation rather than as a faithful expression of the reality of things."

Romanes attributes all this to their not having enjoyed the same educational advantages as men, and accords women preëminence in affection, sympathy, devotion, self-denial, modesty, long-suffering, reverence, religious feeling and morality. Feminine taste is good in small matters but untrustworthy where intellectual judgment is required. He attributes much to the coarser nature of man suppressing female chances for equality, and holds that the coyness, caprice and allied weaknesses and petty deceits are acquired and inherited self-defense traits, intensified by natural and sexual selection.

We have room only to indicate some important matters that were wholly neglected or but merely hinted at by *The Popular Science Monthly* writers.

The processes of development known as embryology alone settle the matter of sex differentiation, and proclaim woman to be a very highly organized being—exquisitely adjusted to an important life relation, that dominates her intellectually as well as physically, affording her the advantage of mental refinements and the

* "Brain Forcing in Childhood," by Wm. A. Hammond, M. D.; "Sex and Brain Weight," by Helen H. Gardener; "Men's and Women's Brains, an answer to Miss Helen H. Gardener and the 'Twenty of the Leading Brain Anatomists, Microscopists and Physicians of New York,'" by Wm. A. Hammond, M. D.

† "Human Brain Weights," by Joseph Simms, M. D.; "Mental Differences of Men and Women," by George J. Romanes.

disadvantage of physical inferiority. In the offspring there is a fusion of advantageous traits that at first belong to both sexes unequally; acquired beauties of form or character that sexual selection perpetuates and perfects. The mental and physical superiority of the average male needs the amiable governance of the female disposition. This is most apparent in mining countries where males preponderate and unconsciously grow coarse in their manners and ways of thinking.

The microscope has transferred the conception of degrees of intelligence from gross to finer morphology. Mere brain weight counts for nothing, except for the crudest generalizations. Of more consequence are the relative quantities of white and gray matter in brains, the associating nerve bundles, that pass in showers of minute telegraph lines between brain parts, and of equal, if not transcendent, importance, the disposition and development of the blood vessels. Also given two brains exactly alike a difference in the heart's ability to supply blood to the brain will determine stupidity in one and intellect in the other. Intelligence depends more upon the quantitative relating fibers of parts of the brain than upon weights, and a forty-ounce brain may have a more intricate microscopic development than one that weighs fifty ounces.

The normal brain exists in ratios related to muscular development and the brain weighing methods fully demonstrate that woman is the equal of man in this particular; that is, in proportion to physical development there is no difference in the associated brain quantity in the sexes.

New avenues are opening up to women and decades change our views concerning women's capacities. Let there be the fullest chance for her development. She cannot surpass in certain matters, but let opportunity and not *a priori* prejudice settle what she can and cannot do. It is idle to fear that she will become the intellectual and physical monster of Bulwer's *Coming Race*. There are physiological reasons that set limits for both sexes.

The subject is exhaustless and we reluctantly leave much that we wished to dilate upon unsaid. Tennyson's verse appropriately helps our closing:

"The woman's cause is man's! they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.

* * * * *
"For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Prof. Albert Réville, from whose pen a paper on the question of "Separation of Church and State" in France, is commenced in this number of THE OPEN COURT, was born in Dieppe, France, November 4, 1826. He became a leading minister of the French Protestant Church at Nimes and Luneray, and in 1851 pastor of the Walloon church at Rotterdam, Holland. He is author of *De la Rédemption* (1859), *Essais de Critique Religieuse* (1860), *Etudes Critiques Sur l'Evangile Selon S. Matthieu* (1862), *La Vie de Jésus de M. Renan devant les Orthodoxes et devant le Critique* (1863), *Notre Christianisme et Notre Bon Droit* (1864), *Historie du Dogme de la Divinité de Jésus Christ* (1869), and author of several volumes of sermons and many essays in theological reviews and numerous translations of religious works from the English and the German. He now fills the chair of the History of Religions at the College de France, Paris. In obtaining an article for this journal from the distinguished French scholar we are largely indebted to the personal influence and effort of our contributor, Theodore Stanton, through whom the article came to us accompanied with a note from Professor Réville, which reads as follows:

To Mr. Stanton, fellow-laborer in Open Court:

DEAR SIR—In your drawing-room, not far from the Champs Elysées, where you had gathered together a brilliant and charming party, you did me the honor to solicit from me, for THE OPEN COURT, an article on the separation of Church and State as connected with the actual condition of France. I now fulfill the promise that I then made you, offering at the same time an apology for the delay—with which you would have a right to reproach me. But latterly I have been altogether absorbed by the lectures that I was delivering at the College of France on the antique Roman religion, and by the course that I was giving at the Sorbonne on the history of Christian dogmas.

* * *

The following passage from a recent letter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to the editors of THE OPEN COURT, will be read with interest by those admirers of George Eliot who have been interested in the discussion as to the influence of her marriage to George Henry Lewes upon her life and writings. Mrs. Stanton writes: "I dined last evening at John Chapman's, editor of *The Westminster Review*. He handed me out to dinner, and I had the post of honor at his right hand which gave me the opportunity of a long talk with him. Among other things I asked him about George Eliot, as she was two years in his family. As it is a disputed point whether Lewes was a help or a hindrance to her, I asked his opinion. He said that he (Lewes) was an inestimable blessing to her as his devotion was chivalrous and sincere; that he helped her in every way and shielded her from many adverse winds. He said she was a highly emotional woman, strong in her feelings and needed love; hence her relations with both her husbands were natural and necessary to her well-being."

This testimony accords with that given so abundantly

in George Eliot's own letters and in the inscriptions made by her on successive MSS. of her writings, as when she says, "I am very happy—happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to healthful activity." "Mr. Lewes sends his kind regards to you. He too, was very pleased with your letter, for he cares more about getting approbation for me than for himself. *He* can do very well without it." "Mr. Lewes makes a martyr of himself in writing all my notes and business letters. Is not that being a sublime husband? For, all the while there are studies of his own being put aside—studies which are a seventh heaven to him." The MS. of "Adam Bede" bears the following inscription: "To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the MS. of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

* * *

In the next number we shall begin the publication of a series of articles on Monistic Mental Science, by Dr. S. V. Clevenger, and regret that the first of the series was crowded out of this issue. It will be a popular presentation based upon fifteen years' study of nervous and mental phenomena in their biological relations. Wm. W. Ireland, M. D. (Edin.), formerly of Her Majesty's Indian Army, in his recently published book *The Blot on the Brain, Studies in History and Psychology*, page 237, quoting Dr. Clevenger, on consciousness, says: "The evolution of consciousness in the animal kingdom is well treated in Dr. Clevenger's *Comparative Physiology and Psychology*, Chicago, 1885, Chap. XII. This is a very able and thoughtful book." Other competent reviewers have been equally laudatory.

* * * *

The popular novel may usually be taken into consideration in estimating the average taste. People who are too busy to read a page of any standard, thoughtful work, find abundance of time to wade through Haggard's stories or similar nonsense. The *terra incognita* "which is always a terrible country," may be peopled and equipped by the wonder pandering author, to the heart's content. Africa may be made to contain the "secret of life," the fountain of youth, the philosopher's stone, the mines of Solomon, giants, dwarfs, anything you please. Jules Verne takes advantage of curiosity and wonder adroitly to teach his readers what in the end they are better off for knowing; but novelists of the Haggard order make wealth, and incidentally, the possession of a lovely female the only *desiderata*. It is a prostitution of talents to cater to vulgar ideas of life in this manner. The high order of writers will strive to make you think that sensuous pleasures are not the only things in the world worth striving for. If their hero

have wealth it will be applied to noble ends, to better the condition of his fellows; if genius, the same ends. Even poverty can be invested with beauties, and it certainly has advantages, which are set forth by masterly pens to aid multitudes to rise above continual discontent. The world needs a new crop of writers who will, without the cant and churchly platitudes of the last century, put forth the unparalleled happiness of plain virtue and honesty. It is not because there is a positive disrelish for this kind of writing, that there are so few successful books of this kind, so much as because of the jaundiced, whining "goody-good" way in which they are written. Let Mr. Haggard, with his undoubted ability, play a trick upon his readers that they will never forget but readily forgive, by taking for his hero one who has an object in life worthy of the man and the times. Or in other words, tell of a man, and not of apes who fight for lust and cocoanuts.

* * *

The last of Professor F. Max Müller's lectures on "The Science of Thought," given at the Royal Institution, London, last March, is concluded in this number of THE OPEN COURT. Some additional notes received lately from the author will be printed in our next issue. These valuable lectures, which this journal was very fortunate (with the influence and aid of Mr. Moncure D. Conway) in securing for its columns, will soon be issued by The Open Court Publishing Company in a handsome pamphlet.

* * *

Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, in the *Princeton Review* suggests to a surprised profession that ministers should learn something of what they talk about. He thinks that there has been altogether too much sneering at the theory of evolution by preachers whose only idea of that theory is that it claims man to have descended from a monkey. He tells them that as congregations grow better informed they will drop away from ranters who will not study up the living issues of the day.

CONCLUSION.

BY J. F. D.

What then am I to do?
Simply to live the life that's given me to-day.
Wholly to cast myself into the present hour.
Wherever duty calls, or human suffering waits for willing hands:
And to the unknown future leave the rest—
So will I pass life's journey through.
And coming to the end of this, my earthly stay,
Where'er I may,
Know ever I have done my best,
Kept my heart clean and used my utmost power.
So made my memory dear to kindred souls, and blest
throughout all lands.

THROUGH WHAT HISTORICAL CHANNELS DID
BUDDHISM INFLUENCE EARLY
CHRISTIANITY?

BY GENERAL J. G. R. FORLONG, AUTHOR OF "RIVERS OF LIFE."
Part I.

For many years past this has been a question which literary and scientific thinkers have felt ought to be answered. Those of them who are not trammled by their surroundings have for the most part felt convinced that *there has been* a close connection, and that the younger Western sister has borrowed many of the ideas and some of the legends and parables of the older Eastern brother; whilst the scientific evolutionist, who can neither find a first man, first rose, nor first anything, has stood apart silently scouting the idea of a first faith either of Jew or Gentile, Buddhist or Christian. To such an one the prophet or reformer, be he Buddha, Mahamad or Luther, is but the apex or figure-head of a pyramid the foundations of which were laid long before his birth. The reformer contributed, indeed, to the beauty and symmetry of what may have then appeared a formless structure, and made it useful to his fellows; but even he himself may be called an evolution of the growths around him—a necessity of the times, and a force which would have been produced had he never been born. Circumstances but led up to the production of a suitable nature to work out a mayhap inscrutable and eternal law. Such a theory of evolution argues for a Buddhism before Buddha and Christianity before Christ, and to this the sage of Buddha Gaya agreed in regard to himself, when he said he "was only the fourth Tathagata."

Many scholars are now of opinion that from Northern India to trans-Oxiana, in the lone mountain caves, especially of Afghanistan and Kashmir, and in the passes leading therefrom (like the Bamian and others into Baktria), as well as in Balk and other important cities, the precepts and practices familiar to us as of the essence of Buddhism were well known to the Asiatic world. These were, it is believed, promulgated there by the third Buddha, Kasyapa, and his followers some one thousand years before the royal Brahman heretic of Kapila Vasta arose to combat priestcraft and the agnostic heresies of the Sankhya philosophic schools, then—in the seventh century B.C.—led by the Rishi Kapila. Yet the ultra-evolutionist, as well as most students of history and religions, have long felt, as Professor Max Müller expressed himself three years ago, that "we should be extremely grateful to anybody who would point out the historical channels through which Buddhism had influenced early Christianity."*

My own researches, extending over many years, had long made it quite clear to me that the advance of Buddhist thought westward prior to the teaching of Christ

and rise of Christian literature—and how much more so before 170 A.C., the date when, according to many learned critics, we have first cognizance of the Gospels—was sufficiently and historically plain, and I put the subject aside, assured that some specialists less busy and more competent than myself would attend to it. But a literary friend, looking over some of my own researches in connection with a polyglot *Dictionary of Comparative Religions*, has begged me to place some of the evidence and conclusions at once before the public as of pressing importance at this moment; and I will now try to do so as far as the limits of a popular review admit.

Sir William Jones, although no longer a good authority in these days of maturer knowledge, came to the conclusion, after a long course of original research in the sacred writings of India, that "the Sramans or Buddhist monks of India and Egypt must have met together and instructed each other," and this is metaphorically still to some extent the conclusions of many scholars; but scientific thought demands that we produce our proofs, or very close and conclusive evidence of the early western march of Buddhism.

We premise that our readers have somewhat studied the history of Buddhism; that they know it is about twenty-six centuries since the groves of Buddha Gaya and woodland colleges of Nâlanda sent forth a new gospel of work for our fellows—of doing good without seeking reward here or hereafter—and that India and trans-India followed and upheld the teacher for over twelve hundred years; and that still about one-third of the human race profess to do so; that too many revere him as a god, mixing up the first high and pure teaching of their faith with all the varied old and new doctrines, rites and follies peculiar to each race and land which adopted it.

Every religion has had to submit to this ordeal, and the greater its ethical purity and want of forms, rituals and ceremonies, so much the more have the busy multitude sought to frame and fall back on some tangible symbolism without which they do not feel that they have a veritable piety. Millions of Buddhists believe that "their Lord will come again to redeem His people," appearing as Maitri, like the tenth Hindu Avatara, the "Kalki," who, as a "Lord of Light," riding a milk-white steed and wielding a golden scimitar, is then to overthrow all enemies and efface evil and unbelief.

History tells us that Gotama, the Buddha, the son of a King of Oudh, was born about 623, and died in 543 B.C., though these dates are disputed to some trifling extent—here of no consequence. We will assume that he died in 500 B.C., at Kusa Nagara, not far from his birthplace full of years and honors.

All nations, says the Rev. Dr. Eitel, of China, "have drunk more or less of his sweet poison," and especially men of learning and philosophy—nay, even

**India; What Can It Teach Us?* P. 270.

the Christian missionaries themselves according to Sir E. Reid's "Japan" (see i. 70 *et seq.*); where this author details the close similitudes existing between Buddhist and Christian parables, miracles and legends, and the Essenic doctrines of the Jordan. It is on account of this parallelism that students have sought such confirmatory evidence as history affords of the westward approach of early Buddhism, and of that last Buddhist wave which, in 250 B.C., surged from its centre—the capital of the Magadha empire of the Ganges—in the proselytising reign of the good and pious Asoka, the so-called "Buddhist Constantine," but who, says the Rev. Isaac Taylor, is scandalized by such a comparison. ("Alphabet," ii. 293.)

For some 300 years before this the faith of "Sakya the Muni" had been diligently and kindly pressed upon the people of India and all the valleys of Kashmir and Afghanistan by argument, precept and example; for Gotama Buddha was a quiet evangelist, desiring to reform the corrupt faiths of his country after having first reformed himself by study and meditation for many years in the sequestered forests of Raja Griha—a practice we see followed by Pythagoras (perhaps a Butha-guru) and other reformers like Apollonius of Tyana.

The Brahmans merely looked on Buddha as the establisher of a new monastic order; and when he told his early disciples that he was going to renounce idle meditation and prayer, and go forth into the busy world to preach a gospel of good works, they forsook him and fled. Brahmans eventually considered his life and teaching to be so good that they claimed and still acknowledge him as the ninth incarnation of their solar god. They did not look upon him as driving all men into a lazy life in monasteries; but regarded his teaching as we do Christ's—that if we are willing and able, we may "sell all and follow the Lord." Brahmanism only rejected Buddha because he refused to assert what he did not know, especially in regard to their animistic, annihilation and transmigration doctrines. For rejecting these he was held to be as atheistic as the philosophic schools which he had risen to oppose.

Asoka, though a good Buddhist, was a believer in "Isana, Brahma, or an ineffable spirit," confessing this in his *Lat* and Rock inscriptions, so that we may term him and most of his pious followers Stoics. We see that he was acquainted with the leading current phases of Western thought, and apparently with Zenon and other leaders.

Asoka was a highly religious man, and very zealous in propagating his faith, using with this object all his manifold opportunities as the head of a great empire, and all the influence which this gave him with foreign powers, ambassadors and literary foreigners.

On one of his *Lats* he inscribed—"Without extreme zeal for religion, happiness in this world and the next is

difficult to procure. * * * All government must be guided by religion, and law ruled by it. Progress is only possible by religion, and in it must we find security."

In another edict he defines religion as "consisting in committing the least evil possible, in doing much good, in practicing pity, charity, veracity, and in leading a pure life."

These were his views when presiding over the third great Buddhist Council of Patna, of about 309 B.C.—the second having met say most Buddhists in 443, considered to be the first centenary of "the Master's death."

The *Padma Purana* affirms that Buddhism is older than Vedantism and anterior to the era of Aranyakas and Upanishads, and that the wars described in the Mahabharata were waged between Buddhists and Brahmans, and that this pre-Gotama Buddhism died out about 900 B.C., in the time of Ripunjaya of Magadha. (See *Dutt's India*, and the Puranas he quotes.)

Other Puranas written about the time the Vedas were codified, mention Buddha and the leading doctrines, customs and ideas of Buddhism; and the Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian says he found in 400 A.C. a Buddhist sect who acknowledged only the teachings of the Buddhas prior to Sakya Muni.

Nowhere did he find, nor do we to-day, that these pre-Buddha prophets were denied or their teachings rejected. On the contrary, Gotama's teaching is particularly esteemed as confirmatory of and emphasizing that of the earlier Tathagatas. All are held to be alike inspired by the first or Adi Buddha. Oxiana, with Balk and Samarkand, appear to have been early centers of this faith; and Sir H. Rawlinson points to some monumental remains* of it in bricks, etc., see his remarks on Kasyapa, the Buddha preceding Sakya Muni. We are assured that Kasyapa's followers existed long prior to the cave-dwelling *Sacae*, those Indo-Skythic propagandists who before and after the time of Darius I. dwelt in every mountain-pass where they could meet and converse freely with travelers, and thus widely propagate their doctrines. Gradually the caves were enlarged, so as to accommodate even five hundred listeners, like some in the Bamian pass; and these, as well as the "cave towns," are universally acknowledged to be the work of Buddhists.

The *Kasyapa-Buddhists* whose remains the Chinese pilgrims found in Balk, had as predecessors *Konagamana* and *Ka-ku-sandha*, apparently zealous missionaries, coeval with the Jewish patriarchs, and, like them, four of twenty-four—suggestively solar in idea. There is a considerable literature regarding these pre-Gotama Buddhas, especially the third and second—"the son of Jaina," and probably a Jaina Tirthankara, who is said

**Central Asia*, p. 246, etc.; and *Proceedings Royal Geographical Society*, September, 1885.

to have preached as far east as the lower Ganges in 2100 B.C.* Sabeans were then removing from their South Arabian home about Safa to the Turano-Kuthite kingdoms on the Euphrates, as well as seaward to India and Ceylon. In 1800 B.C., a counter-move took place westward. The colonists on the lower Indus, the home of Ikshvakas and other Sakæ of Gotama's Sakya stock, then moved into Abyssinia; so the circulation of thought would be pretty free as well as by land as by water.

In the twelfth century B.C., Ayodhya was the important Indian capitol of the kingdom of Oudh. Hindus were then maturing their astronomical calculations; and the Chinese taught the obliquity of the ecliptic and were stretching out their hands to Bactria, and in the seventh and sixth centuries B. C. were absorbing the Buddhist-like teaching of the *Tao* or "Way of Life and Peace." These were inculcated by the sage Laotsi, who came from the borders of India,† where he had caught up a sort of Indo-Buddhist Brahmanism, which he adapted in his Taoist Bible to Chinese modes of thought. He was closely followed by the philosophical schools of Confucius, which rejected his animistic theories, and placed reliance rather on an agnostic and practical piety, more congenial to the Chinese mind.

How many waves of Buddhism surged back and forward between Oxiana and Central Asia toward India on the southeast and to Khorasan and South Caspian States, we can only guess; but one great wave clearly commenced some 1,000 years B.C., and though ever and again swept back, or absorbed for a time in strange currents, it maintained itself among the fastnesses of the Koh-istan, Hindu-Kush and Himalayas, and everywhere left its mark, and finally established itself during, if not before, the fifth century B.C., over all the mountains and valleys from lower Kashmir into Western Persia and Bactria. From Tara natha's *History of Buddhism* and Spiegel's *Five Gathas*, we gather that Buddhist missions existed in Western Persia, in 450 B.C., during the reign

*In Alabaster's *Wheel of Law* and Spence Hardy's *Manual of Buddhism* Chap. IV., will be found some details regarding the previous Buddhas, more especially of those of the present kalpa (age). The author quotes approvingly Forbes's estimate of the times of the three preceding Gotamas, as given in the Asiatic Society's Journal of 1836, from which we gather that:

1. *Kakusanda* lived about 3101 B.C., when the Turano-Akads were a civilized power in and around Babylonia and when Arabian Sabeans or Shemites, were beginning to push them onward. 2. *Ko-naga-mana* lived about 2099 B.C., when Aryans were pressing on Turanian India, and Shemites ruling Babylonia and exploiting Turano-Egyptians, Kheta, Hamaths, etc. 3. *Kasyapa* lived about 1014 B.C., the period predicted by the Chinese, but which they confused with Gotama Sakya Muni.

Fa Hian says in our fourth century that Baktrian Buddhists worshipped these three as well as Gotama, and "the entire bones of Kasyapa, or the relics of his entire body," then existed in Ayodhya (Oudh), which, says Spence Hardy, "agrees with the Singhalese records." At the Sanchi tope of say 250 B.C., there are niches for all the four Buddhas, and an inscription urging devotees to give offerings to all; and on the great bell of the Rangoon pagoda it is stated that in the Dagola are enshrined divine relics of the *three Paiyas* or deities preceding Gotama. Buddha, always recognized and revered the three, and on leaving his forest retreat for Banares he visited their thrones in a temple there and proclaimed them of his Gotra or Brahman sect. The twenty Buddhas previous to them were Kshatriyas of a further back Skythic, Saka, or Sakya race—that is, Sogdians Baktrians. Kasyapa was a native of Kasi or Banares.

†F. H. Balfour's *Taoist Texts*.

of Artaxerxes Longamanus and some were there and then specially located and favored by him. Jews had then overrun all these countries,* and were striving to re-establish themselves and a sacred literature in Judea,† while Greeks were listening to Sophokles, Sokrates and Anaxagoras, then ventilating not a little Buddhist teaching.

MONISM.

If this be considered pure, unmitigated materialism, I will not dispute it. In fact, I have always tacitly regarded the contrast so loudly proclaimed between materialism and idealism (or by whatever term one may designate the view opposed to the former) as a mere quarrel about words. They have a common foe in the dualism which pervaded the conception of the world throughout the Christian era, dividing man into body and soul, his existence into time and eternity, and opposing an eternal Creator to a created and perishable universe. Materialism, as well as idealism, may, in comparison with this dualistic conception, be regarded as monism, i. e., they endeavor to derive the totality of phenomena from a single principle—to construct the universe and life from the same block. In this endeavor one theory starts from above, the other from below; the latter constructs the universe from atoms and atomic forces, the former from ideas and idealistic forces. But if they would fulfill their tasks, the one must leap from its heights down to the very lowest circles of nature, and to this end place itself under the control of careful observation; while the other must take into account the higher intellectual and ethical problems. Moreover, we soon discover that each of these modes of conception, if rigorously applied, leads to the other. "It is just as true," says Schopenhauer, "that the percipient is a product of matter as that matter is a mere conception of the percipient, but the proposition is equally one sided." "We are justified," says the author of the *History of Materialism*, more explicitly, "in assuming physical conditions for everything, even for the mechanism of thought; but we are equally justified in considering not only the external world, but the organs, also, with which we perceive it, as mere images of that which actually exists." But the fact always remains, that we must not ascribe one part of the functions of our being to a physical, the other to a spiritual cause, but all of them to one and the same, which may be viewed in either aspect.—David Frederick Strauss, *The Old Faith and the New*, pp. 19, 20.

Whilst, then, we emphatically oppose the vital or teleological view of animate nature which presents animal and vegetable forms as the production of a kind Creator, acting for a definite purpose, or of a creative natural force acting for a definite purpose, we must, on the other hand, decidedly adopt that view of the universe which is called the mechanical or causal. It may also be called the monistic, or single principle theory, as opposed to the two-fold principle, or dualistic theory, which is necessarily implied in the teleological conception of the universe.—Ernst Haeckel, *History of Creation*, Vol. 1, p. 20.

This unity of all nature, the animating of all matter, the inseparability of mental power and corporeal substance, Goethe has asserted in the words: "Matter can never exist and be

*Cf. Huc's *Christianity in China and Tartary*, i. Chap. I.

†The Jews on the Her-i-rud, as at Herat and Bactria, claim to have been established there during the tumults bewailed by Jeremiah about 630 B.C. They say Herat is the *Hara* of the Old Testament, well known to their "Savior" Cyrus, and that the King of Assyria drove two and a half of their tribes toward Hara previous to the destruction of their first temple. We have records of fights between Jews and Mazdeans in Herat, regarding putting out lights. The religion of the Her-i-rud valley and Bactria was well known in Syria in Asoka's time (250 B.C.); most of these countries being then ruled by Syrian kings and Greeks.

active without mind, nor can mind without matter." These first principles of the mechanical conception of the universe have been taught by the great monistic philosophers of all ages. Even Democritus of Abdera, the immortal founder of the atomic theory, clearly expressed them about 500 years before Christ; but the great Dominican friar, Giordano Bruno, did so even more explicitly.—*Ibid.*, p. 22.

When a stone is thrown into the air, and falls to earth according to definite laws, or when in a solution of salt a crystal is formed, the phenomenon is neither more nor less a mechanical manifestation of life than the growth and flowering of plants, than the propagation of animals or the activity of their senses, than the perception or the formation of thought in man. This final triumph of the monistic conception of nature constitutes the highest and most general merit of the theory of descent, as reformed by Darwin.—*Ibid.*, p. 23.

Scientific materialism, which is identical with our monism, affirms in reality no more than that everything in the world goes on naturally—that every effect has its cause, and every cause its effect. It therefore assigns to causal law—that is, the law of a necessary connection between cause and effect—its place over the entire series of phenomena that can be known.—*Ibid.*, p. 35.

In order, then, to avoid in future the usual confusion of this utterly objectionable moral materialism, with our scientific materialism, we think it necessary to call the latter either monism or realism. The principle of this monism is the same as what Kant terms "principles of mechanism," and of which he expressly asserts, that without it there can be no natural science at all. This principle is quite inseparable from our non-miraculous history of creation, and characterizes it as opposed to the teleological belief in the miracles of a supernatural history of creation.—*Ibid.*, p. 37.

The opponents of the monistic or mechanical conception of the world have welcomed Agassiz's work with delight, and find in it a perfect proof of the direct creative action of a personal God. But they overlook the fact that this personal Creator is only an idealized organism, endowed with human attributes. This low dualistic conception of God corresponds with a low animal stage of development of the human organism. The more developed man of the present day is capable of, and justified in, conceiving that infinitely nobler and sublimer idea of God which alone is compatible with the monistic conception of the universe, and which recognizes God's spirit and power in all phenomena without exception. This monistic idea of God, which belongs to the future, has already been expressed by Giordano Bruno in the following words: "A spirit exists in all things, and no body is so small but contains a part of the divine substance within itself, by which it is animated." It is of this noble idea of God that Goethe says: "Certainly there does not exist a more beautiful worship of God than that which needs no image, but which arises in our heart from converse with nature." By it we arrive at the sublime idea of the unity of God and nature.—*Ibid.*, pp. 70, 71.

Undoubtedly every clear and logical thinker must draw from the facts of comparative anatomy and ontogeny which have been brought forward, a mass of suggestive thoughts and reflections which cannot fail of their effect on the further development of the philosophical study of the universe. Neither can it be doubted that these facts, if properly weighed and judged without prejudice, will lead to the decisive victory of that philosophical tendency, which we distinguish, briefly, as monistic or mechanical, in distinction from the dualistic or teleological, on which most philosophical systems of ancient, mediæval and modern times are based. This mechanical or monistic philosophy asserts that everywhere the phenomena of human life, as well as those of external nature, are under the control of fixed

and unalterable laws, that there is everywhere a necessary causal connection between phenomena, and that, accordingly, the whole knowable universe forms one undivided whole, a "monon." It further asserts, that all phenomena are produced by mechanical causes [*causae efficientes*], not by prearranged, purposive causes [*causae finales*]. Hence there is no such thing as "free will" in the usual sense. On the contrary, in the light of this monistic conception of nature, even those phenomena which we have been accustomed to regard as most free and independent, the expressions of the human will, appear as subject to fixed laws as any other natural phenomenon. Indeed, each unprejudiced and searching test applied to the action of our "free will" shows that the latter is never really free, but is always determined by previous causal conditions, which are eventually referable either to Heredity or to Adaptation. Accordingly, we cannot assent to the popular distinction between nature and spirit. Spirit exists everywhere in nature, and we know of no spirit outside of nature. Hence, also, the usual distinction between natural science and mental science is entirely untenable. Every real science is at the same time both a natural and a mental science. Man is not above nature, but in nature.—*Haeckel, The Evolution of Man, Vol. 2, p. 454-5.*

He [a critic] knows that I have repeatedly and emphatically asserted that our conceptions of matter and motion are but symbols of an unknowable reality; that this reality cannot be that which we symbolize it to be; and that as manifested beyond consciousness under the forms of matter and motion, it is the same as that which, in consciousness, is manifested as feeling and thought. Yet he continues to describe me as reducing everything to dead mechanism. If his statement on pp. 383-4 has any meaning at all, it means that there exists some "force operating *ab extra*," some "external power" distinguished by him as "mechanical," which is not included in that immanent force of which the universe is a manifestation; though whence it comes he does not tell us. This conception he speaks of as though it were mine; making it seem that I ascribe the moulding of organisms to the action of this "mechanical" "external power," which is distinct from the inscrutable cause of things. Yet he either knows, or has ample means of knowing, that I deny every such second cause; indeed he has himself classed me as an opponent of dualism. I recognize no forces within the organism, or without the organism, but the variously-conditioned modes of the universal immanent force; and the whole process of organic evolution is everywhere attributed by me to the coöperation of its variously-conditioned modes, internal and external.—*Herbert Spencer, Principles of Biology, Vol. 1, p. 491.*

The expression "substance of mind," if we use it in any other way than as the *x* of our equation, inevitably betrays us into errors; for we cannot think of substance save in terms that imply material properties. Our only course is constantly to recognize our symbols as symbols only and to rest content with that duality of them which our constitution necessitates.

The unknowable, as manifested to us within the limits of consciousness in the shape of feeling, being no less inscrutable than the unknowable as manifested beyond the limits of consciousness in other shapes, we approach no nearer to understanding the last by rendering it into the first. The conditioned form under which being is presented in the subject can not, any more than the conditioned form under which being is presented in the object, be the unconditioned being common to the two.—*Ibid., Principles of Psychology, § 63.*

The genetic or monistic origin and development of life on the globe is fast passing through the same phases, and is now on its high way to recognition and admission to the class of truths whose opposite is first long believed, because wearing the

outward garb of reality.—*Lester F. Ward, Dynamic Sociology, Vol. 1, p. 49.*

Yet here in the dependence of the will we have a paradox which clings with the utmost tenacity, even to the most enlightened of mankind. They have been compelled to admit the monistic principle in the celestial bodies, in the inorganic world, perhaps in the organic world. They may be even willing to agree that man is himself a genetic product, that brain has been mechanically evolved, that sensation and even thought are the effects of antecedent causes, but when the great demi-god "will" is sought to be rolled in, they take fright and resist this last encroachment.—*Ibid., p. 50.*

From the array of great names which philosophy and science have given to the world, I have singled out those of Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer as the subjects of these brief sketches, not so much in consequence of any assumed preëminence in these two men above others, as because they alone, of all the thinkers of the world, have the merit of having carried their generalizations from the phenomena of inorganic nature up to those of human action and social life. Of all the philosophers that humanity has brought forth, these two alone have conceived and built upon the broad principle of the absolute unity of Nature and her laws throughout all their manifestations, from the revolutions of celestial orbs to the rise and fall of empires and the vicissitudes of social customs and laws. This grand monistic conception is the final crown of human thought, and was required to round out philosophy into a form of symmetry, whose outlines, at least, admit of no further improvement.—*Ibid., pp. 142, 143.*

Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his *Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought*, refers to "monistic solutions in which mind is looked upon as the property or manifestation of matter (materialism); where matter is made the outcome of mind (spiritualism); or, in the third place, where mind and matter are taken to be the opposite of one and the same mysterious reality (monism proper)."

Mr. Herbert Spencer, under the inspiration of the two great generalizations of our scientific era, the interconvertibility of forces and the evolution-hypothesis, has worked out with most comprehensive grasp, profound penetration and exquisitely subtle thought that great system of "Synthetic Philosophy," which we all so highly admire. Following with genuine philosophical zest the monistic bent, he has also attempted to crown the whole majestic structure by an all-comprehensive outlook, showing how the infinite variety of physical and mental phenomena forming our manifest world all issue from one single absolute power. According to this conception, all physical occurrences, as well as all mental states, are but so many different modes of this one Absolute.—*Edmund Montgomery, M. D., The Open Court, p. 10.*

"The prime matter is to be laid down, joined with the primitive form, as also with the first principles of motion, as it is found. For the abstraction of motion has also given rise to innumerable devices, concerning spirits—life and the like—as if there were not laid a sufficient ground for them through matter and form, but they depended on their own elements. But these three (matter, form and life) are not to be separated, but only distinguished; and matter is to be treated (whatever it may be) in regard to its adornment, appendages and form, as that all kind of influence, essence, action and natural motion may appear to be its emanation and consequence.—*Quoted from Francis Bacon by H. G. Atkinson.*

A priest made the remark that the Archbishop's suspension of Dr. McGlynn had made suspension respectable, and that the Pope's excommunication made excommunication ridiculous.—*The Independent.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

COMMON CONSENT, THE SOUL, IMMORTAL LIFE, AND THE GODHEAD.

To the Editors:

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

In commenting upon what I have said respecting Common Consent, Mr. Stevens has overlooked the distinction between common consent in matters of opinion and the common acceptance of demonstrative reasoning respecting established truths. He has thus been led to treat the subject of my essay illogically, finally begging the whole question at issue. In his closing paragraphs he asks whether the common consent of average minds among men in regard to moral, religious (not speculative) and spiritual questions, and as to the faiths and beliefs of men in regard to God and immortal life, is not a legitimate and convincing proof in itself, and one which no scientific or mathematical demonstration can reach or unsettle, since it is not founded on intellectual conceptions or based on scientific information? As this is precisely the question at issue, and as Mr. Stevens has not even touched the arguments I employed, it might seem almost idle to discuss his letter; but it may be well that I should point out the mistakes into which many fall who treat this matter as Mr. Stevens has, and the worthlessness of common consent in matters of opinion, not as illustrated by the argument from probabilities, but as illustrated again and again by facts, and more especially in regard to opinions on moral, religious and spiritual questions. I must premise, however, that I am not able to recognize the precise force of Mr. Stevens' exclusion of speculative questions in religion; for whatever opinions men may hold on such subjects as the immortal life and deity, which he includes as appropriate subjects for the application of the argument from common consent, must necessarily be speculative.

Consider the opinions of men in old times on the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters in some places the fires elsewhere under the earth. When ideas relating to such subjects were matters of opinion, all men practically agreed in regarding the heavens above as the temple of deity, and the orbs they saw moving over the heavens as either themselves deities or the special instruments of deity, appointed as powers to influence in various ways the fortunes of men. They regarded the earth as the one fixed abode of all God's creatures, except such celestial intelligences and powers as had their home in heaven, and such immaterial beings as existed in hades. And recognizing the signs of intense heat beneath the earth's surface, and the evidence in certain regions of sulphurous emanations from below, they were led—universally where such signs were obvious—to regard the region under the earth as a place of punishment for the wicked, where their souls might be purified as by fire.

Now here are opinions which may be very aptly compared with the opinions men entertain now (as they entertained them also then) respecting the immortality of the soul. It may be regarded as a merely accidental difference that observation and experiment have enabled men to ascertain (which in old times men deemed to be impossible), the incorrectness of the commonly accepted view about heaven, earth, and hell, whereas in regard to the immortality of the soul men have not obtained and never can obtain any scientific information. Common opinion in each case was based originally on observed facts patent to all. We know what those facts were in the case of heaven, earth and hades. In the question of the immortality of the soul, we know also what the facts were; and so far as these facts are concerned, science, which does not express a definite opinion in regard to the question itself of the immortality of the soul, has very definitely shown that common consent was altogether mistaken. All men agreed in regarding the breath as the spirit or soul of man,

inasmuch that the very word "spirit" means simply "breath." In Greek *pneuma* and *psyche* ("spirit" and "soul") alike mean "air" or "breath;" in Latin *spiritus* and *anima* have the same meaning. A writer in the Middle Ages employing, as was customary, the Latin language, had to use the same word for the Holy Ghost, for the spiritual part of man, and for rough or smooth breathings; he could only differentiate by adjectives between the *spiritus sanctus*, the *spiritus asper*, and the *spiritus lenis*. In Greek to give up the ghost (*pneuma aphienai*), like our own "expiring," was to breath out life, while one and the same word, *pneumatikos*, served to signify "what relates to air or wind," "what is spiritual or ghostly," and "what refers to the third person of the Trinity." It was a natural mistake, and therefore a matter on which common consent naturally went wrong, to regard that invisible essence which seems to be breathed out and in during life, and to pass away at death, as the spirit of man, the true soul, which passes away at death, into the ethereal realms around and above us, remaining itself unchanged. Had any one in those old days, when common consent regarded the breath as the soul, stated the actual facts as science has since explained them—had he told his mistaken fellows that the breath drawn in is simply a part of the air, itself a mixture of gases of such and such properties; that a certain highly interesting process akin to combustion takes place when the air has entered the lungs; and that as a result of this process the breath expired is a gaseous mixture of entirely different character from the gaseous mixture inspired—he would have been regarded as striking a blow at all the ideas men held most holy, as giving a material and most irreligious interpretation of man's immortal part, his *pneuma*, *spiritus*, or "ghost."*

Equally natural, and equally to be corrected by observation and reasoning, was the idea that the "shadow" is another self, not spiritual like the breath, though immaterial, and not belonging to the upper ethereal regions, but to the place of shades. The Greek *skia*, the Latin *umbra*, and our own "shade" (as in Pope's "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear"), all attest the kinship, which before observation and experiment had corrected such ideas, men recognized between the shadow of a man during life and his ghost in the "realm of shades." It might seem that science need hardly have been called in to correct so obvious a mistake. But common consent about such matters dates back from before even the merest beginnings of science.

I touched in my former essay on the further series of mistakes by which common consent found in the phenomena of trance, catalepsy, etc., evidence that the spirit, soul, shade, or ghost—the ethereal part of man—could pass from the corporeal part during life and return after visiting other scenes; while in dreams men not only recognized this power during life but supposed—since they dreamed of the dead—that the spirits of the dead could revisit the living. Science has certainly so far explained the phenomena of dreams, trance, catalepsy, as to show that they afford not a particle of evidence in favor of an independent spiritual existence.

We see that science has in reality had a great deal to say about the reasons, at any rate, on which common consent based its faith in immortal life. Not a shred of the old evidence or of those old reasons now remains. Even as to the doctrine itself, considered independently of such mistaken ideas, science has had much to say. Consciousness, memory, and reflection, which

are all essential to the conception of any immortality worth considering, have all been shown to be functions of the brain, depending not only on the brain's existence, but on its existence in suitable condition for its special work. Apart from this, which renders the idea of a conscious, remembering, and thinking immortality, almost inconceivable, science recognizes in every exercise of these functions a certain amount of energy expended. Even while the brain is in full vigor, it cannot work without intervals of rest during which its powers may be recruited; and taking the whole life of man, the brain, like the rest of the body, is limited to the exercise of a certain total amount of energy. Now, to imagine immortal consciousness, everlasting memory, and eternal reflection, is to imagine an infinite amount of energy exerted by a being essentially finite in his powers as observed during life,—apart from the fact that the only organ by which, during life, this being was able to exert that kind of energy has been destroyed before he began this infinite expenditure of energy.

Science shows her moderation and caution by refusing, even in the presence of all this evidence, to assert what she has not been able to prove, that immortality is absolutely impossible. Science can, and does indeed, assert the doctrine of the resurrection of the body to be wholly inconsistent with ascertained facts and possibilities. But whereas common consent is ready confidently to assert the immortality of the soul as certain—as something which may not only be known, but felt to be real—science, though knowing immortality to be almost certainly impossible, yet refrains from asserting this impossibility, because it has not been absolutely proved. Now if we compare the doctrine of immortality, as thus far dealt with by science, with the doctrine formerly held by men respecting earth, heaven and hell, we see that the resemblance is complete, up to the point where high probability in favor of the accepted doctrines about the earth give place to absolute demonstration. There is not, probably there never can be, absolute demonstration that immortal life is impossible.

We may agree with Mr. Stevens that the thoughts of such demonstration is conceivable. But he goes on to say that if such demonstration were obtained and all men convinced, common consent would be in favor of the doctrine of no immortality, which, therefore, if my reasoning about common consent is sound, must be untrue. But the case of the earth, heaven, and hell, illustrates the fallacy of this reasoning. Common consent made the earth flat, with the heavens above and the fires of hell beneath; and common consent was altogether mistaken. Does common consent now make the earth a globe, surrounded by star-strewn space, and inclosing an intensely heated nucleus? and does common consent thus, according to my reasoning, show this view to be incorrect? Common consent does neither of these things. Common consent has not formed and adopted the opinion that the earth is a globe, but has simply accepted the reasoning by which the few who observe, experiment, and reflect, have established that teaching as a demonstrated fact. The theory that common consent is absolutely certain to go wrong in matters of opinion, by no means implies that the average mind cannot be convinced by facts and reasonings collected by minds either above the average or specially devoted to particular researches.

Similar considerations apply to all the examples cited by Mr. Stevens. It is certain that the average man by no means adopted honesty, truth, and independence, as things good in themselves. It has been only in response to the teachings of the few that right ideas have ever been adopted, in any large community of men, on these points. Even to this day independence of thought, by which the more capable reasoners should form and adopt their own views, and the generality should accept teachings

* It may be remarked that though the word "ghost" was not derived from "gas," the relationship between "ghost" and "gas" is none the less obviously indicated by the circumstance that the word "gas" was derived from "ghost"—or rather from its Dutch equivalent, *geest*—by Van Helmont, in 1644. The German *geist*, the Dutch *geest*, the Swedish *gasa*, and our English "ghost" are all akin to "yeast," and relate to fermentation, boiling, bubbling, the emission of gaseous matter from within matter not gaseous.

which are clearly and convincingly presented to them, has not yet been admitted to be good; in so much that even here in America to say that a man is a *freethinker* implies censure, though no man can be called free at all who is not free in thought. General agreement in such matters is only obtained when the average mind has been so far trained as (1) to recognize its natural tendency to error, and (2) to be able to follow sound reasoning though not able of itself to form sound opinions.

With regard to the question of a personal Deity, common consent has gone wrong again and again; while again and again science, as it advanced, has been able to point out the mistakes underlying common opinion. Men personified as gods the powers of nature—wind, rain, sun, storm, river, sea—all that in any way seemed to possess independent will and power; next they raised their eyes to the heavens and recognized personal will and power in sun and moon, in planets and stars. And even when at last the thought of one power at the back of all these was admitted, men still erred in picturing the personal qualities of that power after such examples among men as they mistakenly judged to be noblest and best—the successful warrior, the monarch, the despot who claimed and forced sacrifices from the people. As men advanced, their ideas of the personality of God improved correspondingly. But we may be sure that common consent has all along been wrong, and is wrong still, in forming anthropomorphic ideas of the personality of Deity; since it thus pictures that personality after models necessarily imperfect. The idea of science, which has always been the idea of the few more thoughtful men—the Isaiahs, the Pauls, the Darwins, the Spencers—that the personality of Deity must be something beyond all human powers of conception, is practically proved by the common consent of average minds in the contrary ideas to be the only true doctrine in this matter.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

July, 1887.

If Boston has its Concord, so also has New York its Orange. What the Hillside Chapel is to the former, is St. Cloud to the latter, an unobtrusive building in a little hamlet on the summit of Orange mountain, 600 feet above the sea-level and fourteen miles from the great city.

Orange itself, consisting of a chain of beautiful suburban villages climbing a winding valley and a picturesque mountain guarding it upon the west, rightfully regards this mountain top as the choicest gem in all its emerald setting. From its summit can be seen a wondrous picture of thriving towns, isolated farm-houses and growing cities, set in the midst of billowy verdure, till, in the hazy distance, New York hangs upon the horizon like a city of a dream.

At St. Cloud was lately held a course of lectures called the Summer School of Philosophy, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Davidson, so favorably known to the general public, as well as to the readers of *THE OPEN COURT* as a philologist and philosopher. "Partly," as Mr. Davidson says, as "a preparation for the lectures of the Concord School of Philosophy, and partly as a supplement to them," these lectures were given, and with great success. There were students from St. Louis, from the South and from various portions of New England, and the request is unanimous for a repetition of the course next year.

Fourteen lectures were given on various phases of Aristotle's thought, beginning with a paper by Mr. Davidson on Greek Philosophy up to Aristotle's time. These day lectures were devoted to "Practical Philosophy" and a corresponding number of evening lectures to Aristotle's Esthetic Philosophy, the whole giving a very complete and logical introduction to Greek thought in its highest aspects.

The speakers, in addition to Professor Davidson, were Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Dr. Fillmore Moore and Mrs. Helen Campbell. The first six evening lectures were given to the Greek drama, the remainder to Greek art, profusely illustrated with the stereopticon, by Mr. Davidson, whose enthusiasm for all things Grecian waxed high during a long residence in that land to whose thinkers we owe so much.

In Mrs. Campbell's lecture on the "Hygienic Advantages of the Greek Dress," that essayist took the ground that it is now in use only in a modified form in the evening dress, but that we could have fashions adapted to modern needs and still meet all the requirements of ease, grace and beauty. "The key-note of Greek dress was liberty, of ours, slavery," she said, "and we must be emancipated." When shall that time come? All hail to any school of philosophy which shall help the leaders of thought to devise and introduce to favorable notice a style of clothing that shall, at least, have the negative value of ceasing to restrict those functions that give free play, when unimpeded, to those noble powers of the mind which depend so much on healthful vehicles of expression.

Taking these two summer schools at Concord and St. Cloud, modern students have little excuse for ignorance concerning the character and teachings of that philosopher who, more than two thousand years ago, determined to comprehend and explain all phenomena. In fact with a positiveness amounting to dogmatism Aristotle declared that the perception of truth by the spirit is absolutely infallible. As through scientific observation and discovery, the field is constantly enlarging, the need of the study of phenomena is daily growing more imperative. It follows that such schools of philosophy are necessary, even if, as Carlyle says, "all that a university or final highest school can do for us, is still hut what the first school began doing—teach us to read." Even so, will not the final school apply the philosophy of the past to explain what is read in the multifarious phenomena of the present? One of our best teachers has wisely said: "The over soul nourishes me and unlocks new magazines of power and enjoyment every day. I will not meanly decline the immensity of good, because I have heard that it has come to others in another shape."

There are new social schools as well as schools of philosophy, held under other names. The Nineteenth Century Club, of New York, is one. Projected by Courtlandt Palmer, and made a success by the help of such brilliant society leaders as Allan Thorndike Rice, of the *North American Review*, and Mrs. John S. Sherwood, it embraces in its membership those who try to soften intellectual tastes by the elegance of fashionable associations, or who aspire to lift fashion into the atmosphere of literature.

During three winters the monthly meetings of this club, held in the noble rooms of the American Art Association, have been filled to overflowing by members and guests to listen to papers read by eminent men, upon social and literary topics pertinent to the times. These essays have been followed by discussions, frequently of great originality and force, which have held the audience until well nigh midnight. They have been inevitably liberalizing in their tendency, although, of course, creeds have not been directly considered.

The Nineteenth Century Club is remarkable for being the first large association in the city in which men and women meet on the same footing. The President, Courtlandt Palmer, well-known for his liberal and progressive views, from its first inception cherished the idea of an association, which, embracing both sexes, might become a social and intellectual power in a city that stands in need of the combined efforts of its foremost thinkers. The social masculine club, it is well-known, is subversive to morals as to domesticity; this obviates all such objections while affording many incentives to the average attendant.

The membership has been confined to 150 persons. This it is now proposed to double, and also to secure a building to be transformed into a well-appointed club house, with a restaurant, library and parlors, as well as a large hall for stated meetings. Women are upon the board of managers and have proved efficient in business as in discussions.

That women are growing large and broad enough for associated labor has been amply proved in Sorosis. This club, exclusively for one sex, is an educator for those associations in which both shall one day work harmoniously. It has done some excellent work during the past year, and shows a deeper interest than ever before in questions of profound import. Divided into committees, each group studies and works in its own line, either of literature, art, education, philanthropy, house and home, music or science. The fruitage of these committees is brought into the monthly social meeting, and essays are followed by extemporaneous discussions and sometimes by plans of labor which branch out in various directions and take years in which to mature. To the earnest and thoughtful, Sorosis is refreshing, stimulating and enlarging. It goes without saying that such a society is an inspiration to liberal thought.

The President, M. Louise Thomas, is made in a large mould and keeps abreast of the best things of the age.

In a late journey through the western portion of New England, I have everywhere had evidence of the need which country places have of the help that city prisoners of poverty can and ought to afford. These 200,000 working women ought to be scattered over farms and hamlets, east and west, until, by the very scarcity of woman's labor in this great city where the weak are inevitably submerged, each toiler shall command a fair living price. The congestion of the great social center thus relieved, the extremities would feel the vivifying influence of the equalized circulation, and overworked wives and mothers in country homes would enter upon healthier and happier lives.

Meantime the working-women troop by, morning and evening, pale, sad, attenuated shadows of the ideal woman. Instead of sending large sums to foreign missions, who will do the greatest of all missionary work in one or all of our foremost cities? Who will establish bureaus in which to train 200,000 workers for those homes where they are needed and which they need.

HESTER M. POOLE.

THE COPE-MONTGOMERY CONTROVERSY.

To the Editors:

In *re* the Cope-Montgomery controversy one who has read Herbert Spencer's works, and who entertains a high regard for Professor Cope's genius and personal friendship, begs leave to criticise the Professor's summary, as given on page 361 of this magazine:

1. Tridimensional matter and its properties may be all that our senses can realize, but it does not follow that nothing exists but matter and motion. At one time the sphericity of the earth was incomprehensible. Newtonian laws enabled the idea to be grasped. Similarly we cannot predict the impossibility of a fourth dimension, or that radical changes in human conception of things may not occur, based upon some great (but now inconceivable) discovery. Spencer disposes of all this in the present impossibility of understanding ultimates.

2. The properties of matter may as well be stated to be energy (motion), of which consciousness is a mode, instead of energy and consciousness.

3. Since all matter has extension and resistance how can consciousness (as a mode of motion, or not) be denied as a property of universal matter?

4. As consciousness gradually arises from certain molecular

grouping and passes from automatism to automatism, its extinction, as all things pass from the indefinite through definite to indefinite again, consciousness can only be excluded from the list of physical forces by the same reasoning that would bar out electricity or heat.

5. The end of consciousness is automatism just as less friction is evident in the more complete adaptation of means to ends. Automatism often serves better ends than consciousness, the tendency of the former is to end in the latter, through the law of least resistance, that operates universally. Will only apparently antagonizes mechanical automatism as the upward rush of the fountain only apparently antagonizes gravitation, while depending upon it.

6. Consciousness is evident in existence, as any other property of matter, and as resistance becomes less it disappears.

7. Will is a product of pre-existing conditions of matter, and can no more be said to precede or cause development than we can say the egg precedes the chicken, or the chicken precedes the egg, exclusively.

8. The parent substance of protoplasm consists of molecules subject to physical forces, and whether these constitute *all* there is in protoplasm no one can affirm or deny, as yet. Hence the entire matter is argued from conjecture.

9. The probability of a primitive mind in a primitive substance would appear to the physiological chemist to be unnecessary and pananimistic, which, with an anthropomorphic twist, becomes pantheistic; all of these conceptions being more sentimental than reasonable, and as incapable of proof as their denial. So the existence of a Supreme Being is neither probable nor improbable.

10. Since will controls the movements and organization of matter, and the movements and organization of matter controls the will, the persistence of human consciousness in other worlds than the earth may or may not be possible.

S. V. CLEVINGER.

THE SEYBERT COMMISSION REPORT.

To the Editors:

BARRE, MASS.

The preliminary report of the Seybert Commission for investigating modern spiritualism is just out, and deserves more than a passing notice from the pen of the reviewer.

This Commission has so well done its work, even in its preliminary report, that it would seem as if an unprejudiced person need only to read this book to be convinced that all the so-called spirit manifestations can be produced by individuals now living, and, therefore, in every case where a spirit claim is made, the right to demand the strictest test conditions should be maintained by every investigator, or else unfairness be conceded on the part of the medium.

Who can doubt, after reading this report, that these ten Commissioners would have been deceived by Slade, as was Professor Zoellner and his four colleagues, had they been equally satisfied without any knowledge of jugglery to take everything that passed before their eyes above board as fact, to the exclusion of all their peering beneath the board (table) and there discovering the process by which Slade performed his wonderful feats.

The exposure of Slade is not unlike that by Mr. John W. Truesdell, of Syracuse, in *Bottom Facts*. But the Commission has done other similar good work in showing the method by which the "sealed letters" are opened and read, materialization is effected, even when the spirit apparently rises through the floor in the presence of numerous spectators, and the various other frauds imposed upon a too credulous public.

But I will not detain the readers of THE OPEN COURT with my remarks, but refer them directly to the book itself, only promising that if they will read it carefully and without prejudice, they will arrive at the conclusion that the believers in spiritualism,

who have been converted to its theories by any of the so-called mediums exposed by this Commission will feel that they have been most egregiously humbugged.

In the case of Mrs. S. E. Patterson, Dr. Knerr, a member of the Commission, saw her in a pocket mirror, adjusted for the purpose, for the third time open the slates, read the question, and do the writing that she avowed was performed by spirits.

Dr. Furness, another member of the Commission, who sent questions in sealed envelopes to four of the most noted "sealed-letter" writers in the country, reports: "In every instance the envelopes had been opened and reclosed; it is, therefore, scarcely necessary to add that every instance bore the stamp of fraud."

And thus it went on with nearly all the mediums; those who were not detected in actual fraud, were inferentially duplicating what they claimed as spirit work, while none gave entire satisfaction.

The famous Slade-Zoellner investigation, the accounts of which have made so many converts in this country, was completely exploded by Professor Fullerton, the Secretary of the Commission, who, in his visit to Germany in 1886, held long conferences with the three surviving colleagues of Professor Zoellner, by which he was able to ascertain that these "scientific men" were in no condition to arrive at a correct conclusion in reference to the subject that they had professed to investigate.

"In conclusion," the Commission reports, "we beg to express our regret that thus far we have not been cheered in our investigations by the discovery of one single novel fact; but undeterred by this discouragement, we trust, with your permission, [*the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania*] to continue them, with what thoroughness our future opportunities may allow, and with minds as sincerely and honestly open, as heretofore, to conviction."

I trust this investigation will go on until such scathing exposures are made, that not one solitary trickster can be found who will ply his or her infamous trade under the delusive appellation, "SPIRITUAL MEDIUM."
ELLA E. GIBSON.

HIS WIDOW.

To the Editors:

Expressions that were introduced into a language and generally accepted when a certain condition of morals or manners rendered them true, are retained when the condition of affairs to which they formerly applied has altogether changed. This is especially true of those expressions which pertain to the former degraded position of women. Among these terms is the distasteful one which yet remains in common acceptance, "his widow." The words husband and wife have sacred, tender associations to those who are bound by the ties of love in faithful union. My husband or my wife does not suggest an offensive ownership, and there is equality in it.

When a man dies his wife is called by the language of the law, and by all who have not positive objections to the expression, "his widow." On the other hand, when a woman dies no one ever hears of her widower. There is no good reason why the term should be used in one case rather than in the other. It but serves as a reminder of the days when a man held absolute rule over his wife; of the time when she was virtually his while they both lived, and after he passed into the realm of shadows he still clenched his ghostly fingers in a firm grip of ownership, which is only relinquished in case a transfer is made by a male relative of the woman to a more substantial individual who is yet in the flesh; given away as the church puts it, for according to the marriage service of this institution a woman must exchange hands in form of gift from one man to another. In early times it was not always a gift, but a price was required by the legal owner as in exchange of property of any other kind.

I know clergymen even in this day of enlightenment

who decline to perform the Episcopal marriage service when requested to omit that portion of it, or those other objectionable words which require a woman to serve and obey. To love and honor is all a woman can promise and retain her dignity and independence, and she certainly owes no thanks to a church which holds to a service which degrades her to a position of servitude. The moral influence of such a service is unqualifiedly bad, and when the Episcopal church starts out to revise its prayer-book, the marriage service should be stripped of its barbarisms as unworthy of the day and generation.

The expression "his widow" came from the time when woman had no resort for support save marriage; no chance for position unless it came through her husband; no opportunity to make her place in the world except as his wife or his widow. To the times when woman could never be in the nominative case, but always in the possessive referring to a masculine proper noun.

When a married woman dies, the announcement is made somewhat as follows:

Died, Mary L. wife of James Andrews.

Sometimes she has the good fortune to die in her residence or her home, or the homestead, but occasionally, even now, she, poor, penniless, homeless creature dies at the residence of her husband; better, to be sure, than the infirmary, but yet not enough her own to be called hers. There is no word said about leaving a widower. She often, however, leaves a husband; but should James Andrews die first, it would be mentioned that he left not a wife but a widow. Now why should widow be used in one case more than widower in the other? And why should a woman who is bereaved of her husband be constantly reminded of it by being called his widow, or still worse Widow Andrews? This ownership does not cease with her life, but on her tombstone will be placed an inscription similar to that prepared by the famous Widow Bedott, and the "late relict o' Hezekiah" is fortunate if she does not sleep in a row of "tandem wives," all owned by the same man. The number of these one sees in passing through a cemetery suggests the idea of possession has not yet been relegated to the barbarians of early history. The cultivated classes of people, however, are commencing to avoid this senseless way of marking the last resting-places of women, and give them the individuality of their own names, indicating that they were of sufficient importance to be remembered for what they were themselves and not because they were the wives of men. The man has his name without mentioning whether he was a husband or widower; although he may have been tenderly loved by a devoted wife, it is not in good taste to state the fact upon his tombstone.

May the day soon come when wife-stones and widow-stones shall disappear from our places of burial, and "his widow" become an obsolete expression.
C. McEVERHARD.

"THE INSTITUTIONAL ORDER."

To the Editors:

I observe in your issue of the 7th inst. an article on the "Failure of the Radical Method." It strikes me the article is misleading, and calculated to do harm.

First, it is not correct to confound the "Radical Method" with the "Free Religious Association," of Boston, as representing "the dregs of the great reform era of New England," though the Association may have been organized to give utterance to radical ideas. The article allows that the Association has had and has done its particular work for twenty years, as "a critical judgment," "a voice in the wilderness," without aiming to be "an element of organized life in the community."

I had supposed that the leaders and co-workers in the Free Religious Association were positive men and women and

BOOK REVIEWS.

forerunners in the great change which has come, rather than the dregs of any period. In so far as they worked on the radical method their work has been far from a failure.

Is it intended to say that everything is a failure which is not according to "the institutional order," and that henceforth positive, radical thought must be discharged, unpopular utterances withheld, and all of us must fall into line with the current "conservative religious life?" This seems to be the implication, as the closing sentence reads: "It would appear that even the come-outers from organized religion are compelled to fall into lines of sympathy and union with the institutional order from which they have heretofore most vigorously dissented."

Is this so? Is success to be found only in, and measured by, popular credulity? That every great movement of thought does not pass into organized form, does not gather around it a strong and numerous sect, does not become established in the institutional sense, is not surprising. Such men as Darwin and Huxley and Spencer do not work to build up sects, but to modify and direct thought, and this is what the Free Religious Association has done.

The institutional order, or method, is to establish some special phase of faith or worship as a finality, and an essential to save men from some calamity. The radical method, aiming to promote growth and progress by thinking, does not let society rest in any half-truths or wrong theories, or imperfect conditions. It accepts traditions and established rules only as they are verified and shown to be true by experience, and calls on the world to go forward to riper, richer harvests. It arouses individual capacity and a sense of power and responsibility, which the anathema of no pope, priest or synod can put to rest.

I do not understand that the Free Religious Association ever was a moral reform movement or intended to be such. If it sees fit to disband, which it has a right to do, its members will not in consequence fall into the hands of the grasping, selfish, proselyting orders of any name.

The cause of radical thought and enlightenment will not go backward. None of us can live and work alway; but others will take up and carry forward the torch of truth even to the destruction of the firmest instituted, the finest and most massive pillars of antiquated superstitions. Institutions decay. Only humanity and truth survive.

A. N. ADAMS.

CHARACTER.

The following is from a friend who is a firm theist:

It is a good character that man should respect, love and venerate, not power. This regard to character is the principle that guides the intelligent human mind in our relations with our fellow creatures, and no reason exists why we should set aside the application of it to the character of any mind and power in the universe. If the character of a God by his deeds and general activities is known to be unreasonable and vicious, as the best human judgment sometimes decides the moral character of a man to be, then the dignity of an intelligent and honest man justifies him in withholding from such a God all respect, esteem, or worship; for a God, like a man, should be judged of by his deeds. The fact of such a God having power, like a human tyrant, to crush us if we displease him, is no reason why man with his intelligence, free will, dignity and courage, should crouch in fear and pretend to love, worship and adore him.

Let our honest and earnest Christian friends see to it that the character of the God they idealize and call upon us to venerate, love and worship, has the ring in it of the true metal. Is it power they worship or is it character?

JAMES EDDY.

THE HIGH-CASTE HINDU WOMAN. By *Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati*, with introduction by Rachel S. Bodley, A. M., M. D., Dean of Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1887, pp. 133.

Nothing marks more clearly the increase of communication between the peoples of the earth—widely separated in distance—and the great enlargement of liberality of thought and feeling, than the publication of such a book as this. It is an appeal to Americans from the heart of India to help her women to education and emancipation. It is not the missionary cry that here are souls perishing eternally without the knowledge of Christ. We are not asked to convert them to our religion, but simply to help them to rise above a condition of degradation and slavery which makes this life intolerable.

The author of this book, Pundita Ramabai, has been in this country for over a year and is well-known to many persons in Boston, New York and especially in Philadelphia. She is quiet and modest in appearance, but dignified and self-reliant, and she attracts confidence by the simplicity of her manners and the moderation and earnestness of her speech.

Her own history is a remarkable one, for she is one of the very few native Hindu women who has had opportunity for good education and also a wide knowledge of her own people. Her father was an educated and progressive man, who was strongly impressed with a desire that his wife should be educated like the wife of the reigning Peshwa, whose learning excited his admiration. But the first wife had no desire to be instructed and the experiment failed. She died early, however, and the widower not forgetting his purpose, married a young girl of nine years and carefully educated her. But the objections against his plan were so strong that he was obliged to retreat to the jungle to form a peaceful home. The young wife Lakshimbai "grew in stature and knowledge," and the father devoted himself to the education of his children, and also received other students, who were attracted to the mountains by his reputation for sanctity and learning.

Ramabai was too young to profit much by her father's instructions before his death, but her mother continued the good work, and it is to her that she dedicates her book—as "the light and guide of my life."

The family history is interesting and affecting, for they struggled with poverty and were wanderers without a home. After her parents' death Ramabai traveled through India with her brother and thus obtained a wide knowledge of her own land and the condition of her countrywomen.

She was fortunate in remaining single until the age of sixteen, when she married a Bengali gentleman, a graduate of the Calcutta University. "After nineteen months of happy married life," she says: "My dear husband died of cholera. A few months before a little daughter was born and named Manorama" (heart's joy).

What wonder that this woman so prepared for her mission by early training and by the joy and sorrow of her own experience, devotes herself to the elevation of her own sex, and especially to the relief of that most wretched class of women—the widows of the high-caste families of India. She recognizes all that has been done for education by the English government and by Christian missionaries, but neither of these agencies can overcome the barriers placed around the Hindu widow by the religion and customs of the country. She believes that the only teachers who can really enter the *zenanas* and instruct the children, are those of their own nation, religion and caste; and in the widows, often young girls who have known nothing of marriage but the name and the restrictions on their liberty, she finds a class to whom this occupation would be the greatest of blessings, and who can give to it the

time for thorough preparation. Her plan is, therefore, to establish a Normal School, where such women can receive a thorough training for teaching. They must be supported during the years thus spent in preparation, for the Hindu widow inherits no property from either father or husband. The details of her plan are given in this book, from the sale of which she hopes to receive help toward the establishment of her school. A committee has already been formed in Boston to assist her in her work, and we confidently believe that she will take a new step in the education of women in India, which will do very much toward breaking the yoke which the laws of Meny have bound upon the necks of this unfortunate portion of the human race.

Ramabai is a Christian—having, as she says, in England, “gradually learned to feel the truth of Christianity and to see that it is a philosophy, teaching truths higher than I had ever known in all our systems.” She does not appear to accept it however, in any narrow spirit, and she wishes carefully to guard her institution from any theological basis, she will not enjoin the reading of the Bible—or attempt to make her pupils Christians. Her effort will be to enlighten their minds and lead them to think upon all subjects important to their present welfare and improvement.

Her book is written with great simplicity and will carry conviction to many minds. One or two critics have doubted the existence of the evils to which she refers and have declared that she speaks of things which existed fifty years ago—but which English authority has put an end to. A careful reading of her book will show her acquaintance with all that has been done, both by the English government and English philanthropists, and also by that noble band of native reformers, the Brahmo Somaj, but these have only awakened the perception of the need of reform, and the desire to enforce it in individual minds; she points out the way to carry it into the home, the very citadel of the old religion and customs, and there to make education effective for the welfare of the women of India. From all the testimony we have been able to gather from other sources, she understates rather than exaggerates the evils she proposes to remedy.

Besides the interest in her own life and work, we find in the introduction a brief notice of the life of Dr. Amandibai Joshee, who was well known to many here as the young physician who graduated at Philadelphia, and went afterward as an interne to the New England Hospital in Boston. Her life, which promised so much of help and encouragement, was closed by death very soon after her return home. Those who knew her here will be glad to possess the fine photograph of her which accompanies the book, as well as a similar one of Ramabai.

The introduction is by the well-known Dean of the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia, who has had ample opportunity to know these two remarkable women—and whose testimony is of the greatest value, from her high reputation. There is occasionally a flavor of orthodoxy which does not seem quite in keeping with the subject, but the Dean's action has been so broad and liberal that we will not find fault with what is probably a customary form of speech which does not bear the force to her mind that it does to those who are accustomed to a more radical method of thought.

We commend this book heartily and have hastened to bring it into THE OPEN COURT, where we feel sure it will meet a candid reception and a just verdict.

E. D. C.

THE SHAYBACKS IN CAMP: TEN SUMMERS UNDER CANVAS. By Samuel F. Barrows and Isabel C. Barrows. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887; pp. 305. Price \$1.00.

If this handsome volume were a veritable romance instead of the realistic record that it is, it would still be a delightful vacation book from the cheerful, easy-going, optimistic spirit of its authors who seemingly know “how to make the best” of things, and to

extract fun out of even dolorous situations, as, for instance, in the chapter entitled “A Raid on Canada,” which describes a night's encampment on a deserted and unpleasant little island in Canadian waters, which they were glad to leave after one night's stay; but this is the way the Shaybacks viewed it after a sleepless, anxious night: “Within twenty-four hours what had been accomplished? We had wrested an uninhabited island from the dominion of its own solitude. We had established law and order; instituted republican government; introduced the Christian religion; reorganized society on a coöperative basis; effected a reform in labor; secured the rights of woman; founded a free public library of a dozen volumes and opened a school of practical philosophy. And now,” said Mr. Shayback, “all that remains to be done, with this island is to abandon it as soon as possible.” And so, in seventeen charming chapters of delightful description of idyllic camp life the Shayback couple (who seem to be thoroughly *one*), make us stay-at-homes homesick with longing to “go and do likewise,” yet an undercurrent of feeling warns us that we are perhaps, lacking in the right sort of spirit which would enable us to accept with equanimity all the ups and downs experienced by the happy Shayback campers. Most of the ten seasons of camping were passed on the shores of Lake Memphramagog, in Vermont, but the scene is varied by glimpses of peaceful military (or militia) camp life near Boston; in Maine woods and in missionary life in India. The latter chapter is one of Mrs. Barrows' three special contributions to the book, and one which makes us feel as Mr. Barrows premises we should—regret “that Mrs. Barrows' name is not attached to a larger number of these sketches.” We advise all next year's campers to take the *Shaybacks in Camp* along with them for profitable advice as well as pleasureable amusement.

Among the many attractions of the *Century* magazine for August (the midsummer holiday number) we have only space to note Brander Matthews paper on “The Songs of the War,” which includes authentic accounts of the origin of the most notable of the songs, with autographs, in whole or in part, of Randall's “My Maryland,” Mrs. Howe's “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” and Mr. Gibbon's “Three Hundred Thousand More;” altogether a most readable paper apart from its relation to the war. To this Mrs. Howe adds an account of the circumstances attending the writing of her hymn; Edward Atkinson's discussion of “Low Prices, High Wages, Small Profits—What Makes Them;” Gen. Greely's description of an episode of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, under the title of “Our Kivigtok,” a kivigtok being, in the language of the explorer, a man who has fled mankind and through a solitary life amid nature's surroundings has acquired a gift of clairvoyance; and a short paper by William Earl Hidden, entitled “Is it a Piece of a Comet?” A fine portrait of Julia Ward Howe is the frontispiece of this number, and other portraits are those of John Brown (whose grave at North Elba is also pictured), Caleb Cushing, William L. Yancey, Generals Schofield, A. J. Smith, J. D. Cox, James H. Wilson and Emerson Opdycke of the Union army, and Generals Hood, Forrest, Stephen D. Lee, Cheatham and Cleburne of the Confederates.

THE CHICAGO LAW TIMES, the legal quarterly, edited by Catherine V. Waite, in its last issue dated July, 1887, has a very carefully prepared and cogent article anent Woman Suffrage, entitled “Suffrage a Right of Citizenship,” written by Judge Waite, the husband of the editress. A finely engraved portrait of “John Jay, first Chief-Justice of the United States,” accompanies the article by this title; Melville W. Fuller, William Brackett and other writers, make this third number of the *Law Times* especially interesting.

The Open Court.

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THE SOUL.

BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

In a late number of our journal Dr. Paul Carus gives us a translation of Gæthe and Schiller's Xenions, to one of which he, at my request, called special attention in the foot-note. "This distich gives us *in nuce* the fundamental idea of monism." The distich reads:

"Vor dem Tode erschrickst Du! Du wünschest unsterblich zu leben?

Leb im Ganzen! Wenn Du Lange dahin bist, es bleibt."

"Art thou afraid of death? thou wishest for being immortal!

Live as a part of the whole, When thou art gone, it remains."

In continuing the foot-note Dr. Carus adds: "This living immortal by living in the whole, as a part of the whole, is the immortality of the soul Mr. Hegeler spoke of in his essay on 'The Basis of Ethics.'"

In this statement of my views the words "of the soul" should have been omitted after immortality, as the distich does not describe *soul preservation*, but *general immortality*. If we think that life will possibly be extinguished on our earth, though probably not for millions of years, the thought that we are parts of a great whole reaching beyond it and in life-activity elsewhere, and the thought of eternal time in which the matter now in our planet, with its inherent potential life, will play its role again, will still give us peace.

I described something more definite as the immortality of the soul, however, and will endeavor to make it more explicit. Through all the years of my life from early infancy whatever came or occurred within the sphere of my sense organs formed living memories or analogues in my brain. The word "Soul" was permanently formed as a living phonogram in intimate connection with a certain class of these analogues or memories, so that now this word to me is the living key to them.

I have stated before that the nature of the soul is *form* in living human brain-matter. Form can show itself in matter, energy and feeling. It is as real a thing as matter. Imagine we have a statue of Washington before us; let it be of bronze. Of what import is the matter in it? Before the bronze was in the form of the statue it was liquid in a ladle, and then had the form of the hollow of the ladle. It always was bronze

in some form or other. But in speaking of bronze, or of matter in general, we do not think of its form; the word matter, therefore, stands for an abstraction* of a real thing, including only a part of what makes up a real thing. The statue or form, aside from its material, which may be plaster of Paris or anything else, exists also in the hollow of the mold in which the statue was cast. Thus form stands for an abstraction or a part of something real; it is real, as much so as matter.

Speaking of form of energy, I imagine to have two phonographs, and a speech recorded on the tin-foil of the one; in the other the tin-foil is blank. The geometrical line imagined as resulting from a longitudinal section of the scratch in the tin-foil is the analogue to the speech. Both phonographs are turned at the same time. The scratch in the tin-foil of the first speaks; a similar line is made in the tin-foil of the second. Both now have the same geometrical line. What has taken place between them during the operation? Energy, coming formless, or rather uniform, from my arm muscles in turning the phonograph, passed though the air in vibrations corresponding to the geometrical line in the tin-foil of the first phonograph and was received by the second, producing the same geometrical line in its tin-foil. Is not that what we call form in the undulating geometrical line intimately associated with energy in these vibrations? It must be—we have form associated with energy.

Feelings are of different intensity, as one pain is stronger than another. Single feelings may be of longer or shorter duration, and between them there may be definite intervals of time. Feelings also differ among themselves as various tastes or odors, or as those

*I am told that what I call an abstraction is usually called a generalization, but abstraction is the more correct word. If a generalization is made, many things having something in common are put together and what they have in common is specified in words. It is then forgotten that what they do not have in common disappears in the generalization. The same takes place in Galton's composite photographs of the members of a family. Only that remains of the several faces what they have in common. This implies that the composite photograph is entirely contained in each of the single photographs of each member, each is the complete composite with additions. So in reality the composite photograph is an abstraction—a part—of each of the single photographs.

If of a bronze statue and a bronze cube and a bronze sphere I make the generalization *bronze*, I in reality make an abstraction—the bronze is in each of them—the *form* is not noticed. If of the words bronze, lead, iron and copper I make the generalization *metal*, I again make an abstraction. What the word metal implies is in all of them, the other characteristics are omitted. If again of the words metal, wood, water and air I make the so-called generalization *matter*, I again in reality make an abstraction, what is meant by matter is completely found in each of them.

accompanying different musical notes. In this way I speak of the feelings I have on hearing a melody, as corresponding to the geometrical form of the line in the tin-foil of a phonograph that records it.

If I am familiar with the melody, I hold that living atoms in my brain have arranged themselves in a form analogous to the longitudinal section of the scratch in the tin-foil on my previously hearing it. This chain of atoms is stimulated by and then feels the melody, that is, is conscious of it. Separate chords of the melody awaken other memories; the melody combines them.

The word *soul* in all who receive the usual religious education is a living phonogram, a form in living nerve-matter; it is a reality within us as much as the heart or the lungs, and cannot be amputated as a hand can. I state here that by a word I mean besides its own sound all the associated memories thereby awakened. Most of them are recorded in our brain as language in other phonograms.

The common definition of the word soul comprehends what man is besides what he has in common with the animal. We were taught that the animal has no soul, and that everything common to both the animal and man did not belong to the human soul. But gradually it has been recognized that the animal shares those qualities more or less which we have regarded as characteristics of the soul of man. The point is, that man has more soul than the animal.

Dr. Bock says in his book *Vom gesunden und kranken Menschen*: "Durch der Sinne Pforten, zieht der Geist in unsern Koerper (in das Gehirn) ein." [The soul enters our body (the brain) through the gateway of the senses.] On another page he says: "The healthy brain necessarily must by degrees develop its reason through external impressions by means of the senses, and this is the basis of education. If a man, immediately after birth, were cut off from the world, he could not attain any feature of human reason; and if a man had intercourse only with animals his habits would be those of animals."

How these external impressions are recorded in the brain naturally becomes a problem. The photograph at first suggested itself as an explanation. Thinking in pictures is a constant occupation of all mechanical constructors and inventors. These pictures or images must be living structures in the brain; as active individuals they combine to more complicated images. Drawing, model-making and trying to put real things together are direct helps in picture-thinking. Language-thinking comes to aid at an early stage, however. How language could record itself remained mysterious, it seemed so complicated, until a new light was given by the invention of the phonograph, which could reproduce speech. I had read in an article in the Berlin *Gegenwart* on *The Origin of Reason*, by Noiré,

just about that time, "*Man thinks because he speaks; he has concepts, because he has words;*" and how simply does the phonograph record words! That man's brain can record language in as simple a way as the phonograph is undoubtedly one foundation of the progress of man over the animal.

I have overcome any hesitancy to pronounce this my opinion (which is likely shared by many others) so positively, by the course our increase of knowledge of the working of the eye has taken. That the eye works like a photographer's camera we learned already at school; that in addition a liquid analogous to the photographer's chemicals was active in the retina, fixing there for a short time pictures thrown on it by the lens of the eye, we learned not many years ago.

In the *Revue Philosophique* for May, 1887, I find A. Binet quotes a hypnotic state described for the first time by Berger, of Breslau. If the crown of the head of a somnambulistic subject is pressed strongly with the hand his state is changed. He no longer answers questions asked of him, but repeats them, like a phonograph. He reflects like a mirror all gestures and movements made before him; in short, he has become an automatic imitator.

Among the erroneous ideas conveyed by the word "soul" is that of its transcendentality. This was so deeply impressed into our brain that we hear it affirmed within us again and again. We cannot destroy the inner phonogram which in us speaks this erroneous idea, but we can supplement the ideas now associated with the word "soul" with ideas correcting those which are erroneous among them.

We know the doctrine is erroneous that the soul is born with the child, and also the belief that the soul at the moment of death leaves the body as an invisible substance; *but it is still more erroneous to declare on this account that man has no soul.*

What the human soul is has been made clear to me principally by the leading German author of our time—Gustav Freitag. He propounds his view of the immortality of the soul in a dialogue which takes place between Professor Werner and his wife Ilse.* Standing before the shelves of his library he says about the books:

"*They are the great treasure-keepers of the human race. They preserve all that is most valuable of what has ever been thought or discovered from one century to another, and they proclaim what was once existing upon the earth.*"

And further on the Professor explains how the souls of men actually are in books:

"*Since the invention of books almost all that we know and call learning is to be found in them. But that is not all,*" he continued in a whispering tone; "*few know that a book is something more than simply a product of the*

**The Lost Manuscript*, Book II, Chapter 2.

creative mind, which its author sends forth as a cabinet-maker does a chair that has been ordered. *There remains attached, undoubtedly, to every human work something of the soul of the man who has produced it. But a book truly contains under its cover the real soul of the man. The real value of a man to others—the best portion of his life—remains in this form for the next generation, perhaps to the most distant future. Moreover, not only those who write a good book, but those whose lives and actions are portrayed in it, continue in fact living among us. We converse with them as with friends and opponents; we admire and contend with, love or hate them, not less than if they dwelt bodily among us. The human soul that is inclosed in such a cover becomes imperishable on earth, and therefore we may say: In the book lasts on the soul-life of the individual, and only the soul which is incased in a book has reliable duration on earth.*"*

"But error persists also," said Ilse, "and so do liars and impure spirits if they betake themselves into a book."

"They undoubtedly do, but are refuted by better souls. Very different, certainly, is the value and import of these imperishable records. Few maintain their beauty and importance for all times; many are only valuable for a later period, because we ascertain from them the character and life of men in their days, while others are quite useless and ephemeral. But all books that have ever been written, from the earliest to the latest, have a mysterious connection. *For no one who has written a book has of himself become what he is; every one stands on the shoulders of his predecessor; all that was produced before his time has helped to form his life and soul. Again, what he has produced has in some sort formed other men, and thus his soul has passed to later times. In this way the contents of all books form one great soul-empire on earth, and all who now write, live and nourish themselves on the souls of the past generations.*

"*From this point of view the soul of mankind is one interminable unity. Every single individual belongs to it—he who lived and worked in past times as well as he who now breathes and creates new ideas. The soul which people of past generations felt as their own was and is still transmitted to others. What has been written to-day will to-morrow, perhaps, be the possession of many thousand strangers. Who long ago returned his body to nature, continues to live on earth in an unceasingly renewed existence, and comes to new life again daily in others.*"

"Stop," cried Ilse, entreatingly, "I am bewildered."

"I tell you this now, because I feel myself an unostentatious worker in this earthly soul empire. This

feeling gives me a pleasure in life which is indestructible, and it also gives me both freedom and modesty. For whoever works with this feeling, whether his powers be great or small, does so not for his own honor, but for all. He does not live for himself, but for all, as all who have existed, continue to live for him."

The soul is the form of a very complicated, self-acting mechanism of living matter, which feels in a part of the living substance which is in action; the feelings correspond in *form* to the most essential parts of the mechanism. From this living mechanism, which is our soul, all we do, our knowledge, our thinking and human emotions proceed. It comprises all that man esteems highest in himself. Does this thought degrade the soul conception? Not to me, although the word *soul* always brings to consciousness in me what I value highest in myself. But the word mechanism conveys a higher meaning than before.

The conservation of energy has been demonstrated. How is it with life? A certain quantity of organic matter is exposed to sunlight under the conditions necessary for life on the surface of the earth. There a certain quantity of life function takes place; we see it in the luxurious growth in manifold forms in the tropic forest, as well as in a less quantity but higher form in the brain of civilized man. The total quantity of life on the surface of the earth in the course of one year, if we could measure it, I hold, would be found nearly the same in one year as in another. It would be found to vary with solar conditions only.

I will let Dr. Bock speak again.*

"'Nature is one great living being,' is the thoughtful dictum of a famous poet; and, truly, whether your inquiring mind dwells upon its nearest surroundings or roams through the profundities of the universe, whether it soars to the skies or descends into the depths of the earth, you will find everywhere a constant change of things, a process of consolidation and dissolution, of regeneration and decay. What are these changes but life? When death seems to annihilate its victims, new beings rise out of seeming nothingness and if you compare the simple forms which were destroyed some thousand of years ago, with those more perfect organisms which now exist, you will comprehend the truth of the words: 'Death is not death; death is the elevation of mortal nature.'"

In our whole body, and so in the mechanisms in our brain, the *feeling (conscious), living matter is constantly renewed by new feeling, living matter of the same kind.* The new living atoms constantly enter into the relative positions of those which they replace, thus preserving the form of the mechanisms, and with that our memory.

*In the translation of the quotations from Gustav Freitag I have used the word *soul* for the German word "*Geist*." I might have translated "*Geist*" by "spirit" or by "mind," but the word "soul" expresses truly what I understand the author to mean by the word "*Geist*."

*This quotation from Dr. Bock's book is translated by Dr. Curran. Those of Gustav Freitag are from Mrs. Malcolm's translation, revised and supplemented.

I imagine I had died and another man was formed of living matter, so that in him the atoms were in the same relative position as in me; he would be my continuance, he would be the same man that I am, as I am the same man that I was yesterday; he would know all I know, would know every person I know and would be known as I am. He would feel as I do, would act as I do under the same circumstances, would give the same answer to the same question; he would have the same character, the same conscience, the same morals, *he would have my soul*.

Can we thus renew ourselves? Yes, we can to a great extent. We can form our soul again in the growing generation through education and example, individually and collectively.

We can preserve and elevate the soul of the present generation and of posterity. To preserve and to elevate the quality of the human soul, that is the basis of ethics. Let there also be more elevated souls in number, the more the better, but the higher quality of the soul is the primary aim of ethics.

Pleasure and pain in the higher man of the future will, in quantity, probably be proportioned as now, but their form, their quality, will change. The proportion of pleasure and pain will be such as will accompany man's greatest progress. For only those nations will survive which remain at the head of civilization.

Whether life is worth living is not the question of ethics, it is beyond our control. If civilized life does not continue, savage life, or even the life of brutes, will take its place. As long as the sun shines upon our earth under similar conditions as now, so long the same quantity of life will continue upon its surface.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

STATE OF THE QUESTION IN FRANCE.

Part II.

BY ALBERT RÉVILLE, PROFESSOR IN THE COLLEGE OF FRANCE.

Thence, there are many grades in French Catholicism: 1st. Those who have remained believing and practicing Catholics. 2d. Those who do not believe and scarcely practice, but who have certain vague religious desires which they essay to satisfy in the mystical pomps of Catholicism, with the sentiment of art rather than of faith. 3d. Those who regret that Catholicism should be the traditional religion in France, but who do not think it possible to react against this result of centuries, and who let themselves make concessions that they know to be desired by their feminine surroundings, and that they look upon as due to propriety and good taste. 4th. Those who applaud all attacks directed against the Church, but who continue none the less to bring up their children in Catholicism, who ask the priest for the conjugal rite, and who die under the administration of those sacraments of the church that they have combatted all

their lives. 5th and lastly. Those who have broken with it openly and radically, do not have their children baptized, are married only before the Mayor, and desire for themselves no other funeral rites than those that are purely civil. I may add that these varieties exist, but that they intermingle and pass one into the other in such manner as to produce gradations infinite in number and absolutely impossible to define.

But, in France, political ideas and tendencies are as precise and dogmatic as religious beliefs are incoherent. The democratic sentiment is very generally prevalent, taking hold even of classes and individuals that, from interest or tradition, ought to repudiate it. Republican democracy is anti-Catholic, because Catholicism and its clergy appear to be irremediably identified with the old monarchical and aristocratic régime. There are, nevertheless, some democrats sincerely Catholic, but they are very few in number. Ordinarily a French democrat entertains a profound dislike of the Catholic Church, and is much inclined—not to persecute it, but to take from it all the support that it can still find in existing laws and institutions. It might even be said that it is too readily supposed that the actual power yet remaining to Catholicism is based on the idea that it can depend upon the State and its subsidies and its official protection—wherein I believe that it deceives itself.

This republican democrat, then, is quite disposed to clamor for the separation of Church and State; he applauds the newspaper articles, the orators at public meetings and the candidates for a seat in the Chambers, who demand it. Neither are arguments wanting to justify the view he takes.

Notwithstanding, says he, that the French State of to-day gives proof of greater tolerance than the old régime, in supporting the three or four forms of religion that share its territory in unequal proportions, by what right does it make the ever-increasing number of those who profess no distinct creed compete under this system? Why must one necessarily be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, in order to share the budgetary favors of a government that does not pretend to attach itself to any professed religion? Why are these advantages awarded, with the money of all, to three or four sects, and refused to new or dissenting worshipers who may come forward and do sometimes appear? This is neither logical nor just. Besides, what does the Republic effect in paying bishops and curés? It maintains its sworn enemies and puts into their hands the arms which they use for fighting it. For, Roman Catholicism and its clergy are and always will be inimical to liberty. The absolute authority that they arrogate to themselves, their hostility against independent science that recognizes no other rule than experience and experimental method, the spirit of weak submission that they spread about among the people, the hesitation in thought and enterprise that they

inspire, the silly superstitions that they patronize (Lourdes, La Salette, the Sacré Cour), their horror of free examination, their subjection to a foreign priest always in sympathy with despotisms and oppressions—all this makes the Catholic religion and its priesthood the born adversaries of liberalism, of democracy, of the Republic. The Republic, then, plays the part of a dupe in continuing to support by its money and its patronage an institution radically and fatally hostile to it. Without doubt, consciences must be respected and every one must be left free to devote himself to the worship that suits him, or to practice none at all if that pleases him better. But let those who have need of the priest and his ceremonial pay for them; and let the State, whose sole mission is to safe-guard the liberty of all, rid itself at length of this onerous obligation, which burden our budgets from being evenly balanced, which is opposed to the principles of justice and equality and which only brings difficulties and embarrassments upon the Republic, still so sorely pressed.

It cannot be denied that these arguments are extremely specious. But the other side must also be heard. For, there are also politicians who advocate the maintenance of the actual régime, in the very interest of democracy and the Republic.

They say that in fact, whether it be matter for regret or for congratulation, Catholicism is the religious form to which the majority of Frenchmen are accustomed and so thoroughly accustomed, that it is very difficult for them to comprehend any others. The Frenchmen may be skeptical, indifferent, incredulous—he is so frequently; but if, from one cause or another, the need of some religion is awakened in his soul, nine times in ten it is in Catholicism alone that he will dream of seeking its satisfaction. Thence it follows that the Catholic Church, albeit lessened in prestige and power and doomed according to all appearances to be further and further lessened, still possesses much power notwithstanding. You incline to sever the pecuniary and administrative tie that binds it to the State; but, consequently, you are willing to deprive the State of the supervision and control that the existing system assures to it. Are you certain that you will not thereby augment those embarrassments and those dangers which you reproach the Republic with encouraging and creating against itself? At the present time the State is armed with laws that protect it sufficiently well against the terrible sore of Catholicism, that is to say, the convents and the inevitable abuses of which they are always and everywhere the generating hearth. But if the Catholic Church, by its separation from the State, reconquers its entire liberty, what will you do to prevent the increase in all directions of these strongholds of obscurantism and superstition? How will you hinder these establishments, that receive ever and never give back, from imbibing slowly that which

is most solid and most secure in the public wealth, and from reconstituting the scourge of the *mort-main* that the Revolution had so much trouble in abolishing? The bishops are to a certain point under the control of the State, which can intervene when, through blind obedience to the Court of Rome, they adopt a course inimical to national interests or public tranquility. But what will you do, without mixing yourselves up in affairs that do not concern you, when you have deprived yourselves, by separation, of the arm that the concordat itself assured you?

And then, have a care! Universal suffrage is the rule; and this suffrage for the most part depends upon the peasants who constitute the numerical majority of the French nation. Now, the French peasant, save in some departments, is not exactly clerical. He does not like to see his curé dabbling in politics. One cannot say that he is very devout. If he goes to mass on Sunday it is rather by way of distraction than from religious need; and the proof of this is that he very often remains gossiping under the porch while his wife and children are attending the service of the curé. But, besides that he is not radically irreligious, you will never persuade him that he can dispense with the priest to baptize his children, to teach them subsequently their catechism, to bring them on to their first communion, to marry and to bury himself. These things are done and seen in the large towns; in the country they are unknown. What, then, are you going to do? The State will no longer pay the curé of the village; so be it! You will tell the peasant that his taxes will be diminished by so much. That is not unwelcome to him. But you will add that, if he desires to have a curé he must himself pay for him. Ah, then his countenance changes! The French peasant is very thrifty; he works hard and does not willingly part with the money that he has so much trouble to gain. Be sure that he will answer you: "Much obliged! I shall not pay one centime less to the receiver, because, away there in Paris they will apply to other purposes the forty or fifty millions that they talk of withdrawing from the clergy, while I into the bargain shall still have to pay my curé. Your most obedient! Let's say no more about it!"

Thus you would run considerable risk of indisposing toward the republican régime the peasant who has reluctantly allied himself to the Republic, but who has become allied to it, being out of conceit with kings and emperors. You attack simultaneously his predilections and his pocket. Nothing could be more dangerous; and wisdom counsels the maintenance of the actual state of things for a long time yet, while endeavoring to ameliorate them, and the proceeding only by slow degrees and with circumspection to measures preliminary and preparatory to this great change.

I believe that I have thus summed up with impartiality and moderation the arguments that are put forth on one side and the other. This also may be here remarked: the partisans of separation are the stronger, so long as they hold only to democratic and abstract theory; while its opponents recover the advantage when one comes down to practical application. This explains why the men of the Extreme Left, more idealistic, more prompt, more radical in their manner of treating political questions, are almost without exception in favor of immediate separation, while the Republicans termed Opportunists, that is to say more administrative, more realistic, look upon it with suspicion as a danger. And inasmuch as the exercise of power always inclines men to moderate the absolutism of their principles, we understand why so many eminent politicians, Gambetta for instance, or Mr. Goblet, who were reckoned among the notorious partisans of separation, when once they had become ministers, recoiled from the immense difficulties that would have resulted from carrying it out.

I repeat it; it is on political and not on religious grounds, that this question will be solved in France. If the actual Republic were to perish and be replaced by a monarchy, royal or imperial, separation would assuredly be postponed till the Greek calends. If the Republic maintains itself the problem of separation will triumph in the end, because it conforms to the logic of a veritable democracy. But if it be wished that it should be put into operation without difficulty and without danger, the minds of the masses, especially in the country, must be more fully prepared than they are now. If advanced Radicalism comes into power, perhaps the change may be hastened by the necessity, in which the radical chiefs will find themselves, of realizing or at least of endeavoring to realize this part of their programme so much preached up. But all this, it will be seen, is problematical; and if one may regard the principle of separation as destined to triumph, one day or another, by the sole force of republican and democratic logic, no one can now declare when the day of triumph will come, still less predict the events which may advance or retard it.

Paris, July, 1887.

TOLSTOI AND PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

BY W. D. GUNNING.

"My Religion," from the pen of Tolstói, should make a deep impression on the Christian Church. This Russian Count shows that Jesus laid the emphasis of Christianity on a few simple precepts. Resist not evil. If a man smite you give him the other cheek for another smiting. "The Hebrews," says Tolstói, "in applying the Mosaic law to life, were obliged to observe six hundred and thirteen commandments, many of which were absurd and cruel and yet all were based on the authority of the Scriptures. The doctrine of life as expressed by

Jesus is comprised in five commandments. Be not angry. Resist not evil. Take no oath. Lay not up treasure. Judge not."

This Russian, who is a scholar as well as a count, in reducing Christianity to such simple terms, makes his position very clear. In the injunction "judge not," the word *κρίνω* is used and it always applies to the passing of judgment in a court of justice. What Jesus meant—and what he said by using this Greek verb—was, "Have nothing to do with the administration of justice."

"Be not angry." In the New Testament this command is qualified by the adjunct "without a cause." The qualification kills the injunction. But the little Greek word *εἰκῆ*, which means "without cause," does not appear in the older manuscripts. Some angry Christian, in the third or fourth century amended Jesus by slipping in the word *εἰκῆ*. So with the other injunctions. They were simple, direct and without qualification. Let us concede that in the New Testament Jesus is fairly reported, then Tolstói has the argument. Jesus meant that the course of human life is all wrong, radically wrong.

But a scholar might say to Tolstói, "Your argument based on the words reported as coming from Jesus is fallacious. He spoke in Aramaic, a very barren and physical language. After many years had passed he was reported in Greek, a *metaphysical* language. What force can attach to a criticism on words which he never used? Of what force is any verbal criticism on these ancient writings? Remember that accuracy in reporting or quoting came only with accuracy in thinking, that is, with science. Not a writer in the New Testament quoted correctly from the Old. One of the early church dignitaries makes Solomon say, "He who always fears the wind will never sow." Shakespeare makes "the Scripture" say that "Adam digged." Shakespeare never quotes the Bible correctly. In New Hampshire—so it has been told to me—lives a farmer who heard Forrest in Richard the Third. The tragedian broke on his audience with Richard's soliloquy:

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York."

The farmer's report to his neighbors was this: "Forrest seemed a good deal down in the mouth. He said that in the winter he wasn't contented but he thought that next summer when his son got back to New York he would feel a little better." The farmer reported Richard much, I think, as the writers called Matthew, Mark, Luke and John reported certain of the sayings of Jesus. John reports a short speech to a Samaritan woman on the curb of Jacob's well. Can we believe that the pinions which bore him up into the celestial blue, where above all limitations of race and time he formulated the absolute religion, should strike at once on the lower air and he should say, "Salvation is of the Jews?"

But let it pass. Assuming that we have the words of Jesus fairly reported Tolstoï is right and the Christian is he who never gets angry, never takes an oath, resists not evil, never passes judgment in a court and lays not up treasure. Where is he? As I have never seen Tolstoï, I never saw him. Is he possible? Is even Tolstoï a real Christian? He writes in a vein of righteous anger against the abuses of the Russian church and government. Was Jesus a faultless primitive Christian? When he launched his invectives against the Pharisees and when he lashed the money changers in the temple was he without a tinge of anger? Tolstoï says that the Disciples obeyed these injunctions. Did they? Was Paul never angry at Peter? Was he in a very placid mood toward Peter and James and Jude when, at fever heat, he threw off the epistle to the Galatians? It may be that the injunction, "Be not angry," requires too much of human nature, but at the bar of ethical science it will stand and without a qualifying adjunct. Be not angry. No cause will justify you. Anger is one of the oldest emotions. Cope places it as third or fourth in the history of evolution. It appeared as soon as a mind could feel resistance to desire. It passed from the animal to the human and is part of the old jungle stuff we are trying to throw off. It does no good—which is another way of saying that it brings no pleasure—to the heated mind which indulges it or to the person for whom it is indulged.

"Resist not evil." There is something pathetic in the plea for this injunction by a nobleman who, all his life, as he now thinks, has done evil and resisted evil. Through all time—this is the spirit of his argument—the world has fought evil with evil. Men have tried to put down wrong by resisting wrong. The experiment has failed. There was a teacher who told us to overcome evil with compliance and to oppose to the wrongdoer neither force nor law. The world has given him no heed. Those who profess discipleship do not obey. But this teacher was divine and the world will never be healed until it sees that the whole trend of its life has been wrong and it obeys this divine precept.

It is painful to find yourself not in mental accord with good men. But this piteous appeal to the world by a good man to heed certain injunctions uttered by the best of men is wrong or the whole universe is wrong. The first word which nature ever spoke was "resistance." One-half of organic nature is equipped for aggression and the other half for resistance. If the primitive mollusk had yielded its pulpy body to the invading tooth there would be no mollusk to-day. If better men of the prime had yielded to the club and spear of worse men, there would be no social order or civilization to-day. In vertebrate land-life there was one line on which nature moved obedient to the precept of non-resistance. Setting the body on limbs and lifting

it up over the ground by many anatomical devices, nature resisted the pull of gravitation. In one order of reptiles she tired of resistance and by abolishing the limbs yielded to gravitation. The result of this non-resistance was the snake. I like not the backward steps in evolution which led to the serpent. I like not the sight of virtue on its belly before vice. In the school of Bronson Alcott, when a boy had done a bad thing he was made to take the whip and flog the philosopher. Very different is the school at which nature has been educating man. If human history has been a stream of tendency making for righteousness it is because the whip, in the main, has been in the hand of the wiser and the better. As soon as man woke to the knowledge of good and evil the voice of religion sounded through his mind, "Resist evil." Buddha did a wrong thing to himself and the world when he fed himself to a tiger. Resist the evil within you and the evil directed toward you, and resist by whatever means will be effective. You cannot resist gravitation by kind words. You must meet it on its own line and use push against pull. You cannot resist the infestations that swoop down in myriad mouths on your field or garden, with prayer or incantation or any manner of saintliness. You must meet destruction with destruction. You must destroy the destroyer. The mollusk has developed a shell and man has developed law.

Time was when men were without law but the law of nature spoke in the smitten, and he said, "I will smite the smiter." "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The old Mosaic law was close to the older law of nature. There came the struggle for law. Ihering has shown how fierce was that struggle. To-day, if you belong to any civilized people on the globe, you can recover your stolen property from whatever hands may hold it. This which is common law now, was one of the oldest written laws of Rome, but before a Roman senate *wrote* it law men had *fought* it into law, hand to hand, club to club, spear to spear. Now that we have law—as much the outcome of struggle as the claw on a tiger's foot—when a man smites you you need not smite him, but let the law smite. When a man takes away your coat you must not give him your overcoat, nor strike him, but you must sue him at the law. This is still resisting evil by force. For law, as Ihering says, is an idea which involves *force*. If Justice holds the balances in one hand she holds a sword in the other. And if it was the duty of the man who lived before "the reign of law" to resist wrong by the force in his own arm, it is tenfold your duty to resist it by the force we have put into the arm of law. If you do not resist you wrong the State. You inflict a hurt on civilization. The surrender of legal rights is moral suicide. "When a man has made a worm of himself," says Kant, "he has no right to complain if he is trampled under foot."

While Tolstoï maintains, very strangely, that Jesus taught there would be no conscious individual life beyond the grave, he lays strong emphasis on the command of Jesus to his Disciples to give little heed to the life that now is. "Get you no silver nor gold nor brass in your purses; no wallet for your journey, neither two coats nor shoes." This, argues the Count, is good Scripture and the world will never be happy till it obeys. It is very miserable. Search it from pauper to millionaire and you will find no happiness—till you reach the bare walls of a cabin in which a Russian count is mending his homespun pantaloons.

Let the hurt on human life be even as Tolstoï thinks, is healing to come from primitive Christianity? After eighteen hundred years of Christianity are we to try *Christianity*? Poverty was the morning curse of humanity, and still it is the curse at mid-day. If some other intelligence were to study man as we study an ant-hill, he would take him in the aggregate. He would say: "This species, spread over almost all the world, numbers about fourteen hundred millions, a number less than the infusoria in a cupful of stagnant pond water. Of these about two hundred and fifty millions are without a shred of clothing, and seven hundred millions are clothed only in their loins. The nude hold a majority over the clad. I believe this bipedal mammal calls himself *homo sapiens*, but taking him in the aggregate the better name would be *homo sylvestris*, for only the more favored have got out of the woods. The creature seems to toil, but he remains poor. He is improvident. He does not "take thought enough of to-morrow."

The reformer is too often the man who takes little thought of yesterday. But we are made of yesterdays, and the line on which evolution has moved in the past, on the same line it is moving now, and must forever move. The ostrich, in structure and habits, represents a primitive bird which improvidently laid her eggs on the sand and had no thought of the morrow. Evolution, leaving the ostrich behind as a work of rigidity, carried other birds up into provident nest-making. A reformer among birds seems to be the swallow. It does not proclaim the gospel of the ostrich, but, according to Pouchet, it is learning a better art of nest-making than its ancestors had. You may as well expect a deflection of the line on which evolution has moved with the bird as deflection of the line on which it has carried man. Nearly three hundred millions of the human race build no homes and have no shelter except what nature affords in clefts and caves. They are the ostriches of men. The Hebrews called that bird with primitive ways "the daughter of howling," and these primitively unclad, unhoused men are the "sons of howling." They are miserable. Evolution, outworking on men, now that its chief factor is *mind*, is synonymous with progress,

and it leads *away* from the nature housed, not toward them.

Let the reformer be radical, but not too radical. Let him heed the advice of Emerson and "hitch his wagon to a star," and not to one of those celestial tramps called comets. This is only an Emersonian way of saying—Move with the great cosmic flow. Do not break with the universe. Do not think to reform the law of gravitation. Work with the better forces which are outworking through nature and through the minds of men. If you are following the pull of the great stars in the moral firmament you will resist evil, and you will put a reasonable sum of gold and silver in your purse, and provide "a wallet for your journey."

MONISTIC MENTAL SCIENCE.

BY S. V. CLEVINGER, M. D.

INTRODUCTORY SURVEY.

The discovery of the laws of evolution (natural and sexual selection, the mutability of species, etc.) gave an impetus to the study of plant and animal life, during the past quarter century, through that study being, for the first time, afforded definiteness and a promise of positive reward in the way of clearing up mysteries and enabling life phenomena to be scrutinized chemically and mechanically, by re-agents, the microscope and the balance. The promise has been abundantly fulfilled. Physiological laboratories and classes are yearly increasing, and it is safe to predict that biology will not only supplant the classics but will be made the main instruction from the primary school to and through the university.

Why this will occur can be readily explained: All there is apparent in the universe is apprehended by our senses. If we understand our senses, ourselves and our surroundings, more perfectly, a better adjustment can be made to nature; our lives can be made more fruitful, happier, healthier to ourselves and our neighbors.

The monistic philosophy, rightly interpreted, explains what you can and cannot do and know. It is thoroughly unified knowledge. The absurdity that there was one set of laws for man, and another for everything else, animate or inanimate, evolutionism has fully shown. Monism is a logical inference from biology and is the basis of right living—ethics, because through it we realize the advantages and disadvantages resulting from certain conduct in the light of invariable cause and effect.

There is a growing appreciation of the soundness of ethical principles based upon biological research, but it is sad to see the confusion arising from biases and unsystematic study of these principles. Metaphysically and theologically educated writers often realize much of the grandeur of evolutionism, but they are, as a rule, so hopelessly handicapped by cherished unmeaning phrases—

language disease—and teleology (the purposiveness of creation), that the sprigs of truth in their writings are hidden among the rank weeds or pretty flowers of rhetoric. It is fashionable to have read two of Spencer's works, his *Education* and *The Data of Ethics*. Ethical societies usually advance the last named book as containing the *summum bonum* of monism, but unless the entire *Synthetic Philosophy* has been perused previously it is as valueless as a trigonometrical treatise would be to one who had not learned the multiplication table. Ethics is founded upon the study of sociology. Society is composed of individuals, to understand whom requires a knowledge of psychology, which can only be acquired through physiology. All these branches concern man, but the life histories of plants and animals generally must be included in a study of physiology. Physics and chemistry are the keys to physiology as well as to other studies. Thus is indicated what should be mastered by one who seeks to realize the relations of body and mind and the conservation of individual and social enjoyment.

An author must assume a plane upon which to meet his readers. Language being the vehicle of ideas, it does not follow that linguists, rhetoricians, elocutionists are the best comprehenders or expositors of science (from *scio*, I know), for vehicles and words may be empty or full of trash. Latin was, formerly, the general container of book knowledge, but a dead tongue could not tell of living, growing, multiplying ideas. The old languages were broken up to make new wagons for the accumulating wealth of information.

Therefore while the classically educated person is equipped for learning science, he merely vapors if he attempt to teach it before he has learned it.

Notwithstanding Max Müller's dictum that thought is impossible without language your linguist must get his ideas before he can express them in words; the baby gets the impression of the dog by sight and hearing first, before he calls it "bow-wow," or before he is taught to call it dog.

Clearly, then, a teacher of science, with chemistry and physics as arguments, cannot appeal to the metaphysicians nor the theologians who are usually unprovided with elementary knowledge of mundane things. But they will deny that it is necessary to know chemistry or natural science to deal with theology or metaphysics. True enough, but as the natural sciences now include not only what concerns man but his mind and social relations, it follows that the theologian and metaphysician never can, as such, fathom psychology and that their methods cannot deal with the mind.

If they treat of subjective phenomena they are in the plight of a clock that would call the jars of its cog-wheels, spirit, mind, thought. If objective matters are considered by them, their methods are those of the

savage who studies the wheezes, puffs, snorts, whistlings, rattle, groan of a locomotive, observes its wheels revolve, its surprising speed, and, content with knowing *what* it does, is incapable of understanding the *how* and *why*, because not accustomed to analyze machinery or comprehend its principles. The savage assigns a spirit to the engine, as the dualist does to man, and both are satisfied that all things are thus explained. It seems astonishing the belief could survive to-day that mind exists independent of its organ, the brain, or that it is useless to study the mechanism of thought because of a superstitious fancy that there is some *tertium quid* that can never be apprehended.

We need not quarrel with those who imagine that mind or spirit is independent of brain tissue or other material, but we *can* postulate physical force and matter as sufficient, and see whether it drives us into absurdities or affords consistencies, which Descartes, Hume, Bacon, and even Aristotle, would, if they could, to-day acknowledge to be the best test of truth. In fact consistency is all that holds any theory unassailable.

Is it, then, only the chemist and physicist who can understand psychology? In its completeness, yes, providing biology be studied by them. But any one who has a fair elementary acquaintanceship with these studies can appreciate the force of arguments dealing with them, all the more readily when such men as Huxley or Tyndall essay explanations, as they have done. Bain may be fairly regarded as the pioneer in physiological psychology, but, as was the case with Carpenter and Maudsley, without detracting a particle from the value of their writings, it can be said that opportunity, bias, education, and the difficulty with which so recent and vast a discovery as evolution can be assimilated by one advanced in years, prevented them, and to some extent now prevents Ribot, Bastian, Mivart and other popularizers from benefiting more than they have by what had been worked out through specialists under their very noses.

Herbert Spencer and Wundt are the giants in psychology. Their works cannot become popular because of their terminology and the extensive knowledge of nature presupposed for the reader.

Spencer's unprecedented catholicity and encyclopedic knowledge covered generalizations in psychology, and, as Proctor says, specialists must not find fault with his want of detail, any more than we should regard a map as faulty because it represented cities by little circles instead of precise pictures.

Wundt, the better physiologist, has taken up the mechanics of psychology more accurately and completely than Bain and more extensively than Spencer, because Wundt figuratively and literally used the microscope over areas Spencer had rapidly glanced at with his intellectual telescope.

Subdivisions of these biological studies among an army of rank and file, with its commanders, carry the conquests along ramifying roads to subsequently organize the knowledge captured for the benefit of all.

Meynert, in Vienna, has sliced the brains of thousands of animals and men with his microtome, and described what the microscope reveals therein. He leads a regiment of cerebral microscopists. Exner, with a corps of other pathologists, seeks the effects of disease upon the brain. Von Gudden, Monk, Ferrier contend, through experiments and comparison of results, over the physiological interpretations of functions of different parts of the brain. Heubner and Duret simultaneously discovered an important principle in the distribution of blood to the brain, which explained many peculiarities of mental disorders, and so on might be enumerated list after list of distinguished men who are doing the work that does the most good, but of which the world seldom hears and less often appreciates.

The scientific method of teaching is from the known to the unknown. The logical arrangement of biology is from the lower forms of life to the higher; but, as general readers have about as indefinite ideas of the human brain as they have of protozoa, and a vast amount of space and time can be saved by beginning with the lower manifestations of life and mind, it will be an advantage to so commence.

In simplifying the language used by biologists and outlining, rather than elaborating, a subject so vast as that which concerns life, much difficulty is encountered, for the technical terms often put into few words what would require hours to explain, and there is an apparent forfeiture of accuracy in condensing, while the greater part that bears upon the matter must be left unmentioned.

Let us do the best we can.

It seems to me that a medical student with a philosophical turn of mind would be led by degrees into mechanical monism, thus:

The bones are levers and fulcra to move the body about; the muscles pull upon these and bring them into changing relations with each other. The muscles hence serve as ropes and pulleys. The nerves stimulate the muscular movements, and the similarity between the nervous and a telegraphic system is marked. But what is the nature of this nerve force? Can we or can we not understand it? Is it a physical force at all? Certainly the most sensible way to deal with this problem is to study it out just as you would any matter that promised to yield much, if not all, information to the microscope, the scales and the measure.

Fritz Müller was theologically biased; he *felt* that Darwin's theory was incorrect, and to enable him to *know* that it was, and to prove it, he adopted the *reductio ad absurdum* reasoning from self-made investigations,

but being honest and accomplished, brought out one of the best proofs of the evolutionary theory we possess. Democritus, 500 B.C., suggested the mechanical nature of animate things, and Giordano Bruno, A.D. 1600, amplified the idea, and was burned at the stake. Lesser, though as effective, discouragements have prevailed against mechanical biology even to this day, when everywhere we find teleological, dualistic assertions argued from, and but feeble support for the opposite views.

My claim is that teleology and dualism have led to a most abominably muddled psychology. From the dys-teleological and monistic side the greatest victories may be won for knowledge. Fully admitting that there is an "unknown," and allowing those disposed to discuss it in appropriately unknowable terms; granting also that the *ultimate* nature of physical forces and matter are not understandable, surely if we postulate that those same forces and elements are all there is in life, for argument's sake, we are entitled to a patient hearing; and if the charge is made that a conception of life and mind is by such assumption degraded, we can retort with the query—By what right do you consider force and matter degraded or unworthy of containing life and mind in potential? By your own admission you allow life, mind, matter and force to have sprung from the same source!

In published papers collected in book form* I dealt with the inextricably dependent relations of mind and body, by following out the evolution of the different tissues, including the brain structures. As these chapters are limited to main issues in mental operations, want of space forbids more than a reference to the associated topics. Starting with the desire to reduce everything to proximate principles, the task of every philosophy, we pass from Galen to 1523, when Fallopius explained what the former meant by his "*partes similes*," or "*simplices*," which were bone, membrane, vein, artery, nails, hairs and skin. Finally the cellular theory dawned, in this century, and these proximate divisions have given way to the positive knowledge that all animal parts proceed from simple protoplasmic cells by growth, multiplication and differentiation. All plants and animals are known to be composed of cells, little particles or specks of protoplasm that have undergone modifications, but in the main the cell shape and properties are observable by the microscope in all tissues.

Chemistry takes this fundamental cell and finds that its protoplasm is hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, mainly, with sometimes other elements in combination.

Herbert Spencer plainly sets forth the unity of all nature; particularly when he shows that sociological matters partake of and *depend upon* the peculiarities of

* *Comparative Physiology and Psychology*, 1885, published by J. C. McClurg & Co., pp. 247.

the units, the individuals that compose it. He also indicates forcibly the similarity of the laws and phenomena of the inorganic and organic, but he does not fully identify psychological with chemical principles.

In subsequent papers of this series my endeavor will be to show that not only is there a relationship between all that is done by the body and mind of man and other animals, and the behavior of chemical elements, but that the former depends upon the latter, and is merely a different expression of the same thing. We think and move about because nitrogen tends to escape from molecular combinations, and oxygen, on the contrary, seeks to unite with them; and, for similar reasons, we are born, eat, grow, reproduce and die. Because of the disposition like and unlike elementary atoms have to unite to form molecules we hunger and love—the two feelings that control the world, as Schiller poetically affirms. An application of chemistry can even explain why one of these feelings may sacrifice the other.

The affinity of atoms for one another may be taken as the cause of hunger; the higher affections may be shown to have sprung from hunger by positive illustrations; and, finally, an ethical application can be made to show that the insane often merge every higher desire into acquisitiveness, or a beastly food hunger; or that by mind degeneration atavism, or its failure to develop, in certain respects, beyond savagery, every regard for virtue, honor, love, even self-respect, may be lost in the craving for money, which represents the means of animal gratification.

Nor is this knowledge useless, for it bids you lift yourself above bartering the best part of you, sentiment and honor, for a price. It tells you that you may pay too dearly for "peace and comfort" by insuring for yourself and progeny moral death. From these and similar considerations we may conceive of the foundation and some of the superstructure of a *practical psychology based upon chemistry*.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part VI.

On my next visit to my Sage of the Monkey Temple he beckoned me after him, and led the way through a back court to a sort of covert behind a tank. There I found a shelf on which were a dozen palm leaves like those which had been destroyed on the previous day.

"I do not," he said, "mean to trust these to the Ape-god, nor to the apes, nor their worshippers. It may be well enough for the litany to the Angry Ape to perish, but these are more important. They are leaves from the lost library of the only human race that really possessed the earth—living neither above it or beneath it."

"Did they have a great library?"

"Very large. But in the long war, between the

intellectual and physical giants and the Ape-god and his humanlike angels, many books were destroyed."

"I listen."

"Here is a leaf of history: 'The world was fair before the Ape-god cursed it. Man had still many obstructions to confront, but with every season of his growth they folded beneath him and withered, leaving a contribution to his swelling fruit. Already he was living in a world of his own creation. By his art grasses had grown into vegetables, poisonous almonds into peaches, gourds into melons. The tiger had been tamed to a kitten, the wolf domesticated to a dog. The hope of man climbed daily to further fulfillments, itself remaining illimitable. It appeared that men would domesticate the whole world and make it into the image of a perfect man. But all this was arrested when the priesthood arose and mankind were trained to cower before the forces they had been steadily mastering. No more could diseases be comprehended and extirpated when they were believed to be inflicted by an invisible power with which man could not cope. No longer could humanity command the resources of wealth when it was divided between hungry altars and famished families. Science could no more work its miracles when they were declared audacious attempts to alter the laws of God or to seize His prerogative of modifying His own order. Man grew lean while the priesthood waxed fat. It requires much to feed a god. He devours briars and thistles and wild things, as man devours things that are civilized. So where man had planted a garden the multiplying gods demanded that thorns and thistles should grow. The tiller of the soil was branded.' Here the palm leaf ends."

"That is a melancholy page," I said. "Could not such men suppress their priesthood? There must have been many who saw through their superstitions, and foresaw the degradation that must follow."

"Yes, there were giants in the earth—intellectual, moral, scientific, even physical giants—and they waged war against the gods. But they were too humane to fight with the ferocity of the gods and their myrmidons; they tried to meet violence with reasons. But that which was not built by reason cannot be pulled down by reason. Superstition had entrenched itself in powerful class interests, and was able to breed and train a race of its own. The unbelievers were killed off, the believers survived and propagated their species. The men of science and thought would have been at once entirely exterminated had they not exiled themselves. They went off and built a great city. They left behind them a great many scriptures. These were burnt by the priests."

"What a pity! how precious they would now be!" I said.

"There were some women, it appears, who secretly

sympathized with the thinkers who had gone. While the burning of books was going on they pretended to feed the flames, but they preserved some bits of the inscribed leaves. One or two sentences of each had survived the fire, and these were secretly copied on other leaves. But they were generally without order or connection. A century or so later, when the descendants of the giants were brought back as captives, one of these got hold of the charred remnants of the ancient library and from them gathered a number of sentences and proverbs. On the night before he was offered as a burnt offering to the Ape-gods (there were many of them by this time), he gave his manuscript to an ancestor of my own and it has been carefully preserved to this day."

The Chimpanzee drew from the shelf, with extreme care, several palm leaves, and read—at times not without emotion—what were called—

SCRIPTURES INSPIRED BY MAN.

Man is an incarnate word.

Man's development was arrested when he was forbidden free speech about reproduction.

Our satyrs work freely in the realm of silence.

Every true word is productive.

So far as one is dead in this world he dreams of another.

A fool, laying up for a rainy day, makes every day rainy.

What men call heaven is a moon shining by contrast with earth's darkness.

He that loseth this life, why will he not lose every other?

Farther worlds were wasted on him who dwells only in a closet of this.

The nightingale is actual, the angel possible.

The diamond is a pebble till polished.

The thorn came by natural, the rose by human, purpose.

The Brahmin turned brier to rose for Vishnu; his son stole it for a maid; the rosy god was born.

The happy hour never ends.

Why mourn a departed dawn which has left its flush on my rose?

Why mourn a faded rose that still blushes on my bride's cheek?

In all sacred books are heard the cries of gods to be born of woman.

Love is the unborn babe pleading to see the light.

Marriage at an altar is a ceremony preliminary to sacrificing children on it.

Whoso begets a child sentences an innocent man to death.

A morning star fell from heaven that it might bear light to man at his midnight.

With every babe some god or demon is born.

Love's eyes are bandaged lest he foresee and refuse existence.

All religion begins with man cowering before nature; it should end with nature bending before man.

Be not angry with the gods, they know not what they do.

Does any god know? then pity his anguish of remorse.

Not one cowrie for the rich god, but laks of gold for the poor one.

A poor god sat under the Bo Tree; another, they say, hung on its crossed limbs.

When man had created a melon he asked pardon of the power that made the gourd.

The fear of God is the beginning of folly.

"Run for the doctor! my child is in danger of going to paradise!"

Gods raged with jealousy while Buddha was fed with rice not exacted.

Never did altar receive a gift of love.

A race must be consumed to fatten a god.

The old god said to the new, "Sit on my right;" but on the left beats the heart.

From every sin a virtue grows.

"Surely that last sentence is a paradox," I exclaimed, as the Sage folded away his palm leaves. "What does it mean?"

"Sin is the transgression of divine as distinguished from human law. There could be no such distinction if divine were one with human law. If, then, any law is imposed, not by man or for man, only for the gods, their priests, and temples, they are arbitrary laws; they are ordered by privilege. Obedience to them implies fear, abjectness, meanness; in every act of conformity some part justly due to mankind is betrayed to a class. Disobedience implies courage, freedom, justice. Out of every sin—that is, transgression of arbitrary, unequal, and class law—grows some virtue, some manly force which helps to liberate the reason and resources of man for the benefit of man. For man can owe nothing to any god; if he pay god anything it were out of what he owes man."

"But alas for the city!" I cried, ready to weep. "Why, with walls of such precious stones, could it not stand?"

"Well, it was too beautiful, its people too happy. The gods—I mean the priests, through whom those phantoms act on the world—the gods went out to see the city and the towers built by those men who had refused to worship them. And they said: 'Behold these people are one; they all dwell in homes such as with us are reserved for gods; their houses equal our temples. And this is but the beginning of what they will do. Nothing will be withholden from them. Their science will give them power; their towers command our country. What if they should assail our comfortable heaven and deliver the slaves who support our power? We must act while we are still the stronger.' So they invaded the beautiful city, cast down its towers, and took its inhabitants captive."

"But might not these captives yet combine and teach and leaven the lump of lower humanity which had absorbed them?"

"Ah, the gods were too clever for that. Their own country had swarmed with people; married while children, they passed their lives in reproducing their childishness in other forms. In this way a vast country had been covered and different dialects of speech developed, so that the different provinces could not understand each other. Now the gods took these captives who had been of one language, and carefully divided and distributed them

through regions where they would be compelled to use different languages. The generations of them that followed them could not combine nor co-operate. They could build no more cities. Was not that a master-stroke?"

"Yes, for a devil."

"It is perfectly true that by a perfect mutual understanding mankind could reach the heaven of pious dreams and wield powers attributed to gods. Now that the language of these men, representing both their individual and their co-operative existence, was broken up, their civilization survived only as a torture. What could they do?"

"What did they do?"

"The sun is low."

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

IN THE OPEN COURT (No. 13) the question was raised by Mr. Lewis G. Janes: "Can religion have a scientific basis?" He quotes the opinion of a friend, who says: "There can be no such thing as the discovery of a scientific basis for religion, and, therefore, the attempt to establish religion on a scientific basis is declared to be illogical and certain in the nature of things to be defeated." In opposition to this statement Mr. Lewis G. Janes expresses his view that it does not so appear to him. He thinks that the establishment of a religion on a scientific basis is a great and noble aim, and he concludes: "Fronting a vision, so grand and beautiful, shall we not all press forward in the line indicated by THE OPEN COURT, and strive for its speedy realization?"

Yes, we shall! And I gladly notice that there are many prominent men on both sides of the Atlantic who join to participate in our work. I heartily agree with most of what Mr. Janes says about such a religion on a scientific basis, but I would venture a step farther. To me it does not appear as a mere possibility, for if logical conclusions are to be considered as valid, and if scientific arguments must be accepted as evidence, it is certain that religion on a scientific basis is possible, nay it is necessary, and it will necessarily develop.

I lately heard a gentleman say, who was asked by a guest of his to which church or religious denomination he belonged: "I belong to the most orthodox religion!" The questioner looked rather astonished at his host, who had heretofore in conversation pronounced extremely liberal and even radical views. This answer was unexpected and like a puzzle to him. Then the gentleman continued: "I confess to the religion of science!"

True, the religion of science will cultivate a generous charity toward all historical forms of religion, it will be liberal, fair and just in judging of other creeds,

but in its tenets it will be at the same time most rigorous and orthodox, more orthodox than any Catholic and only saving church ever was, be it Roman or Greek or Episcopalian. The religion of science will not appeal to physical force and does not want the unfounded assumption of authority, for it must rest upon intelligent arguments, the acceptance of which is enforced by their demonstrable truth. Mr. Lewis G. Janes says: "Its conquests will be those of love," and I will not directly contradict, but the word "love," in this connection, does not appear to me sufficiently clear. I believe that the conquests of the religion of science will be those of conviction by the strength which a true argument carries in itself. At any rate I have not been converted to the religion of science by any kind of love, but by the power of its truth. I gave up the Christian faith of my youth very reluctantly, and I almost hated those strong scientific arguments which came to destroy what seemed to me the sole hope of life and best comfort in death. I could not realize at first that these bitter truths which seemed to poison all religious feeling contain a medicine for the pain they inflict; but now I know that science which is so destructive to all superstitious forms of religion is at the same time the basis of the only true religion, viz., a humanitarian religion and the future religion of humanity.

The erroneous statement that religion is one thing and science another, and that both are separated by a gap which cannot be bridged over, is an invention of the schoolmen and has been proposed and obtained for several centuries, merely to protect science from hierarchical persecution. In the dark ages theology was praised as the queen of all sciences (*regina scientiarum*) and philosophy was called her servant maid (*ancilla theologicæ*). Science was the Cinderella, although she was destined to become princess and take the place from which she was kept aloof by her haughty sister.

The thinkers, scientists and philosophers of the Middle Ages often arrived at conclusions which were in direct contradiction to the teachings of theology, and in order to prevent interference they invented, as it were, the axiom that something might be true in philosophy while its contrary is true in theology. The theologians were much puzzled at this theory but being accustomed to many self-contradictions in their own domain, easily acquiesced to the strange axiom. The chasm between religion and philosophy became wider with the growth of science and soon theology became alarmed. Now it was insisted upon on either side that science and religion should not be confounded. They were declared to be quite distinct and should have no communication with each other.

The most ingenious modern formulation of this erroneous axiom has been proposed by Schleiermacher, the distinguished disciple of Kant and Hegel and a

famous orator in the pulpit. He declares that the province of science is the realm of reason, while religion is a matter of feeling (*Sache des Gefühls*), and as such, it is independent of science. He is right when saying that the religious impulses are a matter of our emotions, but I deny most emphatically that religion is confined to the province of emotions. The religion of a man is composed of many very different ingredients. If we analyze one special form of religion (for instance, the Islam, or Christianity, or the religious convictions of a single man), we shall probably find that it is a queer mixture of all things which can influence human emotions; it consists of ethical prescripts, of scientific facts, of superstitious traditions, of reverence to parents and teachers, of awe toward an indefinite or misunderstood power, of humanitarian aspirations, of the eagerness to cling to the hope of an eternal personal existence, etc. Each single religion, or rather form of religion, is a very complicated structure and the result of innumerable factors. Science, undoubtedly, is one of these factors, and, as the standing programme of THE OPEN COURT declares, it should be so prominent as to be "the basis of true religion." Such factors of religious belief as have been very prominent in shaping supernatural religions, viz.: superstition, acquiescence in traditional authority, acceptance of illogical dogmas in spite of and indeed because of their absurdity (the *credo quia absurdum*), should be abandoned. And if, as we all seem to agree, religion is truly an ultimate fact of human nature, I do not see any earthly reason why it should not be established upon a scientific basis.

Voltaire said: *Le style c'est l'homme!* This is true to some extent, for a man is characterized by what he does and by the way he expresses himself. Yet, the style a man writes, characterizes him only in one, although a very important province of his intellectual existence. I know of a better characteristic of man, which is his religion. The religion of a man *is* the man, and it characterizes him. I do not mean the sect or creed or denomination to which he belongs or the belief which his church accepts, I mean the religion as it has taken shape in his brain and heart and as it proves a more or less live and influential factor in the determination of his actions.

If religion is an ultimate fact in human nature, what, then, is it, and what would be a correct definition of religion? The theological definition declares religion to be the relation of man to God. If we eliminate the word God, which to many means a personal Deity, and substitute in its place the All, or the Universe, we may retain the old definition in this form. "Religion is the relation of man to the All or the Universe." As the conception of the whole Universe, however, is one which has been gradually evolved in the history of human kind, the origin of religion and its foundation in human

nature needs further explanation from the standpoint of scientific facts, especially from the results of modern anthropology and psychology.

Chemistry teaches that the elements into which matter can be analyzed are immutable and invariable. Their number is now sixty and odds, but it may, and probably will be reduced to less, perhaps to two or even to one. That would not make any difference, however, with regard to the above made statement, that the ultimate elements of matter are considered as invariable and immutable. Consequently development, progress or evolution cannot and must not be looked for in matter or in the elements of matter. Evolution, progress and improvement, is only possible through a change of the combinations which are formed by the elements. The combinations of the elements admit of innumerable, indeed, of infinite modifications. The atoms of living substance can be grouped in a more orderly array and their molecular motion can be arranged in such a way that their coöperation loses less energy and produces more effect. In this way they will grow stronger and have a better chance to survive.

A single cell performs the same functions as an entire organism. It has the property of nutrition, growth and propagation. If a cell divides into two, three or more filial cells, their connection need not be broken up entirely. Several cells may lead a common life—a kind of family life in which they help each other and grow stronger by their mutual assistance. A division of labor will prove a great economy of work. Certain cells will attend to certain functions for the whole cell community, and the whole cell community will supply them with the necessary food and strength to do their special work. Thus organs develop, and from the cell necessarily organisms evolve. But the condition under which organisms rise into existence is that single parts are subservient to a greater whole; they work as parts of a whole and accordingly find the purpose of their existence not in themselves, but in the greater unity of which they are parts. Their labor serves a higher idea, and their egotism is superseded by a principle which can be compared to the duty of a man to humanity. And this principle contains the quintessence of ethics.

Evolution is only possible because this ethical principle is a law of nature. It is in the empire of organized matter what the law of gravitation is in the cosmic world, which shapes the chaos of a nebula into an orderly arranged planetary system. The same law is the cause of progress in human society, for it prompts the single individual to sacrifice his labor, his life's best years and even his life itself for the propagation, evolution and progress of his race.

The ethical law is a scientific fact. It is a fundamental law of nature and can be proved by a scientific observation of the phenomena of nature.

Religion accordingly is the consciousness of any rational being that it is not a separate entity, but a part of a greater whole, and further that it is a part of *the* great whole, *the Pan* of the Greeks, the All or the Universe. This consciousness is (as is any kind of consciousness) a feeling or an emotion, but its substance or contents comprises our knowledge of the All, which of course varies according to individuality, education, etc. This consciousness of our relation to the All should not be allowed to be a vague enthusiastic feeling, indistinct in its object and purpose, but should be based on scientific data. This is the only way to make religion what it ought to be, viz., a humanitarian religion, which leads humanity onward on the path of progress. This religion should be made the basis of all education. It should be implanted in the hearts of our children so as to make it a live power which will control all the other emotions and thus regulate the further development of human kind.

If religion is the consciousness of our relation to the All, ethics teaches us how to act accordingly. Our actions must be in harmony with nature and in unison with the universe. We must constantly bear in mind that we are only parts of humanity, and that by our labor humanity develops to higher stages. The only true religion, therefore, the orthodox religion of science, in its application to real life, is *ethics*.

A REJOINDER TO MRS. E. C. STANTON.

BY EDWARD C. HEGELER.

NO. 13 of THE OPEN COURT brings an answer from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton to my criticisms of her article, "Jails and Jubilees." My remarks opened with the words, "I believe that the worst enemy of woman is woman; it is not only a matter of fact that we find the strongest adversaries of woman's rights among the fairer sex, but ladies are always severest in judging and condemning the real or supposed faults of their sisters. This truth was re-impressed upon my mind when I read Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's article, 'Jails and Jubilees,' and it is the more noteworthy as she is one of the most prominent defenders of woman's rights. I never read a harsher criticism on Queen Victoria than hers."

Mrs. Stanton says: "In his strictures on my article, 'Jails and Jubilees,' Mr. Hegeler makes the assertion that 'the worst enemy of woman is woman;'" and later: "Because one woman has questioned the goodness and wisdom of the Queen of England, it will hardly do for Mr. Hegeler to pass so sweeping a libel on all womanhood."

Mrs. Stanton draws the attention from the real subject of my criticism—that by her article the Queen of England and her husband had been unjustly attacked in THE OPEN COURT in a personal manner. Mrs.

Stanton's eloquent argument that man, not woman, is woman's greatest enemy, brings to me the thought, however, that for woman to gain full independence and equal rights with man, it is, above all, essential that she blame herself and not others for any oppression she suffers, and look for the attainment of mental weapons to overcome it.

Mrs. Stanton further makes the remark: "Representatives from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France make and administer the law for the daughters of Jefferson, Hancock and Adams, and we have no redress." I myself being one of those American citizens who came here invited by the Constitution and laws to equal rights with those who were born here, have to reply to Mrs. Stanton's complaint—of American woman being governed by such as I am—that we European born citizens brought with us wives and daughters also, who share the still existing inequalities of American born women.

Mrs. Stanton later attempts to support some of her former personal criticism of the Queen of England, but does not yet think of stating anything praiseworthy done by a woman who for fifty years filled a difficult position satisfactorily to a large majority of the English people.

As a specification to her former criticism Mrs. Stanton substantially states that the Queen of England accumulated a private fortune, and did not renounce a donation to her children, as she had saved enough for them. If Queen Victoria has accumulated a private fortune she has done so, not for her personal benefit, but for her children. Its administration will only be troublesome to her. It is well known that the family members of crowned heads are in a difficult position socially, and that much is expected of them requiring money, which they are not permitted by custom to earn. I think the children of Queen Victoria have, however, made an effort to make themselves useful to the state.

Further, if Mrs. Stanton's figures of the amount paid to the Queen's family are correct, I can say that but a small part thereof will have been personally *consumed* by those who received the money. This only gave them the means of making themselves useful to others, or for playing a role in the ceremonial government of the state. What I mean therewith Herbert Spencer's work on *Ceremonial Institutions* teaches. How important in government ceremonial institutions are is shown to me very strongly by the coronation ordeal (with its enormous expense) which the Emperor of Russia (I believe as a duty) imposed upon himself and his wife, having to look for the assassin at every step.

Let us not forget that we find it necessary to send as ambassadors to foreign courts men of private wealth, because we are not willing to pay them enough to meet the expenses necessary for effectually filling their places.

In this connection I am reminded of our President

Hayes, who has tried the system of economy suggested by Mrs. Stanton.

Mrs. Stanton closes with a dark picture of misery among the lower classes of the English people. We find the same distress in our Republic. It is commendable of Mrs. Stanton to think of these afflictions in the turmoil of a jubilee celebration, but it is wrong personally to blame the Queen of England for not having solved the social question.

THE INFLUENCE OF DRESS UPON DEVELOPMENT.

BY FLORA McDONALD.

When science destroyed our faith in the long-revered fig leaf and its purpose, there was seemingly no alternative left but to adopt the theory of our modern dress reform agitators, and regard clothes only as the promoter of creature comfort. But the one great clothes philosopher the world has ever known would have us view the subject differently. In the adoption of clothes, he discovers not merely the satisfaction of an animal want. "In all man's habilitary endeavors an architectural idea will be found lurking; his body and the cloth are the site and material whereon and whereby his beautiful edifice of a person is to be built." The conservation of spiritual force renders man both the author and work—the creator and the created—of his environment. The spiritual energy expended in an act to generate his surroundings, becomes at once a vital power to reproduce in him the idea of which they are the visible expression. An attitude of body cannot be assumed for any length of time without creating a corresponding attitude of mind. Neither can a dress be adopted without arousing in the wearer's mind the idea of which it is the expression. Nations, classes, individuals, differentiate themselves in dress. As all civilized people bear a resemblance to one another, affected only by climatic and other natural influences, so are they distinguished from all savages in physiognomy and their habilitary methods. Less marked differences between one civilized people and another show less marked differences of dress, but that difference exists, deep-rooted—not merely a matter of cut and cloth, but a matter of mind.

The national characteristics of his dress represent to the wearer all those ideas which make his country dear to him, and kindle in his heart the fire of patriotism. A large foreign element, then, introduced in the midst of a people and maintaining its foreign dress, must be an element dangerous to the country in which it is found. The emigrant may swear himself hoarse, vowing allegiance to the government of his adoption; but so long as he persists in wearing the dress of his fatherland, his loyalty may not unjustly be distrusted. It has been noticed that the emigrant who comes to America fully determined to cut loose from old associations and worship

our gods, makes his first act of devotion in a clothing store. A Japanese or Chinese student, anxious to become familiar with English customs, will wisely adopt English costumes. Habiting himself in English dress on entering an English college, he unconsciously makes easier the acquiring of a broad knowledge of English ideas and institutions by thus removing prejudices which his native attire would constantly suggest. A government supply of "store clothes" for the Indian would undoubtedly prove a great aid in the solution of the problem, What shall we do with our noble red man? Similarity of dress is an expression of similarity of interests. Clothe the Indian like the white man, we present to him the idea of common interests—of fraternity. His blanket, war-paint and feathers exist between him and civilization only as persistently as does the cue of the Chinaman hang between him and Americanization.

Professor Teufelsdröckh's high glee in imagining "at some royal drawing-room the Duke this, the Archduke that, Colonel A. and Colonel B., and innumerable Bishops, Generals and miscellaneous functionaries, all advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence, when suddenly the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals—Anointed Presence itself, straddling there without a shirt on," was the rare glee provoked by reason. For a time a certain lofty expression of piety might distinguish the naked Bishop from his fellows, and an unmistakable air of royalty might preserve the Anointed Presence from insult. So, for a time, were an exchange of clothes to take place, the Admiral would be uncomfortable in the Bishop's gown, the Bishop awkward with the General's sword, the General uneasy with the crown of the Anointed Presence upon his head. But so do "our clothes tailorize and demoralize us," if the Admiral persevered in wearing the Bishop's gown, he would soon discover in his soul a liking for lengthy prayers and high living, and before long would detect about himself an air of superior piety which would be not a little confusing; while the General accustoming his head to the weight of the crown would one day find the palm of his hand itching for a sceptre. An idea constantly presented to us by our environment becomes a powerful factor in our development. Radical reformers invariably adopt some radical change in their dress, and, in so doing, provide themselves with a strong moral support. The visible expression of a motive which prompts their acts and makes them different from their fellows, weakens the influence of their fellows upon them by plainly setting them aside as creatures animated by impulses contrary to the general impulse. In communities where rigid discipline is maintained, there can be no question but that the wearing of a uniform by the members aids in sustaining this discipline. The individuality of persons

is merged into the individuality of the community. The person is less liable to assert his will power because of having always before him the idea of the whole. The animus of the community becomes all-powerful. Religious orders thus endure; mutinies among sailors and soldiers are thus made more infrequent; and outbreaks in prisons and reformatories are less often suggested. While there can be no two views of the effect of uniform dress upon discipline, it is a question whether its influence is for the best in prisons and reformatories. When our prison system is universally such that we have a class of hopeless criminals under life-sentence separate from criminals under indeterminate sentences, in the former case where discipline would be the main consideration, no change of dress may be desired. But where there is hope of reform, there is but little doubt that the shaven heads and striped garb commonly seen in reformatories has a deteriorating influence upon moral development.

The habit of the monk is assumed as an expression of the lofty ambition of his soul, and, being thus differentiated because of his piety, he becomes literally virtuous before the eyes of men and in his own sight. This outward demonstration of virtue constantly re-acts on his soul to its good. Likewise differentiate a man because of his viciousness, you connect the idea of vice so intimately with him, with his concept of himself, as to form a decided obstacle in the way of his moral uplifting. The soul to be healthy, must have all channels of expression unobstructed. Where reform is possible, individuality should not only be permitted, but encouraged in every way. The adoption of this principle in the treatment of the insane, has been productive in all instances of good results. A member of one of our State Boards of Charities and Reforms asserts, however, that in the matter of dress there is still room for great improvement in our insane hospitals. The inmates do not wear uniforms, but said he, "they are dressed in ill-fitting, hard looking cheap clothes, apparently so as to make them more keenly alive to their condition and thus retard their recovery, which is also hindered by the exercise of a cheap superiority over them, assumed by hired attendants because of their miserable appearance." The charity of the wealthy, which is ever seeking new courses, might well be directed in experimenting with a change in the manner of clothing our subjects for reform, moral and intellectual.

The dress reform agitators look to nothing but physical comfort and health. Physical health insured, promotes intellectual development. Dwarf the body, the mind suffers. But this intermediate influence which dress brings to bear upon development, demands less attention than the immediate influence which the idea conveyed by dress exerts. If the body is pinched and pained, and so inducing mental discrepancies, there is a

sentinel on guard to cry out against the treatment. Nature rebels, and disease gives forth a warning. In the other instance, however, incalculable harm may be wrought, and no signal of distress seen or heard. The desires and aim of the demi-monde seek expression in a style of dress that is unhesitatingly copied by professedly pure women in professedly respectable society. No woman can do this without becoming a patent factor for evil. She may assume the dress of a Cora Pearl, and, to all appearances, preserve her own purity intact, but she must augment base passions in men that are strong enough at their best. That she does not at the same time experience moral loss herself, is scarcely to be credited — is to be sincerely doubted, in fact. The subtle influence of her dress is ever at work, reproducing in her ideas of which it was originally the expression, and creating about her a moral atmosphere in which she maintains a healthy appearance only because circumstances kindly give her no opportunity for exposure. "Men form laws to suit their own interests, and then term these laws, moral laws — God's laws," said George Sand bitterly. Whatever we may call these laws, whatever mean motive may have originated them, they are necessary to the continuance of all institutions we count good; and since, being the creation of man, they depend for their existence upon the temper of the individual, happiness demands that everything directed against them should be frowned down. It has been found well for our advancement that men hold their iniquity within certain bounds, but that women be above reproach.

Again considering no duty but duty to self—which is, after all, duty to God—it behooves us to look carefully to the growth and development of our children. We send them to school five days in a week, religiously start them off to Sunday school on the seventh day, dress them like puppets every day, and are surprised that our excellent management produces so few earnest, genuine souls! The chief beauties of childhood are simplicity and spontaneity, and both of these beauties we destroy as speedily as may be with the frippery and furbelows we clothe them in. We cramp growing bodies and paralyze growing minds. We force the follies, the mockeries the foolish restraints of fashionable—or, if you will, conservative life upon children before they have got beyond "the murmur of the outer infinite which unweaned babes hear in their sleep, and are wondered at for smiling." We are willing they should be taught the creed and thirty-nine articles, but at the same time we see to it that they are impressed with a proper sense of the importance of a becoming confirmation robe. Innocent childish lips wonderingly repeat: "Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery"—but how many learn the lesson of the lilies of the field? To best further its development, the dress of a child should express but one idea—simplicity.

Its little soul finds the most trivial phenomenon of this big world a perplexing study, and do not confuse it and obstruct its growth by forcing it to an immediate recognition of that thing apart from the natural world—man's world. The soul that in its youth forms an intimate acquaintance, a quick sympathy with undefiled nature, is never without a companion and never without an ally.

THE LAOKOON OF LABOR.

BY WHEELBARROW.

Most of us have seen the picture of Laokoön and his two sons in the embrace of the avenging serpents sent to punish them for sacrilege. I think that was their offense; or perhaps it was blasphemy. It was some crime against religion, and the punishment was of that exquisite cruelty that angry gods delight in. I am not familiar with the legend connected with the picture, but I have read that the piece of sculpture from which it is taken is considered superior to every other work of art in the world. I can readily believe it, for even the picture shows the muscular contortions of the strong man in his agony. But they avail him nothing. His masculine sinews, hardened and distended by the death struggle, only furnish a firmer fulcrum for the grip of the serpents, and he and his boys are crushed together.

Like Laokoön of old, the American laborer and his children struggle in the coils of the strong serpents—monopoly and aristocracy. Capital furnishes their constrictive power, and every effort for freedom only tightens the grip. We strike for higher wages, and end by "signing the document," making our slavery a matter of record, and mortgaging our children "even to the third and fourth generation." On the altar of "brotherhood" we immolate fraternity, and forbid the cunning hands of our neighbor's boys to learn an honest trade because we work at it. We incorporate the principle of caste into the religion of labor, and sneer at the "plug" workman while denying him the right to learn. We butt our heads against stone walls, under the delusion that the exercise toughens the brain and strengthens the mind. Assailing capital we insist on being paid in cheap dollars for dear work, and with inverted patriotism we carry torches in the fool parade whose transparencies demand "high prices for everything." I have a right to talk like this, because a moment ago, when I went down to the shed for a hod of dear coal, I saw inglorious in the corner the helmet that I wore and the torch that I bore "in the last campaign," when, in company with two thousand other patriots, I escorted "the orator of the occasion" to the grand stand. I have "the privilege of the floor," for I got a sore throat in cheering his fluent glib-gab as he boasted of our great prosperity, and called upon us all to vote early and often, and bring our neighbor to vote for the man that made everything dear. The same crusading will be done again by

workingmen next year, but "not for Joseph—if he knows it—not for Joe." I have carried my last torch.

Before labor can be lifted up to its rightful dignity every workingman and every man willing to work must be made free of the "brotherhood." By helping one another we all rise together; by dragging each other down we all fall together. So long as the man who lays the bricks treats as his inferior the man who carries them up the ladder, neither of them is free; so long as the man who drives the engine despises the man who pushes the wheelbarrow, so long monopoly will hold them in a common bondage. This is the philosophy of all experience since man first became the hired man of his brother.

I once had a job of shoveling at a place called Manchester, in Virginia, just opposite Richmond. One Sunday I was taking a walk with a friend in Richmond, and I remarked the inequality of the negroes in the streets, as indicated by their personal appearance. Some were ragged, brutal-faced, and twisted out of shape by premature and unnatural toil; others were well clad and evidently well fed. One bright mulatto, of genteel figure and face, was clad in black broadcloth; he wore a shiny silk hat and carried a cane. It was easy to see also that there were castes among them, superiors and inferiors, and that the higher orders looked with scorn upon the lower classes. I thought that those finely dressed negroes were probably free. "No," said my friend, "they are all slaves, but there are degrees even in slavery; there are 'soft things' there as in freedom." Next day I was standing by the Washington monument, when I saw a procession of negroes fastened by couples to a long chain. They were marching to the shambles to be sold, where I followed them to see the auction. That lot of fellow-Christians brought, on an average, about six dollars a pound. Among them was the bright mulatto—plug hat, broadcloth and all. He was chained to a vulgar looking field hand. All supercilious airs were gone, and every face carried the same hopeless look of despair. All distinctions were leveled in the handcuffs that tightened them to a common chain. So it is with the workingmen. We may build steps on which to place the various crafts one above another, with the laborer and his wheelbarrow at the bottom, but while we are doing that concentrated capital is binding us by couples to an impartial degradation. We can, if we will, reverse the fate of Laokoön and strangle the serpents, but we must all work together; the trowel must not tyrannize over the hod, nor the jackplane sneer at the shovel.

A correspondence between F. Galton, George Romanes, the Duke of Argyll, and Prof. Max Müller, forming an appendix to the lectures on the "Science of Thought," will be printed in our next issue.

The Open Court.

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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

AN OVERTAXED ORACLE.

"Unfortunately," confesses Rev. D. P. Livermore, in reply to the arguments of the Rev. H. M. Dexter, of the *Congregationalist*, against Woman's suffrage—"The Bible has been pressed into the support of almost every wrong under the heavens, and it has been interpreted in the interest of intemperance, of drunkenness, of wine-bibbing, of slavery, of polygamy, of unjust government, of witchcraft, of superstition, persecution and bloodshed, and to destroy the heathen and massacre the Indians." Rev. Mr. Livermore objects to such manifest overtaxing of the Christian oracle when Dr. Dexter offers the Bible as authority *against* woman suffrage, in which Mr. Livermore chivalrously believes; but we wonder whether he and other Christian suffragists feel like making any protest in the interest of truth and common sense when enthusiastic clergymen like Rev. J. W. Bashford and Rev. C. C. Harrah offer to prove from the Bible (and doubtless imagine that they do so), the one, that it is in favor of woman's suffrage; and the other, that

Jesus Christ was, in the light of our new definitions of woman's enfranchisement, "the emancipator of women."

It does not seem at first thought worth while to offer any contradiction of these absurd affirmations, but the recollection of the intense earnestness with which Mr. Harrah's little pamphlet was recommended by a leading speaker at a recent woman suffrage meeting as *the* work most needed by woman suffragists to-day, and the enthusiastic applause with which the recommendation was received by a majority of the women present, together with the fact that Rev. Mr. Bashford's leaflet "The Bible for Woman Suffrage" and Rev. Mr. Harrah's tract "Jesus Christ the Emancipator of Women," are indorsed in the strongest manner by some of the leading woman suffragists, and are being industriously circulated and extravagantly praised in the supposed interests of woman suffrage, makes it seem imperatively necessary to call a halt in "booming" such false pretences and to enter vigorous protest against dishonesty of statement in furtherance of a cause which needs no such false props, and which will ultimately be injured by them.

It is thoroughly dishonest to drag in as evidence in any case a law or utterance ante-dating the possibility of the existence of such case. Neither the Bible nor the Constitution of the United States can be authority in the matter of woman suffrage, a question which at the time they were written had no *raison d'être*. In the moral and intellectual evolution of mankind "new occasions" will forever "teach new duties," and no generation, however noble or advanced, can frame immutable laws for a generation yet unborn, since the environments and needs of that people can be understood and provided for only, or best, by themselves.

Mr. Bashford rests his claim that the Bible is for woman suffrage on a few passages which he unhesitatingly (though with the most amiable motives) warps and distorts from their very evident meaning when taken with their contexts; such as, "In the image of God created he him, male and female created he them, and God said let them have dominion over all the earth." In this passage Mr. Bashford finds authority in the word "them," which he proceeds to interpret to his own satisfaction. This pronunciamiento, however, took place *after* the creation of both man and woman, but Rev. Mr. Dexter in "Common Sense as to Woman Suffrage," strikes the ground from under Mr. Bashford's feet by discovering, through the same oracle—that "before the creation of Eve, even—the keynote of the divine intent as to the female nature," is struck in God's declaration, "It is not good for man to be alone: I will make a *help-meet* for him." "The word used," says Mr. Dexter, "is significant. It is *ezer*, coming from the verb 'to bring aid, or succor.' We submit that it involves a certain natural implication of secondariness and subordination." Another text which

Mr. Bashford interprets in favor of woman suffrage are the oft quoted words of Paul, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus," of which Mr. Dexter affirms that Paul is "not talking about 'rights' of any kind, but of the absolute identity of all classes and conditions of men as sinners before the cross." We give the third evidence which Mr. Bashford offers from his oracle in favor of his position with his own underlining, and that too, is from Paul, "Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman nor the woman without the man *in the Lord*," which Mr. Bashford thinks Paul added to his mention of the historical fact that man is the head of the woman, for fear that "his words on the subjection of woman might be tortured into falsehood."

The groundwork of Rev. Mr. Harrah's claim is outlined in this sentence from his little work. "Nothing in Jesus' reform work has a pre-eminence over the recognition of women and their rights. In no instance does he appear in controversy with them." Also, that he had a large following of women [as every reformer has had], and that "*where the golden rule is true the subordination of woman is a lie*," in which case woman's subordination was also a lie long before Christ was born, as it was enunciated by Confucius in China five hundred years before, and is thus given in the Confucian Analects "Tsze-Kung asked, saying, 'Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?' The master said, 'Is not reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others;'" and Thales and Isocrates in Greece, expressed the same idea in nearly the same words; and in the Jewish Talmud, which Jesus must have been familiar with, the Rabbi Hillel says, "Do not to another what thou wouldst not he shouldst do to thee; this is the sum of the law."

Rev. Mr. Harrah in his well intentioned but labored effort to prove "Jesus Christ the Emancipator of Women," omits explaining why in the best summary of the morality inculcated by Christ, the Sermon on the Mount, there is no reference to woman whatever save in the advice given to *men* concerning divorce, or how it happened that among the twelve specially called to promulgate his doctrines there was no woman, or why he permitted the Magdalene to *kneel* at his feet and pay him such homage, and why it has taken nearly nineteen centuries for Christian ministers to discover this part of his mission, the majority of them refusing to believe it even now, and why the churches which profess to acknowledge him as their head still refuse to permit woman to take other than a subordinate part in their organization and government.

But it is not our purpose to enter upon a detailed discussion of claims so absurd, and claims which such

eminent theologians as Horace Bushnell, Morgan Dix, Austin Phelps, Dr. Patton, Dr. Dexter and Bishop Spaulding, with many other learned and famous clergymen have not been able to perceive in their copies of the Bible. Indeed their oracle has spoken "with no uncertain sound" in direct opposition to such claims. Our only purpose in writing this is to call attention to the unfairness and disingenuousness of employing such pleas in the woman suffrage movement, and to beg our Christian co-workers to have faith in the inherent and transparent justice of that movement and forbear using in its behalf arguments as flimsy as they are untrue.

Woman's suffrage does not need Biblical sanction for its success, and it is simply ridiculous at this late date to make pretense of having it. In Christ's time and much later, woman's equality with man was in no way recognized. Enthusiastic, sincere, tender-hearted reformer as Jesus was, *this* reform was never once dreamed of by him. The majority of *men* were not then in possession of equality of rights, political or other; and everywhere throughout all ranks and conditions of life, woman was considered man's inferior. How preposterous then, to profess to believe that the mission of Jesus was the emancipation of women.

It is certain that the doctrine that through woman sin entered the world, and that her position is essentially subordinate, so plainly taught by Paul, was a part of the early Christian belief, and Mr. Lecky tells us "It is probable that this teaching had its part in determining the principles of legislation concerning the sex"—legislation which put woman in a "much lower legal position than in the Pagan Empire." Mr. F. M. Holland in his "Rise of Intellectual Liberty" remarks that "no ancient Christian of unblemished orthodoxy showed himself so friendly to female independence as the skeptical Seneca, Plutarch, Pliny, Hadrian and Antoninus Pius. Clement of Alexandria, who lost his place on the list of saints more than a century ago on account of his liberality, urged that women have as much right as men to study philosophy, and gave high praise to Miriam, Sappho, Theano and Leontium. These names, with those of Portia, Livia, Agrippina, the Arrias, Fannia, Sulpicia, Zenobia and Hypatia, show that more female ability had been developed before the establishment of Christianity than can be found afterward for centuries. Women had almost ceased to figure in history except as devotees."

It seems to us that even those who reverence the Bible as the revealed word of God, a divine revelation, should object to having it longer used as an empty-headed oracle whose mouth can only echo back each individual wisdom-seeker's own opinion. It is time too that women should begin to understand the laws of natural justice as taught by history and experience to all people of all faiths; instead of relying for their ideas of right and

wrong on an ancient book which is considered divine by but a comparatively small number of the earth's population. No Bible can forever uphold wrong; for whenever men grow intelligent enough to judge by its fruits and its possibilities as to the right of a question, sacred books will either be pushed aside, or as to-day, lamely interpreted in the interests of justice; but a too frequently changed interpretation must weaken its hold on the mind as a true oracle.

S. A. U.

THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.

In the *Freethinker's Magazine* for August is reprinted from *Demorest's Magazine*, a lecture by Mr. T. B. Wakeman, in which is presented the Gough side of the subject of temperance with a show of scientific support. Mr. Wakeman attempts to show that alcohol is a poison, and he advocates the suppression of its sale and manufacture for a beverage. He would have it sold only as a poison, and so labeled when sold, under heavy penalties, as is the case with arsenic.

He argues that alcohol is a poison because it is an excrementitious product of fermentation. He seems not to be aware of the fact that every plant or animal organism depends for its life upon the excrementitious product of associated cells. In physiology secretion and excretion are convertible terms, and an application of the lecturer's logic would make a mother's milk poisonous to her infant. The properties of food upon which the torula feeds must have a definite relation to excreted alcohol, or the process stops; just as too much nitrogen will interfere with breathing. But neither nitrogen nor alcohol, for these reasons, is poison.

Where is Mr. Wakeman's warrant, aside from *Zell's Encyclopedia*, for stating that bread is free from alcohol, or that alcohol is not assimilated in the human body. Some of his scientific assertions are rather reckless, to say the least; for instance: that alcohol is death to all animal cells and tissues; that a half ounce of pure alcohol will kill a man, that it causes an "explosion" of the nervous system; that it never gets further down than the stomach; that it inflames and rots the lungs; that it causes nitroglycerine explosion in the brain cells. In opposition to these statements there is the highest scientific authority for saying that alcohol judiciously taken prevents the death of cells and tissues. Dead animal substance is prevented from decomposing by immersion in it, in most instances. Scandinavians have been known to drink several ounces of pure alcohol at one time. It is a matter of acquired toleration. In lung consumption, it prevents lung decay instead of causing it. It is assimilated with extraordinary rapidity and ease by the animal economy, and it is this very readiness of assimilation that makes it dangerous when improperly used.

It is affirmed by many of the ablest and latest scientific

authorities that alcohol is a food. Dr. Hammond, in his *Physiological Memoirs*, narrates that from personal experimentation, it is a food and a tissue conserver. He says: "The use of alcohol even in moderation cannot, therefore, be exclusively approved or condemned. The laboring man who can hardly provide bread and meat enough to preserve the balance between the formation and decay of his tissues, finds here an agent which, within the limits of health, enables him to dispense with a certain quantity of food and yet keep up the strength and weight of his body. On the other hand, he who uses alcohol when his food is more than sufficient to supply the waste of tissue, and at the same time does not increase the amount of his physical exercise, or drink an additional quantity of water, by which the decay of tissues would be accelerated, retards the metamorphosis while an increased amount of nutrition is being assimilated, and thus adds to the plethoric condition of the system, which excessive food so generally induces."

In continued fevers, such as typhoid, whisky in suitable doses, is generally regarded by medical practitioners to be *the* life sustaining medicine. It is impossible to dispense with alcohol as a solvent for drugs. It is of more use in pharmacy than any other substance. In old age, or enfeeblement from various causes, it is invaluable. Physiological chemistry affords something besides the fanciful effects of alcohol upon brain tissue such as "explosions." Alcohol accelerates the heart's activity, suffuses the brain with blood, and through this extra blood supply causes increased brain activity, just as oxygen will if inhaled. In excess, the pernicious after effects of blood quality changes are experienced, and in extreme cases, rupture of the minute brain vessels, or still further atrophy or shrinking of the brain tissues follows.

Temperance advocates miss valuable assertions made in their favor by specialists, because such things are not sought for in the scientific writings where they abound. Michet accredits one-half the insanity in France to heredity, and Guslain places it at thirty per cent. Anstie ascribes the origin of this heredity largely to alcohol excesses. So that if we take the lowest figure and assign one-half of it as intemperate ancestry causation, then we have fifteen per cent. of inherited insanity caused by drunkenness in progenitors. Lunier, after careful compiling of records, asserts that fifty per cent. of the idiots and imbeciles in Europe had notoriously drunken parents.

Lord Shaftesbury, who was for fifty years head of the English lunacy commission, claimed that fifty per cent. of the insanity in England was caused by intemperance. Directly and indirectly forty per cent. is a figure adopted by many asylum experts as loss of mentality due to alcohol out of the total. The calculations of penologists and almshouse statisticians are appalling, and need elimination of

error probabilities. They variously assign fifty and ninety per cent.

There is no doubt that the undue use of alcohol makes wretched havoc in the world, but we think that a special study should be made of the alcohol question in its sociological aspects by ascertaining, first, *why* it is that there is so universal addiction. An answer to this question would be the first step toward the means of controlling the abuse. Camp-meeting tactics may do a little good among the ignorant, but clamoring for the suppression of the manufacture of alcohol because it does in many instances work great harm, may be paralleled by the attempt of the Mexican mob to tear down telegraph lines when informed that lightning was electricity.

While the great evils from the use of alcohol are beyond dispute, they are not greater to-day than in the past. Sir Walter Scott cannot be regarded as a faithful portrayer of the old times in every particular, yet his pictures of the sottishness of all ranks, castes and degrees, were afforded him by the accurate recorders upon whom he drew. In proportion as a wider expediency has controlled mankind, the grosser accompaniments of intemperance have lessened. The evil assumes new guises as times change, one of the vilest of which, we can see in the saloon influence in politics. But scientific legislation, and an aroused public sentiment, grapple with this depravity, and the world moves on to better days as it always has, even though haltingly sometimes.

Professor E. S. Morse, as President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in New York, at its thirty-sixth annual session, on resigning to his successor, delivered a remarkable address, entitled, "A Decade of Evolution," which was a continuation of an essay he read at Buffalo eleven years ago devoted to showing the part American students had taken in developing the theory of evolution, an essay that called forth a letter from Darwin, who was surprised at the results of American research. Professor Morse is one of the most radical evolutionists. His own contributions to science have been of a substantial and valuable character, and his recent address will be looked for by many, who did not have the pleasure of hearing it, with eager interest.

* * *

There must be many thousand people living who have had their heads "examined" by O. S. Fowler, the lecturer and writer, who died the other day at his home in Connecticut at the age of 78. He was good at reading character from face, head and general appearance, and he presented in a popular, entertaining way much useful information in regard to health and various reforms. These descriptions of character which Fowler and other lecturers on phrenology gave at the close of

their lectures attracted large audiences some years ago, and contributed to the quite extensive belief in phrenology as a science which then prevailed, and to a less extent still prevails among people unacquainted with anatomy and physiology. But phrenology long ago received its *coup de grace* in scientific quarters, and the little there was in it the craniologist absorbed and made a few of his generalizations.

* * *

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and United States Commissioner of the Fish and Fisheries, who died August 19th, was author of valuable works on birds and mammals of North America, was scientific editor of the *Annual Record of Science and Industry* and for more than a third of a century he edited the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution. He was honorary and corresponding member of the most renowned scientific societies of the world. He was born in 1823 at Reading, Pa. He was appointed Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries in 1871 by President Grant.

* * *

A Chinaman, Wong Ching Foo, tells, in *The North American Review*, "Why Am I a Heathen?" It is an amusing article, and reverses things finely. It musters all the evils of the world, and asserts that they are the fruit of Christianity; and then it marshals against them all the virtues, and labels them heathenism. Such an argument is unanswerable, but it sounds as if it were written by a disciple of Mr. Ingersoll as a travesty.—*Independent*.

This article by a heathen may serve to help make some theologians see the injustice of their method of defending Christianity—i. e., to muster all the evils of the world and ascribe them to paganism and skepticism, and marshal against them all the virtues and label them heathenism or skepticism. There is room for improvement in controversial method and spirit on the part of Christians as well as on the part of the opponents of their faith. Wong Chin Foo's article, while presenting many facts, is unjust to Christianity, but its injustice consists in treating one system of religion in the same style and spirit in which advocates of this system have been in the habit of treating all others. They should not be surprised to see their own argument turned against them in retaliation.

* * *

In a private letter Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes-Smith writes: "We of to-day claim too much as originators. Ann Lee, the Shaker, led the way to equality of sex, and Jeremy Bentham, having defined original and inalienable human rights, adds, 'and these are inherent in woman as well as man.' The first one who spoke upon and advocated woman's rights in this country was John Neal, of Portland, Me., who was the personal friend and pupil of Jeremy Bentham. Indeed the world has never been utterly without its witness for the entire equality of man and woman, as a thing self-evident,

though ignored, set aside, and forbidden in the stress of social and political evolution. Three hundred years ago Montaigne had said just what we claim now, 'Women are not to blame at all when they refuse the rules of life that are introduced into the world; for as much as the men made them without their consent.' * * * We certainly are approaching the full recognition of what we claim, but we have much to learn, and this elaborate record of what we have done seems utterly childish. * * * Sixty years ago I helped my husband in editing his daily paper, but was never deluded into the feeling that this was an extraordinary thing on my part."

* * *

Miss Lillian Whiting, discussing in the Boston *Traveler* the question of American art, says: "The picture that is planned with an eye to the market alone cannot hold the spontaneous fervor of the master. Any artistic achievement that is really great must be born out of a great atmosphere. The artist who would produce noble work must live nobly, not ignobly; must live in an atmosphere of ideals and not in the atmosphere of the market-place. All great art periods have, too, been religious periods. Belief in purer purposes; faith in the ultimate realization of diviner dreams produce the atmosphere favorable to artistic inspirations. We must sometimes be silent if we would listen to the voice of the gods."

* * *

A correspondent corrects us as to the title of Colonel T. W. Higginson's history as given hastily in an editorial in our last number. Its correct title is *Young Folks' History of the United States*. Books suggested by correspondents for the use of young readers are: *The Story of Channing*, *The Story of Theodore Parker*, by Frances E. Cooke; *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, by Hon. Thomas Hughes; Mrs. A. M. Diaz's "William Henry" books and *John Spicer's Lectures*; E. E. Hales's *Ten Times One is Ten*; and for girls especially, *The American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play*, by Helen Campbell, assisted by Mrs. Hester M. Poole, and Susan D. Powers's "House and Home" series.

* * *

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the very delightful installment of "Our One Hundred Days Abroad," given in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, says: "I have sometimes thought that I love so well the accidents of this temporary terrestrial residence, its endeared localities, its precious affections, its pleasing variety of occupation, its alternations of excited and gratified curiosity, and whatever else comes nearest to the longings of the natural man, that I might be wickedly homesick in a far-off spiritual realm where such toys are done with." "We may hope," he goes on, "that when the fruits of our brief early season of three or four score years have

given us all they can impart for our happiness; when 'the love of little maids and berries' and all other earthly prettinesses shall 'soar and sing,' as Mr. Emerson sweetly reminds us they all must, we may hope that the abiding felicities of our later life-season may far more than compensate us for all that have taken their flight."

* * *

The American Idea, a new liberal paper published at Liberal, Mo., (M. D. Leahy, editor) says:

It is time that we had ceased firing at dead creeds and devote some of our energy to supplying the wants of the social and moral nature of man. * * * Efforts are now being made to arouse the liberals of the West to the necessity of this work. Preparations are being made for calling a convention of Western liberals for the purpose of organizing upon a high basis of ethical culture. Every one should give it their hearty encouragement. We feel that this movement will meet the earnest co-operation of all liberals, and shall be glad to give our readers an opportunity to express themselves through these columns in regard to the matter. Let us not be satisfied with having destroyed the dungeons of superstition, but rather let us rear upon their ruins the glorious temple of high ethical culture and true moral growth.

* * *

Says the Boston *Advertiser*:

The school of Agassiz and Dawson is not making head at present against the evolutionists. But this school has done a lasting service in its warning against the admission of assumptions in lieu of evidence. The case for evolution should be stated without straining facts to fit conclusions.

All conservative and reactionary schools, no doubt, do some good service incidentally, but we cannot forget that what the opponents of evolution have declared to be "mere assumptions" have generally turned out to be facts, and proofs of the theory. "Assumptions in lieu of evidence" have not been confined to the side that has won; they are still presented by the "school of Agassiz and Dawson," which continues its ineffective opposition to the great conception of natural evolution by feebly repeating "assumptions in lieu of evidence."

* * *

The death of Alvan Clark, the great artificer, the work of whose skillful fingers brought the heavens nearer by many miles, suggests anew the ancient lesson that patience and thoroughness are the conditions of success of the higher order. It is a little thing to grind glass better than another man. It is a great thing when the grinder puts his patience, his caution, the delicacy of his touch, and the careful accuracy of his measurement at the service of the astronomer, and instantly brings all the stars of heaven nearer to his gaze, while bringing within the range of observation some that he never saw before. His last great achievement was the making of a lens for the Lick Observatory, thirty-six inches in diameter. He toiled in a little room in Cambridge, incessantly rubbing lumps of curved glass; but his work, lifted to its proper place, glorifies for man the whole celestial sphere.—*Christian Register*.

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Col. T. W. Higginson (who will soon contribute an article to THE OPEN COURT) calls our attention to the fact that Prof. Albert Réville, is author of a life of Theodore Parker.

THROUGH WHAT HISTORICAL CHANNELS DID
BUDDHISM INFLUENCE EARLY
CHRISTIANITY?

BY GENERAL J. G. R. FORLONG, AUTHOR OF "RIVERS OF LIFE."

Part II.

Aristoxenos of the Alexandrian era, mentions that "An Indian Magus sorcerer or 'Great One' visited Sokrates," and that many philosophers were then preaching abstinence from all wine and animal food, as well as promulgating strange theories of metempsychosis. An Indian monk, Kalanus (evidently *Kalinal*), had also sealed his doctrine and sincerity by immolating himself at Persepolis; and all such matters would be well known and scattered further afield by Alexander and his *savans*, when in the beginning of the next century (200 B.C.) they were traversing the whole Persian empire, and gleaning all they could of India—her histories, religions and rites. Baktria had then fully embraced neo-Buddhism, and long before our era this had permeated nearly all Asia and become virtually the State religion of vast empires in China and India, and was in the mouth, if not the heart of all monarchs, princelets, priests and the learned from the Pacific to the Mediterranean.

We are apt to forget that intercourse throughout Asia was as free and complete 1,000 years B.C. as it is to-day, except in the case of British India, with its great metalled highways, railroads, and telegraphs. Elsewhere throughout the East caravansaries and tracks, called roads, existed then as now; but the roughness of the latter impeded not the interchange of thought, which passed then even more easily than now from tribe to tribe; for bounds were less defined and wild hordes moved more freely then, and a belief in the divinity or holiness of the pious pilgrim-teacher or hermit was more universal; hence he was less molested and more respected, and his opinions more freely disseminated than in these skeptical days.

Thus no important phase of thought, especially in regard to religion, its inspired leaders and their miracles was long hidden. Even fables and folk-lore, as well as sandal-wood, "apes, ivory and peacocks," were as well known in Jerusalem as India. "That a channel of communication was open between India, Syria and Palestine in the time of Solomon, is established," says Prof. Max Müller, "beyond doubt by certain Sanskrit words which occur in the Bible as names of articles of export from Ophir, which taken together could not have been exported from any country but India."*

The Professor says there is no reason to suppose, even at the time when the *Book of Kings* is believed to

have been written, that the commercial intercourse between India, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea and the Mediterranean was ever completely interrupted.

He sees traces of the far East in the treasures dug up from the depths of ancient Troy, just as we have found gold coins, etc., of Thracian, Persian, Parthian, Greek and Skythian, at Banares—part of that great "drain of 550 millions of sesterces," which Pliny tells us Indians took *annually* from the West (VI, 26).

We now know that the literature of Buddhism has been the source of much of our oldest folk-lore, legends and parables—a sanskrit fable appearing, says Max Müller, in one of the comedies of Strattis of about 400 B.C., and "the judgment of Solomon" (in regard to dividing a living child in two) appearing in a much more human form in the Tibetan Buddhist *Tripitaka*.*

If fables and legends so traveled, how much more would the great sayings and doings of a mighty prophet—one who swayed and guided the most earnest thoughts of many millions over a fifth of the earth's surface—be wafted into lands eagerly listening to every breath or sound on these subjects? And that they were earnest in their search, we see from divers ancient sources.

Until lately direct evidence of the path of Buddhism westward has been scanty, but continually increasing; and European scholars, though hitherto reticent, have more and more recognized the faith in many distinctive features of the Putha-gorn, Essenic, and Alexandrian schools, which especially rose in favor when the knowledge of Eastern thought brought back by the *savans* and armies of Alexander the Great began to permeate the West. All these were growths which it is for us to try and trace. Out of a wide-spread heterogeneous archaic Buddhism arose that ethical wave of neo-Buddhism which impelled Gotama Buddha to resist the tyranny of the old faiths as well as the cold agnostic philosophies of the Sankya schools of Kapila Vastu. In the West Buddhism found a fitting nidus, and undoubtedly enormously facilitated the advance of all the ethical teaching ascribed to "the Great Galilean."

The Western world was, some three centuries B.C., tiring of the dry Vedanta-like metaphysics such as Buddha had contended against, and all the Cabala-like doctrines which Putha-goras and his successors had labored to instill. These continued to grow, evolving later into the ethical and theistic theories of the Stoics. But the learning and philosophies, however religious, from Putha-goras, and Xenophanes of 530, through the times of Protagoras, the "first Sophist" or "Atheist," and Anaxagoras to Zenon of 250 B.C., seemed a forced culture too high and advanced for the masses. They could but gaze in bewilderment at the teaching of Stoas and Groves, and wonder what it all meant and what

* Dr. Burnell claims a Tamil source for Solomon's *tuki*, or peacocks, the Tamil for which is *tugai*, and it is most probable that the Arabian Sabean traders got these birds, apes and sandal-wood from the Indian Travankor traders, where these articles are indigenous. Indeed, sandal-wood grew only there, and the coasting tribes would transport it to the Abirs at the mouths of the Indus, which would lead Hebrews to say it came from Ophir or Abirea.

* *India: What Can It Teach Us?* p. 10-11, and Rhys David's *Buddhist Birth-Stories*.

they were expected to do, for this is the first and a crucial question with the busy work-a-day world.

The people were still in the spiritualistic stage by nature and inclination. They required miracles and demanded the divine right of all who taught religion. Mere laborers for "the meat which perishes," they firmly believed in spirits or gods in and around them, and could see no religion apart from divine inspiration—that greatest of all miracles, or at least Divine intuition—the *Sam-bodhi* which Buddha had to confront even in the colleges of Nālanda.

Only cultured Stoics could appreciate the higher Buddhism, and these, says Bishop Lightfoot, "essentially followed Buddha, first, as to a common belief in the supreme good derived by the practice of virtue; secondly, in self-reliance and the assertion of conscience; and thirdly, in the reality of the intuitional apprehension of truth." Stoicism, he continues, "was, in fact, the earliest offspring of the union between the religious consciousness of the East and the intellectual culture of the West, * * * (for) *Zeno, the Phœnician, was a child of the East*, and only when his stoicism had Eastern affinities did it differ seriously from the schools of Greek philosophy. To these affinities may be attributed the intense moral earnestness which was its characteristic" (*Epist. Phil.* II, 273). What truer Buddhism could there be, than such as this which then echoed and re-echoed from Grove to Stoa?—"Submit, my brothers, without grumbling to the unavoidable necessity by which all things are governed. Free thyself from all passions and be unmoved in joy as in sorrow." Compare also our Canonical *Ecclesiastes* which was written about 200 B.C. and is full of Buddhistic stoicism.

But let us seek more facts showing how knowledge on *all* subjects was transmitted in ancient times. In 500 B.C., China received from Babylon much of its mythology and legendary history, and about 425 B.C., as General Cunningham's archæological researches show, India had cognizance of most European styles of architecture, and that of Ionia and Corinth almost as soon as these styles were practised by Greeks. Ezra and Nehemiah had just then come up from the temples of Babylon well acquainted with all that was going on in the East, and had begun editing the Old Testament. Sokrates had, a generation back, consorted with an Eastern monk and many magi, The second great Buddhist Council had been held, urging missionary efforts, and the Buddhistic "Jaina Sutras" and most of the Indian epics were well known. From 400 to 440 we have much Buddhistic teaching in Plato, Epikuros, Pyrrho, Aristotle, and others, and *we hear the latter speak of the Indo-Buddhistic "Kalani" in connection with supposed Jews*; and when, in 330, Alexander the Great and his 3,000 *savans* were on their way farther east—to

Baktria and India—Buddhism was strong from the Oxus and Héri-rud to farthest India, Siam and her island groups. By 317 B.C., the energetic Chandra Gupta, Emperor of Northern India, had married a daughter of Seleukos, and expelled the Greeks from India; but Megásthene, the Greek ambassador, and his staff were still with the emperor, compiling histories of India, its kings, peoples, religions, rites and customs; and another Indian Sraman or Buddhist monk, the Kalanos before mentioned, had shown the West how indifferent the pious should be to this world, its joys or pains, by mounting a burning pyre in sight of the multitudes of Persepolis. We have evidence says Professor Beal, that about this time Greek plays passed into India direct from Alexandria to Baroch or Baroda, and northward to Ujain, the viceroyalty of the young Asoka, though they might more easily have passed from Baktria, then an independent Greeko-Buddhist kingdom. Jews had compiled their Chronicles, and Berosus his histories of nations, their genesis and faiths, and Greeks were then translating the *Zand Avesta* from the Pehlvi, as Greek Jews were their *Pentateuch* from the Hebrew. The age was alive everywhere with busy thinkers and writers, whom the Greeks and other *savans* of the shattered armies of Alexander had stirred into life and formed into literary centers, from the Ganges to the Oxus, and all over Mesopotamia—even into the desert capital of Zenobia, then a link between East and West.

Darmestetter says that "the plays of Æschylos and Sophokles were read at the Parthian court, and the relationship between Parthia and Western Asia was very close,"—how much closer with Buddhistic India and Baktria? Buddhism had of course indirectly attracted the attention of Jews through the Eastern Parthians, and Josephus states* that the Parthian prince, Pacorus (well acquainted with Buddhism), ruled over Syria *from Jerusalem as a capital*, and he quotes Aristotle as saying (about 340 B.C.?) that *the Jews of Cœle-Syria were Indian philosophers called in the East, Calami*" (Kalani?) or "sugar-cane people," and only Jews because they lived in Judea. These "Jews," said Aristotle, *derived from Indian philosophers wonderful fortitude in life, diet and continence*. They were, in fact, Buddhists, whom the great Greek confounded with some Syrians.† Now the "sugar-cane people" of India were the *Ikshvakas* (in Pali, Okkakis)—the name of Buddha's family—and they were Sakas, Sakyas, or Aryan Scyths, who had an ancient settlement near the mouth of the Indus at *Kala-mina*, the black-land (?)—Aristotle's

* *Contra Apion*, I, 2, and cf. Hardy's *Man. of Bud.*, 135, 3—quoting Csama de Korasi's paper in *Bengal Asiatic* of Aug. 1883; *Anct. Skt. Lit.*, 408; *Life o Bud.*, 403; and *Bud. in China*, by Professor Beal, 65, 260.

† This is not strange, for Jews appeared to try and identify themselves with many stocks. Josephus quotes occasions when they are called Parthians and Lacedæmonians. They were then as now great traders, travelers, and captives or slaves, even to Greeks.—*Joel*, IX, 6; *Ants.*, XII, 4-10.

Calami and our Potala or Tata a place holy in Christian tradition as being the city where St. Thomas died, and where, therefore, he and his, would readily obtain all the Buddhist doctrines then long current among Syrian and Judean Essenes, etc.

Such foundations and wide-spread growths could not fail to influence the then rising Christian literature, and there was ample time for them to do so even if the Gospels were fixed and recognized in the first half of the second century; how much more so, if as the learned author of *Supernatural Religion* and others show there was no trace of them among the churches till about 175 A.C. Kalamina was well known as the early pre-Indian home of the Ikshvaku or "sugar-cane" line of kings, and from hence they moved upward to Ujain and Oudh, where they rose to become the royal line of Ayodhya,* and this accounts for the many non-Indian peculiarities in the forms and dress of Buddha, as seen in his images—a fact which has long made scholars suspect his trans-Indian origin. Well may a reverend professor say: We have thus on the Indus, in 350 B.C., "a covert reference to Buddha's family, and perhaps to Buddhists." Now, history shows us that Babylon was considered by many the headquarters of the Jewish faith from the second century B.C. to the first century A.C.; and that to it the learned and pious of Jerusalem ever looked as their city of light and learning, and, says the Mishna, even flashed the news of the appearance of the new moon toward it from Mount Olivet, as did Malachis' "Sun of Righteousness" flash his first morning ray over the sacred mountain into the carefully oriental sanctuary on the haram.

From the third century B.C., Jews spread all over Babylonia into Bactria and the farthest East: and the highest recommendation a member of the holy city could then advance was, that he had been in the Sanhedrim of Babylon, as in the case of the wise Hillel of Christ's time, who was educated in the Babylonian schools. "Balk, the Mother of Cities," as Hwen Tsang calls it in his *Mémoires*, was visited by him because of its very ancient Buddhist history; and there, in our seventh century, he reverently studied the ruins of the great *Nau Bihar*, or "New Monastery." He tells us "it was constructed by the first king of this mother of cities" pointing to a vast age, for even so old a pre-Gotama centre, and confirming the testimony of relics which are being found in the ruins of this celebrated Vihar—see Rawlinson's *Central Asia*, and remarks on "the Buddha preceding Sakya Muni."

Eusebius, St. Augustine,† and several orthodox

* Asoka claimed to spring from the first Okkaka king—Hardy, p. 133. His grandfather Chandra, the Gupta, of the South Indus dynasty, there first raised the rebel banner, which he bore to the walls of Palibothra or Patna, where he established his Mauryan dynasty. All these were Sakyas like Gotama Sakya Muni.

† Cf. *City of God*, and the Rev. Dr. Is. Taylor's *Anti-Christ*, where he shows that Christian monasticism came from India.

fathers, point to a kind of Christianity before Christ, with Sunday services of prayer and praise, like those which arose in our second century; in fact all Western Asia, from the third century B.C., was excited on these subjects; and if we believe the legends of the churches, it was on this account that St. Thomas and other Christians pressed eastward in search of the Eastern focus.

THE SIN OF THE ATOM.

BY VIROE.

God was lonely—silent space
Was His sole abiding place—
On the lips of darkness yet
Kiss of love had not been set;

Then by darkness, Power's bride,
This poor dust was vivified,
And the first-born daughter, Light,
Spun the planets from the night;

With her distaff sat to spin
Cords of force to hold them in:
Cords remotest cycles feel
In the whirling of her wheel

So forever, toiling thus,
Light has tarried virtuous;
But the atom scornful stood
In his new, free hardihood,

And before thy life began
On this planet, conscious man,
By the atom disobeyed
Was the law envenomed made.

In the Eden of our race
So was wrought the first disgrace:
Now the atom's guilty stains
Course, death-laden, through our veins:—

There our long and bitter plaint;
There the leper's fearful taint;
There the sudden poison pang
Of the cruel cobra's fang;

There the atom's shameless sin
Let the rabies' virus in,
And his rebel hardihood
Poisoned nature's perfect blood.

* * * * *

Mortal! so some prouder race
Yet may mourn for thy disgrace,
In some cycle vast and great
That thou canst not estimate.

Man! what knowest thou of man?
What of God's divinest plan?
Fool! thou dost not, canst not know
How life's pulses throbbing go,—

Canst not tell how far thou art
From the beat of nature's heart;
Nor what nobler veins thy sin
Lets the death-drop virus in.

* * * * *

Yet, in spite of all thou dost,
Light is true, and God is just;
Though temptation may not plead,
Nor thy sorrows intercede,

Though the sting my vision saw
Was of death that poisoned law,
And the horror sin has done
Through the deathless cycles run,

In some subtle, perfect way
Out of darkness comes the day;
In some vast alembic, filled
With the false is truth distilled.

TO-MORROW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

BY GOWAN LEA.

The future ours? Ah no,
It is the gods' alone!
The hours are ringing low
"Farewell" in every tone.
The future! Think! Beware!
Our earthly treasures rare,
Hard won through toil and care,
Our palaces and lands,
Great victories, and all
Possessions, large and small,
But only to us fall,
As birds light on the sands!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

To the Editors:

In a note by the editor on the criticism by John Basil Barnhill, of the article entitled "Labor Cranks" by James Parton in *THE OPEN COURT* of April 14, there seems to me to be a half apologetic tone to the readers, as though the criticism would not have been published except "by special request," and the editor adds, "that in our opinion it [the criticism] fails to do justice to the meaning and spirit of the article criticized."

It has been to me a source of surprise and sorrow that *THE OPEN COURT*, which pledges itself to "the independent discussion" of social problems that "are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depends largely the highest interests of mankind," was an almost closed COURT to one side of one of the greatest questions that is now being agitated. Each article that has appeared on the labor question has apparently deprecated any movement made by the working class to better their condition, and to these articles there have been no replies, until at last Mr. Barnhill offers a few words of criticism on one of these articles, and receives for it something very like a snub from the editor.

I would like to say a few words with reference to Mr. Parton's article and Mr. Barnhill's criticism, if the editor will extend to me the special grace granted Mr. Barnhill, including even the prospective snub.

If the "meaning and spirit" of the article, which the editor thinks Mr. Barnhill fails to see, is the elaboration of Miss Martineau's idea, that the man who is one-sided, with one idea, and cannot see a subject "by the light of other minds," nor "in its relation to other ideas," then the editor is right. This is undoubtedly the spirit of the article, the one which the editor sees most prominent. But it is the incident related in the article which reveals the gradual growing of the writer out of a sympathy with suffering, into indifference, that has forced itself upon the mind of Mr. Barnhill, as it has upon the minds of other readers of the article, who still are able to sympathize with any condition that humiliates and depresses humanity. Such feel that although Mr. Parton made then in his early life "a narrow escape from being a labor crank," he had by his lapse from a tender feeling toward suffering, done—"one wrong more to man, one more insult to God."

It is not necessary for Mr. Parton to go back to boyhood and to England to search for a story of human suffering and wrong. The story of any tenement house in New York city to-day, will move any man or woman who is not educated by fortunate circumstance into indifference to suffering in the mass, to an "angel's sorrow," over the wrongs which poverty has wrought to mankind.

That this was the tangible idea to Mr. Barnhill is seen in his strong language—none too strong—"Mr. Parton," he says, "admits that he once had much compassion for suffering and sunken humanity, but this is remembered now only as a youthful indiscretion. He has so far conquered this effeminate tendency of his nature that he can now contemplate thousands of his fellow creatures in misery and ignorance unmoved."⁽¹⁾ That this is not too strong language toward Mr. Parton can be seen by re-reading his article carefully. He has the stock arguments of nearly all writers upon political economy, and reiterates its pet principles in the fine writing which pleases the privileged class, but never reaches the great uncultured mass. Well, I suppose this is better business than to "brood too much over the sorrows of mankind." He cites Henry George as an uncommonly gifted writer, a good citizen, a benevolent man, and "who once studied the works of other economists and may do so again," which will be far better for himself and everybody else than "brooding over a state of things, that has led him into the conclusion, that the land, like the air and the sea belongs to all the people alike."

It remains to be seen which will be of the greatest benefit to humanity for Mr. George to study political economists, or to raise a standard of freedom from the bondage of landlordism.

Men and women who get their ideas from books, and men and women who get their ideas from contact with the questions themselves in every-day life are very far apart. What is it Emerson says about getting an education at the town pump? I cannot recall the words, but the idea is well given in an editorial in *THE OPEN COURT* of the same issue containing Mr. Parton's article entitled, "Genuine and Spurious Culture." "The so-called culture of the age," writes the editor, "lacks in robust intellectual qualities, without any noble moral purpose, and inspired by no lofty enthusiasm, serves only to widen the gulf between its disciples and the masses, increasing, on the one side, contempt for the 'great unwashed' pursuing their prosaic avocations, and exciting on the other side, aversion to a mere intellectualism which ignores the hard facts of life, is indifferent to the condition of the millions, and concerns itself almost wholly with mere literary questions which have but a remote bearing on the practical questions of the hour." And again—"There is no culture worthy of the name which does not include with the acquisition

of knowledge, development of the moral nature, strengthening of the love of right and hatred of wrong."

In these words we find the ring of that true all-roundedness that Miss Martineau meant. If this "meaning and spirit" could be seen in Mr. Parton's article, or any of the articles published in *THE OPEN COURT* upon the questions which are agitating the masses, they would be beyond criticism. They are, however, as one-sided as any written by "Labor Cranks."

I have grieved over this one-sidedness of *THE OPEN COURT* because it is the outcome of the dear old *Index* which I have cherished from its birth as if it had been a bantling of my own. (2)

It cannot be contradicted that the labor question is one of the greatest problems of the hour. It is moving the masses, and it owes its enthusiastic agitation, as much to the "cranks"—the one-idea agitators, as to the principles involved for benefiting humanity, for which its agitation stands.

The "crank" has always been an important factor in all reformatory movements. He was the original reformer, agitator—not always agreeable and intelligent, nor able to see his idea "in its relation to other ideas, nor in the light of other minds," but he could stir the unthinking to look up and out of a dreary depressed rut of superstition or social degradation and was useful. If the crank has been made by "brooding over the sorrows of mankind," he has not at least shut his ears to the cry of anguish, nor steeled his "tender heart to the sight of suffering," but has tried to do something, though may be not in the most graceful manner, to show to the world some way by which such suffering can be made impossible in the future.

This term is applied indiscriminately, so common is its present use, to any person who has a hobby—whether it be a philosophy or a philanthropic scheme. The crank of this generation may be the hero of a later one, as has been the case in the past, with men and women who have grown cranky by brooding over the sorrows of mankind, and have in their way helped to move the car of progress which bears humanity onward toward better things.

A. BATE.

[(1) We adhere to the opinion that this language conveys a wrong impression as to the meaning and spirit of Mr. Parton's article, which showed no lack of sympathy with the cause of labor. The article having appeared so far back as April, we thought it but just to Mr. Parton to make the remark to which exception is taken, and to indicate the number of the paper in which the article was printed.

(2) *THE OPEN COURT* is not devoted especially to the labor question; but its discussion is within the scope of the journal, and certainly it has neither been excluded from these columns nor one-sided, as our correspondent may satisfy himself by looking carefully through the several numbers of the journal.—ED.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Volumes V. and VI. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1887; pp. 602 and 610. \$2.25 each.

These two volumes give the political history of England, Ireland and France, from 1784 to February 1, 1793; and several topics are extended beyond these dates. Within them the account is tolerably complete, though there is scarcely any reference to Scotland, or to the trial of Warren Hastings, which was so prominent in the proceedings of Parliament in 1788. English literature, which has had only incidental notices in previous volumes, receives the munificent allowance of ten pages, including three devoted to Pope; Burns has eight lines, praising him for inserting "a few strokes of genius" into the old Scotch ballads, but not referring to the beauty of his own songs or the vigor of his satires—Lady Nairn is not mentioned on the page given to female

authors, and of Mrs. Macaulay we hear only that she is no longer read, and not that she ought to be by every one who wishes to find out how unjustifiable Cromwell's usurpation really was. It is high time that Americans, at least, should know more about the republican historian of England, the fearless defender of the revolution. Still more singular is Lecky's failure to refer to Scotland's men of science, or to any of her philosophers, except Hume. Room for all these subjects might easily have been gained by abridging the three hundred and eleven pages which treat of Ireland from 1782 to 1793, and which are not likely to diminish the regret with which the reader learns that Lecky means to devote his next and last volume entirely to the still vexed isle and to say nothing more about England, except incidentally. No historian can speak of Ireland with more authority; but her history might more properly have been confined to supplementary volumes than been told in chapters which interrupt the connection of those devoted to English affairs, or else shorten their space. The latter defect is especially marked in the failure of the historian of the *Rise and Progress of the Spirit of Rationalism* to give even forty pages to such subjects as the defeat of the attempts to repeal the laws according to which taking the sacrament of an Episcopalian priest was required of all office-holders, while belief in Unitarianism, refusal to attend some orthodox church, and eating meat on fast days were among penal offences. The age was on the whole growing less intolerant, as is shown by Mr. Lecky; but he does not give any full view of the many influences which were cooperating to bring about this great change. And he forgets how much Voltaire did to make persecution absolute, when he indorses Paley's declaration: "I deem it no infringement of religious liberty to restrain the circulation of ridicule, invective and mockery upon religious subjects." The employment of ridicule against errors about religion should not be forbidden, or even regretted, so long as Sabbatarianism makes Sunday recreation impossible for multitudes who need it grievously, while the agonies of death from cancer are increased by the credulity with which the victim obeys the command of the "Christian Science" quacks, not to use any of the well-known means of relieving her sufferings, because "In reality there is no pain!"

Mr. Lecky's conservatism also leads him to deprecate the establishment of universal suffrage and to omit from his elaborate account of Pitt any reference to those utterances of the great statesman in favor of Home Rule in Ireland, just published in full by Mr. Gladstone. Still more surprising is the assertion, on a page headed "Conservatism of Freethinkers," that "there is certainly no natural or necessary affinity between free thinking in religion and democracy in politics." (Vol. V. p. 309.) What, on the contrary, is there more natural than the habit of looking at both religion and politics from the same standpoint? Our own neighbors are usually as independent and progressive in politics as in religion; and fair and thorough study of history proves that it has always been so. Mr. Lecky appeals to the case of Hobbes, but does not tell us how he disproved the divine right of kings. Nor does he here mention Henry Martin, Algernon Sidney, Blount, Collins, Shaftesbury, Franklin, Jefferson, Paine, Godwin, Burns, Mary Wollstonecraft, Catharine Macaulay, and other democratic freethinkers, though he makes all he can out of Bolingbroke, Hume and Gibbon. So again, we are not told how revolutionary Spinoza was in all directions, though we read that his contemporary, Bayle, "wrote with horror of the democratic and seditious principles disseminated among French Huguenots, and there is no reason to believe that the great writers of the period of the *Encyclopaedia* were animated by a different spirit." Two of these writers, Diderot and Holbach, produced together one of the most democratic and seditious books ever printed, a fact which Lecky nowhere mentions, though he speaks elsewhere of the socialistic writings of their contemporaries, Mably and Morelly. He mentions that Raynal protested against the French revolution in old age, but not that he had helped to bring it about. The seven pages about Voltaire do not refer to his sympathy with the Genevese democrats and American revolutionist; and Rousseau appeared much more revolutionary, both in theology and politics, to his own contemporaries than would be supposed from reading this history. Nothing more need be said about this argument to prove "Freethinkers not naturally revolutionists," than that it makes no reference to Mme. Roland or any of her great associates.

These defects in Mr. Lecky's work deserve our notice all the more on account of his many and well-known merits. He will always have a prominent place on the book-shelves of thoughtful and liberal people; and whatever might otherwise be too revolutionary, in the writers whom we should put beside him, will be speedily neutralized by his cautious moderation and prudent deference to practical duties and vested rights. F. M. H.

The Open Court.

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SOME RELATIONS OF SCIENCE TO MORALITY AND PROGRESS.

BY G. GORE, LL.D., F.R.S.

Part I.

In an address delivered in Birmingham at the unveiling of the statue of Sir Josiah Mason, Sir John Lubbock correctly remarked that it is not "merely in a material point of view that science would benefit this nation. She will raise and strengthen the national as surely as the individual character." In illustration of this statement I would gladly be permitted to make the following remarks, with the object of showing that our moral character is being strengthened by a general recognition of scientific laws as a foundation of the chief rules of moral conduct.

It is commonly believed that moral actions are altogether unaffected by scientific conditions; that science has little or no connection with morality, that it can shed no light upon the questions of the freedom of the human will, the origin of sin and evil, etc., and that moral phenomena cannot be scientifically investigated, but must be examined by other methods than those usually employed by scientific researchers.

While earnestly wishing not to disturb the cherished beliefs of other persons, I venture to say that moral phenomena have relations to physical and chemical ones, and are capable of being scientifically investigated, and that the chief rules of morality have a scientific foundation. It is well known that the moral faculties are capable of being strongly affected by a physical shock to the brain, by intoxicating liquors, drugs, etc., and that by placing temptations before persons experiments may be made on their morality. That the physical state of poverty is a source of crime, and that of wealth conduces to licentiousness, are also commonly known facts.

The method of scientific research is alike in all subjects.

The essential nature of truth, viz., universal consistency, or agreement with all known truths, is the same in all subjects, the chief mental powers employed in discovering truth are also the same in all inquiries, in morals as in physics and chemistry. There is no easy method or special faculty, call it "conscience" or what we will, which enables us to infallibly arrive at truth in moral questions; we investigate such problems by the

aid of precisely the same intellectual powers and processes as we do physical and chemical ones, viz., by means of perception, observation, comparison, and inference, employed upon the whole of the evidence, by observing facts, comparing them and drawing inferences, by analyzing, combining and examining the evidence in every possible way, and thus arriving at consistent conclusions. What is right and good and what is wrong and evil are determined by precisely the same general mental methods as what is true.

But although in investigating moral questions we must employ the usual intellectual processes we may arrive at correct conduct in two ways, viz., either blindly or intelligently; blindly by trusting to our inherited and acquired tendencies, and intelligently by the conscious use of our knowledge and intellectual powers.

Morality is an art, consisting of rules which are to be followed. At present it is in the empirical or dogmatic state, and has not arrived at the scientific stage or been hitherto recognized as being based upon fundamental scientific principles. We obey certain rules because they have been found to be good, because we are told to do so, or because it is the custom, and not because the rules are enforced by the divine authority of immutable laws.

Moral phenomena are subject to the law of causation.

The affairs of this world appear to be governed not by what we consider strict rules of justice, but by necessity, i. e., by the fundamental principle of causation and the other great laws of science. According to the scientific view of universal causation, the present state of the universe is a consequence of all its past conditions, and its future is all implicitly contained in the present, and will be evolved out of it in accordance with the laws of indestructibility of matter and energy, and the equivalency of forces. Out of nothing, nothing alone can come. We can not create anything, not even an idea. All things are evolved. It has taken ages to evolve our present state of knowledge. We are wonderfully constituted; while each man is all important to himself, and often acts as if he was the center of all things, he is but as an atom upon this great globe, and the earth itself is only a minute speck in the universe, one amongst a hundred millions of worlds.

According to the law of causation, whatever is, under the given conditions, must be. Starvation forces

a man to steal, and our regard for the safety of our property compels us to punish him. Whatever is, also must be, whether it agrees with our ideas of justice or not; if the number of paupers around us was doubled, we should have to pay double poor-rate, whether we helped to produce the increased pauperism or not. Afflictions visit the saint as well as the sinner, and we have no choice but to remain upon this planet and accept this life with all its pains and penalties.

All animals are as puppets subject to the great physical powers of the universe. About fifteen hundred millions of human beings are carried through space upon the surface of this globe at a rate of about eighty thousand miles an hour, whether they are willing or unwilling; and man is only one out of about three hundred and twenty thousand different kinds of living creatures; he is also only permitted to live a limited number of years, and his body is then compelled to return as dust to the earth from whence it came. The great number and variety of diseases and accidents to which he is subject, show the narrow limits of his power of resistance to natural influences.

Less important matters must yield to greater ones.

By the unavoidable laws of nature, less important objects are obliged to yield to greater, life of all kinds is ruthlessly sacrificed when more serious interests are at stake. The wholesale destruction of human life and happiness by earthquakes, famines, volcanoes, storms and floods, takes place utterly regardless of the sufferings and cries of mankind. The preservation of human life is of less importance than the proper adjustment of terrestrial forces and the operation of great natural laws. By a single earthquake in Java about thirty-two thousand persons were killed and multitudes injured, rendered homeless and insane; during famines in India, millions of human beings have died in an entirely helpless state by the fearful process of starvation, and the simple list of earthquakes, floods, and famines within historic times would fill a volume. "In Japan earthquakes occur at the rate of two a day." (*Nature*, Vol. XXXIV, p. 456.) Various religious beliefs, also, which afforded consolation to millions of believers, are gradually being sacrificed to the resistless progress of new knowledge, regardless of the mental suffering thus occasioned.* Science, however, has already by means of telegraphs and steam locomotion, nearly rendered famines impossible, and will probably in due time, render more uniform and more consistent with truth some of our religious beliefs, and thus harmonize religion itself.

The idea of Evil is essentially human.

Probably, in the view of an infinite intelligence, whatever is, is right, and all that is, is good, but our

*The Parsee priest, who, after having traveled a great distance to worship the "sacred fire" at Baku, is shocked to find the object of his devotions surrounded by oily derricks, petroleum reservoirs, oil distilleries, the machinery of modern science and a busy manufacturing population.

intelligence is extremely finite, and therefore whatever causes pain, unhappiness, or discomfort to sentient creatures, especially to ourselves, we, in the narrowness of our views, call an evil, and he who wilfully does an evil act is termed a sinner. A volcanic outburst on an uninhabited planet would not be considered an evil, because it would not afflict sentient creatures. We fear pain as if it was always an evil, but it is usually a check to wrong conduct and is often of great good in warning us to take care of our life. The endurance of pain often secures to us greater subsequent pleasure. Injuries and benefits are alike due to natural agencies, and pain and evil are results of the same causes as that which is good and pleasant; the same cold atmosphere which kills the feeble, invigorates the strong, the rain falls where we do not as well as where we do require it, the same wind which wafts a ship to port detains the outward bound. All evil and good is relative, and that which is a curse to one man is often a blessing to another; money is a blessing to the wise, but often a curse to the foolish.

The Scientific basis of Rules of Morality.

No one but a person ignorant of science would deny the supremacy of scientific laws over the existence and actions of mankind, or that the principles of science constitute a foundation of rules of human conduct. The laws of nature are the commands of God, and are certainly a basis of moral as well as of physical guidance; the first rule of righteousness, "That we should do unto another as we would have him do unto us under like circumstances," is manifestly based upon the great law of causation, viz, that "the same cause always produces the same effect under like conditions;" and if this law was uncertain the rule would be unsafe. Herein lies a fundamental and scientific basis of morality, which every teacher of that subject will probably have to study.

The Scientific basis of Life and Consciousness.

That our existence depends upon physical and chemical circumstances, is admitted by all intelligent persons; no one will deny that air and warmth are necessary to our existence, or that foods sustain and poisons destroy life. Not only our existence but also our consciousness of existence, depends essentially upon scientific conditions, the same fundamental circumstance, viz, inequality of impression which compels a stone to move or a voltaic couple to produce an electric current, excites a man to feel and think and this non-uniformity of impression as the basis of consciousness and thought is known as "the theory of relativity of impression." We cannot even think of an event in time or a point in space, without reference to some other event or point, without a difference of impression we can distinguish nothing. Time, space and the rapid motion of the earth in its orbit being perfectly uniform in their influence upon us, are not directly perceptible to our senses; and even the pressure of the atmosphere while it is uniform is not

perceived. When we wish to lose consciousness and thought, or fall asleep, we exclude as completely as we can all changes of impression, of motion, sound, light, pain and pleasure; unusual and changing impressions prevent slumber.

Scientific necessity consistent with freedom of Will.

The question of freedom of the will is elucidated by science. Man is as truly and probably as completely subject to causation as is a stone or a plant. The human will is not a causeless phenomenon, it is determined by motives, by influences within and around us, potent causes, such as alcohol within, or danger to life from without, powerfully affect our volition. If, as is sometimes asserted, volition was a "supernatural power," experiments could not be made upon it by means of alcohol, drugs, etc. We often cannot detect our own motives, because we cannot think and at the same time completely survey our act of thought, the two simultaneous actions in the same organ being incompatible. The freedom of the will is limited, we are only really free when we conform to natural laws, and we are usually restrained when we attempt to disobey them; the larger our knowledge of natural laws the greater our freedom of volition. There are bounds of freedom of action which we may not exceed, we are more free to obey moral rules than to infringe them, we are much less free to do evil than to do good, less to cause pain than to confer pleasure, but all living creatures are free to inflict pain upon others in certain cases, especially when it is necessary in order to maintain life, and this is the basis of justification of animal slaughter, of all surgical operations and of so-called "vivisection" experiments. These scientific facts agree with and reconcile the seemingly contradictory doctrines of free will and necessity.

But, notwithstanding that we are usually more constrained to do right than wrong by the influence of natural laws and circumstances, we still *appear* to be able to control our own actions and do as we like within certain limits. This power of self-regulation, however, so commonly regarded as a proof of conscious freedom, is not so, because it is possessed by various inanimate mechanisms, a steam engine for example, which, by its action upon an intermediate agent, the governor, regulates its own speed.

Scientific basis of Sin and Evil.

Scientific knowledge sheds light upon the origin of evil, sin and suffering. The very existence of evil is dependent upon non-uniformity of cerebral impression; if there was no inequality of such impression there would be no consciousness, and therefore no pain or unhappiness, sin or evil. Consciousness of pleasure as the result of obedience, and of pain or unhappiness as the effect of error or disobedience, operate as regulators of conduct, and largely compel us to act rightly. The existence of evil is also related to the size and condition of the human

brain; perfectly moral conduct would probably necessitate perfect knowledge, and perfect knowledge would probably require an infinitely perceptive and perfect brain, but a man's brain can only retain a finite number of ideas and a very limited amount of knowledge. A perfect man would be a god and have infinite perception and intelligence, but as man does not possess these attributes, he has no infallible guide to correct conduct; "conscience" does not absolutely tell him, and reason, based upon very limited knowledge, is the final but fallible arbiter in all cases.

New scientific knowledge diminishes evil.

Knowledge is frequently indispensable to moral conduct; there are plenty of difficult cases in life in which the desire to do right is not sufficient; the commission of evil is usually a result of ignorance, and if men could in all cases foresee and completely realize all the consequences of their acts, they would rarely commit sin. The results of wrong doing are essentially the same, whether it is intentional or accidental. The evil which we are absolutely compelled to do is not necessarily immoral. The chief causes of sin and error are the finite capacities of our brain, the incompleteness of human knowledge and defective training and education. Man's ignorance is gigantic. "Knowledge is power" and new truth makes us free. It is increased knowledge which makes men more free to act rightly, and it is largely by the discovery and dissemination of truth that science conduces to morality. Truth is divine and the great scientific laws which govern the universe and mankind are divine commands, and those who, either through ignorance or intention disobey them, do so at their peril. It is a conspicuous fact that those who profess to study and inculcate divine commands, largely omit to study and expound these, there is, however, a sufficient cause for this. If those laws were generally known and acknowledged, there would be more unanimity of religious belief and a less amount of sectarian strife.

ARE WE PRODUCTS OF MIND?

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Part I.

1. *Voluntary movement the key to the problem.*

A solid scientific basis cannot be given to ethics and religion before the following question is definitely settled: In what relation does mind or consciousness actually stand to our own body and to physical nature in general?

No scientifically warranted answer has gained currency thus far. It has not yet become certain whether our bodily organization is an outcome of mental efficiency, or whether mind is, on the contrary, an outcome of organic activity, or whether mind and the organism are two separate but intercommunicating entities.

It is quite certain, however, that our ethics and religion have always taken shape, and will continue to

take shape, in accordance with our faith in one or the other of these modes of connection, believed to subsist between the two constituents of our seemingly dual nature.

Now, if we desire to build on a firm scientific foundation, and not go on blindly surmising or eternally see-sawing, we have seriously to grapple with the problem, however abstruse and uninviting this task may appear to many. There is, indeed, much likelihood that, before long, scientific philosophy will succeed in solving it, for it is a riddle whose parts are all openly manifest.

I have recently drawn the attention of the readers of this journal to a scientifically grounded attempt at solution of this great problem of mind and organization on the part of one of our foremost students of organic evolution; and they have since had the privilege of becoming acquainted with a concise and forcible statement of it by its own author.

In this his very courteous and highly interesting reply to my criticism, Professor Cope does not feel compelled to budge one inch from his former position. He still maintains "that mind is a property of matter in energetic action; or, in other words, that mind is the property of some kind of energy;" that, if this be admitted, then "mind is the property of something which possesses momentum, and is also a property of some kind of motion," and "as these are the conditions essential to the communication of motion to other matter, mind can control matter. (*q. e. d.*)"

He "awaits with interest a disproof of these positions."

To this pithy declaration of his leading propositions it may at once be objected that the "energy" endowed by Professor Cope with the additional efficiency of consciously deflecting matter from its mechanical path is a power nowise recognized in physical science. It is here an entirely novel agency, and it involves as complete a *petitio principii* as can well be found, for it assumes, unproved, to start with, all that is called in question, namely, that "mind can control matter." From the premise, that "matter in energetic action" "can be conscious," it does by no means legitimately follow that this accompanying consciousness is able to control the energetic activity of the otherwise purely mechanical motion of such matter.

The only "energy" hitherto recognized by physical science—the very same science of objective observation to which Professor Cope professes faithfully to adhere—this "energy" is strictly and solely the power which moving matter possesses of working absolutely precise mechanical effects upon other matter. Therefore, no amount of consciousness superadded to this power can possibly affect the physical result. Even fully admitting Professor Cope's fundamental proposition that "energy

can be conscious," it would not be the consciousness of the energy, but the energy itself, namely, $\frac{1}{2} Mv^2$ which does *all* the moving. This is incontestably the doctrine taught by our present physical science in accordance with its *a posteriori* method, and there is no getting round it, unless you upset it altogether.

Besides, "energy" cannot properly be called "a property of matter." Energy is matter itself in mechanical motion, and its effects are always mechanically wrought on *other* matter—never on the matter which is its own vehicle. But it is clear that consciousness, in order to control matter, would have, first of all, to impart a designed motion to the very matter in which it itself resides.

Leaving, however, physical science out of sight, is it not anyway rather strange that the property of a thing should be able to control the thing itself, of which it is a mere property? And stranger still that "the property of a property" should reach all the way back and control the very matrix in which it inheres and on which its very existence is consequently dependent?

These few remarks seem to me to contain a sufficient disproof of Professor Cope's positions. But the real question under consideration lies much deeper; and as it is a most momentous one I will go to the root of it by asserting that whoever believes that mental power of some kind is moving our body has consistently to adopt all the tenets of Professor Cope's *Theology of Evolution*. If we really move our limbs by dint of the mental power generally called "will"—and how many theologians, philosophers and scientist are there who are not committed to this assumption?—then it can be consistently concluded that our entire body, with all its vital functions, has been originated by a like mental power, and that such mental power must be inherent in wholly unorganized matter.

All those, then, who believe that it is mental efficiency by which we are controlling our body should clearly understand that Professor Cope's strange evolutionary and theological conclusions are the only scientifically warranted outcome of this almost universally accepted order of dependence. If the alleged relation proves true, then we need seek no further for a well-grounded creed; for Professor Cope has, in that case, established the only consistent one, and he has done this with a profusion of scientific means unknown to those who before him have raised theological superstructures on the same foundation.

Hitherto it has been mainly the obvious and wonderful adaptation of living forms to their surroundings and aims of life, that has afforded a powerful plea for the direct workmanship of a supreme mind. And the argument for such a consciously designing interference with physical nature on the part of a divine intelligence, was here also experientially supported solely by the

assumed fact, that our own mind originates our voluntary movements, and gives them their purposive direction.

But the phenomena of instinct, in which purposive activities of a marvelous kind are evidently a direct outcome of consciousnessless organization, seemed seriously to invalidate the only plausible premise, from which the argument of design derived its convincing power. In the latter part of last century, however, the doctrine that instincts are the outcome of former conscious experience and activities, which have become bodily organized in the race, began to be formulated. And the well-known fact that conscious activities tend, even during individual life, to become "automatic" gave strong confirmation to this opinion, rendering it, in fact, all but certain.

Now the question here is the same as everywhere in this discussion. Are the activities which we experience as *accompanied* by consciousness really originated and directed by it? If so, then Professor Cope is right from beginning to end. For if consciousness originates specific activities, and if these specific activities, by being frequently originated by consciousness, compel the material in which they manifest themselves gradually to assume that peculiar constitution, which enables it afterward to perform these same activities without the help of consciousness—then it is incontestable that consciousness and nothing else has done the entire work of organization, imparting to it, moreover, specific energies by which it becomes capable of performing definite vital functions. And, as higher vitality and higher organization are wrought by successive degress on a basis of lower vitality and lower organization, beginning with morphologically wholly unorganized material which is manifesting only most primitive vital activities, it may consistently be concluded that vitality and organization are in all their gradations the exclusive product of consciousness. But as such constructive consciousness cannot be deemed competent to create out and out the very material upon which it is working, it must necessarily be itself inherent in the least organized kind of matter found in existence, and this is as far as we know, the interstellar ether. Consciousness, in this light, is imperishable. In organic nature it securely withdraws, step by step, from its organized product, leaving at last its entire manufactured and worn out shell behind.

These are the principal tenets of the *Theology of Evolution*, all founded, not as Professor Cope believes on "observed phenomena," according to the *a posteriori* method, but on the single *a priori assumption*, that it is our mind which is originating the movement of our limbs. This foundation granted—and it is actually granted by all thinkers who believe in the motor power of mental volition—I myself confidently join Professor Cope in awaiting "the disapproval of these positions."

Evolution has become the almost universally adopted creed of our age, and the time has arrived when a more searching and exhaustive view of it has to be formulated. Is it really only the result of selected fortuitous variations? Or rather the effect of the mixing of divers reproductive elements? Or perhaps the consequence of adaptive modifications wrought exclusively by the influences of the medium? Or the outcome of fatalistic mechanical combinations in keeping with the principle of the conservation of energy? Or, on the contrary, the constant work of premeditated design on the part of a supreme consciousness? Or, at least, the work of mental power emanating from the organic individual? Or is it merely our own imperfect illusory apprehension in time-shattered glimpses of a perfect reality, which is eternally and simultaneously abiding in universal thought? Or is it, finally, in all verity, what it experientially appears to be, namely, the gradual intrinsic elaboration of individuated living substance, by dint of multifold modes of *interaction* with its medium?

We are nearly all convinced that evolution takes place. We desire to know more fully how it takes place, and what it really signifies.

In this search for further and more profound elucidation the evolutionary views of the neo-Lamarckian school, to which Professor Cope, with the help of recent biological progress and his own original researches, has given consistent expression, must be deemed highly important. They are radically opposed to prevailing biological and philosophical conceptions. It is evident that they are in glaring contrast with the teaching of mechanical biologists, who have long been in the ascendant in the scientific world, and who are holding that in organic nature no other power is operative, than that very same mechanical force or energy, which they declare to be the moving efficiency in inorganic nature. And they are in glaring contrast also with the teaching of idealistic thinkers, who deny altogether the existence of anything but mind and its various modes.

It is significant that—devoting his attention to biological researches of quite another kind than those I have been pursuing—Professor Cope was led, as well as myself, to adopt anti-mechanical views of evolution. Indeed, the close and critical study of any kind of organic process, renders evident the truth, that here, at all events, the combination of material particles and the energies displayed by such combinations, are of an altogether hyper-mechanical nature. And this scientifically well-grounded insight seems to me to constitute an essential advance, not only in biology, but also in physics.

It was direct observation of this anti-mechanical state of things which first induced me to question the general validity of the principle of the conservation of

energy. For how could this supreme mechanical principle be generally true, when it proved to be incompatible with the facts of organic constitution and evolution? If Professor Cope had chanced to come across the papers, in which I attack the mechanical view of nature, pleading for the existence of *specific* energies, as naturally belonging to special material combinations, he would have understood my scientific position. He would have found that I, in opposition to the mechanical physicists have long been holding, that energy or motion is not an entity separable from the substratum which forms its vehicle, and therefore not *transferable* from one substance to another, as now universally taught in physical science. And knowing this, he would not have accused me of arguing about energy as if it were "a concept distinct from matter." He would also have become aware, that I, like himself, am a firm believer in specific or hyper-mechanical modes of energy. My first paper in *Mind* bore the title, "The Dependence of Quality on *Specific Energies*."

THE POSITIVE VIRTUES.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Part I.

In the Shorter Catechism, which every Presbyterian is supposed to know by heart, there is a question: What is sin? The answer to it is: Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God. Here the law of God is recognized as the ^worm of human action, and two kinds of departure from that ^worm are distinguished—sins of omission and sins of commission. There are many excellent things in the Shorter Catechism, and this is one of them. The law of God is the worm of human action, and there are two forms of departure from that law.

What is the law of God? It is the ultimate law of universal being; it is the fundamental law of the universe. No matter how we conceive God, if he is the Supreme Being, this must always be true, and this, indeed, is all that is necessary for us to know. As a being is, so will he act. There is no possible departure from that law. Even God, therefore, be he what he may, must act in accordance with the laws of his being, and if he be the Supreme Being, he must act in accordance with the laws of being itself. The law of God, therefore, is the supreme law of being. And this law is the worm of the actions of all that is. All laws are but partial expressions of this law—suited for partial application. The two possible forms of departure from this law we call sins of omission and sins of commission. The former are failures to do what the law requires; the latter, perpetrators of what the law forbids. Corresponding to these sins or vices are two classes of virtues, which, for symmetry's sake, we may call virtues of omission and virtues of commission. The former

consist in refraining from doing what the law forbids; the latter, in doing what the same law enjoins. Now if we call the point which separates the line of the omissive virtues from that of the commissive virtues zero, all departures from omissive virtue, that is, all sins of omission will be negative, while all positive commissive virtues will be positive. If, then, a man should do nothing forbidden by the law of God, and at the same time should do nothing which it positively enjoins, he would be at the zero-point of virtue. He could not be called vicious or sinful, nor could he be called virtuous. On the other hand, if a man had failed to observe some of the interdicts of the law, and done some of the things which it positively enjoined, he might, if the latter were more numerous or important, have a balance of positive virtue in his favor. In other words, a man, though disregarding many of the thou-shalt-not's of the law, might, by strenuously carrying out some of its thou-shalt's, be on the whole a virtuous man.

This is a view of virtue and vice that is very rarely taken, and the reason of the fact is not hard to find. It lies in the conviction entertained by all the nations of Christendom that man is a fallen creature—a conviction which has sunk so deep that I once heard it gravely and solemnly asserted from the platform of the non-Christian Ethical Society of Chicago. The lecturer, on that occasion, told his assembled congregation that all things in the universe, guided by the unknowable, were what they were meant and intended to be, the only exception being man. Man alone had fallen below his ideal. The result of this belief in man's fall and depravity has been that his whole moral aim has been to get back to the zero-point of virtue, from which he started, from which he fell. Of course, at his creation (supposing him to have been created) he could not have any virtue, since all virtue lies in action exerted freely and intelligently; he was at the zero-point of virtue.

Now it is one of the glories of the doctrine of evolution, indeed its chief moral glory, that it has overthrown this doctrine of human depravity—a doctrine following naturally enough from the notion of creation, as one can easily see. The doctrine of evolution teaches us that man, so far from being the only depraved being in the universe, is the noblest being in it, so far as we know. It might, indeed, even go much further and show that man is the only being known to us who has any virtue, any moral nature, any power of being virtuous or otherwise. Evolution shows that man, instead of being a fallen creature, is continually rising. What has at times made him look like a fallen creature is the fact that he is a *moral* being and has an ideal of himself quite different from and superior to, his reality. A dog can never seem fallen to himself, because he has no ideal of himself.

Dante, in the first canto of the *Paradiso*, while standing on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory, and before beginning his ascent toward heaven, says: "If I, alone by myself, was that which thou didst originally create, O love which governest the heavens, thou knowest, thou that with thy light didst lift me up." In other words, Dante surmises that, at the end of a course in purgatory, man only gets back to his original state of innocence. He was created perfect, fell, and at the end of all his moral efforts, gets back just to where he began—the zero point of virtue. This is the pessimistic and disheartening view of human life, that has pervaded the Christian Church from the beginning, that pervades it now—a view against which every man who loves his kind and wishes to see it advance in self-respect and spirituality, ought to protest with all his might. Man's fall is a barbarous myth, the source of other barbarous myths, such as the incarnation and the atonement. Of course, if there was no fall, there was no need or place for atonement. And this is the actual fact.

But not only has the fable of a fall degraded human nature in its own eyes, and thereby enervated it; it has had a most injurious effect upon the whole theory and practice of moral life. It has made the whole aim of that life to be a striving to attain the zero-point of virtue, a mere freedom from vice; mere blamelessness. When Christianity in its ecclesiastical form held sway over the minds of men, its highest ideal was monasticism, whose entire aim was blamelessness, moral zero. What were the three vows with which the monk and the nun bound themselves. Poverty, chastity and obedience. In other words, they vowed to refrain from the use of the foods of the outer, material world, from the use of their bodies, and from the use of the active powers of the soul. They made, as they said, a complete sacrifice of themselves; and in this they gloried as their greatest merit. In order to avoid doing evil with their souls, bodies and belongings, they, as far as possible, refrained from using them at all, shrunk from having any responsibility for them. This is the strict meaning of the monastic vow, by keeping which men and women expected to attain blamelessness. So they folded their hands and their knees, and instead of toiling manfully for their daily bread, and instead of conquering the tendency to evil by filling their time and minds with strong actions tending to good, they prayed to a power outside of them: "Give us this day our daily bread. * * Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." I suppose it will be considered almost blasphemy to speak against the Lord's prayer, as the old prayer from the Talmud is called in Christian societies, nevertheless the two petitions which I have cited are unmanly and therefore immoral. Man's business is to work for his daily bread, not to beg for it, and by doing good work, to leave no room for temptation to evil. And when a man does toil for his

daily bread, he has a right to it against all the world. If a man had any ground for praying at all, he ought to pray not "deliver me from evil," but "encourage me to do good."

The monastic view of life, which is simply the Christian view carried to its ultimate consequences, is completely selfish—selfishness looking a long way ahead, and making an omnipotent power its abettor. A Dominican monk once said to me: "We rejoice in being persecuted. Every persecution which we undergo is so much merit in God's sight, so much promise of future bliss." I replied: "But how about those who persecute you? Are you glad that they, by sinning, in persecuting you, should be laying up for themselves stores of future misery in order to contribute to your bliss?" "We have nothing to do with that," he replied; "in the race for eternal life, it is every one's business to save his own soul, without any regard to what happens to others. All the rest we leave to God; that is His business; our business is to flee from the wrath to come."

We have got so far away now-a-days from historical Christianity that this bold statement of the consequences of that system almost shocks us, and yet it is what the large majority even of Protestant Christians practically believe. I say, therefore, that the Christian view of life is selfish; the Christian view of what constitutes morality utterly degrading. Blamelessness, freedom from vice is good, admirable, most desirable; but, even when it is attained, it is but the zero-point of virtue; there is nothing positive in it. There is no virtue in poverty; on the contrary, there is great virtue in honest wealth, properly used. There is no virtue in chastity, in the monastic sense. On the contrary, there is great virtue in true wedlock—the complete union of two complementary human beings for the noblest ends. There is no virtue in obedience, in the sacrifice of freedom; on the contrary, all virtue depends upon the possession and use of freedom. That is the very meaning of virtue.

As I was crossing the Appennines to the south of Perugia, a few years ago, an Italian gentleman, who was sitting next to me in the train said, pointing to a yellow building high up on the mountain-side: "That is a most interesting building." "Why?" said I. "It was there," he replied, "that a man of genius discovered the way whereby for ages millions of men have been able to live without doing any work." "That," said I, "is certainly a most remarkable discovery—when I come to think of it, the most remarkable ever made. But who was this wonderful economical genius, so much needed in our time?" "Saint Francis of Assise," he said, "and that is the house to which he retired after leaving the world, and before he appeared as the founder of the order named after him. The Franciscans

you know are the begging monks." I did know, and I knew, too, that when some one begs, some one must give, and give something that has been earned by some one's toil. I know that to beg, instead of laboring, is to live upon others' toil. So, after all, I had no very high respect for the memory of St. Francis, notwithstanding his feverish piety rewarded with hallucinations and the *stigmata* of the crucifixion.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN IN A NEW LIGHT.

BY XENOS CLARK.

I wish to point out the important consequences of a novel fact which has been suggested to me by Mr. John Burroughs' essay in No. 5 of THE OPEN COURT.

Mr. Burroughs' theme is "Reason and Predisposition," and he goes so keenly and instantly to the root of things that one cannot help wishing he may often give his thoughts to the public of this journal. Impassioned and firmly convinced thinkers will most need and will least appropriate the lesson of Mr. Burroughs' essay, but no one can claim exemption from the subtle error which he exposes—an error which we are fonder of attributing to our opponents than to ourselves, but which in reality underlies all intellectual life. The error, as he says, is this, that most men in the formation of their opinions are governed more by predisposition, or unconscious bent and tendency, than by reason; and that reason is merely the faculty by which we seek to justify the course of this deeper seated determining force or bent; so that with most men reason is an advocate and not a judge, and *does not so much try the case as plead the case.*

If it be true that our instincts and predispositions are clients in whose behalf reason not so much tries as pleads cases, then it is well to know the character of these clients. It may prove on examination that if constitutional bias rules reasoning, then so much the better for reason; or it may prove the contrary; but in any case nothing can be worse than an unestimated force in our mental conclusions.

The most obvious instance of constitutional bias is the common inclination to think a noble and inspiring theory true because it is noble and inspiring; and in the case of men deeply gifted with feeling and imagination, like the poets, this bias becomes so vastly overpowering as to place a reader who has the gift of intellectual sincerity in a painful quandary. For the reader who has the gift of intellectual sincerity, being deeply susceptible to poetic influence, yearns to follow the poets of his time in their lofty conclusions, and yet he sees clearly their constitutional bias; he sees that the poet's conclusions are true only for a world of poets. On the other side there is the bias of the hard-headed thinkers, who, having not much emotion themselves, do not see the potent part that emotion plays in the world. It never

occurs to them, for instance, that what really establishes the faith of true believers in God is not reason, but holiness of heart. They resemble people with no sense of smell who think devotion to perfumes a subject for argument rather than a matter of feeling.

Now the great strength of constitutional bias, or to call it broadly, of instinct, lies in its hereditary nature. When instinct speaks it is with the voice of the long line of ancestors through which, with accumulating intensity, it has descended to its present inheritor. We love life—it is not we but the entire ancestral line that loves; the setting sun entrances our vision—but we look with the eyes of innumerable forefathers. The notable fact about all these instincts built up by heredity is that they are life conserving, they cling blindly and passionately to life. This trait, so serviceable in practical matters, proves an impediment when we come to the great open question of the nature and value of life itself; for here instinct with its blind love of life, manifested in a thousand delicate and unsuspected ways, obviously tends to bend the philosopher's conclusions all in one way.

But may it not after all be safer to trust instinct than reason, and does not the origin of instinct in the experience of numberless ancestors give it sanction to speak with authority on the problems of human destiny?

My special purpose is to answer this question, and to show that there is one life problem at least on which the voice of instinct must of necessity be false. This is the problem of human suffering—"the mystery of pain."

It must first be noted that the nature of men's instincts depends on the character and fortune of their ancestors. The ancestral line is the mould, instinct is the cast. Now there is one character pertaining to all ancestors whatever, and which must therefore leave its mark upon all instinct; it is the character of parentage. Every ancestor shall possess at least that degree of well-being which enables a person to marry and rear children. Even more, he shall, if a remote ancestor, possess not only sufficient well-being to rear children, but to rear children who in their turn can rear children and so on. The entire ancestral line of every living man is of this character. Every such man comes of a race nurtured in well-being, and his instincts represent only the experience of such a race. Here we discover a limit to the validity of our instincts; they are valid only for a world of well-being, just as a poet's conclusions are true only for a world of poets.

But there is also a world of ill-being, as one need not look long to discover. A fraction of every generation die childless; they are the utterly crippled, the bed-ridden for life, the insane, the victims of crushing accidents, and all upon whom the deeper curse of life falls so heavily as to prohibit every thought of marriage. And it is evident now that this world of ill-being leaves absolutely no direct impress on the inherited instincts of

the race; for without children there is no heredity, and without heredity there is no transmission of instinct.

Here, then, is the respect in which the voice of instinct is false when it is questioned upon the problem of human suffering. While instinct belongs wholly to the world of well-being, the problem of human suffering pertains solely to the world of ill-being, and so the two stand entirely apart.

The current explanations of suffering are well known. The problem of course relates to the darker suffering which crushes men's lives instead of elevating them, and it is customary to say of this evil that it is the curse which God put upon Adam; or that it is a mystery which will be explained in another life; or that it is intended to humble the pride of knowledge; or to test faith; or that good could not exist without evil; or, finally, that some lives are blighted from birth in order that others may have an opportunity to pity and help this extremity of distress.

Such explanations are common in the books called theodicies, in philosophical systems, and under one subtle form and another, in all the inspired literature of the time. Not one of them can survive a moment in an intellect which insists on sincerity and clearness at any cost. Such explanations are too obviously an instance where reason *does not so much try the case as plead the case*. We cannot go happily about our lives, nor can we retain our inspiring views of human destiny while this night-mare of cruel suffering in part of the race hangs over us; and so we must devise an anodyne in the shape of an "explanation." The instinctive love of life furnishes the motive, and reason simply fulfills what is required of it by instinct.

For men pursuing ordinary avocations, it is well to remain blind to the darker side of life, as they could not live and work otherwise; but in the intellectual life, the very highest purpose is clearness of vision. And it is a painful and admonishing thought, when in the intellectual life we strive to estimate fairly the lot of the sufferers of each generation who pass away and leave no sign, that our strongest instincts are warring against a just conclusion, and, do what we will, must imperceptibly bias us.

It may be said in comment on the above reflections, that one can easily find people who suffer ill and yet who seem to rear children, even in excess. This is true; but, as a rule, ill in the lives of such people does not exist as an overpowering trait, but comes in that mixture with happiness which makes life at least tolerable. When ill becomes a sole trait of life, then parentage vanishes. It may be said also that sympathy and pity are instincts which look kindly on suffering. It is indeed so, but only in a subordinate degree; sympathy and pity are derived not from suffering in our ancestors, but from their *sight* of suffering in others. It still

remains true that the most heavily stricken of past generations have no direct representation in the powerful court of present instinct.

For the purposes of a somewhat artificial illustration, then, we may liken life to a perpetual lottery which has a drawing once in every generation. The prize-holders naturally look upon this lottery with favor, and transmit this view to their descendants, who pass it on to theirs, until it becomes a class instinct. But the blank-holders, who hardly can share this opinion, have no vote in the continuance of the lottery, since by their crippled position in life their voice, if they can uplift it at all, has no weight. Nor can the lesson of their hard experience be transmitted as an instinct to descendants, because there usually are no descendants. If this were not so, if the hard experience *could* be transmitted to descendants, then there would arise an adverse class instinct of the blank-holders to offset the class instinct of the prize-holders. But this being impossible, the only class instinct in the field is that of the prize-holders, who have the vote all their own way, and they naturally decide in favor of the lottery. It is their bread, their happiness, their inspiration, as it was their fathers'. They look with pity on the blank-holders; they will even share bread with them; but the lottery cannot be invalidated on their account; it is too exciting, too inspiring—it is art, science, religion, the whole domain of man's wonderful life, or, let us be careful to say, of the prize-holder's wonderful life. Still, the fate of the blank-holder is a gnat in the prize-holder's eye, and he has spent much time trying to explain it away in books on the "mystery of pain," the "problem of evil," and the like. The attempt is considered laudable, especially among philosophers; but if one of the blank-holders, himself a philosopher perchance, attempts to raise his voice against the injustice of the lottery, and to protest against having his hard fate explained away factitiously, that is considered very reprehensible, and he is very likely to be called hard names.

MONISTIC MENTAL SCIENCE.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

THE CHEMISTRY OF PRIMITIVE LIFE AND MIND.

When the dogmatism of the legendary cosmogonies is so evident, fault should not be found with a sketch of the earth's history as revealed by the theory of evolution, because it contains much that cannot be demonstrated, and conjecture (based upon reasoning) fills in the gaps. Then let Lockyer's primordial gas, which originated we don't know how, have given rise to the heavier hydrogen, and different degrees of compression of hydrogen constitute the other elements. Laplace's nebular hypothesis follows and show how the earth solidified its crust, after having existed eons as a gaseous cloud.

Next in order the theory of spontaneous generation

(a mere guess, but one that is defensible) accounts for the protista (the plant-animal forms), and the monera, that preceded them. By easy grades we ascend from lower to higher plants, from protophytes through sea weeds, mosses, ferns, to flowering plants; and from lower animals, the protozoa, through worms, star fishes, shell fish, to vertebrates and man.

If we could get out of ourselves and regard everything objectively, unbiased by our feelings and the familiarity that blinds and deludes, we would be able to conceive this planet reduced to the size of a hickory nut, upon whose surface a magnifying apparatus would reveal lesser specs changing places, forms and colors. Further magnification would show us man looking like a period, growing to the stature of an exclamation point (probably a theist), or an interrogation point (probably a scientist). From these spring other dots, and the larger ones dissolve. All move about, some collide, others cling together, still others avoid one another. These simple movements, further inspection tells us, are caused by position changes effected by the more minute particles that compose these small objects.

Allowing the world with its flora and fauna to regain its natural size and placing a man under our powerful microscope until he appears to be as large as the earth, we learn that all the grosser movements he has made were occasioned by the collision, clinging together, movements of avoidance and other place changes on the part of little spheres like bird shot and cricket balls, known as atoms and molecules. A very close and constant arrangement of these elementary balls constitute his bones, which are pulled to and fro by the sidewise and lengthwise rush of similar balls not so compactly arranged, which form the muscles. Great nerve cables of millet-seed like grains, here and there rapidly crowd one another, in turn producing commotion among the muscle components. But it is difficult to discern which is cause or effect in all this swirl. The big balls strike the little ones and start them agog, the little ones retaliate, to be in turn hit at by the larger. In fact cause and effect exchange places, and everything this bag of millet-seed, bird shot and cricket balls does depends upon the preponderance of one kind of molecules over the others, and an endless series of accidents.

Here, for example, was an oxygen atom jerking away from less congenial company to seize upon two hydrogen atoms, the three balls then becoming known as a molecule of water, countless groups of which could be seen everywhere in our giant. Many of these H_2O groups were very exclusively associating only with their own kind and repelling the advances of other molecules which sought their company; but here and there one of the objectionable molecules happened to meet with some atoms it wanted and could capture and, presto, metamorphosis. The formerly repulsive A, which B avoided,

picked up an X and no time was lost before ABX became a new molecular candidate for the envy, sycophancy and wiles of others. This X was often a metallic atom.

Restoring our man to his less than six feet of height, his molecular make up disappeared and we find that accidents of atonic grouping make this particular person present an ugly appearance. His comrades with more pleasing visages are not attracted to him; women deride and repel him. Chance fills his pockets with the element *aurum*, and a change occurs comparable to the one noted before. His acquisition enables him to select whom he pleases as associates. One known as Fool and another called Knave became gilded and secured the sisters Cupidity, who, though detesting their mates helped them to multiply their kind. These comparisons are not strained. There is more than simile or metaphor in them. If a house be built of bricks does not the pile of bricks preserve the individual brick nature? Because it is a house it is none the less a brick pile, with all the properties, such as hardness, porosity, uninflamability, contained in each separate brick. Grouping of atoms into molecules and these into compound molecules do not make such combinations any the less chemical, even though man is the thing built from the molecules.

We may start with the simple one-celled animal called the amœba. It is a representative of the modified cell that is found to produce, by multiplication of itself, all animal tissues. The muscles, membranes, skin, etc., of man are made up of cell upon cell of protoplasmic origin, closely allied to this unicellular organism, and the white blood corpuscles are called amœboid because they resemble the amœbæ surprisingly in all things.

This amœba may be found, under the microscope, in stagnant water, damp earth, or in animal matter, creeping about with activity, but no constancy of direction. It seems to be a living spec of white of egg; the minute granules in it flowing first to one part, then another; pushing out "false feet" into which the entire mass flows, and so moves about. When it encounters food, usually minute vegetable particles, the substance passes into the animal composition, and what cannot be assimilated is merely moved away from—excreted.

Insignificant as these amœbic motions appear, they are weighted with the most important problems life can present, for the quarrel is over what causes the amœba to move at all. Cope and others assign it consciousness, or will power. Very well; but such assumption has been an effectual bar to rational inquiry into mental science. Without positively denying that this animal, as well as lower and higher ones, may be conscious we can ignore that consideration altogether, or claim that consciousness and will are merely effects of the chemical and physical forces at work in and upon the animal.

Low forms of life, like this, may be kept dried and apparently dead, indefinitely, but moisture restores activity. Of itself this fact shows the purely mechanical nature of life.

The main composition of the protoplasm of the amœba, is carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, represented by the symbols C, H, O, N. It feeds upon plants which contain similar elements. In fact it eats that to which it is chemically attracted. Its *hunger, then, is chemical affinity*. Assimilation, eating, is a process of molecular exchange, chemical saturation. Hydrogen hungers for oxygen. The amœbic protoplasm molecules CHON hunger for CHON.*

We have gained our first step in mental science. A feeling, a desire, is reduced to a chemical explanation. Remember it, for upon it every subsequent step depends:

1. *Hunger is chemical affinity*, the desire inherent in atoms for one another. Hunger is the first, the primitive desire, so acknowledged by thinkers from other points of view, but they did not see what we now claim to be its origin. Growth of the mass must follow as the molecules add to their number, size and weight, by chemical combinations; by eating. This is evident and axiomatic, but simple as it appears, like a geometrical axiom it is liable to be obscured or lost sight of as we advance.

Growth, thus, is our second step gained:

2. *Growth arises from chemical saturation*, from hunger satisfaction, from eating. This is more evident than 1, in all animal life.

Next the amœba reproduces itself by the simplest possible means, it divides as a consequence of overgrowth, and we then have two amœbæ; the new additional form is excreted off from the old one, and observing that such particles as silica or lime carbonate, which it cannot take up are repelled, rejected, excreted, we find as a consequence that excretion depends upon, or is:

- a, chemical indifference or repulsion,
- b, a consequence of assimilation,
- c, an overgrowth consequence, in reproduction.

3. *Excretion is a consequence of hunger satisfaction.*

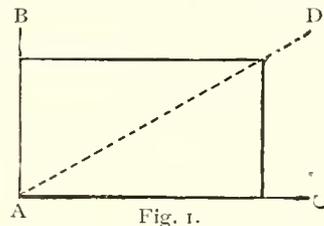
4. *Reproduction is a consequence of growth*, and a process of excretion.

The amœba absorbs oxygen and exhales carbonic acid; it breathes. But oxygen is a food, and inhalation

* So much depends and could be said upon this inference, it can be but cursorily dealt with here. The objection to the atomic affinity likeness of hunger being in that protoplasm converts dead into living molecules, may be met by Hoppe-Seyler's claim (Chemical-Physiology Institute Inaugural Address) that living protoplasm consisted of anhydrous oxy-hydro-carbon molecules capable of motion in a hydrated medium. When such molecules combined with the water in which they moved, then the protoplasm was dead. Living protoplasm is like quantities of CHON moving in water: H₂O; now if CHON, in certain quantities, becomes CHONH₂O (while the symbolism is far from being exact), an idea of what occurs when protoplasm dies (the machine stoppage) may be gained. The next step toward dissolution being the breaking up of the compound altogether; the dismantling of the machine. But it is impossible to go deeply into such matters in popular essays.

is but a process of assimilation, hence breathing is eating and proposition 1 includes it. The rejected, exhaled carbonic acid is excreted; so proposition 3 includes that matter.

Prehension, or taking hold of its food is another function, but it is only an effect of 1; attraction of molecules. The amœba moves about, but the same molecular attractions account for such movements partly; light sets up a series of attractive motions in it; heat increases within certain limits its activity; eddies move it, and the simplest explanation of light and heat attraction would be through their expanding the nearest portion acted upon, setting up a flow of granules into that part, resulting in a forward movement toward the light. The composition of forces would account even for its occasionally moving *away* from its food, thus:



Let A represent the position of the amœba at one instant; the line A C the direction, and force, 10, of attraction of a ray of heat and light. The line A B, with the attraction 5 of a diatom, or some other molecular combination which is food and has attractive affinity for the amœba. The parallelogram of forces will decide D to be the direction in which A will move; apparently away from its food.

These motions can be made more complex by the inconstancy of the environment, heat, light, electricity, sound, chemism, eddies, all exerting their influences and confusing the directness of motion.

Lastly—

5. *Locomotion is due to hunger (chemical affinity) and to other physical forces.* We thus have all the life activities of this low animal explained as the result of force and matter. Objectively regarded we have satisfied the conditions, but fault may be found with having brought in the subjective term hunger. This can be disposed of by admitting that we can only judge of hunger objectively in others, whether man, dog, or amœba, by what it causes them to do, and comparing such actions with our own under like circumstances, which subjectively we realize to be due to hunger. Perhaps a feeble consciousness is a *product* of these molecular and mass motions—who can say? We have much of the aboriginal disposition to concede will power or sensibility to any complex mechanical motions. The Zuni Indians worshiped the great Corliss engine at the Chicago water-works, and wanted to cast themselves into its wheels as into the arms of a good spirit;

similarly the remark is often made by the intelligent and educated: "That locomotive acts as though it lived," or "That machine almost talks." If we knew the amœba to be composed of crystalline matter we would merely wonder at its mechanical motions; because it is flesh-like we assign it life, though we know that flesh and crystals are but chemical elements differently combined.

President Sorby, of the Royal Microscopical Society, estimates that in one one-thousandth of an inch sphere of albumen (protoplasm), there are 530,000,000,000 molecules. With protozoa one-tenth, or one one-hundredth of an inch in size, there would be proportionately more. It becomes possible to conceive how organisms even a hundred-thousandth of an inch can molecularly exist. So the difference between the flea and the elephant, mentally as well as physically, need not be other than a merely quantitative one, for qualitative development may go on with the lesser number of molecules. Thus we surmount the idea that mere size of brain or body has anything to do with relative intellectuality considered as a molecular property.

Diagrams sometimes more forcibly illustrate what is meant:

The albuminoid, protoplasmic, one-celled animal, the amœba (Fig. 2) may be roughly represented as a pile of chemical atoms, each dot representing a molecule of such atoms:



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

Attracted toward a piece of alga (Fig. 3), which passes into the amœba and causes it to grow (Fig 4). It rejects the uneatable part and becoming too large, splits—reproduces (Fig. 5).



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

Under the designation chemism we have disposed of moving, breathing, eating; from which as a consequence proceeded growth, reproduction and excretion. We called the chemical attraction involved in eating, hunger, a desire, a feeling, a *sensation*. Do not let us get confused at this or any other stage, by mixing up terms, or making distinctions where none exist; desires and feelings are sensations from first to last, and we shall so see them to be. Then sensation is nothing but molecular motion. When the little molecules are moving about, from whatever cause, sensation is evoked. It is not sensation that moves them, but the movements produce the sensation; which is a mere incident of the motion as friction heat is to machinery motion. All its

motions have regard to satisfying hunger, and its mushy body is constructed to take hold of things. Prehension or taking hold of things is an ability merely developed, but not changed in the higher animal life, for arms, hands and jaws are for food prehension; the legs and feet take hold of the ground in the food search; ribs assist other organs in oxygen (food) prehension. The fundamental life processes having merely more elaborate organs in the higher than in the lower forms, to conserve the same necessary ends. While in this protozoön the only sensation it has refers to eating, all other sensations are differentiated from it, and if you reflect a little, you will know that all thought is ultimately traceable to that homely act. Stop eating for a while and be convinced.

You get from this your first philosophical conception of *pain and pleasure*. An unsatisfied tension of the amœbic molecules in the one and the act of gratification in the other. Indifference comes with plethora, which causes quiescence or cessation of maximum motion—an important fact, for satiety is akin to death. The filled up amœba does not move. Activity increases in all animal life, within certain limits, with hunger or other desire. Satisfaction palls, cloyes.

Volumes could be written to justify these views, but we are only glancing at matters.

Fancy the molecules that compose protoplasm to be grouped in little piles like Fig. 6, and when attracted to



Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

other similar molecules their commotion would appear something like Fig. 7. If this motion invariably took place under similar influences, then the more these influences occurred the better adjustment would there be to a repetition of them—adaptation, and the motion-sensation would become instinctive, automatically induced. Now if food attraction caused this motion once, it is apparent that it can do so again. The repetition of this motion would be one phase of *memory*. If this molecular disturbance were induced by some other cause than chemical attraction, such as a chance movement of the particles in the amœba, then we have other phases of memory, anticipation, recollection and feelings, such as dreams are made of, imperfect, mixed. The Chladni figures may be cited:

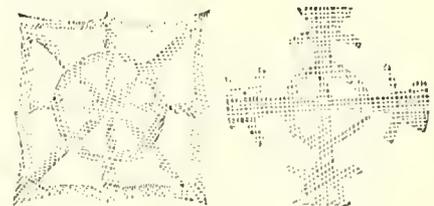


Fig. 8.

Such and many other forms appear when a glass plate upon which sand is strewn is thrown into vibrations by musical notes. Each figure is definite for its producing note and will be reproduced by that note.

Sensation may be likened to the vibration of a piano string produced in its usual way through the key and hammer stroke. Memory is the reproduction of the same vibrations, whether induced in the usual or some other way.

Summing up what we have deduced from the protoplasmic motions, we have, life processes, such as eating, growth, excretion, reproduction and general locomotory movements accounted for as interacting physical force and matter, with incident and consequent production of pain and pleasure, sensation and memory.

Minds unused to evolutionary conceptions will ask what all this has to do with man and his mentality. Refer to *modern* text books on physiology, embryology and histology (microscopic anatomy), botanical and zoological works, and you will discover statements clearly made or implied throughout, to the effect that man is but a colony of amœba-like cells, grouped and differentiated to effect better the same functions inherent in the original amœba cell. While all the processes are carried on by one dot of protoplasm in the case of the one-celled animal, the many-celled animal, such as man, has certain groups of cells highly developed in one direction, others in another; with the necessary diminution of other abilities in the specially developed instances, just as the good blacksmith may not be a good clerk, but specialism has developed both as advantageous to society. The clerk and blacksmith are not the less men because specialized, the brain and muscle cells are none the less cells. The association of these functions with their sensations, through an internuncial nervous system may be likened to the metropolitan and continental linking of interests by telegraphs. In effect this will appear as we proceed, to be more than analogy; it is homology or identity.

The monistic philosophy shows that society acts as the man acts, and his nature is that of his cells; these in turn are governed by molecular attributes, but that man can react upon his composition and give direction to his acts by conforming better to nature's laws, through knowing those laws; and achieve thereby the maximum allotment of happiness for himself and others.

FREE THOUGHTS.

BY FELIX L. OSWALD, M. D.

Public calamities are generally followed by revivals of hyperphysical religion. But does that prove the merit of other-worldliness? Hard times are equally apt to revive the alcohol-vice. In default of better consolations the children of sorrow are prone to have recourse to spiritual and spirituous narcotics.

With all its hierarchic polemics the Old Testament holds to the *terra firma* of secularism and optimism and has helped to counteract the anti-physical dogmas of its appendix. Hence the Hebraic tendencies of the manlier nations of Christendom. The North British Puritans were Hebrews of the Maccabee type, Jews in kilts and cuirass, flaunting the banner of the cross but preferring to ignore the duty of passive submission to tyranny. Their very cant, their watchword and nomenclature were borrowed from the camp of Gideon, rather than from Golgotha. South of the Alps, on the other hand, the gnostic-anti-natural element preponderates. Saint-worship, emasculated ethics, Buddhist monachism and Buddhist indolence. North and South America present a similar contrast. Our very Sunday-schools prefer Old Testamentarian "lessons of the day."

The tendencies of city-life, in some of its phases, may, however, rival the influence of an enervating climate, and in the crowded vice-centers of the colder latitudes there is no lack of Protestant Jesuits, anti-naturalists of that specially repulsive type combining a joy-hating intolerance with pedantry and cold-blooded selfishness. Their hatred of optimism feels its impotence in the swift currents of modern civilization and avenges itself by slander and occasional Jew-baits.

Modern ocean steamers are built on the "safety-cabin," or water-tight compartment plan. A storm-wave may crush the fore-castle and the buoyancy of the remaining sections will still float the ship. Modern clergymen, it seems, are trying to construct a sea-worthy creed on a similar plan. Their patent gospel-ships comprise two or three wholly distinct safety-cabins; a temperance compartment, an anti-Mormon compartment, an entertaining literature and picnic section. If the storm-waves of public opinion should smash the fore-castle with its haloed figure-head, they hope to float by virtue of an intact stern-hold, stuffed with light literature and emptied beer barrels.

The church of Rome disdains such precautions. The loss of her untenable provinces has proved a good riddance and simplified the administration of her crown lands. Her borders are swarming with smugglers, peddling no end of drugs and patent nostrums, but the frontier-guards can afford to connive. They know that Buddhism is an incurable disease.

This metamorphic century of ours resembles the era of Juvenal in too many respects to mistake the significance of the analogy. The temples of the prevailing creed still multiply, but their masonry lacks the cement of faith; their walls tower, but the omens of impending collapse appear in ever-widening splits and gaps. Moralists seek a new basis of ethics; philosophy goes hand in hand with skepticism; faith raves at the glimpses of sunlight, peering through the withered tree-tops of the sacred grove, and calls upon the doubted

deities to testify in their own behalf. But the Gods are silent. Is their glory fading in the glare of a brighter light, or are they yielding their throne to a new dynasty? No philosopher of the Cæsarean era suspected the significance of the portents that ushered in the eve of a dismal night, and who shall read the signs of our own times? The fitful signs of a coming change that may bring a new sunrise, or a fading of the stars in a spreading night-mist? Where is our guarantee against a relapse of obscurantism? Religious freedom? Rome had plenty of that freedom, and the gates that admitted Grecian philosophers admitted also Buddhist fanatics and Syrian monks. And the trouble is that the energy of such fanatics is very apt to prevail against all other energies whatever. Science? The Protestant revolt has favored her revival; but science is a tool that lends itself to all purposes. The science that rears the dome of an observatory also reared the dome of St. Peter and the stronghold of the inquisition, and will flash its electric lights in the council-house of the propaganda as brightly as in a lecture hall.

But, for better or worse, a change is near at hand. The doom of the old creed will only be hastened by the tactics of its modern defenders. The mystagogues of the Eleusinian festivals lost their last chance of prestige when they attempted to recruit the host of their votaries by an alliance with buffoons and mountebanks, and our revival-mongers, too, may find that the costs of their popularity will prove a ruinous investment. The forlorn hope of the latter-day crusades will not survive the fate of their allies; the church that resisted the hosts of Islam will succumb to the aid of the Salvation Army. Witness the following circular recently issued by an "adjutant" of that army in the State of Kansas: "Smiling Belle, from Wichita, the girl who jumped out of a two-story window to get salvation, will be at ——'s Rink, to-night, at 8 p. m. Cyclones of salvation! Tornadoes of power! Gales of grace! Celestial hurricanes! Collection at the door to defray expenses." Oh, yes. The moral expenses, however, might exceed the estimate.

The Moslem fanatics recovered their reason in the cooler latitudes of Europe, and the Spanish Caliphate became a nursery of industry and science. Is it not possible that the temperate zones of our own continent will do as much for their Spanish conquerors? Chili is gaining prestige on the vantage-ground of political independence and may at any time raise the standard of religious emancipation. Buenos Ayres, too, is fast becoming untenable for the ultramontanes. Pessimism will not flourish in a healthy soil. The priest-ridden burghers of old Spain would, indeed, hardly recognize their relatives in the broad-shouldered *rancheros* of the pampas, who have faced tornadoes and rampant steers and decline to quail before a Papal *bull*.

Indoor life, on the other hand, will not fail to tell

upon the descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides, and its continued influence may yet strangely displace the balance of power in northern Europe. In the days of Robin Hood a British yeoman was probably a match for a dozen *mujiks*; but for the last eighty years the children of that yeoman have been stunted in slums and spinning mills, while the sons of the Russian boor have steeled their sinews in the uplands of the Caucasus and the steppes of Iran and Turkestan, and ——— Despotism, to be sure, handicaps the prowess of its defenders, but there is also a Nemesis of wealth, and history has repeatedly proved that the civilization of valient barbarians is child's play compared with the regeneration of wornout epicureans. Within a century after the battle of Xeres dela Frontera the Moorish swashbuckler had classic highschoools, while a millennium of appeals to honor and patriotism has failed to revive the heroic age of Rome.

Is the marasmus of wornout nations a wholly incurable disease? Incurable in some of its phases, says Experience, — at least by all remedies thus far discovered. Nations may recover from the incubus of the most crushing oppression; witness Hungaria, Israel and the Protestant Netherlands, just as Time will repair the ravages of a forest-fire or a tree-breaking tornado; the roots of the blighted woodlands retain their vitality and respond to the stimulus of the first reviving shower. But spring and summer return in vain if the soil itself has lost its reproductive power, and Time has no cure for the spell of Shiva, the god of the listless desert.

The star of empire, after keeping its westward course for a century or two, has sometimes reappeared in the East, as in 622, when the crescent rose to eclipse the light of Mars, or in 1870, when the comet of the second empire was wrecked against the solid orbs of a northeastern constellation. Greece, Rome, Araby, Spain, England, France, Prussia—the eagles and the lions have had their day; will it be the bear's turn next? Or the Danubian wolf's? Magyar enterprise is making itself felt in literature and art as well as in politics, and there is a tradition that the Castle of Buda will yet become the capitol of a great empire. Within our States—united or disunited, the star of supremacy will pursue a similar zigzag course, though with the same westward trend which seems to presage a long pause on the shores of the Pacific.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead will lecture as usual during the coming season, giving courses or single lectures, chiefly upon literary and historical subjects—"Puritanism;" "The Pilgrim Fathers;" "The American Poets;" "The British Parliament;" "Gladstone;" "Samuel Adams;" "Carlyle and Emerson;" "Dante;" "Immanuel Kant;" "Lessing's 'Nathan the Wise,' or the Gospel of Toleration," etc. Mr. Mead's address is 73 Pinckney street, Boston.

The Open Court.

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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.

THE OLD AND NEW PHRENOLOGY.

A friend takes exception to our "low estimate of phrenology," as indicated by a paragraph printed in the last number of this journal. He thinks that it is entitled to be regarded as a "true and useful science," although he makes no attempt to prove his position. Our remark referred of course, to the old phrenology, or bumpology, as taught in the lectures and writings of the late Prof. O. S. Fowler and others of his class who profess to describe character—each particular intellectual and moral quality—by the elevations and depressions of the skull. We are not aware that there is to-day any man of science who holds to this absurd theory.

As the pseudo-sciences alchemy and astrology gave rise to chemistry and astronomy so phrenology has been succeeded by craniology and cerebrology. Races are now known to have head shapes peculiar to themselves; but only in a general way does the skull conformation indicate mentality. Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "You can tell by bumps what is in a man's head

as readily as what is in a safe by feeling its door knob."

Most of the phrenological deductions are illogical and many are controverted by facts. For instance "vitaliveness," or the desire to live, is located by phrenology over the mastoid process, behind the ear; a huge bump of bone into which a lancet is often deeply thrust by surgeons without fear of touching the brain. The "perceptives"—form, size, color, weight appreciation, are placed along the eyebrow ridge, though the brain is very remote from that part, and primitive races or even apes have the largest development of that arch.

Gall observed that the best scholars had protuberant eyes, so he located "language" behind the optic, an absurd proceeding, for the widely opened eye is an expression of wonder, the exercise of which faculty has led to erudition in general. In Gall's time linguistics were the height of knowledge, hence his conclusions. Constructiveness and combativeness belong to a high grade of intellect, and while we can deny that they have the exact locations assigned by phrenologists it is not remarkable that the increased brain size that accompanies brain exercise should widen the head in the region assigned to these bumps. Reasoning power and pertinacity could more properly be thus placed, but as the frontal brain develops and broadens the forehead the skull does not always keep pace with this growth, so that one with a narrow or even low forehead may have a large brain compressed into narrower compass. Per contra, the disease called hydrocephalus may give the idiot the "front of Jove." There is a *tendency* of the cranium to adapt itself to brain growth, but the rigid bones require centuries to establish radical changes; the softer tissues beneath folding up in lines of least resistance. It can be readily seen from this how head shape could be a race characteristic, but give no clue to individual traits, save in the crudest ways.

Says Prof. Gunning (in *Life History of our Planet*, p. 289): "In the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution may be seen a cranium of enormous size and most perfect symmetry. Such a noble forehead! and balanced against this such a perfect backhead! All the lines and curves so strong, so graceful!

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.'

"The owner of the head was a miserable Indian who never got from it so much as a beaver trap!"

The new phrenology is deduced from the study of the brain itself and brings into that study mathematics, physics, chemistry and other sciences where the old phrenology was isolated in this respect, often defiant of exact knowledge. O. S. Fowler used to say to his audiences "Newton's *Principia* is all *bosh*. It is not gravitation that holds the planets in space, I have discovered that it is electricity." The new phrenology is cultivated

as a branch of anthropology by learned, modest men who never give "character charts."

Professor O. F. Lumry, formerly of Wheaton College, has withdrawn from the Congregationalists, and in an elaborate paper, which abounds with Scriptural quotations and expressions of Christian piety and zeal, argues that all churches as now organized are "parts of the great apostasy, and constitute together mystic Babylon." Such words as "Many pastors have destroyed My vineyard; they have made My pleasant portion a desolate wilderness," and "Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of My pasture;" "Behold, I am against the shepherds, and I will require My flock at their hands and cause them to cease feeding the flock; neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more, for I will deliver My flock from their mouth that they may not be meat for them."—such words of reproof and condemnation Professor Lumry thinks applicable to the Christian clergy of to-day. We have space for but a few passages from his extraordinary document :

With wiser provision for its own integrity and permanence Catholicism educates its brightest, most promising male children for priests, and secures their loyalty to itself by providing for their support without common labor, whether for the time she has church work for them to do or not. To do this she, under the plea of greater sanctity, denies them marriage and the burden of families, and hence the need of large salaries. Protestantism trains the minds and develops expensive tastes in her upper orders, and then turns them out to prey upon the churches. As an inevitable result hers is the very genius of division and sectism. * * * On the principle that where rogues fall out honest men get their dues, Protestantism is more favorable to the rights of the citizen, yet she has the distinguishing mark of the great apostasy—an order or orders above the equal brotherhood. If reforms of abuses are attempted, the chief positions in the movement designed to further become the perquisites, usually, of ministers who have fallen out of rank among the active men of their order, but who exhibit wonderful zeal in their unelical calling, at least while it affords them a fat living. * * * To constitute a sacred order above the equal brotherhood it is only necessary that there be one or more things that must be done which only such order can do, as administering the rights of baptism and the communion, or performing the marriage ceremony. Protestantism, then, not only has its hierarchy, but that sacred body, while not bound by secret oaths, after the manner of some communions, is yet, to some extent, a secret society or order. As we have seen from Paul's language, it was secret in its working, and it is to-day measurably secret in its working, since, while its acts vitally affect the inferior order, its motives are never, perhaps, fully explained to such order.

* * *

One of the few writers able to treat "lofty" themes with sense and penetration is Philip Gilbert Hamerton. There is an interesting passage in which he says: "Human life is so extremely various and complicated, while it tends every day to still greater variety and complication, that all maxims of a general nature require a far higher degree of intelligence in their application to individual cases than it ever cost originally to invent them."

This, to our mind, indicates with exactness the weakness of most sermon-writing. The usual sermon is merely a "maxim of a general nature" long drawn out, and it treats virtue and vice and all the problems of conduct as if there never could be any difficulty in making "the application to individual cases." But this is just where the difficulty does lie, often. A minister urges a parent to observe his duties to his child, and this is very well; but what troubles the parent is not so much the question of duty in general, as the question how to reconcile the duty of kindness with the duty of severity, or possibly, a man is foolishly incompetent with children, and the wife's whole life becomes a painful struggle to prevent his ruining them, without alienating his affection by her interference. It is at best a compromise, and only years of experience teach the best course; but what special light will he get from any sermon? Church morality knows nothing of compromises; the complexities that make most the real difficulties of life for ordinary, honest people it never recognizes. If a devoted wife stands between two sins, the sin of concealing, in fact, lying about—her husband's guilt and the sin of blighting his chance of a better life by exposure, she will hardly find her difficulty solved in her Sunday pew. The sort of wisdom common in sermons may thus be said, with no unfairness, to resemble rather a general praise of medicine than an offering of specific remedies. Of course the latter task is much more difficult than the former.

* * *

In Herbert Spencer's *Retrospect and Prospect* are indices of better times ahead when the evolved social organism and its individual components will have loftier aims, ideas and methods. Take the important matter of marriage incentive. Primitively the woman was a chattel to be stolen or bought; nowadays there is a feeling of reprobation of wife purchase or husband purchase, and marriage without respect or affection on both sides is degradation indeed. In this day it is simply returning to savagery voluntarily with all the lowering of the moral tone that implies. Novelists often make use of the greed that sometimes—not always—attends senility, and picture the magpie parent gloating over the daughter's "sparkling diamond ring" that is part of the sacrificial junk. Romantically enough would read a story of an accomplished young lady mating with a man she detests, whose only attractive possession is alleged cash, all for the sake of a parent to whom she is devoted; but such things do occur, and until a little reflection is accorded the act, its immorality is less apparent. The blind worship of wealth makes fools of the envious. Spencer looks for the world to make a distinction in favor of the man who has made his fortune by brain work, as in manufactures and other useful industries. The servility of the masses to wealth disgusts those

who possess it, and much of the cynicism and heartlessness often found connected with it is due to their common experience that the respect money compels is unstable, that the love it buys is spurious.

* * *

A Sabbath-school superintendent writing from Lexington, Va., to a religious paper, in regard to the religious condition of colored men, considers "the appearance of skepticism among them an indication of quickened mental movement, although certainly in the wrong direction." Among the instances he gives is the following:

But now came a question unexpected as difficult: "Were the days mentioned in Genesis like our day, twenty-four hours long, or were they long periods of time?"

"Ah," said I to the questioner, "we have gotten into deep water where neither I nor you can readily touch bottom. All I have time here to say is, that many learned and good men, as well as some others not so good, believe that the days of Moses are to be taken for long, very long periods, and many as learned and good insist that they are meant to be taken just as the words stand—for days of twenty-four hours in length." I was not sorry when the striking of the clock just here indicated the hour for closing the class, and so ended the discussion. * * * It is plain to be seen that the same profound questions that have taxed the powers of philosophers, scholars and divines, and which are to-day still vexing the world, are presenting themselves to the mind of the colored Bible-class. * * * The colored people are using in a very indiscriminate way their newly acquired ability to read. I feel sure that the young men to whom I have referred, had gotten a glimpse of the crude skepticism indicated by their questions from the newspapers, and other current writing of the day.

* * *

The contest between the liberal and clerical parties in Mexico increases in intensity. The *Monitor Republican* charges the clergy with plots against republican institutions and with having a well formed plan to destroy religious liberty. An anti-clerical league has been formed in the City of Mexico, and auxiliary leagues are to be organized throughout the Republic. Recently in Pueblo the bishop warned the people not to have even the slightest social or business intercourse with Protestants, and much feeling has been excited by this among the liberals who are of Catholic faith. The religious controversy is likely to enter into the next presidential election. The clericals seem bound to oppose the development of intercourse with the United States, as favored by the Diaz administration, and the clerical organs all over the country show marked hostility to the United States and American institutions.

* * *

Dr. F. I. Carpenter writes:

The deep philosophy of childhood! "Mamma," said Lilian, aged seven, the other day, "what sort of a place is heaven?" So mamma explained to her the orthodox picture of heaven. "And now, mamma, what sort of a place is hell?" And mamma explained, as delicately as she could, the foul and sinful nightmare called by the orthodox, hell. "Well," said Lilian, after a moment's

reflection, "I don't think I want to go to either of those places when I die, mamma. I think I'd rather be a corpse." This simple child's philosophy calls to my mind a certain deep and beautiful legend of the Middle Ages: "St. Louis, the king, having sent Ivo, Bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic and melancholic, with fire in one hand and water in the other. He asked what those symbols meant. She answered 'My purpose is with fire to burn paradise, and with water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God.'" This is suggested to my mind by your clipping from the Boston *Transcript*, and I take the liberty of sending it to you.

* * *

Not only the individual experience slowly acquired, but the accumulated experience of the race, organized in language, condensed in instruments and axioms, and in what may be called the *inherited intuitions*—these form the multiple unity which is expressed in the abstract term "experience."—*G. H. Lewes.*

* * *

Anthropomorphism will never be obliterated from the ideas of the unintellectual. Their God, at the best, will never be more than the gigantic shadow of a man—a vast phantom of humanity, like one of those Alpine spectres seen in the midst of the clouds by him who turns his back to the sun.—*J. W. Draper.*

* * *

It is a curious fact that, wherever he goes, a Unitarian minister will commonly receive the most kindly treatment from Catholics. Perhaps, because we are so far apart, they never feel any danger of being classified with Unitarians.—*Christian Register.*

* * *

You cannot convert the world to liberalism by spread-eagle oratory and a brass band. You have got to show by its fruits that it is good and then good people will gradually gravitate toward it.—*Monroe's Iron-Clad Age.*

UNREVEALED.

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

Life's good gifts come,
And, lo! unheeded under foot we tread
The bloom that for us sweetness might have shed—
Before whose blessing we are blind and dumb!

Broad highways lead
Up from the fens of darkness and despair;
Yet our poor faltering feet must stumble there,
And groping 'mid the thorns our brows must bleed.

Our true friends reach
Strong hands to help us o'er the heights of pain;
Yet to our alien ears their cries are vain—
We own them not—by glance, or touch, or speech.

Ah, me! when from our eyes
Some swift day rends the veil, yet all too late,
How shall we stand and mourn without the gate,
Wringing frail hands in impotent surprise!

MAGNANIMITY.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

- In dreams came Life to Youth. "Behold!"
 She said, "my hand doth gifts enfold—
 From these select thine aim.
 Whate'er the good thou deem'st supreme,
 That gift is thine; but in Fate's scheme
 But *one* gift canst thou claim.
- "Bethink thee, then, and wisely choose;
 No right is mine thee to refuse,
 However wrong thy choice."
 "What are thy gifts?" Youth, wondering, cries,
 Hope speaking in his earnest eyes
 And in his vibrant voice.
- "Wealth, Fame, Love, Power, Song, sweet Ease,
 Pride, Pleasure, Art, Ambition—these
 Are but a few of scores
 'Twould weary me to name. Name thou
 That which will thee most bliss allow—
 'Tis thine from out my stores."
- "Since thou may'st give one gift alone,
 Grant me," cried Youth in rapturous tone,
 "That which is held most rare!
 The gift the gods for heroes save."
 "Nay," said Life, gently, "though thou'rt brave
 To ask *that* gift, forbear!
- "Take thou—for I may thus advise—
 Some lesser gift, some lower prize,
 Which thee more peace shall bring;
 Since its strange secret sweet delight
 Is won through many a bitter fight
 Of stern self-conquering."
 Fire sudden flashed from Youth's brave eyes,
 Clear rang his voice—"No sacrifice
 Is hard to win the Best;
 No lesser gift I take, oh, Life—
 Welcome be turmoil, hurts and strife—
 I've courage for the test!"
- "Nay, harder test than strife thou'lt meet;
 This gift first bitter tastes, then sweet
 Beyond all common ken.
 Canst thou swear fealty to mankind,
 To thine own needs grow deaf and blind
 To uplift fallen men?"
- "Canst thou unwavering stand by truth
 In weal or woe? Ah, even, Youth,
 When Love pleads error's cause?
 Canst thou sweet-natured keep when those
 Thou'rt sworn to aid turn bitterest foes,
 And Justice's self withdraws?"
- "Canst thou with patience dumbly hear
 The ignorant taunts of those held dear!
- Worse, far, than sneer of foe!
 Nor be, by jibings undeserved,
 A moment from thy duty swerved,
 Content to *Duty* know?
- "Canst stand unmoved by prayer or fear
 When Right demands thy course severe;
 Nor feel one glow of wrath
 When men shall curse thy steadfast course
 And vainly try by bribes or force
 To turn thee from thy path?"
- "Canst thou thy patience firmly keep,
 So good be done—though others reap
 The harvest thou hast sown;
 If honors which are justly thine
 'Mid enemies' laurels brightly shine,
 While thou standst by unknown?"
- "Canst thou, when foes repent, *forgive*,
 Nor let upbraiding memories live
 In look, or tone, or word?
 The weak uphold who hurled *thee* down,
 And Ignorance teach without a frown
 Or taunt when it has erred?"
- "Canst undismayed see insolent fraud
 Thy place obtain, while fools applaud—
 Thy friendships undermined;
 Nor stop thy work to vengeance wreak,
 But patient wait (till Time shall speak),
 A verdict true to find?"
- "Canst thou at length face, dauntless—*Death!*
 And if need be with thy last breath
 Inspire more craven souls?
 And knowing hatred may assail
 Thy memory, neither blame nor rail
 At those whom hate controls?"
- "The faith thus kept—the victory gained—
 What guerdons won, what joy attained?"
 Asked Youth, now faltering, grave.
- "Ah, then," smiled Life, "thy soul shall glow
 With light divine, and thou shalt know
 The best that life e'er gave.
- "This gift brings others in its wake;
 The earth shall into music break—
 An undertone of song—
 Which shall inspire with its refrain
 Thy soul to dare and dare again
 In battle 'gainst the wrong."
- "O name this gift of wondrous power!"
 Urged Youth, "and grant it for my dower—
 O say it may be mine!"
 Into Life's face new beauty broke,
 With thrilling, reverent voice she spoke—
 "*Magnanimity* be thine!"

THROUGH WHAT HISTORICAL CHANNELS DID
BUDDHISM INFLUENCE EARLY
CHRISTIANITY?

BY GENERAL J. G. R. FORLONG, AUTHOR OF "RIVERS OF LIFE."

Part III.—Concluded.

The old "Aurea Legenda" states that St. Thomas, instructed by God, went as a mason to build the palace of King Gondophares or Gondoforus, in Meilau or Black Mina (*Kala-Mina* in the language of India) the cradle of the Buddhist Ikshvakus on the Indus at Patala, the present Tatta. Here St. Thomas was believed, according to the most trustworthy legends, to have been martyred in 60 A.C., and Professor Beal, in noticing this in General Cunningham's *Archæological Survey of India*, Vol. II, of 1862-65, adds (p. 138): "It is remarkable that about this time (50 A.C.) Asvaghosha, the famous Buddhist missionary, was taken by Chanda or Gandha, apparently an immediate successor of Gondophares, to Northern India as his secretary or personal adviser;" and we know that Asvaghosha's teaching and writings were thoroughly Buddhistic, and exactly such as the anti-kosmic Essenes and their Christian conquerors would be likely to adopt, and which in fact they did teach. The Professor adds, as showing the wide area early traversed by Buddhism, that "the Chinese writer Falin, in his *Po-tsi-lun*, brings a mass of evidence to show that Buddhist books were known in China before the time of the Emperor She-hwang-ti, of 221 B.C." During his reign an Indian monk, Lifang, and seventeen companions introduced Buddhist sacred writings into China, regarding which Falin and others "give full particular, resting on the best foundations, as to the persecutions and imprisonment" of the sect, and many supposed miraculous deliverances, none of which could have been invented, says Professor Beal. It is, as he adds, "an historical fact" that Buddhism had waxed strong under the Emperor Wu-ti, 140-86 B.C.; had become a State religion of China under Ming-ti, 58-76 A.C., and that Asvaghosha's great poem appeared in China about this time.*

Eusebius and Epiphanius tell us that Demetrius, the librarian of Alexandria, urged his royal master, the Greeco-Egyptian Ptolemy Philadelphus, "the conqueror of Baktria," to try and secure the sacred writings of India for his great library in Alexandria; and we may be very sure this literary king did so, and did not find it a difficult task, for he reigned from 283 to 247 B.C.—that is, during almost the whole life of the proselytising Emperor Asoka, then inscribing his Buddhistic tenets on rocks and pillars throughout Northern India and Afghanistan, and stretching out his hands to Greeks, Baktrians and Chinese, proving that Buddhism was the first and perhaps the greatest of missionary faiths.

* Cf. Beal, at pp. 53, 90, etc., and Father Hue's *China and Tartary* when quoting the *Syrian Chron.* and *Roman Breviary*, he says: "Thomas fell pierced with arrows at Calamina."

It was not with closed eyes and ears that Ptolemy and his *savans* would pass over all the intermediate States toward Babylon, Baktria and India, countries where Ezraitic Jews were still compiling their sacred writings, aided by the Babylonian Sanhedrim, the schools of Berosos, and the Greek centers which sprung up on the scattering abroad of the hosts of Alexander.

Ptolemy Philadelphus died in 247, and was succeeded by Ptolemy Energetes, who was coeval with Antiochus Theos, "the *Antiyako Yona Raja*" mentioned by Asoka, and to whom he sent Buddhist missionaries. These would of course preach to amazed Western armies the brotherhood of all men, and the immorality of war, save that against our own evil inclinations ("the world and the devil," in later Western *parlance*) and the beauty of contentment even in poverty and rags.

They would, like their lord, urge that it was more glorious to subdue one's self than to rule multitudes; to be a saviour of men rather than a conqueror; to strive to assuage the untold miseries of the world, rather than, by indulging vanity and passion, to add to the normal weight of sorrow. From such teaching would naturally arise the Therapeuts, Essenes, etc.; and we know of the former in 200 B.C. and the latter about 150 B.C. Thus we need not wonder at Eusebius and others pointing to a kind of "Christianity before Christ," for Eclectics and such like sects had organized churches, with deacons, presbyters or similar office-bearers, and these "used to meet on the Sabbath evenings for prayer, praise and other religious exercises."*

But to return to Asoka. He had adopted Buddhism in 274, and became emperor in 263 B.C. when he dispatched embassies to all the Greek kings of Baktria, Persia, and westward, and entered upon a free correspondence with many literary foreigners. In 250 we find the plays of Sophokles being read in the camps and courts of Eastern Parthian princes, one of whom translated, as before stated, no less than one hundred and seventy-six distinct Buddhist works into Chinese, though Professor Beal thinks this may have taken place about 149 A.C., which seems much too late. Even this date does not invalidate our arguments and conclusions drawn from many other facts, and much circumstantial evidence, viz., that long before our gospels (170 A.C.) Western Asia was saturated with Buddhism, and especially so all the widely extended Parthian empire.

It is, as Professor Beal says, "an historical fact," that Antigonus Gonatas, king of Makedon, is mentioned in three copies of one of the Edicts of Asoka, of say 240 B.C., and Antigonus was the patron if not the disciple of "Zenon the Eastern," and invited Zenon to his Court as a teacher of doctrines very similar to Buddhism. We are told that "he must have known as much of Asoka

* Rev. Dr. Cunningham's *Croal Sects*, 1886.

as that edict writer did of him, Antigonus," and he would naturally wish for Zenon at his Court, for he taught as Asoka taught.

Buddhists have no caste like Hindus, to keep them apart from foreigners, and Asoka was believed to have Greek blood in his veins, inasmuch as his grandfather, Chandra-Gupta, who is believed to have died 291 B.C., had married a daughter of Seleukos, which accounts for Asoka's evident bent westward. He sent embassies to five Greek monarchs, which shows "a close connection between India and the Western world."*

When Asoka died in 221 B.C., Buddhism was the acknowledged leading faith from the farthest western limits of Parthia up toward the Hari-rud ("Heri-river" of Herat) to Baktria and mid-Asia into China. It was supreme in India to Ceylon, and rapidly becoming so in Barma, Siam and the Indian Archipelago; and the great maritime Sabean races of Arabia had become familiar with all its customs, rites and symbolisms at their every port-of-call in the furthest Eastern seas, so that the highly religious races of Egypt "would hear all about it by channels similar to those by which," as Darmestetter shows, "the Greek plays reached Baroch or Baroda."

At this time also—221 B.C.—we find Chinese armies on the lower Oxus, then thronged with Buddhists of the old and new schools; and Falin, the Chinese writer, was rejoicing that his country had then a large Buddhist literature. Again, in 190 B.C., China was pressing hard upon Parthia, and endeavoring to invade India, where vast shrines, like those of Sanchi and Amravati, were rising everywhere; and no effort was spared by some million of zealous monks in propagating their great Tathagata's teachings. In this busy second century B.C., we also find Buddhistic Sakas, or Sakyas, seizing Seistan and Khorasan, and the Chinese emperor, Wu-ti, sending embassies to Parthian and Indian kings. One of Asoka's sons—Jalaka—was king of Kashmir and its outlying districts, stretching into Kabul and toward Baktria; and another son—Kunala—was ruling over all northwest India, and almost as earnest as his great father in propagating his faith.

When Asoka's dynasty fell, about 150 B.C., the Baktrian Greeks again pressed across into the heart of Buddhism, and under Menander, established themselves over most of the Panjâb, and reigned there from at least 130 to 50 B.C. "It was with this Menander," thinks Professor Beal, "that the so famous discussion occurred, known in Pali as the *Milinda-panho*, or dialogues between King Milinda and the Buddhist sage Naga-Sena." This traversed all the abstrusest doctrines of Buddhism, as well as burning questions of a special creation—the soul, immortality, etc.—then agitating the whole eastern and cultured portions of the

Western world. Jews and Gentiles were then busy propagating these, each on their own lines; but the light was from the East.

Alexander Polyhistor tells us that in his time—100 to 50 B.C.—Buddhists in Baktria taught and practiced all manner of Buddhistic continence and asceticism, and that for a century before his day the city of Alassada, on the upper Oxus, was famed as a missionary center from which Buddhists propagated the faith. It was, in fact, a vast S. P. G. "Society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts," where learned and trusted "fathers of the church" taught young missionaries how to combat "the non-Buddhistic religions of the world." This is the propaganda which would naturally start such sects as the Therapeuts of 200 and the Essenes of 150 B.C., the Baptizers of the Euphrates and the Jordan, culminating in Johanites and Manicheans of Ctesiphon. By 59 B.C., Chinese Buddhists ruled over all Eastern Turkestan, in direct and constant intercourse with Parthia, whose rule extended into Syria; and in 37 A.C. Roman armies were traversing all Mesopotamia, and in 40 A.C., when Apollonius of Tyana was returning from India, a great massacre of Jews took place in Babylon, dispersing the race to furthest east and west. The year 78 A.C. was the imperial era of Buddhism, the *Saka* of all Sakyas. The times were ripe and had been ripening rapidly from 600 B.C., when Persians said their new Zoroastrianism had already been preached. Greeks and Westerns had listened to every doctrine of Europe and Asia, and Messiah after Messiah had arisen more or less known to all. It wanted but the loosening of Roman rule and faith for any new religion to rise and be successful, provided it was sufficiently mystical and somewhat remote and Eastern in its history, and combining in its morals, rites and symbolisms what had become sacred in the eyes of all.

Alexandria then dethroned Balk and Samarkand as "the Meka of the west." It was a vast center of religious philosophies, arts and industries, where the Egyptian Chrestos "the good" had given place to a "Divine Logos"—to the Jewish "wisdom of Solomon," and of "Jesus, son of Sirach," and then to the Jesus of Paul. Here the religions of Zoroaster, of Magi, Essenes, Jews, Greeks and Christians were familiar to every reader, and freely discussed in numerous literary and religious societies, and we therefore hesitate not to affirm that so likewise were known the great philosophies of Vedantists and Buddhists, and of all the schools preceding and following the reformation of the great Guru, who had before the end of the second century B.C. converted at least 200 millions of Asiatics, and stirred to its base every school of thought in Asia.

Like Christianity, Buddhism has been called a pessimism, for it too was more especially addressed to

* Cf. pp. 133-170 Beal's *Buddhism in China* and all Cap. IX.

the weary and heavy laden; telling them to be content with their lot, and consider the lilies how they grow, to beg from door to door, and seek comfort by the silencing of the passions; and it met with a success unknown to any other faith. It passed through the usual fiery ordeals of faith, and was long scouted at by Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan, but especially by kings and nobles and captains of armies, like those of Alexander in 330-325 B.C. This was, however, as before stated, some 500 years before our Canonical Gospels were written, or rather known to be written, according to history and the great historical inquiry of the author of *Supernatural Religion*.

The *savans* of Alexander found Buddhism strongly in the ascendant from India to the Oxus and the Caspian, and with a powerful proselytising agency then advancing westward. Restless Sramans, monks, priests and peripatetic mendicants, had never ceased to wander over half of Asia to proclaim their great master's message from the time of his Nirvana, about 500 B.C., and the caves and cells of the Bamian Pass, and those on the Cophes, Oxus and Hori-Rud had re-echoed to their chants and teaching long before Greeks entered Ariana. The Grecian invasion would greatly facilitate the progress of the Buddhist missionaries, and they had ample time between, say 300 B.C. and 150 A.C., to fulfill their gospel mandate, that "all must preach what the master taught—that who so hides his faith shall be struck with blindness." Thus diligent Sramans had long sought every lone pass in wild mountains or river gorges, where they knew armies or travelers must pass and rest, in order "to compass their proselytes," and the wider to disseminate their faith in all lands. They urged on king and peasant, the robber and murderer, that the world was but a passing show in which they should try to assuage the miseries of their fellows; that they should ponder less upon their gods and more on a gospel of duty; and though this had little immediate effect, and on some never had any, yet it commended itself to good men, and lightened the burdens of the weary.

THOUGHT WITHOUT WORDS.

The following correspondence between Mr. F. Galton, Mr. George Romanes, the Duke of Argyll, etc., and Professor Max Müller on "Thought Without Words," is reprinted from *Nature* after careful revision:

1. LETTER FROM MR. F. GALTON, F.R.S.

May 12, 1887.

The recent work of Prof. Max Müller contains theories on the descent of man which are entirely based on the assertion that not even the most rudimentary processes of true thought can be carried on without words. From this he argues that as man is the only truly speaking animal the constitution of his mind is separated from that of brutes by a wide gulf, which no process of evolution that advanced by small steps could possibly stride over. Now, if a single instance can be substantiated of a man thinking without words, all this anthropological theory, which includes the more ambitious part of his work, will necessarily collapse.

I maintain that such instances exist, and the first that I shall mention, and which I will describe, at length, is my own. Let me say that I am accustomed to introspection, and have practised it seriously, and that what I state now is not random talk but the result of frequent observation. It happens that I take pleasure in mechanical contrivances; the simpler of these are thought out by me absolutely without the use of any mental words. Suppose something does not fit; I examine it, go to my tools, pick out the right ones, and set to work and repair the defect, often without a single word crossing my mind. I can easily go through such a process in imagination, and inhibit any mental word from presenting itself. It is well known at billiards that some persons play much more "with their heads" than others. I am but an indifferent player; still, when I do play, I think out the best stroke as well as I can, but not in words. I hold the cue with nascent and anticipatory gesture, and follow the probable course of the ball from cushion to cushion with my eye before I make the stroke, but I say nothing whatever to myself. At chess, which I also play indifferently, I usually calculate my moves, but not more than one or two stages ahead, by eye alone.

Formerly, I practised fencing, in which, as in billiards, the "head" counts for much. Though I do not fence now, I can mentally place myself in a fencing position, and then I am intent and mentally mute. I do not see how I could have used mental words, because they take me as long to form as it does to speak or to hear them, and much longer than it takes to read them by eye (which I never do in imagination). There is no time in fencing for such a process. Again, I have many recollections of scrambles in wild places, one of which is still vivid, of crossing a broad torrent from stone to stone, over some of which the angry-looking water was washing. I was intellectually wearied when I got to the other side, from the constant care and intentness with which it had been necessary to exercise the judgment. During the crossing, I am sure, for similar reasons to those already given, that I was mentally mute. It may be objected that no true thought is exercised in the act of picking one's way, as a goat could do that, and much better than a man. I grant this as regards the goat, but deny the inference, because picking the way under difficult conditions does, I am convinced, greatly strain the attention and judgment. In simple algebra, I never used mental words. Latterly, for example, I had some common arithmetic series to sum, and worked them out not by the use of the formula, but by the process through which the formula is calculated, and that without the necessity of any mental word. Let us suppose the question was, how many strokes were struck by a clock in twelve hours (not counting the half-hours), then I should have written 1, 2 . . . ; and below it, 12, 11, . . . ; then 2 13 × 12, then 13 × 6 = 78. Addition, as De Morgan somewhere insisted, is far more swiftly done by the eye alone; the tendency to use mental words should be withstood. In simple geometry I always work with actual or mental lines; in fact, I fail to arrive at the full conviction that a problem is fairly taken in by me, unless I have contrived somehow to disembarrass it of words.

Prof. Max Müller says that no one can think of a dog without mentally using the word dog, or its equivalent in some other language, and he offers this as a crucial test of the truth of his theory. It utterly fails with me. On thinking of a dog, the name at once disappears, and I find myself mentally in that same expectant attitude in which I should be if I were told that a dog was in an obscure part of the room or just coming round the corner. I have no clear visual image of a dog, but the sense of an ill-defined spot that might shape itself into any specified form of dog, and that might jump, fawn, snarl, bark, or do anything else that a dog might do, but nothing else. I address myself in preparation for any act of the sort, just as when

standing before an antagonist in fencing I am ready to meet any thrust or feint, but exclude from my anticipation every movement that falls without the province of fair fencing.

He gives another test of a more advanced mental process, namely, that of thinking of the phrase "*cogito, ergo sum*," without words. I addressed myself to the task at a time when I was not in a mood for introspection, and was bungling over it when I insensibly lapsed into thinking, not for the first time, whether the statement was true. After a little, I surprised myself hard at thought in my usual way—that is, without a word passing through my mind. I was alternately placing myself mentally in the attitude of thinking, and then in that of being, and of watching how much was common to the two processes.

It is a serious drawback to me in writing, and still more in explaining myself, that I do not so easily think in words as otherwise. It often happens that after being hard at work, and having arrived at results that are perfectly clear and satisfactory to myself, when I try to express them in language I feel that I must begin by putting myself upon quite another intellectual plane. I have to translate my thoughts into a language that does not run very evenly with them. I therefore waste a vast deal of time in seeking for appropriate words and phrases, and am conscious, when required to speak on a sudden, of being often very obscure through mere verbal maladroitness, and not through want of clearness of perception. This is one of the small annoyances of my life. I may add that often while engaged in thinking out something I catch an accompaniment of nonsense words, just as the notes of a song might accompany thought. Also, that *after* I have made a mental step, the appropriate word frequently follows as an echo; as a rule, it does not accompany it.

Lastly, I frequently employ nonsense words as temporary symbols, as the logical *x* and *y* of ordinary thought, which is a practice that, as may well be conceived, does not conduce to clearness of exposition. So much for my own experiences, which I hold to be fatal to that claim of an invariable dependence between thoughts and words which Prof. Max Müller postulates as the ground of his anthropological theories.

As regards the habits of others, at the time when I was inquiring into the statistics of mental imagery, I obtained some answers to the following effect: "I depend so much upon mental pictures that I think if I were to lose the power of seeing them I should not be able to think at all." There is an admirable little book published last year or the year before by Binet, *Sur le Raisonnement*, which is clear and solid, and deserves careful reading two or three times over. It contains pathological cases in which the very contingency of losing the power of seeing mental pictures just alluded to has taken place. The book shows the important part played by visual and motile as well as audile, imaginations in the act of reasoning. This and much recent literature on the subject seems wholly unknown by Prof. Max Müller, who has fallen into the common error of writers not long since, but which I hoped had now become obsolete, of believing that the minds of everyone else are like one's own. His aptitudes and linguistic pursuits are likely to render him peculiarly dependent on words, and the other literary philosophers whom he quotes in partial confirmation of his extreme views are likely for the same cause, but in a less degree, to have been similarly dependent. Before a just knowledge can be attained concerning any faculty of the human race we must inquire into its distribution among all sorts and conditions of men, and on a large scale, and not among those persons alone who belong to a highly specialized literary class.

I have inquired myself so far as opportunities admitted, and arrived at a result that contradicts the fundamental proposition in the book before us, having ascertained, to my own satisfaction

at least, that in a relatively small number of persons true thought is habitually carried on without the use of mental or spoken words.

FRANCIS GALTON.

II. LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

ARGYLL LODGE, KENSINGTON, May 12, 1887.

I do not see that Prof. Max Müller's theory of the inseparability of thought from language, whether true or erroneous, has any important bearing on the origin of man, whether by evolution or otherwise. It is a question at all events to be studied by itself, and to be tested by such experiments as we can make by introspection, or by such facts as can be ascertained by outward observation.

My own opinion is strongly in favor of the conclusion urged by Mr. F. Galton. It seems to me quite certain that we can and do constantly think of things without thinking of any sound, or word, as designating them. Language seems to me to be necessary to the *progress of thought*, but not at all necessary to the mere *act of thinking*. "It is a product of thought; an expression of it;" a vehicle for the communication of it; a channel for the conveyance of it; and an embodiment which is essential to its growth and continuity. But it seems to me to be altogether erroneous to represent it as any inseparable part of cogitation. Monkeys and dogs are without true thought not because they are speechless; but they are speechless because they have no abstract ideas, and no true reasoning powers. In parrots the power of mere articulation exists sometimes in wonderful perfection. But parrots are no cleverer than many other birds which have no such power.

Man's vocal organs are correlated with his brain. Both are equally mysterious because they are co-operative, and yet separable, parts of one "plan."

ARGYLL.

III. LETTER FROM MR. HYDE CLARKE.

32 ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, S. W., May 12, 2887.

Having much of the same experience as Mr. Galton, I nevertheless prefer dealing with a larger group of facts. I have often referred to the mutes of the seraglio at Constantinople, who cannot be charged with thinking in words. They have their own sign conversation among themselves, and which has no necessary reference to words. Even the names of individuals are suppressed among themselves, though they sometimes use lip reading to an outsider to make him understand a name. Any one having a knowledge of sign language is aware that it is independent of words. The tenses of verbs, etc., are supplied by gestures.

The mutes are not deficient in intelligence. They take a great interest in politics, and have the earliest news. It is true this is obtained by hearing, though they are supposed to be deaf-mutes, but among themselves everything is transmitted by signs.

HYDE CLARKE.

IV. LETTER FROM MR. MELLARD READE.

I think that all who are engaged in mechanical work and planning will fully indorse what Mr. Francis Galton says as to thought being unaccompanied by words in the mental processes gone through. Having been all my life since school-days engaged in the practice of architecture and civil engineering, I can assure Prof. Max Müller that designing and invention are done entirely by mental pictures. It is, I find, the same with original geological thought—words are only an incumbrance. For the conveyance and accumulation of knowledge some sort of symbols are required, but it appears to me that spoken language or written words are not absolutely necessary, as other means of representing ideas could be contrived. In fact, words are in many cases so cumbersome that other methods *have* been devised for imparting knowledge. In mechanics the graphic method, for instance,

T. MELLARD READE.

V. LETTER FROM S. F. M. Q.

On reading Mr. Galton's letter, I cannot help asking how Prof. Max Müller would account for early processes of thought in a deaf-mute: does he deny them? S. F. M. Q.

VI. LETTER FROM PROF. MAX MÜLLER.

ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, OXFORD, May 15, 1887.

DEAR MR. GALTON—I have to thank you for sending me the letter which you published in *Nature*, and in which you discuss the fundamental principle of my recent book on the *Science of Thought*, the identity of language and reason. Yours is the kind of criticism I like—honest, straightforward, to the point. I shall try to answer your criticism in the same spirit.

You say, and you say rightly, that if a single instance could be produced of a man reasoning without words, my whole system of philosophy would collapse; and you go on to say that you yourself are such an instance—that you can reason without words.

So can I, and I have said so in several passages of my book. But what I call reasoning without words is no more than reasoning without pronouncing words. With you it seems to mean reasoning without possessing words. What I call, with Leibniz, symbolic, abbreviated, or hushed language, what savages call "speaking in the stomach," presupposes the former existence of words. What you call thinking without words seems to be intended for the thinking of beings, whether men or animals, that possess as yet no words for what they are thinking.

Now let us try to understand one another—that is to say, let us define the words we are using. We both use thinking in the sense of reasoning. But thinking has been used by Descartes and other philosophers in a much wider sense also, so as to include sensation, passions and intuitive judgments, which clearly require no words for their realization. It is necessary, therefore, to define what we mean by thinking before we try to find out whether we can think without words. In my book on the *Science of Thought* I define thinking as addition and subtraction. That definition may be right or wrong, but every writer has the right—nay, the duty, I should say—to explain in what sense he intends to use certain technical terms. Though nowadays this is considered rather pedantic, I performed that duty on the very first page of my book, and it seems somewhat strange that a reviewer in the *Academy* should accuse me of not having defined what I mean by thinking, for most reviewers look at least at the first page of a work which is given them to review.

Now, the cases which you mention of wordless thought are not thought at all in my sense of the word. I grant that animals do a great deal of work by intuition, and that we do the same—nay, that we often do that kind of work far more quickly and far more perfectly than by reasoning. You say, for instance, that you take pleasure in mechanical contrivances, and if something does not fit you examine it, go to your tools, pick out the right one, set to work and repair the defect often without a single word crossing your mind. No doubt you can do that. So can the beaver and the bee. But neither the beaver nor the bee would say what you say, namely, that in doing this "*you inhibit any mental word from presenting itself.*" What does that mean if not that the mental words are there, the most complicated thought-words, such as *tool*, *defect*, *fit*, are there? only you do not pronounce them, as little as you pronounce "two shillings and sixpence" when you pay a cabman half-a-crown.

The same applies to what you say about billiards and fencing. Neither cannoning nor fencing is thinking. The serpent coiling itself and springing forward and shooting out its fangs does neither think nor speak. It sees, it feels, it acts; and, as I stated on p. 8 of my book, that kind of instantaneous and thoughtless action is often far more successful than the slow results of reasoning. Well do I remember when I was passing through my drill as a volunteer, and sometimes had to think what was right and what was

left, being told by our sergeant, "Them gentlemen as thinks will never do any good." I am not sure that what we call genius may not often be a manifestation of our purely animal nature—a sudden tiger's spring rather than *une longue patience*.

It is different, however, with chess. A chess-player may be very silent, but he deals all the time with thought-words or word-thoughts. How could it be otherwise? What would be the use of all his foresight, of all his intuitive combination, if he did not manipulate with king, queen, knights and castles? and what are all these but names, most artificial names, too, real agglomerates of ever so many carefully embedded facts or observations?

An animal may build like the beaver, shoot like the serpent, fence like the cat, climb like the goat; but no animal can play chess, and why? Because it has no words, and therefore no thoughts for what we call king, queen and knights, names and concepts which we combine and separate according to their contents—that is, according to what we ourselves or our ancestors have put into them.

You say, again, that in algebra, the most complicated phase of thought, we do not use words. Nay, you go on to say that in algebra "*the tendency to use mental words should be withstood.*" No doubt it should. The player on the pianoforte should likewise withstand the tendency of saying, now comes C, now comes D, now comes E, before touching the keys. But how could there be a tendency to use words, or, as you say in another place, "*to disembarass ourselves of words,*" if the words were not there? In algebra we are dealing not only with words but with words of words, and it is the highest excellence of language if it can thus abbreviate itself more and more. If we had to pronounce every word we are thinking our progress would be extremely slow. As it is, we can go through a whole train of thought without uttering a single word, because we have signs not only for single thoughts but for whole chains of thoughts. And yet, if we watch ourselves, it is very curious that we can often feel the vocal chords and the muscles of the mouth moving as if we were speaking; nay, we know that during efforts of intense thought a word will sometimes break out against our will; it may be, as you say, a nonsense word, yet a word which for some reason or other could not be inhibited from presenting itself.

You say you have sometimes great difficulty in finding appropriate words for your thoughts. Who has not? But does that prove that thoughts can exist without words? Quite the contrary. Thoughts for which we cannot find appropriate words are thoughts expressed as yet by inappropriate, very often by very general, words. You see a thing and you do not know what it is, and therefore are at a loss how to call it. There are people who call everything "that thing"—in French "*chose*"—because they are lazy thinkers and, therefore, clumsy speakers. But even "thing" and "*chose*" are names. The more we distinguish, the better we can name. A good speaker and thinker will not say "that thing," "that person," "that man," "that soldier," "that officer," but he will say at once "that lieutenant-general of fusiliers." He can name appropriately because he knows correctly, but he knows nothing correctly or vaguely except in a string of names from officer down to thing. Embryonic thought which never comes to the birth is not thought at all, but only the material out of which thought may spring. Nor can infant thought, which cannot speak as yet, be called living thought, though the promise of thought is in it. The true life of thought begins when it is named, and has been received by baptism into the congregation of living words.

You say that "after you have made a mental step the appropriate word frequently follows as an echo; as a rule, it does not accompany it." I know very well what you mean. But only ask yourself what mental step you have made and you will see you stand on words; more or less perfect and appropriate, true; but

nevertheless, always words. You blame me for having ignored your labors, which were intended to show that the minds of every one are not like one's own. You know that I took a great deal of interest in your researches. They represented to me what I should venture to call the dialectology of thought. But dialects of thought do not affect the fundamental principles of thinking; and the identity of language and reason can hardly be treated as a matter of idiosyncrasy.

You also blame me for not having read a recent book by Monsieur Binet. Dear Mr. Galton, as I grow older I find it the most difficult problem in the world what new books we may safely leave unread. Think of the number of old books which it is not safe to leave unread; and yet, when I tell my friends that in order to speak the *lingua franca* of philosophy they ought, at least, to read Kant, they shrug their shoulders and say they have no time, or, *horrible dictu*, that Kant is obsolete. I have, however, ordered Binet, and shall hereafter quote him as an authority. But who is an authority in these days of anarchy? I quoted the two greatest authorities in Germany and England in support of my statement that the genealogical descent of man from any other known animal was as yet *unproven*, and I am told by my reviewer in the *Academy* that such statements "deserve to be passed over in respectful silence." If such descent were proved it would make no difference whatever to the science of thought. Man would remain to me what he always has been, the perfect animal; the animal would remain the stunted man. But why waste our thoughts on things that may be or may not be? One fact remains: animals have no language. If, then, man cannot think—or, better, cannot reason—without language, I think we are right in contending that animals do not reason as man reasons, though for all we know they may be all the better for it.

Yours very truly,

Francis Galton, Esq., F.R.S.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

(THIS CORRESPONDENCE TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

To the Editors:

In these days an increasing number of people in England feel ready to say with Emerson's devout friend, "On Sundays, it seems wicked to go to church." For if they go to church their moral nature is shocked by the wholly conventional morality which is preached there. Respectability rather than goodness seems to be valued there. There is an absence of reality and enthusiasm in the affair; dull mediocrity in the pulpit addressing itself to genteel decorum in the pew. Ruskin once said that he had heard about two thousand sermons, and never in one of them a hint as to the conflict between God and mammon. How could there be? The preacher is, nine times out of ten, the paid servant of mammon who would be likely to dismiss him speedily if he preached unpleasant truths. Now, the old theological heaven having lost its attractions and the old theological hell its terrors, and both having become as unreal to all intelligent people as Tartarus or the Elysian Fields; it follows necessarily that for any true teacher of men nothing is left but the dealing with the evils of actual life, the preaching of a higher social ideal, and the imperious command to men to leave all and follow that ideal. For reasons which I gave in a previous paper I am convinced that, in most cases, a Protestant preacher cannot, *ipso facto*, satisfy these ethical demands of our time. And as there are others who hold the same view, it has come to pass that the ethical movement in America has attracted some attention in this country; with the result that last year an Ethical Society was founded in London, which has just issued its first report.

I think the first impetus to the ethical movement here was given by my friend Mr. J. Graham Brooks, of Brockton, Mass., when he was in England upwards of two years ago. Mr. Brooks made the name and writings of Mr. Salter, of Chicago, well known in a small circle in London; and I also did my best to circulate the lectures, copies of which Mr. Salter was good enough to send me from time to time, and which contained, in my judgment, the kind of teaching best adapted to the society of our own time.

The little Ethical Society which has been established in London is a small affair with modest pretensions. It has about thirty members, a very small income, and no local habitation. Its most active members are young men who have accepted in its main principles the philosophy of the late Thomas H. Green, of Oxford, and some of whom were actually his pupils. This philosophy, setting before each one of us the development of a good will as the thing to be aimed at, declares that this good will can only be realized in a social life of self-conscious persons. Man's life, though a part of nature, is not merely natural; and hence Darwinism, or any other merely naturalistic scheme of thought can furnish no ethical basis for human action. For we act in the light of an ideal; and our action is ethical or non-ethical according as it helps or hinders the realizing of that ideal. And that ideal itself is an ideal for all; coöperation among men is, therefore, needful for its attainment. These, as I understand, are Green's main ethical principles; and though the Ethical Society acknowledges as such no special master, yet, as a matter of fact, most of its members accept this philosophy which, as being anti-individualistic, is eminently in accord with the social tendencies of our time.

The Ethical Society thus states its principles: "The members of this society agree in believing that the moral and religious life of man is capable of a rational justification and explanation. They believe that there is at present great need (a) for the exposition of the actual principles of social morality, generally acknowledged though imperfectly analyzed in current language, (b) for presentation of the ideal of human progress, and (c) for the teaching of a reasoned out doctrine on the whole subject." The prospectus further states that it will be "the duty of the society to use every endeavor to arouse the community at large to the importance of testing every social, political and educational question, by moral and religious principles." The members also propose to "organize systematic ethical instruction" by lectures at workingmen's clubs, coöperative societies, and in connection with the movement for the extension of university teaching.

During the past winter a series of lectures under the auspices of the society was given at Toynbee Hall, the University settlement in the east of London. These lectures were given by different persons, but there was a general unity in the teaching presented. Among the subjects were "Society as Organic," "Conscience," "The Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth." These lectures were attended by audiences varying from forty or fifty to one hundred persons, a portion of whom were workingmen. At the close of the lecture any person is permitted to put a question on the subject under consideration, and a short discussion is invited. By this means difficult points are cleared up and vital questions more thoroughly pressed home. It is expected and hoped that next winter a lecture may be given every Sunday and that the work of the infant society may be somewhat extended. By this opportunity thus afforded for moral culture, it is hoped that those who feel the wickedness of going to church and who have consequently nothing to do on Sundays, may have some kind of spiritual nutriment offered in place of orthodoxy's barren husks.

While thus stating briefly the avowed aims of the Ethical Society and the ideas under which it has been constituted, I must add that I doubt whether, on its present lines, it will fill anything

at all like the positions which the various American societies occupy. The society is, in a word, too academic; at least that is my humble judgment. What is specially needed is a society which should unite cultured people with workmen. Theoretically there is nothing in the constitution of the Ethical Society in London, which forbids it accomplishing this; practically it does not do so. Our workmen really need some strong ethical movement, for they have nothing at present but their trade unions and their politics. (I speak of course of the better and more intelligent portion; with the residuum nothing at present can be done, or indeed ever can be done until there is a revolution in their physical surroundings). Secularism, which at its best is rather a poor business, is somewhat played out. Socialism which has stepped into its place in London and in parts of the north of England, is not, as generally preached at the street corners, of a distinctly ethical stamp. And as on every side of them the workers see greed and self-interest the dominating forces, it is a wonder to me that they are as upright as they are. From the churches they are almost entirely divorced, except in the case of Irish Catholics. Those institutions are for their masters and their well-dressed families, not for the working classes. There is, therefore, a gap which an ethical society might usefully fill. But if such a society is to do anything for the sad and weary toilers of modern society, it must state and clearly the necessary implications of its belief. That is, it must put an end forever to the fatal divorce between thought and action which is the great cause of our weakness. The kind of truths, e. g., embodied in Mr. Salter's lecture on "The Social Ideal," mean, if carried into action, nothing less than a complete sweeping revolution in our whole actual life, social, industrial, political. These ideas are either meant to be carried out, or they are merely so much empty verbiage. That is what workmen whose minds are constantly in touch with realities feel; and they are right in so feeling. A society, therefore, must to-day act as well as speak. It must not only teach men to think rightly, but also to act courageously. The Church stands helpless before the public criminal, before the grasping capitalist, the fraudulent speculator, the dishonest legislator. She cannot, dare not, denounce these men or the society which produces them, for of that society she is part and parcel. But an ethical society which is based not on miraculous legends but on moral truth; which looks to the healing of the wounds of human life here and now and has no concern with golden streets and palm branches in cloud-cuckoo land—such a society must do what the Church refuses to do, if it is to produce any adequate effect. The more its members chance to dislike the violent, anarchical agitation of the modern revolutionist, the more strenuously should they strive to head a moral, peaceful revolution. For it is nothing less than revolution in some shape which is at hand. The social, economic and political forces, are all making in that direction; and those men will render the greatest service to mankind who can mould these forces in accordance with the loftiest ethical ideal. But it that is to be done, speculation and action must go hand in hand; nor must the college-bred man shrink in timid hesitation from the world of strife where the masses of the people are half unconsciously trying to work out in their necessarily rude methods the greatest social transformation the world has ever known. I am induced to offer this criticism because I do not think the excellent leaders of the London Ethical Society at present fully realize the implications of their own doctrines.

WILLIAM CLARKE.

JAMES PARTON ON LABOR CRANKS AGAIN.

To the Editors:

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., Sept. 9, 1887.

I regret to see by the communications of Mr. A. Bate and Mr. J. B. Barnhill that I did not succeed in conveying my meaning and intent in an article published in THE OPEN COURT upon "Labor Cranks." I must attribute this wholly to my want of

skill or care. I fully agree with both your correspondents in the opinion that the proper object of human endeavor is the alleviation of the common lot. All things and all men are important or unimportant, estimable or the contrary, only as they promote or hinder this supreme interest. I heartily congratulate Mr. Bate that we are now, at this late day, after ages of misdirected effort, face to face with the true and final problem—a more just and scientific distribution of the results of human labor—a better, safer and more interesting existence for the average man. Immense progress has been made in this direction during the last two centuries, and that progress is due to men who have wrought in a friendly spirit—men who have patiently discovered truth or skillfully applied old truth to new uses. The men of wrath and hate have not helped at all, and never will. It is the good and compassionate persons who aid in this superlative and never-ending task of making all men sharers in the best that man possesses.

As to cranks, they are of two kinds—those made morbid by compassion for others, and those made morbid by an excessive regard for themselves. A gigantic ego is the usual impelling motive of the cranks that hate, denounce and destroy. These are the cranks to be feared and opposed. Not the other kind, the noble crank, whose very errors often contain more wisdom than the correct opinions of many whom they disturb and alarm. The Duke of Argyll may be a sounder political economist than Henry George, but the atom of regenerating truth in George will never cease to operate until no duke, nor any other man, will own 20,000 acres of the common estate, and the duke's successor will himself laugh at the preposterousness of such a distribution.

JAMES PARTON.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER'S XENIONS.

To the Editors:

IN THE OPEN COURT of July 21 there appeared an article entitled "Goethe and Schiller's Xenions." The author, Dr. Paul Carus, while making the article proper consist in translations of and comments upon some of the distichs, begins by explaining the construction of the Latin distich upon which model many of them were written. In doing this he lays himself open to the charge of incompetency. Passing such grammatical errors as the substitution of the words meter and meters for foot and feet, we come to the announcement that "the hexameter is known to Americans from Longfellow's *Evangeline*," and that "the pentameter consists of twice two and a half, i. e., five dactylic meters, which are separated by an incision. Instead of two short syllables there may always be one long syllable, with the exception of the fifth meter of the hexameter and the latter half of the pentameter."

To those who are equal to the task of understanding this may it be submitted; to the student it is simple nonsense.

What does Dr. Carus mean by a pentameter being "separated by an incision?" and why has he not used the proper word "cæsura," which means "division," and not "incision," in speaking of that separation? And why has he, as a crowning error, omitted to speak of the cæsura, which divides the hexameter? This glaring mistake would be enough in itself to prove his lack of knowledge upon the subject which he essays to treat; and an examination of his "schedule" of the distich reveals no cæsura in the hexameter. Explanations of verse construction are not difficult, but to one who, like Dr. Carus, has not thoroughly qualified himself great difficulties are presented. He is like one who tries to explain the laws which govern mathematics without that knowledge of terms which is necessary in order to make himself understood.

Of his translations it may be said that they reveal a disposition to make hexameters whether the original lines are hexametric

or not, and of course faithfulness to the text must be to some degree sacrificed as a result. Comparison of the originals of the first and thirteenth of the distichs, as well as the one addressed to the Muse, with their translations, will show clearly that great liberty has been taken with them. And lastly it may be said that a thorough knowledge of two languages is a qualification necessary to insure correct and worthy translation of literature, whether in the form of verse or prose. That the former is the more difficult goes without saying, and Dr. Carus in attempting this has shown most clearly a lack of that qualification.

W. F. BARNARD.

DR. CARUS' REPLY.

Mr. Barnard speaks of my "explaining the *Latin* distich." I said "the Xenions are imitations of a Roman poet's verses," from which statement Mr. Barnard apparently draws his wrong conclusion. The distich is as little Latin as it is German or English, it is *Greek*.

I say that the hexameter consists of six and the pentameter of five *meters*. This is so true that it is a tautology. Mr. Barnard says, it is "a grammatical (!) error." According to him I should say, "the hexameter has six *feet*." Why, then did the Greek not call it ἑξάπους (six-foot)? They called it ἑξάμετρος (six-meter). Incidentally a dactylic meter consists of one foot, but other meters, as the iambic, consist of two feet. This simple fact explains why the inaccurate and sloven expression "foot" should not be used for the correct term "meter."

Although the pentameter consists of twice two and a half meters, its name pentameter is a misnomer. I should take pleasure in explaining this puzzle, but it would lead me too far now.

Mr. Barnard asks why I did not use the proper term *cæsura*. I did not use it because I wanted to avoid the Latin and Greek terminology.

Mr. Barnard declares that I "as a crowning error omitted to speak of *the cæsura* which divides the hexameter." He also blames me for having omitted it in the schedule. Let me state that the hexameter can have many different *cæsuras* (e. g. Κατὰ τρίτον πρῶτον, πενδημιμηνεζή, ἑξοδημιμηνεζή). Accordingly it would have been an *impossibility* to adorn my schedule with *the cæsura* of the hexameter.

Mr. Barnard says *cæsura* means "division" not "incision." A Latin scholar who has not quite forgotten the elementaries, will tell him that *cæsura* is derived from *cadere*, "to cut." Division in the English language can be, but must not be, "a cut." I advise Mr. Barnard to consult the English dictionaries before he writes. He will find that the division of the House of Congress is no cutting it assunder like a piece of wood. However, the *cæsura* is a cutting of the verse.

I stated in my article that *the two halves* of the pentameter *are* separated by an incision. Mr. Barnard makes of it: "The pentameter is separated by an incision," and then asks what that nonsense means. I do not know how the pentameter itself can be separated. Mr. Barnard must first state from what, but can by no means make me answerable for *his* distortion of my sentence.

Mr. Barnard says, that "my translations reveal a disposition to make hexameters, whether the original lines are hexametric (!) or not." The original lines are not simply hexametric, they are distichs and so are my translations. The term hexametric can not well be applied to the pentameters.

If Mr. Barnard really made an attempt at comparing the two versions, he betrays that his knowledge of German does not surpass his knowledge of Latin.

The original of the first distich is:

In' Weimar und' in Je' na macht' man Hexa' meter wie' der.
A'ber die Pen' tameter' Sind' doch noch ex' cellenter'.

My translation is (the accentuation is intentionally wrong in both versions):

In' Weimar and' in Je' na they make' Hexame' ters like this' one.

But' the Pen' tameters' Are' even queer'er than this'.

The original of the thirteenth distich is:

Jeder, nimmst du ihn einzeln, ist leidlich klug und verständig,
Aber in corpore gleich Wird euch ein Dummkopf daraus.

I translate:

Every one of them, singly considered, is sensible, doubtless.

But in a body the whole Number of them is an ass.

Here I confess guilty having translated *Dummkopf* with *ass*.

Not every ass is necessarily a Dummkopf.

The distich addressed to *the Muse* is in German:

Was ich ohne Dich wäre, ich weiss es nicht! Aber ich schaudre
Sch' ich was ohne Dich Hundert und Tausende sind.

I translate:

How I could live without thee, I know not. But horror o'er-
takes me

Seeing these thousands and more Who without thee can
exist.

Mr. Barnard is welcome to furnish more literal and better translations. If he deems that task too easy, he may translate the following distich into Latin or German:

Barnard my scurrilous critic reveals a grotesque disposition.

Badly to libel himself, while he his neighbor reviles.

If Mr. Barnard had known before, how little he knew of the subject, I do not doubt, he would have used more decent language, if he had spoken at all. An old Latin proverb says:

O si tacuisses, philosophus mansisses.

DR. PAUL CARUS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF MENTAL HEALING. By *Charles M. Barrows*, author of *Bread Pills, a Study of Mind Cure*. Boston: H. H. Carter & Karrick, 1887. Cloth, pp. 248. Price \$1.25.

The hold which psychological investigation or "Mental Science" has taken upon the public mind during the last three or four years is nowhere so strongly shown as in the abundant flow from the press of literature on the subject. Periodicals, leaflets, pamphlets and books reach us from every direction giving the differing views of individual investigators and believers on a subject which as yet has received from no one of these writers adequate scientific explanation satisfactory to thoughtful minds.

The work before us, written from the standpoint of a believer in the reality of many of the cures said to be effected by "Mental Healers," is one of the most interesting we have seen on the subject. It is written in a style so clear, sensible, earnest and vigorous that whatever one may believe on the matter the attention is held from beginning to end. Mr. Barrows, we understand, has had exceptional opportunities in his own family circle for studying the methods and phenomena of what he appropriately terms "psychopathy," and has for several years in the spirit of sincere impartial inquiry read all the pros and cons, and investigated personally many of the alleged "mind cures" effected by "Christian Scientists," "Metaphysicians," "Mental Healers," etc., and apparently has come to the conclusion that in many cases real cures are effected by a force in nature which has not yet been sufficiently investigated to be rightly understood or made use of. He says: "The day is not far distant, let us hope, when a reputable doctor may elect to employ mental treatment instead of prescribing a drug, and not lose caste." In this work the author gives a comprehensive *résumé* of the history of mental healing, and in doing so goes much further back in time than many readers would expect. He quotes from many authorities both for and

against the practice, and nowhere emphasizes his own particular views, but gives what he thinks impartial evidence and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. He treats the subject in a philosophical as well as historical manner, devoting one chapter to a consideration of the Brahminic philosophy, and another to Emerson's idealism, considering both as having relation to the more spiritual aspects of his theme, and illustrates his points often with pertinent and charming quotations from the best poets.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE pamphlets, containing addresses by Emma Hopkins, Ursula Gestefeld and Mrs. M. Phelon, have been received, all substantially agreeing in their views. Of "Christian Science" Mrs. Hopkins says, we see the lion and the lamb lie down together, when science, the sworn enemy of religion in the past, and religion, stern persecutor of science in all ages, are yoked together as fellow-workers in a common cause, by calling each the explanation and defense of the other, and by each claiming to be the enlightener and saviour of humanity.

Ursula N. Gestefeld declares that "Christian Science" means vastly more than a new and improved method of healing the sick. It does not simply mean the cure of disease in others by the use of something which one has been taught. It means self-conquest, spiritual growth and development; and through this self-conquest, growth and development, which are the result of the understanding of what he is aiming at, he becomes that which enables him both to prevent and overcome all forms of suffering; and Mrs. Phelon feels sure that disease only came with man's "fall" and consequent knowledge of good and evil; "if man knew not evil," she oracularly says, "but thought only good, his mentality, latent or active, would never produce disease or suffering upon himself or others."

Among other literature on the subject recently received by us is a little book, price 50 cents, written by L. P. Mercer and published by C. H. Kerr & Co., of this city, entitled *The New Birth*, with a chapter on "Mind Cure," which is written from the Swedenborgian standpoint. Mr. Mercer remarks of the "Physical Wave," of which "Mind Cure" is one of the developments that "there are epochs marked by the influx of new forces, giving new impulses to popular thought and accompanied with revelation of new truths as to the material of thought. Not oscillations of thought, but advances to new platforms and standpoints. A characteristic of our time is the vague consciousness of such a beginning. * * * It means that the Lord will have a new church and a new religion. The time is come and the forces are set in motion. The new church [i. e. Swedenborgian] stands unmoved in the midst of all these fluctuations. * * * She expects these movements before they occur. She knows the meaning of them before they mature."

VORFRAGEN DER ETHIK. By *Dr. Christoph Sigwart*. Freiburg im B. 1886.

SKETCH OF A NEW UTILITARIANISM. By *W. Douv Lighthall*, M. A., B. C. L.

Two pamphlets on ethical subjects lie before me. One from the Old World, the other from the New, the one written by a corypheus of German philosophy, viz., a well-known professor of the old University of Tubingen, the other by an American, who is not as far as I know, a philosopher by profession but only from inclination. Each so different in character and education, starting from quite contrary principles finally agrees with the other and fundamentally they teach the same ethics—Sigwart, the scholar of Nestor-like wisdom, carefully weighing all pros and cons, Lighthall, the confident and aspiring American, boldly soaring to loftier heights and thus amplifying his horizon.

Sigwart is imbued with the spirit and tendencies of the accumulated religious and philosophic thought of humanity, but he is

at the same time open to new ideas; the weak side of Kant's categorical imperative is not hidden from his critical eye although he is not lacking in appreciation of the great thinker of Koenigsberg. Sigwart carefully considers the claims of a happiness theory in ethics and although in the end he does not accept it, it nevertheless serves to moderate the rigidity of his traditional altruism. He concludes his essay with these words:

"The satisfaction which can be equally realised by all men must be found ultimately in the certainty of purpose which lies beyond individual consciousness and its limits. This purpose is to work for humanity and the universe in order to appreciate one's own value as the bearer of a higher idea and the executor of a divine will. Here ethics and metaphysics meet."

The contrary path has been pursued by Mr. Lighthall. He started from utilitarianism and found it insufficient as a solid ethical foundation. In the search for supplying this deficiency he went to the ancient as well as to the German philosophers and found what he wanted. The result of his search is what he calls "a new utilitarianism"—a utilitarianism in which he gets rid of hedonism and the theory that an exclusive personal happiness is and must be the only spring of man's actions. His utilitarianism has broadened into altruism. He concludes with the famous dictum of the philosopher on the Roman throne—Aurelius: "Constantly regard the universe as one living being, having one substance and one soul; and observe how all things have reference to one perception—the perception of this one living being; and how all things act with one movement." P. C.

THE MONK'S WEDDING. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

This novel, which comes to us in the most alluring type and paper, the daintiest of binding, for summer reading, is translated by Miss Sarah Adams, from the German of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. It is a tragic story of mediæval times, purporting to be told by Dante to a princely group of listeners around the hearth of a Noble in Verona. It is told in modern style and with a dignity quite in keeping with the "mingled seriousness and disdain" made to characterize the narrator, and the novel is full of all the tragic elements of that boisterous period. The hero of the story, as the title indicates, is a monk. He has been from childhood restrained by his vows to a life so blameless as to be proverbial for its saintliness. When for reasons of family policy he is released from these monastic vows, the reaction is so violent and immediate that his passion overrides all law and all intention of conduct and he becomes a victim to the wildest and most disastrous impulses. There is material enough for a much longer story and tragedy enough for those murderous Italian times; and if other stories told by the friends who were gathered around that Verona fireside for evening entertainment, were as bristling with events and daggers as Dante's was, the guests must have all needed the stirrup cup before they separated for sleeping.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF PROGRESS, including that of Morality. By *G. Gore, LL. D., F. R. S.*, author of *The Art of Scientific Discovery, The Principles and Practice of Electro-deposition, The Art of Electro-Metallurgy*, etc. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate; pp. 218.

The aim of this work is to show that the essential starting point of human progress lies in scientific discovery, that new truths are evolved by original research made in accordance with scientific methods, to illustrate these processes by examples and to point out how such research can be encouraged. The greatest obstacle to the discovery of new knowledge the author declares to be the wide-spread ignorance of the dependence of human welfare upon scientific research, of the vast importance of new truth as a fundamental source of progress. As advance originates in new knowledge, unless new discoveries are made, new

inventions and improvements must sooner or later cease. A chapter is devoted to showing the importance of new scientific knowledge as a source of mental and moral advancement.

Dr. Gore shows not only large acquaintance with science, but philosophic insight and breadth and comprehensiveness of thought. The work is one which should be read by all those who, under the influence of theological and metaphysical theories and methods, are unable to see the intimate relation between scientific and moral progress.

REVIEW OF THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Abner Kneeland*. Boston: J. P. Mendum, *Investigator* office, 1887; pp. 204.

Abner Kneeland was for a number of years a Universalist minister, recognized in his denomination as one of its most learned representatives. But he changed his views and more than half a century ago was a figure of considerable prominence owing to his outspoken opposition to all forms of supernaturalism. He founded the Boston *Investigator* and was its first editor. He was tried for "blasphemy," convicted and sentenced to two months imprisonment in Leverett street jail, Boston. The specific charge was that he had expressed disbelief in the existence of a God. He was admitted by his prosecutors and persecutors to be a man of upright life and of many noble traits of character.

We are reminded of these facts by this volume, the tenth edition of a course of lectures given in New York by Mr. Kneeland in 1829. The lectures were drawn chiefly from a series of essays which appeared in the fifth volume of the *Correspondent*, a radical freethought journal published in New York. Mr. Kneeland refers to the author of the articles, who wrote over the pseudonym "Philo Veritas," as "my learned friend." The author, if we mistake not, was Professor Thomas Cooper, of Columbia College, S. C., a man of ability and learning and of great vigor of expression, who wrote on scientific, political and theological themes with equal readiness and zeal. The lectures contain many facts, citations and references and much sound argument in regard to "Christianity" historically considered, but it would be strange if after more than fifty years of research and discussion, more accurate and valuable treatises on the same subject had not appeared.

THE BIBLE: WHAT IS IT? By *J. D. Shaw*. Waco, Texas; pp. 49. Price 25 cents.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST. By *J. D. Shaw*; pp. 49. Price 20 cents.

In these pamphlets, Mr. Shaw, formerly a Methodist minister of some prominence, now editor of a liberal monthly, *The Independent Pulpit*, discusses the fundamental claims of orthodox Christianity. The author attempts no original criticism, but he presents some of the objections to the popular belief as to the authority and infallibility of the Scriptures in a concise and forcible manner and in a temperate spirit.

THE ART AMATEUR fitly ushers in the golden month of September by an excellent *fac simile* in color from a painting of Chrysanthemums by Victor Dargon. The little head, intended for a plaque by Ellen Welby, is too naïve and pretty to be copied and distorted by all manner of fault in the workmanship of young amateurs. The reading matter is rather largely commercial, occupied more with the sale of pictures than their production. We find, however, a pleasant sketch with a portrait of a young Pennsylvania artist, Wm. Anderson Coffin, and some notes of his recollections of Bonnat's Life School. Those young students who think themselves neglected if a teacher is not always at their elbow, will be surprised to find that he thought three weeks a very reasonable interval between his visits. Three weeks," he laughed, "oh, that is nothing, sometimes le Pere Coynet did not come for a year." The picture of "Salome," by Henri Regnault, is far from attractive in black and white, but the description of it

is very interesting and undoubtedly the magic of color lends it a wonderful charm. Margaret Bertha Wright gives a pleasant little sketch of Normandy, "The Artists' Country." The technical and decorative articles are good as usual. We are shocked to find the *Amateur* allowing the use of the word phenomenal in its present slang meaning. "His success was phenomenal," how absurd! We think he would have preferred that it should be real.

THE REVUE DE BELGIQUE for August, begins with an article by Count Goblet d'Alviella, on the reorganization of Belgian liberals. There is also the first essay of a series giving a minute account of the revolution in Brabant in 1790. Much more general interest will be excited by a very able review of Taine's *History of the French Revolution*. The famous author is proved guilty not only of contradicting himself frequently, but of omitting to mention many of the best acts of the Convention, for instance, the establishment of a uniform system of weights and measures, as well as of normal and polytechnic schools. All progressive and liberal movements have so much in common that it is a great pity to see public opinion in America and England, about the French Revolution, molded into reactionary channels by that excessive fondness for finding fault which mars the otherwise brilliant work of both Taine and Carlyle.

This story, which appeared a few months ago in an English journal, is heartily laughed at on both sides of the Tweed:

Long ago a dreadful war was waged between the King of Cornwall and the King of Scotland, in which the latter prevailed. The Scottish king, highly elated by his success, sent for his Prime Minister, Lord Alexander.

"Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer the noo?" [now.]

"An' it please Yer Majesty, I ken but o' a'e king that Yer Majesty canna conquer."

"And wham is he, Sandy?"

Lord Alexander, reverently looking up, said:

"The King of Heeven."

"The King of whaur, Sandy?"

"The King of Heeven."

The Scotch King did not understand, but was unwilling to show any ignorance.

"Just gang yer ways, Sandy, and tell the King of Heeven to give up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him o' them, and mond, Sandy, ye do not come back till us until ye have done our biddin'."

Lord Alexander retired, much perplexed, but met a priest, the sight of whom put a thought into his head which reassured him, and he returned and presented himself before the throne.

"Weel, Sandy," said the King, "have ye seen the King of Heeven, and what says he to our biddin'?"

"An' it please Yer Majesty, I ha'e no seen the King himsel', but I ha'e seen one of his accredited meenisters."

"Well, what says he?"

"He says Yer Majesty may e'en ha'e his kingdom for the asking o' it."

"Was he sae ceevil?" said the King, warmed to magnanimity. "Just gang yer ways back, Sandy, and tell the King o' Heeven that for his civility, nae Scotchman shall ever set foot in his kingdom!"

PRESS NOTICES.

We have on our table a copy of THE OPEN COURT, a new scientific religious semi-monthly journal, published at Chicago, Ill. It is filled with interesting articles from the pens of the best writers in the country.—*Battle Lake (Minn.) Review*.

THE OPEN COURT, a fortnightly journal published in Chicago and "devoted to establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis," has reached our table. It has a list of able writers and discusses live topics of the day. We hope it will continue to come to us.—*Cameron (Mo.) Observer*.

We are in receipt of a copy of THE OPEN COURT, a journal published at 175 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill., every other week, and is devoted to the work of establishing ethics and religion upon a scientific basis. We find that the journal possesses no little amount of common sense and sound logic, and that it contains contributions of many of the ablest thinkers of this age.—*Tustin (Mich.) Echo*.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING ETHICS AND RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

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SHAKERS AND SHAKERISM.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

A late visit to the Shakers at the instance of one of their elders, filled me with a desire to lay before your readers some account of these people so interesting to the thoughtful student of humanity, yet so little understood.

On the eastern boundary of the State of New York, twenty miles as the crow flies from the Hudson, and contiguous to the beautiful hills of Berkshire, in Massachusetts, lies about six thousand acres of land owned and tilled by the Shakers of Mt. Lebanon.

A lonely and peaceful scene expands before the visitor who rides through these well-tilled farms and inspects workshops and dwellings. Along the street one group of buildings succeed another, five in all, containing three hundred or more of both sexes and all ages. Each group constitutes a family, presided over by two men and two women, whose wisdom, patience, and tenderness are constantly challenged in administering more especially to the spiritual necessities of those under their charge. They are assisted in the temporal affairs by two deacons and two deaconesses, whose wisdom is available in all matters pertaining to the good of the society.

The family life is that of a religious communism, the intention being as far as possible, to preserve and perpetuate primitive Christianity. Body and soul are consecrated to this purpose. It is a part of their unwritten creed to study the laws of hygiene and conform to them, to live in celibacy, and to exercise justice in the earning, owning and distribution of property.

Among them are neither bond nor free, rich nor poor. All are incited to industry, thrift, generosity and fraternity, and there is a strong psychologic power in such sentiments, which, when exercised by masses of people, produces an influence that not even the stranger within the gate can quite escape. The despot or the millionaire would feel out of place among those "gentle ascetics," whose lives are a rebuke to that spirit of greed, selfishness and love of luxury which is the curse of modern civilization. We find at Mt. Lebanon several hundred people living in a simple, pure, wholesome manner, without the help of courthouse, jail, grog shops or the three professions, so that even from an external point of view, Shakerism is eminently successful.

All the buildings occupied by the respective families,

constructed of wood, brick and stone, are commodious and well ventilated. The arrangements for cooking and eating are admirable; in fact, in regard to appliances for comfort and sanitation they take the lead among progressive peoples.

The table, almost entirely vegetarian, is perfect. Food is fresh, abundant, exquisitely cooked and served with care and intelligence. Cereals, with the exception of superfine flour, are cleansed and crushed in their own mills and used in a variety of ways. There is a large dairy and tons of fruit, deliciously prepared, are ranged in storerooms for the winter's consumption. Woman's work is simplified by curious machinery invented and made by some of their leaders. All work, but none overwork. Garments are homemade and until lately woolen clothing was homespun and home-woven. An abundance of spring water is carried into every building, ventilation and drainage are excellent and sickness is almost a myth. Cleanliness of the person and of their dwellings is carried to its utmost extent. It follows that simplicity of furnishing is necessary, and that their apartments, in comparison with those of the world, look plain and bleak.

Yet recreation and rest, sunshine and cheerfulness are terms having real meaning. "Age cannot stale nor custom wither" men and women who live so near to nature and in the exercise of such noble qualities. Accordingly they very generally appear to be from ten to twenty years younger than they really are. Many reach extreme old age and finally pass away from the natural decay of the body, with little sickness or pain. The expression of the face is mild, benignant and serene, sometimes approaching high spiritual beauty.

So much for the religion of the body—the only basis of the scientific and enduring.

Before reviewing their religious tenets it may be well to state that their origin is found in the Revolutionists of Dauphiné and Nivarnais, France, about the year 1689. Offshoots of the parent stock formed a society in England in 1747; and two years prior to the Declaration of Independence by the American colonies, Ann Lee, with seven of her followers, landed on these shores.

From the little spark brought over by them a fire was kindled which vivified many souls, and in New Lebanon over a century ago, these gathered together

and built their first house for public worship. From that period they have acted as a leaven among the elements of progress.

Mother Ann, so-called from that tender maternal love which would fain save a world from sin and suffering, was the first seer to enunciate the principle that the Great First Cause is dual—He and She—Father and Mother. It is certain that Theodore Parker obtained his conception of this deific attribute from the Shakers, as shown by his correspondence. This duality is now so generally accepted that churchmen are apt to forget that the Jewish Jehovah and the Christian God was forceful, revengeful and on occasion hateful. This one sided Creator lacked all that sweet plentitude of womanly love, which united with a manhood of corresponding wisdom, would alone be worthy of reverence. And Christendom waited seventeen centuries for a woman to declare the duality of the Deific Essence.

This, then, is the central idea of Shakerism. Ranged about it are others, not the result of dry reasoning, but of experiences similar to those of Paul and the Pentecostal church. Profoundly reverent by nature, they recognize a "divine afflatus," which is the inspiration of all real development. This divine element they believe has manifested itself whenever the condition of an individual or of society afforded occasion, from the beginning of history through Moses, Isaiah, Swedenborg, Whitfield and others down to the time of Mother Ann, and even since then. They declare that "the continuous revelations of truth will ever be the leading lines of human progress."

What is now known as modern Spiritualism is accepted by them as a fact. They assert that all phases of mediumship were common among them several years prior to the first rap heard at Hydeville and that its advent to the general public was then foretold. In its higher phases, shorn of crudities and monstrosities, it is still sometimes exhibited. Witness the sweet, pathetic yet simple melodies which come, "the gift of the spirit," as they believe, to one or another, either in private or in public worship. A brother or a sister at such times is inspired to sing a new song to new music, which, when written down becomes a permanent possession. A large book has been published consisting of these inspirational hymns, which is in constant use.

They do not generally believe in the miraculous birth or divinity of Jesus, but consider that he was divine in the sense of having power to rise above the lower propensities. His mission was "simply and fully to manifest the divine attributes to man" more than any other one who has ever lived.

They also believe that the first wave of deific light sweeping over the earth after the Reformation, began with the Quakers. Its mission was to "prepare the world for the divine form of human society," or the

"kingdom of heaven on earth." The second appearance of this wave or the "Christ-Spirit" was manifested in and through woman in the form of Ann Lee.

They accept the Christian Bible allegorically and literally and include among Bibles the Koran, Talmud, Zendavesta and other books sacred to various nations. They discountenance war, never go to law among themselves, and aim to act in a just, humane and brotherly manner to all men.

In regard to women "It is the only society in the world, so far as we know," said Eldress Anna, "where woman has absolutely the same freedom and power as man in every respect." And the world may well hail the advent of woman's era if it shall usher in such noble types of womanhood as we found at Mt. Lebanon, hid under the quaint cap and staid dress of the gentle sisterhood.

In regard to the future, Elder Evans has declared their belief to be that "The old heavens and earth—united church and state—are fast passing away, dissolving with the fire of spiritual truth. Out of the material of the old, earthly, civil governments, a civil government will arise—is even now arising—in which right, not might, will predominate. It will be purely secular, a genuine Republic. Men and women will be citizens. All citizens will be free-holders. They will inherit and possess the land by right of birth. War will cease with the end of the old monarchical, theological earth. * * * In the new earth sexuality will be used only for reproduction; eating for strength, not gluttony; drinking for thirst, not drunkenness. And property, being the product of honest toil—as those who will not work will not be allowed to eat—will be for the good of all, the young and the old."

Purity of mind and body is necessary to Shakerism. But virgin celibacy has in it nothing of moroseness or asceticism. A pleasant relation is maintained between the brethren and sisters, fostered by social meetings in which reading, conversation and discussions upon topics germane to the welfare of humanity take place. In these, all who choose to do so, participate.

Believing that human theologies perish in the using, while the revelations of truth are continuous and progressive, they earnestly watch and wait for every sign of the domination of the spirit of truth and justice over that of error and falsehood in the government or in social life. As to them, the fall of man consists in "disorderly relationships," and the serpent is the sensuous nature. They are strenuous in the advocacy of purity and temperance. And here it may be said that the institution of marriage is not condemned by the Shakers. All men, they consider, are bound to make the animal propensities tributary to their higher natures, while marriage is a purely worldly institution. They are called to a higher order of life, to "come out of the world and be separate.

The following description of this growth from a lower to an upper plane, is from the pen of one of their number, who wears his eighty odd years as a crown of wisdom and beauty.

"Allow me to assure you, scientific men, philosophers, doubters, and all interested, that whenever human spirits are in the right condition and are about to change from the animal emotional to the divine emotional life, that there will be manifestations of intelligent spiritual affinities, forces, effusions of the divine spirit, producing extraordinary results as on the day of Pentecost. There will be deep conviction of sin, bodily agitations, gifts of tongues, curing diseases, discernment of spirits and striking with fear the hardened sinner and unbelieving opposer."

Whatever may be thought of their beliefs, the catholicity of thought evinced by their leaders, the comprehensive grasp of affairs, the judgment of the trend and comparative value of social, political and religious movements, the balancing of various reforms, the interest maintained in scientific discoveries and inventions, the depth and breadth of that love of humanity which dominates every motive, is something as surprising as it is delightful to the dispassionate visitor.

Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, who sojourned at Mt. Lebanon for a few weeks, gives this testimony in regard to that visit: "The feeling grew upon me that I was in a social observatory, viewing as from another planet the buying and selling, the hurrying to and fro, the marrying and giving in marriage, the toil, the pleasure, the vanity, the oppression, the good and the evil among men on earth."

There are seventeen communities of Shakers in this country, containing in all between four and five thousand individuals. These are situated in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Ohio and Kentucky. Elder F. W. Evans, the able and venerable senior elder at Mt. Lebanon, has just returned from a visit to England, at the solicitation of sympathizers in Great Britain who desire to establish a community. Adherents are constantly joining them, though in the nature of things not in large numbers. Those who believe and work in unison with their aims, yet who remain without the fold, are more numerous. However this may be these people who dispense with liquor and tobacco, who subsist on grains and fruits and live near to the great heart of nature, practice as well as preach a temperance and a religion well worthy of respectful attention.

KARL HEINZEN.

BY K. PETER.

We shall endeavor, in a condensed sketch, to give some information about one of the most advanced and outspoken pioneers in search of truth, and the most

fearless advocate and promotor of religious and political independence of the present age. But with the best efforts it is hardly possible to render full justice to the intrepid champion of unconditional liberty, and the ardent devotee of unlimited democracy as the sole end and means for the attainment of truly humane life-conditions.

Karl Heinzen is not as widely known among Americans, as he deserves to be, because almost all his polemical and political writings appeared in the German language, only a few of his essays and pamphlets having been translated into English. Still among his most intimate friends and admirers among Americans are names of such lustre as those of Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and many other ornaments of real democracy.

To Karl Heinzen most properly applies the famous epithet: *Sans peur et sans reproche*, since his life was an incessant battle against tyranny and oppression in whatever form or guise they appeared. Despots of the state or church, notwithstanding their array of armed mobs, trembled before his mighty pen from the time he flung in their faces his awe-inspiring gauntlet, entitled, *The Prussian Bureaucracy*. As a political writer of irresistible power he sprang into existence like a meteor, or like Minerva from Jupiter's head. His book was revolutionary in character.

Henceforth he was chased from country to country, and finally driven from the continent, after a five years' exile in Switzerland, whence the menaces of the infuriated despots had caused his expulsion by overawing the little Republic. A glorious deed of petty revenge; all the great powers in arms, commanding millions of bayonets, against the great power of the pen! Poor Helvetia had to submit, but the indomitable spirit of Heinzen could not be suppressed.

In England he could have made his fortune if he had been able or weak enough to accommodate himself to circumstances, but his proud republican spirit shrank from associating with individuals who were not thoroughly of his political persuasion. His pamphlet entitled, *Lessons of the Revolution*, which the ex-Duke of Brunswick, against Heinzen's will, published in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, raised such a political storm and involved Heinzen in such embarrassing difficulties, that all his resources of income were cut off at once. He resolved to leave Europe and looked to the great Western Republic for new fields of labor to gain the means for his future existence.

Untiring as ever were his efforts here also in enlightening and humanizing mankind, in spite of the scanty means of subsistence which his incessant labors yielded him, yea, in spite of persecution, calumny and defamations by the slavocratic mob and other reactionary parties. The pro-slavery mob was then all-powerful, and the

promulgator of human rights, irrespective of sex or color, was in constant peril of his life.

First Heinzen tried his fortune in New York by resuscitating a weekly German paper, called, *Die Schnellpost*, which he had edited during his first sojourn in America (1847-48) in company with Tyssowsky, the ex-dictator of Krakau.

Of the revolutionary enthusiasm that reigned among the Germans of America two years before, hardly a trace was left; thus the funds for his enterprise were not forthcoming as copiously as previously promised, and the paper died seven months later, after a lingering illness of atrophy. All the slave-traders' rabble, the aristocratic nonentities, the communistic utopians and the enemies of women's emancipation were set against him in deadly array. The *Schnellpost* expired on the 1st of September, 1851, but gave not up its "ghost."

The second paper, also published in New York was the *New York Deutsche Zeitung*, his favorite issue, making its appearance on the second of the same month, and lived three months. Next in order came *Janus*, which struggled for twelve months. All these splendidly edited papers died of the same disease; want of a few hundred dollars! The want of "filthy lucre," and superabundance of public meanness stopped the publication of the only decent German papers then existing!

During the summer of 1852, while the *Janus* was committed to the care of an assistant editor, Heinzen ventured on a lecturing tour through the principal States of the Union, the expected proceeds whereof he had designed for the revolution in Europe, but met with a sore disappointment, the only returns resulting in debts for traveling expenses and a sickness of several months' duration. In Philadelphia where he lectured "On Brotherly Love," he had an audience of thirty-six; in Cincinnati, Dayton, Chicago and Toledo he was threatened with execution, because the democratic mob in those cities represented him as being "in the pay of the whigs!"

In Albany he was offered gratuitously the City Hall, splendidly lighted—but he had two listeners—a German school teacher and an American who understood German! But not in the least disheartened by all these depressing experiences, on the contrary, ready and willing to undertake anything honorable to make his living while promoting his life's aim—the propagation of intelligence, the spreading of truth—he accepted a call from Louisville, Ky., to edit the *Herald of the West*; and there, in the very teeth of the lion, he proclaimed his abhorrence of slavery, in spite of all threats and difficulties—he held his Thermopylæ against all hosts, a modern Leonidas. But the fate overtook him there also; after three months hard work; and adding five hundred new subscribers to the subscription roll, one

night fire was set to the press-room and the establishment laid in ruins.

Thus his fifth promising enterprise came to an end, but not his enterprising spirit. The sad experience, however, gathered at Louisville and the disgusting atmosphere of the slave-holding State ripened his resolution to strike his tent and to transfer his household gods to New York again, in spite of its meanness and indifference regarding efforts put forth in the interests of progress. After a year's residence in Louisville he started for the East and remained there, publishing the most independent paper ever issued in any part of the globe—*The Pioneer*.* For more than a quarter of a century this fearless weekly gladdened the hearts and fired the courage of its readers by the presentation in its columns of the most thoroughgoing investigations and elucidations in every department of useful knowledge, scientific, literary, political, economical and ethical treatises being the topics of every issue. Its appearance was an ever recurring holiday to the educated and progressive minds of honest truth-seekers in earnest, from the first number to the last.

The 12th of November, 1880, was a day of sorrow throughout the camp of the radicals. The great spirit of the indefatigable investigator and disseminator of truth in every accessible branch of desirable knowledge, who never gave way to any aggressor, however powerful, was silenced by the inexorable, irresistible victor to whom all must succumb who never submit to anything else.

On the 12th of June, 1886, a monument worthy of the noble hero who, in accordance with his last wish, sleeps in the shady grove on Forest Hill, was unveiled by his friends and admirers, in an earnest, solemn, but unostentatious way, fitting the occasion. Vows of unswerving adherence to his principles were renewed and new ones made to further his propositions and to spread broadcast his unimpeachable maxims for the redemption of oppressed humanity, by enlightening the minds of the victims of unscrupulous schemers.

However brilliant the genius of Heinzen was, it was a gift of nature; however accomplished his education, it was a benefit of favorable circumstances; but his character was mostly an acquisition by his free choice and stern, decisive determination. Like ancient prototypes of Greece or Rome and some radiant examples of the heroes of '76, his unimpeachable integrity, his never failing veracity, his ardent devotion to unlimited liberty and his imperturbable constancy, together with his unbiased, unselfish love of his fellow men he had acquired

* It was begun at Louisville, January 1st to October, 1854; continued at Cincinnati, November, 1854, till June, 1855; New York held it from that time to December, 1858; it was then transferred to Boston, where it was printed down to 1879, when a serious illness of Heinzen imperiously demanded that the principal burden should be laid on other shoulders; thus *The Pioneer* was merged in the *Feidenker*, of Milwaukee, after an independent existence of twenty-six years' duration, and under the sole management of its founder.

by great efforts. These grand traits form the characteristic lineaments of the classic man and appear in all his acts and writings.

With him there was only one divinity, Reason; only one worship, the cultivation of Truth, her daughter; only one right, the right to life and liberty; only one duty, the duty of assisting his fellow man to happiness. With him there was no compromise admissible between reason and absurdity, truth and falsehood, right and wrong; he never made the slightest concession to pusillanimous expediency, nor ever had an excuse for neglect of duty, whether caused willingly or by incapacity; he followed the straight (as the shortest) line of logic to the bitter end of the last consequence, unaffected by personal gain or loss. We might be permitted to quote Wendell Phillips' words in regard to his appreciation of the character of Heinzen, as they were delivered in an address at the anniversary celebration of Heinzen's birthday on the 22d of February, 1881, in the Turn-Halle, of Boston, after the opening speech of Mrs. Clara Neymann, of New York.*

Wendell Phillips said that he made his acquaintance with Heinzen in the troublous times of the war of the rebellion, and valued him highly as the great intellectual leader of the Germans. "I never met him on the streets," he said "without a feeling of the highest respect, and this respect I paid the rare, almost unexampled courage of the man. Mr Heinzen in this respect stands almost alone among the immigrants to these shores. His idea of human right had no limitation. His respect for the rights of a human being as such was not to be shaken. The temptation to use his talent to gain reputation, money, power, at a time when, a poor emigrant, he lacked all these and was certain of acquiring them, was great; yet all these he laid calmly aside for the sake of the eternal principle of right, of freedom. He espoused the detested slave cause at a time when to do so meant poverty, desertion of fellow countrymen, scorn, persecution even. Thus he acted in every cause. What seemed to him right, after the most unsparing search for truth, he upheld, no matter at what cost. During the war, feeling that, through ignorance or timidity on the part of Lincoln's government, precious lives and treasures were being wasted, he was foremost among a few leading men who proposed the nomination of Fremont for the presidency. We had many private meetings and much correspondence with leading men in New York. I shall never forget some of those conversations with Mr. Heinzen. He was so far-seeing and sagacious; he was so ingenious in contriving; his judgment so penetrating.

"One other characteristic he had belonging only to truly great men. There was a kind of serenity and dignity about him, as one sure of the right in the course

which he took, in the principles which he stated. He was far in advance of other minds; but he was sure, in his trust in human nature, that all others would come, must come, to the same point with himself. He could wait. Few, possessing equal mental ability, are able also to do this. The greatest courage is to dare to be wholly consistent. This courage Heinzen showed, when a little yielding, so little as would have been readily pardoned on the ground of common sense, would have gained him popularity, fame, money, power. He remained true to himself."

Wendell Phillips was no flatterer, being himself an independent spirit and reformer of great achievements, as is well known by his contemporaries. Such an eulogy of a congenial mind carries all its forcible weight in itself.

Heinzen's exceptional standpoint and disposition in contradistinction to the great masses was not conducive toward gathering multitudes of friends around him, because very few understand or believe that a wise man should like to benefit the race without having in first view his own advantage; yea, they even call it foolish to do good for the sake of the good itself, especially such an ungrateful good as uncompromising truth.

Still Heinzen numbered among his friends numerous congenial lovers of liberty, and was on intimate terms with the best known apostles of universal liberation of mankind, indeed with the flower of spiritual knighthood of the era. In Europe he had among his sincerest co-workers the most eminent of all nations. It will suffice to mention a few of them, such as are generally famously known throughout the civilized world: Mazzini, Ruge, Freiligrath, Herwegh, Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, Galeer and many others. In America he associated with the most advanced freethinkers and advocates of freedom, such as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Horace Scaver, Mrs. Ernestine Rose, and a host of others, American and German. His work contributed to effect such a change of the public mind as to turn it in overwhelming force against the curse of slavery. We are all familiar with the protracted struggle, endangering the life of the Republic, and the final victory of justice. He was also among the first intrepid champions of the emancipation of woman, incessantly vindicating the rights of the fair sex, to liberate the better half of mankind from the despotism of the "lord and master," and the drudgery of a degrading thralldom. This one of his life's aims is not yet accomplished, but will be in the progress of a more humane civilization.

Karl Heinzen was also the first socialistic thinker who lucidly demonstrated the perversity of the ruling economical system. In his pamphlet (translated into English) *Communism and Socialism*, he not only refuted the untenable doctrines and vagaries of the communistic demagogues, but proposed a reform so

* Published in *The Free Religious Index*, March 3, 1881.

simple and easily feasible in a real democracy, that all later efforts of the Georges and the like, are mere farthing candles in comparison with the flood of light he threw on the subject by original investigations so thorough-going that hardly anything in the form of improvement can be added to the all-absorbing problem, which must ere long find its realization, if utter ruin of existing economical conditions and anarchistical troubles are to be avoided.

Heinzen was the head and leader of the German Radicals, whose comprehensive programme, embracing all possible ameliorations as far as human nature permits, includes among the improvements of most urgent necessity in a genuine democracy: The abolition of the presidency (royalty in disguise), and of the utterly superfluous, reactionary house of the Senate, as the sources of all unrepresentative drawbacks of a truly representative government of the people. For a quarter of a century he was unremittingly engaged in discussing, elucidating and recommending such improvements which are necessary to fulfill the promises of the Declaration of Independence, the only Magna Charta of human rights, the unsurpassable gospel of freedom.

Every issue of his weekly political catechism, *The Pioneer*, bears testimony as well to his unique ingenuity, as to his peerless investigations of the means and ways best adapted to bring about an ideal realization of human happiness as far as human nature is capable of.

Besides *The Pioneer*, involving a vast amount of labor and scrupulous research in collecting all the most interesting data of scientific discoveries and investigations of convincing power, and wherein he had hardly any assistance, he found leisure time enough to deliver and to publish a great number of instructive lectures in divers cities of the Union. The most important of these lectures and treatises are collected in two volumes, entitled, *Radicalism in America*, gems of discussions and gold mines of ingenious thoughts and propositions.

If he hated and despised anything more than priestcraft and despots, against whom he declared any weapon justifiable, it is the muddy-headed rabble who caused the employment of bullets and dynamite in a republic, instead of the all-effective weapons of the ballot, if properly used and as it is guaranteed by the Constitution.

It is to be regretted that his numerous writings are accessible to so few Americans, because they are published in German and only a limited number has been translated into English.*

Many generations to come will have to draw from

* Among the latter may be had, at a liberal price, at the Freidenker Publishing Co.'s office, 470 E. Water St., Milwaukee, the following: *Six Letters to a Pious Man*; *The True Character of Humboldt*; *Lessons of a Century*; *What is Humanity?*; *What is Real Democracy?*; *The Germans and the Americans*; *Mankind the Criminal* (This one seems to be out of print, but may be procured before long); *Communism and Socialism*. Among those collected in two volumes are pearls of wisdom, like: *Public Opinion*; *Who and What is the People?*; *Has the World a Purpose?*; *Truth*; *The Future*, etc.

these inexhaustible sources of instruction if they in earnest intend to inaugurate a human society on a basis truly humane.

A NEW THEORY OF MONISM.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. GILL, A.M.

An excellent editorial article on "Monism and Monistic Thinkers" appeared in *THE OPEN COURT* of August 18 which well set forth a summary of all monistic theories which have gained reputation and standing. There is at least one other theory yet possible, and that other I would like to present to the readers of *THE OPEN COURT*. In the article referred to Mr. Underwood says of these theories, "that any one of them contains the entire truth is extremely unlikely; that they all contain certain aspects or hints of the truth which, fused into a synthesis with errors eliminated, would afford a better explanation of phenomena than any of them singly can is reasonably certain." I think the theory I have to propound will promote this "fusion of truth and elimination of error."

This theory begins with sense and reduces all its known objects to subjective states. Here it is at one with all theories of psychological Monism and with nearly all modern investigators in psychology. This, when understood, reduces all the known and knowable universe to a logical and metaphysical unity. Everything whatsoever that is known or can be known is a mode of consciousness. All beyond this is unknown. If there is anything beyond this in the universe it is the inferred cause of this. So far all Monists are agreed; and that there is something beyond this they are also agreed. Some affirm that this cause is intrinsically unknowable, except as the great undifferentiated source of all the known. These are called agnostics.

It is just here that the new theory of Monism switches off, or, rather, keeps right on the broad, clear track of cognizance, instead of entering on the unknown. It affirms that the immediate cause and source of phenomena are knowable, and that directly, and that it is definable, as clearly as any ultimate thought or reality is definable.

Now, let us clearly understand wherein all Monists are agreed. They are agreed that we know phenomena as such, and that all phenomena are modes of consciousness, modes of thought, subjective states. Now, a subjective state is the state of a subject, and so we know what is a subject so far as we know what is a subjective state. A subject is that which feels or is conscious of these states. It is that which thinks and feels. It is true we know this only relative to thought and feeling—just because it is relative or related to thought and feeling; and only for that fundamental reason it can never be known otherwise. We know it just as absolutely as we know the phenomena, which we know only as

related to a subject. Thought is conceivable only in relation to a thinker, and the thinker is known only in relation to thought. We know one term just exactly the same as we know the other. To call one the known and the other the unknown is illogical.

We therefore know the conscious subject as a power to think and feel and will. This is as far as we can go. It is the pole of being and existence. There is no beyond, real, possible or conceivable. This is the logical and metaphysical *ultima Thule*—a power to think, feel and act. A power is substance; the only substance and reality. As the subject and its phenomena are one, so all phenomena are force and substance, the various modes in which force or substance exists and operates. Hence all known and knowable phenomena, force or substance are ego, one's own individual reality; and the substantive power which constitutes this ego is self—manifested in these phenomena. These phenomena are of two classes, the sensible and the supersensible. The sensible constitute what is called the material universe, which is simply a complexus of sensations. The supersensible constitute all other actions and affections of the ego. Thus all the known and knowable, the whole universe of phenomena and its noumenal source, constitute the ego and its modes, which modes are, of course, the ego itself so-and-so existing and acting; and they are what they are because the ego is of such a nature or kind of force as to produce them necessarily and in lexical order and relation to each other. Matter is but the sense—mode of mind, and mind is simply thinking power, which is the ultimate unit of all things. This power evolves the universe, including all organic forms. It therefore existed before the organism, and will survive it; but, as one of its temporary and complex modes, there is an organic ego, which depends on a sensible environment. The organism is only a subjective state, and implies a subject which is not organic, and this subject of all phenomena, including all the universe, is what we call ourselves, or the ego.

Here we have a perfect scientific and philosophical unity which is ultimate and all-comprehending. It comprises all that our modern Monists include in God and the universe. It is the Pan of science and philosophy. It is the infinite substance of Spinoza, with its two great complex modes of thought and extension. It is the God as well as the universe of Goethe as defined by him when he says, as quoted by the editor in *THE OPEN COURT*: "Alas for the creed whose God lives outside of the universe, and lets it spin round his finger. The universal spirit dwells within and not without." All this universe and its informing spirit, called God, is our ego, the conscious individual subject. "The sum total of nature's capacities and powers" knowable to any man, "from everlasting to everlasting," are the man himself and no more or less.

It will be conceded that there is more than one individual; but, since all that is directly known is ego, it is a serious question how we can prove the existence of anything else. The new theory achieves this by a scientific induction, the method of which cannot here be given or indicated. This accomplished, it has demonstrated that there is an indefinite number of universes with their informing spirit, each finite and all of them together finite. This indefinite multiplication of universes, with all their glories and intrinsic force, constitutes an immense elevation and enlargement of the conception of Being.

But how are these egoistic universes related to each other? There cannot be a natural law of interaction between them, since all known and scientific relations of cause and effect are confined to the mutual interaction of the modes of each universe. The lexical relation of egos or universes, therefore, can only be explained by reference to a power which comprehends and controls all, and who has determined that they shall be so constituted that they will always act and be affected according to their varying relations to each other. Thus the God of this new Monism is "outside of the universe," because he is outside of each individual finite agent, and is infinitely greater than each and all of them together. "Inside" and "outside" are indeed relevant only to the sensible phenomena of each finite being. These only occupy space. Man, the real total man, does not occupy space, but constitute space and all extension; and he does not dwell in the universe, but the universe in him as a part of his own energy and activity. To Deity there is no space, no "within" or "without," simply because he has not our sense constitution, which implies finity.

Whether God is a "person" is a question which should be answered only after we have agreed on the meaning we attach to the word person. If by person we mean, not an organic form or any form for the imagination, but simply a power of self-conscious intelligence, then we shall have to call God a person. We directly know nothing but conscious modes, and it is only in the light of them that we can conceive God, God must be intelligent and know himself as intelligent, and this is our definition of personality.

TH. RIBOT ON WILL.

BY DR. P. CARUS.

The problem of the will must be explained from the principle of evolution. The question is, how *will* develops from its lower to its higher forms. Ribot approaches the subject not as did his predecessors by discussing the *evolution* of will, but by studying its *dissolution*.

The diseases of the will serve as instances in which certain agencies of the will-power fail to work, and the

ingenious psychologist uses them successfully instead of experiments.

Ribot shows that in every voluntary act two distinct elements can be discerned: (1) The consciousness of willing, or the mental state which is expressed by the "I will," and which of itself possesses no efficacy; and (2) a highly complex psycho-physiological mechanism, in which alone the power of acting or inhibiting action has its seat. This mechanism again works twofold: (1) As impulsion, and (2) as inhibition. Its result is activity, which thus is not a beginning but an end, not a first appearance but a sequel.

The activity of the new-born babe is purely *reflex*. A higher stage may be observed in children and savages when *desire*, almost like a reflex action, tends directly and irresistibly to express itself in acts. It marks a progress from the first stage inasmuch as it denotes a beginning of individuality, for desire sketches in faint outline the individual character. When a sufficient store of experience exists to allow of the birth of intelligence, there appears a new form of activity; viz. *ideo-motor* activity. Thoughts become the cause of movements.

There are three groups of ideas the tendency of which to transform themselves into acts is (1) strong, (2) moderate and (3) weak, or in a certain sense zero. The first group are intellectual states of high intensity, *fixed ideas* that "come home to us." It may happen that the idea of a movement is of itself incapable of producing that movement; but let emotion be added and it is produced. Most of the passions when they rise above the level of mere appetite are to be referred to this group. The second group represents rational activity; it is that of the *will proper*. Here the thought is followed by the act after a longer or shorter deliberation. The third group are *abstract ideas* (generalizations). These ideas being representations of representations, the motor element is at a minimum. If an abstract idea becomes a motive to action, other elements, it is most probable, are added to it. So voluntary activity proceeds in its development from simple reflex action where the tendency to movement is irresistible, to the abstract idea where it is minimized.

Will may be defined as a conscious act more or less deliberate having in view an end. Maudsley and Lewes define it to be "impulse by ideas," but it is more; it is also a power to arrest action. It is (1) a power of *impulse*, and (2) a power of *inhibition*.

We have good reason to believe that some special nerves exercise the function of inhibition.

The simplest instance of the phenomenon of inhibition in the nervous system is seen in the suspension of the movements of the heart by excitation of the pneumogastric nerve. We know that the heart (independently of the intracardiac ganglia) is innervated by nerve

filaments coming from the great sympathetic which accelerates its pulsations, and also by filaments from the vagus nerve. If the latter is cut, the cardiac movements increase; excitation of its central terminus on the contrary suspends them for a longer or shorter time. The vagus therefore is an inhibiting nerve.

In all voluntary inhibition two things have to be considered: the mechanism that produces it, and the state of consciousness that accompanies it. We voluntarily arrest laughter, yawning, coughing and certain passionate movements, by putting in action the antagonistic muscles. Such inhibition is far from being the rule. Some individuals appear to be utterly incapable of it. Others exercise it, but very unequally. Few men are at all times masters of themselves.

All education is based on inhibition. How do we arrest the movements of anger in a child? By threats, by reprimands, that is to say, by producing a new state of consciousness of a depressing kind, capable of checking action. If inhibition is repeatedly produced, the result is that an association tends to be formed between the two states. The first calls forth the second, its corrective, and from habit inhibition becomes more and more easy and rapid.

The origin of will is based upon the property of reacting possessed by all living matter. The voluntary act in its complete form is not merely the transformation of a state of consciousness into movement, but it presupposes the participation of the whole group of conscious and sub-conscious states which make up the ego at a given moment.

Volition is a passing to action; it closes the debate which took place among the different motives. A new state of consciousness, the motive chosen, is imported into the ego as an integral part of it.

The diseases of the will indicate that will is either impaired or abolished. There may be impairment of the will (1) from *lack* of impulse, which is designated by the term *aboulia* (lack of will), and (2) from *excess* of impulse, which is caused by a weakness or absence of the power of inhibition.

As instances of the first group, Ribot cites cases of irresolution and apathy in which all other conditions are normal; the muscular system as well as the intelligence remain intact. Ends are clearly apprehended, means likewise, but passing to action is impossible.

"A magistrate," Mr. Ribot quotes from Esquirol (I, 420), "highly distinguished for his learning and his power as a speaker, was seized with an attack of monomania in consequence of certain troubles of mind. He regained his reason entirely but would not attend to his business, though he well knew that it suffered in consequence of this whim. His conversation was both rational and sprightly. When advised to travel or to attend to his affairs he would answer: 'I know that I

should, but I am unable to do it. Your advice is very good; I wish I could follow it.' 'It is certain,' he said to me one day, 'that I have no will save not to will, for I have my reason unimpaired, and I know what I ought to do, but strength fails me when I should act.'"

Prof. J. H. Bennett records the case of a gentleman who frequently could not carry out what he *wished* to perform. Often on endeavoring to undress he waited two hours before he could take off his coat. All his mental faculties were perfect, only his volition was impaired. On one occasion, having ordered a glass of water, it was presented to him on a tray but he could not take it, though anxious to do so. He kept the servant standing before him half an hour, when the obstruction was overcome. He describes his feelings to be "as if another person had taken possession of his will."

Aboulia appears in different forms, according to the causes which paralyze the will. A curious kind of aboulia is *Platzangst* or *agoraphobia*, a case of which, as observed by Westphal, may serve as typical: "A traveler of strong constitution, perfectly sound of mind and presenting no disorder of the motor faculty, is suddenly seized with a feeling of alarm at the sight of an open space, as a public square. When about to cross one of the large squares of Berlin, he fancies the distance to be several miles, and despairs of ever reaching the other side. This feeling grows less or disappears if he goes around the square, following the line of houses, also if he has some person with him or even if he supports himself on a walking cane."

Other instances of aboulia are melancholia, stupor, irresolution and *grübelnsucht*. The latter, being a constant "psychological rumination," as Legrand du Saulle expresses it, consists of a state of continual hesitation for the most trivial reasons without the ability to reach any definite results. M. du Saulle describes a patient of this kind. "A very intelligent woman could not go into the street but she would continually ask herself: 'Is some one going to jump out of a window and fall at my feet? Will it be a man or a woman? Will the person be wounded or killed? If wounded, will it be in the head or the legs? Will there be blood on the pavement? Shall I call for assistance, or run away, or recite a prayer? Shall I be accused of being the cause of this occurrence? Will my innocence be admitted?'" And this questioning goes on without end.

The perplexity of such a morbid state of mind expresses itself also in acts. The patient does not attempt anything without endless precautions. If he has written a letter he reads it over and over again for fear he should have forgotten a word or committed some mistake in spelling. If he locks a drawer he must make sure again and again that it was done aright. It is the same as to his dwelling; he has to satisfy himself

repeatedly as to the doors being locked, the keys in his pocket, the state of his pocket, etc.

If aboulia is no impairment of the motor centers, it must be a disturbance of the incitements they receive. The muscular effort must be distinguished from the volitional, and there are two types of the volitional, of which the one consists in overcoming languor and timidity (impulsion), the other in arresting the passional movements (inhibition). Very curious are the instances where patients are governed by impulses often of the strangest kind which they are unable to suppress. They use improper language in spite of themselves or cannot restrain themselves from doing what they abhor. There are even homicidal and suicidal impulses of such kind. Such impulses take hold of persons, if the subordination of tendencies—the will—is broken in twain.

"I have seen," says Luys, "a number of patients who repeatedly attempted suicide in the presence of those who watched them, but they had no recollection of the fact in their lucid state. And what proves the unconsciousness of the mind under these conditions is the fact that the patients often do not perceive the inefficiency of the methods they employ."

Hysterical persons also furnish innumerable examples to manifest an uncontrollable tendency toward the immediate gratification of their caprices or the satisfaction of their wants. Such cases of irresistible impulses as are unconscious, exhibit the individual reduced to the lowest degree of activity; viz. that of pure reflex action. The human being under these conditions is like an animal that has been decapitated, or at least deprived of its cerebral lobes.

Ribot quotes instances of irresistible impulses which were accompanied with consciousness, from a book by Marc (*De la folie considérée dans ses rapports avec les questions médico-judiciaires*). "A lady subject at times to homicidal impulses used to request to be put under restraint by means of a strait-waistcoat, and would let her keeper know when the danger was past and when she might be allowed her liberty. A chemist haunted with similar homicidal impulses used to have his thumbs tied together with a ribbon, and in that simple restraint found the means of resisting the temptation. A servant woman of irreproachable character asked her mistress to dismiss her because she was strongly tempted to disembowel the infant she took care of whenever she saw it undressed. A victim of melancholia haunted with the thought of suicide, arose in the night, knocked at his brother's door and cried out to him, 'Come quick; suicide is pursuing me, and soon I shall be unable to withstand it.'"

Sometimes fixed ideas of a character frivolous or unreasonable find lodgment in the mind of a person who, in spite of knowing that they are absurd, is powerless to prevent them from passing into acts. There is the often

quoted case of an art amateur who, happening to see a valuable painting in a museum, felt an instinctive impulse to punch a hole through the canvas. Between acts which are frivolous and those which are dangerous the difference is only quantitative. The latter exhibits the former in enlarged proportions.

How must we explain the mechanism of these disorganizations of the will?

In the normal state an end is chosen, approved and attained; that is to say, the elements of the ego, whether all or a majority of them, concur toward attaining it. Our states of consciousness—feelings, ideas with their respective motor tendencies—form a *consensus* which converges toward this end with more or less effort by means of a complex mechanism made up of both impulses and inhibitions. In the state of abnormal volition either of these agencies are weak. In aboulia the powers of impulsion are debilitated; and in cases of morbid impulses inhibition is lacking. In this state the subordination of tendencies which constitutes the will is suspended. There is no consensus, but anarchy prevails, which allows any improper impulse to be executed.

When we compare the case of aboulia with that of irresistible impulses, we see that in the two cases *will* is impaired owing to totally opposite conditions. In the one case impulsion is wanting although the intelligence is intact; in the other, the power of co-ordination and of inhibition being absent, the impulse passes into action in purely automatic fashion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME RELATIONS OF SCIENCE TO MORALITY AND PROGRESS.

BY G. GORE, LL.D., F.R.S.

Part II.

Progress and pleasure depend upon scientific conditions.

We are creatures of progress, and progress implies imperfection, and advance toward a less imperfect state. In consequence of natural laws we are compelled to advance through error, sin and suffering toward truth and righteousness, and we have but little choice in the matter. Without progress, and the pain and labor attending it, we would experience less happiness. Life consists of alternations of pain and pleasure, labor and repose—the contrast of pain heightens pleasure and our consciousness of pleasure is proportionate to the difference; a proper use of our powers relieves pain and imparts pleasure by circulating the fluids of our body and of our brain. Absolute monotony of impression producing death. Much of our pleasure results from mental development; the expansion of the mental powers of the individual by education during youth, and that of the human species during successive

generations by the discovery of new knowledge, is a source of enjoyment, and this enjoyment is one of the causes which incite scientific men to investigate nature and discover new truths. The happiness of most persons is sufficient to make life desirable. All our pleasures as well as our pains depend upon nonuniformity of impression; change of impression usually produces pleasure, if our actions harmonize with natural laws, and pain if they disagree with them.

Knowing by bitter experience the painful contingencies of life, we constantly try to evade them, to obtain more gratification than natural laws will allow, we seek the enjoyment without the sacrifice; but we do not often succeed. We constantly prefer that which is pleasant, and ignorantly avoid self-denial, even when it leads to greater happiness. We continually seek little pleasures and neglect great truths; cultivating our lower faculties and neglecting our higher ones. With most men the greatest immediate success, the most money and not the greatest good is the chief object of life, but even the best of possessions is bought too dearly if obtained at the cost of disobedience. There is little happiness without labor, and the greatest pleasure is obtained by doing the greatest good, by obeying the second rule of righteousness, viz., "*to constantly endeavor to wisely promote the welfare of all men,*" and to effect this object, knowledge is indispensable. By the discovery of new truth, science assists us to obey this rule. Knowledge yields happiness which wealth cannot purchase. General happiness is best secured by conforming to all the laws which govern us, and thus making the best use of all our powers. "To will what God doth will, that is the only science that gives us any rest."

Mental action is being elucidated by science.

According to scientific evidence, the various forms of energy known as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity and nervous and vital action, manifested by dead and living substances, are not entities, but conditions of the material structures in which they occur, and they appear to be incapable of existing independently of those bodies. While also energy appears to possess the attribute of endless existence, the various forms of it known as individual forces are constantly changing into each other. The chemical energy exerted during the combustion of a pound of coal, when converted into mechanical power, is capable of lifting a pound weight twenty-three hundred miles. As scientific knowledge has largely enabled us to solve the question of the abstract existence of these modes of activity, so is it gradually assisting us to decide whether mental action is capable of existing independently of material substances, and whether it is thus fundamentally different from all other forms of energy. If mind is not a condition of brain, but is capable of separate and independent existence, the question arises, what becomes

of it during a state of perfect sleep or unconsciousness—when all mental action ceases?

Scientific basis of advance in civilization.

According to the usual properties of organized tissue, when the human body dies, the brain decays and the impressions existing upon it perish, and thus every generation of men requires to be educated anew, and man has to wade through countless ages of error in a gradual progress toward truth, each generation advancing only a little. All things, whether painful or pleasant, work together for universal advance. Civilization progresses by means of new knowledge; discoverers, inventors and thinkers advance, and expositors sustain the intellectual and moral condition of mankind. Without new knowledge there would be no progress. Ignorance is the great impeding influence. Intelligent persons constitute the advancing, and ignorant ones the retarding section of our race. The different parts of the community must all advance together, because ignorance and intelligence rarely agree. Persons who are too ignorant to improve, deteriorate and die out, and those who are too advanced in knowledge are restrained. The ignorant American aborigines have disappeared in the presence of civilized Europeans.

The rate of progress depends upon scientific conditions.

There must be a speed of growth of knowledge and morality, both of the individual and of the species, a rate of human progress, and it depends essentially upon the scientific fact that every action in a material substance requires time; nervous impulse travels at a rate of about sixty metres a second; even thought is not instantaneous; the formation of a simple notion requires about 1-25th of a second; it takes time to form ideas, much time to indoctrinate a generation with new truths, and greater time to eradicate old errors. The discovery of new knowledge also is a very difficult and tedious process. The rate of progress of morality and civilization is a product of the opposing influences of intelligence and ignorance, and is limited by our cerebral capacities. Ignorance operates as a moderator of speed. All improvements require time.

Our advance appears to be very slow, and it is only by a survey of the past that we can at all realize the progress we have made, or how largely we are indebted to new knowledge for our present degree of comfort and happiness. Five hundred years ago we were without what we now consider to be many of the necessities of life. We consumed neither tea, coffee, cocoa, potatoes or tobacco, and sugar was a luxury purchased only by the rich; without these even the poorest persons would now consider themselves unable to live. But few medicines had been discovered; pharmacy was very imperfect; the arts of medicine and surgery were not much developed; chloroform and quinine had not been

found; sanitary appliances were not invented; chlorine, disinfectants, deodorizers and antiseptics were unknown, and we were subject to epidemics and plagues. In consequence, also, of there being no telegraph, or quick means of conveyance, multitudes of persons were starved during famines before food could be obtained. No longer ago than the year 1871, through one of these causes, thousands of persons were starving in Persia, while in some of the Western States of America corn was being burned in stoves in place of coal. (*Scientific American*, January, 1872.) Being without books or newspapers our intellectual enjoyments were few, and ignorance, with all its evil consequences of immorality, etc., was prevalent. In those "good old times" the weak were robbed and oppressed by the strong, crime was rarely punished, and men lived more like the beasts in the field. Ever since that period knowledge has continually increased; it still continues to grow, and every year it adds to our material comforts, our mental enjoyments and our ability to act aright.*

ARE WE PRODUCTS OF MIND?

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Part II.

This is the essential point on which Professor Cope and myself are agreed. We both hold that all really organic structures have been and are being built up by hyper-mechanical means, and that their vital functions are a display of hyper-mechanical energies. But concerning the nature of the powers or influences that are at work in this organizing process and in this functional activity, we are radically at variance. Professor Cope believes, as already stated, that consciousness—which he is now inclined to restrict more particularly to conscious will—is the specific influence which has *originated* and is still *originating* organic structures and functions; and that it manages to accomplish this by consciously deflecting material particles and their motion from the mechanically prescribed path; coercing them into the specific combinations which we call organic, and imparting to them the specific modes of motion which we call vital.

To sustain this bold assertion amid all the given facts of organic nature, various ingenious and rather doubtful assumptions are required. Notwithstanding, it must be confessed that Professor Cope has not only been very consistent in his reasoning, but has also mostly supported it by more or less plausible analogies to established scientific facts. At present, however, we are

* In the thirteenth century we knew nothing of foreign wines, foods or fruits, watches, clocks, steel pens, bank notes, checks, money orders, the postal system, police, telegraphs, paved streets, macadamized roads, stage coaches, cabs, omnibuses, tramways, railways, canals, steam engines, steamships, gas lighting, electric light, electroplating, photography, tricycles, sewing machines, pianos, silk, alpaca, wool, soap, coal tar dyes, artificial manures, phosphorus matches, petroleum lamps, german silver, agricultural machinery, articles of gutta-percha and India rubber, etc., and many other conveniences. Without new knowledge we could never have acquired our present advantages.

concerned only with the refutation of his fundamental assumption, and, though highly tempting, we must refrain from entering upon questions specifically biological.

The supposition that conscious energy inherent in matter has originated vitality and organization, leads unavoidably to the inference that the highest kind of consciousness resides in the least organized matter. Consequently, what we call progressive organization can be really only a more and more elaborate excretional product, from which consciousness has more or less withdrawn—nothing but “a dead derivative product,” as Professor Cope himself expresses it. Evolution, and its accompanying specializations, are in this light essentially processes of deterioration, and not of elevation. The most perfect state of things exists then beyond and before all organization. For the supreme mind has a wholly unorganized body, consisting probably of interstellar ether. And this least specialized of all substances must evidently be the creative matrix of everything in existence, containing potentially every kind of matter and every kind of energy, and being moreover endowed with the highest potency of mind or consciousness.

Carried along by the irresistible drift of his fundamental assumption, that mind can control matter, Professor Cope, the zealous student of organic nature and evolutionist *par excellence*, feels compelled to teach, that “all forms of energy have originated in the process of running-down from the primitive energy” (*O. of F.*, p. 433); that all forms of matter have originated in the process of running-down from the primitive matter; that all forms of consciousness have originated in the process of running-down from the primitive consciousness. And it is this primitive consciousness which has constructed all material forms, and created all special modes of energy. Consequently, we ourselves, all in all, are mere mental excretions.

These strange logical outcomes, reversing as they do the actual order of manifest nature, are in my judgment a sufficient *reductio ad absurdum* of the entire position. And we need only examine Professor Cope's own attempt at elucidation, to become distinctly aware of the unsurmountable difficulty, which stands in the way of deriving the slowly progressive evolution of body and mind *actually manifest* in nature from the “running-down” of a supremely elevated state of matter and mind, *imagined* to subsist somewhere beyond actually manifest nature. The direct influence of the supreme conscious will must have, under these suppositions, itself originated the lowest material combination in which individual conscious will became incorporate. This primitive individual will Professor Cope himself admits to have been of a most undeveloped kind. He says: “As development of will has elevated

the human mind from its humble beginnings we naturally look to the same source for further progress.” Now, Professor Cope, and with him all those who believe in the power of pure mental volition to effect progressive evolution, are here logically forced to maintain one of the two possible outcomes of the relation alleged to subsist between a supreme mind and the individual minds. The first of these alternatives is subversive of Professor Cope's theology; the second of his science.

If, namely, the most primitive individual mind or will has itself gradually developed the higher individual mind or will; if it was really thus possible in nature for something lower to bring about the development of something higher, then there was no need whatever for a *highest* something to give a first start to this evolutionary process, which must have begun at the lowest possible point in the scale of development. The assumption of a supreme mind or will would be here altogether superfluous.

Or if, on the contrary, inferior individual mind or will cannot of itself give rise to superior individual mind or will, then progressive evolution must have been all along effected, not at all by individual will, but by a constant influx of the supreme will. It would then be this supreme will alone that, degrading itself at first to the lowest depth by originating meanest states of being, was now keeping going the entire irksome process of development for its own particular divertisement, while our proud human conceit of self-willed and self-effected progress would, under such conditions, turn out to be a most pitiful delusion.

It is to the latter and strangest of these alternatives that Professor Cope's premises really lead. But however strange and anti-natural such ultra-theological conclusions may appear I repeat that if it is true that mind coerces matter, superintending its grouping and directing its motion, then these very conclusions are not only legitimate but irrefutable, and they will have, therefore, to be accepted as the only veritable and solid “scientific basis for ethics and religion.” It is on this account that a serious examination of the fundamental assumption of this creed—the assumption, namely, that consciousness or will can move matter—is called for in THE OPEN COURT.

Who can seriously deny that we and other living creatures have a body and are conscious, and that these two modes of existence differ essentially from each other? Here lies dead the bodily frame of a dog. Not long ago the wagging of his tail and his affectionate pranks left no doubt whatever that the devoted creature was conscious, and now it is just as certain that consciousness is no longer present; that it has somehow vanished from out the lifeless form. Idealists as well as materialists are forced to concede that consciousness and

the bodily structure are not one and the same thing; that they are indeed two very different modes of existence.

Now, if consciousness or will can and does actually move any part of our body, Professor Cope may well defy whomsoever to overturn his conclusions. The *Theology of Evolution*, with all its implications, will then have to be adopted as our final religion.

Of such paramount import is this question of the relation of mind and body. It is no wonder, therefore, that it has become the central problem of modern philosophy, and it is clear that all ethical and religious speculations must remain vague and inconclusive so long as it is not positively settled. Do not all prevailing creeds derive their character and gain their influence through an accepted faith in some special kind of relation of mind or spirit to body and to nature in general? And do not almost all religions teach that mind controls body?

THE POETS OF LIBERTY AND LABOR.

BY WHEELBARROW.

THOMAS HOOD.

How like a bonny bird of God he came,
And poured his heart in music for the poor;
And trampled manhood heard, and claimed his crown,
And trampled womanhood sprang up ennobled!
The world may never know the wealth it lost,
When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb.

GERALD MASSEY.

There are some hearts born into this world that never die. Like the great ocean, they encircle all humanity, and throb forever. Upon them trampled manhood and trampled womanhood fling themselves for comfort when tired and sorrow-laden. There the laborer finds rest, and there he picks up new courage to help him in the battle for bread. Among those immortals Thomas Hood stands "crowned and glorified." Upon his breast labor lays her troubles and her wrongs. Out of his bosom comes an inspiration that shall some day give the toilers victory.

Those thoughts came to me this morning, as I was reading an account of the proceedings of the "Trades Assembly," which met last Sunday at No. 57 North Clark street. I cannot exactly account for it, but somehow or other, on reading Mr. McLogan's description of the workingwomen, I turned instinctively to Thomas Hood, for spiritual strength. I turned for consolation to the inspired writings of the prophet who sang "The Song of the Shirt;" and again I heard him say—

Oh, men, with Sisters dear!
Oh, men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.

I have still a hope that Mr. McLogan was misinformed, and that it is not true that "whole families

have to work eleven hours a day to earn twelve dollars a week." I trust that Mr. Foley was in error when he said that "the average wages of women in Chicago shops and factories was only 60 cents a day." If those statements are true, they reveal a profligate condition of society, and the end is easy to foresee. That society can not stand. It is built on the shifty sands of inequality and injustice, where no government has ever yet been safe in this world. This condition will breed a social gloom, out of which we shall see growing a funnel-shaped cloud reaching from earth to heaven. We shall hear the roar of a whirlwind that will shake our political inheritance to its foundations, and perhaps destroy it.

I don't know much about poetry; of the great poets nothing at all. I cannot understand them for lack of education. I can only interpret those poets that understand me, and there is not a line in Thomas Hood that I cannot comprehend. Many of his verses seem woven of threads drawn from my own life and experience, and I almost fancy that I wrote them. How glorious it is to know something! What a splendid thing is learning! In my sorest poverty I never envy a man riches, but I have always been jealous of his better education. When I was a youth I had a job of work at Cambridge, in England. Here were colleges all around me. In this one Milton studied; in that one Byron; in that other one Newton trained his mighty mind. Those colleges were all castles fortified against me. I used to look up at the walls as I passed by them, and long to get inside, that I might feed on the learning that had developed those mighty men. I used to look at the young fellows there of my own age, students of the university, with an envy that I have never felt in all my life toward any others of my brother men. As they passed me clad in their uniforms of cap and gown, I hated them with jealousy. In a fool's vanity I sometimes think, even now, that perhaps I might have been somebody if I could have had a chance at schooling in my youth. But at thirteen I entered the ranks of slavery, and there was no more school for me. Perhaps it is because I cannot understand the great poets, that I cherish with stronger affection those who have come down to my own level, and woven my own sorrows into song. It may be that this is why I cherish Thomas Hood.

Statements like those of the Trades Assembly, revealing the slave-condition of the needle-women of London, brought from the soul of Thomas Hood that indignant protest known as "The Song of the Shirt." It startled men out of their guilty ease. It rang across the land, filling England with alarm, as though the archangel's trumpet was calling Dives to judgment. Every man tried to shift the sin upon his neighbor and in affected anger inquired, Who has been starving the

women of England? Out of the rhyme of Thomas Hood came back the answer to every monopolist, "Thou art the man." There was discomfort in the mahogany pews, for, drowning the preacher's voice and the roar of the great organ, was heard the shrill wail of the hungry seamstress:

It's olt! to be a slave,
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work.
 * * * * *
 With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch, stitch, stitch,
 In poverty, hunger and dirt.
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
 Would that it's tone could reach the rich,—
 She sang this song of the shirt.

In did reach the rich, and they tried to buy peace for their consciences that winter by copious giving of alms, but above all that, the voice of Labor cried like a storm, "We want not charity but justice."

It is difficult to say which had the greater influence upon the heart of England, the "Song of the Shirt," or "The Bridge of Sighs." One was really the complement of the other. Together they smote the adamantine social system like the rod of Moses on the rock of Horeb, and the waters of healing gushed forth. There was a stupid alderman of London, Sir Peter Laurie—Dickens has satirized him in "The Chimes"—whose mission it was to "put down" suicide, and whenever any of the girls who jumped into the river from Waterloo Bridge, were rescued by the boats, and brought before him, he punished them by sending them to prison. "I am determined to put down suicide," he used to say; but he never thought of putting down the social crime that made the suicide. Nor did English public sentiment. It was thick and stolid as the head of Sir Peter Laurie. Newspapers moralizing could not arouse it, neither could the passionate denunciations of orators and statesmen. Then came the poet, and awakened it to a higher sense of duty, and to wiser plans of charity. Hood's poem appeared, and a new light shone upon the bridge. By the gleam of it "society" could see itself pushing the girls into the river, and in self-accusation said: "Sir Peter, you ought to send us to prison, and not the girls." A more humane feeling was created, which shaped itself into schemes of social amelioration, and into better laws. There was no more talk of "putting down" suicide by sending girls to prison. And ever after that, when some homeless and forsaken wanderer sought rest in the dark waters, there was no harsh condemnation, but men said with genuine sorrow—

One more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gonet to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so fair.

* * *

Make no deep scrutiny
 Into her mutiny,
 Rash and undutiful;
 Past all dishonor,
 Death has left on her
 Only the beautiful.

There was not a man of healthy morals, in all the town of London, who was not awakened by the eloquent reproach of the poet, a reproach memorable now throughout all the English world, familiar in Melbourne and Chicago, as in England—

Alas! for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun!
 Oh! it was pitiful!
 Near a whole city full
 Home she had none.

And every libertine was smitten with disgrace and terror when he read—

In she plunged boldly,
 No matter how coldly,
 The rough river ran,—
 Over the brink of it,
 Picture it—think of it
 Dissolute Man!
 Lave in it, drink of it
 Then, if you can!

To hammer philosophy into shapes of beauty is the calling of the poet. What a grand workman was Hood! What melodies rang out from his anvil, and what sparks from his hammer flew! What chaste and lovely forms he made! Every one of his creations ministered unto virtue, and none of them could be used to decorate a wrong. Like Burns, he lifted labor up, and left it a step higher than he found it. His humor was an overflowing well, so copious that some men used to think there could not be any room in him for greater poetry. And yet his wit and humor, so delightful, and so pure, were but the framework to poetic jewels worthy to shine in the coronet of Shakespeare.

Certes, the world did praise his glorious wit,
 The merry jester with his cap and bells!
 And sooth his wit was like Ithuriel's spear:
 But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,
 Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain.

There was an abundant English market for cant when Hood was in his prime; but though poor, and troubled, and sick, he would not pander to Mammon, either in church or state, and so the rich rewards of

soul-servility passed him by. But the poet kept his gift, unsullied by hypocrisy or bribe. As he would not flatter the popular beliefs, bigotry assailed him. One prominent reviewer, Rae Wilson, Esq., criticised his poems as having an irreligious tendency, and Hood's reply left Mr. Wilson looking like a scarecrow. Such banter, and comedy, and fun, have rarely been united to overwhelm an assailant as they are in the "Ode to Rae Wilson." Seldom has the uncharitable character of self-assumed piety been so vividly exposed as in that ode. I know nothing superior to it, except "Holy Willie's Prayer." It is full of gems like this:

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the pole;
But what were that intrinsic value worth,
Suppose some fellow with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the North?

Mr. Wilson was of St. Andrew's, and Hood continues thus:

I will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly,
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod,
Where all mankind are equalized by death;
Another place there is—the Fane of God,
Where all are equal who draw living breath.

* * *

He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell, and represent the Devil.

That lust of gold which coins the poor man's children into money, hides its face from the scorn of Thomas Hood. His poetic wrath scorches avarice like fire. The laboring heart is drawn by the magnetism of his preaching up to a healthier atmosphere, where the currents of life flow purer, and where humanity sees more clearly the work it has to do. Not for ever shall the greed of privileged classes rob the laborer of the profits of his toil. Every day the workingmen are learning something new. By and by they will know their duty and organize their power. Then the moral force of a great cause, backed by a voting strength invincible, will put them in possession of their great estate. Not by fighting, not by bombs and bullets; these are barbarism. The labor triumphs that are coming will be moral victories, and even they must be preceded by our conquest of ourselves. If we seek justice, we must do it; if we demand liberty, we must grant it. The whole domain of handicraft must be free to all the people. The right to learn a trade must be conceded to every American boy; and after he has learned it, the right to work at it must not be taken from him. We have much self-discipline to undergo yet, and the sooner we go into

moral training the better. The control of our own appetites must come before our final victory.

THOUGHTS ON EVOLUTION.

A THEISTIC VIEW.

BY JAMES EDDY.

Some great mind above the human with power to execute the decisions of its own divine will, must have conceived the great principle of evolution, or constant change in all organized existences and in the vegetable kingdom, substance or matter forming no exception to this great principle of gradual change in locality, and from solid to débris, from débris to solid. The least change seems to be in the ego or conscious identity of mind; for each individual human being persistently recognizes himself from his first dawns of thought through a long life of changes in his weight and form, changes in views, in guiding principles, in politics, in religion, and it is a notable fact that no man, woman or child would change his mental constitution, his own identity for that of another. John Brown knows himself intimately, knows his own hopes, his own secret thoughts which nobody else knows, his own enjoyments; knows what he most loves, knows his own ego is his own, realizes that his own existence is a precious, unique original, unlike any other, given by God himself, for his own special enjoyment, and neither he nor any other man would swap his own identity for that of another man or woman. John Brown would like a change of conditions, and he is constantly striving to evolve himself into better conditions. In this sense we each and all believe in evolution, in which every man and woman play a conspicuous part.

No man can conceive of a beginning of creation in nature, but since evolution makes a continuous change of form, of mind, and conditions in ourselves and in our progeny, is not man with all other races involved in the process of a perpetual creation. There certainly exists in active operation on this earth a law of advancement, of evolution, which implies progress in man toward perfection; in animals by instinct toward better conditions and usefulness; in trees, toward more perfect trees, etc. Since mind is the power that moves all material things, all evolutionary changes must be affected through the operations and activities of mind in every grade of existence. Not quite satisfied with its present state, there is a perpetual effort of the human mind to exchange its present *good* conditions for the *better*, and an exciting hope and aim to arrive finally at the *best* conditions in life. Through the influences of the human mind the domestic useful races of animals, birds, etc., are improved. By the exercise of human intelligence also are wild fruits, shrubs and flowers made more beautiful and perfect.

The kind intent, the benevolent purpose, of a Higher

Power is visible in all our natural relations and pursuits. Useless would be the nervous activities of the human mind if no objects were furnished upon which to exercise our faculties. It matters not from how humble a point humanity originated, since we did not originate ourselves we have no responsibility in this matter. It was by some Divine Power we came into life. If through a monkey race, as Darwin supposes, then with pride we may look back and point to the fact that from an humble beginning, through the efforts of the *human mind*, we have evolved ourselves to be what we now are? Our progress has been made gradually in time, by experiences laid away in the individual mind, by the power of memory and the ability given to every age to draw from the great store-house of traditional and historical experiences.

There are two sides to the power of evolution. Let us not forget that the human mind is constituted with a power of will and free agency which is its own to exercise. This free will may be used, and is used as a *retardative power*, in the processes of the evolution of humanity. Human free will is limited as compared with a higher will power outside, but is never interfered with so far as it goes, by any power in the universe; for it is morally impossible it should be, by any just power above the human, except by the reformatory bad effects or consequences attached to errors and crimes, and the good effects attached to wise and virtuous actions. Evolution does not escape this power of individual and united human will, which is often wrongfully used to set back the advance of knowledge and general progress. We see this retardative power in bad personal habits, in rum and tobacco, in wilful perseverance in doing wrong when we have power to do right; in organizing and sustaining bad governments and bad religions, idealizing gods with a bad character, and in doing generally all the evil that human free will and liberty permits us to accomplish in this world.

Let us organize no government, no religion, in which the great principle of progress or evolution toward the *better* is not recognized; and we want no evolution in which the retardative power of human will and free agency is not also recognized. If there were no freedom of will and power in man to do evil, there could be no merit attached to being virtuous, and no justice in Divine Power in attaching good consequences to virtue, rather than to vice. All inventions, all discoveries, all progress in the arts, all governments, all organizations moral and religious, in short, all evolutionary advances toward the good or toward the bad in human affairs, are made through the activities and freedom of the human mind and heart.

ARTICLES by Colonel Higginson, George Jacob Holyoake, W. M. Salter and Richard A. Proctor will soon appear in the columns of THE OPEN COURT.

The Open Court.

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The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1887.

ANARCHY AND THE ANARCHISTS.

While anarchism with its more intelligent representatives is but a dream of an advanced social condition in the distant future in which men will be able to live, each a law unto himself, without need of the state or government, it is, as advocated by those the most commonly identified with it, but little more than dissatisfaction with the existing social order, hatred of the rich and a disposition to remove poverty and inequalities of condition by violence.

How the killing of men who employ labor or the destruction of their property is to bring about the results desired, is something of which the anarchists evidently have no very definite idea. They are dominated more by passion than by reason, and it is not strange that their harrangues and writings are marked chiefly by fierce denunciations and bitter revilings. The leaders, and indeed the adherents, are mostly products of the despotism of the old world, and the only methods of reform in which they

have any confidence, are those revolutionary methods which are the last resort of oppressed men who have no voice in the government of their country. Of the milder methods suited to a country where the poor man's vote counts as much as that of the millionaire, where the power of changing and abolishing old laws and making new ones is in the hands of the people, if they are but intelligent and wise enough to use it, where there is equality of opportunity, and the chances of success are open to all, where the majority of the men of wealth commenced life poor, and the highest positions and powers are enjoyed by those who have belonged to the common ranks of life—of the methods suited to such a country, to secure needed changes, these anarchists seem to have little, if any, appreciation. Many of them doubtless have had hard experiences and they naturally dwell on the contrasts afforded by the condition of the miserably poor and that of the "plutocracy." The capitalist they regard as the enemy of workingmen, and the laws which protect him in the possession of his property and the conduct of his business, as iniquitous and diabolical. In short, the existing social order is held to be about as bad as it possibly can be, and the way to peace and prosperity for all is believed to be through the destruction of existing laws and institutions.

In this country society can afford to allow men almost unlimited liberty in presenting and discussing theories, but it cannot safely allow men to advocate the destruction of life and property, or to incite others to deeds of violence. If the authorities of this city had, months before the Haymarket meeting was held, arrested and punished the men who advocated the use of dynamite as a means of redressing wrongs, real or imaginary, in this country, they would have done no more than their duty, and the terrible disaster probably never would have occurred. By their inaction they unwittingly encouraged the violence, and to that extent share the responsibility for the great crime. Freedom of speech when exercised in advocating murder as a means of solving social or economic questions is a kind of freedom which cannot be permitted in this republic while it has among its population creatures who can be incited to deeds of violence by such speech. Men who resort to such irrational and savage means to bring about social changes, must be treated as public enemies and punished as criminals.

At the present moment the public mind is profoundly agitated by the imminent fate of the seven anarchists who are lying under sentence of death in Chicago. Every heart that feels is touched by their situation and that of their families. It is impossible for those reared under complex social

conditions like ours, whose minds have not been dwarfed and sympathies narrowed by race or religious prejudices, and whose hearts have not been hardened by crime, to remain untouched by the sight or contemplation of any case of distress, even when the sufferer has brought it on himself by his criminal folly.

But the capacity for sorrow as well as for joy is limited, and so many and so great are the demands upon our pity and sympathy, that we readily forget sad scenes and incidents of the past while we are agitated by those of the present. Multitudes who are—and to their credit—full of commiseration for the anarchists who are condemned to die on the 11th of November, give little or no thought now to the fate of the guardians of the law who were cruelly murdered by a dynamite bomb in this city, or of the widowhood, orphanage, and anguish caused by that terrible tragedy. While sympathy is felt and expressed for the anarchists in their misfortune, and for their wives and children, those who died in defense of law and order, and their widows and orphans should not be forgotten. To the men who thus died a monument should be erected, and for their families ample provision should be made by the State.*

Security of life and property is an essential condition of civilization, and it must be maintained against every influence that threatens it, whether it be the savagery of the plains or the worse moral savagery of Most and his followers. For its defense laws are enacted and men appointed with authority to enforce them. These laws express the will of the people, and the public officers, from the policeman to the chief magistrate of the country, are servants of the people, appointed or elected to execute the laws which the people through their representatives have made. The murder of a public servant is a crime which all good citizens should unite in punishing, and the memory of every public servant who dies by violence in the performance of duty should be honored as a soldier falling in defense of his country, and his family be treated not less generously than the family of the soldier slain on the battle-field.

Whether justice and the best interests of society demand that the anarchists in this city who have been sentenced to death be executed, or that their sentence be commuted by the exercise of executive clemency; whether even justice to them does not demand the new trial which has been denied them

* Since this article was put in type letters and editorials have appeared in the Chicago dailies proposing the erection of a monument to the memory of the policemen who were killed by the bomb in Haymarket square. A desire to commemorate the services of these men should have shown itself in the commencement of this work months ago.

by the Supreme Court of the State—these are questions on which there is a divided opinion. Most of the large daily journals and the religious press urge that the death penalty be enforced. Others, including all the labor journals that have come under our notice, a dozen or more, (which generally regard the verdict and the decision of the Supreme Court, we are sorry to note, as the result of class influence,) express the conviction that the sentence is unjust, and not a few of them declare that its execution, if it occurs, will be nothing less than “judicial murder.” Certain it is that there is a grave suspicion abroad, whether well founded or not, that in the conviction of the men the substance of the law was broken.

In the presence of a catastrophe so tremendous as the execution of seven fellow beings, a journal devoted to justice, to liberty, to humanity cannot remain silent. In the mad whirl of passion where the condemned men, so to speak, are being tossed and flung about by friends and foes, it behooves us to weigh well our words, and to be sure that they are words of reason untinged by passion or prejudice. There are State trials famous in history, not because of their dramatic character and surroundings, nor because of the magnitude of the crimes involved, but because in those trials the law itself was twisted out of moral symmetry to gratify public revenge, and justice itself was thereby violated and the foundations of liberty polluted. There are those who, without the least sympathy with anarchy or its methods—who, indeed, hold them in abhorrence—yet express grave apprehensions that if the men condemned to die on the 11th of November are put to death according to their sentence, their case may be memorable also for the enormity of the trial more even than for the enormity of the crimes charged. We do not say that these apprehensions have just grounds, but they exist.

In *The Index* of October 14, 1886, we said editorially:

There is no doubt whatever, we presume, that popular feeling in Chicago against the condemned men has been and still is very strong. This is not strange considering the brutal manner in which the appointed guardians of peace and order were murdered, and the conviction that these men are responsible for the crime. The only question is whether public opinion—an element which under any circumstances has to be taken into account—operated to prevent a just and fair trial. This, so far as we can judge from meagre reports, was not shown. Judge Gary, after all that could be said in defense of the condemned anarchists, saw no reason for granting a new trial. At the same time it is probable that the men, most of them products of European despotism, were infatuated with certain chimerical schemes, held under the name of anarchy, and were working, as they believed, for social reform, misled by the diabolical teachings of Most, that they were blinded by fanaticism to the folly of their words and acts, and did not fully consider their practical consequences. While there can be nothing but condemnation for attempts to carry out any social

theories by killing innocent human beings, we are of the opinion that the authorities can afford to be lenient with these criminals and to show them that mercy which was not shown to the victims of their misguided zeal and short-sighted scheme for revolutionizing society. Let the death sentence be commuted to imprisonment, by which the law will be sufficiently vindicated and the unfortunate men and their sympathizers may come to see the absurdity of their anarchistic theories and the criminal folly of their plottings against social order and human life. It is very doubtful whether the further efforts now being made for a new trial prove more successful than did the motion overruled by Judge Gary.

Now nearly a year later, after reading carefully the decision of the Supreme Court of the State in the case of the anarchists, we regret that the men have been refused a new trial. Protesting against the irrational cruelty preached by the anarchists when they advocated private vengeance for alleged public wrongs and their sanguinary threats of revolution, and looking at the case by the light of the trial alone, we do not believe that *all* the accused were fairly proven guilty of murder or of conspiracy to murder. Guilty they may be, one and all, but doubts in our mind are so strong as to the guilt of two of the condemned men that we regret another trial was not granted them. True, the verdict has been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State, but the decisions of Supreme Courts are not infallible and have, in many instances, been contrary to justice and right.

A careful perusal of the decision in question will, we believe, show that it is open to serious criticism, not only for the manner in which certain points are presented, but also for the omission of others which ought to have been presented. We can mention here but a few instances. The court, after passing judgment upon a number of objections raised by the defense, which they consider “most important” speaks of “some other points of minor importance which are not noticed.” “As to these,” it remarks, “it is safe to say that we have considered them and do not regard them as well taken.” When a man condemned to die alleges certain errors in his trial, and asks the court of last resort to pass upon them, a refusal to do so is a wrong as plainly visible to laymen as to lawyer. It is a solemn thing to sentence a fellow man to death, and, at the same time, to tell him that points of his appeal have been considered, and that they are not well taken. The proof that they have been considered should appear in reasons for rejecting them, and it is therefore the duty of the court to show wherein they are not well taken.

The judges, in justice to the condemned men, should have criticised, so it seems to us, not only such points as they themselves considered “most important,” but also every point which the men whose lives were at stake regarded as of any importance

whatever. The decision was not the reversal of a verdict; it was the affirming of the sentence of death against seven men. The defendants had an equal right with the judge to say what errors were "important." Considering that the court was weaving a long rope for the hanging of seven men— weaving it out of a confused tangle, composed of threads of evidence, some of which, according to the decision itself, were proper and some of them not, the statement of the court that any further comment "would swell the opinion, already of inordinate length, into still more tiresome proportions" is, in our opinion, no sufficient excuse. There are many cases involving only dollars in which longer opinions have been written without exhausting either the court or the readers interested in the cases. A legal friend calls our attention to the Mordaunt case, a mere suit for divorce, in which the opinion is five times as long as that is in regard to the anarchists. In the claimant case, a trial for perjury, the opinion is ten times as long. Dividing the opinion by seven, the number of men doomed, the allowance for each is not large, and there seems to be no good reason for refusing to discuss specifically any of the alleged errors.

One of the members of the court, after the decision had been announced, said that he did "not wish to be understood as holding that the record is free from error," but "that none of the errors complained of are of such a character as to require a reversal of the judgment." "In view of the number of defendants on trial" (with other facts mentioned), "the wonderment" to him was that the errors were not more numerous and of a more serious character. Now one of the errors alleged is that the defendants were refused the right to be separately tried. Mr. Justice Mulvey, confessing errors, permits them to prevail in the doom of seven men, on grounds one of which and the first mentioned is that errors were inevitable where so many men were tried together. Was it the fault of the defendants that eight men were tried "all in a row?" Shall the prosecution take advantage of its own mistake, if not its own wrong? Whether designed or not, the effect of such a number of defendants was to throw confusion into the jury box, and errors into the rulings and instructions of the court below.

By trying all the men together the peril of each one of them was multiplied, for each had to defend himself against his own words and actions and those of the other seven. This was not fair, and we doubt whether it is good law in capital cases. What is Mr. Justice Mulvey's opinion on this point? He approves the judgment, but condemns errors in the record and omits to specify the errors to which he refers. These evidently are not the minor errors confessed

in the decision itself, because Mr. Justice Mulvey intimates that his original intention was to write a separate opinion. We agree with him that this is what he "should have done."

The Supreme Court confesses that erroneous instructions were given to the jury by the court below, but contends that correct instructions on the same points were also given, and that it was the duty of the jury to consider all the instructions together. In the language of the court:

It is the duty of the jury to consider all the instructions together and when the court can see that an instruction in the series, although not stating the law correctly, is qualified by others, so that the jury were not likely to be misled, the error will be obviated.

This claim cannot fairly be allowed to one side and denied to the other. The defendants have as good a right to claim that the bad instructions qualified the good ones as the prosecution has that the good ones qualified the bad. Who shall decide which of them influenced the jury? How many jurors are competent to analyze a legal mixture composed of good and bad instructions given by the court?

It cannot be denied that the District Attorney, in his zeal to convict, broke through the lines of professional etiquette which the humane spirit of the law has thrown around his office. It is laid down in the books that the prosecuting attorney, like the judge, shall stand absolutely impartial between the prisoner and the State. He must not revile the prisoner nor insult him. He must not make fact-statements in his argument, nor offer to the jury his own opinion on the question of guilt or innocence; because, says Mr. Bishop in his treatise on criminal law, if he is a popular man in whom the jury have great confidence, his mere opinion may have greater weight than the sworn testimony of other men. All these rules were violated in this case, against the protest of the prisoners' counsel, and yet the Supreme Court decides that the "improprieties" were not such as to warrant a reversal of the judgment. General Butler said a few days ago: "I thoroughly believe, as the Supreme Court of Massachusetts once expressed it, that 'a man has a right to quibble for his life'; but a man certainly has no right to quibble for the death of other men.

Macaulay tells us of a great state trial that took place in England nearly two hundred years ago. Preston, Ashton and Elliott had been indicted for high treason in connection with the Jacobite plot. They had actually invited a French army to land in England to help the scheme to overturn the government. The popular clamor against them was loud and threatening. Chief Justice Holt presided at the

trial. Somers, the Solicitor-General prosecuted, with Pollexfen to help him. All these were bitter enemies of the prisoner and their politics, and we quote the manner of their trial as we find it in Macaulay:

Early in January, Preston, Ashton and Elliott, had been arraigned at the Old Bailey. They claimed the right of severing in their challenges. It was therefore necessary to try them separately. The Solicitor-General, Somers, conducted the prosecution with a moderation and humanity of which his predecessors had left him no example. "I did never think," he said, "that it was the part of any who were of counsel for the King in cases of this nature to aggravate the crime of the prisoners, or to put false colors on the evidence." Holt's conduct was faultless. "I would not mislead the jury, I'll assure you," said Holt to Preston, "nor do you any manner of injury in the world." "Whatever my fate may be," said Ashton, "I cannot but own that I have had a fair trial for my life."

It is well to bear in mind that the issue in the Supreme Court was not between the punishment of the defendants and their absolute acquittal, but between death and a new trial; and we believe that by reason of the errors confessed in the decision itself a new trial should have been allowed. And this is the conviction, we are assured, of men as eminent for legal ability and attainments as any of the learned gentlemen by whom this decision has been rendered. A lawyer in this city remarked a few days ago: "I believe the men are guilty and ought to be hanged, but I am sorry that they did not have a fair trial." Guilty or not, if they "did not have a fair trial," they should have another.

Assuming that the men are guilty, as the evidence indicates that the most of them are, we still adhere to the conviction expressed in *The Index* months ago, that the highest justice and the best interests of society would be promoted by the commutation of their sentence.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, four years ago, Dr. S. V. Clevenger was invited to detail the law which he had discovered regulating the distribution of valves in the veins. When the doctor concluded his blackboard demonstration Prof. E. D. Cope spoke at length, with his well-known eloquence, commending the discovery as an important one, for a very mysterious matter had become thereby wonderfully simplified, and evolutionism had received a new support. In effect Dr. Clevenger's law straightens out a confused arrangement of valved and unvalved veins in man, that the medical student had to memorize arbitrarily, thus: The arm and leg veins and those between the ribs have valves, while other perpendicular and horizontal veins have no valves. It occurred to the doctor that these peculiarities must have been acquired in our quadrupedal ancestry, and he drew a diagram of the human veins as they would appear in a

man "on all fours." The simplicity of the distribution became thus startlingly apparent. In this position the perpendicular veins are valved, the horizontal are without valves, and the blood is helped toward the heart against gravitation. Clevenger's law is approximately but sufficiently worded: "*Dorsad veins only are valved.*" That is, only such veins have valves as those that pass to the heart toward the back. No one has ever announced anything new that was of service to his fellow men, without at least a reprimand. Sir Charles Bell's practice as a physician fell away from him when he wrote an essay on the mechanism of the human hand. Dr. Clevenger was offered the chair of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology in a university, the president of which was a clergyman, but when his evolutionism was made apparent by his first announcement of this discovery, the professorship offer was withdrawn. This matter was discussed in *The Nation*, in 1884, after the appearance of Dr. Clevenger's lengthy "Disadvantages of the Upright Position," as the leading article in the *American Naturalist*, January, 1884.

* * *

Rev. W. G. Babcock, Boston, Mass., writes:

Mr. Clark says in *THE OPEN COURT*, page 429: "For men pursuing ordinary avocations, it is well to remain blind to the darker side of life, as they could not otherwise live and work." He also says: "When ill becomes a *sole* trait." Again he likens life to a perpetual lottery, with prizes and blanks. He may be right in the position that *with most men reason is an advocate and not a judge*; but does he mean that evil is not only an unsolved but an insolvable problem? Does he really mean that the fundamental law of the universe admits of two classes of human beings, prize-holders and blank-holders?

I have noticed that evil has always had very able advocates in the great criminal court of human affairs—and have concluded that "the world of ill-being" is not a world where "ill is the sole trait," but where there is a good deal of satisfaction of some kind. Can any one with reason complain that he was born?

* * *

The *Boston Herald* in an article exposing the absurdities of "Christian science and mind-cure," remarks:

Not the least curious thing about the whole is the intrepid logic with which the leaders accept the most delirious consequences of their principles. In vain does the humble skeptic object against the pure mind theory that a dose of arsenic will kill, even though taken under the supposition that it was sugar. True, serenely admits Mrs. Eddy, but it was not the arsenic that did it; it was the inherited mental error, working unconsciously in the victim, the error that arsenic is unwholesome. "The few," she says, "who think a drug harmless, where a mistake has been made in the prescription, are unequal to the many who have named it poison, and *so the majority opinion governs the result.*" This last is truly delicious. The majority opinion governs the result. Was ever so sublime a tribute paid to democracy?

* * *

Professor Stuckenber, of Berlin, sorrowfully admits that German Protestantism is losing its power among the people. As an illustration of this decline the religious condition of Berlin is thus mentioned:

The population of that city increases at the rate of 50,000

annually, but there is no corresponding increase in churches. Ten years ago there were 500,000 inhabitants outside of the center of the city, with but twenty churches and twenty-four ministers. Now the number of inhabitants in these districts has nearly doubled, but no new churches have been built.

WHEN SUMAC GLIMMERS RED.

BY ELISSA M. MOORE.

Across the sky cold clouds are driven,
From tree and shrub bright leaves are riven
And at my feet are spread;
Around me, gaudy flowers gleam yellow,
Fair Nature's still most royal color,
When sumac glimmers red.

The gentian in the marsh is hiding,
There till the first cold frost abiding,
By hidden waters fed;
Through glistening leaves full shyly glancing
In bluest dress is still entrancing,
When sumac glimmers red.

The timid swallows southward turning,
For brighter suns and flowers are yearning,
Mourning the glory fled.
For now how soon is Autumn waning,
And now how fast is winter gaining
When sumac glimmers red.

Though woods in brightest dress are gleaming,
Their bravery is but in seeming,
Shadows fall overhead.
The nights grow chill when close the flowers,
A secret sadness fills the hours
When sumac glimmers red.

Sadly I turn from Autumn's splendor
Of leaves that glow in sad surrender,
And whisper "Youth hath fled."
Vague shadows of the past close round me,
Sorrow outlived again hath bound me
When sumac glimmers red.

HO THĒOS META SON.

BY GOWAN LEA.

HYMN.

To live in every thought
A life so true and pure;
To do in every deed
The noblest, and endure;
To hate with direst hate
The wrong and sin we see;
The sinner to restore
With gentlest charity;—
This is the heavenly mind,
No matter where 'tis found;
A soul at one with *good*,
Knows only hallowed ground.

SONG.

BY HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

TO EMERSON:

Thou wert measurer of the spheres,
All were servants made for thee;
In the hollows of the sea,
In the strong-veined heroes sent,
In the roses of the field,
Thou hadst traced for kindred eyes
Songs of glory, new-revealed,
Of a universe content.

TO CARLYLE:

Truth had held thee to its heart—
Truth, that scatters from the deep
Deeds of union, part with part,
O'er the worlds the gods may keep;
Sternly hath thy prophet-voice
Touched the chord to fix in man
Beauty—when the souls rejoice,
Duty—when they bravely plan.

CHORAL:

Out of need the heroes came;
Out of need they move us still;
Grimly, in the smoke and flame,—
Sweetly, from the starry hill,—
Life was pledged to love and truth!
Leagued with day and night they stand,
Youth with rugged brother-youth,
Heart to heart and hand to hand!

LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA TUTTLE.

O, Love!

Thou art an orphan in this world of ours
Wearing a coronet of dead white flowers,
Who, with sad eyes, and lashes meek and wet,
Art dreaming dreams which fill thee with regret.

O, Love!

Fore'er divine in this sin sullied world!
Thy tender lips contempt has never curled,
Thy pearly fingers cannot wear a stain,
Albeit they link with Sorrow, Sin and Pain.

O, Love!

Thou of the drooping lash and downcast eyes,
Wreathed by the angels in thy native skies,
Shalt wear again a living wreath of white
Touched by the glory of supernal light.

O, Love!

Thou art no egotist, in boastful tone
Claiming thy angelhood, and thine alone;
But, sighing sadly, that each wistful quest
Tells thee the sinless angels know thee best.

THE OCCULT SCIENCES IN THE TEMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.*

BY GEORGIA LOUISE LEONARD.

[A paper read at the "Fortnightly Conversation," Washington, D. C., May 5, 1887.]

In a search for information concerning Egyptian occultism one spends his time in vain who seeks it in the ordinary channels of literature. He will not find it in books which ornament parlor tables, nor will it generally be found treasured on the shelves of great libraries. Scientists, historians, archæologists, even Egyptologists themselves, ignore all mention of the occult, or speak of it only with derision. To them, the idea of a religion, the highest aspect of which was essentially esoteric, presided over by priests who were not only the possessors of dread secrets, but the accredited workers of wonders, has in it something manifestly absurd.

Where then are we to look for the treasures of which we are in search? The avenues are not many where seeking leads to finding. When the majority of scholars who have earned world-wide reputations in their several departments of knowledge, and evinced therein both fairness and discrimination, are a unit in refusing not only to believe in, but even to investigate the psychic phenomena of their own day, how can we expect them to treat with any degree of consideration the symbolism of a veiled science and religion which have been dead these two thousand years? As illustrations of this class of minds there is Maudsley who reduces with ease all "Supernatural Scemings" to "Natural Causes," as at present generally understood. Then we have Herbert Spencer in whose *Principles of Sociology* all unknown or apparently occult manifestations are treated as so many phases of the law of mental development—the final outcome of which is practical materialism, or a total elimination of the super-sensuous from the domain of experience. Again there is Tylor in whose *Primitive Culture* an effort is made to establish the theory of evolution by the application of the ethnographic method to the comparative evidence of the various stages of religious progress.

Mr. Tylor informs us that "it is the harsh, and at times even painful, office of ethnography to expose the remains of crude old culture which have passed into harmful superstition, and to mark these out for destruction."† In this author's work on "Anthropology" we are still further enlightened: "The student who wishes to compare the mental habits of rude and ancient peoples with our own, may"—he tells us—"look into a

*In treating this subject but little more than suggestions can be furnished; for, as I shall endeavor to show, those who stand *without* the veil, cannot view the mysteries, and the key to the penetralia is never *loaned*, so far as I can discover.

I make for the Egyptian priests *no claims* for a knowledge of the *supernatural*—but for the *natural* that is lost or obscured in the waste and dust of past ages.

†Tylor. *Primitive Culture*, Vol. II, p. 453.

subject which has now fallen into contempt from its practical uselessness, but which is most instructive in showing how the unscientific mind works;" and this subject is "Magic!"*

Dr. Hammond in this country and Dr. Carpenter in England, have each investigated to a certain extent some phases of psychic phenomena. Instead of the impartial verdict which we naturally expected from them, we have only reiterated statements of preconceived opinions, enunciated with renewed assumptions of authority; and in no uncertain terms are told that "barefaced imposture," or "innocent delusion" will adequately account for the whole thing. The former of these eminent gentlemen will not even admit the existence of an unknown species of "force," or an undiscovered "natural law." Mr. John Fiske, who never loses an opportunity to discredit the attainments of the ancients, proves an able second to Dr. Hammond. He sneers at Prof. Crookes for his suggestions of a "psychic force," and characterizes his method of research as that of the "barbaric myth-maker and the ill-trained thinker."†

In any search into occultism it is quite evident we must look elsewhere for assistance than to such scientists and historians as these. To such the words of Lord Bacon are especially applicable: "We have," he says, "but an imperfect knowledge of the discoveries in arts and sciences, made public in different ages and countries, and still less of what has been done by particular persons, and transacted in private;" and he further says, "As to those who have set up for teachers of the sciences, when they drop their character, and at intervals speak their sentiments, they complain of the subtlety of nature, the concealment of truth, the obscurity of things, the entanglement of causes, and the imperfections of the human understanding; thus rather choosing to accuse the common state of men and things, than make confession of themselves.‡

To unravel the *history* of the occult sciences of Egypt, is nearly as difficult as to *rediscover* the *sciences themselves*. True it is that dozens of old papyrus rolls have been brought forth from dark tombs to the light of day; true that all the monuments of her land were once a pictured glory—her history and her religion chiseled deep into every fragment of her mighty pylons or the massive columns of her vast sanctuaries. True again, that these writings have been translated to the world; but the task has been accomplished by those of alien race, of foreign tongue, and a hostile faith. Honest and patient, then, as these scholars may be, it is not singular they have failed to comprehend the full significance of ideas veiled in obscure or mystical language, and have stigmatized many a precious Egyptian scroll as childish and absurd. And yet—those who *will* may discover in

*Tylor. *Anthropology*, p. 338.

†Fiske. *Darwinism and Other Essays*, p. 125.

‡Bacon. *Novum Organum*, pp. 4-5.

them priceless germs of truth half hid 'midst the clumsy modern renderings of a speech long dead.

Though much valuable information concerning the mysteries, is derived from the classic writers, they are often provokingly silent upon the very points which we most wish them to elucidate, and not seldom do they wholly misconceive the vital principles of the Egyptian religion, and overlook the most important sciences.

Herodotus, who was the most painstaking and accurate of historians, and entered into the minutiae of things when at liberty to do so, frequently piques our curiosity, only that it may end in disappointment—for, when we fancy he is about to divulge some secret, the narrative abruptly terminates with the statement that he is not permitted to speak further on the subject. Diligently gleaning from the priests of the great universities of Saïs, Memphis and Heliopolis, whatever of interest or wisdom he could induce them to impart, much, of necessity, which he saw and heard honor forbade him to reveal; and if he was initiated into any of the mysteries that fact alone would preclude all discussion as to their character.

Plato, Diodorus, Strabo and Pliny the Elder, have also left valuable records of their sojourns in Egypt; and Plutarch's treatise upon *Isis and Osiris*, has been the source of valuable information regarding the worship and esoteric doctrines of the Egyptians. The writings of Plato—which to many are shrouded in mysticism—contain a wealth of thought and suggestion for those who enter upon their study with the true divining spirit.

For thirteen years the great Greek sat at the feet of the priests of Heliopolis, adopting their customs, conforming to their rites and sharing in their wisdom. The reasons which prevented Herodotus from disclosing the sacred teachings, were still more potent in the case of the Athenian philosopher.

Many historians, from the old Greek and Roman to the Arab writers of the Middle Ages, have discoursed of Egypt, her manners and customs, laws, religion, and sacred mysteries; while scores of exhaustive modern works treat of her ancient grandeur. The chief difficulty to be met in any search into her more secret history, lies in the fact that her vast learning was zealously guarded and revealed only to those who by long and faithful devotion and rigid purity of life had rendered themselves its fitting depositories; and upon the most binding assurances that it should never be divulged.

We know that the majority of our learned scholars deny that the Egyptian priests had anything to teach us, or that they knew anything of which we are ignorant to-day. We will turn then from these modern textbooks to what Mr. Tylor calls "the antiquated dissertations of the great thinkers of the past,"* and learn what *they* thought of Egypt and her fame. *They* tell us of

her splendid civilization, her incomparable grandeur, her time-defying monuments, the perfection of her arts, the profundity of her science, the excellence of her institutions, the purity of her religion and her ethics, and the happiness of her people. And her own gigantic ruins bear witness to the truth of all they say. Where now lie the crumbling remnants of her tombs, her temples and her palaces; where the bats flap their dusky wings and the jackal's shrill cry wakes the echoes in deserted halls; there once arose a succession of splendid towns, instinct with rich, varied and tumultuous life.

When Egypt was far on her path of decline there came to her still mighty cities, the flower and genius of other lands to partake at the fount of her wisdom. Some 550 years B.C. the Greek Thales went there to learn mathematics and astronomy; and afterward the great Athenian law-giver studied jurisprudence; and following close upon Solon came Pythagoras, of whom Harriet Martineau says: "I strongly suspect it would be found, if the truth could be known, that more of the spiritual religion, the abstruse philosophy, and the lofty ethics and political views of the old Egyptians have found their way into the general mind of our race through Pythagoras, than by any or all other channels, except, perhaps, the institutions of Moses and the speculations of Plato."* Then came Hecataeus of Miletos, to whom the priests of Egypt showed the statues of three hundred and forty-five high-priests, each one the direct lineal descendant of his predecessor; and later Herodotus and Eudoxus and Anaxagoras and Plato, and many other foreigners. To quote from Miss Martineau once more, "It really appears as if the great men of Greece and other countries had little to say on the highest and deepest subjects of human inquiry till they had studied at Memphis, or Saïs, or Thebes, or Heliopolis."† And Sir Gardner Wilkinson writes: "No one will for a moment imagine that the wisest of the Greeks went to study in Egypt for any other reason than because it was *there* that the greatest discoveries were to be learnt."‡

Did all these brilliant minds pursue an *ignis fatuus*? Was the boasted science of Egypt a chimera?

We will see what was claimed for her science and her art, and whence they came. Let us go back to her earliest historic days—back so far that imagination is lost in the mist of ages.

What is our first view of her? and who are her people? Autochthones, or colonists from a distant land—offshoots of some great primeval parent stock? The first view which history presents to us is that of a highly civilized nation at the very acme of its power and grandeur. Dr. Tiele tells us that "When the Egyptian

* *Eastern Travel*, p. 82.

† *Eastern Travel*, p. 83.

‡ *Manners and Customs*, Vol. II, p. 316.

* Tylor. *Primitive Culture*, Vol. II, p. 444.

nation enters upon the scene of the world's history, it is already full-grown;"* and Mariette Bey states that "From the earliest times Egyptian civilization was complete."† But this hardly helps us. Though the latter of the authors just named takes us back to 5,004 years B.C., we are no nearer a solution of the enigma of this people's beginnings. Whether this civilization was wholly a product of Egyptian soil, or whether, on the contrary, it was imported in pre-historic times, with some great influx of peoples from abroad, it is impossible in the present state of historical research, to determine. The probabilities are that the Egyptians were an Aryan off-shoot from some primeval race whose history is lost in the night of time, and that from that race they inherited their knowledge of the arts and the occult forces of nature. However that may be, when first we encounter the Egyptians we are brought face to face with the direct evidences of their learning and skill.

It is proper to state at this point that the question of the derivation and duration of Egyptian civilization has been entered into for the sole purpose of showing that the claim of this people to a high antiquity and an exact and elaborate science, is by no means preposterous, as I shall endeavor to show.

Upon the very threshold of their history—under Menes the first king—we find them in full possession of the practical sciences of hydrostatics and hydraulic engineering and mechanical construction. Already had they turned the course of the Nile, and reared the city of Memphis with its gigantic temples and palace. We learn that even at this early day there were from thirty to forty colleges of the priests who studied the occult sciences and practical magic. (And here let us stop a moment and examine this word "Magic," which has been so long degraded from its ancient meaning. As originally employed it signified the attainment of wisdom, and command over the hidden powers of nature. Therefore a magician was one versed in the secret knowledge, and an initiate into the arcane mysteries. In other words *he was the scientist of his time*. In this sense only are those two terms, magic and magician here used).

The cities of Memphis, Heliopolis, Thebes and later. Saïs, became the great centers of Egyptian learning. Their splendid temples formed the nuclei around which clustered schools, universities, observatories and priestly habitations.

There were many different orders of the priests, ranging from the simple scribe to the high-priest himself; but it was only those of the highest degree who were permitted to become the repositories of that occult lore which had come down from the remotest ages. In the silence and obscurity of the lowest crypts of the temples these priestly sages conducted their secret

ceremonies and magical operations, and hither, doubtless, were brought the candidates for initiation into the greater mysteries.

Among the branches of learning pursued by them were mathematics, astronomy, astrology, metallurgy, chemistry and alchemy, all of which bore an occult aspect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOUGHT WITHOUT WORDS.

The following correspondence between Mr. F. Galton, Mr. George Romanes, Mr. J. J. Murphy, etc., and Professor Max Müller on "Thought Without Words," is reprinted from *Nature* after careful revision:

VII. LETTER FROM MR. F. GALTON, F.R.S.

42 RUTLAND GATE, S. W., May 18, 1887.

DEAR PROFESSOR—Thank you much for your full letter. I have not yet sent it on to *Nature* because it would have been too late for this week's issue, and more especially because I thought you might like to reserve your reply, not only until you had seen my own answer to what you have said in it, but also until others should have written, and possibly also until you had looked at Binet, and some of the writers he quotes. So I send you very briefly my answer, but the letter shall go to *Nature* if you send me a post-card to send it.

In my reply, or in any future amplification of what is already written, I should emphasize what was said about fencing, etc., *with the head*, distinguishing it from intuitive actions (due, as I and others hold, to inherited or personal habit).

The inhibition of words in the cases mentioned was, I should explain, analogous to this:—There are streets improvements in progress hereabouts. I set myself to think, by mental picture only, whether the pulling down of a certain tobacconist's shop (i. e. its *subtraction* from the row of houses in which it stands) would afford a good opening for a needed thoroughfare. Now, on first perceiving the image, it was associated with a mental perception of the *smell* of the shop. I inhibited that mental smell because it had nothing to do with what I wanted to think out. So words often arise in my own mind merely through association with what I am thinking about; they are *not* the things that my mind is dealing with; they are superfluous and they are embarrassing, so I inhibit them.

I have not yet inquired, but will do so, whether deaf-mutes who had never learnt words or any symbols for them, had ever been taught dominoes, or possibly even chess. I myself cannot conceive that the names—king, queen, etc.—are of any help in calculating a single move in advance. For the effect of many moves I use them mentally to record the steps gained, but for nothing else. I have reason to believe that not a few first-rate chess-players calculate by their mental eye only.

In speaking of modern mental literature, pray do not think me so conceited as to refer to my own writings only. I value modern above ancient literature on this subject, even if the modern writers are far smaller men than the older ones, because they have two engines of research which the others wanted:—

(1) Inductive inquiry, ethnological and other. The older authorities had no vivid conception of the different qualities of men's minds. They thought that a careful examination of their own minds sufficed for laying down laws that were generally applicable to humanity.

(2) They had no adequate notion of the importance of mental pathology. When by a blow, or by a disease, or, as they now say, by hypnotism, a whole province of mental faculties can be

* Tiele. *Egyptian Religion*, p. 6.

† Mariette Bey. *Hist. Ancienne D'Égypte*, p. 19.

abolished, and the working of what remains can be carefully studied, it is now found that as good a clue to the anatomy of the mind may be obtained as men who study mangled limbs, or who systematically dissect, may obtain of the anatomy of the body.

I add nothing about the advantage to modern inquirers due to their possession of Darwinian facts and theories, because we do not rate them in the same way.

Very truly yours,

FRANCIS GALTON.

Professor Max Müller.

VIII. LETTER FROM PROF. MAX MÜLLER.

OXFORD, May 19, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. GALTON—If you think my letter worth publishing in *Nature*, I have no objection, though it contains no more than what anybody may read in my *Science of Thought*.

Nothing proves to my mind the dependence of thought on language so much as the difficulty we have in making others understand our thoughts by means of words. Take the instance you mention of a shop being pulled down in your street, and suggesting to you the desirability of opening a new street. There are races, or, at all events, there have been, who had no name or concept of shop. Still, if they saw your shop, they would call it a *house*, a *building*, a *cave*, a *hole*, or, as you suggest, a chamber of smells and horrors, but at all events a *thing*. Now, all these are names. Even *thing* is a name. Take away these names, and all definite thought goes; take away the name *thing*, and thought goes altogether. When I say word, I do not mean *flatus vocis*, I always mean word as inseparable from concept, thought-word or word-thought.

It is quite possible that you may *teach* deaf-and-dumb people dominoes; but deaf-and-dumb people, left to themselves, do not invent dominoes, and that makes a great difference. Even so simple a game as dominoes, would be impossible without names and their underlying concepts. Dominoes are not mere blocks of wood; they signify something. This becomes much clearer in chess. You cannot move king, or queen, or knight as mere dolls. In chess, each one of these figures can be moved according to its name and concept only. Otherwise chess would be a chaotic scramble, not an intelligent game. If you once see what I mean by names, namely that by which a thing becomes *notum* or known, I expect you will say, "Of course we all admit that without a name we cannot really know anything."

I wonder you do not see that in all my writings I have been an evolutionist or Darwinian *pur sang*. What is language but a constant becoming? What is thought but an *Ewiges Werden*?

Everything in language begins by a personal habit, and then becomes inherited; but what we students of language try to discover is the first beginning of each personal habit, the origin of every thought, and the origin of every word. For that purpose ethnological researches are of the highest importance to us, and you will find that Kant, the cleverest dissector of abstract thought, was at the same time the most careful student of ethnology, the most accurate observer of concrete thought in its endless variety. With all my admiration for modern writers, I am in this sense also a Darwinian that I prefer the rudimentary stages of philosophic thought to its later developments, not to say its decadence. I have learnt more from Plato than from Comte. But I have ordered Binet all the same, and when I have read him I shall tell you what I think of him.

Yours very truly,

F. MAX MÜLLER.

IX. LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE J. ROMANES, F. R. S.

June 4, 1887.

There appears to be some ambiguity about this matter as discussed in the correspondence which has recently taken place in

your columns. In the first instance Mr. Galton understood Professor Max Müller to have argued that in no individual human mind can any process of thought be ever conducted without the mental rehearsal of words, or the *verbum mentale* of the Schoolmen. Now, although this is the view which certainly appears to pervade the Professor's work on "The Science of Thought," there is one passage in that work, and several passages in his subsequent correspondence with Mr. Galton, which express quite a different view—namely, that when a definite structure of conceptual ideation has been built up by the aid of words, it may afterward persist independently of such aid; the scaffolding was required for the original construction of the edifice, but not for its subsequent stability. That these two views are widely different may be shown by taking any one of the illustrations from the *Nature* correspondence. In answer to Mr. Galton, Professor Max Müller says: "It is quite possible that you may *teach* deaf-and-dumb people dominoes; but deaf-and-dumb people, left to themselves, do not *invent* dominoes, and that makes a great difference. Even so simple a game as dominoes would be impossible without names and their underlying concepts." Now, assuredly it does "make a great difference" whether we are supporting the view that dominoes could not be *played* without names underlying concepts, or the view that without such means dominoes could not have been *invented*. That there cannot be concepts without names is a well-recognized doctrine of psychology, and that dominoes could not have been invented in the absence of certain simple concepts relating to number no one could well dispute. But when the game has been invented, there is no need to fall back upon names and concepts as a preliminary to each move, or for the player to predicate to himself before each move that the number he lays down corresponds with the number to which he joins it. The late Dr. Carpenter assured me that he had personally investigated the case of a performing dog which was exhibited many years ago as a domino-player, and had fully satisfied himself that the animal's skill in this respect was genuine—i. e., not dependent on any code of signals from the showman. This, therefore, is a better case than that of the deaf-mute, in order to show that dominoes can be played by means of sensuous association alone. But my point now is that two distinct questions have been raised in your columns, and that the ambiguity to which I have referred appears to have arisen from a failure to distinguish between them. Every living psychologist will doubtless agree with Professor Max Müller where he appears to say nothing more than that if there had never been any names there could never have been any concepts; but this is a widely different thing from saying what he elsewhere appears to say—i. e., that without the mental rehearsal of words there cannot be performed in any case a process of distinctively human thought. The first of these two widely different questions may be dismissed as one concerning which no difference of opinion is likely to arise. Touching the second, if the Professor does not mean what I have said he appears in some places to say, it is a pity that he should attempt to defend such a position as that chess, for instance, cannot be played unless the player "deals all the time with thought-words and word thoughts." For the original learning of the game it was necessary that the powers of the various pieces should have been explained to him by means of words; but when this knowledge was thus gained it was no longer needful that before making any particular move he should mentally state the powers of all the pieces concerned, or predicate to himself the various possibilities which the move might involve. All these things he does by his specially-formed associations alone, just as does a draught-player, who is concerned with a much simpler order of relations; in neither case is any demand made upon the *verbum mentale*.

Again, if the Professor does not mean to uphold the view that in no case can there be distinctively human thought without

the *immediate and direct* assistance of words, it is a mistake in him to represent "the dependence of thought on language" as absolute.* The full powers of conceptual ideation which belong to any individual man may or may not all have been due to words as used by his ancestors, his contemporaries and himself. But, however this may be, that these powers, when once attained, may afterward continue operative without the use of words is not a matter of mere opinion based on one's own personal introspection, which no opponent can verify; it is a matter of objectively demonstrable fact, which no opponent can gainsay. For when a man is suddenly afflicted with aphasia he does not forthwith become as the thoughtless brute; he has lost all trace of words, but his reason may remain unimpaired.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

X. LETTER FROM MR. J. J. MURPHY.

BELFAST, JUNE 19, 1887.

I have postponed offering you any remarks on Professor Max Müller's "Science of Thought" until I had read the book through.

I think Professor Müller is on the whole right, that language is necessary to thought, and is related to thought very much as organization to life. The question discussed by some of your correspondents, whether it is possible in particular cases to think without language, appears to me of little importance. I can believe that it is possible to think without words when the subjects of thought are visible things and their combinations, as in inventing machinery; but the intellectual power that invents machinery has been matured by the use of language.

But Professor Müller has not answered, nor has he asked, the question, on what property or power of thought the production of language depends. He has shown most clearly the important truth that all names are abstract—that to invent a name which denotes an indefinite number of objects is a result of abstraction. But on what does the power of abstraction depend? I believe it depends on the power of directing thought at will. Professor Müller lays stress on the distinction between percepts and concepts, though he thinks they are inseparable. I am inclined to differ from him, and to think that animals perceive as vividly as we do, but have only a rudimentary power of conception and thought. I think the power of directing thought at will is the distinctively human power, on which the power of forming concepts and language depends.

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

XI. LETTER FROM MR. ARTHUR EBBELS.

CHAPMAN, JUNE 6, 1887.

After reading the correspondence published in *Nature* (Vol. XXXVI., pp. 28, 52 and 100) on this subject, it has occurred to me that the difficulties anthropologists find in Professor Max Müller's theory are connected chiefly with his peculiar definitions.

In his letters to Mr. Galton, Professor Müller narrows the domain of his theory to a considerable extent. By defining thought as the faculty of "addition and subtraction," and by taking language as composed of "word-thoughts" or "thought-words," Professor Müller excludes from his theory all those processes which are preliminary to the formation of concepts. Thus narrowed, I do not see that his doctrine in any way touches the wider question, whether reasoning, as generally understood, is independent of language. If we keep to the terms of this theory, thoughts and words are undoubtedly inseparable. But this does not in the least imply that *all thought* is impossible without words.

When we enlarge the scope of our terms it is at once evident

*E. g.—"I hope I have thus answered everything that has been or that can possibly be adduced against what I call the fundamental tenet that the science of language, and what ought to become the fundamental tenet of the science of thought, namely, that language and thought, though distinguishable, are inseparable, that no one truly thinks who does not speak, and that no one truly speaks who does not think."—"Science of Thought," pp. 63-64.

that thoughts and words are not inseparable. It is all very well to join together "thought-word" and "word-thought." Yet the thought is something quite distinct from the *mere sound* which stands as a word for it. A concept is formed from sensations. Our thoughts are occupied with what we see, and feel, and hear, and this primarily. Thus it is that, in the wider sense of thinking, we can *think in pictures*. This is the mental experience which Professor Tyndall so highly prizes. He likes to picture an imaginary process, not in words, not even by keeping words in the background, but in a mental presentation of the things themselves as they would affect his senses. Surely, then, if the mind can attend to its own reproduction of former sensations, and even form new arrangements of sensations for itself quite irrespective of word-signs, as Mr. Galton and most other thinkers have experienced, it is evident that thought and language are not inseparable.

All this is, of course, somewhat apart from Professor Müller's restricted theory. But the question follows, how from these wider thoughts do we become possessed of the faculty of abstraction? Does not the one shade imperceptibly into the other? Professor Müller answers no, and here I think he is at fault. It is at this point that anthropologists part company with him. If he be right, how do people learn? According to his theory new thoughts when they arise start into being under some general concept. I do not deny that they are placed under some general concept, but it seems to me that something entirely independent of the general concept has, for convenience, been placed under it, and this something must be called a *thought*. No doubt the thought is at first vague and indefinite, and only when it becomes definite does it require a name. But here one can plainly trace the genesis of a thought, and the adaptation of a word as a symbol for it. The new concept and its sign do not arise simultaneously. There are two distinct growths, not one only, as Professor Müller's theory presupposes. The connection may be subtle and close, but the two elements can be easily separated. It avails nothing to say that until the thought is placed under a concept it is not a thought. This is a mere question of definition, not of actual fact.

I would point out one other consideration. If Professor Müller's theory were true for all kinds of thinking, development would be impossible. If man could not think without language, and could not have language without thinking, he would never have had either, except by a miracle. And scientific men will not accept the alternative. We can conceive shadowy thoughts gradually shaping to themselves a language for expression, and we can understand how each would improve the other, until by constant interaction a higher process of thought was introduced. But we cannot conceive the sudden appearance of the faculty of abstraction together with its ready-made signs or words.

I have often wished that Professor Müller would state distinctly how his theory accounts for the very first beginnings of language. I have not been able to discover any explanation of this point in his "Lectures on the Science of Language."

ARTHUR EBBELS.

XII. LETTER FROM MRS. A. GRENFELL.

As poets have extraordinary inklings and *aperçus* on the most abstruse scientific questions, Wordsworth's opinion on this matter (quoted by De Quincy) is worth considering: Language is not the "dress" of thought, it is the "incarnation." This is Shelley's *aperçu* of Darwinism. Man exists "but in the future and the past; being, not what he is, but what he has been and shall be."

How to "distil working ideas from the obscurest poems"—to use Lord Acton's words—is one of the secrets of genius.

A. GRENFELL.

[The conclusion of this correspondence has to be deferred to our next issue. Ed.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BARNARD'S DEFENSE OF HIS CRITICISM.

To the Editors:

I regret exceedingly that my criticism of Dr. Carus' article was looked upon by him as "scurrilous." Had I known of the disposition with which he would have received it I should probably have never written the letter, but now that it has been done I feel that justice demands that I shall prove true those statements which my letter contained, and in so doing save myself from the abyss of execration in which a "scurrilous critic" must expiate his crime.

In my letter I said Dr. Carus "begins by explaining the construction of the Latin distich" (Latin in this instance). I now offer his own words in evidence: "The form of the verses is like their Roman prototype the distich; i. e. two lines consisting of a dactylic hexameter and a pentameter." Is not this an explanation of "the construction of the Latin distich?" Dr. Carus goes into a more exhaustive explanation in the article which called forth my criticism and ends by presenting a schedule of a distich, but I have quoted enough of the explanation to answer my present purpose and will now turn to his letter and quote from it. Dr. Carus says, in quotation marks as though quoting from his article, "I said 'The Xenions are imitations of a Roman poet's verses.'" This is his answer to my statement that "Dr. Carus begins by explaining the construction of the Latin distich." I was surprised on looking over his article to find that the sentence "the Xenions are imitations of a Roman poet's verses" was not there, yet Dr. Carus informs us that that was what he said. It would be of interest to me and perhaps some others if Dr. Carus would point out that division of his article in which the sentence occurs. I criticised his use of the words "meter" and "meters," instead of *foot* and *feet*. The ground upon which my criticism was based was the fact that the words foot and feet are used in speaking of the divisions of a line of verse in the standard English treatises on prosody. What the Greek terms are Dr. Carus has told us, and in claiming the right to use them in this instance he has, it seems to me, become inconsistent, for he gives as his reason for not using the word *cæsura* a desire "to avoid the Latin and Greek terminology." I said the use of the words meter and meters to designate foot and feet was ungrammatical. I still adhere to that belief, but wish to qualify my statement by saying that their use is unwarranted in an article written in English unless it be a translation. The words foot and feet are not misleading in any way whatever.

In my letter I stated that Dr. Carus "as a crowning error omitted to speak of the *cæsura* which divides the hexameter," and I also censured him for omitting it from his schedule. To this he replies "that the hexameter can have many *cæsuras*," gives examples, and then says "accordingly, it would have been an *impossibility* to adorn my schedule with the *cæsura* of the hexameter." Why "an impossibility"? Is the fact that the hexameter can have many *cæsuras* a reasonable excuse for failing to mention it? for failing to note that the *cæsura* always has a place in a true hexameter? And now let us examine his schedule and see if he is warranted in omitting the *cæsura* from its hexameter. As he gives it, it consists of five dactylic feet and one trochaic or spondaic foot, six feet in all. Its equivalent in words would be:

Like the wild rush of the sea || that aye bellows and foams in its anger, the *cæsura* coming between the first syllable of the third foot and the remainder of the line. To say that "it would have been an impossibility" to place a *cæsura* in his schedule of an hexameter is equal to saying that an hexameter has no *cæsura*. He could have put one in either of the several places where it might occur, and should have done so.

Dr. Carus' use of the word *incision* in place of *cæsura*, the Latin term, is defended by him with not a little bitterness. I am advised "to consult the English dictionaries" and am informed that the word "*cæsura* is derived from *cadere*, 'to cut.'" Therefore, since making an incision is but to cut, Dr. Carus feels justified in using the word *incision* to denote the separation of a verse into two parts.

Reference to Webster (last edition) yields the following as the definition of the word *cæsura*: "CÆSURA. Latin. *A cutting off, a division, stop, from cadere, cæsum, to cut off* (Pros) A pause or division in a verse; a separation, by the ending of a word, or by a pause in the sense, of syllables rhythmically connected."

My suggestion of the word *division* as the proper one is sustained by Webster. Dr. Carus says the word "*cæsura* is derived from *cadere*, 'to cut.'" Webster says the word *cæsura* is derived from the word *cadere*, which means "to cut off." To make an incision is not "to cut off," is not to separate; but "to cut off" is to make a division, is to separate; thus the word "*division*" can be used in place of the word *cæsura*, but the word "*incision*" cannot be properly so used.

Dr. Carus misunderstands my statement regarding his disposition to make hexameters whether the original lines were hexameters or not. I meant that the upper line of the distich, while it should be an hexameter, was often lame and imperfect, and I said in effect that Dr. Carus strove to make hexameters whether the originals were true ones or not, and that in doing so he not seldom added expressions for which there was no warrant. The meaning of this he distorts to an amusing extent.

I mentioned the first and thirteenth of the distichs as examples of translations which seemed to me imperfect and not seldom unworthy. I should have said "the *first* (commencing with those written by Goethe and Schiller) and the thirteenth, as well as the one addressed to the Muse, are inadequate translations." That I did not express this clearly I am conscious, and regret that as a result Dr. Carus was led to reproduce the wrong distichs except in one case—that of the one addressed to the Muse. Examination will, I feel sure, prove the justice of my criticism of these three distichs.

A translator must be thoroughly conversant with the resources of a language ere so difficult a thing as the translation of poetry into it may be attempted, and he who essays to do this work may be sure that in no other way can he so easily evince his wealth or poverty of ability as a translator.

Let me say again that I regret the necessity of writing this second letter; but feeling that to some extent I was misunderstood and this misrepresented, I have treated the subject again and at this length. I am unambitious of continuing the discussion, and I trust that in this, my last word, enough truth is expressed to justify me in the position which I have taken.

W. F. BARNARD.

CONCLUDING COMMENTS BY DR. CARUS.

I received instead of an apology a defense of Mr. Barnard's criticism, and will again take the trouble of patiently pointing out its errors.

My words, "The Xenions are imitations of a Roman poet's verses," are a condensation of a longer passage in my essay. The fact is, Greek literature had become so fashionable in Rome that the Roman poets abandoned their old style and introduced Greek measures. Martial selected for his Xenions the Greek distich, and Schiller and Goethe when imitating him, selected the distich also, which, unobjectionably, remains Greek in this and any other instance.

The reason now presented in defense of "foot" for "meter" is true only so far as some English prosodists use the terms foot and meter as synonyma. Whenever they do, they merely prove

that they are not well informed. The confusion which prevails on this subject among lexicographers is an excuse to any other man, but it is no apology for the scholar and still less for the critic who means to censure others.

Concerning the use of foreign terms, it is advisable to omit them in popular essays, but it is quite consistent with this rule to use them whenever necessary. Consistency is a test of truth, and it is consistent to say, if *cæsuras* are divisions of a line of verse, and if, also, feet are "the divisions of a line of verse," that *cæsuras* are feet. Such is the consequence of looseness in expression.

In regard to the *cæsura* of the hexameter I briefly repeat, as there are many different *cæsuras* we can not put *the cæsura* in a schedule of an hexameter, and if I had put in *a* (*viz.*, any) *cæsura*, it would have been misleading. I omitted many more things of no less importance than the *cæsuras* of the hexameter. My not mentioning them is by no means equivalent to a declaration that they do not exist.

I am now told that my "disposition to make hexameters" (*viz.* true hexameters) is the reason why, as stated in the criticism, "faithfulness to the text must be sacrificed as a result;" *viz.* faithfulness in reproducing the deficiencies of the originals. Any amusement which can be derived from this new idea of faithfulness is entirely at Mr. Barnard's expense.

As Mr. Barnard apparently misapplied the word "division," I advised him to consult English dictionaries. However, he should not resort to Webster's authority for an explanation of the Latin words *cæsura* and *cadere*. The word *cadere*, "to cut," was originally used for cutting down trees as we may judge from its etymology. *Cadere* is derived from *cadere* "to fall" and means "to make fall," *cadere* is the causitive verb of *cadere*. They are related to each other as in English "to fall" and "to fell," or as "to sit" and "to set," and in German *fallen* and *fällen*. *Cæsura* originally means a cutting down, and then any cutting or a cutting off. "Incision" would be a free translation which suits the occasion and which for our purpose is as literal as it can be. The English word "incision" is derived from the same root as "*cæsura*," for it is the Latin *incisio* which was originally *incisio*. *Incisio* is the act of cutting, while *cæsura* means the cut produced. The English might have formed the word "*cæsura*" from *cæsura*, but they did not. So it happens that for a translation of "*cæsura*" we have to resort to its cousin-word (it is rather its nephew) "incision."

Must I add that "division" belongs to quite another province of words, being derived from the Latin *divisio*? It is a separation much more comparable to a selection by choice or to the sifting in a sieve. Before the division the parts may have been intermingled. That incision and division can sometimes be synonyma is a matter of course.

I quote the distichs to which Mr. Barnard refers above:

Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule,
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.
In the hexameter rises the jet of a wonderful fountain,
Which then gracefully back in the pentameter falls.

The following distich is addressed to Science:

Einem ist sie die hohe, die himmlische Göttin, dem anderen
Ist sie die milchende Kuh, Die ihn mit Butter versorgt.
Science to one is the Goddess, majestic and lofty,—to th' other
She is a cow who supplies Butter and milk for his home.

Mrs. Hedwig Heinrich-Wilhelmi, a writer of ability, is expected to arrive this fall in New York, and to lecture before the Turners and other German freethinkers, on such subjects as "Moral Responsibility," "Cremation," "Origin and Working

of Christianity," "The Causes of the Present Condition of Women," "Heathen and Christian Superstition," etc. She may be addressed care of Fritz Schütz, editor of *Rundschau*, New Ulm, Minnesota.

BOOK REVIEWS.

JOURNAL D'UN PHILOSOPHE. Par Lucien Arréat. Paris: Félix Alcan, 108 Boulevard Saint-Germain. 1887.

This handsomely printed volume is a medley of essays and letters, in all numbering forty-seven, dealing with all sorts of questions in literature, art, education, ethics and theology, but treating of philosophy too briefly and superficially to justify the title, especially as the most prominent of the two imaginary authors, who are here represented as interchanging their thoughts, portrays himself as much more of a botanist than a metaphysician. He gives to the collection what little unity it possesses, by telling how he wins a lady whose only objection to marrying him is that her brother has been dishonest, and she has made up her mind 'o expiate his crime, and keep the disgrace within the family, by marrying a cousin whom she does not care for. Her name, Mlle. B., is also given to a much gentler character, one of several imaginary types of womanhood, and not a very high one. That any real lover could have thus taken in vain the name of his mistress is so incredible, that this circumstance works with others to justify the suspicion that the collection has been made up hastily, and mainly from materials written long before. The essay just referred to, that on "The Genius of Women," is much the longest in the volume; and the central idea is, that whatever a woman may be otherwise, she is universally and characteristically a mother, and either wishes to be one or else regrets that she is not. "Some women," he adds, "have a foolish ambition for escaping from the rule of their sex. Is it worth while to spoil one's true genius without succeeding in stripping off one's nature? Can we suppose that evolution has been artificial as regards one sex in all places and since the beginning of time?" If M. Arréat were to visit America, he would see that one of the noblest results of evolution has been the emancipation of women. His conclusions are never revolutionary; and he usually does not reach any, but drops a subject almost as soon as he takes it up. Two of these flashes of criticism are called out by M. Guyau, whose *Irreligion of the Future* has already been noticed incidentally in *THE OPEN COURT*. "You have without doubt, read the last book of M. Guyau," writes one friend to the other. "This distinguished philosopher announces the end of positive religions and forms of worship. I, too, think that the man of the future will not be the religious man of the past; and a scientific conception has long ago taken the place of the ancient doctrines in my thoughts. But I consider that this great novelty of a society without a church involves two hypotheses, that of the unlimited progress of the race, and that of an equality of intellectual growth among all classes in society. But the irreligion, in which many are at present, is far from being a permanent and proper moral condition; and the masses may perhaps, find a philosophy capable not only of satisfying their hopes of a religion, but of fulfilling its office of moral discipline, take shape amid strange vicissitudes." More valid is the objection that the theory of "one of our most distinguished philosophers, M. Guyau," that art is a stimulus of life which produces pleasure, does not account for the fact that artistic beauty is always the result of some special kind of artistic industry. The literary criticisms are the best part of the work; but on the whole it is too much like those collections of letters addressed to no one in particular, which were formerly produced in great numbers in this country and England, but speedily found their way to the dead letter office of literary history. F. M. H.

The Open Court.

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THE STRONGHOLD OF THE CHURCH.

BY COL. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Those who can look back over that half century whose progress has been, according to G. J. Holyoake, equivalent to a peaceful revolution, have had the opportunity to learn some lessons. One of these is that a revolution, however great, is apt to come out in a different shape from that predicted by the revolutionists. Changes occur, but not just the changes anticipated. Emerson declared, forty years ago, that what hold the popular faith had upon the people was "gone or going." He asked why we should drag the dead weight of the Sunday school over the globe—and lived to see his own daughter holding a Sunday school for little Arab children on the Nile. Reformers predicted the decay of church buildings and the cessation of the clergy; but I suppose that there never was a decennial period when so many or so costly churches were erected in America as within the last ten years, culminating in a proposed Protestant cathedral at New York, which is to cost ten millions. There has undoubtedly been a diminution in the relative number of clergymen proceeding from our older colleges, but there are enough still to fill the pulpits, whencesoever they come; and those who visit Trinity Church in Boston or St. George's Church in New York cannot doubt that eloquent preachers yet have power to draw audiences. The number of people who habitually absent themselves from church may be very large; and the average congregation may be somewhat smaller than formerly; but there are surely no external indications of approaching decay.

The spirit of Emerson's predictions has vindicated itself, not in any outward wrecking of the Church, but in its inward remoulding. The reason why so many well-meant attacks upon it fall unheeded is because reformers persist in attacking the Church of fifty years ago, which does not now exist, instead of recognizing the changed condition of the new one. They treat the modern edifice, past which a hundred young men ride unmolested on bicycles every Sunday, as if it were the old one with a constable at each door. Doctrines and habits are altered, but it proves the strength of the organization when it thus changes front, as Major Anderson was stronger by abandoning Fort Moultrie and falling back on Fort Sumter. The question is

whether the party of attack is destined to be as persistent and flexible as the party of defence?

When we ask what is the secret of the present strength of the Church, I think we must find it in this—that the Church has to a great extent abandoned the attitude of grimness and moroseness, and has substituted in its place the doctrine of human happiness. Formerly people went to church and held to religion, for the most part, not because they enjoyed it, but because they thought it their duty; if they did not enjoy it, this proved it all the more to be their duty. It is a great transformation. Young people in growing up now find a pleasure in the religion that is presented to them; things unattractive are by general consent laid aside; revivalists rely on love, rather than on fear. No matter how utterly inconsistent all this may be with creeds and traditions, it is done. Church-parlors are annexed to "the sacred edifice," and there is provision for stewed oysters and ice-cream; the children are provided with "flower concerts" in summer and with "Christmas trees" in winter; the whole flavor of the institution is altered; it is conciliatory and not denunciatory, and meets people half way.

But when the Church is once willing to do this, and to trust to honey rather than vinegar for the catching of its flies, it has certain immense advantages as compared with the current forms of opposition. Two things it has to offer of especial value to the average human heart—the belief in immortality and the belief in the personal providence or guidance of the Deity. I am not speaking now of the truth of these doctrines, but of their attractiveness. It is generally admitted among those who disbelieve in personal immortality, for instance, that the belief in it, if separated from all questions of future penalties, makes men happier. It is rare to find a parent, by a child's deathbed, who actually prefers to think of that child as annihilated; and so on with the other affectionate relations of life. Now, the assurance of immortality is the very thing which the Church undertakes to give; no other organization attempts, officially, as it were, to give it, except that movement known as Spiritualism, and this in turn offers so much which seems improbable or incredible that the "scientific" mind commonly finds it even harder to embrace Spiritualism than Christianity. It has always seemed to me that atheism could make out as good a case, in respect to morals and philanthropy, as the Christian faith; but it

certainly does not secure so much happiness, so far as the faith in immortality is needful to happiness. "It may be" can never be quite so comforting to the bereaved heart as "It is;" and the Church, which gives this positive assurance—no matter whether it be done with or without reason—will always have a certain hold on those who find in happiness "our being's end and aim."

So in regard to personal guidance by a superintending power. To many the feeling of a special providence outlasts all traces of other theological tradition; and even Emerson held to it on the spiritual side when he said: "There is no bar or wall in the soul where God, the cause, and man, the effect, begins," and added: "We lie open on one side to all the depths of infinite being." In the sense of practical guardianship one would think that this confidence must soon yield to the actual experiences of life. I never heard a more thrilling piece of oratory than when Charles Bradlaugh, in his own London lecture-room, described to a great audience the position of a shipwrecked mother, praying God to save her child and holding the baby higher and higher in her arms until the relentless waves submerged both at last. But the faith in an inward guide outlasts that in outward providences, and adapts itself to pantheism as well as theism, though not to atheism, and scarcely even to agnosticism; and it moreover equalizes all conditions and sends peace through the whole being.

"I would not care how low my fortunes were
Might but my hopes still be, what now they are,
Of help divine, nor care how poor I be,
If thoughts, yet present, might abide with me:
For they have left assurance of such aid
That I am of no dangers now afraid."

All the world over, in every form of faith, we find sweet and beautiful souls who have this kind of happiness. Goethe himself, in his "Confessions of a Fair Saint," has drawn such a type. Whatever fine types the anti-religious attitude can produce, it can never yield precisely this.

The stronghold of the Church therefore lies in this, that—whatever may have been the case formerly—it now gives, or is supposed to give, more happiness than is found among its opponents. This, and not any mere superstition, is what has got to be overcome or superseded if men would do away with the Church, or with what it represents, religion. It is not enough to show that the intellect of the world or its morals or its mutual benevolence will be as effectual without religion as with it; the mass of men, by our own showing, seek happiness, and we have got to convince them that they will be happier without it. Can we fairly say that we have yet met the Church on this ground? To some extent we may have; the effect of the transcendentalism of Emerson, and certainly of Parker, was to make men happy;

but we can hardly expect to win the universe through its love of happiness by a good deal that now passes for science. There is certainly something very curious about a religious doctrine which tries to win the young heart by singing "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood;" but is it any improvement to try to win it by books entitled "The Martyrdom of Man"? Which is the higher pursuit, that of truth or of happiness, I will not undertake to say; nor is there to my own mind any necessary antagonism between them. Having always been a theist and a believer in immortality, I am not speaking for my own case; nor is my own personal sympathy with the Church, or conscious need of it, any greater than before. But when asked whether religion without science or science without religion makes men happier in the trials and bereavements of life, I fear that it is necessary, up to this point, to concede to religion a slight advantage. This advantage, slight though it be, is the stronghold of the Church; and I for one am waiting, with the profoundest interest, to see how human evolution adapts itself to the situation. That all will come right in the end is my strongest conviction.

A MISCONCEPTION OF IDEALISM.

BY W. M. SALTER.

In speaking of a misconception of idealism it would be franker, perhaps, to say that I mean a misconception of *what I understand to be* idealism. There are doubtless other uses of the word than mine; and others who seem to me to be extravagant and uncritical in their thinking may have the same right to be called idealists that I have. Every one must use words as he himself understands them and it is only incumbent upon him to be self-consistent in doing so. I need not explain that it is philosophical rather than ethical idealism that I have in mind. All systems of ethics, no matter how otherwise contradictory they may be, are ideal—for they all try to indicate to man what he *should* do, rather than what he does. But philosophical idealism may be held and may be rejected by those who have, perhaps, equal right to be called philosophers.

By idealism I mean the doctrine that the material world about us is reducible to sensations. This world has then an existence not in itself, but in our minds—"our minds" being a general expression for sentient subjects of any sort, whether animal or human. The course of reasoning is a simple one. It has been stated by Huxley in his essays on Descartes and on Berkeley. Helmholtz is an equally notable defender of idealism in Germany. Herbert Spencer has given it a masterly exposition in his *Psychology*. If I may be pardoned self-mention in such illustrious company, I may say that I have sought to give an entirely popular and untechnical statement of the idealist doctrine in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, for July and October, 1884.

The question is, what do we mean by saying an apple is sweet or sour, an orange is fragrant, a rose is yellow or red, and so on? What is sweetness, or fragrance, or color? If one stops to think for a moment and has no prepossessions to serve, but simply interrogates his own consciousness, he is very apt to answer that sweetness is a taste, a feeling, a sensation or experience which he has or may have. And he may say the like of fragrance—that a delicious smell is an experience or feeling, rather than anything separable from himself. It is not difficult to realize the same of sound; it is a sensation of ours, which something without us causes, but which is itself an impression upon us. One may even come to feel the same to be true of color. And it is plainly true, if one stops but for a moment to seriously reflect, of weight. Let any one ask himself what he means by calling a body heavy—and he can only say that heaviness is something he distinctly feels; so that if he lifts a body with a strong sensation of that sort he calls it heavy, and if with little or none, he calls it light. If I and everybody else could lift a forty-pound stone as easily as I lift a feather, it would scarcely mean anything to say that it weighed forty pounds. That is, all these qualities of matter (and these are about all there are, unless hardness and softness, resistance, solidity, are reckoned distinct qualities—and in any case, they are no less reducible than the rest to sensations*) are really experiences of ours. Of course, we do not produce them; they are produced in us, they come to us from without; but still they are (whatever their causes may be) our own impressions, and were we not alive nor other beings like ourselves, they could not be said, in strictures, to exist. A pain without somebody to feel it would be, as everybody would say, an absurdity; idealism adds that odors that nobody smells and tastes that nobody experiences and colors that nobody perceives and sounds that nobody hears and weights and resistances that nobody feels are unmeaning, though the sources whence these sensations come to us may well exist outside of us, and indeed must, if our causal instinct has any validity. These different sensations grouped, arranged in time and space, make up the objects and intelligible order of the world. Our sensations, strictly speaking, are limited to the present moment, but by virtue of memory and imagination and thought, we can picture to ourselves the past and probable future of the world as well, and distant objects as well as those in the immediate horizon. The past means what we should have experienced, had we been living, or what perhaps others have experienced; the future means what

we should experience could we live on, or what others possibly will experience.

Such, very briefly and imperfectly stated, is what I understand by idealism. It is opposed to materialism, it is opposed to what is ordinarily called realism. Realism holds that material objects are real things outside of us and existing entirely independently of our sensibility; it is simply the instinctive, uncritical way we all have of thinking. The idealist starts from it, but by a little closer scrutiny discovers, as he thinks, that the apple and the orange and the rose and the tree and the earth and the stars are simply so many groups of sensations, and that the real outside things are not these, but something else which gives them to our minds. Idealism is not inconsistent with a deeper realism; but, if I am not mistaken, absolutely implies it.

And now for the misconception of the idealistic position. It is that according to idealism the material world is the creation of our minds, and so an illusion. This is the most common notion, perhaps, of the meaning of idealism. It must be admitted that the average man has some reason for so thinking, for not only do learned critics of the doctrine so represent it, but idealists themselves have so reasoned and written. A valued contributor to the old *Index*, Mr. L. G. Janes, once said there that it was "the favorite postulate of the idealist that matter, the external universe, is an illusion, a subjective creation of the mind." The able and conscientious explorer of primitive Christian history, Judge Waite, of Chicago, in addressing the Philosophical Society some years ago, considered "no skepticism so complete and overwhelming as that of the idealist," and the universe of the idealist seemed to him "a most stupendous delusion." Professor Fisher, of Yale, a most discriminating and candid writer, identified some time ago in the *Princeton Review*, idealism with the doctrine that sense-perception is due exclusively to the mind's own nature and "is elicited by no external object." Even our Coryphæus in philosophy, Dr. Montgomery, speaks (in a late number of *THE OPEN COURT*) of the "teaching of idealistic thinkers, who deny altogether the existence of anything but mind and its various modes." Turning to those who are themselves idealists, we find Mr. W. I. Gill, as acute a writer as *The Index* ever possessed, saying that the phenomena of the external world are not only modes of the mind, but "evolved from the mind;" that the ego is "their grand central source and cause" as well as subject. Lange seems to give countenance to the same notion when he says: "Das Auge mit dem wir zu sehen glauben ist selbst nur ein Product unserer Vorstellung" (the eye by which we suppose that we see is itself only a product of our thought). Wundt calls our "ganze Auffassung der Aussenwelt" an "Erzeugniss unseres eigenen Bewusstseins," though he allows that in some

* It may have to be admitted (I do not say it does) that form and shape and extension are not sensations: yet if so, it is probable that the form of an apple, for example, means the limits of certain sensations in space, just as the duration of any material object may mean the limits of certain sensations in time. Prof. William James holds in recent articles ("The Perception of Space," and "The Perception of Time," in the *Mind*, 1887, and the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, October, 1886, respectively) that space and time are themselves elements of sensations.

sense things exist independently of us, and so suggests that one may make misleading statements which cover no real misconception. Emerson, after Fichte and the other intellectual giants of Germany in the early part of this century, speaks of material things as "visions merely, wonderful allegories, significant pictures of the laws of the mind." It should be confessed, however, as Mr. Edwin D. Mead has pointed out with reference to Fichte, that the external world, according to this philosopher, is not posited merely by the individual man, but by the world-spirit through him, so that in one sense its cause is outside of him; and this holds true of Hegel and of Emerson, and something like this may be the thought of Mr. Gill.

Now all this may be idealism; it is, perhaps, not inconsistent with idealism; but it is not necessary to idealism, and it is inconsistent with idealism as I understand it. Because the grass and the trees and the sky are mental experiences, it does not follow that I give them to myself. Not only have I no consciousness of doing so, but I seem to be distinctly conscious that I do not produce them, but rather meet with them; they happen to me, they are given to me, and because I do not know what or who the giver is, makes no difference as to this primary consciousness. It is this consciousness, I am persuaded, that is at the root of the firm conviction of most people that the material world exists outside them; it does so exist, in the sense that its cause or causes do, and that our coming and going, our seeing and not seeing, our even living or not living, has nothing to do with these causes, but only with their effects upon ourselves. There is no sound without some one to hear it; but if one does not hear it, the cause of the sound may exist all the same. There is no weight without some one to feel it; but that which predetermines the possibility of such a sensation is not affected at all by the fact that we not have it. If there is no mirror there is no reflection; but the mirror is not the cause of the reflection—or, at least, the whole cause. The inference is all but irresistible that there is something outside us, which produces the sensations within us. It is true that thought and the categories of thought may do much, and much more than we ordinarily think, in giving shape to the various objects of the material world, in making them objects as distinct from scattered sensations and in tracing the so-called laws of matter. Nevertheless there is something thought cannot do; it cannot give us a sensation or the rudiments of one; it cannot produce the faintest smell or the feeblest sound; these have to come, they cannot be created—though we may indeed learn the laws of their coming and so have them, to a certain degree, at pleasure. Sensations are an irrefragable proof that there is something else besides ourselves in the world, call it, picture it, think it what we will.

The world is not illusory, not a creation of our own. It is our world and has no meaning apart from us or from beings like us, yet it is given us; and though the sources or givers are beyond our eyes, they *are*, and they alone truly are. We pass and the world passes; they abide. There is a sober, critical, I might almost say, scientific idealism, as well as an imaginative and extravagant one.

ARE WE PRODUCTS OF MIND?

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Part III.

Why mind cannot control body.

I wish Professor Cope had read the series of papers in which I endeavor to explain the relation of mental realization to objective reality. It is doubtful, however, whether this would have shaken his faith in materialistic or tridimensional realism, and thus helped to give him a more favorable opinion of the "problem of cognition," which, according to his present conviction, leads to "mere verbal quibbling."

Nevertheless, it is quite incontestable, that—as revealed by the "problem of cognition"—the relativity of knowledge, disclosing the mental constitution of all our perceptions and conceptions, has to be taken as a truth infinitely more certain, than any materialistic ontology conceived regardless of this same "problem of cognition." A scientist, who enters into speculations about the relation of mind to organization and to nature in general, cannot venture to ignore this fundamental philosophical insight, and yet expect his theories to come out all right. It is quite impossible to construct a correct view of nature, and especially of the relation of mind to non-mental reality, without having realized this most immediate of all truths; viz. that the world is revealed to us in the medium of our own individual consciousness, which can consist of nothing but mental modes.

This once understood, it becomes evident that non-mental reality is inferred and not immediately given; and that the immediately given facts, from which objective reality is thus inferentially constructed, are those compulsory *perceptions*, which arise in us through sense-stimulation. We experience, as immediately given in this way, perceptions only. These we interpret according to their relation to previous experience, which experience is likewise of mental consistency. It is, consequently, not so self-evident as Professor Cope imagines, that mind is a property of matter. It is, on the contrary, certain that what we realize as matter—namely all sensibly perceived qualities of a supposed objective substratum—are our own mental states, presented in our own individual space-perception. Our individual realization of matter consists thus altogether of conscious states. And how can we then correctly attribute

as property of such mentally constituted matter, the very mental stuff of which it consists? How can our mind or consciousness be a property of some of its own mental or conscious percepts? Surely, a thing, or existent of whatever kind, cannot possibly be a property of some part of itself.

If Professor Cope had come, in conformity with most thinkers, to lose his primitive faith in the existence outside his consciousness of that very same material and tridimensional world, which he evidently only knows as phenomenon within his consciousness, he would have found it a rather perplexing task to recognize rightly the veritable nature of objective reality and its relation to mind.

The ever recurring philosophical question here is whether, as the entire given content of consciousness is undoubtedly of mental consistency, reality itself may not be altogether a creation of mind; or, in other words, whether thought may not be identical with being? If this is denied, then it has to be positively shown why we have a right to assume that "being" or "reality" subsists in all verity in the form of non-mental existents beyond our own percepts.

To gain firm ground amid these idealistic quicksands where "the feet sink at every step," it is of the utmost consequence clearly to recollect that we have real experience of mind only in connection with living organisms, and that the higher the organism, the higher also its mind. Sundry attempts scientifically and philosophically to explain these empirically given facts have led me to the conclusion that mind is in verity a forceless outcome of vital organization; and not, *vice versa*, organization a product of mental power. Perceptions, memories, thoughts, volitions, as *mental* phenomena, I hold to be outcomes of vital organization. And I do not hold that vital organization is, *vice versa*, a construction effected by the mental or conscious quality of such phenomena as perceptions, memories, thoughts and volitions. Far from believing that it is "absurd" to think that what we know as consciousness is, and has always been, confined to the narrow limits of vital organization, it seems to me on the contrary a most unwarranted and entirely unverified assumption to maintain that consciousness exists anywhere unconnected with vital organization. For, it is quite certain, that in actual nature we find consciousness in all its modifications wholly and strictly dependent on specific organization, and occurring in direct experience nowhere without it. My biological knowledge, both physiological and pathological, has rendered it indeed utterly impossible for me to imagine any kind of consciousness detached from vital organization.

Professor Cope believes that we can arrive at true conclusions concerning reality simply by following the method of objective science, which trusts fully the testimony of our senses, confining itself altogether to sensibly

"observed phenomena as foundation materials." He says: "In our modern observations of natural phenomena we have not only the mutual aid rendered by one sense to another, but the corroborative evidence of numerous and intelligent co-workers."

This probing of natural phenomena by aid of the senses is indeed the true method of investigation where we have to deal with perceptible or so-called *physical* phenomena. But when *mental* phenomena are thought to interfere in the perceptible or physical nexus, how are we to ascertain this alleged fact of interaction by the method of sensible observation? It is quite evident that mental phenomena cannot themselves be observed in the same manner as physical phenomena.

Here we have unquestionably arrived at the point where the method of objective observation completely forsakes us. We are compelled to call in the aid of introspection, and the aid also of a theory of cognition, which attempts to harmonize the two different positions; that of objective observation and that of mere inner or subjective awareness.

Professor Cope, beholding the designed volitional movements of animal organisms, feels convinced that they are not *mechanically* effected; that they are *centrally originated* by quite another mode of efficiency. I entirely agree with him. I am no less convinced of the hyper-mechanical nature of these movements and of their central origin. But through what kind of efficiency do they derive their *specific* character? Professor Cope says through consciousness. I say through centrally established organization. And in favor of this latter view it must be admitted, and is indeed unhesitatingly admitted by Professor Cope, that such movements, seemingly impelled by consciousness, can be and often are in reality and at present the outcome of consciousnessless organization; while, on the other hand, we have no evidence of any kind positively to show that consciousness is anywhere in nature a power capable of moving matter. Indeed, a close and critical examination of the given state of things renders it obvious that consciousness itself can never become such a moving power; for it turns out to be itself in its very existence and in all its manifold modifications strictly dependent on specific constitution and on specific activities of the manifesting substance.

Still, I fully concede that it intuitively appears to us, as if our voluntary actions were performed, not only in concomitance with consciousness, but under its control. And this is so for a similar reason to that which makes it intuitively appear to us as if the world within our own individual preception were in all verity the real objective world. We know, namely, our body, like all other things, only as it is revealed to us in our individual consciousness, not as it exists independently of this conscious realization. In performing voluntary

movements we *ideally realize* the central process as what we call ideational forecast and volitional fiat; and thereupon *sensibly perceive* the peripheral outcome as movement of our body. We are at once inwardly conscious of the so-called volitional part of voluntary movement, while we experience its motor part only afterward through the roundabout way of sensory perception. These two facts are both facts within our consciousness; though the first of them is introspectively realized, while the other is or can be realized objectively by means of the senses. We have an immediate inner experience of the central activity, but a mediate sense-stimulated experience of the peripheral activity.

Now, as we are not in the least conscious of the organic process, which in reality connects the brain-function with the distant muscular function, such objectively perceptible muscular function naturally appears as a strange and yet actual outcome of what is introspectively realized as ideal conception and voluntary impulse. We are aware that the central process and its peripheral outcome are certainly in some way connected with each other. And though we realize the central process only through introspection as an ideal experience, while the peripheral outcome is, on the contrary, realized through the senses as perceptual movement, we feel strongly impelled to take for granted that this extrinsically awakened perception of ours is indeed the direct effect of the intrinsic ideas and feelings. It seems to us as if our mentally experienced volition were indeed the actual cause of the movement *perceived* as a sequent of it. It is, however, obviously absurd to believe that an inner idea or feeling of ours can be the efficient cause of a perception awakened in us through our senses by external stimulation, emanating from the non-mental existent known as our body.

When we *see* an arm moving, though this perception is undoubtedly a conscious state of ours, we are nevertheless convinced that there is a real organic existent—a real arm—subsisting outside our consciousness and performing the veritable act, which we perceive as movement. This firm conviction, that a veritable extra-conscious or physical existent is compelling its presentation in consciousness, attaches to all our sense-stimulated percepts. It is not so with our intrinsically arising ideas and feelings, with our emotions, thoughts and volitions. We do not refer them in the same way to the compelling presence of some extra-conscious existent. They seem, on the contrary, to our introspective view, to be entirely self-subsisting, to be floating self-made in a medium of their own. That this is altogether an illusion, that they are likewise the outcome of the activity of a definite, extra-conscious existent, can be positively and most distinctly realized by an observer, who is in a position actually to perceive the organ of whose activity they are the outcome.

The above considerations render clear, that nothing in introspective consciousness can possibly be the veritable cause of those perceptual movements which become conscious to us through sense-stimulation effected by the external existent known as our body. It is, indeed, the activity of a certain definitely perceptible organ of this same body which gives rise to the introspectively realized ideas and feelings, initiating also the complex and specific stimulation, whose peripheral outcome is perceived as purposive movement. To the dreaming subject the vivid and complex conscious states, which make up the eventful phantasmagoria he is witnessing, seem to be altogether self-sustained, emanating from no organic matrix. But no scientific philosopher doubts at present that the determining condition of this phantasmal display consists really in a most definite functional brain-activity. Such dependence of the inner conscious experience upon an organic process is as certain a scientific fact as any other well-ascertained dependence in nature. And are not the intelligent gestures and vocal sounds, accompanying the inner vision of the dreamer, likewise an outcome of the same organic brain-activity, which is disclosing itself as intensely significant also to his ideal sight? Can any one seriously believe that it is, for instance, a mentally constituted enemy, whom the deluded sleeper is seeing so distinctly approaching in his inner field of vision, or the ideal forecast of the ingenious way he is determining to encounter him, or, indeed, anything else consciously present in his dream, which is setting his motor brain-molecules designedly vibrating, so that their propagated activity will give rise to those expressive movements of his features and arms, and to the still more expressive movements of his vocal cords, which appear to the beholder and listener "saturated with intelligence"? Surely all phenomena here present, whether introspectively realized as ideal perceptions, thoughts and volitions, or objectively apprehended as purposive movements and intelligent speech, are alike due to the play of centrally organized powers.

It is, then, obviously no self-subsisting idea or feeling which gives rise to what we perceive as purposive movements, but a genuine organic process taking place in what is most distinctly perceptible as the brain of the subject, who erroneously believes his ideas and feelings to be self-subsisting, and on the strength of this illusion takes them for the veritable cause of these purposive movements of his.

Every definite conscious volition rests on a definite conscious forecast of the act to be performed, in its relation to the specific medium in which it is to be performed, and to the peculiar end which is thereby to be attained. All this ideal play is admitted to be strictly dependent on previously organized experience. Therefore, the consciousness, imagined to set going such a definite

concatenation of organic efficiencies, can be figured only as an outside agent playing upon their springs of action, as a performer plays upon a musical instrument, or a telegraph operator upon his machine.

So antiquated a way of imagining the relation of consciousness to intelligent vital function is, however, not Professor Cope's way. He believes some unspecialized, hyper-organic will-power to create for the execution of designed aims new specific energies, which force unformed material within the central organ to assume those special modes of motion, which propagated to the peripheral organs, issue as purposive movements. In this case the definite conscious forecast, with a full knowledge of the organic instrument to be used, of the medium in which it is to be used, and of the aim to be accomplished, would have to belong to the performing unspecialized will-power, which would then evidently be an omniscient, transcendent power using us organic individuals as mere passive tools for its own aims.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Æschylus told in "Prometheus Bound," that great drama which has been translated admirably by Plumptre and Mrs. Browning, how cruelly the ideal philanthropist, who gave fire to mortals and taught them all other useful knowledge, was tortured for refusing to help Jupiter avert the doom which threatened to end his guilty reign. How righteous would have been the destruction of the Olympian tyranny, is shown by the presentation on the stage of poor Io, one of the many victims of deified lust. This was not the first time that the great conflict between morality and religion made itself heard in literature. The Hebrew prophets had already denounced the priests. Æschylus does not appear to have done much more than state the problem. He probably wrote three plays on this subject to be acted successively the same day, according to custom; but this is the only one that has come down to us; and the series appears to have ended in a reconciliation. Thus runs the legend of Prometheus, as universally received in ancient Greece; and no other solution would then have been tolerated. The hero who defies almighty wrath so grandly in this drama could scarcely have sunk to selling himself and all mankind as basely as he is made to do by the mocking Lucian. Still there must have been some sort of compromise, according to even Æschylus. The legend has also been treated of by Hesiod, Goethe, Longfellow and Robert Browning. Various myths about the theft of fire from the gods, by some primitive friend of man, for instance the dog or the spider, have been found among the Algonquins, Australians, Bushmen, Finns, New Zealanders and other savages. Shelley has not only told the story more

beautifully than any one else, but has been the only great writer who has let it end as it should.

His "Prometheus Unbound" opens by showing the champion of mankind, bound to the icy precipice, and waiting calmly, as day breaks, for the destined hour which shall free earth from the almighty Tyrant, who gives her sons nothing better than fear, self-contempt and barren hope, as a reward for prayer and praise, and toil and hecatombs of broken hearts. So certain is the deliverance that hatred of heaven's cruel King has changed to pity; and Prometheus takes back the curse which he pronounced long ago. He refuses to betray the mighty secret with all the pride, but none of the passion, portrayed by Æschylus; and he is not punished with the lightning and the vulture, as in the Greek drama, but with revelations of the misery inflicted on men by those who have tried to liberate them. The furies show Jesus dying on the cross, with the result that his name has become a curse, and those most like him are hated and persecuted by his slaves. France, too, is seen, hurled by her desire to establish truth, freedom and brotherly love, into a chaos of fratricidal bloodshed, ending in renewed slavery to tyrants. Prometheus triumphs over the mocking furies, by the firmness with which he declares that he pities every one who does not sorrow with him over this misery, which proves nothing except that the reign of superstition and tyranny has become too wicked to endure. These hopes are confirmed by the songs of friendly spirits, who predict more successful revolutions, and show what good has been already done by philosophy and poetry.

That same morning a sea nymph who loves Prometheus is guided by melodious voices down to the cave of Demogorgon. This mysterious power, whose name reminds us of that of Demiurge, given to the Creator by the most liberal of the early Christians, appears as a shapeless darkness. From within issues a voice declaring that all good things are made by God. To repeated questions who made madness, crime, self-contempt, fear of hell and other evils, Demogorgon answers: "He reigns." The nymph asks who, then, is to be called God; but the reply is:

I spoke but as ye speak,
For Jove is the supreme of living things.
* * * A voice
Is wanting; the deep truth is imageless;
For what would it avail to bid thee gaze
On the revolving world? What to bid speak
Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change? To these
All things are subject but Eternal Love.

After these words, reminding us of Shelley's belief in "a pervading Spirit co-eternal with the universe," though not in "a creative Deity," Demogorgon announces that the destined hour has come. The roof of the cave is rent asunder, and the chariots of the Hours are seen passing over. One, darker than all the

rest, carries to take up the terrible shadow and carry it to heaven. There sits Jupiter, waiting for the mighty offspring who is to help him trample out the last sparks of doubt and insurrection among men. But Demogorgon is so terrible that Jupiter can only cry: "Awful shape! what art thou?" The answer is:

Eternity! Demand no direr name.
 Deseend, and follow me down the abyss.
 I am thy child, as thou wert Saturn's child;
 Mightier than thee; and we must dwell together
 Henceforth in darkness. Lift thy lightnings not.
 The tyranny of heaven none may retain,
 Or re-assume, or hold, succeeding thee.

Jupiter and Demogorgon sink together out of sight; the reign of personal gods is ended; Prometheus is unbound; and men are free forever. Speaker after speaker then tells, sometimes in the most musical of songs, how there will be no more wars; how all thrones are kingless on earth as well as in heaven; how men and women have ceased to fear, or hate, or scorn, or deceive any one, and how man has become king over himself,

Exempt from awe, worship, degree,
 Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
 Whose nature is its own divine control,
 Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea.

Especially beautiful is the chorus of spirits who sing:

We come from the mind
 Of human kind,
 Which was late so dusk, and obscure, and blind.
 * * * * *
 From those skyey towers
 Where Thought's crowned powers
 Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

Shelley's faith in republicanism and hatred of anarchism are not so plainly manifested in "Prometheus Unbound" as in "The Revolt of Islam," "Hellas," "Ode to Liberty," and "The Masque of Anarchy;" but this may be ascribed to the same sense of poetic fitness which here fortunately kept his peculiar views about marriage out of sight. His devotion to the cause of political and intellectual freedom has been fully justified by many glorious victories, not only in England, France and Italy, but in America, since the publication of his greatest poem in 1820. So much of the thoroughly good and radical work then called for in "Prometheus Unbound" remains still undone, that we ought to ask ourselves if we are not too easily satisfied with what has been accomplished by our predecessors, and too timid and slothful in carrying on the great war against all tyranny and superstition. I, for one, cannot rest silent, until I see Prometheus unbound as fully in Russia, Ireland and Germany as in America, and until I cease to hear, even in this most free of all countries, the groans of the chained Titan still arising from suffragists baffled by the apathy of the suppressed sex; from toilers against intemperance, who find those who ought to help

them enforce the laws we have, care only for enacting a law which we shall never really have except as a dead letter; from labor reformers who see the workmen not only help support the worst monopolies which the dark ages have bequeathed us, but start a new one which threatens beggary to all those of their own class not self-bound slaves to the caprices of despotic upstarts; and, worst of all, from champions of free thought who find the dungeons that have been broken open still full of prisoners who prefer to stay there, and the fetters that have been rent in twain busily refashioned into new chains. We all need the faith of Prometheus in the freedom which must surely come.

MONISTIC MENTAL SCIENCE.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE NERVES AND BRAIN.

BY S. V. CLEVINGER, M.D.

The brain and nervous system are generally regarded as the centers of mind and sensation. The view is correct enough in one way and wholly erroneous in another, for there are more animals without than with brains, or even nervous systems, to whom mind and sensation cannot properly be denied.

The protoplasmic amœba, that reduces the problems of physiology to their simplest forms, is irritable. Mechanical irritation, such as the prick of a pin, will stimulate it to accelerated motion. Any living matter that thus explodes energy when stimulated is said to be "irritable." Irritability is the function most highly developed in the nerves, especially the nerve centers, and it is through the motions induced we have the only objective evidence of sensation. If you prick a man and he writhes, you surmise he has felt it; if he does not move you do not know whether he felt the prick or not. Contractions are very common manifestations of irritability, but so interchangeable are "vital" and physical forces, sometimes the stimulus produces heat instead of "vital" movements.

In the protoplasm, from which all the tissues proceed, reside the abilities of all those tissues. For example, the nervous system is eminently irritable, the muscles are eminently contractile; other organs have developed special abilities, such as locomotory, prehensile, gustatory, reproductory, respiratory. What was possessed undifferentiated by the simple protoplasmic cell has become separately the functions of particular groups of cells. How this came about is the problem of comparative physiology which the theory of evolution is solving. The body and mind are too indissolubly connected to admit of any psychology being other than absurd if all physiological functions are not discussed; but the necessity for condensing compels us to skim over some of the most interesting processes of development with mere references.

The one-celled developed into the many-celled

animal, the morula (Fig. 9) or mulberry form, because the cells, instead of escaping, were bound together by an outer membrane. The morula ate and grew, as did the amœba, only when it burst by repletion it liberated one-celled animals that afterward became many-celled, simply because the materials that composed the young were split off, inherited, from the parent, and for purely mechanical reasons the life history of parent and offspring would be the same.

The gastrula stage (Fig. 10) comes next when the many-celled animal, the mulberry form, collapsed and formed a bag with a layer of cells inside and another outside. This stage is represented by a vast number of animals, such as the sea-anemones and worms.

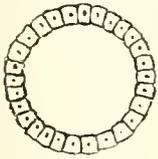


Fig. 9.

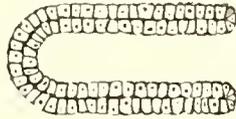


Fig. 10.

Elongate the gastrula animal, and you have the worm shape. Gradual improvements occurred in some of these forms, as favorable circumstances were encountered, and step by step the rudimentary intestine develops a stomach and other subsidiary organs, as the habits of the descendents change and adaptation is necessary. Blood vessels appear, and their evolution can be easily traced to the twisting of an artery upon itself to form a heart, and further. Likewise the course of limb growth through blunt projections, fins, up to wing or arm and feet successively; the change of swimming bladder into lungs and the advancement of protoplasm into cartilage and some of the latter into bone, the passage also of protoplasm cells into unstriped muscle cells, thence into the striped muscles. All this came about through accident. The collapsed morula found it had a bag in which albuminous substances could be held and digested better. The cells that lined this bag as naturally and readily developed into special eating cells as politicians become thieves—through opportunity, ability and desire. Special reproductory cells developed from the internal sac. Every organ may be traced in its growth from the egg (a single protoplasmic cell), and in its successive modifications in series of animals succeeding one another from the amœba to the man.

That the feeling of love was derived from hunger, and is identical with it in protozoa, can be explained here only in a general way.* The folly of the metaphysical

systems is evident in ignoring the bearings of this most powerful sentiment, and its derivation, upon all life relations.

The relativity of the terms excretion and secretion is noticeable when we study how the cell groups live that make up the body. One set of cells may be situated to receive the unelaborated food, part of which it absorbs and part passes through its cellular contents changed to other conditions. This changed food becomes, per force, that upon which the next set of cells thrive best, and we may follow these changes from meat and vegetables ingested to the secretion of milk and tears.

Thus we are compelled to shamefully slur over the grand stories biology has to tell in the endeavor to reach the nervous system quickly. But perpetual reference to the other organs must be made to appreciate, anything like adequately, what the brain does.

We have seen that certain cells develop extraordinarily what primarily was the single-cell ability. From the amœba performing with its one little protoplasmic dot all the life activities we have in the higher metazoa intestinal cells that elaborate food and hold other activities in abeyance, muscle cells that contract to stimuli, ovarian cells that centralize reproduction, lung cells that are mainly respiratory.†

To a greater or less extent the original abilities are preserved in every cell, no matter what function it serves. All cells must eat, secrete, reproduce—some rapidly, others slowly. The work devolving upon them determines how much of and what particular character shall predominate, as with men.

When the many-celled animal without a nervous system receives an impression and responds to it by moving, the impulse is propagated from one cell to the next and but sluggish motions are induced. Manifestly it would be an advantage to have a telegraph system to cause instantaneous and united action.

Little amœba-like animals ‡ happening to live where sand abounded picked up an overcoat of that material by agglutination. The mollusc falling in with chalky and other lime particles, which it separated from its food by excretion, developed its shell because the secretion happened to adhere externally. The hermit crab finds a covering already made, and occupies it by squatter right. It does not matter to any one of these how the advantage befell; it is taken as such and adjusted to. The fighting cock will use the steel gaffs as though they had grown from his legs, nor is the cell a particle more

me, when we consider similar fusions in alga and protozoa and the fact that fission produces offspring, no matter whether repletion comes from food or cannibalism, the identity of the act that precedes fission and the hunger-appeasing act justifies the belief that hunger primitively developed the other desire as a differentiation.

† Observe that the lung is appended to the upper part of the alimentary canal as evidence of the association of eating and respiration, and that the oviducts and cloaca are connected in birds and embryos of higher animals, indicating the ingestive and excretory nature of multiplication.

‡ The rhizopod (*astrodiscus arenaceus*).

* I condense from the article which first announced my theory, in *Science* (N. Y.), June 1, 1881:

A paper on "Researches into the Life History of Monads," by Dallinger and Drysdale, was read before the Royal Microscopical Society, December 3, 1873, wherein fissure of the monad was described as being preceded by the absorption of one form by another. One monad would fix on the sarcode of another, and with it coalesce. The large remaining monad would undergo fission and multiplication. Leidy asserts that the amœba is a cannibal, whereupon Michels (*American Journal of Microscopy*, July, 1877) infers that the monera and amœba cannibalism is in furtherance of reproduction. It seems to

particular. If it find in its environment material that has enough affinity for it to remain in its vicinity, and a life process is subserved by that fact, things chemical and mechanical in nature perpetuate the association by natural selection.

As the rhizopod could not have acquired his covering where there was no sand, the ancestral worm could not have picked up a nervous system in the absence of assimilable phosphates. These nerve compounds had a molecular mode of action altogether different from anything experienced before by the animals. With evolution of higher types the explosive substance was excreted irregularly and later more definitely, as Cope has shown* was the case with the skeletons of early reptilia. Next an encapsulating membrane formed about these lines of phosphatic granules in obedience to the ordinary pathological process that an intermediary tissue will form about any foreign substance as a resultant of the mode of operation of the two tissues. In due time an area of nerve granules finds itself being suppressed at one point and arranged at another until the fully developed nervous system appears.

The possibility of so important a structure as the nervous having been acquired by accident, seems preposterous, but let us reason from other matters to it. You realize that accident kills many. If you study the matter closer you will be convinced it kills more. Accidents determine such things as marriages and births as well as deaths. Fortune or misfortune are accidental. By chance and accident is here meant what is generally accepted to be their meanings. Strictly speaking when everything is the outcome of some preceding cause, there can be no such phenomenon as an accident, but in the sense of opposed to design it is a convenient term.

Bony excretions at first indefinitely arranged served but a feeble purpose, but afterward definitely arranged in lines relating the muscles contraction became more direct and useful.

At first all tissues indifferently exuded the bone and nerve granules, but eventually certain cells became the ones best suited to elaborate these materials and we have the osteal and the nerve cells as a result of this high grade evolution.

When nerve granules began to be linearly arranged† even then these rudimentary nerves served but haphazard uses. Each pellet was an excreted compound of phosphorus with organic hydro-carbonaceous materials which, however faintly it exploded, when disturbed, became a new experience in the environment to be reckoned upon. Heat and light increased its molecular "kick." Electricity, though less often met with, affected the substance more than anything else.

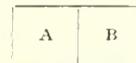
At first doubtless this was a disease, an excrescence that was annoying to the animal, but a re-adjustment occurred on the basis of reconciliation and a new mode of life-working. The cells then were shocked by the new tissue, but such forms as could not rid themselves of it encapsulated it, covered it, just as a bullet in the body would be covered, in time, by a sac. The inter-cellular distribution of these nerve granules would now exert no effect upon the cells, but whenever, by occasional exposure of the granules to an influence that would cause the explosion, it was discovered that instead of having to wait for motions to be transferred from cell to cell before the entire organism could be affected by motory causes this new tissue conveyed the needed stimulation promptly to a distant cell in a very simple way. The law of least resistances determined the next step. The granules would, from being diffused, be arranged, by the motions of the low animal, in some kinds of lines, even though badly defined ones. The quick conveyance of impressions made the cell colony more energetic, and wherever this energy happened to conserve life the species with the most definite nerve strands survived.

Hunger would develop colonial motion in the direction of hunger appeasing movements. The part which is most affected, the intestinal tract, becomes for the time being the center of stimuli production.

The law of association steps in to determine what cells shall be united. The general cell need of oxygen establishes a muscular and nervous means for circulation, and other hunger appeasing processes make routes and means elsewhere.

What is known as the neuroglia or gray matter of the nervous system I regard as the product of cells that have developed molecular irritability above all other functions; the fact that this gray matter is without cell membranes counts for nothing—development necessitated this peculiarity.

A highly sensitive neuroglia substance, A, would transmit its irritations rapidly to a contiguous highly contractile muscle, B, thus:



Then when the sensitive neuroglia was concealed and nerve granules conveyed the impressions inward the next arrangement appears—S, the "sensory nerves"—

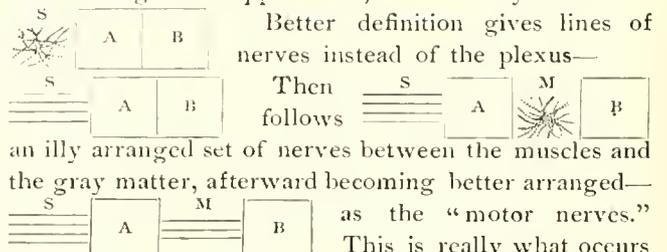
Better definition gives lines of nerves instead of the plexus—

Then follows

an illy arranged set of nerves between the muscles and the gray matter, afterward becoming better arranged—

as the "motor nerves."

This is really what occurs in the embryological development of every animal that

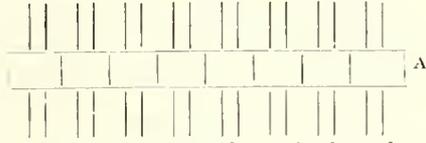


* Fossil Batrachia, *American Naturalist*, 1883.

† Kleinenburg's *Hydra* and Habrecht's *Pseudonematon nervosum*, a low worm.

has a nervous system at all, as well as in the "phylogeny," or evolutionary progress.

We are now prepared to consider *reflex nervous action*. Join a lot of these segments thus:



and the diagram represents the spinal cord and nerves of the connecting link between vertebrates and invertebrates.*

Up to this stage indifferent tissues have secreted the nerve granules; thereafter the basis substance of sensation, the neuroglia, A, develops these nerve elements, and under the microscope the homogeneity of the neuroglia disappears, and ascending through intelligence becomes more and more filled with fibrils of fine granules of a nervous character.†

Yet development goes on and the neuroglia generates nerve cells, whose office it is to more rapidly and readily form these granules for the axis cylinders of the nerves.

The number of impulses or irritations required to produce a continued contraction in the feeble developed muscles is thirty per second; in the voluntary muscles, such as are concerned in moving the body or limbs, nineteen and one-half per second.‡ Fewer impulses passing over a nerve result in tremors or trembling. A lowered vitality, such as drunkards exhibit, or when there is emotional diversion, interferes with the proper succession of impulses, and the muscles are tremulous.

The inseparableness of psychic and physical life is evident from lowest to highest, but may be well illustrated by the headless lancelet and the lamprey eel with a feeble but better developed nervous system. The last cut essentially represents the spinal cord of the lancelet, with ingoing sensory and outgoing motor nerves. If an irritation passes in over one of the first-mentioned nerves and reaches the gray irritable matter of the cord the irritability is communicated up and down the gray and irradiated to the general muscular system through the motor nerves. (Diffusion). Now, if a certain sensory nerve bundle became subjected more than others to a peculiar impression the nearest motor nerves would not only respond most energetically, but the gray molecules would perforce arrange themselves better to accommodate the passage of the impulse. Here we have our sensation and memory again, only in this case with special tissues for their seat—the neuroglia. But the motions are just as liable not to serve as to serve a useful purpose, and that is the fact we can observe when a worm or even some low vertebrate is

interfered with; their motions do not seem to be properly adjusted to a reasonable end, as when the eel in escaping wriggles toward instead of away from you. Plainly such low forms as by accident procured a better adjustment and moved in response to stimuli in a way to secure prey and escape enemies would not only survive but multiply by descent the higher forms so instituted, and these improved nervous systems would lift their successors gradually through the vertebrate series to the highest life.

If there be a choice of two routes for the passage of the impulse in the gray matter the wavering between these two routes constitutes *hesitation*, which we shall see a little later on is the basis of *doubt, thought, reason!* When by any superiority of advantage over the other a route is selected the irritation disturbs a more direct tract of molecules in the cord gray, so as to invariably respond to the given stimulus, and a certain set of muscles are moved, then automatism is established, and we have *instinct*, which is the end, the aim, the *death* of reason. These deductions will be fortified as we proceed.

TH. RIBOT ON WILL.

BY DR. P. CARUS.

Part II.

Impairment of the power of attention is a diminution of the will-power in the strictest sense of the term. Attention may be natural and *spontaneous*, or it may be *voluntary*.

Spontaneous attention may be observed in the crouching animal watching for its prey; the child intently gazing at some spectacle; the poet contemplating an inward vision, or the mathematician brooding over the solution of a problem. The true cause of it is an affective state which excites our interest. Eliminate emotion, and all is gone. Voluntary attention, which is commonly credited with marvelous feats, is only an artificial imitation of spontaneous attention.

Instances of mediocre minds in whom spontaneous attention is impaired are numerous. But it is more interesting to study the case of a gifted man who lacks the power of direction. Thus we shall see a perfect contrast between will and thought. Coleridge is an instance of this.

Dr. Carpenter quotes a description of Coleridge in Chap. VII. of Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling*: "Coleridge's whole figure, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent and stooping attitude. In walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted in corkscrew fashion and kept trying both.

* * * His talk was distinguished like himself by irres-

* *Amphioxus lanceolatus*.

† Exner.

‡ Helmholtz.

olution; it disliked to be troubled with conditions and definite fulfillments. * * * You put some question to him, instead of answering it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus for setting out toward answering it. * * * There was probably never a man endowed with such remarkable gifts who accomplished so little that was worthy of them, the great defect of his character being the want of will to turn his gifts to account. * * * At the very outset of his career, when he had found a bookseller who promised him thirty guineas for poems which he recited to him, he went on week after week begging and borrowing for his daily needs in the most humiliating manner until he had drawn from his patron the whole of the promised purchase money without supplying him with a line of that poetry which he had only to write down to free himself from obligation."

The composition of the poetical fragment "Kubla Khan" in his sleep, as told in his *Biographia Literaria*, is a typical example of automatic mental action. He fell asleep while reading the passage in *Purchas's Pilgrimage* in which the "stately pleasure house" is mentioned, and on awaking he felt as if he had composed from two to three hundred lines, which he had nothing to do but to write down, "the images rising up as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort." The whole of this singular fragment as it stands, consisting of fifty-four lines, was written as fast as his pen could trace the words; but having been interrupted by a person on business who stayed with him above an hour, he found to his surprise and mortification that "though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas without the after-restoration of the latter."

The impairment of voluntary attention occurs in two forms. The one is produced artificially, the other is a special type of aboulia. The artificially produced impairment of voluntary attention is characterized by a superabundance of feelings and ideas in a given time, as obtains in the state of alcoholic intoxication. The exuberance of cerebral activity is more noticeable in the more intellectual intoxication produced by hasheesh or opium. The individual feels himself overwhelmed by the irresistible tide of his ideas, and language is too slow to express the rapidity of his thoughts. But at the same time the power of directing the course of his ideas becomes weaker and weaker and the lucid moments grow shorter and shorter.

The other form of impairment of the voluntary attention is a disease which consists in a progressive

diminution of the directive power and ends with an inability of any intellectual effort.

Attention, by its origin, is of the nature of reflex action. Voluntary attention, the highest form of which is reflection, rests upon the involuntary, and derives from it all its force. Compared with the latter it is very precarious. The mechanism of attention acts by the impulse of a fictitious emotion and an inhibition of all other impulses and movements. Education has to develop the power of these fictitious emotions and make them stable by repetition. Helvetius says: "All intellectual differences between one man and another spring only from attention."

Hysteric caprice is not, as some physicians have strongly contended, an exaltation; it indicates an absence of will. Capriciousness is at most velleity, the merest sham of volition. Dr. Huchard gives a description of hysterical persons: "One prominent trait of their character is mobility. From day to day, from hour to hour, from minute to minute they pass with incredible rapidity from joy to sadness, from laughter to tears." * * * "They behave," says Ch. Richet, "like children who oftentimes can be made to laugh heartily, while their cheeks are still wet with the tears they have shed! Their character changes like the views of a kaleidoscope."

The instability of hysteric persons is a fact; its cause is very probably to be found in functional disorders and the lack of a solid, stable basis. If the physiological conditions are out of order, if the motor apparatus is deranged; if the vaso-motor, secretory and other functions are disturbed—how can we expect a stable equilibrium of the whole organism? It would be a miracle if a stable character could rest upon so wavering a base.

Impairment of the will can lead to its absolute extinction. The psychic activity is or seems to be completely suspended in deep sleep, in anæsthesia, in coma and similar states which indicate a return to vegetative life. Ecstasy and somnambulism are the morbid cases of an extinction of will. They are instances where one form of mental activity remains while there is no possibility of choice followed by act.

Ecstasy, whether mystic or morbid or physiological or cataleptic, is fundamentally the same in all its forms. Some ecstasists reach the ecstatic condition naturally in virtue of their physical constitution; others assist nature by artificial processes, —for instance by gazing fixedly at something, a luminous subject, or the sky, or one's navel (after the manner of the monks of Mount Athos), or by repeating continually the monosyllable OM (a name of Brahma). The Buddhists call their ecstasy the earthly Nirvana, Christians the enjoyment of God.

St. Theresa thus describes her physical state during her "raptures:" "Oftentimes my body would become

so light that it no longer possessed any weight—sometimes I no longer felt my feet touching the ground. While the body is in rapture, it remains as though it were dead, and often is absolutely powerless to act. It retains whatever attitude it may have assumed at the moment of the access; thus it continues standing or seated, the hands open or closed,—in a word it continues in the state wherein the rapture found it. Though commonly a person does not lose feeling, still it has happened to me to be entirely deprived of it. This has occurred very rarely, and it has lasted only for a very short time. Most frequently feeling remains; but a person experiences an indefinable disturbance; and though it is impossible to perform any external act, one still can hear a sort of confused sounds coming from a distance. And even this kind of hearing ceases when the rapture is in the highest degree.”

There can be no choice in ecstasy. Choice presupposes that complex whole ego which has disappeared. There is nothing that can choose, nothing that is chosen. As well might we suppose an election without either electors or candidates.

Ecstasy is the reduction of a mental state to a one-imagined idea, which engrosses the entire consciousness. Consciousness exists only on the condition of a perpetual change, it is essentially discontinuous. A homogeneous and continuous consciousness is an impossibility. In ecstasy consciousness either disappears or comes back only at intervals. There is absolute abolition of will, the conscious personality being reduced to one single state which is neither chosen nor rejected, but merely suffered.

Somnambulism, hypnotism and analogous states are not identical in all individuals and in every case. Whatever be its cause, the hypnotised subject is an automaton which acts according to the nature of his organization. At a word from the operator, the hypnotised subject rises, walks or sits down. His only will, as we say, is that of the operator. By giving to his members certain postures we can awaken in him the emotion of pride, terror, anger, devotion, etc. If we place him in the position for climbing, he moves his limbs as if he were going up a ladder. If we put in his hands any instrument he has been wont to employ, he goes to work with it. The position given to the members awakens in the cerebral centers the corresponding psychical states with which they have become associated by much repetition. The passage to action is the easier because there is nothing that hinders it, neither a power of inhibition, nor any antagonistic state. The idea awakened by the operator has sole dominion in the slumbering consciousness.

Some cases of somnambulism are very doubtful. Burdach tells of “a very fine ode” which was composed in a state of somnambulism. The story has often been told of the abbe who in preparing a sermon

corrected and pruned his sentences. Facts of this kind are so numerous that even making allowance for credulity and exaggeration, it is impossible to reject them all. And is not what the poets call inspiration an involuntary and almost unconscious sort of brain work—at least it is not conscious save in its result.

We find among hypnotised persons instances of resistance. An order is not obeyed or a suggestion is not followed immediately. One of Richer’s subjects readily allowed himself to be metamorphosed into an officer, a sailor, etc., but he refused with tears in his eyes, to be transformed into a priest. This could sufficiently be explained from the whole atmosphere in which the man had lived.

It may be remarked that it is difficult for the observer to say what power of reacting persists in the person who resists, and the person himself is no better judge. In the period of somnambulant drowsiness a certain consciousness is retained; but even if an educated, intelligent man submits to the operation, it is difficult to him to make sure that he is not simulating.

“A friend of mine,” Richet relates, “who was hypnotised, but not quite put to sleep, observed closely this phenomenon of impotence coincident with the illusion of the possession of his will. When I indicated to him a movement to perform, he always executed it, though before being magnetised he was quite determined to resist. This he had the greatest difficulty in accounting for after awakening. ‘Certainly,’ he said, ‘I could resist, but I have not the will to do so.’ Sometimes he is tempted to believe that he is simulating. ‘When I am dozing,’ he says, ‘I simulate automatism though I could, as it seems to me, act otherwise. I begin with the firm resolution not to dissimulate, but in spite of myself, when sleep begins, it seems to me that I simulate.’”

This power of resistance, weak though it be, is the last survival of individual reaction, and the illusion of this feeble power of inhibition must correspond with some equally precarious physiological state.

In the normal state volition is a choice followed by act. The necessary conditions of a choice may be called *will*. They form a very complex mechanism of both impulsion and inhibition. If impulsion is absent, no tendency to act appears, as in aboulia; if inhibition is absent or impulsion is too intense, it prevents the act of choice, as in hysteria and in instances of caprice; if inhibition excludes all external impressions and annihilates impulsion, *will* is extinguished, as in ecstasy and somnambulism. Accordingly *will* is a cause with respect to volition, but in itself it is a sum of effects which result from and vary with its physiological constituents.

Character is the psychological expression of a given organism, it is not an entity but the resultant of the innumerable infinitesimal states and tendencies of all the

anatomical elements that constitute a given organism. It is the ultimate stratum whereon rests the possibility of will and which makes the will strong or weak, intermittent, average or extraordinary.

The will has for its basis a legacy registered in the organism which has come down from generations innumerable. Upon this basis rests the conscious and individual activity of the appetites, desires, feelings and passions. Their co-ordination is more complex and far less stable than the primordial automatic activity of the organism. Higher still we have ideomotor activity; this is perfect volition. It may therefore be said that perfect volition forms a hierarchic co-ordination, i. e. co-ordination with subordination, so that all shall converge toward a single point, which is the end to be obtained. The morbid cases are all reducible to absence of hierarchic co-ordination; viz. to independent, irregular, isolated, anarchic action.

Volition comes not from above but from below; it is a sublimation of the lower elements. Volition may be compared to the keystone of an arch. To that stone the arch owes its strength, even its existence; nevertheless, this stone derives its power from the other stones that support it and press it on all sides, as it in turn presses them and gives them stability.

When the nervous system is disturbed by any disease, the latest and highest structures are the first to fail. The more voluntary parts are always much more gravely paralyzed than the others. The course of dissolution is from the complex to the simple, from the voluntary to the automatic, and the final term of evolution is the initial term of dissolution. The functions last to be acquired are the first to degenerate. In the individual, automatic co-ordination precedes co-ordination springing from the appetites and passions; this latter precedes voluntary co-ordination, and the simpler forms of voluntary attention precede the more complex.

In the development of species, according to the evolution theory, the lower forms of activity existed alone for ages; then with the increasing complexity of the co-ordinations came will. Hence a return to the reign of impulsion, with whatever brilliant qualities of mind it may be accompanied, is in itself a regression. The will varies in complexity and in degree; it attains extraordinary power only among a privileged few; but though it performs great feats, it has a very lowly origin. It has its rise in a biological property inherent in all living matter and known as irritability, that is to say, reaction against external forces. From irritability—the physiological form of the law of inertia—spring sensibility and mobility, those two great bases of psychic life.

In the nature of great men some mighty irrepresible passion is fundamental. This passion controls all their thought and *it* is the man. Such men present the

type of a life always in harmony with itself, because in them everything converges to a definite aim.

The "I will" shows that a state of consciousness exists, but it does not constitute the situation; it has in itself no efficacy in producing action, for the "I will" is like the verdict of a jury by a consensus. It may be the result from a charge of the judge and very passionate pleadings of disagreeing parties. There are groups of conscious, subconscious and unconscious states which altogether eventually find expression in an action or the inhibition of an action. All this psycho-physiological work of deliberation results in a state of consciousness, or the "I will" which pronounces the verdict. If will in the sane man is a co-ordination exceedingly complex and instable, it is by reason of its very superiority easily broken up, being, as Maudsley says, "the highest force yet introduced by nature—the last consummate efflorescence of all her wondrous works."

THE POSITIVE VIRTUES.

BY PROFESSOR THOMAS DAVIDSON.

Part II.

Monasticism, as I have said, is Christianity carried to its ultimate consequences. It has lost its hold upon the modern world, in large degree. And not only so, but the modern world has actually turned against it, not only rejecting and despising it, but proscribing it. In most of the countries of Europe, the monasteries have been broken up and their property has been confiscated. Whatever may be said by formal lawyers about the justice of this confiscation, it was the result of a right instinct and a true insight. Monasticism is not only not the highest form of human life; it is not, strictly speaking, human life at all.

But, though monasticism, the extreme form of Christianity, has been overthrown, the spirit which made monasticism possible still prevails, and molds all our notions of morality. Moral life, to most people even now, means an endeavor to reach the zero-point of virtue, a state of simple innocence; as the New Testament puts it, "to become as little children." A man or a woman satisfies all our notions of virtue, who does not contravene one-half of the Ten Commandments—the third, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth; that is, who does not swear, murder, commit adultery, steal or lie; and we are not over particular about any of these sins, except murder, unless a man commits them in such an awkward way as to become a public scandal. But, even granting that our notion of virtue presupposed strict adherence to the whole decalogue, the notion would still be a very imperfect one, a very low and false one. There is no positive virtue whatever in obeying the Ten Commandments, or any number of commandments, telling us to refrain from certain courses of action. There is simply absence of vice. Virtue consists in doing good, not in

refraining from evil. There is no generosity in paying one's debts, even if one should be left, in consequence, without a penny. Generosity begins where a man gives what positively belongs to him—his money, or, better yet, his moral and intellectual sympathy and help. And so with the other virtues.

The spiritual deadness of the present time, the fertile source of nearly all the other evils which infest us, is, in very large measure, due to the current doctrine, based upon the myth of a fall, that man is a fallen and depraved creature, and that his sole aim is to return to his primitive state of innocence—in other words, the doctrine that virtue is simply the absence of vice.

If there is anything that our present world needs, it is, to be freed from the doctrine of a fall and from all its implications. The implications are more tenacious and more hurtful than the doctrine itself, and many people who have escaped from the latter are still bound, hand and foot, in the former. Of these implications, the most baneful in its consequences, perhaps, is the notion that virtue is the absence of vice, and that, in order to be virtuous a man need not contribute any positive amount to the world's good. Of this, above all things, we must rid ourselves, and learn that we must not only forsake evil, but, further, learn to do good.

Let us see for a moment what would be the results of this riddance—of coming to the conviction that, in order to be virtuous, a man must not only avoid vice, but contribute positively to the world's good—contribute knowingly and of set purpose.

The first result will be, that we shall have less respect than we now have for mere respectability. Respectability is a word which admirably designates the moral condition that corresponds to the zero-point of virtue, as currently fixed. A respectable man is simply one who has no debts recorded in the public moral ledger. He need not have any credits recorded either. Now, one of the most powerful obstacles to high and manly morality is the honor accorded to this kind of man by the public generally. A man may be deficient in everything that constitutes the true man and the true citizen; he may know nothing of the history of man, of his physical or mental constitution; he may know nothing of art, science, literature, religion, politics or political economy; he may know little of his country's history; he may take no share in any scheme for the public weal; he may vote with the party that promises to protect his business best or he may not vote at all; he may spend his whole life in collecting wealth for himself and his family, without ever asking whom such acquisition may oppress, and yet, so long as he does not lie or steal vulgarly, that is, beyond the degree of lying and stealing allowed in the code of industrial and commercial morality, he is accounted a good and respectable man, and his success in obtaining wealth is counted to him for righteousness.

He is received everywhere during his life, and honored and lamented, as a virtuous man, after his death. On the other hand, let a man be public-spirited; let him be well versed in the history of man; let him understand man's needs; let him be an active member in all schemes for public well-being, whether they be economical, social, political or religious; but let him, at the same time, have some fault of appetite or passion; say, let him but once have committed some single act under the influence of his lower, carnal nature, and all his public spirit, all his efforts for the well-being of his kind, will be forgotten, and his little peccadillo will be trumpeted over the world by prurient or sanctimonious scandal-mongers, who are so little themselves that they cannot even understand a man of large positive virtue and public-mindedness. It is so pleasant to be able to find a man who does not come up to our little, three-inch model of virtue, with whom we can favorably compare ourselves and plume ourselves on the result! But, in spite of all this, the tiny standard may be, in the main, conventional. It may be a standard that does not measure human virtue at all, but merely human dread of such standards and base human bowing down to conventional usage.

This, of course, is in every sense wrong, and leads to most undesirable and painful results. The man of strong, generous character, with here and there a little surface flaw in it, that the smallest nature can detect and gloat over, is in all his undertakings harassed by a crowd of puny critics, who distort and misrepresent his motives and his acts, until he is almost fain to leave the silly, blind world to its own ways and their consequences. See what a pother was raised over poor Goethe's faults, over Burns's! How many sermons, condemning these men as dangerous to humanity, have been preached and still are preached, from pulpits that have only words of eulogium for the selfish capitalist, who has ruined and enslaved hundreds of other men, in order that he may have the comfort, the power and the vulgar consideration that come of wealth. What an unworthy fly-plague of carping and sanctimonious condemnation has risen from the moral swamps of the world on account of certain facts in the lives of great women, like George Sand and George Eliot. One would think the "Neither do I condemn thee" had never been uttered. In the midst of all this carping and condemnation, the great positive virtues of these men and women are forgotten. They have not the virtues professed by curates and church-wardens, and therefore, they have no virtues at all! And yet Goethe and Burns and George Sand and George Eliot were far more virtuous people than any curate or church-warden that ever was. If we do not see and feel this, it is because we have a false idea of what constitutes virtue, and think that it consists in merely seeking the zero-point of goodness and being content with that.

Let me not be misunderstood here. I have not the

smallest intention of depreciating the specific virtues of the curate and the church-warden. They are virtues, great virtues, and the world would be on an evil path, if they were made light of in theory or disregarded in practice. But they are not all virtue; they are not even the greatest of virtues. A man may lack them in their perfection, and yet be a more virtuous man than he who has them and them alone. The selfish, respectable Pharisee is a far less virtuous man than the great-hearted, strong-pulsed, loving toiler for humanity, who occasionally allows his exuberant love to flow into wrong channels. Perhaps, of all the obstacles to human advancement and well-being, there is none so great as respectable Philistinism, self-righteous, self-contented, unsympathetic, shell-bound. It was against Philistines that Jesus of Nazareth protested so vehemently, declaring that the most sensual of men, the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrha, would stand higher at the bar of virtue and justice than they. It is against this class of people that the growl of modern socialism and communism is directed, and it is this class that will be swept away, if ever socialism gains the upper hand. Respectability is arrested moral evolution—evolution arrested at the zero-point of virtue and often below it. And we shall soon come to recognize this, and to treat mere respectability as it ought to be treated, as but the babyhood of virtue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

[WRITTEN ON RETURNING FROM VISITING SOME HOMES OF THE POOR,
OCTOBER 2, 1887.]

TO THE ARTS.

Hail Music! Waft me now upon thy wings
 Beyond these vapors of the murky night;
 Bear me afar to regions fair and bright,
 Where with one grand accord the angels sing!
 Thou 'rt whispering of an ideal spring
 Where Poesy and all the Arts delight
 In honoring each; where the inspired sight
 Sees beauty underlying everything.
 Ye white-robed seraphs—Music, Poesy—
 Descend amid earth's poverty and pain!
 Make sufferers forget their misery;
 And evil-doers vow to sin no more;
 Say unto each: "My brother, try again!
 I would unlock for thee thy prison door."

ON FINISHING "THE RUINS."

VOLNEY.

In skies of truth thy star shall ever gleam—
 Thou Galahad whose quest was light; ne'er can
 A grateful world thyself aught other deem
 Than great as wise—untinged by sect or clan;
 Nor bigotry defame thee—patriot, scholar, man!

* *

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1887.

MORAL AND SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

It may be safely said, that the more science we have, the more morality also will we have. True, much immorality is seen in communities that are in possession of considerable knowledge, and we hear it said, that in some savage tribes is found a morality which shames civilized nations. But such statements predicated upon superficial comparison of simple and complex communities are of little value. If we would form an idea of the difference in the moral character of the savage and the civilized man, we must imagine the Digger Indians suddenly organized into a community, with institutions and agencies as numerous and relations as complex as those of the City of Chicago. Such a change, were it possible, would at once involve not only great intellectual development, but the education of the moral sense and such differentiation of moral conduct as would be necessary to adjust the members of the community to the requirements of the new life. Such intellectual and moral changes cannot be effected without science, and

them only by slow changes extending through centuries.

Morality depends upon scientific progress; and if a people who have made considerable advancement in science is still more or less under the dominion of laws and habits which belong to an unadvanced condition, it shows only how largely the present may be in slavery to the past, and illustrates that men may outgrow beliefs and yet be under the influence of those beliefs. Many imagine that they have emancipated themselves from the thralldom of creeds, when they have all the dogmatism, bigotry and bitterness which those creeds engendered in their ancestors, and which they themselves have received partly by education and partly by inheritance.

It is science that has chiefly promoted the practical morality we have to-day in the most enlightened communities, because it is science that has taught us what is involved in all the old precepts, and enables us to realize them in life. The words "Be just" express the whole duty of man under all circumstances, in all climes; but intellectual development, including scientific knowledge, has enabled man to learn what *is* just. The abolition of slavery and the growth of international law were made possible by science, not by the repetition of precepts known to the ancients as well as to ourselves. The fact that much needs to be done to make men understand morality in the application of its principles to practice is illustrated by the unwillingness of the orthodox clergy to consent to the taxation of church property, when they know that such taxation compels people who do not believe in the churches to support them. It is secular knowledge and scientific progress that will finally effect this change, and not simply repeating the words of Jesus and exhorting men to obey them. The brotherhood of man was taught, not only by Jesus, but by poets and sages in India and Greece; what the brotherhood of man really means in actual life was not understood until science brought men and nations into communication, and indeed, is not fully understood yet. The invention of the telegraph has done more to promote the brotherhood of man than all the preaching to which men have listened since that invention commenced its work of uniting men in the bonds of a common humanity. It is now enabling us to put in practice what was before to a large extent mere theory, because it is making men more cosmopolitan in their views and sympathies. And so the invention of printing, which has spread knowledge broadcast, has been an important factor in social advancement, which means also moral progress.

Science, by affording men good surroundings, teaching them how to live, making them acquainted with their numerous relations, giving them good laws and correct ideas of nature and of duty, strengthens and develops the highest sentiments and the noblest traits of character. Left without these scientific aids, without

this knowledge that comes to help man in controlling the forces of nature, left simply to the worship of an unseen Being or to a dreamy, nebulous contemplation of the universe, man never could have advanced from the conditions of savage life to those of the present day. With the increasing complexity of man's observations and experiences, upon which the enlargement of the mind and the growth of the moral sentiment have depended, science has extended her empire, while the domain of theology has become smaller, or has been continually excluded from the province of verifiable knowledge. We insist then upon the importance of science, not only in its application to what are called physical facts, but in its application to the human mind, its expressions and products, including the religious sentiment and the moral sentiment as well as religious systems and the moral code.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Some references to happiness and unhappiness that were made by Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. Xenos Clark in preceding numbers of THE OPEN COURT suggest an issue that thoughtful people must face, as the well-disposed with cool intellects take the reins of the world's affairs from the well-disposed with heated emotions. Mr. Clark makes a fair statement of the blank-holder's fate being a gnat in the prize-holder's estimation, and the blank-holder's protest being very disagreeable to the prize-holder. We must recognize the fact that when one holds the prize he thinks differently from what he would if he held the blank. Herbert Spencer shows that sympathy arises as an altruistic feeling through conceiving ourselves in the place of the one needing the sympathy, and Dr. Clevenger claims that "it is owing to this that ladies may crush bugs and flies without compunction, while the naturalist who studies them and recognizes their pain and pleasure kinship with ourselves, usually refrains from the unnecessary infliction of pain. The rich for this reason, seldom feel for the poor. In fact, those who ride in carriages, have an involuntary contempt for those who go afoot. The knowledge that this is a natural feeling should only operate toward overcoming it. Unpleasant information of this kind usually invokes a storm of denial from the mob. They prefer to think themselves descendants of the angels and refuse to analyze their own sentiments. The unwelcome truths should be faced and an honest endeavor made to develop good traits that we do not possess."

Instead of indulging in mere unreasoning denunciations, or going to the pessimistic extreme of bewailing the uselessness of efforts to improve the condition of the unfortunate, or taking the middle course of lazy indifference to suffering, we should see what science can do in the premises.

There is a great amount of suffering all about us

which the hospital, the asylum and other systematic and unsystematic charity fail to reach, and from the dismal point of observation, the sighs, groans and shrieks of humanity seem condensed into tornadoes and thunder peals. But the beautiful world perennially blooms, its fountains play, while music and festivities unceasingly lead the prize-holders to forget the existence of misery elsewhere. And it is natural for the fortunate and happy to avoid the suffering of others, notwithstanding that the prize-holder of to-day who is fertile in excuses for his inability to do aught for his fellows, to-morrow may be the blank-holder with unlimited suggestions as to how *he* could be helped, and with surprise at the heartlessness of the rich; on the other hand, the shivering, half-starved wretch of yesterday, may when fortune overtakes him, turn away from the outstretched hand with the plea "One cannot help everybody."

Something is being done and wisely done for the poor and unfortunate, but that something is a straw toward the construction of a Holland dyke. Sociology as a study should be the recreation of the munificent. Through its cultivation reasons for things could be plainly seen. From understanding the causes of pain and sorrow in the world, the remedies can best be administered. All that concerns men should be inductively studied. Knowledge of the conditions of existence begets an interest and disposition to improve them. Those who have the means as well as the ability may feel the keenest delight in mastering the intricate problems which the miseries of life present. Such men as Saltaire boldly attack the difficulties and afford experiences that may be profitably regarded by others. The discovery has been made in the Eastern States that reformed tenement houses which afford greater comfort to the poor are paying investments, and this suggests that direct advantages of a pecuniary nature may in the future move to great humanitarian measures. In fact the world is finding out by practical experience that both directly and indirectly it pays to be decent, considerate and humane. The highest expediency is the highest wisdom.

The last issue of *Freethinkers' Magazine* reprints our editorial on the alcohol question "to preserve" (this is what Mr. T. B. Wakeman, the associate editor, says) "the valuable facts with which the article concludes, and also a precious bit of fog—the amusing confusion of our esteemed *metaphysical* contemporary, THE OPEN COURT, over *secrete* and *excrete*." An equally "metaphysical" writer named Carpenter is responsible for that amusing confusion, for he states (p. 357, *Principles of Human Physiology*) that, "The literal meaning of secretion is *separation*; the ordinary processes of nutrition involves a separation of components of the blood, and every such removal

may be considered in the light of an act of *excretion* so far as the blood and the rest of the organism are concerned. There is no other fundamental difference between the two processes than such as arises out of the diverse distinctions of the separated matter." Foster's *Physiology*, p. 16, also says: "The distinction between excretion and secretion is unimportant and frequently accidental." The skin secretes and excretes perspiration. In the same sense milk and bile are secreted and excreted. Certainly this is a subject with which Mr. Wakeman is not acquainted.

* * *

Of Dr. Edmund Montgomery, who during the past fortnight has been the guest of Mr. Edward C. Hegeler at La Salle and of the editors of this journal and other friends in Chicago, the *Tribune* of this city makes the following mention:

Among the late arrivals in Chicago is Dr. Edmund Montgomery, a gentleman well known among thinkers by his scientific and philosophic writings. He is a Scotchman, born in Edinburg in 1835. He studied in German universities—Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonn, Wurzburg, Prague and Vienna. Was acquainted with Schopenhauer in 1850, when he lived at Frankfurt, and with Moleschott and Helmholtz, whose lectures he attended. From 1860 to 1863 he had a laboratory at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, and was there lecturer on physiology. A lecture by him before the Royal Society on "Cells in Animal Bodies" attracted much attention among scientific men, and extravagant theories of life were erected on the strength of his conclusions. Lung trouble compelled him to exchange climate, and for six years he practiced medicine at Madeira, Mentone and Rome. In 1871 appeared at Munich his work often quoted in controversy, entitled, *Die Kantische Erkenntnistheorie Widerlegt von Standpunkte der Empirie* (Kant's Theory of Knowledge Refuted from the Empirical Standpoint). It is a powerful criticism of Kantism and a strong plea for what the author calls "naturalism." Dr. Montgomery combines the qualifications and tastes of the philosopher with those of the man of science. He has devoted years to the microscopic examination of the lower forms of life, and his contributions to biology have been most valuable. For several years he has been a contributor to the London periodical, *Mind*, the ablest philosophical journal in the world. His two papers read before the Concord School of Philosophy, although he was not personally present, attracted wide attention by their originality and depth. Some years ago Dr. Montgomery, on account of his ill-health, came to this country and went South, where he bought a plantation in Texas, on which he has since lived.

* * *

All that is valuable or realizable in religion, belongs properly to the domain of science. Fundamentally considered, religion is an expression of man's relation to the universe, and it is a part of the sum total of human experience. If it be objected that religion is an emotion and is not observable, and cannot therefore be dealt with by the methods of science, the reply is, that it is the work of science to take cognizance of our thoughts and feelings, to compare and arrange them, to observe their objective effects and to bring them within the province of classified knowledge by reducing them to order and system. To speak of religion as beyond or outside the

scientific domain, is to speak of what is beyond the power of the human mind to consider or conceive in relation to the life and character of men. Whether religion be regarded as doctrines formulated into creeds, and organized into systems, or as an intuition or tendency in our nature, the result of ancestral experiences extending back through the ages to the time man began to experience emotion in contemplating nature, and his relation thereto, it is the work of science to illumine the mind in regard to this subject.

* * *

Germany settles the *pro* and *con* of patent medicine manufacture by compelling the compounder to print a list of the ingredients on his labels. Foreign goods of the kind are analyzed by government chemists. A widely advertised kidney cure was thus officially announced to contain nothing medicinal but a small quantity of winter-green. It is to the interest of the great "public educator," the daily newspaper, not to antagonize this, in the main, nefarious business. Patent medicine venders grow wealthy upon the credulity of the ailing. The entire matter is not a simple one, but may be resolved into a few considerations as follows: Manufacturers of proprietary medicines are not *always* ignorant of the effects of remedies, but as a rule they are; nor are they always dishonest, but dishonesty has great scope in the vending of nostrums, and to say they do not often take advantage of popular want of knowledge would be untrue. Usually the combination was originated by some physician and found to be effective in certain cases, but it is not wise to rely upon untrained judgment as to the applicability of drugs to disease.

* * *

We cordially welcome to these columns Col. T. W. Higginson, one of America's best known scholars and thinkers, from whose pen this number of THE OPEN COURT contains a thoughtful and suggestive article on "The Stronghold of the Church." Even those who are obliged to dissent from some of his conclusions, as we certainly are, will nevertheless find his thought, even on these points of difference, worthy of the most careful consideration.

* * *

There can be no industrial prosperity, no popular reform, no extension of freedom, no progress, without security of life and property, which is necessarily imperiled or weakened by every act of lawless violence that goes unpunished. Intelligent workingmen, looking beyond the moment, instead of restricting their own liberties and opportunities by encouraging mob law and riotous demonstrations, will trust to education, agitation and the ballot for reforms which some in their ignorance and short-sightedness imagine they can secure by coming together, arming themselves with clubs, and making raids upon private property. There is nothing

that gives greater satisfaction to those who have no sympathy with the masses, and who rejoice whenever anything occurs to which they can point in seeming confirmation of their theory that the working class must be "kept under with a strong hand," than the very acts of lawlessness which these poor sons of toil, in their simplicity, think will redress their grievances and right their wrongs.

* * *

Nothing that exists is exempt from the law of integration and disintegration. Nations, like individuals, have their stages of adolescence, full development and decay. Religious orders may be founded by sincere, even though deluded minds, and eventually the weak points in their systems find them out as the world moves past them. Secret societies usually have some basis of good in their composition, and men are banded in an exclusive brotherhood ostensibly to accomplish some noble purpose, and doubtless in the aggregate good of some kind is done, but every human institution presents opportunities for designing persons, which they are not slow to utilize. In churches or societies the hypocrite is loudest in his professions, the strictest to observe the outward requirements. Too often is the announcement unblushingly made that the object of joining a lodge was a purely mercenary one: "It helps my business." If this were claimed as incidental to the joining and that the desire to find a field of usefulness was the main incentive, it would not be so bad. What must be consequent upon organizations—whatever their pretensions—filling up with men who want to make something out of one another? It is not surprising that low grade politicians should see their chances in such brotherhoods, to further their knaveries and to be guaranteed a certain amount of immunity from punishment for crimes committed. We do not doubt that a strict interpretation of the constitution of nearly every secret society would enable the well-disposed to oppose rascalities, but with the prosperity of every institution comes a disposition to ignore, to misinterpret and pervert its recorded principles. The wolves grow more powerful and the lambs are afraid to bleat. Nothing short of a recognition of the universal brotherhood of man should satisfy any one. If you fancy your means or opportunities are not sufficient to enable you to be positively helpful to the world at large, a little reflection will convince you that you can help abundantly if you conquer yourself and refrain from doing positive harm to your neighbors.

* * *

Mr. Salter in his excellent article printed on another page applies the word idealism to a philosophical theory which is as thoroughly realistic as any theory can be. The antithesis of his idealism is not, as we are accustomed to use the word, realism, but crude eighteenth century materialism.

THE OCCULT SCIENCES IN THE TEMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

BY GEORGIA LOUISE LEONARD.

[A paper read at the "Fortnightly Conversation," Washington, D. C., May 5th, 1887.]

(Conclusion.)

The most *conservative* Egyptologists *admit* that this ancient people possessed a very *considerable* knowledge of both mathematics and astronomy. Prof. Proctor speaks of them as being "astronomers of *great skill*,"* and says, "they were manifestly skillful engineers and architects, and as surely as they were well acquainted with the properties of matter, so surely must they have been acquainted with the mathematical relations upon which the simpler optical laws depend. Possibly they knew laws more *recondite*, but the *simpler* laws they *certainly* knew."† In Appendix 'A' to this author's work on *The Great Pyramid*, we are told, in relation to the amount of mathematical and astronomical knowledge in their possession, that in these particulars "modern science has made no real advance upon the science known to the builder of the great pyramid."‡ In this connection the opinion of Prof. Henry Draper, is interesting. Speaking of the great pyramid he says: "So accurately was that wonder of the world planned and constructed, that at this day the variation of the compass may actually be determined by the position of its sides."§

Upon the ceiling of the beautiful temple of Denderah there is a representation of the zodiac. It has been claimed that this is a work of the Ptolemaic period; but an inscription found at Denderah distinctly states that the building had been restored in accordance with a plan discovered in the writings of the Khufu, or Cheops, who belonged to the fourth dynasty. Certainly this evidence is strongly presumptive of the antiquity of this celestial map.

In considering the amount of mathematical and astronomical knowledge possessed by the Egyptian priests, we must remember that they kept their cyclic notations in the profoundest mystery, as their calculations applied equally to the spiritual as to the physical progress of mankind.

The "Sacred Books" of the Egyptians were ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, and ante-dated Menes. They were 1,100 in number, we are told by Jamblicus, and forty-two were still extant in the time of Clement of Alexandria. They contained an epitome of the secret knowledge, and treated of many different subjects. The majority of those books are now lost to us, and of them we know only what has been preserved in the works of later writers. Diogenes Laërtius makes a statement,

probably derived from these lost books, that the Egyptians possessed records of 373 solar eclipses and 832 lunar; and he carries back these observations to the period of 48,863 years before Alexander. Bunsen* remarks, "If they were actual observations they *must* have extended over 10,000 years, for the ancients assuredly observed and reckoned none but total or almost total eclipses." "In Egypt, if anywhere," says Diodorus,† "the most accurate observations of the positions and movements of the stars have been made. Of each of these they have records extending over an incredible series of years. They have also accurately observed the courses and positions of the planets and can truly predict eclipses of the sun and moon." The truth of these statements it would be folly to doubt, when we are assured by Heroditus‡ in the most positive terms, that "they knew these things with accuracy, because they always computed and registered the years."

That portion of their calculations which was regarded as the most secret, undoubtedly related to the evolution of our planet, both physically and spiritually—such evolution proceeding in cycles, of greater or lesser duration. They taught that the close of the "great year" was attended by destructive cataclysms either of fire or water—like that which in "one awful day and night" submerged Atlantis beneath the waves, as told to Solon by the Egyptian priests—and that a corresponding change took place both in the physical and intellectual world.

Astrology was pursued hand in hand with the higher mathematics and astronomy. Professor Proctor seeks to prove in his work on the great pyramid that that monument was reared not alone as a tomb for Khufu, but for astronomical and astrological purposes as well. Very likely this was so, but is it not possible that there were also *other* reasons? Why was it oriented with wonderful exactness? Why, of necessity, constructed in the pyramidal form, with its apex pointing toward heaven? What meant the long secret passages, and the seven impenetrable chambers, one succeeding another? and what purpose did the great sarcophagus serve which Professor Piazza Smythe declares was used for a corn-bin?

Mystery surrounds us upon every side as we seek to solve these problems of the past.

Astrology was believed in implicitly by the Egyptians, and they considered unquestioned the influence of the planets upon the destinies both of individuals and the human race collectively. Mr. Tylor,§ speaking of astrology, says that "its professors appear to have been the earliest to use the magnetic compass to determine

* Proctor. *The Great Pyramid*, p. 127.

† Ibid., p. 118.

‡ Ibid., p. 191. (Appendix "A," by Joseph Baxendale, F. R. A. S.)

§ Draper. *Intellectual Development*, Vol. I. p. 81.Diog. Laer. *Proem II.** Bunsen. *Egypt's Place*, Vol. I. p. 14.

† Diodorus Sic. 2-113.

‡ Book II., 145.

§ Tyler. *Anthropology*, p. 341.

the aspects of the heavens," and admits that "the magician gave the navigator his guide in exploring the world."

The Egyptians took careful note of all singular or unusual occurrences, whether related to the heavenly bodies or to themselves, and observed omens connected with everything they undertook. They even watched the day when any one was born.

Perhaps in no branches of science was their knowledge more conspicuously apparent than in those of chemistry and alchemy. It has been vigorously denied that they understood anything more than the rudiments of chemistry—and as for alchemy! the idea has been treated with derision. A few instances will show their superiority to modern achievements, and inference may be left to do the rest. In the perfect imitation of precious stones we have never even approached them. Many splendid imitations of emeralds, amethysts, and other gems of rich and varied hues, have been found in the tombs of Thebes; and their brilliancy and perfection is such that they almost defy detection. Among the immense emeralds mentioned by classic authors, was the colossal statue of Serapis, in the Labyrinth, nine cubits, or thirteen and a half feet in height, and composed of one single stone. Sir Gardner Wilkinson and the learned Winkleman speak in enthusiastic terms of the beautiful specimens of stained glass—some of which have the appearance of the most exquisite mosaics.

Egypt was an immensely rich country, and it may be a pertinent question to ask, Whence came this enormous wealth? We know that mines were worked for gold and silver, that tributes were exacted from subjugated nations, and that a goodly sum was derived from the fisheries. But all these sources could not produce a tithe of her yearly revenue. Enough was spent upon public decoration to bankrupt a state. *Egypt was yellow with gold!* Besides the thousands of her toys, jewels, statues and art objects of the solid metal, we learn that the sculptures on lofty walls, the ornaments of a colossus, the doorways of temples, the caps of obelisks, parts of numerous large monuments, and even the roofs of palaces and the bodies of mummies were covered with gold leaf.

The statue of Minerva sent to Cyrene by Amasis and the sphinx at the pyramids are instances. Were then the learned priests *makers* of gold? In the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, the Egyptians rebelled against Rome, and for nine years did not lack money to carry on the war. Struck by their riches, the Emperor instituted a strict search throughout the land for all writings on alchemy. These books he ordered to be burnt, hoping thus to destroy the secret of Egypt's wealth.

It is useless to deny to these strange dwellers in the old temples, a skill and a knowledge far beyond our

own, and which we can only wonder at and imitate, not equal.

Magic in its highest sense was a part of the daily life of the Egyptian priests.

Plato, we know, studied with these priests. Lecky* tells us that "whenever his philosophy has been in the ascendent it has been accompanied by a tendency to magic." This magic was practiced by the priests in divers ways, some of which we can only guess at. They were seers, clairvoyants, diviners and dreamers of dreams. They understood and manipulated the subtlest properties of matter. No wonder they were not astonished at the exhibitions of Moses, who had learned all he knew in their own temples!

In their religious works, veiled as they are in symbolism, we discover a belief in an all-pervading, universal essence—call it the astral ether, or psychic force, or *od*, or *biogen*, or *akas*, or what you will—from which emanated all things, and which could be controlled and directed by those who were instructed and otherwise properly qualified. They believed in ghosts, and that the living under certain well-known conditions could communicate with the souls of the departed.

Gerald Massey,† in discussing Egyptian terms, says that "All that is secret, sacred, mystical, the innermost of all mystery, apparently including some relationship to or communion with the dead, is expressed by the Egyptian word 'Shet;'" and in speaking of second-sight or clairvoyance, he assures us distinctly that "the ancients were quite familiar with this phenomenon."

No one who impartially examines the mass of evidence derived from Egyptian and classic sources, can fail to be impressed with the belief that the Egyptian priests were perfectly familiar with all classes of psychic phenomena, characterized as modern, and that they were also in possession of secrets pertaining to the so-called exact sciences, as well as of the occult, of which we to-day have no knowledge or conception. We know of a surety that many of their arts are lost—perhaps beyond recovery. When shall we equal them in metallurgy? When learn how to impart elasticity to a copper blade? or to make bronze chisels capable of hewing granite? Wilkinson‡ says, "We know of no means of tempering copper, under any form or united with any alloys, for such a purpose;" and adds, "We must confess that the Egyptians appear to have possessed certain secrets for hardening or tempering bronze with which we are totally unacquainted."

After five millenniums the brilliancy of the colors used by the Egyptian artist remains undimmed. After seven millenniums we wonder at the durability of their paper, and the lasting qualities of their wafer-like cement.

* *Rationalism in Europe*, Vol. 1, p. 43.

† Massey. *Beginnings*, Vol. II, pp. 34, 35.

‡ Wilkinson. *Manners and Customs*, Vol. II, p. 255.

We disinter the mummies which have rested undisturbed since the pyramids were built—and examine the still perfect features, and the long hair, and the very teeth filled with gold ages ago by Egyptian dentists—and we view with amazement the bandages 1,000 yards in length in which these forms are swathed—and then we are obliged to confess that modern surgery can not equal the bandaging, and modern medical art, and modern chemistry are masters of no means by which a human body may be preserved for 5,000 years.

When we have undisputed evidence as to their achievements in *these* directions, is it the part of wisdom to deny that they *may* have possessed *other* arts and *other* sciences, which we are unable to equal or approximate?

It has been asserted that the Egyptian priests were frauds and charlatans—deceivers of the people, wily tricksters, and the vicious worshippers of many Gods. In the first place, none were admitted to the priesthood save such as were especially fitted by their purity of life and holiness of aspiration. The ordeals through which candidates were obliged to pass were very severe, their lives sometimes being exposed to great danger. The priests were humble and self-denying and remarkable for simplicity and abstinence. Plutarch* speaks of them as “giving themselves up wholly to study and meditation, hearing and teaching those truths which regard the divine nature.” They took great care to preserve from profanation their secret rites, and excluded all who were considered unfit to participate in solemn ceremonies. Clement† says they were confined to those “who from their worth, learning and station were deemed worthy of so great a privilege.” Nor was there *motive*, either for gain or reputation. All the great priests, scholars and sages could be, if they so desired, supported by the State—ample accommodation being provided for them within the temple precincts, where in quiet, ease and retirement, they could pursue their deep researches and subtle experiments.

They were worshipers of one only God, whose very name was so sacred it was—according to Herodotus—unlawful to utter; and their various divinities but personified some form of the divine attributes. Interblended and inter-dependent we find Egyptian science and religion. To understand the one we cannot remain ignorant of the other. To the Egyptian his religion was everything. He regarded his abode upon earth as but a short journey upon the pathway of eternal life. To the future which stretched before him he turned with hope and longing. He did not believe that when his short life closed, physical existence was ended. Again and again, his religion taught, he would return to earth, to work out in higher forms his spiritual salvation.

(This doctrine of re-incarnation, often called transmigration or metempsychosis, has been generally grossly misunderstood by writers who have attempted to explain it). With this belief was connected the doctrine of the “cycle of necessity.” Can our Egyptologists say what this cycle was? or what it signified? and can they further tell what the winged scarabæi of Egypt symbolized? which are found by the hundreds in the tombs of Thebes! They cannot, I fear, tell us these things any more than they can explain the septenary composition of man, or his triune character; any more than they can interpret the “unpronounceable” *name*, which Herodotus dared not disclose!

Their code of ethics was singularly pure and exalted. They believed not only in the negative virtues, but the positive also; and, “A moral life, a life of holiness and beneficence, was conceived of as being a matter of solemn obligation to the Deity himself.” The highest principles alone were inculcated; and always in the heart of the Egyptian priest were treasured the words of his great example—the noble prince and moralist—Ptah-hotep; “Mind thee of the day when thou too shalt start for the land to which one goeth to return not thence; good for thee will have been a good life; therefore be just and hate iniquity; for he who doeth what is *right* shall triumph!”

Have modern scholars a surer guide to honor and uprightness, than the old Egyptian Magist?

Have we any right to utter words of censure or condemnation?

Egypt is dead. Her priests have passed away, and buried with them in the recesses of impenetrable tombs, lie her wisdom, her magic, and her glory. Her greatest of *all* foresaw her dread eclipse, and time has but verified the dark prophetic words of the mighty Hermes: “O, Egypt, Egypt, of thy religion there will be left remaining nothing but uncertain tales, which will be believed no more by posterity—words graven on stone and telling of thy piety!”

THOUGHT WITHOUT WORDS.

The conclusion of correspondence between Mr. Arthur Nicols, et al., and Professor Max Müller on “Thought Without Words,” reprinted from *Nature* after careful revision:

XIII. LETTER FROM MR. ARTHUR NICOLS.

WATFORD, JUNE 3, 1887.

The interesting discussion between Mr. Francis Galton and Prof. Max Müller on this subject will doubtless raise many questions in the minds of those who have paid some attention to the habits of animals. I have been asking myself whether, if Prof. Max Müller is right in his conclusion—“Of course we all admit that without a name we cannot really know anything” (an *utterable* name, I presume), and “one fact remains, animals have no language”—animals must not, therefore, be held by him incapable of knowing anything. This would bring us to the question

* Wilkinson. *Manners and Customs*, Vol. III. p. 54.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. III. p. 389.

whether animals know in the same manner as men, or in some other manner which men do not understand. Now, I think—at least it is as strong a conviction as I am capable of entertaining—that animals not only know, but deal with the materials of knowledge—facts—in a manner quite indistinguishable from the manner in which I mentally handle them myself. Thus, I place an animal in circumstances which are quite unfamiliar to it, and from which it is urgently pressed to escape. There are two, or perhaps three, courses open to it; one being, to my mind, patently the most advantageous. It tries all of them, and selects that which I should have chosen myself, though it is *much longer* in coming to its conclusion. Here the animal has the same facts as the man to deal with, and, after consideration and examination, its judgment precisely corresponds with the man's. I cannot, then, find it possible to deny that the mental operations are identical in kind; but that they are not so in *degree* can be demonstrated by my importing into the situation an element foreign to the experience of the animal, when its failure is certain. It makes no difference whether the animal is under stress, or acting voluntarily. It may frequently be found to choose the method which most recommends itself to the man's judgment. Every student of animals is familiar with numbers of such cases. Indeed they are constantly being recorded in the columns of *Nature*, and abound in all accepted works on animal intelligence. I am quite prepared to admit that where there are two or more courses open to it the animal will occasionally select that which presents the greatest difficulties and labor most assiduously to overcome them, sometimes trying the remaining courses and returning to that which it first chose. Darwin gives a good example of the honey-bee (*Origin of Species*, p. 225, edition 1872). But no one will be surprised at imperfect judgment or vacillation of will in an animal, when such are common among men.

Prof. Max Müller lays down the very distinct proposition that "animals have no language." I suppose *utterable* language is meant. Is this so? That their sign-language is both extensive and exact (and even understood to some extent as between widely different species) most naturalists, I apprehend, will entertain no doubt. But has any species an utterable language? What is to be the test of this? First there is the whole gamut of vocal expressions—which even we understand—conveying the ideas of *pain, pleasure, anger, warning*. What sportsman who has stalked extremely shy animals does not know the moment a bird or animal utters a certain note that he is discovered? If Prof. Max Müller will not admit this to be *language*, I for one, must ask him what it is. It conveys to others a distinct idea, in general if not in special terms, and seems to me quite equivalent to "Oh dear!" "This is nice" (expressed, I believe, in some African language by the reduplicated form *num-num*, the letter *n* having the same value as in the Spanish *mañana*), "Leave of," "Look out," "Come here," etc. Those who have heard animals calling to one another, particularly at night, and have carefully noted the modulations of their voices (why should there be modulations unless they have a definite value), will find it very hard to accept Prof. Max Müller's conclusion that "animals have no language." Every female mammal endowed with any kind of voice has the power of saying "Come here, my child," and it is an interesting fact beyond question that the knowledge of this call is feebly or not at all inherited, but must be impressed upon the young individual by experience. Further, the young brought up by an alien foster-mother pay no attention to the "Come here, my child," of the alien species. The clucking of the hen meets with no response from the ducklings she has reared, even when she paces frantically by the side of the pond imploring them not to commit suicide. But let us creep up under the banks of a sedgy pool at about this time of year. There swims a wild duck surrounded by her brood, dashing here and there at the rising *Phryganide*. Now let the frightful face of man

peer through the sedges. A sharp "quack" from the duck, and her brood dive like stones, or plunge into the reeds. She, at least, knows what to say to them.

The already inordinate length of this letter precludes me from offering any instances of the communication of *specific* intelligence by means of the vocal organs of animals. I think it probable that we far underrate the vocabulary of animals from deficient attention—and, I speak for myself, stupidity. Possibly Prof. Max Müller has not yet examined "Sally," the black chimpanzee. If not, he would surely be much interested. She is by no means garrulous, but in spite of her poor vocal capacity, if he should still consider that she "cannot really know anything" on that account, I must have completely misinterpreted his letter to Mr. Galton.

ARTHUR NICOLS.

XIV. LETTER FROM PROF. MAX MÜLLER.

THE MOLT, SALCOMBE, July 4, 1887.

As I found that you had already admitted no less than thirteen letters on my recent work, *Science of Thought*, I hesitated for some time whether I ought to ask you to admit another communication on a subject which can be of interest to a very limited number of the readers of *Nature* only. I have, indeed, from the very beginning of my philological labors, claimed for the science of language a place among the physical sciences, and, in one sense, I do the same for the science of thought. Nature that does not include human nature in all its various manifestations would seem to me like St. Peter's without its cupola. But this plea of mine has not as yet been generally admitted. The visible material frame of man, his sense-organs and their functions, his nerves and his brain, all this has been recognized as the rightful domain of physical science. But beyond this physical science was not to go. There was the old line of separation, a line drawn by mediæval students between man, on one side, and his works, on the other; between the sense-organs and their perceptions; between the brain and its outcome, or, as it has sometimes been called, its secretion—namely, thought. To attempt to obliterate that line between physical science, on one side, and moral science, as it used to be called, on the other, was represented as mere confusion of thought. Still, here as elsewhere, a perception of higher unity does not necessarily imply an ignoring of useful distinctions. To me it has always seemed that man's nature can never be fully understood except as one and indivisible. His highest and most abstract thoughts appear to me inseparable from the lowest material impacts made upon his bodily frame. And "if nothing was ever in the intellect except what was first in the senses," barring, of course, the intellect itself, it follows that we shall never understand the working of the intellect, unless we first try to understand the senses, their organs, their functions, and in the end their products. For practical purposes, no doubt, we may, nay we ought, to separate the two. Thus, in my own special subject, it is well to separate the treatment of phonetics and acoustics from higher linguistic researches. We may call phonetics and acoustics the ground floor, linguistics, the first story. But as every building is one—the ground floor purposeless without the first story, the first story a mere castle in the air without the ground floor—the science of man also is one, and would according to my opinion, be imperfect unless it included psychology in the widest meaning of that term, as well as physiology; unless it claimed the science of language and of thought, no less than the science of the voice, the ear, the nerves, and the brain, as its obedient vassals. It was, therefore, a real satisfaction to me that it should have been *Nature* where the questions raised in my *Science of Thought* excited the first interest, provoking strong opposition, and eliciting distinct approval, and I venture to crave your permission on that ground, if on no other, for replying once more to the various arguments which some of your most eminent contributors have brought forward against the

fundamental tenet of my work, the inseparableness of language and reason.

Many of my critics write as if they had never heard before of the identity of language and reason. They call such a theory a paradox, unconscious, it would seem, of the fact that to the great majority of mankind all philosophy is a paradox, and unaware likewise, that the same opinion has been held by some of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of modern times. I have not invented that paradox. All I have done or attempted to do is that, while other philosophers have derived their arguments in support of it from mere theory, I have taken mine from facts, namely the facts supplied by the science of language.

Some of my critics again seem to have sniffed something heterodox in this identity of language and reason, forgetting that philosophy was never meant to be either orthodox or heterodox in the theological sense of those words, and unaware likewise, as it would seem, that this opinion has been held and defended by some of the most orthodox and some of the most heterodox of modern writers. I shall mention two names only, Cardinal Newman and M. Taine. Cardinal Newman in his *Grammar of Assent* (p. 8), where he tries to define ratiocination or reasoning, begins by carefully separating from ratiocination, as I have done, all that is purely sensuous or emotional, the promptings of experience, common sense, genius, and all the rest, restricting "thought" to what can be or has been expressed in words. He then proceeds: "Let then our symbols be words; let all thought be arrested and embodied in words. Let language have a monopoly of thought; and thought go for only so much as it can show itself to be worth in language. Let every prompting of the intellect be ignored, every *momentum* of argument be disowned which is unprovided with an equivalent wording, as its ticket for sharing in the common search after truth. Let the authority of actions, common sense, experience, genius, go for nothing. Ratiocination thus restricted and put into grooves, is what I have called *Inference*, and the science which is its regulating principle, is *Logic*."

M. Taine pronounces quite as explicitly in favor of the theory that reasoning, if properly restricted and defined, takes place by means of words only, and cannot take place in any other way. In his work, *De l'Intelligence* (1870), after distinguishing between *proper* and *common* names, he shows that a common name is at the same time *general* and *abstract* (Vol. I, p. 25), and that these general and abstract names are really what we mean by general and abstract ideas. "Partout ce que nous appelons une idée générale née d'ensemble, n'est qu'un nom; non pas le simple son qui vibre dans l'air et ébranle notre oreille, ou l'assemblage de lettres qui noircissent le papier et frappent nos yeux, non pas même ces lettres aperçues mentalement, ou ce son mentalement prononcé, mais ce son ou ces lettres doués, lorsque nous les apercevons ou imaginons, d'une propriété double, la propriété d'éveiller en nous les images des individus qui appartiennent à une certaine classe de ces individus seulement, et la propriété de renaître toutes les fois qu'un individu de cette même classe et seulement quand un individu de cette même classe se présente à notre mémoire ou à notre expérience."

"Ce ne sont pas les objets épais ni les objets idéaux que nous pensons,—mais les caractères abstraits qui sont leurs générateurs; ce ne sont pas les caractères abstraits que nous pensons, mais les noms communs qui leur correspondent!"

I may divide the letters published hitherto in *Nature* into three classes, unanswerable, answered and to be answered.

I class as unanswerable such letters as that of the Duke of Argyll. His Grace simply expresses his opinion, without assigning any reasons. I do not deny that to myself personally, and to many of your readers, it is of great importance to know what position a man of the Duke's wide experience and independence

of thought takes with regard to the fundamental principle of all philosophy, the identity of language and thought, or even on a merely subsidiary question, such as the genealogical descent of man from any known or unknown kind of animal. But I must wait till the Duke controverts either the linguistic facts, or the philosophical lessons which I have read in them, before I can meet fact by fact, and argument by argument. I only note, as a very significant admission, one sentence of his letter, in which the Duke says: "Language seems to me to be necessary to the *progress of thought*, but not at all necessary to the mere act of thinking." This sentence may possibly concede all that I have been contending for, as we shall see by and by.

I class as letters that have been answered the very instructive communications from Mr. F. Galton, to which I replied in *Nature* of June 2 (p. 101), as well as several notes contributed by correspondents who evidently had read my book either very rapidly, or not at all.

Thus, Hyde Clarke tells us that the mutes at Constantinople, and the deaf-mutes in general, communicate by signs, and not by words—the very fact on which I had laid great stress in several parts of my book. In the sign-language of the American Indians, in the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt, and in Chinese and other languages which were originally written ideographically, we have irrefragable evidence that other signs, besides vocal signs or vocables, can be used for embodying thought. This, as I tried to show, confirms, and does not invalidate, my theory that we cannot think without words, if only it is remembered that words are the most usual and the most perfect, but by no means the only possible signs.

Another correspondent, "S. F. M. Q.," asks how I account for the early processes of thought in a deaf-mute. If he had looked at page 63 of my book, he would have found my answer. Following Professor Huxley, I hold that deaf-mutes would be capable of few higher intellectual manifestations than an orang or chimpanzee, if they were confined to the society of dumb associates.

But, though holding this opinion, I do not venture to say that deaf-mutes, if left to themselves, may not act rationally, as little as I should take upon myself to assert that animals may not act rationally. I prefer indeed, as I have often said, to remain a perfect agnostic with regard to the inner life of animals, and, for that, of deaf-mutes also. But I should not contradict anybody who imagines that he has discovered traces of the highest intellectual and moral activity in deaf-mutes or animals. I read with the deepest interest the letter which Mr. Arthur Nicols addressed to you. I accept all he says about the sagacity of animals, and if I differ from him at all, I do so because I have even greater faith in animals than he has. I do not think, for instance, that animals, as he says, are much longer in arriving at a conclusion than we are. Their conclusions, so far as I have been able to watch them, seem to me far more rapid than our own, and almost instantaneous. Nor should I quarrel with Mr. Nicols if he likes to call the vocal expressions of pain, pleasure, anger, or warning, uttered by animals, language. It is a perfectly legitimate metaphor to call every kind of communication language. We may speak of the language of the eyes, and even of the eloquence of silence. But Mr. Nicols would probably be equally ready to admit that there is a difference between shouting "Oh!" and saying "I am surprised." An animal may say "Oh!" but it cannot say "I am surprised;" and it seems to me necessary, for the purpose of accurate reasoning, to be able to distinguish in our terminology between these two kinds of communication. On this point, too, I have so fully dwelt in my book that I ought not to encumber your pages by mere extracts.

I now come to the letters of Mr. Ebbels and Mr. Mellard Reade. They both seem to imagine that, because I deny the possibility of conceptual thought without language, I deny the

possibility of every kind of thought without words. This objection, too, they will find so fully answered in my book, that I need not add anything here. I warned my readers again and again against the promiscuous use of the word "thought." I pointed out (p. 29) how, according to Descartes, any kind of inward activity, whether sensation, pain, pleasure, dreaming, or willing, may be called thought; but I stated on the very first page that, like Hobbes, I use thinking in the restricted sense of adding and subtracting. We do many things, perhaps our best things, without addition or subtraction. We have, as I pointed out on page 20, sensations and percepts, as well as concepts and names. For ordinary purposes we should be perfectly correct in saying that we can "think in pictures." This, however, is more accurately called imagination, because we are then dealing with images, presentations (*Vorstellungen*), or, as I prefer to call them, percepts and not yet with concepts and names. Whether in man and particularly in the present stage of his intellectual life, imagination is possible without a slight admixture of conceptual thought and language, is a moot point; that it is possible in animals, more particularly in Sally, the black chimpanzee at the Zoölogical Gardens, I should be reluctant either to deny or to affirm. All I stand up for is that, if we use such words as thought, we ought to define them. Definition is the only panacea for all our philosophical misery, and I am utterly unable to enter into Mr. Ebbels's state of mind when he says: "This is a mere question of definition, not of actual fact."

When Mr. Ebbels adds that we cannot conceive the sudden appearance of the faculty of abstraction together with its ready-made signs or words, except by a miracle, he betrays at once that he has not read my last book, the very object of which is to show that we require no miracle at all, but that all which seemed miraculous in language is perfectly natural and intelligible. And if he adds that he has not been able to discover in my earlier works any account of the first beginnings of language, he has evidently overlooked the fact that in my lectures on the science of language I distinctly declined to commit myself to any theory on the origin of language, while the whole of my last book is devoted to the solution of that problem. My solution may be right or wrong, but it certainly does not appeal to any miraculous interference for the explanation of language and thought.

There now remain two letters only that have really to be answered, because they touch on some very important points, points which it is manifest I ought to have placed in a clearer light in my book. One is by Mr. Murphy, the other by Mr. Romanes. Both have evidently read my book and read it carefully; and if they have not quite clearly seen the drift of my argument, I am afraid the fault is mine and not theirs. I am quite aware that my *Science of Thought* is not an easy book to read and to understand. I warned my readers in the preface that they must not expect a popular book, nor a work systematically built up and complete in all its parts. My book was written, as I said, for myself and for a few friends who knew beforehand the points which I wished to establish, and who would not expect me, for the mere sake of completeness, to repeat what was familiar to them and could easily be found elsewhere. I felt certain that I should be understood by them, if I only indicated what I meant; nor did it ever enter into my mind to attempt to teach them, or to convince them against their will. I wrote as if in harmony with my readers, and moving on with them on a road which we had long recognized as the only safe one, and which I hoped that others also would follow, if they could once be made to see whence it started and whither it tended.

Mr. Murphy is one of those who agree with me that language is necessary to thought, and that, though it may be possible to think without words when the subjects of thought are visible things and their combinations, as in inventing machinery, the intellectual power that invents machinery has been matured by

the use of language. Here Mr. Murphy comes very near to the remark made by the Duke of Argyll, that language seems necessary to the *progress of thought*, but not at all necessary to the mere act of thinking, whatever that may mean. But Mr. Murphy, while accepting my two positions—that thought is impossible without words, and that all words were in their origin abstract—blames me for not having explained more fully on what the power of abstraction really depends. So much has lately been written on abstraction, that I did not think it necessary to do more than indicate to which side I inclined. I quoted the opinions of Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley and Mill, and as for myself I stated in one short sentence that I should ascribe the power of abstraction, not so much to an effort of our will, or to our intellectual strength, but rather to our intellectual weakness. In forming abstractions our weakness seems to me our strength. Even in our first sensations it is impossible for us to take in the whole of every impression, and in our first perceptions we cannot but drop a great deal of what is contained in our sensations. In this sense we learn to abstract, whether we like it or not; and though afterwards abstraction may proceed from an effort of the will, I still hold, as I said on page 4, that though *attention* can be said to be at the root of all our knowledge, the power of abstraction may in the beginning not be very far removed from the weakness of distraction. If I had wished to write a practical text-book of the science of thought, I ought no doubt to have given more prominence to this view of the origin of abstraction, but as often in my book, so here too, I thought *sapienti sat*.

I now come to Mr. Romanes, to whom I feel truly grateful for the intrepid spirit with which he has waded through my book. One has no right in these days to expect many such readers, but one feels all the more grateful if one does find them. Mr. Romanes was at home in the whole subject, and with him what I endeavored to prove by linguistic evidence—namely, that concepts are altogether impossible without names—formed part of the very A B C of his psychological creed. He is indeed almost too sanguine when he says that concerning this truth no difference of opinion is likely to arise. The columns of *Nature* and the opinions quoted in my book tell a different tale. But for all that I am as strongly convinced as he can be that no one who has once understood the true nature of words and concepts can possibly hold a different opinion from that which he holds as well as I.

It seems, therefore, all the more strange to me that Mr. Romanes should have suspected me of holding the opinion that we cannot think without pronouncing or silently rehearsing our thought-words. It is difficult to guard against misapprehensions which one can hardly realize. Without appealing, as he does, to sudden aphasia, how could I hold pronunciation necessary for thought when I am perfectly silent while I am writing and while I am reading? How could I believe in the necessity of a silent rehearsing of words when one such word as "therefore" may imply hundreds of words or pages, the rehearsing of which would require hours and days? Surely, as our memory enables us to see without eyes and to hear without ears, the same persistence of force allows us to speak without uttering words. Only, as we cannot remember or imagine without having first seen or heard something to remember, neither can we inwardly speak without having first named something that we can remember. There is an algebra of language far more wonderful than the algebra of mathematics. Mr. Romanes calls that algebra "ideation," a dangerous word, unless we first define its meaning and lay bare its substance. I call the same process addition and subtraction of half-vanished words, or, to use Hegel's terminology, *aufgehobene Worte*; and I still hold, as I said in my book, that it would be difficult to invent a better expression for thinking than that of the lowest barbarians, "speaking in the stomach." Thinking is nothing but speaking *minus* words. We do not begin with thinking

or *ideation*, and then proceed to speaking, but we begin with naming, and then by a constant process of addition and subtraction, of widening and abbreviating, we arrive at what I call thought. Everybody admits that we cannot count—that is to say, add and subtract—unless we have first framed our numerals. Why should people hesitate to admit that we cannot possibly think, unless we have first formed our words? Did the Duke of Argyll mean this when he said that language seemed to him necessary for *the progress of thought*, but not at all for the mere act of thinking? How words are framed, the science of language has taught us; how they are reduced to mere shadows, to signs of signs, apparently to mere nothings, the science of thought will have to explain far more fully than I have been able to do. Mr. Romanes remarks that it is a pity that I should attempt to defend such a position as that chess cannot be played unless the player “deals all the time with thought-words and word-thoughts.” I pity myself indeed that my language should be liable to such misapprehension. I thought that to move a “castle” according to the character and the rules originally assigned to it was to deal with a word-thought or thought word. What is “castle” in chess, if not a word-thought or thought-word? I did not use the verb “to deal” in the sense of pronouncing, or rehearsing, or defining, but of handling or moving according to understood rules. That this dealing might become a mere habit I pointed out myself, and tried to illustrate by the even more wonderful playing of music. But however automatic and almost unconscious such habits may become, we have only to make a wrong move with the “castle” and at once our antagonist will appeal to the original meaning of that thought-word and remind us that we can move it in one direction only, but not in another. In the same manner, when Mr. Romanes takes me to task because I said that “no one truly thinks who does not speak, and that no one truly speaks who does not think,” he had only to lay the accent on *truly*, and he would have understood what I meant—namely, that in the true sense of these words, as defined by myself, no one thinks who does not directly or indirectly speak, and that no one can be said to speak who does not at the same time think. We cannot be too charitable in the interpretation of language, and I often feel that I must claim that charity more than most writers in English. Still, I am always glad if such opponents as Mr. Romanes or Mr. F. Galton give me an opportunity of explaining more fully what I mean. We shall thus, I believe, arrive at the conviction that men who honestly care for truth, and for the progress of truth, must in the end arrive at the same conclusions, though they may express them each in his own dialect. That is the true meaning of the old dialectic process, to reason out things by words more and more adequate to their purpose. In that sense it is true also that no truth is entirely new, and that all we can aim at in philosophy is to find new and better expressions for old truths. The poet, as Mrs. A. Grenfell has pointed out in her letter to *Nature* (June 23, p. 173), often perceives and imagines what others have not yet conceived or named. In that sense I gladly call myself the interpreter of Wordsworth’s prophecy, that “the word is not the dress of thought, but its very incarnation.”

F. MAX MÜLLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ARGUMENT FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editors:

The movement is based on the fact that women are not sufficiently represented by men. If they were, there would be no agitation. And men are even less unfit for representing children than for representing women. The child and the man differ much more than the child and the woman, in character, in average

state of opinion (for instance about religion) and in amount of home life. Most children have much more to do with the mother than the father, as well as much more in common. The women who are not mothers usually have something to do with children as aunts, sisters, or teachers. The fact that the female bird and the young are alike in plumage is not without a parallel in our race; and neither is the fact that it is the female who stays by the nest. When we consider how much children gain by a government good enough to make the schools what they should be, and how much they lose by a government bad enough to let civil war, famine, or pestilence break out, we must admit that their interests need as full a representation as possible. And this cannot be given unless women vote.

F. M. HOLLAND.

RELIGION AND ITS CORRELATIONS.

To the Editors:

Religion, wisdom, science and knowledge are things that should harmonize with each other; but to make one a basis for the other as when we speak of a scientific basis for religion, does not appear to be a correct use of terms. Religion as I understand it (after a half century investigation of the constitution of man) is a fundamental element of human nature—a reverent love, which relates to all that is good and great—but not to the great alone, as many misconceive it. The stern spirit of the warrior recognizes and adores power alone, and recognizes in the infinite mystery of the universe only power and arbitrary will. This is the conception embodied in churches which arose in barbaric ages. A more perfect manhood recognizes happiness, benevolence and beauty as well as power. Hence to the normal man and woman there is an ample sphere and gratification for their reverence, love and admiration, in the world of nature and humanity, as they are continually around us, whether we look or not, beyond the appearance to the ultimate occult power.

He who does not so look is commonly called an atheist, yet the fact that he is more interested in the visible realities of which he can have some understanding than in the invisible causes which he thinks no one can understand, does not render him any less a religious man if his emotional faculties are fully and normally developed. Indeed many of them who have been called atheists were more truly religious than their bigoted opponents, who, without true religion (without either reverence or love), tyrannize fiercely over their fellows, and blindly believed in an infinite tyrant whose very existence true religion makes us unwilling to admit. Who can doubt that Voltaire and Hume had a fuller and purer religious nature than the majority of the churchmen of their time?

With this view, to which I think the disciples of Comte should not object, and which would harmonize with the sentiments of Mill, religion is an element of character highly congenial with and promotive of the study of nature and attainment of all truth—but absolutely rebellious against the harsh spirit which has been organized in the so-called Christian church, which has inherited its spirit from Constantine and Athanasius.

Now comes the question upon which modern thinkers divide. Does this loving and reverent study of the universe—of man and all that surrounds him—lead to the recognition of a grand, invisible and almost inconceivable power behind or within its phenomena? Does not the fact that force is invisible and almost inconceivable as to its basis or origin, and that all moving powers of every kind, as well as all intelligence or organizing guidance, is invisible, intangible and inaccessible to all our faculties except reason, lead toward the opinion that the grand aggregate of power and guiding capacity should be recognized as possessing the attributes which appear in universal nature—an incalculable amount of energy, of stability, and of benevolent organizing wisdom? If the quality of producing good is called benevolence or love in

man, why may not the same expression (since we have no other) be applied to the infinite source of happiness, of joy and beauty, though we are unable to *comprehend* it?

However, the reader may decide that question in reference to the Great Unknown, I must claim that in a strictly inductive spirit we are advancing steadily, if not rapidly, as I think, toward a better understanding or conception of the Great Unknown, guided or rather impelled by the religious spirit (which is not the spirit of the church) which leads us to recognize all the rare and marvelous facts of the universe as exponents of its mysteries.

In that reverent and loving spirit we recognize in ourselves and our fellows an intelligence, love and will which though inaccessible to physical science are really powers that act upon and with matter, and being thus, forces in the highest sense of the word force, as well as self-conscious powers, they cannot rationally be supposed to pass into nonentity with the decomposition of the body, any more than caloric can be supposed to pass into annihilation when the steam which it sustained is condensed into water. This argument from analogy and from the persistence of force, may not be imperatively conclusive, but becomes conclusive when the scientist who traces the lost caloric of steam, succeeds as well in tracing the lost intelligence and will which survive the body, which have been recognized by millions and which the most rigidly accurate and careful experiments of scientists in the last thirty years have demonstrated to be as perfect in their disembodied state as they ever were in their embodied form and location.

To the prejudice which resists the acceptance of such testimony I would say it is not compatible with a just respect for our fellow beings. The honorable scientist should ever be encouraged to persist in the fearless pursuit of truth by the candid and courteous reception of his verified statements, and the refusal to receive them and to test them is not the spirit of free inquiry but the spirit of intolerant bigotry which has so long dominated alike in the church, in the learned professions, and in government.

I hold that the absolute demonstration of the continued life of man as a spiritual being carries us very far on the way to recognize spiritual power of a transcendently greater nature and capacity, to the conception of which advancing science will surely lead us.

Returning to the question of religion, which as a sentiment embraces all that is great, wise and good, does it not necessarily embrace the spiritual world of disembodied humanity, and the power which is above all—but can it be confined to the invisible? I trow not. Our love, hope and poetic fervor reach out first to that which is seen, and from the seen advance to the unseen; but the religion that reaches only to the seen is none the less a genuine religion and is far more a true religion, than the vindictive and credulous impulses which recognize in fear the imaginary tyrant of the universe.

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

TOLSTOÏ.

To the Editors:

The article by W. D. Gunning, in the issue of THE OPEN COURT of September 1st, is a valuable contribution to your paper. It will deepen and extend the already lively interest awakened in the religious world by the late publication of *My Religion*, by Count Tolstôï. It will also serve to sharpen the public appetite for the promised two volumes now in preparation by the same author, namely, *A Criticism on Dogmatic Theology and a New Translation of the Four Gospels*. Hosts of those who have read *My Religion* cannot but regret that Tolstôï should be hindered, even for a moment, from accomplishing his work, by dabbling in the unimportant business of cobbling shoes and working in the field. He has more pressing work upon his hand—that of unfolding and making clear to prince and peasant the doctrine of Jesus.

That doctrine will rule the world, when it is seen and felt in its lively simplicity.

Mr. Gunning says, "Resist evil by whatever means will prove effective." But the world's doctrine, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, says Tolstôï, has never proved itself effective. It has only aggravated the evil. Now leave the doctrine of the world and apply earnestly the doctrine of Jesus. This certainly seems to be a reasonable demand. The whip which lacerates the body has thus far had but indifferent success in the expulsion of evil. Satan cannot cast out Satan. Jesus said to the sinning woman—go, and sin no more. This would be a very lax way of dealing with social evil say those who still adhere to the Mosaic code. Nothing short of stoning her to death will prove effectual. Forgiveness, kindness, tender sympathy for the fallen are only a premium on vicious conduct.

Very well, we now have presented face to face Mr. Gunning's remedy for evil and that of Tolstôï's. If we must choose either, I certainly greatly prefer the latter remedy. It seems more rational, more human, more divine, more efficient, more satisfactory every way. For myself I have tried to live out the doctrine of Jesus for more than fourscore years, and do not feel that I have suffered for it in body, or mind or estate. I do not think the world at large would suffer by carrying out the precepts of Jesus in their full scope and spirit. That the Church has not carried them out proves only its weakness and its conformity to the doctrine of the world. I rejoice that there are even a few in the world who have not bowed down to Baal, but have stood bravely for the truth as exemplified in the life and teachings of the wise man of Nazareth. J. S. B.

BOOK REVIEWS.

UEBER RELIGIÖSE UND WISSENSCHAFTLICHE WELTANSCHAUUNG. Ein historisch-kritischer Versuch von Prof. Dr. L. Büchner. Verfasser von "Kraft und Stoff," u. s. w. Leipzig: Verlag von Theodor Thomas, 1887.

This handsomely printed pamphlet of 75 pages is a greatly enlarged edition of the address given by the famous author of *Force and Matter*, before the Freidenker-Bund, or association of German freethinkers, at Apolda, Saxony, May 31, 1885, on the conflict between religious and scientific views. As now published, the essay begins by defining religion as faith in spiritual beings, and in supernatural powers which rule as they please over nature and men. With a religion which seeks to realize all its ideals in this earthly life, and in the relations of man to man, Prof. Büchner has no controversy. Starting thus with the common and time-honored definition of religion, he goes on to tell how it originated in ignorance of the causes of natural phenomena, dreams for instance. The earliest scientific discoveries were favorably received; and there was but little persecution of new views before the appearance of Christianity, with such excessively spiritual and unworldly aims, as well as with such blind reliance on revelation, as made the conflict between religion and science inevitable. The various phases of this struggle are related with great descriptive power down to the close of the thirteenth century. Nothing is said, however, of the next hundred and fifty years, during which the papacy was attacked successively by Philip of France, Dante, Louis of Bavaria, Ockham, Rienzi, Tauler, Wycliffe and Huss. The omission is especially to be regretted, because this is also the period of the revival of learning, as well as of the new birth of literature, art and commerce. These secularizing influences are too important to be disregarded; and the latter part of the historical survey is not only much less minute than the earlier portion but less accurate, for instance in putting Tindal, Shaftesbury and Mirabaud in the seventeenth century instead of the eighteenth. These defects are pointed out in hope that they will be corrected in

later editions, as well as in the English translation, which will be eagerly expected.

Dr. Büchner's real ability as an historian is manifest, as he shows how the excesses of the French Revolution have tempted wealthy, powerful and cultivated people to abandon the cause of free thought, which is now in consequence obliged to look for its most zealous champions to the working classes. What has been lost through the failure of the thinkers and scholars of the nineteenth century to take up religion as boldly as those of the eighteenth, has been more than made good, he says, by the mighty activity and brilliant discoveries of science. She has brought to light a number of facts which are utterly irreconcilable with the vital and fundamental principles of theology. No concession or compromise can do away with this irrepressible conflict between religion and science, nature and revelation, church and progress, faith and knowledge. The gap between these two views is rapidly becoming too wide for people long to continue to hold with both sides at once. Those who do this are already beginning to find it unprofitable; and it will soon be impossible.

And philosophy is as badly off as religion. No one with a sound mind believes in the Abracadabra and proposition-jingle of the metaphysical wizards and conjurers. Since it has been proved scientifically, that man is a product of nature, closely connected with all other organisms and governed in every respect by universal physical laws, so that whatever he knows is a result of natural processes, all attempts to go back to Kant have become useless; and the mysterious "Thing-in-itself" under whose protecting wings refuge has been sought for all the metaphysico-theological paraphernalia has been found out to be only a cloak for ignorance or indecision in philosophy. If there were a "Thing-in-itself" it could never become a subject for thought; as men have no relations with it, and only visionaries and ghost-seers profess to have seen any indications of its influence.

People ask us what we can give to atone for taking away all that has made life supportable. Let us answer with an ancient Roman, saying: "*Diis extinctis, deoque successit humanitas!*" "As belief in God departs, faith in man arrives!" Man has been lost in a wilderness of religious illusions and theological controversies; but he will be restored to himself by scientific and liberal views. Into the place of the wretched slave of supramundane powers steps the self-reliant man who knows that he owes all his material and mental riches to nature and to himself, and that he is able to raise himself far higher than he has yet attained. Paradise is not behind but before us, and is not to be reached by divine grace and help but by human struggles to escape from all the countless relics of barbarism, and especially from what have been and always will be the worst enemies of man—superstition, ignorance and dread of the supernatural. This effort after happiness and truth for ourselves and others is the foundation of the Freethinkers' religion. For we, too, have a religion, an ideal conception to which we can devote our powers; a faith not in the supernatural but in what is higher and better, in something above the present state of man and nature—not an aim forever unattainable, but one within our ultimate reach. Here again we come into full opposition to the religious view that God orders all things as they ought to be, so that every independent effort of ours to make any improvement can be only a sinful violation of the rights of the Omnipotent. F. M. H.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE PEOPLE. Quarterly. New York: The Cherouny Printing and Publishing Co., 1887.

Mr. Henry Cherouny, the editor and, at least in the first number, sole contributor of this quarterly, undertakes to contend "against popular prejudices as well as against those speculists who never touch truth but to distort it, nor any sound principle but to drive it to extremes."

The prevailing philosophy among Americans is an extreme optimism, "in consequence whereof pain and misery must be considered as the result of error and ill-will, both due, as at present the phrase goes, 'to the degradation and shackling of the science of political economy.' [*Progress and Poverty.*]" The philosophy for the people which Mr. Cherouny proposes is "pure and undefiled pessimism." Pessimism teaches "that there are limits to the human will and its light, the intellect," and "the application of the doctrines of pessimism to matters of government * * * were the foundation of the policy of those fathers of the Revolution who are known in history by the name of the Federalists."

Thus Mr. Cherouny attempts a combination of Schopenhauer's philosophy with Hamilton's statesmanship. He trusts to find in the restriction of the individual will, the ethical basis for a strong government.

In political economy the editor of the *Philosophy for the People* compares the Unions of to-day with the mediæval guilds. Both are very much alike in origin and development—even the boycott existed, under another name. "Socialism," Mr. Cherouny says, "with its destructive optimism and exaggerated pessimism, cannot enlighten the future. Its well-meaning propagators—the Powderlys, McGlynn's, Georges—are conjuring up spirits they cannot control." As a remedy is proposed: "The United States must change their policy, not their form of government." Instead of viewing national economy from the standpoint of a business man and applying to the whole the measure of an individual, the science must in the future look upon industrial life from the national point of view; whence all appear as one body with interests entirely different from and often adverse to those of individual business men."

Two sketches are attached to the first number, "Unhappiness" and "Happiness;" the former to a great extent is a free translation of a famous passage from Schopenhauer, the latter is imbued with the spirit of Schopenhauer's philosophy.

Far from agreeing in every respect with Mr. Cherouny's theories, we nevertheless expect that his publication will do much good. The unbounded optimism and individualism of Americans needs a corrective, and although I should not like to see our youthful nation drift into pessimism, the study of and acquaintance with pessimistic thinkers would prove of great advantage.

P. C.

THE ART AMATEUR for October is especially rich in its pictorial illustrations. A print in oils of an old wind-mill is very strong and effective. The wood-cut of a group of armed horsemen, from Edouard Detaille, is vigorous and spirited, and several cattle pieces, by Emile Van Mauke, are very well rendered. An interesting criticism on this painter leads us to examine these prints more carefully. Victor Dargon Gladiolis strike us as too crowded, and Edith Scannell's neatly drawn figures are just what they have always been. The designs are good, especially the "pomegranates," by Sarah Wynfield Higgin, and the design for a wood panel, by C. M. Jenkes. There is much information in regard to "tricks of the trade." A curious case has occurred in New York of the arrest of a fellow selling trashy pictures by gas-light. The prosecuting attorney justified the policeman on the ground of an old State law forbidding picture auctions after dark. The Mayor declares that the law, since it is a law, must be enforced, as it is the fashion in that city to hold picture sales by night. This decision has caused some excitement among picture dealers. Some interesting extracts are given from *Madame Cave's Drawing from Memory*. This book attracted some attention thirty or more years ago. The main point of it is that a pupil should make a tracing of a picture, and then from memory draw the important points so accurately that they will stand the test of being matched with the tracing. So great an authority as Delacroix gave it his commendation, thinking it a good method to secure accuracy in lengths and for shortenings. As the popular direction in drawing has of late turned so far from thoroughness and correctness, it is well to call attention to this book, although its methods may seem too mechanical. "Montezuma" cannot be happy without another ill-natured fling at Miss Gardner, which we presume will not hurt her, and Greta writes her gossiping letter from Boston. The technical instructions in painting and photography are valuable, and must help the solitary amateur very much.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

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PERSONA.

BY PROF. F. MAX MULLER.

Part I.

If all our thoughts are embodied in our words, it follows that the best way to study the growth of our thoughts is to study the growth of our words. We know that almost every word has a number of meanings even now, and if we trace words back from century to century, we are often astonished at the variety of purposes which they have been made to serve. The philosopher by profession may, if he likes, ignore all this. He has a perfect right to say, this word shall in future mean this and nothing else. It would be a blessing if every philosopher would do this, and though it does not follow that language would always obey his *sic volo, sic jubeo*, yet we should at all events be far better able to follow his own flights of fancy. But apart from what, according to our opinion, certain words ought to mean, there is a far more important question, namely, what certain words have meant, and how they came to mean what they meant. In this lies the whole problem of the origin and growth of our thought. And if the Science of Thought is ever to assume a positive character, if historical facts are ever to take the place of mere speculation in the analysis of our mind, it can be done in one way only, namely, by studying in a truly historical spirit the continuous growth of our words. One instance will show better what I mean than lengthy arguments. Let us take such words as *person*, *personal*, *personality*. They are now very abstract terms. In fact, nothing can be more abstract than *person*. It is neither male nor female, neither young nor old. As a noun it is hardly more than what *to be* is as a verb. In French it may even come to mean nobody. For if we ask our *Conciérge* at Paris whether anybody has called on us during our absence, he will reply, "*Personne, monsieur,*" which means, "*Not a soul, sir.*"

Of course *person* is the Latin *persona*. It came to us from Rome, but the journey was long and its adventures many.

In Latin *persona* meant a mask, made of thin wood or clay, such as was worn by the actors at Rome. It is curious that while the Greek actors always wore these masks, the Roman actors did not adopt them at first. Thus while nearly all technical Latin terms connected

with the theatre were borrowed from Greek, the name for mask, *πρόσωπον*, was never naturalized in Italy. The story goes that a famous actor, Roscius Gallus (about 100 B.C.), introduced masks, which had been unknown before on the Roman stage, because he had the misfortune to squint. This may or may not be true, but I confess it sounds to me a little like a story invented by malicious friends. Anyhow it is strange that, if Roscius had introduced masks simply in order to hide certain blemishes of his face, the name given to them in Latin, possibly by Roscius Gallus himself, should have been *persona*, i.e. that which causes the voice to sound. We can understand why the Greeks called their masks *πρόσωπον*, which means simply what is before the face, the mask thus worn being meant to indicate the character represented by each actor on the stage. To us it seems almost incredible that the great Greek actors should have submitted to such mummeries, and should have deprived themselves of the most powerful help in acting, the expression of the face. But so it was, and we are told that it was necessary, because without these *prosôpa*, which contained some acoustic apparatus to strengthen the voice of the actor, they could not have made themselves heard in the wide and open-air theatres of Greece.

Why these masks should have been called *persona* in Latin, i.e. through-sounder, requires no further explanation; but the story of Roscius Gallus, the squinting actor, becomes thereby all the more doubtful, particularly if we remember that Plautus already was able to use the diminutive *persolla* in the sense of "You little fright!" (Plaut. *Curc.* i. 3. 36.)

I see no reason to doubt that *persona*, as a feminine, was a genuine Latin word, the name of an instrument through which the voice could be made to sound, and more particularly of the mask used by Greek actors.

Gellius (v. 7) informs us that a Latin grammarian who had written a learned work on the origin of words, Gavius Bassus by name, derived *persona* from *per-sonare*, to sound through, because "the head and mouth being hidden everywhere by the cover of the mask and open only through one passage for the emission of the voice, drives the voice, being no longer unsettled and diffused, into one exit only, well gathered together, and thus makes it sound more clear and melodious. And because that mask makes the voice of the mouth clear

and resonant, therefore it has been called *persona*, the o being lengthened on account of the form of the word.”

I should have thought that with regard to the origin and the formation of a word which had become current at Rome not so very long before his time, the testimony of a scholar such as Gavius Bassus was, would have carried considerable weight. But no; there is nothing that scholars, who can discover nothing else, like so much as to discover a false quantity. The o in the Latin adjective *personus*, they say, is short, that in *persóna* is long. No doubt it is, and Gavius Bassus was well aware of it, but he says the o was lengthened on account of the form of the word. Is not that clear enough for a grammarian? Are there not many words in which the vowel is lengthened or strengthened on account of the form of the word? Have we not in Sanskrit the same root, *SVAN*, which forms *svána*, sound, but *svána*, sounding?

However, before we enter on the defence of our own derivation, let us see whether our opponents can produce a more plausible one. Scaliger, the great Scaliger, in order to avoid a false quantity, went so far as to derive *persona* from *περὶ σμαῶν*, what is round the body, or even from *περιζῶσθαι*, to gird round. Is not this straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel? We have only to consider that such an etymology was possible, and possible with a Scaliger who, taking all in all, was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that the world has ever known, in order to see how completely classical scholarship has been purified and reinvigorated by comparative philology. Would even the most insignificant of Greek professors now venture on such an etymology which, not much more than three hundred years ago, was uttered without any misgivings by the prince of classical scholars?

About a hundred years later, another great authority, Vossius, the author of an *Etymologicum Magnum*, represented *persóna* as a corruption of the Greek *prosôpon*. Now it is quite true that the Romans made sad havoc with some of the words which they adopted from Greek, but we may go through the whole *Tensaurus Italo-græcus*, lately published by Saalfeld (1884), without finding anything approaching to such violence.

However, I must confess classical scholars are not the only offenders. Professor Pott, the Nestor of comparative philologists, rather than incur the suspicion of committing a false quantity, suggests that *persóna* may be a corruption, if not of *prosôpon*, at least of a possible adjective *prosôpina*, while the change of *prosôpina* into *persóna* might be justified by the analogous change of *Persephone* into *Proserpina*. I do not think that the equation *Persephone: Proserpina = prosopina: persóna* would be approved of by many mathematicians, and there remains besides the other objection that *Persephone* was a real Greek word, but *prosopina* was not.

We must try to find out, therefore, whether Latin could not have formed two words, one *personus*, meaning resounding, and another *persóna*, meaning a resounding instrument. It is well known that the radical vowels i and u are constantly strengthened in certain derivatives. I still think that the best name for that change is *Guna*, but if it is thought better to begin with the strong vowels or rather diphthongs ai and au, and call i and u their weakened forms, I do not think that we either lose or gain much by this change of fashion. I hold that what Hindu grammarians have explained as *Guna*, or strengthening, accounts best for such words as *dux*, *ducis* and *dūco*, *fides* and *fidus*, *dicax* and *dīco*, etc.

Exactly the same process would account for *sono* and *personus* by the side of *persóna*. We are not surprised at *sopor* and *sôpio*, *toga* and *contágium*, *sagax* and *ságus*, *placidus* and *plácare*, even *sedere* and *sédare*. We have in Sanskrit *ásu*, quick, in Greek, *ἄκτις*, in Latin *óc-ius*, all derived from a root, *As*, which preserves its short vowel in *acus* and *acutus*. We know that causative verbs in particular lengthen, if possible, their short vowel, as we see in *sôpire*, *plácare*, *sédare*.* If therefore our phonetic conscience pricks us, all we have to do is to admit a causative formation of *sonare*, and *persóna* would then mean exactly what it does mean, namely something which causes the voice to sound through. In fact *persóna* by the side of *sonare* is no more irregular than *perjúgus*, continual, by the side of *jug*, in *conjux*, *conjugis*.

Whoever invented or started this word, whether a squinting actor or some maker of musical instruments at Rome, had certainly no idea of what would be the fate of it. It is a very fascinating, though, no doubt, a very mischievous amusement, to roll down stones from the crest of a hill. Some start away briskly, but come to a sudden stop. Others roll down slowly, and after a time vanish from our sight. But now and then a quite insignificant pebble will strike against other stones, and they will roll down together, and loosen a large stone that was only waiting for a slight push. And down they go, like an avalanche of earth and dust, tearing up the turf, uprooting trees, jumping high into the air, and making havoc all along their course, till they settle down at last in the valley, and no one can say how these strange boulders came to be there. So it is with words. Many are started, but they will not roll. Others roll away and nothing seems to come of them. But this word *persona* has rolled along with wonderful bounds, striking right and left, suggesting new thoughts, stirring up clouds of controversy, and occupying to the present day a prominent place in all discussions on theology and philosophy, though few only of those who use it know how it came to be there.

*Corssen, *Über Aussprache des Lateinischen*, Vol. I. p. 391 seq.; Hübschmann, *Indogermanischer Vocalismus*, p. 57.

Persona proved to be a very handy and useful word, and I hardly know what we should have done without it. In languages which do not possess such a word whole trains of thought are missing which we express by distinguishing between the mask and its wearer. Both came to be called *persona*, and hence a double development in the meanings of the word.

When *persona* was taken in its first meaning of mask, representing not the real, but the assumed character of an actor, nothing was more natural than to say, for instance, of a dishonest man that he was wearing a *persona*. Thus *persona* took the sense of false appearance, and Seneca (Ep. 24. 13) was able to say that we ought to remove the mere appearance or *persona*, not only from men, but also from things: *Non hominibus tantum, sed et rebus persona demenda est et reddenda facies sua. Personatus* was used of a man who had to appear different from what he really was, and Cicero, writing to Atticus (15. 1. 4), exclaimed, *Quid est cur ego personatus ambulem?* "Why should I walk about in an assumed character?" We speak of *personating* in a slightly different sense, namely, when some one, for fraudulent purposes, tries to pass for some one else. In Latin, however, *persona* was not always used in the sense of a deceptive appearance, for we see Cicero remarking that "He who teaches philosophy takes upon himself a very serious part:" *Qui philosophiam proficitur, gravissimam mihi sustinere videtur personam* (Cic. in Pis. cap. 29).

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

BY PROF. W. D. GUNNING.

In boyhood I was entertained by the story of the *Arabian Nights*. My sympathies were roused by the plight of Sindbad, the sailor, going about with the Old Man of the Sea on his shoulders. I did not allegorize, I did not spiritualize. I had no new wine for old bottles. I knew Sindbad only as a sailor and the wrinkled old man only as one who had been a stroller on his own limbs till he found portage on Sindbad. I wondered why Sindbad took him. I thought the old man must have said: "You see I am in a helpless plight. You see how old, withered and weazen I am. I am very light. I have wandered along this shore so long there is nothing left of me but a shriveled skin over rickety bones. Let me sit on your shoulder just a little while. I am so light you will hardly feel me and you have only to tell me when you are tired and I will dismount." The silly sailor heard and yielded. The wily old man climbed up, locked his legs firmly around Sindbad's breast and stuck there to the end of life.

All "which thing," as Paul would say, is an allegory. Sindbad is not a man, but Man. The Old Man of the Sea is not time-wrinkled, but Time. He is past time. He is the Past. He comes to man and says: "I am

very old. I have marked the tides on the shore of this island in the sea of worlds till other worlds have grown dim with age. This scythe wherewith I clip the generations has mown down such myriad lives as to make the crust of the globe impact of their skeletons. The world was growing old when I passed before the cradle of humanity. I made record of the faltering steps of infant man. I knew him when he knew not me. I knew him when he conceived of me as a something 'cut-off' and called me 'time,' that is, a thing cut. In the very life-stuff of the race I recorded the tattooing of the mind with superstition. Take me on your shoulder. I will guide your feet. I will sit lightly."

Man heard and yielded, and the Old Man mounted and locked his limbs around our breast and laid his hand on our brain. And there he sits, bestriding us as the Old Man of the Sea bestrode Sindbad. In his left hand he carries the ripe sheaves of error; in his right the seeds of truth. Shake him off we cannot. How he clings to us in the very names we give him! Why do we divide a day into twenty-four hours and an hour into sixty minutes? It is because, long ago, shepherds on the plains of Babylonia *happened* to divide the day into twenty-four parts and one of these into sixty. It is because Nebuchadnezzar happened to adopt the time-scale of the shepherds. It is because Hipparchus journeying to Babylon, found and took to Athens the time-division of the Chaldeans. From Babylon it journeyed to Athens, from Athens to Rome, from Rome to the world, from the world of Rome down the ages till its foot-prints are on the face of your watch. The Old Man guides your hand when you paint the numbers on the dial of a clock.

Why is our notation decimal? It is because nature, having wrought indefinitely as to arithmetic, came to the number five for the digits on a mammal's foot, a number which she held and passed up into the fingers of a man. The first men counted on their fingers, and because the bathmodon which preceded man on his line had five toes our notation is decimal. The Old Man lays his hand on your brain when you stamp your coin or your paper in denominations of ten. How he presses on the brain of the pugilist, who calls his fist "a bunch of fives," the very name used by Hesiod in the dawn of the mind life of Greece!

Why do we wear the marriage ring? It is because the shaggy man of the prime wooed his wife with a club and led her to his cave with a rope on her wrist. When the age of iron came the thing was passing into a symbol. The tie of the rope gave place to a ring of iron. The symbolism passed from the wrist to the finger, from iron to gold, but still, in parts of Germany, the bride, for a time, must wear iron. How lightly the Old Man sits on a lady's finger whispering servitude where a man had whispered love!

Why do less developed men in parts of Ireland, at a wedding, make pretence of capturing a bride and taking her away by force? It is a shadow cast down the slope of centuries from a cruel reality.

Why do we perpetrate the folly of robing ourselves in black after the death of a friend? It is because our unloving ancestors disguised themselves so that the dreaded ghost whose body they were burying would not know them and therefore could not haunt them. The Old Man sits heaviest on our shoulder at the tomb, in the church, and by the throne. There is hardly a funeral custom to-day whose root is not in a ceremony of the ancient man to bar out an ancient ghost.

An Anglican bishop once said to me that in matters of the church, when they would mend the creed or the ritual they did as those who mend an old fiddle. They mend an old fiddle with a piece of another old fiddle. And so with the harp of Zion, every new-born church which would mend it still uses a piece of the harp of David or timbrel of Deborah.

The costume which we cast off centuries ago is still the costume of royalty. Royalty, like religion, delights to robe itself in cast-off customs and costumes. Incest continued to be royal after it had ceased to be common. The Incas married Coyas, their sisters. Herod married his sister, Cleopatra her brother.

Let the Old Man speak from a remoter past. Abraham married his half sister. In explaining to Abimelek a falsehood which he had taught her to speak, he said, "True, she is my sister, the daughter of my father, not the daughter of my mother, and therefore she became my wife." It is as if he had said, "If we had been of the same mother custom would not have tolerated our marriage. Kinship goes through the mother." The act of Abraham was the outcrop of an old stratum. His words to Abimelek are as the label of a geologist on a stratum of the globe. I read it thus: In this stratum, as old in the history of man as the Potsdam sandstone in the history of the earth, a number of men held a wife in common. Polyandry is older than polygamy. Abrasions from this stratum will pass far down in the history of man and Rome will write in her law "*partus sequitur ventrum*," and America will translate it into her slave code "The chain follows the mother." The Old Man on our shoulder was holding the pen for every president who sat in that White House in Washington, till Lincoln.

He had taken us to Palestine and was telling us something of deep significance. Abraham stands out from the door of his tent in Mamre a dim form on the horizon line between history and fable. The language of his race will tell us in another way what he told without knowing it, to Abimelek. The Hebrew language had no word for uncle and consequently no word for its co-relative, nephew. The language did not discriminate between a father and a father's brother. It implied

a state of society in which a number of brothers held a wife in common. From this state of polyandry Abraham had passed, but the Old Man who bestrides us, already old, was bestriding him and saying, "You must not marry your mother's daughter, although you can wed without blame the daughter of your father." Now the Semitic is a very old race. We can trace all the races of Europe and the Hindu and Persian of Asia back about five thousand years, when we find them potential in the loins of a shepherd race at the foot of the Himalayas. But the Semitic did not blend even with the Aryan. Five thousand years ago there were the Negroes, the Negritoes, the Mongols, the Turks, the Semites and the Aryans. If they diverged from a common ancestral race, not a word from the tongue of that race is known to survive in any language spoken to-day. The Old Man who remembers the habits of primeval man has forgotten his words.

In the Nilgherry Hills of India we find tribes arrested in development at the stage of polyandry. It is only those especially devoted to religion who keep up the custom of many husbands to one wife. It is said that wherever we find a tribe addicted to eating dog we may infer that the tribe has lately been addicted to eating man. When cannibals reform they tone off on dog. So, it would seem, when the race was reforming from a vice it toned off on religion. The men of the Nilgherry Hills blend with the pre-Semites in the practice of polyandry. Now, the languages of the American Indian, the non-Hindus of India, and the Mongols are, like the Hebrew, barren of names for uncle and nephew. These old races, like the pre-Semite, lived in polyandry.

How heavily the Old Man sits on Australia! How heavily his hand presses on the Australian brain! His pendulum which, over all the universe, was beating out his steps stopped on its upward beat in Australia. Creation reached the kangaroo and stopped. Man reached Australia while yet a child-man and his growth stopped. On the south coast he has hardly attained to the tribal state. He lives in sexual promiseuity under a single restriction. As we push our way backward we find the lines of custom converging toward the Australian.

So much has the Old Man on our shoulder been telling us. What a welcome the world gave to man! Fangs, claws, thorns, thistles, the buzzing lance of the insect, the invisible bivouac in earth and air of the microbe, simoons, typhoons, war of wind with wave and tooth with claw—that was the world which cradled the new-born man. And how roughly the new-born man fitted his cradle! Painful to the child-man was the leopard's claw and pelting storm, more painful his own dawning thoughts. Turn a horse into a world it does not know and every object within range of its senses will seem a thing of life—so low on the scale begins animism. So was the world to infant man.

Our own ancestors who looked from hurdles of the sheep-fold on the Himalayas saw the mighty domes robed in snow, enduring but never going, as if they were colossal behemoths at rest, and called them *breathers*. They saw the river rushing on at the mountain's foot, never at rest, and called it the *runner*. They saw the lightning's forked flash, and called it the *smiter*. They felt the pelting storms, and called them "maruts," the *pounders*.

"Far along from peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaped the live thunder—"

to them *real* live thunder, and they called it the *roarer*. They saw the azure dome over-spanning the domes of granite, and called it the *enfolder*, and, at last, the all-enfolding Heaven-Father. All things lived. There were no abstractions. Even an oath was a concrete thing. When Zeus was going to swear he sent Iris to the earth to bring up the oath in a golden ewer.

To the ancient man all things lived and most things fought. Nature was a plenum of fight. In the ocean the war of each against all is so fierce that now and then the finny fighter leaps up to fight the feathered fighter in the world of air above. So to the ancient man earth seemed too small for the fierceness of its battle and it regurgitated into heaven. The synod of gods on Olympus supplemented a conclave of fighters below. One god was armed with thunder-bolts, another with bow and arrows, another with a kind of a pitchfork, another with a club. Some were armed with pestilence. Apollo twanged from his silvery bow the unseen shafts of disease that pierced the dogs and Greeks before the walls of Troy. Sophocles sings of the great plague at Athens as caused by the shafts of unarmed Mars. Jahweh was more fiercely armed than any god on Olympus. He was Jahweh of war hosts. He was armed with a glittering sword which he bathed in blood, with arrows which drank blood, with fire which he rained down on rebellious men, with lightning which he shot forth like arrows, with snow and hail which Job tells us he reserved against the day of battles, and with pestilence which he reserved against the day of peace.

These doleful voices we are hearing from the cradle of our race may seem an empty waste of words. Our manly voice is in no danger of going back to childish treble. No, but the treble and piping of the child-man are teaching us a lesson we dearly need. The religion of Christendom is based on the assumption that man is a fallen race. His fall was so tragic it dragged down all life and even inanimate nature. While the protoplasts of the race, Adam and Eve, were embowered in Eden the lion and the fawn, the shrike and the dove, the spider and the fly were living in peaceful fellowship in a world which was all paradise, and even the fish, as sung in *Paradise Lost*, at the hour for dining, left their watery

world to browse the tender grass on its shore! No thorn was on the rose, no claw was on the tiger, no fang was in the asp, no grave had opened under the foot of man, no storm raged over his head, no storm of passion raged in his heart, the "maruts," those pounders of the sky, were lulled to zephyrs and the great globe itself lay peaceful on its lap of fire. He fell; he tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge and Milton, who sings the faith of Christendom, says that

"Earth trembled from her entrails as again
In pangs, and nature gave a second groan."

The thorn came on the rose, the claw came on the tiger, the fang came on the asp, graves began to open under the feet of men, "hiss to hiss returned" through all the world "from forked tongue to forked tongue;" strong angels bore commission from the throne of light to tip the earth's pole and at once the zephyr rose to a blast,

"Then from the north

Of Norembega and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice
And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,"

the winds came roaring and bellowing over sea and land; another angel ministrant from the throne

"Told the thunder when to roll with terror,
Through the dark aerial hall,"

and told the lightning when to stab, while Satan, as if in despair of competing with God in dark deeds toward earth and man, was content to build a bridge, cemented with asphaltic slime and pinned with adamant, from earth to hell.

The Old Man of the Sea who bestrode Sindbad drank wine and broke into speech. Under the enchantment of science the Old Man who bestrides us speaks. Hear him. All that you are and all that you have are an outgrowth. In me was the root. In the future shall bend the golden fruit. Be charitable toward the tramp. He is your heritage from me. The first men were tramps. The tramp who roams the highway to-day with no floor under his feet but the turf, no roof over his head but the sky, equals the first tramp plus shoes on his feet, plus a coat on his back, plus a hat on his head. Be charitable toward the dark of mind and perverse of will. They are anachronisms, the gray of morning mist flecking the skies of noon. Be compassionate toward those whose nudity is girt only with feathered cincture, and whose nudity of mind is veiled only by platted shreds from that weed of superstition, the night-shade. They are my gift to you. They are children of the dawn who have lingered far on in the day, children still, old and stiff. To them you owe your gods, your demons and your ghosts. Be charitable even toward me, the Past. Bear me lightly and do not drop me abruptly. Whatever triumph you have made over me, the sanctity of marriage for my laxity, guard it—as the apple of the eye guard it. With these triumphs under your feet, with the light of science

in your eyes, behind you unnumbered ages of preparation, within you unspeakable potencies, before you the hills of light, move on and while

“The great globe shall spin forever
Down the ringing grooves of change”

yourself change with the changing time, work out the past with his claws and fangs and pestilential gods, work in the crowning race of man that “eye to eye shall look on knowledge” and feel no burning on the brow and no ache on the heart.

SEPARATENESS IN RELIGION.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

The last place in which the separateness of things distinct comes to be perceived is in theology. Lord Dalling—who as Sir Henry Bulwer was a diplomatist of repute, and therefore by profession a master of distinction in terms, yet described as an atheist Paine who never went further than disbelief of the Bible, was as passionate a theist as Theodore Parker, and hated atheism as much as Robespierre. George Henry Lewes on one occasion depicted as an atheist that “Sea-green” Republican. Two things so distinct as the secular from the atheistic is not yet clear to the English mind. The Bishop of Peterborough maintains that they are the same thing. This error was the great obstacle which prevented us obtaining in England national secular education. The dreamy prosaic, much smoking, much pondering Dutch are the only nation in Europe which keeps secular separate from religious instruction, and thereby rears the best citizens and the best Christians in the world—and is the only country which sends to Heaven clear-headed saints. Prof. Francis William Newman, the one distinguished scholar whose style is as clear as Huxley’s, is never confused. He discerns separateness through all the wide region of religion. “By the Church,” he says, “are meant those who are actual fellow-workers, whether with conscious or unconscious religion. There are a large margin of estimable persons in whom kindness, generosity and purity predominate in their characters who profess no religion at all.”* As a comprehensionist Richard Baxter was far inferior to Professor Newman. Mr. Spurgeon, who, at the annual supper of his college said he had “an absolute hatred of advanced thought,”† of course sees no sacredness in secular things; but leaders of “advanced thought”—as the late Thomas Scott, of Norwood, who published a hundred essays in furtherance of it, issued one on “Secularism,” which set forth that the secular was essentially and of its nature atheistic. Mazzini with all his fine Italian penetration, never saw any separateness in the two things.

The faculty of discerning separateness was a characteristic of ancient thought though seemingly lost to the

modern thinker. Mrs. L. Maria Child, in her most famous work, tells us that Krishna taught that “whoever constantly and sincerely—whether in love or enmity—bent his heart toward the Deity—was sure to obtain liberation (salvation) incarnated in human form.” Thus, if Krishna was our spiritual lawgiver, the secular thinker would not be excluded from the rewards of the religious.

There was a strong element of the perspicacity which discerns separateness in theology in Chalmers, who astonished his generation by the saying that “Hell was not a place but a state.” Yet, three centuries ago Marlowe said the same thing with a splendor of perspicuity which no modern preacher has attained. In reply to the question of Faustus to the nimble Fiend, “How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?” Mephistopheles replies:

“Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it:
Think’st thou that I who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?”

But my concrete purpose here is to point out the separateness of the secular from the atheistic.

There is hardly any remark among the common-places of discussion which denotes more looseness of thought than the saying that “it is not worth while to dispute about names.” Names are the signs of ideas in the minds of those who intelligently use them. If I announce that I shall write on Bells some might suppose I had in view the “Bells” of Erckmann-Chatrian’s Polish Jew, or church bells, or vesper bells—but no one would expect from me a paper on bottle-nosed whales. The selection of right names is the object and the necessity of discussion; and debate is foolishness to any who think names indifferent.

A man comes into this world without being consulted as to time, or place, or part he has to play. He soon hears that there is another world also. People who have found the world ready-made and not badly furnished have concluded that some Being whom they called Deity had provided it and “personally conducts” it, or as Carlyle says “sits outside and sees it go.” As however, this Being is never seen about, nor has any address in this world, it has been concluded that His abode is in another world, and that there are two worlds, one known and one unknown. The interpreter of the real world is Experience; the interpreter of the supposed world is Theology. One thing appears quite clear, that these two worlds are distinct. As in the case of the carol which sings of “three ships which came sailing by containing Joseph and his fair lady”—everybody can see that the ships were distinct from the passengers, though how Joseph and Mary, two persons only, were distributed in three ships has never been explained.

In course of time it comes to be perceived by those

* F. W. Newman. *The New Crusade*.

† Rev. T. R. Stevenson’s Report cited in *Inquirer*, May 7, 1887.

who think that this world is but part of an infinite system called Nature, and the other world is described as an illimitable dominion to which is given the name of Spirit-world. Then two persons arise, the first who is called Theist, declares his belief that nature is incapable of self-existence and self-sustainment and that it was originated by the Lord of the spirit dominions. The second person who bears the name of Atheist, avows his belief that nature is self-sufficient, self-acting, without beginning or end, and that it is self-contained bearing within its eternal womb all secrets, all mysteries, all miracles, all time, all destiny. The theist may be right or the atheist may be right, but neither *know* absolutely whether he is or not.

At the same time there are other persons not less reflective but more diffident and unpretending, described by the name of Neutralists or Secularists, who say that upon questions so vast they give no opinion—not having sufficient knowledge. Belief implies evidence. To arrive at a conclusion upon infinite things the premises must be infinite, and to marshal infinite premises and judge them, are beyond finite capacity and not necessary for the practical purposes of life and duty.

The origin of this world not being obvious or determinable, all men would perish were they called upon to make the discovery as a condition of the enjoyment of this world. The question of the authorship of this world is as distinct from its uses as is the architect from a house or the owner from an estate. An occupier can tell whether his habitation is well built, well drained, well ventilated, well situated, although he may never know who was the architect. Any competent person can tell whether an estate is well wooded, well watered, well cultivated, although the landlord may be unknown. In the same way the fitness of this world as a pleasant and profitable dwelling place is quite distinct from our knowledge of who designed it, or who owns it. From all appearances the contriver and proprietor of this world looks for no acknowledgment save the happiness of the inhabitants and exacts no rental save that of progress.

Ever increasing experience convinces those who observe that science is the providence of life and human affairs can be conducted without theology, which in its precepts and policy is avowedly alien to this world. By secularism is meant a series of precepts the truth of which can be tested in this life—precepts by which morality, justice and honor can be inculcated and sustained. The reverence of that which is true, and right and compassionate is human, and some think religious, and more so than many theories of theology which take that name.

It is said by many that there is One who watches over this world ready to aid all who call upon Him. If this were true there would be neither error nor want anywhere, for we know that all the inhabitants have

been at Him with their passionate requests. The rule theology lays down for success is that “we should pray as though there was no help in us and work as though there was no help in Heaven.” This is doubling our labor. The secularist sees that secular exertion is alone productive, chooses that course without complaint. The secularist, therefore, selects for study the material means of this life, with a view to human welfare and improvement. But always avoiding large statements which exceed human knowledge—he does not say with the absolute materialist, that there is nothing in nature save “force and matter,” because that is more than he knows or can know. The maxim of Pope is ever true—

Say first of God or man below

What can we reason but from what we know.”

The secularist may have few principles but they have that certitude which can be tested by the experience of this life. He does not pretend to see more than he can see. Unambitious common sense is sufficient for him. He takes it for granted that the Unknown is unknown. He does not undertake to say whether nature is the outcome of intellect or intellect the outcome of nature—and it does not matter which we believe or we should have been told all about it. He does not seemingly blaspheme the universe like the theist, by denying that nature is incapable of taking care of itself, nor does he put upon Deity the dread and ceaseless responsibility of eternal vigilance to keep all the worlds going and answer the conflicting and unceasing petitions of all the millions of mankind. The secularist makes no exactions—he nurtures no discontent—he gives Heaven no trouble. He seeks to express his thankfulness, by self-dependent effort for personal improvement, and sums up all duty in endeavors to extend the secular blessings of this life to others, confident that if a future existence shall come to pass, that he will have qualified himself for it by having made a common sense use of this. Thus, while the atheist worries himself as to how this world came to be and why it goes on—the secularist spends his time in trying to discover the best uses to which the world that is, may be put. How far a theist may be a secularist will depend upon the nature of his theism. He who thinks Deity intends this world to be a vale of tears will very likely keep it so, as far as he is concerned. He who thinks the world can be put right by prayer, is a fool if he engaged in personal effort to do it. A mendicant theist who is always whining to Heaven to help him and who really believes Heaven will do it, will be a poor hand at self-help; but a theist who thinks Heaven is best pleased with that creed which produces the best deeds for the service of humanity, may be a good secularist. So may an atheist who has no theory which diminishes his interest in the secular affairs of this world, but if he makes the acceptance of the atheistical principle a condition of secular devotion, he

deters nearly all the world from looking at secularism or even wishing to be of that opinion.

The essence of secularism is separateness. Its study is the laws of the universe, not its cause. The theist and the atheist both hold unprovable views—the secularist deals only with what is provable by experience. His duties are in the realm of reality. Outside it and distinct from it lies the splendid realm of speculation which all men love to explore, but in which no man can live. Atheism like theism has a theory of the origin of things. Secularism has a theory of the uses of things; it is herein that they are distinct.

The dim sky line of the other world is but the border-land of the realities of the world we know. We may say with St. John "For the life is manifested and we have seen it." We can tell the perfume of a flower without knowing who the gardener is. A knowledge of the construction and uses of a steam engine, a locomotive, or a steamboat, does not depend on knowing that Wall, or Stephenson, or Fulton, or Bell originated it. Thus we can study the secular uses of this world apart from the speculations of the atheist who thinks the world eternal, or the theist who thinks it was created.

Even Mohammed discerned that secular-mindedness was prudence when the devout believer said to him, "I will set my camel free and commit him to God." "Tie thy camel first and then commit him to God," replied Mohammed. The prophet had separateness in his mind. Theologians say we must do what we can and leave the rest to God. On the contrary the secularists say God has done what he chooses best and leaves the rest to us.

ARE WE PRODUCTS OF MIND?

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Part IV.

The foregoing remarks will suffice to disclose the depth and intricacy of the great problem of voluntary movement. But as the all-important question of the relation of mind to non-mental existence, turns on the correct understanding of the nature of these so-called voluntary movements, we must not shirk the task of again, and more thoroughly, scrutinizing this mighty stronghold of all those who believe that what we know as our mind is controlling, or at least can control, what we know as our body.

When a person is moving his arm, an observer perceives the arm and its motion. Different senses render one another mutual aid in making sure of this perceptible fact, and numerous and intelligent observers will corroborate it. We then desire to know the cause of this movement. Still adhering to the same method of sensible observation, we find that the *power of moving* resides in the substance of the muscles; for the muscles contract and move the arm when directly stimulated by artificial means. We discover, however, that in the

self-moving organism the stimulation of the muscles is effected through nerves. Proceeding with our method of sensible observation, we ascertain further that it is a molecular stir in the nerve-substance, which naturally acts as stimulating cause. And if it were practically possible to trace this molecular stir along the nerves up to its origin, we would find in a definite part of the brain nothing whatever but another specific mode of motion. Arrived at this ultimate organic station, the question is, What has given rise to this molecular motion and imparted to it its strangely specific character of being able to stimulate in a definite purposive manner a definite set of muscles? Professor Cope maintains that it is consciousness, which is not only the prime mover, but which is also imparting the specific character to the motions. I, on the contrary, maintain that the motion is spontaneous and intrinsic, meaning thereby that it is effected and receives its hyper-mechanical character through specific non-mental forces inherent in the living substance itself—not being mechanically produced by externally imparted energy, nor by mental influences, but by evolutionally organized efficiency.

Consistently following the method of sensible observation, I find by unmistakable evidence that the living substance, or so-called protoplasm, possesses such a power of spontaneous and specific activity. And I conclude that brain-substance being the highest kind of living substance will possess in the highest degree of perfection such power of spontaneous and specific activity—not being coerced to function specifically save by its own intrinsic constitution. This kind of verifiable spontaneity, dependent on the organized power of moving or the power of performing other specific functions by dint of inherent, hyper-mechanical energies, is a strictly conditional and altogether different kind of spontaneity from that imagined by Professor Cope in common with idealists to be a peculiarity of free consciousness.

We know that *artificial stimulation* of the brain will incite purposive movements of the ectodermic muscles. Surely, then, the power of initiating such purposive movements must organically reside in the brain-substance. This state of dependence is corroborated furthermore by no end of pathological evidence. The mere fact that definite mental or conscious faculties, volitional as well as receptive, are exterminated with the disintegration of definite parts of the brain, and reappear with reintegration of these parts, ought to tell very forcibly in favor of the dependence of consciousness on organization.

We know, moreover, that artificial stimulation by means of sundry drugs will incite all manner of conscious states. Surely, then, the power of emitting such conscious states must reside, likewise, as an organized endowment in the brain-substance. And this also is corroborated by much pathological evidence.

Now, as some kind of brain-function gives thus rise to conscious states, while another kind of brain-function initiates purposive movements, it is clear that the connection, found to obtain between these two modes of brain-function, is entirely organic, taking place between two specific brain-functions, and not between a super-organic conscious state as impelling power on the one side and a specific brain-function as its effect on the other. Do not, moreover, the marvellously purposive, and yet so strangely "automatic" performances of hypnotized subjects on suggestive stimulation, also most forcibly point to an organic connection between ideational nerve-centres and volitional nerve-centres?

Surely, my endeavor here, all along, is faithfully to adhere to "observed phenomena as foundation materials." But how does it stand in this respect with Professor Cope? How does he seek to prove his assertion that mind is the prime mover and director of voluntary activity? He does so by completely abandoning at this most critical juncture the method of sensible observation, and suddenly assuming the entirely opposite method of introspection. His assertion inevitably means, I know—not by sensible observation—but by dint of mere introspective and individual feeling, that it is consciousness in the form of will, which is moving my arm; or which is imparting purposive movements to yours. But we may well ask, whether he really knows what he asserts to know, even when we allow him thus illegitimately and inadvertently to pass over from the objective to the subjective standpoint. Does he know that a certain state of consciousness within him is acting as prime mover and director on that particular part of the brain where the molecular motion originates, whose propagation acts as a specific stimulus to the muscles of the arm? Surely, he must confess, that he is entirely ignorant of all that is going on in his brain; and that it is indeed utterly inconceivable how a conscious state can move matter of which it is wholly unconscious. Who knows while thinking and willing that he does this through his brain? So unconscious are we of the seat of consciousness, that the great Aristotle believed the heart to be its organ; taking the brain to be merely a cold and rather useless mass. Mind or consciousness wells up from an unfelt organic matrix, through unfelt organic activity. How can it possibly control the matrix and its activity, of whose existence it is wholly unconscious, while receiving its own birth from it?

The puzzle here arises chiefly from neglect of the theory of cognition; that is from matter being believed to exist in reality as perceived by us. We *perceive* as constituting the physical world nothing but what we call matter and motion; and to the cause of the possible effect or "work," which such perceptible matter in motion is able to produce by acting on other perceptible matter, we give the name of "energy." Energy,

then, is a perceptible state of that objectively observable substratum which we generally call matter. The realm of perceptible existents together with their perceptible activities, is the realm of *physical* phenomena. From this same standpoint of objective science we cannot possibly perceive and observe any kind of *mental* phenomenon. The brain of an observed organism may function as much as it pleases, we can perceive and observe there nothing whatever but matter in motion. Keeping consistently the attitude of sensible observation we cannot possibly become aware that conscious phenomena are simultaneously experienced by the observed organism. No mutual aid of the senses or of "co-workers" avails here. Consequently, mind or the conscious states experienced by the observed organism are not and cannot be a "property" of that which we are *perceiving* as matter in motion. That which the observer perceives as matter in motion, or brain in functional activity, is a phenomenon within his own individual perception. The conscious states simultaneously experienced by the observed organism are phenomena occurring within its own self. How, then, can a phenomenon occurring within one being be a property of a phenomenon occurring within another being? Mind, therefore, cannot possibly be a property of that which we perceive as "matter in energetic action."

Mind or consciousness is, thus, neither a property of matter, nor the controller of our movements. The marvel of voluntary movement lies far deeper than consciousness. Perhaps we may succeed in throwing some little additional light on it by working still further upon "observed phenomena as foundation materials."

TOUCHED BY PROPHECY.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I am not a pessimist; far from it. On the contrary, I believe in the good time coming, the sweet by-and-by (spoken about reverently), the millennium, and whatever else is of a buoyant, hopeful nature; I think the world an uncommonly good world, and—and with some drawbacks upon which I am about to touch, growing every day better; but—but I must tell what happened.

I was in the country on a beautiful day in June, the month of roses, bright, fresh, redolent of all sweets; bees mumbling the farina of hollyhocks, and humming-birds plunging bill deep into honeysuckles, and birds breaking out into song as if they felt as I did, that it was a delight to live and breathe. I stepped lightly, envying the school children out at recess who went by me at a hop, skip and jump, which it were indecorous in me to imitate.

Buzz—whir—and, like a shot, and looking like a Brobdingnag bug, a bicycle whirled past me, the man a spider in the center of his web.

"What a libel upon the loveliness of the landscape,"

I muttered, and then whiz—whiz—whir—and half a dozen others came on like a battalion of large beetles or a troop of tarantulas.

“Why need people be in such breathless haste on a day like this?” I ejaculated, and seated myself upon a stump by the roadside around which had clustered long spikes of sweetbrier, full of pale pink blossoms. The moist sweetness of the place harmonized with my feelings, and I was not displeased when a toad lazily emerged from his den of leaves and sat swallowing, as toads do. I sat speculating about that precious jewel in his head, when there arose upon the air such yells and howls, screeches and screams, in every possible pitch, that no human brain could imagine what was up and out to create such a din.

School children hallooed as only children can, and came rushing to where I sat, while men bellowed “clear the track!” shouted, threw up their arms and used an amount of expletives, marvellous to hear. I sprang to my feet, and at that instant a Wild Locomotive, a resonant steam-eagle, as Elizabeth Barrett Browning calls it, came thundering down the track, roaring and leaping, jumping up and plunging down like an incarnate fiend from the lower regions. On, on it went, scattering cattle, pedestrians and vehicles—onward, onward, and I heard its shriek reverberated from hill to hill and repeated by a thousand echoes. Why need a locomotive go wild on a day like this! a heavenly June day? How much mischief it will do in its audacious frolic is past calculation. Bicycles on the road, wild locomotives on the track—what next?

The melancholy Jaques would have been beguiled from his mood by an experience like mine this June day. Accordingly, after musing awhile, I silently determined to take the first stage-coach to be found on the road and make my way to parts unknown. What were roses and sunshine and sweetbrier to me with inroads of bicycles and wild locomotives? Alas! we challenge destiny when we attempt to turn our face against it.

Seating myself in an old-fashioned stage, we traveled onward at a moderate pace. I like an old-fashioned, meditative horse—passing under trees, up hill and down dale, softly striking a hoof here and there to waken the sylvan gods; he seems to be the natural outgrowth of forest glades and mountain rills. I leaned back in a dreamy content, thinking how much better this mode of traveling was to one of gentle sensibilities than to be going helter-skelter forty miles an hour in a railroad car.

The hazards to life and limb multiply daily, I mused, and the brain is too slow in devising precautionary measures. Commend me to an old-fashioned vehicle and a horse, and deliver me from the cantraps of engines gone astray. Here, as I sit, I am as much at ease as the traveler “in mine Inn.” As we pass through a wood of pines the delicious aroma comes gratefully to the

nerves lacerated as mine had been this lovely June day. This uproar, this hazard, this wild, unearthly yelling to which the generations have not been educated up to, is demoralizing the child in his cradle, and he toddles into strange vices and crimes while he should be sucking his thumb and making mud pies.

While I thus theorized, I had been abstractedly listening to a sound that at intervals struck upon the ear. I at first lazily thought it the bellowing of an ox, a legitimate sound in a rural landscape, but as it grew louder I perceived a difference. I have traveled through the wilds of Moosehead Lake, the sources of the Penobscot and the drear Mount Katahdin, and listened to the solitary cry of the loon in these desolate regions, and the call of the moose to its mate under midnight stars, and I now perceived that this new detonation upon the air was a mixture of all these; less melancholy and more sharp.

Suddenly a horseman at full speed galloped up to our driver and screamed at the top of his voice—

“Turn your old stage into the woods; hide the horses out of sight, and make the women shut up their throats.”

Scarcely had he delivered this courteous message than several other horsemen appeared and the sound grew momentarily nearer; a quick, sharp trumpet cry followed by a little sharp one, like a period at the end of a sentence.

“Gorry!” cried a country bumpkin by my side.

“Marcy on us!” ejaculated a stout dame with a basket of eggs in her lap.

“Goodness, gracious!” exclaimed a pretty young girl, her round eyes growing rounder, and clinging to my arm to smother down a scream.

In the meanwhile there was a heavy tramp—tramp—a roar or trumpet blast—horses galloping, men shouting, and rising above all this an unwonted sound, whether of man or beast, or resounding instrument none could tell.

The driver turned his horses into the woods, uttering expletives and lashing them furiously, ever and anon crying out—

“You women in there hold your tongues, or you’ll catch it!” and we went under limbs of trees, over stumps and bushes, into holes and out of ditches. There was a pause; our horses were still, the stage ceased to oscillate, and that terrible cry of a beast, if beast it was, suddenly ceased.

I looked out of a glass window, six by three inches in size, at the rear of the stage, and there I discerned the meaning of the hubbub.

Onward approached a huge elephant, trunk high in air, ears flapping like vans to a wind-mill, and feet planted ready to do the worst upon whatever might impede her way. Right and left she swung her big

proboscis, and ever and anon gave way to a loud, malignant scream full of threatening vengeance.

Close beside her tramped a little elephant, the exact counterpart of the mother in all but bulk. It was a ridiculous *fac simile*. It swung its little trunk right and left and up in the air exactly in the same way, and did its best to make as much noise. Every time it screamed the mother's scream grew more threatening, and the young imp enjoying the tantrums of its respected mother, redoubled its juvenile efforts to create commotion.

Reaching the spot where we were hidden both animals stopped short. The mother sniffed the air viciously; the young one did the same. The large brute drew back her haunches, stretched forward her immense front feet ready to start upon destruction, and gave out snorts and cries to curdle the blood, closely followed by the same attitudes, and the same cries in the little brute so far as she had the power to follow her leader. They sniffed the air, they stamped and snorted, and I already felt that huge trunk smashing in the stage top, and mashing every bone and muscle to a jelly.

Great was the commotion. Horsemen prodded the hides of both animals and lashed and beat them, but the huge beast was determined to make a cushion of our bodies. They tried to start the young imp along the road, but it only sidled round its mother. At length a long pole armed with steel driven into the young one's haunch started it down the road with a yell followed by its furious mother.

"What next," I ejaculated. To be run over by bicycles and wild locomotives in the morning, and threatened by elephants at noonday! Such is the progress of civilization—the great wall of China has long been a useless encumbrance; the castles of Europe are of no more utility than tadmor of the desert; the catapult cringes before artillery; the armor of the gallant knight with shield and cuirass are nothing before a minie-rifle; the trireme is forgotten, and even the mighty frigate, in view of the iron-clad.

The mechanism of man overpowers man himself. He will crowd himself out of the world. His many inventions neutralize the spirit that is in him; his hand will need be idle for the busy brain is inventing methods by which he can live without work. I pulled the string.

"Driver, let me out, please."

He did so, and I walked onward careless of where I went. I will get all the good I can out of this beautiful June day, in spite of bicycles and elephants in the road and wild engines on the track. No generation can be educated up to the mechanism of the times—the brain, instead of being the pulpy thing it is, will have to be transposed to iron to bear as I have borne even the hazards of one day in our present civilization.

I see in the great future man annihilated by the force of his own onwardness; *not a man upon the earth*, but it goes on the same in its orbit with the unceasing spinning round of cogs and wheels and the clank of machinery, keeping up a perpetual motion; a lonely world with no music but the machinery that man has left behind him, and no singing bird but that of his automata.

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part VII.

On the day following the conversation last recorded, I was awakened at dawn by my interpreter and informed that a festival of peculiar sanctity had already begun on the Ganges. Hastening to the river I secured the only barge left by the sight-seers, and was just putting out from shore when my attention was arrested by American voices. Turning I saw two gentlemen and a lady in evident distress because they could not obtain a barge, and at once offered them places on mine. For this they were grateful, and we soon fell into pleasant relations. The lady was young and witty, and also a beauty of the Virginian type. We floated gently amid the devout bathers, passed the Widows' Ghaut—where, near the pyre where they were once consumed with their husbands' bodies they now disported themselves in the waves—and witnessed many interesting ceremonies. At length the party with me desired to be put on shore, it being Sunday, and the lady wishing to attend the English church service. She invited me to go with them; and the invitation was accompanied with such friendly tones, dimpled smiles, and looks from eyes in which piety and coquetry were so sweetly blended, that I became the easy victim of the very stupidest preacher I ever heard in my life. Alas, alas, that was not the worst of it. When the hour arrived at which I should have been listening to the revelations of my beloved Chimpanzee, I found myself wedged between two large English dowagers without hope of extrication. I had to sit it out. I learned patience from a passage the preacher read from Job. While he read it I gazed out on the palms and banyans; these helped me to detach his husk of mistranslation and misinterpretation from the old poem. I pictured to myself the oriental man of Uz, sitting amid the ruins of his life, perhaps in that city where I now sat, rejecting one after another the unreal consolations of his orthodox comforters, exposing their fictitious solutions of life's problems, and bravely confronting the demon offered him as a deity. Beneath the clergyman's bathos I heard the pathos of that great heart's longing to be hidden in a cave, there to sleep in dreamless repose until his change should come, and he should awaken, and, even if fleshless, should see the fairer, humaner, diviner world of which he dreamed amid his griefs.

My lost opportunity of meeting my Chimpanzee

could not be recovered that day, because of ceremonies going on in the Monkey Temple. On the next morning I sped to the place. I apologized to my friend, and blushing admitted that I had been tempted into church by a pretty face, but he easily forgave me.

"How can I wonder?" he said. "My ancestors gave ten thousand years to the creation of that beauty; it took them two thousand years to evolve it out of existence in their own race, and free themselves from its spell; it were miraculous if you should be able to achieve a like emancipation in one morning."

Completely mystified by this I silently awaited my Sage's further words.

"It is droll," he presently continued, "that people should imagine that 'the gods' ever created a lady;—that the-e ferocious forces, symbolized in images with tusks, swords, skull-necklaces, ever created the rosy cheek, dimpled smile, loving eyes, tender breast, of a beautiful woman. You can still find in some remote regions, unvisited by civilization, the hideous hag created by the gods. The beautiful woman is an artificial being—a creation of human and social selection."

"Yet such refined women may be seen worshiping the horrible personifications of lightning, famine, disease, death."

"No, not worshiping but kneeling before them; originally it was through terror, but gradually they have so invested those horrible creators with their own refining humanity that there have been developed some softer and kindlier deities. These are all the seed of the civilized woman, and they have bruised the heads of the old serpent-gods, the primitive afflictors of mankind. This is the genesis of the baby-gods, such as Krishna and Christ: They are fed by the breast of woman, and grow to be lovers. Krishna dancing with the cow-girls is as mystical to his worshipers as Christ with the Marys. All real and fine religion is the heart falling in love with an invisible lover. These divine lovers begin as victims of the nature-gods, but steadily supercede them. There is now, thanks to woman, little more left of the rude 'creators' than their names and images—these being often mentally turned into mystical meanings the very reverse of their original significance."

"Why then do you speak of having evolved female beauty out of existence?"

"Well, existence was found intolerable. As I have already told you, the beautiful world we had developed above the rude stocks of nature was arrested by our priesthood, and ultimately crushed beneath a fictitious universe which they conceived by superstition and made real. Our ancestors failed in their repeated efforts to subdue this elaborated sham, this apotheosis of the Lie, under which man was degraded. Had they never known anything better they might have borne it, but they had become as a race of giants pinioned by pygmies.

When they were sundered, scattered about, their tongue divided and confused, as I have related, there still survived in their descendants a consciousness born of the higher condition from which they had been degraded. This consciousness was the source of their agony."

"Suicide remained open to them."

"It did. And the finer spirits so sought release. But cunning nature, concerned only for continuance of the species, could not be cheated in that way. Some still faintly clung to life—mere physical life—and these were sufficient to form a basis of evolution. Since the suicides did not live to propagate their moral species, there was a survival of the least suicidal—then of the non-suicidal. The suicidal having perished, the race was organized on the principle of the will to live, however miserable existence might be. The scourge of consciousness must be got rid of by some other method. Then there appeared among us a traveler from far regions beyond the sunset, who told us of peoples who had overthrown priesthods and temples like our own, and who were conquering the fierce inorganic forces before which our masters and their myrmidons were kneeling. After him came a prophet who declared that these western races—humanized gods, he called them—would in some glorious latter day reach our land, and raise our descendants to freedom and happiness. That, indeed, was an insufficient consolation for those then living; and a sigh, a longing, swelled many a heart that it might sink into long sleep, and awaken in that far future to find the world changed, renovated, imparadised by the advent of those distant divine freemen. There was an old poem or legend of one whose household, family, life, were laid in ruins by a powerful demon; and how that just man amid his desolations, longed to be hidden in a cave till his Vindicator should come, and stand in the latter day on the new earth, when the right should prevail; and how this came to pass. Some believed this to be true history. But meanwhile the inner demon, Consciousness, intensified for our ancestors the evils of existence, and they lent a ready ear to all who proposed any means of death-in-life. One for this end invented wine, but that cup of Lethe was too transient.

"At length there passed through these fields and cities a lone wayfaring man,—he whom men now call Buddha. He it was whose voice reached the fallen victims of the lower race, and pointed them to a heaven of unconsciousness—to Nirvana."

"It is a favorite belief of some that Nirvana is but another name for conscious and immortal blessedness."

"It is but one more example of the rule that a prophet's popularity is at the cost of his truth. Every great teacher in the end is made to teach precisely the reverse of what he actually taught. That makes him fit to be a god; then after ages he is again reversed,

becoming human, and somewhat like his original self. After Buddhism was exterminated from India, Buddha was adopted as a god—an incarnation of Vishnu—whereas if there was anything in which that teacher was especially earnest, it was in his denial of the existence of any and every god. I should not wonder if some fools should have made him out a vulgar thaumaturgist.”

“That, indeed, has actually happened. Some American Spiritualists—pretended interviewers of ghosts—have settled themselves in India, describing themselves as Theosophists. One of their adherents has written a fraudulent book called *Esoteric Buddhism*, in which he brings the name of Buddha to sanction and bolster the tricks of a female impostor who is making dupes of pietistic young Hindus.”

“So remorseless time fossilizes the noblest spiritual forms! Buddha believed in no system, either philosophical or religious; he taught no creed about the universe. His whole intellectual force was given to radical denial of the existing systems, on which the inorganic world had built a mental and moral prison of delusions. The millions to whom he came dwelt in hell. Their 33,000,000 deities were distributed torturers of man, woman and child. Buddha announced that not one of them existed, that all gods were phantasms of fear. The world began to breathe more freely. It was glad tidings also when he declared that there was no conscious life after death; for the poor wretches around him had believed that, save a small elect caste, they were destined to pass through 8,400,000 births and deaths, each a prolonged torture. His Nirvana was no more than the promise that, for the good, death should be the annihilation of consciousness. But if men were inhuman, given up to animal passions, he suggested that there might be danger that their individual consciousness might awaken, after death, in the form of that animal to whose innocent characteristic they had added a human perversion. Immortality was for the bad. It was all very simple.”

“Yet, a vast and various growth of metaphysics has now overlaid Buddhism.”

“I have, hidden in a secret place, a discourse once given by Buddha on this very spot where we are conversing. Some day I will read it to you. But just now I remember that you inquired why it was we evolved female beauty out of existence. It was because—”

“Alas,” I said, feeling my face burn with shame, “I must now leave you, for I have an engagement at this hour to dine—”

“With your fair countrywoman,” said the Sage, smiling.

THE POSITIVE VIRTUES.
BY PROFESSOR THOMAS DAVIDSON.
Part III.—Concluded.

A second result of the true view of virtue will be that our sympathies will be increased toward the members of those classes of society that are not respectable,

in the usual acceptation of that term—the publicans and the sinners. Recognizing that the negative virtues are, after all, the smallest of the virtues, we shall not be so ready as we are now to erect a wall of partition between ourselves and those who are lacking in these. We shall likewise come to feel that a comparative deficiency of these virtues, especially such of them as consist in overcoming passion, is entirely compatible with a very large amount of positive virtue. There is nothing more tragic, nothing more awesome and pathetic, than the cold-bloodedness with which society transforms itself into an inexorable fate, to crush poor women, who in their excess of love, have yielded, be it but once, to passion. I wonder how many ever read Hugh Miller’s touching story (and it was a true one) entitled, *Her Last Half-Crown*. In it, the Scottish stonemason sketches, with inimitable simplicity, the life of one of society’s outcasts, in whose wreck the stern virtue of unselfish honesty had survived in all its purity and grandeur. He attempts no defense; but he condemns the judge who would condemn her, to silence, by drawing a line, and writing under it: “My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.” Yes, truly. Our thoughts regarding justice and virtue are very narrow and defective. In estimating a character, we rarely attempt to treat it as a whole. We simply ask whether it falls short of a certain conventional and negative standard, and, if it does, we condemn it; if not, we accept it. But the only true way of estimating a character is to look at both sides of it, to set off its positive virtues against its negative vices, and strike a balance. Our methods of dealing with men who have committed some simple fault are utterly barbarous. Let a man, under some momentary influence commit theft, albeit his previous life has been not only free from fault, but productive of much good, we take him out of all his natural surroundings, and deprive him of all the means of doing good, shut him up, make him feel that he is a bad and a disgraced man, and that his life has been an utter failure. All this is utterly and completely wrong. The case, of course, is very different when a man can be shown to be an habitual thief. Society then is entirely right in protecting itself from the man’s acts and example, by shutting him up. A man who steals habitually, it may safely be concluded, cannot have any great store of positive virtue.

And here we must draw an often neglected distinction between two classes of vices—vices of passion and vices of selfishness or calculation. Both are bad enough; there is no use in trying to say one word for either; but vices of calculation are worse and imply a worse man than vices of passion. And yet in practice the opposite theory is held. Nay, vices of calculation are often held to be no vices at all, but are praised as

smartness. The man who makes money by pretending that his goods are what they are not, and the man who induces a joint-stock company to water its stock, in order to blind a victimized public to the amount of the company's gains, is a much more vicious man than he who occasionally gets drunk or commits fornication. The one is malignant, the other is only weak. The one has positive vice; the other has only negative virtue.

But there is a third and very grave class of vices, which are not considered vices at all, but rather solid virtues—and these are vices of prejudice. These vices, it is true, imply, perhaps, less moral obliquity than the others; but in their consequences they are more far-reaching than any. They are, moreover, the most common of all vices. The reason why they are so little regarded is the same as that for which the positive virtues are so little regarded, and this is just because they are negatives of the positive virtues, and not of the negative ones. The doing of positive good not being recognized as the chief of virtues, the failure to do positive good is not recognized as the chief of vices.

Vices of prejudice belong among the negatives of the positive virtues. The thing that a man of strong positive virtue will most carefully do will be to find out in what way his efforts can be most effectively applied for the good of humanity. The man who does not do this fails in one of the most important, and, indeed, in the most fundamental of the active and positive virtues. He must of necessity be the victim of prejudice; for the only safeguard against prejudice is knowledge, and knowledge can be gained only by study and experience. Radicalism is one of the greatest virtues; the absence of it, one of the greatest vices. And this brings me to the third and perhaps the most important result of a change of view with regard to the nature of virtue.

This result is that we shall come to regard the want of knowledge, and even the good that is done under the influence of this want, as of small account. We shall regard the men and women who live on according to old and traditional formulæ, and who do what they consider good in the old traditional ways, without taking due care to study the circumstances and needs of their own time, as what Jesus called them—mere play-actors. The Greek word *ἵπποκρίτης*, which we usually render by *hypocrite*, means simply *play-actor*—a man whose life is not an acting-out of his own inner nature and convictions, but a playing of a part learnt from tradition, from bibles and catechisms. Nine-tenths of the good, worthy, respectable people of our time are hypocrites in the Scripture and Greek sense of the term. They live by tradition. They act as their fathers did, simply because their fathers did so act, without inquiring whether such action suits our time and is calculated to do good in it. Lowell says

"New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth:

We must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth."

Exactly so, and this is what mere play-actors will never learn. Inasmuch as their hearts do not beat in unison with the universal life of their time, they live on and with the shadows of the past. They are in truth hobgoblins, haunting the living present.

There never was, in the world's history, a time when hypocrisy or play-acting was so out of place as it is now. In the last fifty years, the world, in all its relations, has changed as it never changed before. Men's conditions have widened, and with them their thoughts, aims and ideals. Complications and problems have arisen never dreamt of before. The old faiths do not meet men's spiritual needs, or solve their intellectual problems, proposed by advancing science. The old education does not fit men for the duties of the present life. The old ways of doing good, which suited small communities, where manufacture and commerce ran in narrow grooves, do not answer for the great communities which improved means of communication have made possible.

The great enterprises and competitions of modern industry have brought about conditions—mountains of injustice leading to spiritual and physical degredation—with which the old remedies are utterly incompetent to deal. As well might one think to quench a Chicago fire with a few old-fashioned water-buckets filled from a draw-well, as to settle the problems and difficulties of modern life with the old ways of doing good.

In spite of this self-evident fact, the great mass of our so-called good people are doing their good in the old ways, which are now often ways of doing evil. Their old-fashioned charities, for the doing of which so many people are considered worthy and good, are often only so much money thrown into the capitalists' already overflowing coffers. They simply enable the poor to be content with less wages, to accept a smaller share of the profits of labor from their employers, and thus, by increasing the power of the industrial aristocracy, to weld on more firmly the chains of their own slavery. The fact is, that charity in the old sense has no proper place in our world. A system that requires charity is already more or less rotten, because it is a system in which some parts are not self-sustaining, in which some human beings have to place themselves in the degrading position of dependence, of requiring good, without being able to perform any. Unfortunately such charity must, in extreme cases, be done, just as poison must sometimes be swallowed; but we ought never to blind ourselves to the meaning of such charity. In truth, charity is twice cursed; it curses him that gives and him that takes.

We must do our very best to put an end to charity,

by putting an end to the need for it. We must, therefore, in the first place, without hypocrisy or fear, labor to discover what those social and religious arrangements are which cause the need for charity, by making men weak and incapable of self-help, and then we must labor with all our might to remove these conditions, and replace them by better ones. Moreover, if we find men and women, so-called respectable, who fail to do this, we shall have a right to condemn them, as lacking in those virtues that belong to their day and generation, the only virtues that are of any real moment. We shall have a right to call upon them to leave off their antiquated play-acting, and come, like sensible people, and virtuously live their own true life and the life of the present world.

To recapitulate: The view of man's nature revealed to us by the doctrine of evolution shows us that he is not a fallen creature, but a perpetually rising one—that his moral aim is not to attain the zero-point of virtue, the state of paradisiac innocence, but to increase forever in positive, active virtue and power. The practical results of this view upon our ideas of virtue are, in the main, three:—

1. We learn to have little regard for those negative virtues which take the form of mere respectability, in comparison with the positive virtues, which consist in doing positive good.
2. We learn to have much more sympathy than formerly with those whom the world does not count respectable, the publicans and the sinners.
3. We learn to reject those old-fashioned forms of doing good, that do not meet the needs of our time, and to despise the uninquiring, self-complacent hypocrisy that prompts only such forms.

In a single word, we come to call upon men and women to lay aside prejudice and hypocrisy, to study and know their own nature, and the world, material, social, political and spiritual, in which they live, and then, taking off their fashionable gewgaws and furbelows, to step down into the area of present human life, and, like true sons of the light-god Ahura-Mazda, do battle with Angro-Mainyus, the Prince of Darkness. When they do this, they will find that all that their efforts after respectability ever gave or promised, is obtained with ease—and more. The negative virtues do not insure the positive ones; but the positive ones do insure the negative ones. A man whose soul and life are filled with devotion to an aim that calls forth the strongest efforts of his will and his nerves, runs no risk of sinking into vice. It is only for idle hands that Satan finds mischief. It is for want of the wholesome excitement of well-doing that men seek the unwholesome excitement of evil-doing.

The future well-being of society, as well as the moral and physical health of the individual, depends, in

great measure, upon the transference of our highest reverence from the mere negative virtues—a reverence induced by obsolete notions concerning a creation and a fall—to the positive virtues, shown by the theory of evolution to be the highest. And the active virtues are of three kinds—unwearied search for knowledge, unbounded love in accordance with knowledge, and indefatigable heroism, prompted by such knowledge and such love.

NEW VIEWS OF RELIGION AND ETHICS.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Some remarkable contributions to the work of emancipating morality from theology have recently been made by a French philosopher who has not yet reached the age of thirty-five. M. Guyau was only twenty when he won a prize from the French Academy of Moral and Political Science for an essay on utilitarianism, which has since been published in two volumes, the one mainly occupied with Epicurus, Lucretius and Helvetius, and the other with Bentham, Mill and Spencer. His knowledge, not only of the literature, but of the spirit of Epicureanism, was so profound that this volume was said by the *Revue Philosophique* to have done honor to French philosophy, while one of the ablest of living moralists, Professor Sidgwick, called it in *Mind* "not only the most ample and appreciative, but also—in spite of some errors and exaggerations—the most careful and penetrating account of the ethical system of Epicurus." M. Guyau has also, as will be seen from the annexed note, written poems highly praised in Paris; a discussion of pending questions in æsthetics, like the prospects of art in a republic, the relations of art and science, and the alleged antagonism between art and manufactures; a sketch of an original theory of ethics; and a prophecy of the *Irreligion of the Future*. The last work was submitted by Count Goblet d'Alviella to an elaborate review, which originally appeared in the *Revue de Belgique* and has just been republished in pamphlet form.*

All M. Guyau's books are inspired by love of science, liberty and progress. The arts seem to him gainers by the growth of science, democracy, factories, and even railroads. The victories of Epicurus and Lucretius over superstition are commemorated with the comment that all religions which represent the past as better than the present are essentially hostile to progress. So also is the optimism which inspires the most advanced forms of religion to-day, since if everything is for the best there can be nothing to improve. Optimism means apathy of the moral sense, demoralization of man by God. If evil has been permitted by him in order to

* The works of M. Guyau are, *La Morale d'Epicure et ses Rapports avec les Doctrines Contemporaines* (which may be ordered for \$2.75 through E. Steiger, 25 Park place, New York, or from the publisher, Felix Alcan, Paris); *La Morale Anglaise Contemporaine*, \$2.75; *Vers d'un Philosophe*, \$1.30; *Les Problèmes de l'Esthétique Contemporaine*, \$1.85; *Esquisse d'une Morale sans Obligation ni Sanction*, \$1.85; *L'Irreligion de L'Avenir*, \$2.75.

make us better, then its gradual disappearance must be continually and inevitably making us worse. And as for immortality, "a doctrine which is God's main excuse," full evidence has been given by science, not only of the transitoriness of individuals and even races, but also of the absence of any influence from disembodied spirits over natural phenomena. (See *Esquisse* pp. 63-84.) "Blessed are ye of little faith, who do not wish to debase your intellectual nobility, and who never cease to scrutinize your feelings and test your reasonings; you do not believe that you will ever be able to know the whole eternal truth, and precisely on this account are you the only thinkers who can hold any part of it; you have enough of the true faith to keep on searching, where others stop; the future is yours; and it is you who will mould humanity in coming ages." (*Esquisse*, p. 235.) "Doubt is only consciousness that our thought is not absolute truth, and can never grasp it, even indirectly; in this light doubt is the most religious act of human thought." (*L'Irréligion*, p. 329.) "All that is respectable in the religions is merely the germ of that spirit of scientific and philosophic investigation which tends to-day to overthrow them, one after another." "Religion was at first only a crude science, but has finished by becoming the enemy of science." (*Ibid.* p. 353.) "We had rather see truth in all her purity than in parti-colored vestments; to clothe her is to degrade her." (*Ibid.* p. 153.) "An opinion which makes itself divine is an opinion which condemns itself." (*Ibid.* p. 226.) "Toleration is a sign of enfeeblement of faith; a religion which comprehends another is a dying one." (*Ibid.* p. 112.) "Liberal Christians suppress what is properly called religion in order to replace it with religious morality." "They treat with Jehovah as with an equal, and speak to him, as Matthew Arnold does, somewhat thus: 'Art thou a person? I do not know. Hast thou had prophets and a Messiah? I don't believe it. Art thou watching over me particularly and working miracles? I deny it. But there is one thing, and only one, which I do believe in, my morality. If thou art willing to guarantee that and put the reality into harmony with my ideal, we will make an alliance together. If I can affirm my own existence as a moral being, I will affirm thine into the bargain.'" (*Ibid.* pp. 142, 143.) "Science does not show us a universe working spontaneously to realize what we call good; it is we who must bend the world to our will in order to realize this; we must enslave those gods whom we began by worshiping; the kingdom of God must give place to the kingdom of man." (*Ibid.* p. 335.)

Thus M. Guyau keeps the most advanced forms of religion in full view, as he argues in his latest and ablest book, *L'Irréligion de l'Avenir*, that the future triumph of irreligion is not only certain but desirable. He points to such facts as that all the churches, synagogues, etc.,

of Paris could not contain a tenth part of the population, and are never more than half full, and quotes M. Renan's words, in conversation, thus: "Oh yes, irreligion is the end toward which we march. After all, why should not mankind dispense with dogmas? Speculation will replace religion. Already, among the most advanced nations, dogmas disintegrate; an inner working breaks and scatters these incrustations of thought. Most of us in France are already irreligious; the man of the people believes scarcely more than the scientist. In Germany, too, the decomposition of dogmas is already far advanced. In England it has only begun; but it goes on quickly. Christianity has free thought for its natural result. So has Buddhism. The time may be long, but religion is passing away, and we can already imagine an age when there will be none for Europe. If the Turks will not follow us, we can do without them." (*L'Irréligion*, pp. 321, 322.) M. Guyau, in what is perhaps his best chapter, points out the tendency of religious education to enfeeble thought and excite the feelings excessively, as proof that children will be better off without it, and that no father ought to keep even his doubts and negations to himself. To tell children that their father and mother think differently, and that each has reasons for it, is to teach them the precious lesson of tolerance. (Pp. 238, 240, 241, 245.) Woman will cease to be more devout than man as larger fields of activity open to her intellect in the improvement of her education. Restitution of her political rights is already demanded, and may possibly come as a result of her religious emancipation. "At all events her emancipation as a citizen is only a question of time." (P. 251.) An interesting instance is added of the conversion of a Roman Catholic by her husband, who first persuaded her, as an aid to his studies, to write out an abstract of Renan's *Life of Jesus* for him, and then advised her to read the Bible from the beginning. The Old Testament she soon threw down in disgust; and even in the New she found so many contradictions, superstitions and immoralities that, to use her own words, "Henceforth my beliefs existed no more; I was betrayed by my God!" (Pp. 262-265.) The place left vacant by Christianity is not likely to be filled either by the transcendentalism derived, through Emerson and Parker, from Kant and Schelling, or by the Cosmic religion produced by Spencer's philosophy of evolution, and represented by Messrs. Fiske, Potter and Savage. All these pretended religions are only shadows of speculations—mere philosophies, and sometimes false ones; and we may speak of most of them as Mark Pattison does, when he says he saw in the Positivist chapel "three persons and no God." No idea of the infinite can become a basis for religion until it is personified. Spencer affirms too much about his "unknowable," and pantheism is likely to end in pessimism." (Pp. 15, 313,

334, 402.) In the final form of the religious sentiment there can be no unity, but the greatest diversity. Whatever good has been done by the churches will be kept up by new associations for intellectual, philanthropic and æsthetic ends; and a particularly good example may be found in the Ethical Culture Society of Felix Adler. (P. 316.) The system of thought which is likely to reign supreme is monism. This is the end to which all our theories tend. This hypothesis unites all the most certain data of science and recognizes the homogeneity of all beings, the identity of nature. It is not mystical or transcendental, but naturalistic. Instead of resolving matter into spirit, or spirit into matter, we accept both as reunited in the synthesis, life; and thus we maintain the balance between the mental and material sides of existence. (Pp. 436, 437.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

DOUBT.

BY GEORGE E. MONTGOMERY IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Doubt is the restless pinion of the mind,
 And wings the soul to action; we are prone
 To hold things sacred which are least divined,
 To sleep away our summers with the drone,
 To value wisdom that is dumb and blind.

But doubt makes thinkers, dreamers, soldiers, men:
 Looks forward, never backward; shows the face
 Of falsehood in the untrue gods; and when,
 Like one too little revered in his time—
 One in his deeper sense of life sublime—
 It reasons light from darkness, we perceive
 That men may learn by doubting to believe.

RESPONSUM NATURAE.

BY A. C. BOWEN.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

My child, if many weary days
 I need thee in my vast domain
 To fashion, reconstruct, upraise,
 Thy being perfecting the chain
 Of being, thou *must* live again.

But if thy work is done, why grieves
 Thy spirit? for my forest deep,
 With all its murmuring tuneful leaves,
 Shall chant in music tender, sweet
 The peace of thine eternal sleep.

To us the value of the Ethical Culture movement consists in this: that it emphasizes that on which all the sects and "the outside world" are substantially agreed, while it teaches none of the theological dogmas in regard to which these sects differ, and which for large numbers of the best minds have no interest whatever. For this reason Ethical Culture societies should receive encouragement and support from all truly unsectarian liberal men and women.

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The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1887.

MONUMENTS.

Whenever a man of any note or prominence dies, the people who were especially interested in him, anxious to give expression to that interest, generally think first of all of erecting a monument to commemorate his memory and his virtues, and they bestir themselves in the first excitement of regret at his loss to secure funds from his admirers for that purpose. Often the effort is partially unsuccessful, and the proposed monument fails to be erected from lack of the amount necessary for its completion. The world is so full of men eagerly scrambling for its few places of prominence that, long before such monuments can be raised, new favorites in the same line have taken their places and made the memory of the dead hero of very little interest to those once so eager to praise and honor him.

But, nevertheless, a great deal of money seems to us absolutely wasted in this direction—money which could be put to much better use in more worthy perpetuation of the lives of good or honored men and women than

in these cumbrous structures of stone, marble, etc., which by right belong to the less civilized ages in which they originated, and where they really served a useful and necessary purpose in recording events in history of which there was no other record possible at the time. But they are none the less relics of barbarism which, in these days, when the printers' and engravers' art makes careful record of every life, deed, and event worthy of note, are no longer needed, and the building of them should cease, thus marking our advance in civilization. For, indeed, they do not now serve the purpose for which at first they were intended. We are no longer sure, in beholding the most magnificent monument, whether it is raised by admiring multitudes to honor deeds of valor or a noble life, or by some wealthy nobody in commemoration of his own vanity. Our cemeteries are filled with the most beautiful works of art, the finest monuments, in memory of merely rich people whose lives were purposeless and whose memories are not even kept alive by such means, since there is such a surfeit of them. Within a week or two one of the Chicago dailies, describing the monuments in one of this city's finest cemeteries, gave an engraving of the costliest and most beautiful monument erected therein, which was raised to the memory of a wealthy provision dealer whose name (not having traded with him) was wholly unfamiliar to us. There can then no longer be any great honor shown to a man's merits by such commemoration. But shall merit and worth then go unrecognized? Shall a man, in his desire to be remembered after death, find no sure method of perpetuating his memory to honor his descendants by the luster of his worthy life and deeds?

With already so many true monuments, or reminders of the lives of noble men and women who have passed away from our sight, as we have, it is but a poor imagination which can think of no other method to make record of such lives than by gravings on stone marble or bronze. What monument, however costly, could so well recall the memory of James Lewis Smithson as the Smithsonian Institute which he founded? Stephen Girard would have been long since forgotten but for the Girard College; thousands every year bless the memory of Peter Cooper, whose not naturally handsome face we have seen radiant with pleasure and beautiful with kindness on the "reception nights" held in his munificent and sensible gift to struggling men and women, "Cooper Institute;" James Lick, odd, eccentric and independent as he was, would already have become less than a name, though it is but a few years since he died, were it not for his beneficent gifts, of which the Lick Observatory alone is sufficient to immortalize him; John Harvard would never have been heard of to-day had he taken the whole sum given to found Harvard College and built himself therewith a monument of

granite. A modest New England girl of quiet tastes and fond of literature, named Sophia Smith, would never have been heard of outside of the little village where she lived and died, in spite of the fact of her inheriting a fortune, if she had not wisely endowed Smith College for the higher education of women with that fortune; and the Lilly Hall of Science attached to that college will keep forever green the memory of Alfred Theodore Lilly when his kindly face shall have passed away from the memory of living women. So, too, will the name of Mary Lyon be ever remembered in the history of woman's progress in education; the Order of the Red Cross will continue its beneficent work long after Clara Barton shall have "passed beyond the bounds of time," and her name will be forever embalmed in its archives. No marble monument could ever be so dear to the soul of Horace Greeley as the words which to-day head the editorial pages of the *New York Tribune*: "Founded by Horace Greeley"; and the soul of the elder Bennett still "goes marching on" through the columns of the *New York Herald* of to-day, though he has long since joined "the innumerable throng." And these are but a few instances of the thousands of such immortal monuments which men and women have raised to their own memory; and through their wisely directed efforts or beneficent use of money such monuments, of less or greater magnificence, it is possible for every man and woman to raise for themselves, so that being dead they may yet speak. The benevolent deed, the charitable act, the inspiring word, the loving look, the wise planning will keep your memory green and your name unforgotten in the hearts of as many as profited through them. A. T. Stewart was a few years ago a name of power. He, as a living man, was a powerful factor in society because of his wealth and financial ability, but his thought was ever of himself, not of others, and he died without putting into motion any influence in behalf of humanity; his vast wealth has been of little use save to keep lawyers employed in one way or another since his death. Bit by bit all that owed its being to him has been disintegrated—the great possibilities his wealth offered to him of building a monument which would commemorate him, wherever his body might be hid away, he never accepted. In a very few years, in face of fortunes even more colossal than his own, his name will be forgotten and will carry no meaning to a younger generation.

If we would, as a people, honor after death any brave or good man's memory, we can build such helpful institutions as they would have been glad to found or aid had they the means, and call them by the names we wish to engrave in the minds of those who might otherwise forget the virtues which they embodied.

We enforce and close our plea for the abolishment

of the uncivilized monuments of to-day by the words of a poet unknown to us:

The modest, humble and obscure,
Living unnoticed and unknown,
May raise a shaft that will endure
Longer than pyramids of stone.

The carven statue turns to dust,
And marble obelisks decay,
But deeds of pity, faith and trust,
No storms of fate can sweep away.

Their base stands on the rock of right,
Their apex reaches to the skies;
They glow with the increasing light
Of all the circling centuries.

S. A. U.

VOLAPÜK, THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Leibnitz devoted much time to the construction of his *Spécieuse Générale*, which fell flat. Labbe invented a philosophical language, and 1663 Kircher published his *Polygraphia*. In 1668 the Royal Society sanctioned John Wilkins' *Philosophical Language* by publication in London.

Most inventors of this kind attempted the ideographic—to have signs represent ideas. We have this in mathematics in the plus and minus signs, but practically this is reverting to hieroglyphics.

Johann Martin Schleyer seems to have solved the problem, for in 1878 he arranged the most simple artificial language and so rapidly has it been recognized as of practical use that in Europe, Asia and Africa one million persons are said to use it in their intercourse.

The alphabet employed is the Roman with some of the German dotted letters added. Volapük is formed on the general model of Aryan tongues in its signs representing letters and words, the root words being taken from living languages, mainly Indo-Germanic and Romance.

In making the vocabulary English afforded the largest number of words; Latin, German, French and Spanish next, in the order named.

The simple Anglo-Saxon roots abound in English and their brevity caused their adoption. The numerals are 1 bal, 2 tel, 3 kil, 4 fol, 5 lul, 6 mäl, 7 vel, 8 jöl, 9 zül, 10 bals, 20 tels, 100 tum, 1,000 mil, million balion; 11 would be balsebal, the letter e meaning and. So 21 would be telsebal.

There is but one declension. S added to any word forms the plural which is never formed in any other way. The first three vowels added to any noun form the genitive, dative and accusative.

| | | | |
|------|---------------|------|-----------------|
| Thus | <i>Vol</i> , | Nom. | World. |
| | <i>Vola</i> , | Gen. | Of the World. |
| | <i>Vole</i> , | Dat. | To the World. |
| | <i>Voli</i> , | Acc. | The or a World. |

Worlds would be vols. Every noun is declined in the same way. The verbs are all regular and there is but

one conjugation. The tenses are denoted by the letters a e i o u placed before the verbs; the letter p preceding these denote the passive voice. The personal pronouns are *ob* I, *ol* thou, *om* he, *of* she, *os* it, *on* they.

The verb *Löf*, to love, would be conjugated thus:

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| <i>Löfob</i> , | I love. | <i>Löfobs</i> , | we love. |
| <i>Löfol</i> , | thou lovest. | <i>Löfols</i> , | ye love. |
| <i>Löfom</i> , | he loves. | <i>Löfoms</i> , | they (on) love. |
| <i>Löfof</i> , | she loves. | <i>Löfofs</i> , | they (f) love. |
| Imperfect, | <i>älöfob</i> , | | I loved. |
| Perfect, | <i>clöfob</i> , | | I have loved. |
| Pluperfect, | <i>ilöfob</i> , | | I had loved. |
| Future, | <i>olöfob</i> , | | I will love. |
| Future perfect, | <i>ulöfob</i> , | | I will have loved. |

Palöfob is I am loved, *pelöfob* I have been loved, and so on.

Negatives are *no*. Adjectives are formed by adding *ik* to the noun: *gud* is the good and *gudik* good, compared thus: *gudik* gudihum, gudihüm. Adverbs are made by adding *o* to the adjective: *gudiko* is well.

So much is made of one stem or root that there is little to memorize after learning the system.

Max Müller is quoted as saying: "The universal language of Professor Schleyer is well known to me. I thoroughly agree with the principles upon which it is based."

Savants, travelers and merchants will have the greatest use for Volapük. There are eight hundred languages to-day, forty or fifty of which are spoken by civilized people who are fast being united in interest by railroads, telegraphs and steamboats. It takes years to learn three or four Romance or Germanic tongues and much longer to learn a single Hindoo or Semitic dialect. Turkish, Japanese and Chinese are still more difficult. The principles of Volapük can be learned in a few minutes and a month's study makes one a fluent writer and speaker. There are already a dozen periodicals published in Volapük, the commercial journals being the most favored. Soon medical and scientific works will be worded in the new language with an ever increasing number of cosmopolitan readers. Discoveries that have lain dormant for years because in inaccessible languages will be widely announced. A German poem "The Eye of the Child, has been thus translated into Volapük:

LOG CILA.

O log cila, mag nifala!
Logob velik stalis olik
No peglumöl fa deb sina,
Litos se ol jin lanelik.

As pronounced in English spelling the verse would sound somewhat as follows:

O logue chelah margue neyfaläh!
Logobue velique stalees olique
No paygloomwail fah daib senah,
Leetos say ole sheen lanelique.

The accent is on the last syllable in every word.

The language is being taught in Chicago by Professor Henry Cohn, and the literature, grammars, etc., are imported by E. Steiger & Co., of New York.

Not only will travel and business be facilitated by its use, but political and religious intrigery and hatred, fostered by Eastern political chiefs, will be rendered less effective. Diplomatic relations will not, as in the case of treaties, be capable of two or more constructions, as Volapük is free from ambiguity. In common with everything scientific it advocates "*Menede bal, püki bal:*" One mankind, one language.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

Some weeks ago a pamphlet which has attracted some attention appeared in London entitled *Who Are Our Dangerous Classes?* The writer after describing the different classes of people found in a great city, and the motives which govern them, puts them all in two great divisions—those who desire to better their position in life and those who are satisfied as they are. In the former class, of course, are included all wage workers, and in the second, all who have inherited fortunes, who have landed estates or have retired on a competency.

Restlessness [says the writer of the pamphlet] is but another name for ambition, and this is what actuates the working class of society. They desire to improve their condition, to advance with their times, and to have some hand in the administration of the government under which they live. Opposed to this restless ambition of the progressive class is the sluggish contentment of the self-satisfied class who desire no change in the well-worn machinery of society. They have enough; the world in its present state is good enough for them; they can live well and happily. What matters it to them who may die of want? They protest against any change and prefer to keep on in the same old ruts that society has run in for the last century. They do not seem to be aware that cities are larger and want more numerous and varied now than a hundred years ago.

The author goes on to say that the "self-satisfied class" really constitute the dangerous class of society, because, being well off they see no reason for change, and therefore oppose every progressive movement and cling to old forms. He denounces this lethargy and declares that the so-called lower classes are waking up to the knowledge of higher and better things, and that the time has come when they must obtain their rights; that the upper classes, who are really the dangerous classes, must come out of their dormancy and assist in the inevitable revolution of old ideas, or else they "must stand from under, for the people propose now to demand as rights what once they were wont to ask as gracious privileges." There is much in this pamphlet that is true, especially in regard to England, where there is a vast amount of entailed wealth in the hands of men who never earned it, and by whom it is used in many cases only for their own selfish pleasure. It is so common for these men to defend everything that is "established," and to oppose every measure offered to improve the

condition of the mass of the people, that it is not strange this socialistic writer includes them among the dangerous classes. We have seen the pamphlet referred to by some American papers as though the statements quoted above were true even of this country.

A very proper and important question in this connection is, What are the rights of the "lower classes?" Certainly among them is the right by industry, economy and education to improve their condition, to raise themselves to positions among the so-called higher classes. Having done this must they at once be considered as belonging to the "dangerous classes?" Must they surrender their property or other advantages gained by application and self-denial to those who, while deploring their condition make no effort to better it? Can there be progress without a guarantee of the undisturbed possession of the fruits of honest industry and frugality? A right to equality of opportunity all men can justly demand, but it will not do for the unsuccessful to demand as a right that they be made equal sharers in the advantages of other men's efforts. Those who have been successful should not, and in this country generally are not indifferent to the condition of those who, from whatever causes, have been unable to raise themselves from extreme poverty; but the men who have failed in life have no right to denounce those who by honorable methods have acquired wealth, or to find fault with a competitive system which is absolutely essential to civilization and progress. Relief of distress is a duty, and for this provision has to be made at the expense of society, or of humane associations and individuals; but the most radical and far-reaching measures for the help of those who cannot manage to live in comfort and decency without assistance, are those which develop and stimulate whatever of independence, self-respect and self-reliance they possess, and tend to make them hopeful and self-supporting.

In this country the dangerous classes are the ignorant; the idle and vicious, who with a desire for the comforts and luxuries of life, have an aversion to work, by which alone they can be obtained, and whose inclinations put them in sympathy with every movement designed to produce a conflict between employers and the employed, together with the men who dishonestly use public positions of honor and trust in their own interests and in the interests of corporations and combinations, thereby corrupting the legislation of the country and defeating the will of the people, making elections by ballot a farce, and popular government a mockery.

The National Press, 100 Mount Road, Madras, India, has published a pamphlet, metaphysical in character, entitled *Absolute Monism; or Mind is Matter and Matter is Mind*.

In Massachusetts, where the Irish and Canadian Roman Catholics make up a considerable part of the population, there is a steady increase in the number of Roman Catholic parochial schools, and in some communities they have greatly depleted the public schools. Particularly is this the case in Malden, where in one ward, the parochial school grew too large for its building and applied for some of the unoccupied rooms in the public school building. In the Northwest the Roman Catholics are making determined war upon the public school system, and in isolated cases with some success. In Barton, Wis., last year, they were able to carry a resolution at the annual meeting that no public school should be maintained during the year, and none was held. This year, taking advantage of the law giving women the right to vote at school elections, they brought out all their women, and in spite of opposition carried the same resolution again. At Melrose, Minn., a movement was led by the Catholic priests to shorten the school year of the public schools in order to compel children to attend the parochial school. "Throughout Stearns County, Minn.," says an exchange, "the Roman catechism is said to be taught openly in the public schools, and either opening or the closing hours of the session are devoted to religious instruction given by the priests, all this being in direct violation of the State Constitution, and especially of an amendment adopted in 1877 to meet this very condition." The evidences of a carefully planned assault upon our public school system are so clear that its friends are beginning to consider how best to meet this assault.

* * *

A writer in the *Epoch* (C. Rergersberg), says that the Oriental question cannot be solved peaceably owing to the many conflicting interests which can be settled only by the sword. "If a general war breaks out now," he says "the probable constellation is Germany, Austria, Italy and possibly England, against Russia, France and perhaps Turkey, odd as the last-named power may sound in this union." In spite of her 2,000,000 soldiers on paper, he believes Russia in consequence of her corrupt military administration and incomplete railway and transfer system, is unable to concentrate half a million men on any one given point of her frontier. Against her detached army corps and flying brigades there will be nearly a million Austrians, Hungarians and Roumanians in the South. Germany must be prepared to fight with France. If the Italian alliance holds good Italy will send some 400,000 men into Southern France, and thus absorb about the same number of the French army which, in the North, will have to face about a million Germans. Germany will have about half a million against Russia. This writer is of the opinion that Bismarck has grave political and diplomatic reasons for unwonted leniency toward his turbulent neighbors.

The Crown Prince is neither a statesman nor a military genius, his battles having been won by his chief of staff, Gen. Blumenthal; but the Crown Princess Victoria is talented and ambitious and has the will to be the power behind the throne. She is an antagonist of Bismarck, and her hobby is parliamentary government in Germany. But the scheme of the Crown Princess, if carried out, would be disastrous to the young Empire, which must remain an essentially military power. Her son William, with whom in matters of government she has no influence, is a statesman and a soldier, and has many notions in common with the Emperor with whom he is a great favorite, and is a great admirer of Bismarck. As the Crown Prince is suffering from what may prove to be an incurable disease, indications point to the descent of the Imperial Crown from William I. to William II., provided the present Emperor lives a few years longer. "We therefore," says the writer from whose article we have condensed the above, "need not look further for reasons why Bismarck does not wish to expose the Emperor, so precious to the Empire (which is, so to say, his own creation), to the excitement and fatigue of a war from which the old soldier certainly would not stay away."

* * *

Rev. Dr. Bartol, always brilliant but rather erratic, has been somewhat under the influence of the mind-cure craze, and last week he made a little speech, according to announcement, at a convention of the "Christian Scientists" held in Boston. But he was evidently not in a mood to give the craze much aid or comfort. He spoke as follows:

I believe your school is extravagant and apt to be exclusive. Then there are some things that you cannot do. I was riding in the cars the other day and a cinder got into my eye. I tried your cure but it was not successful, and I had to go to an oculist to get it out. Now, I believe that you can take the beam out of my eye, but the cinder is too much for you. When you can take the cinder out of my eye or set a broken limb, I can believe thoroughly in your cure, and not till then. Let us be consistent, let us be honest. I believe somewhat in faith-cure, but I do not think I have ever heard from any platform or read in any magazine a justification or proof of it. I believe a little in faith-cure, but I do not believe it can remove the germs of typhoid fever. So you see I am not on the fence—I am on both sides of it.

Some one rose in the back of the hall at the close of Dr. Bartol's address and said he would like to ask a question. Permission being given, he called out: "Is it possible to successfully face both ways?"

Dr. Bartol immediately raised a laugh by answering: "I can look all around."

* * *

One of the most affecting epitaphs with which the editor has come in contact is one engraved on a stone which stands in a small private burial ground in a New Hampshire village. Beneath lie the remains of a young man who literally wore himself to death by study and by a bitter fight for tolerance and what he believed to

be the truths of religion in the midst of a community hard headed, intolerant, and not at all of his own way of thinking. A few days before his death the young man sent to a college friend in a neighboring State the couplet which he had written for his own tombstone, and requesting him to see that it was inscribed thereon. The villagers so strongly objected—this was two score years ago—to the burial of the remains of one they regarded as an atheist in the village graveyard, that the grave was made in a thicket of spruces belonging to the dead man's paternal estate, and without name or date the stone bears the words:

"As a defender of the truth I fought,
The truth is still the truth though I am naught,"

— *Boston Courier*.

* * *

Dr. W. T. Barnard, approvingly quotes Mr. Wm. Mather, an English observer of American schools, who says, "with an income of \$225,000 a year, it will appear possible for a large amount of work to be done by this [the Johns Hopkins] University among the people of the city, without in any degree diminishing the higher class of instruction in the advanced stages of literary and scientific study." We would regard a division of the fund for such purposes as wrong. The Johns Hopkins is the only school in the Union that furnishes adequate instruction in the higher departments of science, and it would be sending a man on a boy's errand to convert it into a manual training school. Its pupils will learn to instruct in practical branches, and if the Johns Hopkins is let alone, hundreds of technological schools will proceed from it.

* * *

Says *The Nation*:

The fall in the Boerse in Berlin, in consequence of the renewed unfavorable accounts of the condition of the Crown Prince's throat, is a natural consequence of the fact that his eldest son, and the next heir to the imperial throne in case of his death, is a young man of the military type, who has little sympathy with or comprehension of constitutional liberty or the parliamentary system, being in all these respects a great contrast to his father. The patience of the German Liberals under the slights put upon them by Bismarck has been due, in some degree, to the knowledge that a régime more favorable to them would come in with the death of the old Emperor and the accession of his son, who is a man of peace and imbued with constitutional ideas, and has but little sympathy with Bismarck's high-handed ways. If, however, the crown were now to pass again to a mere soldier, a long period of trouble at home and abroad might be opened up. But it has to be borne in mind that even young soldiers are apt to be sobered by the cares of state and the difficulty, even on the throne, of having one's own way.

* * *

Mr. W. M. Salter spoke last Sunday at the Grand Opera House, this city, on the crime and punishment of the seven condemned anarchists. He claimed that only three of the men had been proven accessories before the fact of the murder of the policeman Degan—Engel,

Fischer and Lingg. These he thought the State should imprison for life. The other four, Spies, Schwab, Fielden and Parsons, he believed, after examining all the evidence, not guilty of the crime for which they have been condemned. They were guilty of sedition and were engaged in a conspiracy against the State. This was their offense and for this they should be imprisoned for a term of years. On another page may be found Mr. Salter's address in full, printed from his manuscript.

* * *

Referring to the recent action of the American Board of Foreign Missions at their Springfield meeting, the *Boston Herald* says:

All important is it, therefore, for the younger, more enlightened and humaner members of the orthodox Congregational body to make their point-blank appeal to their congregations as to whether the possession of a broad and infinite spirit of tenderness and redeeming mercy ought really to prove an insuperable religious barrier toward any hope of usefulness among the heathen. The more such ministers are excluded from the foreign field, the hotter will grow the righteous indignation of their admirers at home. In truth, the world is growing very sick of theological inhumanity. A new current has set in through the sympathy of nations with one another—sympathy in their mutual institutions, literatures, philosophies and religions—which is bearing all reflecting minds along with it toward another and a better future. No American board of foreign missions, however conservative and fossilized, can stay this tendency.

* * *

Harriet Martineau, in her *Notes on America*, thus wrote of the prosecution of Abner Kneeland for blasphemy, which occurred in 1835:

One clear consequence of my conversation and experience together was that the next prosecution for blasphemy in Massachusetts was the last. An old man, nearly seventy, was imprisoned in a grated dungeon for having printed that he believed the God of the Universalists to be a "chimera of the imagination." Some who had listened to my assertions of the rights of thought and speech drew up a memorial to the governor of the State for a pardon for old Abner Kneeland, stating their ground with great breadth and clearness, while disclaiming any kind of sympathy with the views and the spirit of the victim. The prime mover being a well-known religious man, and Dr. Channing being willing to put his name at the head of the list of requisitionists, the principle of their remonstrance stood out brightly and unmistakably. The religious corporations opposed the petitioners with all their efforts, and the newspapers threw dirt at them with extraordinary vigor, so that the governor did not grant their request. But when old Abner Kneeland came out of his prison everybody knew that the ancient phase of society had passed away, and that there would never again be a prosecution for blasphemy in Massachusetts."

* * *

Attempts have been made to deface Voltaire's statue at Besancon by vandals in the employ, it is believed, of the clerical party. Placards are posted blackening Voltaire's memory and consigning his adherents and admirers to eternal fire. Police are obliged to guard the statue every night.

THE RELATION OF MIND TO MATTER.

BY PROF. E. D. COPE.

As the object of THE OPEN COURT is stated to be on its title-page "The Work of Establishing Ethics and Religion upon a Scientific Basis," the discussion of the relation of mind to matter falls clearly within its scope. The evidence for theism or for atheism is to be obtained from this inquiry, and the nature of evil receives its explanation from the facts of this relation. Assumptions as to this relation lie at the basis of all theologies and anti-theologies, and the fundamental propositions of human belief are to be refuted or established by the research. The discovery of these relations constitutes the highest goal of scientific investigation, so that theology is seen to be entirely dependent on the scientific method. But the progress of science is necessarily so slow that men in their natural impatience for a finished rule of life, or for a finished philosophy, have always affirmed or denied more than actual knowledge has warranted. Has a century of scientific activity done anything to supply this aching void of the human mind and heart? I think it has done something, although not a great deal. And with our usual impatience we again build beyond the foundation thus acquired, superstructures which the further progress of science will sustain or refute.

The proposition that the mind of men and animals is the essential and effective director of their designed movements seems to be one of those fundamental facts of observation for which proof is no more necessary than for the opinion that fire is hot and that ice is cold. The only person who denies its truth, with whom I have had the pleasure of an acquaintance, is Dr. Edmund Montgomery. To him the person who adopts this view, without other than the evidence of our senses, is begging the question. I had hoped and anticipated that this gentleman, in opposing this opinion and its consequences, would have brought forward some convincing evidence from scientific sources to show that it is an error; that he would have substituted for it some hypothesis which is sustained by the latest scientific research—say, for instance, a statement of his doctrine of "specific energies." But this he has not done, but instead thereof presents certain logical considerations, which, while of importance, are altogether of the *a priori* class of arguments, and do not touch on scientific questions at all. They deal with that aspect of the subject which is most remote from the scientific base-line, which is yet in the field of hypothesis, as I have taken pains to state in my reply to him. And they do not in the least invalidate the scientific basis of theism, which rests on the now known influence of mind on the character of organic evolution.

Until Dr. Montgomery produces evidence to the

contrary I will re-affirm this fundamental fact of evolution. The structure of organic beings has been produced by the interaction of their bodies in whole or in part with the environment. This interaction means, in large part, motion, and that motion has been determined by the conscious state of the organism. Therefore consciousness *pro tanto* is the cause of the evolution of organic types. Many apparent exceptions to this proposition may be readily adduced, as in the case of plants, and of the reflex acts of animals, unconscious cerebration, etc.; but these, when investigated, lead back to the same source, consciousness, so far as evidence of design in structure may be detected. Something has been due to a contractility, which is a physical character of some kind of protoplasm; but without conscious direction this contractility counts for little in evolution. But it is argued by some that the supposition that the appearance of design in the structure of organism is deceptive, and is only the expression of an accidental adaptation which alone among countless failures has survived. This is incredible for three reasons: first, it is contrary to the law of chance that the nice adaptations which we observe should be accidentally created; second, the variations which have appeared, whether many or few, *must have had a physical cause*, which is ignored in the most unscientific way by this school, of which Mr. G. J. Romanes is chief; third, it leaves absolutely no use for conscious direction of energy; and I may add, fourth, it is entirely contrary to the evidence of palaeontological science. And I must repeat here that the evidence as to the nature of creation must be chiefly sought in the modern science of evolution, and is not likely to be discovered by the student of the functioning of organic or inorganic machinery. In functioning we have principally destruction—"dissipation of energy and integration of matter." In evolution we have *complexification of matter through the profitable direction of energy*. My friend, Dr. Clevenger, for instance, views the subject from the standpoint of physiology, or the functioning of the animal organism; and in spite of his learning in purely mental science he has not gotten hold of the idea so clearly taught by the science of evolution. To repeat once more what this idea is, I state the following proposition, which I am at present engaged in sustaining by abundant facts:

The successive modifications of structure which constitute the evolution of animals are the mechanical effects of their movements, direct and indirect.

As these movements are determined by consciousness, it is evident that the building of the machines thus effected is a process quite the opposite of the destruction or wearing out which goes on at the same time. It is also evident that these propositions apply to all forms of life.

The possibility of this control of mind over the

matter of which it is a property, offers a logical difficulty to Dr. Montgomery. He finds it difficult to conceive of a property controlling that of which it is a property. But this is matter of words only. The assertion that matter is the physical basis of mind, states the same thing in substance, but in a form of expression which may serve to remove the objection raised by the converse statement.

In this connection Dr. Clevenger's position is also of fundamental importance.* It is: "I. *Hunger is chemical affinity*, the desire inherent in atoms for one another." Here we have the identification of consciousness (mind) with energy, an error more frequent and more plausible than the identification of mind with matter, but not less inexact. While energy is as necessary to mind as is matter, they cannot be rationally confounded. The reason why is simply, that energy does not feel, remember and reason. In any rational classification, a division of the properties of matter into those that feel, remember and reason, and those that do not, is fundamental and necessary. Hunger is the conscious product of the kinetic or unsatisfied state of some kind of energy, but it is not that energy itself any more than violin music is a violin, or that a voice is a man. So with all phenomena of consciousness. They may be produced by some condition of energy, but they are not that energy itself. But I am at once asked whether from a scientific standpoint this is not a question of words? It is not, but is of fundamental significance for two reasons. First, the consciousness so produced does in† turn direct energy, a fact admitted by Dr. Clevenger; second, *the correlation between mind and matter is one of quantity only, and not of quality*. Who can say that the mental decision to use the right hand causes a greater expenditure of energy than the decision to use the left hand? Who can say that a correct logical process costs more energy than an incorrect one? Who can believe that more energy is expended in liking than in disliking, or in deciding to worship God rather than Baal? Which consumes more energy, devotion to a false ideal or devotion to a true ideal?

It may be doubted, by the way, whether the unsatisfied energy of hunger is chemical. So far as the sensation resides in the digestive system this may be true, but the hunger that is expressed by unsatisfied tissues, is the desire of a chemical substance for more of its own kind, and this can hardly be called chemical without a strain of the proper meaning of the word. It is probably another species of energy.

Dr. Clevenger gives the conditions of consciousness clearly and concisely in two of his paragraphs, but in the inverted order of cause and effect.‡ "The end of

consciousness is automatism, just as less friction is evident in the more complete adaptation of means to ends." * * * "Consciousness is evident in existence, as any other property of matter, and as resistance becomes less it disappears." Truly a remarkable species of "energy!" As a general rule we find that energy has a history precisely the opposite. As resistance becomes less it does not tend to disappear! but to continue; and it is a fundamental assumption of physical science that in a perfect vacuum, and without friction, motion would be eternal. But curiously enough, consciousness pursues a directly opposite course; truly does Dr. Clevenger say, it increases with resistance, and disappears with the disappearance of opposition. Let us reverse the statement so as to harmonize it with this evident fact. *The essential condition of consciousness is the absence of completed organization; its necessary condition is one of metabolism of matter ("a constant becoming," Heraclitus), and when organization is effected and opposition or "friction" caused by its movement of matter disappears, consciousness disappears also.* This is the well-known law of automatism, and it contains within itself the demonstration that mind is not a species of energy, but something of distinct and even opposite attributes.

We are now prepared to consider Dr. Montgomery's logical objections to the proposition that mind can control matter. He justly regards this proposition as fundamental, and does me the honor to say that if it be granted the system which I have presented must be adopted, since it is logically consistent. And here let me express my cordial admiration for the honesty of the attitude of Dr. Montgomery in not taking refuge in the clouds of dust so easily raised by the idealist and by the hopeless species of agnostic, who are practically one in their opposition to the idea of a possible scientific theology. The idealist necessarily is a "solipsist," and is condemned to find within himself the universe and God; so he needs no further information, and in view of that fact he may, as Mr. F. E. Abbot expresses it, proceed comfortably to "take a nap." Yet the possible existence of some 1,000,000,000 other universes and Gods on this planet alone, might be expected at least to make his dreams uneasy. So, also, the agnostic, who not only does not know, but who believes in nothing but the "unknowable." This is not the original Huxleyan agnostic, who appears to have some hopes that the progress of science has something in store for the knowledge of mind in the large sense; but the gladiator of the verbal arena, who takes a position which he thinks impregnable, by denying the existence of everything with which human knowledge concerns itself.

Since writing the above I have read the third part of Dr. Montgomery's article in THE OPEN COURT, "Are We Products of Mind?" and find that I was too

* THE OPEN COURT, 1887, No. 10, p. 431.

† Ibid., 1887, No. 14, p. 380, par. 10.

‡ Ibid., 1887, No. 14, p. 380, par. 5, 6.

fast in believing that he did not adopt the idealistic position. It is useless to discuss any scientific question with an idealist, for there lies at the basis of that position an essential *non sequitur*. Because all that we know of the universe is a complex of sensations, *it does not follow that there is no material universe!* And Dr. Montgomery evidently holds that there is an objective reality, for with true idealistic inconsistency he remarks (p. 481), "My biological knowledge, both physiological and pathological, has rendered it indeed utterly impossible for me to imagine any kind of consciousness detached from vital organization!" And the doctor is evidently a full believer in physiological materialism, as he is in metaphysical idealism. To reconcile these radically inconsistent positions is to the Doctor the "puzzle of puzzles," and it is not to be wondered at that he finds it so. I do not claim to have solved it, but I say that the solution will be found in the extension of the doctrine of evolution, which constitutes a science newer than either metaphysics or physiology, and more pregnant with light than either of them. In this connection I quote the prophetic language of Mr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot in his *Scientific Theism* (p. 200): "The dualistic and teleological philosophy of Paley belongs indeed to the past; the mechanical and monistic philosophy of Spencer and Haeckel belongs to the present, but is rapidly moving into the past; the *teleological and monistic* philosophy of the scientific method and the organic theory of evolution belongs to the future, and will soon be here. But apparently neither Haeckel nor Spencer (and I may add, nor Montgomery) "ever dreamed of that." The idealistic position gives the rein to thought uncontrolled by fact, and is the parent of all the crudities and absurdities of the prevalent theologies. Idealism is also the stronghold of all negations, and of permanent skepticism. It is the enemy of science, for if the idealistic position be true, science is but an aimless amusement. Materialistic psychology is on the other hand the grave of human hope, since if its positions be true, the past, present and future of mind is wrapped up in organized protoplasm, and it is not worth while to inquire further. A brace of bad masters of the human mind, which evolution will one day reduce to the position of good servants.

To the entire failure to understand my position and that of the "teleological and monistic philosophy," must I ascribe the closing paragraph of the article No. III. above referred to. Dr. Montgomery ascribes to me the following views, which I have especially warned my readers from inferring, and which cannot be logically inferred from my premises: "In this case the definite conscious forecast, with a full knowledge of the organic instrument to be used, of the medium in which it is to be used, and of the aim to be accomplished, would have to belong to the performing unspecialized will-power,

which would then evidently be an omniscient, transcendent power using us organic individuals as mere passive tools for its own aims." According to the doctrine of evolution, the forecast extends no further than the lessons of experience, derived from primitive motion and memory. The organic instrument does not exist until it has been created by movements directed by the same experience. The knowledge of the medium and of the aim arises like the forecast, and antecedently. Finally the will-power is the intelligent response to stimulus, which is the subjective ego of the action, so that it is not correct to say that it is a "transcendent power using us," for it is "us," of which our body is the executive machine.

In this discussion I have but one object, and that is to ascertain so far as may be, what is logically possible under the true doctrine that "The mode of motion (energy) of matter is * * * primitively conditioned by consciousness, but ceases to be so conditioned when it reaches a certain degree of automatism."* With "the unthinkable dogma of [first] creation" (Haeckel), I have nothing to do. So I cannot discuss the question of "the first start to this evolutionary process" to which Dr. Montgomery refers, for I know nothing about it. My information is, of course, confined to beings composed of protoplasm, and although I infer the existence of consciousness in various physical bases distinct from that substance, in other parts of the universe, for reasons already given, I do not know of the internal economy of such beings, nor of the constitution of their molecule. Whether they display greater or less chemical or organic specialization than human beings I cannot tell! Speculation even as to these questions is without permanent value, in the total absence of material facts. Dr. Montgomery appears to have supposed that some of my remarks have had reference to such existences, when in reality I have had in view only the inhabitants of earth. The primitive undeveloped will is, of course, that of the lowest protoplasmic beings who display it, and it is by no means to be inferred that the will of beings of other, even if more primitive physical bases, is of the same grade. I have, moreover, not expressed the opinion which Dr. Montgomery ascribes to me, "that all forms of matter have originated in the running down from the primitive matter, that all forms of consciousness have originated in the process of running down from the primitive consciousness," without having at the same time defined the proposition and given its limitations in the clearest manner. If we mean by the origin here referred to, the origin of the organization of protoplasmic matter and its consciousness, the process of evolution of living matter and consciousness is distinctly upward and not down-

* THE OPEN COURT, 1887, No. 13, p. 358, *et seq.* Dr. Montgomery has also misunderstood my reference to "energy as a concept distinct from matter." I did not accuse him of holding that opinion, although I hold it myself.

ward, as is well known. But that almost every stage displays its examples of degenerate or exhausted products as well, is also well known to the evolutionist. And if we suppose consciousness and its conditioned control over matter to have been primitive, we can see what a large part of the creation consists of such degenerate or automatic products. These will, nevertheless, when compared, display an advancing scale of evolution dependent on the successive stages at which they originated. But wherever consciousness persists, with memory, mental evolution is assured.

If, however, I am asked to discuss any "origin" prior to protoplasmic life, I cannot go further than to repeat the proposition, "8. The phylogeny of protoplasm requires a parent substance." In fact the objections of Dr. Montgomery's last article are entirely due to his persistent assumption that I hold that the phenomena of protoplasm are to be the measure and balance for our estimate of the phenomena of other physical bases. Moreover I cannot concern myself with the problem of what the primitive mind may have had in view in the working up of refractory types of matter into conscious or living organisms. I have only to deal with the physical and mental possibilities of the case, and I am sure that further reflection will show Dr. Montgomery that one may believe that mind has some control of the movements of matter, and yet not get into the *cul de sac* which he depicts. And the *reductio ad absurdum* which he obtains is derived from premises of his own imagining, and not of mine.

The conception of Deity as a conscious physical basis is the only one which can be in accord with scientific realism. It is subject conditioned by object, and object conditioned by subject. The idea is anthropomorphic,* but it is not unthinkable. The idealistic deity of some monists is a generalization of the human mind, based on the phenomena of nature which are selected according to the preferences of the thinker. Since the old realism, which made mental abstractions realities of the universe, is dead and buried, such a deity is not a person. Now an "impersonal deity" is as much a contradiction in terms as "unconscious consciousness;" and those who substitute their own thoughts for a supreme person, are not theists, unless, indeed, such thinker considers himself to be the deity.

"The uses of mediocrity are for everyday life, but the uses of genius amidst a thousand mistakes which mediocrity never commits, are to suggest and perpetuate ideas which raise the standard of the mediocre to a nobler level. There would be far fewer good men of sense if there were no erring dreamers of genius."—*Bulwer*.

* An excellent discussion of the nature of Deity is to be found in a lecture of Professor Du Bois Raymond before the Association of Physicians and Naturalists of Germany. See *Popular Science Monthly*, May, 1873.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE ANARCHISTS?

A LECTURE BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE OF CHICAGO, IN GRAND OPERA HOUSE, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.*

There is no more sacred thought than that of justice. With the sense of its august nature I do not wonder that men have committed its execution to the supreme powers that rule the world. We believe, however, that justice is the task of man; that the supreme powers have intrusted it to him; that a portion of invisible sanctity attaches to the office of the magistrate and the judge. The divine institution in the world is not the Church, but civil society; hence no apology is needed when real religion (which is nothing but the sense of justice) mingles in civil affairs. If the churches that look for justice and judgment from another power and in another world have no need to trouble themselves about earthly courts of justice, not so with us. If we do not continually speak, it is because we assume that justice is being continually done, and our duty lies only in supporting and encouraging those through whose hands it is administered and executed. But our courts are not infallible, nor does a divinity hedge and attend them in such a sense that their every verdict must be submissively received. Occasions may arise—at rare intervals, we must presume, at least in modern democratic societies—when justice is not done. My friends, there are grave doubts in many minds whether such an occasion has not recently arisen in our midst. No man who honors the law and loves his country can, without some trepidation publicly question the righteousness of a judicial verdict, rendered after a long trial and re-affirmed by a higher court. We must presume that as a rule justice is done in our courts, else anarchy is near to being justified. It is with a full sense of my responsibility, and of the misinterpretation to which I render myself liable, that I speak on the question I have announced for to-day: What shall be done with the anarchists?

Let no one expect from me a sensational treatment of this theme. I am not here to appeal to any one's passions or prejudices, or even sympathies. My thought is justice. Justice requires before all things a cool and dispassionate mind. In such a spirit, with such an aim at least, I have for days and weeks studied this question. It is largely a question of facts, of dry facts, if you will. The discussion of them may be tedious to some. Very well, I am here before all to speak to those who want to know what the facts really are.

I shall make my remarks under three heads: *First*, are the seven men now in the county jail guilty of the crime with which they were charged? *Second*, if not, of what are they guilty? *Third*, what should be their punishment?

First, are they guilty of the crime charged against them? My hearers will certainly pardon my familiarity in the use of names for the sake of clearness and brevity—on this occasion—a familiarity which under other circumstances would be quite out of place. The crime was that of the murder of the policeman Mathias T. Degan. It is "conceded," to use the language of the Supreme Court of the State, that no one of the seven men threw the bomb with his own hands; they are charged with being accessories, in the technical language of the law, before the fact. An accessory of a crime is one who stands by and aids or abets or assists, or who, if not present, has yet advised and encouraged its perpetration, and by the law—and it is surely a just law—such an accessory is as guilty as if he were the actual perpetrator. What is the proof that the seven men were accessories in this case?

There is no doubt that a conspiracy was formed Monday night—the night before the massacre—to resist the police in case the striking workmen of that excited time were attacked.

* My authorities in preparing this lecture were the respective Briefs of the prosecution and the defense, presented to the Illinois Supreme Court last spring; also a special Brief by Leonard Swett.

There is no doubt that Engel and Fischer—two of the seven men—were leaders in that conspiracy; nor any doubt worth considering that Lingg—another—was acquainted with its designs. Lingg, with others, was manufacturing bombs much of the next day; he chided his assistants for working so slowly; he said they were for use that night. There can be no reasonable doubt, taking into account that dynamite bombs were the trusted weapons of warfare to this particular class of workmen, and further the special evidence produced at the trial, that these particular bombs were made—thirty to fifty of them were made—to serve the purposes of the Monday night conspiracy. Plans were also made Monday night for the Haymarket meeting the following night. There is no evidence that a conflict was specially expected at the Haymarket. That contingency was in mind, but the plan was simply that the conspirators should come to the assistance of workmen, whenever they should be interfered with. That (Monday) afternoon several workmen were reported to have been killed by the police near McCormick's factory; a circular calling on workmen in passionate terms to arm themselves and avenge the death of their brothers was distributed at the Monday night meeting and doubtless tended to heighten the angry feelings of those present; but there is no evidence that an offensive attack on the police was planned for—the evidence is simply that the conspirators were to be ready to resist any attack of the police. The Haymarket meeting took place as planned for on the following night. Its purpose was to denounce the police for shooting down workmen the day before. A handbill had been widely circulated (written by Fischer) calling on workmen to arm themselves and appear in full force. There can be little doubt that had the policemen appeared in the early part of the evening and attempted to disperse the meeting, there would have been a slaughter in their ranks far more fearful than that which actually took place later—fearful and ghastly as that was. But the meeting, according to the testimony of a *Tribune* reporter, who was there all the time, was a peaceable and quiet one for an outdoor meeting. The Mayor was present so as to personally disperse it in case it assumed a dangerous tendency, but left it late in the evening, stepping into the neighboring police station on his way home to say to Captain Bonfield that nothing had occurred or looked likely to occur that required interference, to which Bonfield replied that he had reached the same conclusion from reports already brought to him. But for the violent harangue of Fielden, who spoke after the Mayor had gone, the police would probably never have descended on the scene, and the bomb would not have been thrown. And by that time the leaders of the conspiracy had left the meeting, the gathering had dwindled to a third or a quarter of its original size, a threatening cloud had caused a motion to be made to adjourn to an adjacent hall—and if Fielden had allowed himself to be interrupted in this way, it is likely that the meeting would have closed without any incident whatever. As it was, Fielden protested in answer to the summons of the police to disperse, "we are peaceable;" but to no purpose, as in a trice the infernal missile went flying through the air.

Who were the accessories to this crime? For the thrower of the bomb is unknown. There can be no doubt considering all the evidence, that the bomb was one of those made by Lingg, and that, according to his own statement, it was made for service ("fodder," as he expressed it) against the capitalist and police. He may not have known it was to be used at the Haymarket; but he made it for service, immediate service, he made it in furtherance of the purposes of the conspiracy which met Monday night. If any one is guilty as an accessory, plainly he is. Fischer was drinking beer in a neighboring saloon when the bomb was thrown and Engel was regaling himself in the same way at home. Both had left the meeting, apparently anticipating no trouble. It is possible that neither of them knows who threw the bomb, that

both of them regretted the throwing as a foolish thing, when they heard of it, though we have evidence only that one did; but that it was thrown by a member of the conspiracy of which they were leaders, there can be scarcely any doubt, certainly no reasonable doubt, and that as leaders they are responsible for the act of their fellow-conspirator, done at their instigation, though not at just the time and place which they might have chosen, there can be no reasonable doubt either. Fischer had called on workmen to come to the Haymarket meeting armed—and "armed" meant in the circle to which he belonged, as much armed with dynamite as with revolvers—he had objected to another proposed place of meeting for Tuesday night, that it was "a mouse-trap," which could mean nothing if violent resistance was not contemplated as a possible contingency; it was he who caused the word *Ruhe* to be placed in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* Tuesday afternoon, which was a signal to the conspirators, agreed upon at the Monday night meeting, and which summoned them to assemble and arm themselves; and he was himself found the next day with a loaded revolver and ten cartridges, a file, and a fuse or fulminating cap on his person—and the use of the cap in connection with dynamite bombs he confessed to have learned from reading Most's book on the *Science of War*. The other leader, Engel, had given a detailed description to workmen on the North Side only a few months previous as to how bombs were made and recommended to all those who could not buy revolvers to buy dynamite; in his speech in court, he allowed that he had said in workmen's meetings that if every workman had a bomb in his pocket, there would soon be an end of capitalistic rule; and he it was who proposed the plan to the Monday night meeting of throwing bombs into the police-stations and shooting down the policemen as they came out, so as to prevent their going to wherever the conflict might be between other policemen and strikers, which was contemplated as a practical certainty in the near future and to meet which the conspiracy was formed. This plan was not carried into effect, probably owing to the fact that the police interfered with the Haymarket meeting so late at night and after all apprehension of trouble had gone from the minds of the conspirators, and, probably too, because after all the conspiracy was a half-and-half affair. But the conflict that was to precipitate all this terrible tumult and bloodshed did take place; and there can be scarcely a doubt that it took place owing to the incitement and instigation of the two leaders I have named. Engel and Fischer and Lingg are beyond a reasonable doubt, accessories to the Haymarket crime. It is perfect folly to urge that the police had no right to disperse the Haymarket meeting; even if it had no right, no one in the crowd had a right to respond with the murderous weapon, so long as no violence was used against the crowd—the remedy for the offenses of the civil authorities as for other offenses lies in the courts. Further, it is quite evident that the class of people to whom the conspirators belonged regard almost any hindrance to their actions by the authorities as an invasion of their rights; even if striking workmen are employing violence against those who take their places, they allow no right of the police to step in and restrain their violence and preserve peace—that they call, forsooth, taking the side of the employer against the strikers, a most arrant bit of nonsense! The rage that inspired the notorious "Revenge" circular to which I have referred was all excited because the police interfered to protect peaceable, inoffensive workmen who had taken the place of strikers at McCormick's factory against a lot of ruffians who attacked them with bricks and stones and sticks; interfered and in the mêlée fired at some; such rage I call arrant humbuggery and the now notorious circular was nothing but blatant bombast and was itself a confession of sympathy with crime.

I have spoken of three of the seven condemned men. What shall be said of the remainder? Clear and positive evidence of

connection with the Monday night conspiracy, to my mind, here entirely fails. There is no claim that any of them—Spies, Schwab, Parsons or Fielden—were at the Monday night meeting, nor at a meeting on the previous day when the conspiracy was first hatched. Spies wrote the "Revenge" circular which was read at the Monday night meeting, but there is no claim that it was read with his knowledge. Spies wrote the word *Rule* for the printers of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, but there is no evidence that he knew its special import, and when he learned it he told his advertising agent to go and tell the armed men that the word was put in by mistake. Spies was invited Tuesday morning by Fischer to speak at the Haymarket meeting, but noticing that the hand-bill calling for the meeting contained the words "Workingmen, arm yourselves and appear in full force," he said to Fischer that those words "must be struck out or he would not attend the meeting or speak there." Spies spoke at the Haymarket meeting, but Mayor Harrison and the *Tribune* reporter heard him and they made the testimony that I have already given. Two witnesses were produced against Spies, whose testimony, if it were credible, would convict him, beyond a peradventure, of a direct complicity in the plot—Thompson and Gilmer. But of Thompson's testimony, the Supreme Court says there is much that tends to confirm him and much that tends to contradict him; and though on the whole the court is inclined to credit his testimony, I see not how any unprejudiced person could say that it convicts Spies beyond all reasonable doubt. Gilmer is proved to have been a lying person by his first statement as a witness; he is contradicted by fifteen witnesses and is unsupported by any witness in the record, and though the Supreme Court is again inclined to give credence, it admits that the evidence as to his trustworthiness is "very conflicting" and refuses "to pass any opinion upon it," saying in so many words that "there is evidence enough in the record to sustain the finding of the jury independently of the testimony given by Thompson and Gilmer." (Of other evidence, I may say by the way, there is none implicating Spies directly in the throwing of the bomb, besides what I have already mentioned; the entirely different sort of evidence against Spies, on which the court mainly relies, I shall speak of later). Of Schwab, Spies's assistant on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, there is no evidence whatever of his connection with the plot save that afforded by the doubtful testimony of Thompson, to which I have just alluded. Schwab was present at the Haymarket for only a short time early in the evening and went off to address a workingmen's meeting at Deering's factory on the North Side. Parsons was in Cincinnati when the conspiracy was formed, he only returned to Chicago on Tuesday morning; he called a meeting, and attended it that evening, of what was known as the "American Group," at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office, and at the time of going to it, did not know that any meeting was to be held at the Haymarket at all. During the session of the American Group, however, which discussed the organization of the sewing women of Chicago with reference to the eight-hour movement, the advertising agent of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* called and said that speakers were wanted at the Haymarket meeting. When the group adjourned, about nine o'clock, he with almost all the others present—fifteen were there—went over to the Haymarket, and he took his wife and children with him. Mayor Harrison heard Parsons' speech nearly to the close, and testified as I have above explained. He doubtless heard some one cry out when Parsons mentioned Jay Gould, "Hang him!" and Parsons reply, "No, that it was not a conflict between individuals, but for a change of system;" and he probably heard Parsons' exclamation, on which so much stress has been laid, "To arms! To arms!"—though neither he nor the police took alarm at this utterance, and it is almost incredible that Parsons should have brought his wife and children to the meeting, if he had expected bombs were to be thrown there. Fielden's speech

brought out the police; it contained violent and inflammatory appeals; the police were surely justified in putting an end to such a speech and dispersing the crowd; but there is no evidence that Fielden expected violence that night, or planned for it, or had any knowledge of the Monday night conspiracy; he had been going about his business during the day, hauling stones to one of the parks, and had an appointment to speak elsewhere that night and would never have been at the Haymarket meeting, had he not been at the meeting of the American Group I have referred to early in the evening, and been urged there to go over to the Haymarket. Certain policemen testify that Fielden made threats as they approached, and fired shots after the bomb was thrown; but Capt. Bonfield and Capt. Ward, who were ahead of their companies and nearer to Fielden than those who testified, did not hear the threats, nor did several reporters who were very near Fielden; further, seven witnesses who were immediately about Fielden and watching him, saw no movement indicating shooting, and Fielden swears he had no revolver and never carried one in his life. It is quite possible that some one made the threats which the policemen heard, namely, "Here come the bloodhounds of the police! Men, do your duty and I will do mine!" It would be natural that the bomb thrower should say that himself. And it is significant, when one scans the testimonies of the seven policemen, that only one says distinctly it was Fielden, that another says, some one looking like Fielden, that three others say "some one" or "somebody," that still another says he heard the remark, but does not know who made it, and as matter of fact he was at the time on the Randolph street horse car tracks, one hundred feet away. And as to the shooting, Fielden says that the policemen who testified against him in the trial, made no mention of the fact at the coroner's inquest held the next day after the massacre, though he was present at that time and the facts must have been fresh in their minds. Fielden offered to swear to this, but the court excluded his offer as it did so many other testimonies that would have tended to clear up matters in favor of the accused men.

As for the conclusion of this part of my subject, I say that the evidence for the guilt of Spies, Schwab, Parsons and Fielden is not such as to convince any fair-minded, unprejudiced man beyond reasonable doubt. It would not be enough if there were a balance of probability against them; not only must we not—to quote memorable words used in this trial—guess away the lives and liberties of our citizens, but the guilt of accused persons must be established *beyond all reasonable doubt*. The evidence I have already considered against these four is not only insufficient, it positively breaks down when submitted—I will not say to close and carefully, but simply—to fairly intelligent and honest scrutiny. If one *wants* to believe it, one can of course find reasons for doing so; but if one wants simply the truth, the truth entirely irrespective of what one wishes to believe, and would like to see established, it is scarcely conceivable to me how he should do so.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not say because the four men I have mentioned are not guilty, they are therefore guiltless of any connection whatever with the Haymarket crime. They are simply not guilty of the *crime with which they were charged*. They were not accessories, in any hitherto recognized sense of that term, to the murder of Degan. But I do not absolve them of all connection with that crime,—and now I wish to point out what that connection was; and so I take up my second question, *If not guilty of the crime with which they were charged, of what are they guilty?*

For clearness' sake I will make my answer at the outset. They are guilty of sedition, of stirring up insurrection; they were all members of a criminal conspiracy against the State. There is no blinking of this fact. While holding that Spies, Schwab, Parsons and Fielden are not guilty of this particular crime, I cannot refuse to admit that they were preparing for an infinitely greater crime—greater, that is, in amount, not in essence. They

had no less an aim than to put down in this country all laws and all force that protect what is ordinarily known as private property. It was not so much the revolution of the State as its abolition that they looked forward to, for there should be nothing like what we call the State in the future. This is the meaning of their doctrine, *anarchy*—no State, and why they call themselves *anarchists*. These men not only agitated such ideas; they urged workingmen to organize on the basis of them. Workingmen did organize—organized in other cities besides Chicago, and these men were the leaders of the organization here. The organizations were called “groups,” and inside each group, or most of them, there were armed sections—men who met at regular or irregular intervals and trained in the use of arms; and the arms included rifles and dynamite bombs. The forty to eighty men who formed the Monday night conspiracy were members of these armed sections. It must be admitted that the Monday night conspiracy was the legitimate outcome of the more general conspiracy, which was known to the public as the International Arbeiter (or Workingmen’s) Association. The leaders of whom I am now speaking urged men to join these armed sections and themselves belonged to them, and the purpose of the sections was nothing else than to prepare for such uprisings as the Monday night conspiracy actually planned for. More than a year before the fatal Tuesday, Spies explained in a private interview the purposes of the International Association: that the final aim was the re-organization of society on a more equitable basis, so that the laboring man might have a fairer share of the products of his labor; that it was not hoped to accomplish this by legislation or the ballot-box; that force and arms were the only way; that there were armed forces in all the commercial centers of the country, and a sufficient number in Chicago—about 3,000—to take the city; that they had superior means of warfare; that once in possession of the city they could keep in possession by the accession to their ranks of laboring men; that a time when many men were out of employment, by reason of strikes and lock-outs would be taken; that such a time might come when workingmen attempted to introduce the eight-hour system; that bloodshed might be involved, as frequently in the case of revolutions; that those who engaged in the uprising would be liable to punishment if they failed, but if successful it would be a revolution, and they would have to take their chances.

The platform of the International Association, published time and again in the local organ, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, contains the statement that as in former times no privileged class ever relinquished its tyranny, no more can we take it for granted that the capitalists of the present day will forego their privileges and their authority without compulsion; that efforts through legislation are useless since the property-owning class control legislation; that only one remedy is left—force; that the way which workingmen must take is agitation with a view to organization, organization with a view to rebellion. This is all treasonable to the State on the face of it. It is repugnant to quote the words of these four men as to the means by which they hoped to attain their ends. But in justice it must be done. All are equally guilty in this regard. A successful movement must be a revolutionary one, once said Spies; don’t let us forget the more forcible argument of all—the gun and dynamite. Spies wrote in his paper, the very day of the Haymarket massacre, with reference to the McCormick riot, that if the workingmen had been provided with weapons and one single dynamite bomb, not one of the murderous police would have escaped his well-merited fate. Schwab but a week before had said: “For every workingman who has died through the pistol of a deputy sheriff, let ten of the executioners fall! Arm yourselves!” Parsons had said a year before, “Wo to the police or the militia whom they send against us!” and again, “If we would achieve our liberation from economic bondage, every

man must lay by a part of his wages and buy a revolver, a rifle, and learn how to make and use dynamite.” He glorified the use of dynamite in a fantastic and crazy manner in his final speech to the court. Fielden admitted a few months before, that they had lots of explosives and dynamite in their possession, and would not hesitate to use them when the proper time came. One can scarcely repeat or hear such words without shuddering and without an outburst of indignation against those who had the barbarity to first use them.

Do I hear some one say, ah, but you are giving away your case? Friends, I have no case. I am not here to make a plea on one side or the other, for the anarchists any more than for the State. I am here as coolly and quietly as I may to ask, What are the facts, and what is justice? The things that I have just stated are the facts against the four men; the things I stated at the outset were the facts in their favor. Are the two sets of facts, so different on the face, in harmony? I believe they are. I cannot discover a thing against these four men that goes beyond seditious and treasonable language, and membership, or rather, leadership in a diabolical conspiracy against the present order of society. This is crime enough. It is crime enough to outlaw them or banish them or—if you will—imprison them for life, or even hang them, though I should not will the like. But it is not the crime with which they were charged; it is not the crime of being accessories to the murder of Degan. There is this kernel of truth in the claim of anarchistic sympathizers, that the anarchists were tried for murder and are to be hanged for anarchy. They were charged with complicity in a definite act; four of them were virtually condemned because they were leaders in a workingmen’s association in the bosom of which and in harmony with the general purposes of which the plot to accomplish that act was formed. It is a matter of the record that the conspiracy which the prosecution sought to establish at the outset was that formed at the Monday night meeting, and that only when the complicity in the same of Spies, Schwab, Parsons and Fielden could not be so convincingly made out as was desired, did the prosecution take advantage of certain rulings of the court and endeavor to show—and there was no trouble in showing it—that these four men were leaders in a plan for revolutionizing society, and hence were responsible for the death of Degan, which occurred as a result and in furtherance of that plan. The prosecuting attorney refused to indict these men with treason; and yet they were virtually condemned for being partners in a treasonable conspiracy. I say virtually; but not in form, for the prosecution and the Supreme Court of the State in reviewing the case, think it necessary in form to connect all seven men alike with the Monday night conspiracy. All the doubtful evidence to that effect to which I have referred in the first part of my address, and which can scarcely be credited at all by a serious and dispassionate man, is vamped up—if I may be pardoned the expression—both by the prosecution and the Supreme Court, as more or less valid proof against the condemned men. It is doubtful if they would *dare* to urge or confirm a verdict without that prop; and yet that prop, in the case of four men, is rotten. It is both sound ethics and sound law that accused persons should know for what they are to be tried; and that men ought not to be charged with one crime and then punished for another. I grant the condemned men were not tried for anarchy, for their opinions merely; they were tried for treasonable conspiracy. I grant the Monday night conspiracy was an outcome of the more general conspiracy, a legitimate outcome; still the two were different things and all of those who entered into the first did not enter the second—and yet those who did not enter are treated as if they were participants in it; they are to be hanged for something they never did, nor expected nor plotted—neither aided nor abetted, neither advised nor encouraged, to use all the technical terms of the law. An incident in the history of our State Legislature

last winter throws light upon this matter. A bill was introduced to define, as one of our city papers said, "with greater clearness and precision," the crime of unlawful conspiracy. It provided that any person who should by speaking or writing incite local revolution or the overthrow or destruction of the existing order of society, should be deemed guilty of conspiracy, and if (and this is the significant part) as a result of such speeches or writings, human life is taken or person or property is injured, the person so speaking and writing shall be deemed guilty of having conspired with the person who actually committed the act and be treated as a principal in the perpetration of the crime.* No other relation than that of result between the act and the words or writings is necessary, entirely irrespective of whether that result was intended or anywise expected or not. Under this statute—which was passed, I believe—the seven anarchists would be guilty of the murder of Degan; any number of other anarchists would be equally guilty; in a crime of this sort, indeed, it would be hard to limit the guilt. But this law was not in existence when the murder of Degan took place. It was without doubt contrived to meet such cases in the future. The fact that it was made a law is proof that no legal provision parallel to it existed before. Under the laws of the State then existing, I venture to say that four out of the seven men could not have been sentenced as they were by a dispassionate jury and judge. I am loath to make such a statement as that. I trust I am not without due respect for those who are my betters in wisdom and virtue. I honor those who are in authority, because they are in authority. I would not say a word to make others think lightly of them. And yet, though I love my country and its guardians and governors, I love justice more; I could not be an ethical teacher and stand on this platform to-day did I not recognize a higher law than that which may be laid down by magistrates and courts. Under all ordinary circumstances I believe our laws and our judicial decisions are conceived in justice; but who shall say that gusts of passion may not sometimes sweep legislators and juries and judges away? Who shall say that even the majority may not go wrong and public opinion itself cease to be the voice of the invisible right? Yet, if we cannot say this, how do we know but what jury and judge and public opinion may possibly have gone wrong in this special instance? For my own part I should be a coward if I did not speak as I do to-day, for I should know that a public wrong was about to be committed and I did not dare to protest against it. Let me be misjudged of men, if need be, but let me stand clear before my own conscience.

A few words in closing on my last point. *What should be the punishment of these men?* As to this matter I speak with the least assurance. I am sure only of two things—that Spies, Schwab, Parsons and Fielden should not be punished as equally guilty with Engel and Fischer and Lingg, and that they deserve to be punished for all that. The appeal of Parsons for liberty or death is pure bathos, and is in keeping with the theatrical character of the man. He is responsible, every one of the four men in whose behalf I have made exceptions, is responsible, gravely responsible, for that ghastly massacre of the fourth of May. They were not exercising their inalienable right of free speech when they counseled the use of dynamite against the officials of the State, no matter how general was their language; they should have been hindered from such treasonous speech long ago; their international groups should not have been allowed in the past, their treasonous newspaper organ should not have been allowed; their mouths of every description should have been literally shut, and similar mouths should be shut in the future. But it is folly, it is almost a breach of good faith, for the authorities to hang men now for utterances and doings that were known

and tolerated for months and years in the past. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* publication company was even incorporated by the State; why was the charter not revoked, if in the judgment of the State its treasonable utterances were crimes? It should have been, but by the very allowing of a thing, the State may give it a certain sanction. Let the men be imprisoned for a term of years,—to hang them would be a public crime; it would go down to history as such, I haven't the shadow of a doubt.

As to the three men who are beyond all reasonable doubt guilty of complicity in the Haymarket crime, it is more difficult to speak. Crimes against the State are in one sense the most deadly crimes, and in another sense they are the crimes to be considered with the greatest magnanimity. Even these three men were not murderers in the common sense of that word; they were men who had earned an honest living, who had not even been suspected of the smallest crime before. A political crime belongs to a totally different category from ordinary crime. There was a cry to hang Jeff Davis after the war; he was surely a monstrous political criminal. But we should not now regard it as a particularly noble thing if he had been hanged, once the war was over—to say nothing of the ministers of his cabinet and generals of his army. The policemen are justified in shooting down all those who offer violent resistance to their authority, when legitimately exercised; but when the mêlée is over it may be wise and may be unwise to execute the leaders of the revolt. I do not take up the question of capital punishment; I think it is the poorest time in many years to discuss that question. To admit the guilt of all these men in its extremest form and yet argue for the commutation of their sentence on the ground of the general wickedness of capital punishment seems to me a piece of sentimentalism. If these men, any or all, deserve the extremest penalty of the law, I for one would say, let justice have its way. A common murderer, I do not hesitate to say, deserves hanging. But it is because these three men are not common murderers that I question whether they deserve that fate. Their offense is against the State and the officers of the State. The question is, is not the State big enough, strong enough to be able to afford to be magnanimous, and to say to them: "Your mouths shall be closed, and you shall never be free to plot again against the public peace, but the boon of life shall not be taken from you." It is a saying from the lips of so eminent a statesman as Burke, that magnanimity is not seldom the truest wisdom, and that a great State and little minds go ill together. The words have a special interest to us, for they were uttered with reference to the American colonies.

Anarchy is a disease. You cannot stamp it out—though all these men were hanged and one hundred more besides, aye, and every man or woman that has belonged to the different groups in this city, you would not rid the body politic of its presence; like a ghastly cancer, it would appear again in time. It has to be cured. Shut it up, yes; but cure at the same time. If you do not, you but drive it below the surface of society, and in time it will rumble and shake and burst forth with volcanic force and reduce our State, our very civilization to ruins. May such a day never come! I believe it never will come. But if it should, you and I, our judges and our juries and our legislators, our churches and our wealthy classes, and all who might do justice and yet do not, will be responsible. O, my friends, my countrymen, what a trust have we! Our fathers who laid the foundations of our government in freedom never dreamed that in the very name of freedom anarchy would raise its horrid head and dare to assail it. Let us remember their toils and their courage and take heart. Let us pledge to our country a new devotion. Let us resolve in the spirit of the immortal Lincoln—who belongs more particularly to this commonwealth and whose statue now crowns the entrance to one of

* I follow here Leonard Swett's Brief (p. 66). Mr. Swett quotes from the *Chicago Tribune*.

our parks—that this government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

“Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to trust the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!”

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LETTER FROM LONDON.

To the Editors:

LONDON, August 31, 1887.

I have been quite oblivious during the past weeks of the promise I made, in part at least, before leaving America, that I would give for THE OPEN COURT something of my impressions and experiences in this old world, yet to me new world, of travel and temporary sojourn. The current of life has flowed swiftly with us since we came to these shores; in such rapid succession have the objects thrust themselves upon us, that I have felt almost unqualified to state an impression, a conviction, or an idea, sufficiently matured or worthy to deserve to be laid before the eye of anybody. And yet in some ways the new is ever old, the things that come under the eye, the old and familiar acquaintances though in new faces, and only illustrating and confirming the perceptions and conclusions long ago deliberately reached, and intensified and strengthened in the growing years. It is the same world, the same men, much the same life, under modified features and in differing climes.

I will not attempt to describe the feeling of one who for the first time, though it may be late in life, visits the ancestral seats, and looks upon lands which he had long heard of, read of, and painted fondly in fancy's dream. It is like the experience of love, I take it, which coming oftenest in youth, changes for its subject, during these moments, the whole world, transfiguring all of life, pouring the soft glow of a new affection upon every thing the universe holds, glorifying, transforming all, but once known, can never be repeated, can never come a second time in its fullness with any individual. It is a delight for any one to look for the first time upon forefathers' land, to realize that here is the rock whence he was hewn, here is the soil on which the rugged, brave ancestors were grown, here with whatever differences that distinguish and mark national type in feature, accent, habitude, are our own near of kin, our own cousins, whom we are drawn to greet and love. This feeling comes once, and I think though it may be kept well alive as a steady, glowing flame, it cannot with any second, third or other visit, ever come in its first freshness and power again.

Such delight, such thrill was mine when first I viewed the chalk cliffs and the green hills of Old England, as I looked upon the people, and heard the accents of the old familiar tongue—we had been for a time upon the Continent before entering England—ours and yet in some ways not ours, differed from our American speech by peculiarities palpable to the ear, yet difficult to describe. Such also as I looked upon the garden-filled lands and luxuriant groves and forests of France, the varied glories of the magnificent landscape, as I entered the towns and peered into the faces of this vivacious, bright, mercurial people, and caught the musical accents of their fluent speech; for both these lands—the scenes in by-gone days of such internecine feuds and struggles of two kindred peoples who, 'separated by a narrow frith,' had been made enemies, when 'otherwise like kindred drops they might have mingled into one'—were on the paternal and maternal sides respectively, ancestral lands to me.

I would like to speak—perhaps I may sometime—of the priceless treasures of the Louvre, where I spent all the hours I could command during our brief stay in Paris; of the Jardin des Plantes, with its extensive collections in natural history, and particularly comparative anatomy and anthropology, the largest, richest, most instructive, that my eyes have ever beheld, all the races of men on the face of the globe there represented and shown almost in life before you, besides valuable remains in skulls or skeletons and numerous finds in implements, etc., of various prehistoric races; the wealth of the British Museum, with its library approaching nearly 1,500,000 of books, where the scholar can find the volume he wants upon any subject, provided it may be had anywhere in the world, and can if his time will permit, revel in the study, the enjoyment of unending riches of knowledge. Besides this the British Museum possesses, as does the Louvre also, extensive collections of antiquities, Greek, Roman, Etruscan, Assyrian, Egyptian, etc. The collection of Egyptian antiquities in the Louvre is pronounced the richest in Europe, nothing in the world to rival it, save that in Boulaq, in Egypt. Here the student of the religious history of mankind will find much that is instructive and deeply suggestive, pouring important light upon questions long debated, never yet fully answered, touching the early beliefs, the type and quality of the conceptions among the ancient races. Surely, the great French and English nations have not lived in vain to have gathered from all parts of the earth such treasures, and to hold them now open, free for the inspection, the study of all, at the sole price of coming hither to see them. The maintenance of these arrangements, keeping the galleries open for the service of the public, is attended with considerable expense, this borne in both instances by the respective governments. For ages to come, we in America can have nothing comparable to these riches.

It seems an unfortunate time for finding certain names in science and letters, that one would most like to meet, at home. It is the period of the vacation, and many are away. Huxley and Tyndall are both in Switzerland for several weeks' sojourn. Professor Max Müller and Dr. E. B. Tylor, both resident at Oxford, whom I had hoped to see and if possible to hear, are also absent. The former, a lady friend of mine recently called upon. She found him accessible and cordial. He expressed a friendly interest in America, notes with all good wishes the advancement in thought and knowledge steadily being made among us, and has contemplated visiting our country, as he has been repeatedly and pressingly urged to do, but doubts now that he may. How many with glad ears and rejoicing, hungering eyes would greet this renowned scholar and eloquent, inspiring teacher! Might he but reconsider his decision and consent to come. Dr. Tylor is a man of such profound attainment and eminent service in the sphere of anthropology, shedding light, unequaled elsewhere so far as I know, upon the early condition and the slow, steady growth of mankind along

the several planes of ascent, that I feel it a real deprivation finally to have failed to see him.

The Parliament is still in session, and twice have I been admitted to the gallery of the House of Commons, once also to the House of Lords. The burning Irish question is there perpetually present, and the proceedings were at times very animated, almost stormy. Obviously the irrepressible conflict, witnessed in one form or another through all history and not unfamiliar among ourselves, was in this Chamber. On one side the representatives of established usage, vested rights, accustomed to the exercise of power and the exactions which power makes easy, and seeming to belong without doubt or question to their class, tenacious, wary, trained and strong, unwilling, as all such are, to surrender aught of their ancient privilege; and on the other hand those who are of and those who stand for the oppressed classes, and here for the multitudes of Irish tenants, who for years and generations have been plucked and plundered by the relentless landlordism which has ruled on that unhappy island,—the whole business now come to such a pass that the Tory government must make some recognition and devise some partial measure of relief.

Into the Irish question I cannot enter. It has its complications, is at present very mixed, and the Liberals are sharply divided and antagonized among themselves. Suffice it to say, I heard Gladstone in the House of Commons, and greatly enjoyed, though the speech was brief, this "old man eloquent," both for the cause he was pleading, and for the clear cut argument, the incisive force of his speech. Tyndall, in an article published recently in the *Times*, pronounces him "a hoary rhetorician." He seemed to me much more, quite other than that. I think he represents the claim that has truth at bottom and will win. England shall yet see it, and honor the swift perception and the courage shown in this eve of life by her illustrious son.

Twice have I heard Rev. Stopford Brooke, who is now preaching in an independent Chapel, his own, I am told; and once, standing in a great crowd that filled all the aisles, have I heard Archdeacon Farrar. Brooke, by his deep regard for conscience, leaving the Episcopal Church when he could no longer believingly and sincerely read the liturgy and perform the observances, I have always felt deserved to be held in high honor by all. The fame of his eloquence too, placing him when he was in the Church, as after Stanley the foremost of the English divines, was widely known, and had reached us in America. I was therefore greatly desirous to see, to hear him. The discourses were manly, frank and practical, and had for the hearer deeply important translations out of the ancient into the modern. He seems emancipated from much that belongs to the dogmatic theology, but I was utterly unable to marry the fact of the apparent freedom of the preacher as seen in his pulpit, with the long and very formal, tedious, introductory service with the choir of surpliced boys, the chants, readings, responses, etc., with frequent repetition of phrases familiar enough in orthodox belief, not omitting the genuflexions withal,—that came before he entered the pulpit. I thought of what Rev. M. J. Savage a few years ago wrote of the Unitarian denomination; he spoke of it as bearing still certain "rudiments" upon it, and I concluded that here also we have some traces of a former stage of theological existence not yet cast out by action of the perfect law of liberty. Canon Farrar on that Sunday morning at St. Margaret's emphasized *character*, and set the injunction home in most forcible way upon his hearers, representatives as he recognized, and standard-bearers of the fashionable, orthodox religion of our time, standing before society much in the same position as did the scribes and Pharisees whom Jesus so pointedly rebuked and condemned. It sounded queer to hear such things in Westminster, but nowhere, perhaps, could they be given more fittingly and usefully.

Quite lately our little party went over to the great tabernacle to hear Spurgeon. The church is immense, has two tiers of

alleries reaching all round the room, and the seating capacity is stated as 5,000. Nearly every seat was occupied; I saw a few only vacant in the topmost gallery. Many sat on steps in the aisles. Spurgeon fills with his voice this large space, all can hear distinctly and all appeared interested to the end. His subject was the restoration of sight to the blind man, recorded in John. He described the process minutely and quite dramatically, owned that the method was "eccentric," but then it was Jesus' way, and there was, there could be none comparable to that. "There is no perfume made of the rarest spices that can equal the saliva of this divine master." "Only the Christ possessed the spittle. Is there anything like it? A little clay mingled with spittle, when Christ uses it, is adequate."

The presentation was very realistic, and the preacher made the application then and there as you would readily know. Jesus was present, walking up and down these aisles, seeking the blind, and anxious to heal them.

"You have to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall see."

"Go wash, not pray about it, not send your wife. Up with you man, up with you. Waters of Siloam will not come to you."

"Don't quarrel with your bread and butter. Good advice to laborers. Don't quarrel with salvation."

Now and then some shrewd, dry remark or jet of quiet humor interspersed in the discourse would produce a marked sensation, flowing, rippling through the house, while his disparagement and decrial of culture, his manifest dislike and aversion to the methods of careful study and thought, his evidently favorite gibe at the "twenty genuflexions, and each one difficult"—strange conjunction of things so far foreign from each other, not to say opposite—obviously took well with the audience he was addressing. I suppose the discourse as a whole was a good sample of the style we know as the Moody-Sankey sort in America. It is to be said, however, that the subject was well elaborated from his point of view, there was a consecutive order, natural, clear and well adapted to draw and to hold the hearer.

Spurgeon's appearance was that of an earnest man, and I could not but feel as I was listening, that it is all the more tragic that the preacher as well as the hearer, the performer as well as his subjects, seems fully to believe in the wretched incantation and solemn spell-working with which this business of religion has been brought into unhallowed union. What must one think of Christianity or of Jesus, if what we heard and saw represents them as they were 1,800 years ago?

That great audience of 4,000 people, perhaps considerably more, were to all appearance from the plain and working classes, generally doubtless unlettered, but earnest, reverent, desirous to find something to rest upon, and ready to believe that here it was to hand. What an opportunity I thought, for a man who had light, wisdom, and speech from on high, had he been in that pulpit, to rouse, waken and inspire these latent, stirring, yet dim and unopened sensibilities, to tell them what they had come there for, and how, where they should find it. But the multitude as they interpreted the errand that brought them, came to hear the Gospel *a la Spurgeon*, and had there been the other and the higher word waiting for them, this audience would not have been there.

I think it is Tyndall who says somewhere that the emotions of man are older than his understanding, and that a sentiment of such depth evidently as the religious, is not soon to pass away. This last was testified to by what I saw in that tabernacle. The profoundness and transcendent strength of this consciousness out of which what we call religion grows, cannot be overestimated. It must last as thought, as concrete expression as well, while the human race endures. But plainly long ages must pass ere the sentiment shall have been married and co-ordinated with intelligence and the reverence of the mind, all the stirrings of emotion

and the ejaculations, the longings of worship, shall fasten and rest purely on the objects of reason.

CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

THE WORD SPECIES.

To the Editors:

FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

With all due deference to Prof. Max Müller, I cannot see wherein we would gain were the word species expunged from our language. Eleven years ago Huxley wrote a very exhaustive article on this same subject, entitled, "What Are Species?" and, with that clearness which makes those who are not professed scientists so largely his debtors, explains therein the difference between the terms "genus" and "species," he says:

"The individual object alone exists in nature; but, when individual objects are compared, it is found that many agree in all those characters which, for the particular purpose of the classifier, are regarded as important, while they differ only in those which are unimportant; and those which thus agree constitute a species, the definition of which is a statement of the common characters of the individuals which compose the species.

"Again, when the species thus established are compared, certain of them are found to agree with one another and to differ from all the rest in some one or more peculiarities. They thus form a group which, logically, is merely a species of a higher order, while technically it is termed a 'genus.' And, by a continuation of the same process, genera are grouped into families, families into orders, and so on. Each of the groups thus named is in a logical sense a genus, of which the next lower groups constitute the species."

The writer then goes on to quote from Linnaeus and Cuvier, and finally shows how the doctrine of evolution confirms us in the use of the word species as distinct from "genus," since that doctrine proves that "selective breeding is competent to convert permanent races"—genus, therefore—"into physiologically distinct species."

What Prof. Max Müller means by saying that "Darwin is evidently under the sway of the old definition that all species were produced by special acts of creation" I am at a loss to understand. On this point the author of the *Origin of Species* is most clear. He says: "I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors." (*Origin of Species*, first edition, p. 484.)

And again: "I view all beings, not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited." (*Origin of Species*, pp. 488, 489.)

Huxley goes even further and bows to Haeckel's view of the case, tracing all life to its protoplasmic root, "sodden in the mud of the seas which existed before the oldest of the fossiliferous rocks were deposited."

To men holding these views the term "species" is a necessity, and I can only attribute Prof. Max Müller's objection to the term to his German love for compound words. Why "class" and "sub-class," when one word embraces the whole? All can appreciate the causes which led scientists to adopt the term survival of the fittest, for natural selection, since, as Dr. Draper has pointed out, "Nature never selects. Nature simply obeys laws;" but the objection to the term species seems to me as ill-founded as the objections to the term biology. The objectors in this case had the good grace to suggest another name: "zoötcology;" but Prof. Max Müller offers no term which shall replace the word so long in use, and which has been employed by those in authority ever since the dawn of modern biology a hundred years ago. It seems to me that any changes as to terms already accepted are undesirable and extremely puzzling to the many who have to work out their own educational salvation.

I do not wish to be as dogmatic as "Humpty-Dumpty" in

Alice in Wonderland, who says: "When I make use of a word it means just what I choose it to mean;" but it does seem reasonable to adhere to a word which has been so long accepted as being upon the whole comprehensive.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

ELISSA M. MOORE.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.

To the Editors:

The accidental relations of words and thoughts are sometimes very curious. Thus an office-boy who has been copying with a type-writer, has unconsciously amended the line in which Laertes announces that his sister is to be "a ministering angel," so as to make it read "miniature angel," which would be exactly Ophelia's size. He has also rewritten a line in "Timon of Athens" thus:

"Religious canons, civil laws are crust."

The last word in standard editions is "cruel;" but it would be in harmony with the most advanced ideas of sociology to say that law and religion are the crust which gives form to the social loaf. The problem of ages has been how to develop ourselves out of mere crude dough, without getting our crust baked too hard. Only two hundred years ago, the loaf was pretty much all crust.

F.

CONCORD, MASS., Oct. 18, 1887.

I attended the Middlesex County Convention of Woman Suffragists in the Concord Town Hall yesterday. There was a large attendance of delegates, mostly ladies from adjoining towns. Among the speakers in the afternoon were Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Walton, Miss Cora Scott Pond, Revs. J. S. Bush and F. W. Holland. I took the opportunity of bringing what has been already sent you as a new argument. In the evening a crowded audience listened with delight to Mrs. Livermore and Colonel Higginson. A very gratifying desire was shown by the people of Concord generally to make the day pleasant for visitors. My own conviction is that there is more life and hope in the movement than I have realized, as well as more justice. The arguments of Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Walton were particularly strong as showing how much women need to have representatives of their own.

F. M. H.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A MEMOIR OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By James Elliot Cabot. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887; two volumes, pp. 809. Price, \$3.50.

Mr. Cabot in these volumes has well fulfilled the trust reposed in him by Emerson and family as the one man among his many life-long friends best fitted to become his literary executor and biographer. Although in the long life of one so well and widely known as Emerson there could be little to relate that was absolutely new in his life history with which to surprise and startle the public (as in the case of the Carlyle memoirs), yet our glimpses of the Concord sage had hitherto been of a fragmentary sort—side views or studies of his character from certain points of view—but in this work we have an orderly presentation of his life in its entirety. Mr. Cabot shows us not only the preacher, poet and prophet, but the schoolboy, student, son, brother, lover, husband, father and friend—the whole man Emerson—and a very noble and satisfactory portrait it is; the portrait of an earnest, sincere, generous, modest philosopher, loyal to his convictions, charitable in his judgments, nobly wise in thought and expression, calmly self-reliant yet as ready to perceive weaknesses in his own nature as in that of others, and far more ready to confess them. He was not ever a consciously great man. In a letter written to Rev. Henry Ware, in 1838, he touches the key-note to his character thus: "It strikes me very oddly that good and wise

men at Cambridge and Boston should think of raising me into an object of criticism. I have always been, from my very incapacity of methodical writing, 'a chartered libertine,' free to worship and free to rail; lucky when I could make myself understood, but never esteemed near enough to the institutions and mind of society to deserve the notice of the masters of literature and religion. I have appreciated fully the advantage of my position; for I well know that there is no scholar less willing or less able to be a polemic. * * * I shall go on just as before, seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see; and, I suppose, with the same fortune that has hitherto attended me—the joy of finding that my abler and better brothers, who work with the sympathy of society, loving and beloved, do now and then unexpectedly confirm my perceptions, and find my nonsense is only their own thought in motley."

Although having access to Emerson's voluminous correspondence and the diary kept by him for a great part of his life, Mr. Cabot has used rare discretion in the use of these materials, and, perhaps mindful of the severe criticisms bestowed upon Froude for his free use of such private sources of information, has been very careful in his extracts from them, yet not so much so as to prevent our gaining a true insight into the real character of the man in his most intimate relationships. It is worthy of note in this connection that Ralph Waldo was not at first by his family, nor ever by himself, considered *the* Emerson of the Emersons. His brilliant brother Edward Emerson, who went insane through overwork of brain at an early age, and his brother Charles, whom he loved dearly and called "my friend, my ornament, my joy and pride," and who died of quick consumption, were both thought to be his superiors in genius, and he always rated them as such. His friendships, though not passionate, were many and warm. Singularly enough for a man of such placid nature and strong convictions, a number of women were among his most cherished friends. Elizabeth Hoar (the affianced of his brother Charles), Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Sarah Alden Ripley, his Aunt Mary Moody Emerson and Miss Elizabeth Peabody were among these.

There is so much that is quotable in these volumes that it is difficult to refrain from giving extracts, and, though space will not in this short notice permit, we have marked much for future reference. In view of the general opinion as regards Carlyle's groutiness it is refreshing to read Emerson's statement after his first meeting with the Carlyles at Craigenputtock: "Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them. I never saw more amiableness than is in his countenance;" and again: "But Carlyle—Carlyle is so amiable that I love him." Another striking point in his friendships was his great and continued admiration of A. B. Alcott, of whom he says: "He has more of the godlike than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises. He *is* a teacher. If he cannot make intelligent men feel the presence of a superior nature, the worse for them; I can never doubt him." He writes in his diary of him: "Yesterday Alcott left us, after a three days' visit. The most extraordinary man and the highest genius of his time. He ought to go publishing through the land his gospel like them of old time. Wonderful is the steadiness of his vision. The scope and steadiness of his eye at once rebuke all before it, and we little men creep about ashamed."

Mr. Cabot seems more than most biographers thoroughly appreciative of Emerson's character, and without much attempt at explanation or criticism on his own part lets extracts from Emerson's own letters and diary portray the growth of his deeper religious feeling and of his intellectual convictions, which as soon as he defined to himself he conscientiously expressed. In 1838 he already writes in his diary: "What shall I answer to these friendly youths who ask of me an account of theism, and think the views I have expressed of God desolating and ghastly? I say

that I cannot find, as I explore my own consciousness, any truth in saying that God is a person, but the reverse. I feel that there is some profanation in saying he is personal. To represent him as an individual is to shut him out of my consciousness. He is then but a great man, such as the crowd worships. * * * I deny personality to God because it is too little, not too much. Life—personal life—is faint and cold to the energy of God. For Reason, and Love, and Beauty, or that which is all of these—it is the life of Life, the reason of Reason, the love of Love."

It is characteristic of Emerson's doubt and distrust of himself that of the one hundred and seventy-three sermons which he wrote during his ministerial experience only two were ever allowed to get into print; but the fact that he never felt quite at home in the pulpit may account for this. These two volumes are nicely bound and printed, a fact which "goes without saying" when the name of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is mentioned in connection with the work.

LOVE AND THEOLOGY. A novel. By *Celia Parker Woolley*. Boston: Ticknor and Company, 1887; pp. 439.

Mrs. Woolley recognizes in the title of her unique story the fact that theology has more frequently proved a disturbing factor in love affairs than is generally acknowledged, and the apparent aim of the work (for this is "a story with a moral"—nay several morals) is to point out how in the present transitional stage of religious beliefs among many classes of believers, "unity in diversity" may be attained without sacrifice of conscientious theological scruples on either side, and without necessarily wrecking life's happiness because of them, and this mainly through cultivation of the spirit of respect as well as of charity for the religious faith and intellectual convictions of others.

We have four pair of lovers in this novel, an assortment sufficient to give free scope to the outworking of our author's idea. There is one pair who never weds. A man well worth loving who, understanding all that might come of the hereditary insanity and idiocy with which his family were afflicted, nobly surrenders to the welfare of the race all his hopes of love's companionship and inspiration, devoting his life to the help of the innocent ones brought into the world thus doomed; and the strong-minded woman who loves him well enough to renounce him, recognizing the righteousness of his decision, yet for his sake leading a single, though not solitary or bemoaning life, but active in all reform and interested to teach the world that higher knowledge which forgets selfish, in universal, good. Another couple is of a more modernly fashionable type. A wealthy, cultured handsome, graceful woman with a mind of her own, liberal ideas, interested in all the reforms of the day, woman suffrage included—a student of Herbert Spencer's works; and a young, fine-looking, broad-minded Episcopal clergyman. Then there is the pretty, serious, earnest daughter of a radical freethinker, a girl whose inherited tenderness reverts to ancestors more devout and remote than her good-naturedly skeptical father, and her lover, a practical, common-place, but true-hearted man of the world, who had given religion of any sort but slight attention, though touched with the general spirit of skepticism. But the real hero and heroine of the story, whose love and theology we are most urgently called upon to consider, are two persons of much more widely divergent views than any of these. One the daughter of a New England deacon, with the inherited religious narrowness of many sternly orthodox ancestors born in her nature; one whom the ever increasing waves of liberal religious thought had never reached, whose very conscience was built up on creed and dogma, and her ardent young lover, to whom she had become betrothed while he was studying for the ministry, but whose studies taking a wider range than usual had finally included the preachings of Theodore Parker, a result of which was his conscientious decision that he could not with his wider views become

a preacher of an outgrown religion. When he half fearfully explains this to his affianced her whole being rises in protest, and finding him firm in his determination, her own remorseless conscientiousness causes her to break their engagement, though acknowledging that she loves him with her whole heart. Thenceforward ensues a long wearisome struggle of love against theology, in which, of course, love ultimately triumphs, but only in the face of threatened death to the beloved. We think it an artistic touch in the writer of this strongly-wrought story that the girl does not even after marriage become a convert to her husband's faith, only learns to respect it and him, and the concessions to individual opinion are mutual and sincere. This is the lesson of the story. The author says, "In this generous strife of loving hearts to set the other before self, and pay respect to the sincerity of the belief that differs from our own, we get nearer the heart of goodness than in any other way."

Though the story is told in a serious way worthy of its purpose there is no lack of incident, of bright talk, of descriptive touches, and bits of fun, to lure the mere story-lover on to read to the end; the moral is conveyed, but not preached. The book is prettily bound, printed in excellent clear type and will make the right sort of lover's gift in all cases where theology ventures to infringe upon the divine rights of love.

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS OF THACKERAY. 1847-1855. With Portraits and Reproductions of Letters and Drawings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887; pp. 189. Price, \$2.50. For sale by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

These letters, written by W. M. Thackeray to his old college friend, William H. Brookfield, and his wife, Jane Octavia Brookfield, have already appeared in serial form in *Scribner's Magazine*, and from them we have given occasional extracts, and the temptation to quote further from them in their new form is very great; but that pleasure we must in this notice forego. To the lovers of Thackeray's writings it has been a source of regret that by the novelist's own special request, made to his family and friends, no memoir of him has been written, and the widespread desire among his admirers to know more of Thackeray the man, has been hitherto disappointed. To gratify in a measure this wish, as well as to do honor to her dead friend, is Mrs. Brookfield's aim in giving to the public this collection. In regard to their publication his daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, writes to Mrs. Brookfield thus: "I am very glad to hear that you have made a satisfactory arrangement for publishing your selection from my father's letters. I am, of course, unable myself by his expressed wish to do anything of the sort. * * * I have often felt sorry to think that no one should ever know *more* of him. You know better than any one what we should like said or unsaid, and what he would have wished; so that I am very glad to think you have undertaken the work." The letters show the man to be much more amiable than the novelist. They are as delightful reading as any book he ever wrote. They begin at a time when he was first called upon to bear the heavy burden of home sorrow, which he bore for so many years uncomplainingly—the loss of reason in one he often tenderly refers to in these letters as "my poor little wife," soon after the birth of their youngest daughter. But the letters themselves are brimful of good-natured fun, satire and tender feeling. He seems to have entertained for Mr. Brookfield, and more especially for his wife, a very cordial and trustful friendship, and he writes frankly of all the things which interest him, of his home, his children—to whom he appears devotedly attached, a playfellow as well as father—and the various public successes and annoyances he encountered. His wit and fancy find free play in these private letters to trusted friends, and he breaks off in the middle of a sentence to make some comical drawing suggested by something he has seen or written. There

are about thirty *fac similes* of these drawings given in the volume, together with several good but differing portraits of Thackeray. The book is in quarto form and beautifully bound.

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY. A Study. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street; pp. 75.

The author's object in this little work is to show that the natural order is an expression and manifestation of the will of God; that evolution is a fact in this order; that "revelation is but another name for evolution," and that Jesus and Christianity, when stripped of all that is fabulous and false, are in no way opposed to but in harmony with and illustrative of the law of natural growth.

We quite agree with Mr. Grumbine that Christianity has had a natural origin and development; and without doubt the reasons for its persistence in its many forms, even the lowest and most grotesque, have been in the conditions amidst which it has flourished and in its adaptedness to meet certain wants; but we do not believe that it can be divested of all its fabulous and miraculous features and still properly be regarded as a great religious system and entitled to be called Christianity.

Our author while trying to apply evolution to the religious life of man seems to think that before and back of evolution was some direct creative impulse. "It is not for us to decide," he says, "how quickly or how perfectly God could make any type of life, nor whether he would or could violate the very laws which condition the regularity, order and stability of the universe." (P. 49.) "Each organism is a thought of God, projected in time and space. Yet it is a thought of God premeditated in the first creation out of which come universal existence." (P. 55.)

The least satisfactory part of the book is that which refers to the relation of evolution to immortality—"this postulate which Christianity so ardently and essentially sets forth." Mr. Grumbine says that spirit must be accounted for as well as mechanical force or lifeless matter. This remark is followed by some passages on the consolation afforded by belief in immortality. We are next told "we must account for all life or grant a peculiar constituent to life in the form of man, or there will be a sad break in the chain of facts," etc., and that "Christianity will have no interpretation, meaning and authority in consciousness, and will prove to be but a will-o'-the-wisp of the mind," etc. Our author thinks "that life in every organized form may have two bearings—one in material, the other in immaterial existence." He hesitates to affirm "whether the vegetable or animal kingdoms will be deprived of a future life." The essential importance in such a discussion of the questions how that which has been formed can escape decay, how that which has come by evolution can be exempt forever from dissolution, how consciousness, when admitted to be the product of evolution, can persist amid conditions superior to the law of change to which it has always been subject, and how this view of personal persistence can derive support from what we know under the name of evolution—the importance of these questions in the consideration of the subject, seems not to have occurred to our author. But the little volume contains many good thoughts, which are presented in an earnest and candid spirit.

CRIMES OF CHRISTIANITY. By G. W. Foote and J. M. Wheeler. London: Progressive Publishing Company, 28 Stonecutter Street, E. C., 1888; Vol. I. pp. 215.

This volume is a condensed account of the mistakes, follies and crimes of the Christian Church from the time it was founded to the end of the Crusades. The acts of Constantine, the persecution and murder of Hypatia and other unbelievers and heretics, the evils of monkery, the forgeries perpetrated by ecclesiastics,

the crimes of the popes, the persecution of the Jews and the horrors and deplorable results of the Crusades, are presented in a concise and impressive manner. The authors claim that "the triumph of Christianity was the triumph of barbarism," and this they try to prove by narrating many of the crimes and cruelties which marked the history of the Church during the period treated, while carefully omitting all reference to the brighter side and nobler aspects of that history. Gibbon, Milman, Giesler, Newman (J. H.), Lecky, Mosheim, Hallam, Jortin, Carlyle and other eminent authors are cited, and so far as we have been able to verify the quotations, they are given accurately; at the same time, as given they often convey an impression quite different from that produced by the writings from which they are taken. The method is identical with that of many works written in defense of Christianity. It does not give a fair, impartial view of Christianity in its influence on the world; but it may be read with profit by those who are acquainted only with those treatises on Christianity which aim to prove its divinity by referring to all its good precepts and to all the bright spots in the civilization of Christendom, and presenting in contrast thereto all the evils of Paganism and the mistakes and follies of "infidels." For the unpartizan, scientific mind that views Christianity as a system of thought which has its place in the evolutionary order, the work has value only as one of the indications and products of a transitional stage of thought. Messrs. Foote and Wheeler have the ability and education, if they could but emancipate themselves from the method and influence of the theology they so rabidly oppose, to write a much better book in regard to the influences of Christianity, than the one here noticed.

THE EARTH IN SPACE. A Manual of Astronomical Geography. By *Edward P. Jackson, A.M.*, Instructor in Physical Science in the Boston Latin School. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1887; pp. 73.

This little manual, an abbreviated and simplified version of a mathematical geography issued some years ago, was prepared in compliance with the request of the late Miss Lucretia Crocker, a supervisor of the Boston public schools. It is designed for grammar schools and for high and normal schools; but it may be profitably studied by any one who is unacquainted with and desires instruction in the most practical of all the departments of astronomy.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS. By *Henry B. Stanton.* New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, 1887; pp. 298.

This handsome volume contains many interesting reminiscences of its author, the late Henry B. Stanton. It gives a sketch of his life from his birth in 1805, with recollections of individuals and incidents to the last years of his life, during which he came in contact with many eminent men and women, and was in positions to learn much in regard to personal characters, and the political, religious and social movements of his time. Among the themes of Mr. Stanton's "random" notes are the following: "The Bombardment of Stonington," "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," "Lorenzo Dow," "Connecticut Calvinism," "Nathan Daboll, the Arithmetician," "George D. Prentice," "Henry Clay," "Tammany Hall," "The Anti-Masonic Excitement," "Thurlow Weed," "Edmund Kean," "Garrett Smith and Frances Wright," "De Witt Clinton and Van Buren," "Millard Fillmore, Seward and Silas Wright," "The Wilmot Proviso and Charles G. Finney," "Lyman Beecher and James G. Birney," "John Neal, the Poet," "John Quincy Adams," "Graham, the Dietetic Reformer," "The Abolitionists," "The World's Anti-Slavery Convention in England," "Wellington on the Irish Question," "Macaulay and Gladstone," "The Chartists," "O'Connell," "Webster," "Choate," "Mad' Anthony Wayne," "Cass," "Buchanan," "Marcy," "Douglass," "Greeley and Conkling," "Lincoln and Corwin,"

"Gen. Butler," "Cameron, Chase and Blair," "American Journalism and the Daily Papers," "Religious Newspapers," etc. In the last chapter, the author says: "As I turn my eye back over the fourscore years covered by this narrative, I am deeply impressed with the sad thought that nearly all the persons of whom I have written are in the spirit-land, and that some of the more distinguished have entered its portals since the first edition of this work was issued." We have seldom read a more interesting book than *Random Recollections*.

THE CLERICAL COMBINATION TO INFLUENCE CIVIL LEGISLATION ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By *Richard Brodhead, D.D., LL.D.* J. B. Lippincott Company, 1887; pp. 32.

Dr. Westerbrook has brought together in a condensed form many useful facts, historical and legal, accompanied with judicious comments and suggestions in regard to marriage and divorce. He views with suspicion the movement of ecclesiastics *ex officio* to dictate civil legislation on domestic relations. The falsity of the claim that monogamic marriage is of Christian origin, and that the clergy are its divinely commissioned ministers is pointedly indicated, and the position defended that the State should recognize marriage as a civil contract only. "Let the civil contract," he says, "be first ratified by a civil officer, and then hand the contractors over to the clergy if they so desire." This is undoubtedly the correct view, and the only one consistent with the total separation of Church and State. Marriage can be justly treated by the State only as a civil contract, and the recognition of its ratification by ecclesiastics, be they Christian, Mohammedan or Mormon, is contrary to the principles of secular government. Our author says "Free and-easy divorce should not be made possible by law, nor should the foundation of marriage or the sacredness of the family and the home be undermined. The extremes of dogmatism and fanaticism should be avoided, and the law of social science and public policy should be carefully considered."

POEMS. By *James V. Blake.* Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis, 1887; pp. 187. Price, \$1.00

ESSAYS. By *J. V. Blake.* Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis; pp. 212. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Blake's modestly named book of "Poems" contains about one hundred bits of verse, the two longest, which open and close the collection, being entitled "Wild Rice" and "John Atheling." Of the shorter poems we like best "Everlasting," "The Bishop's Eyes," "Jesus," "Amoris Avaritia," "Actum Est" and "N'Importe." Mr. Blake's idea of poetry is expressed in the following lines:

"Simply to see things as they are, this, this
Is poetry; for beauty, power and bliss
Cannot consist with what is not. Thus he
Who sees the truth, liveth with poetry,
And singeth when he tells what he doth see."

Many of the poems are pleasant lover's verse.

The Essays are thirty in number, and treat in Mr. Blake's happy way of such subjects as "Immortal Life," "Death," "Conscience," "Heroism," "Individuality," "Common Sense," "Government" and kindred every day topics which are looked at from a generally optimistic point of view.

THE Christmas number of *Wide-Awake* is to have articles from Edmund C. Steadman, Andrew Lang, H. Rider Haggard, Sidney Luska and others as noted. It will be a grand Christmas present for any young person. The October number, with its usual number of fine illustrations, has contributions from Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Edwin Arnold, Louise Quincy and others. Charles Egbert Craddock's story of "Keedon Bluffs" is concluded in a satisfactory way.

The Open Court.

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FROM DESPOTISM TO REPUBLICANISM IN RELIGION.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE most advanced religious thought I have lately met with, that seems at all in line with the old theology is in a book of Elisha Mulford, "The Republic of God." I say "in line with the old theology," but far beyond and above its interpretation of religious dogma and doctrines.

The author's confession of faith does not seem to differ materially from that of the evangelical churches, but he gives it some inner transcendental or highly spiritual meaning. Indeed, it is not always easy to get at his meaning: at times he speaks as if veiled, or as if hidden from us by a screen like the oracles of old. The fact that Mulford was very hard of hearing, seems to be implied in his writings.

There is often an obscurity, a vagueness, a far-away dreaminess and irrelevancy, that is like the monologue of one talking to himself and not hearing his own words. But there are many intelligible passages, though these are generally precluded by, and rounded up with, that which is unintelligible. Thus, when speaking of the Redemption of the World, and affirming that the death of Christ did not take away the wrath of God against sin, he says: "it were woe if the wrath of God was averted from sin. It were woe to men and nations if there were no judgment, in which the consequences of evil courses were manifested," he speaks to the universal reason and conscience; but when he follows with the statement that: "The Christ redeems the world from sin and from the consequences of sin" he speaks only to some theological conception or conviction that has no relation to the rest of our knowledge, and that only a few men possess.

Mulford's book, as a whole, seems to be a consideration, or celebration of the ethical process of life and history, as opposed to the physical process, of that which is internal or spiritual; and which therefore knows neither time nor place, as opposed to that which is external and limited, and therefore transient. In other words, what he conceives to be the true inwardness of Christianity. The sentence in the teachings of Christ, which has been a stumbling block to the old external religions, which had their attention fixed upon some distant and future good, namely, that "the kingdom of heaven is within you" seems to be the central thought of his teach-

ings. If I apprehend him rightly, he teaches that the kingdom of heaven, that the spiritual or eternal life, is here and now, within reach of every man; that the judgment, and the resurrection, and the eternal condemnation are here, and are not remote events or conditions, adjourned to some other sphere or time. This view of them, which is the view of the prevailing theology, inherited from paganism, makes these things very external to us; and therefore subject to chance and to limitations. This agrees with what the poet says, that "there is no more heaven and no more hell than there is now"; and with what every man of science must have felt, that man can be no nearer God, and all divine things, than he is here and now. Christ announced that the kingdom of heaven is at hand; and that he was the resurrection and the life. The eternal life, is to live in the eternal order, as Arnold puts it, and eternal death is to live in contradiction of that order. To pass from the one to the other, is to pass from the life of the flesh, to the life of the spirit. The punishment of sin is eternal, in the sense that the principle violated is eternal, and changes not. "But to identify this with an irrevocable doom, is to set a definite limit to the divine redemption, and to its perfect realization. It brings a section of the human race into an ultimate condition of fate, and not of freedom. The spiritual law is eternal, but not the necessary continuance in sin of one child of earth and time." The eternal life, therefore, is the right life, or righteousness; and the eternal death is the wrong life or sin. The reconciliation of the world with God is not the reconciliation of opposite forces, because this would imply a dualism, as in the current theology; but Mulford denies all dualism: "it is not the reconciliation of the holy and the profane, the wicked and the righteous, the forces which are of the world, and the forces which are of God,—it is the reconciliation of the world unto God. The finite is transmuted into the infinite, the earthly is lifted unto the heavenly." The kingdom of heaven, Mulford teaches, is the assertion and the recognition of the presence of spiritual forces. "This kingdom has come, and it may be always coming; it is in the realization of righteousness in the life of humanity. It has come and it is, therefore, no vacant dream; it is always coming, and it is therefore to be striven for, with the energy and the endeavor of men."

Mulford points out, how the pagan conception of heaven, as of some blessed abode far away, and inaccessible, still prevails and moulds and colors our religious thought. "The heavens are still far above us, above this spot which men call earth, and are carried on and away before us; they are still an Elysian view; the happy fields are located in the future, and the religious imagination invests them with images of delight; they are held as some enchantment, to body forth some ecstatic dream. The infinite spiritual depths and heights, are not real for humanity. . . . This pagan conception avoids the words of the Christ, *Behold the Kingdom of God is within you*. It says that it is not within you!" According to his view "The representation of heaven, was an unreality while still 'it was invested' with the attractions of that which the eye had seen, and the ear had heard; and it had entered into the heart of man to conceive." The forms and conceptions of ancient religions, still determine our thought. "They rule us from their buried urns. The gods of those imaginative forms, whether dark and cruel, or light and beautiful with the changing forms of life, have vanished, and the temples and shrines are sought no longer by men, but the religious conceptions and images still control us; they do but slowly fade." Thus the popular conception of God is essentially pagan; "He becomes himself a Baal, a Moloch, or a Siva; he is pacified by the suffering and death of his children; his presence is in a temple; his appearing is through the doors of a shrine; his revelation is the sacred books; his coming again is an event of historical circumstance in the formal process of history."

Our conception of the judgment, also, as a high court or tribunal where man shall be judged as in an earthly court, is pagan, and has no warrant in the teachings of the Christ. "The judgment of the world is constant; it is continuous." "The Christ says *this is the judgment, that light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil*." "This judgment is in the hour that cometh and now is, but it is not limited to the present, and it does not detach the future from the present." By removing this judgment afar off to some distant time and place, men grow indifferent to it. "It is an event for which time may bring evasions." "But when this judgment is apprehended in its real and spiritual import, as near and at the very door, as the judgment of truth, then the conscience cannot be set at rest by theories or dreams, nor by the undefined anticipations of evasion or delay." At the same time, this view is for humanity only in its higher developments; judgment as the present and persistent voice of truth and conscience, "the still small voice," can have little terror for the mass of mankind. Something more drastic is needed and this is supplied by the "law of reversals and reprisals" of the old theology. In the same way, the

coming of Christ is a daily and hourly event in the progress of humanity. Now is the day of salvation. "The coming may be in the passing away of that which is old; in the doom of some inhuman system, as that of slavery, which has bound up with destruction the life of the family and the nation" as in our late war, when Christ did indeed come as in the clouds of heaven, and with the besom of destruction. "The coming of the Son of Man is thus always at hand; it is a constant motive to duty. . . . It does not adjourn the thoughts of man to some remote date, some distant season, in which one shall come in the guise of a king, in certain external relations, to judge and rule the earth." Such a conception is pagan, and its prevalence in the religious thought of our day, only shows how paganish we still are. The coming of Christ is in the appearance of every fine and brave religious soul that rebukes the sin and folly of the world and awakens a higher ideal within us. He has always come and is always coming, and was, indeed from the foundations of the world. He is the spirit of truth and of righteousness in every age and clime.

By this view of the matter, Mulford gets rid of some grave difficulties in the New Testament. Still, there can be little doubt that the disciples of Christ were to the last, more or less dominated by the pagan conception of the second coming of their Master in their own day, in an external, visible form, and in great power and glory, as a king or conquering hero comes.

Mulford also gets over some grave difficulties by taking Christianity out of the systems of religion that have, at different times, borne sway in the world, and declaring that it is not a *religion* but a *revelation*. The old religions were superstitions, and have, at times, appeared as a thing of good and again of evil. Religion "has given the motive to some of the noblest, and again to some of the darkest pages of history." "It has been the ally of rapine, the defense of crime, the cry of war." But Christianity is not a religion, though all these things have pertained to it. Why it is not safe to consider it merely a religion is this: we should then be obliged to "admit that it was relative, and might be at some date displaced by some form of religion yet more worthy of better adaptation," as other religions have been. As soon as we admit Christianity to be one of the many forms of the religions of the world, one step in the religious history of mankind, we place it among things that are perishable and temporary. The natural philosopher may so regard it, but Mulford attempts to take it out of this category entirely. "It cannot be brought within the scope or province of any definition of religion that has a justification in history. It is not the product of any distinctive religious progress; or, further, it has not its origin in any system of speculation, nor in the reflective order of thought." "It is not within the process of the history

of religions. It is not to be brought as one stage into the development, or as one subject in the comparative study of religions. It is not related to them as one individual form to another, nor as the individual to the universal." "If it be assumed that it is strictly a religion, it is not clear in its relation to philosophy. For philosophy will still maintain its claim to hold it in subjection to its canons, to determine its position in relation to the continuous progress of speculative thought, and will still seek for a real and substantial truth!

"The Old Testament is not primarily the record of a religion, or of a system or science of religion." "It averts the attention from a further world, without affirmation and without denial in regard to it, and is intent upon the eternal and infinite presence dwelling in the here and now." "The writings of the New Testament, as we pass again to their contents, have not a religion, nor the institution, nor the revelation of a religion, for their subject. It is the revelation of the Christ in man and the infinite and eternal life of man. In these writings the very word *religion* does not appear."

"The Christ institutes no cultus of worship and prescribes no system of dogma. There is no suggestion of form of worship or formula of doctrine. The blessing which he gives is of those who act and suffer in the life of humanity. It is of the gentle, of those who mourn, of those who suffer persecution for righteousness, of those who hunger after righteousness." "The Christ had at no time an identity, even the most remote, with any of the great sects or societies which represented and embraced the distinctive religious life of his age. He had no connection with the Scribe, or the Saducee, or the Pharisee." The strongest contrast was seen in the character of the Pharisee. The Pharisee was not a man of mere pretense; he was the type of strictly religious man, but one who cared more for religion than for humanity, like the typical religious man of our own day. The Christ did not appear as a priest or an ascetic, he came eating and drinking, he went among men, he was a man of the world. "The reproach brought against him by the religious sects and societies of his age was, *he eats with publicans and sinners; behold the friend of publicans and sinners.*" To the stickler for religious forms he said "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," and to the chief priests of the religion of his times he said, "the publicans and the harlots shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before you."

Christianity, then, in this latest interpretation of it, is the revelation of the divine in humanity, the oneness of man with God, "the life that is here and now in the life of the spirit but the life that is infinite, the life that is eternal." Christ destroyed the temple; he was the avowed enemy of religion as a form. "The worship henceforth was to be that in which none need to

journey far, nor to go on pilgrimages to distant shrines or cities to enter the doors of a temple."

To people without imagination or vision, who expect the spirit life, the eternal life, to be but another and better form of our present concrete life, far removed from this and to be reached through the valley and the shadow, who cannot conceive of God as here and now, and immortality as here and now in the right conduct of our lives, these teachings of Mulford will seem like mocking them with shadows. To the mass of men, religious concerns are but another field for the exercise of their worldliness, their prudence in looking out for number one; they are as careful and diligent in laying up treasures in heaven as they are in laying them up in the savings bank, and there is as much of the spirit of worldliness in the one case as in the other. It is a good investment; it is the thing for a prudent man to do. Indeed, most of the religious appeals to the masses distinctly strike this note, "Mend your ways or you will miss a good time to-morrow." This is the pagan note, the heathenism of religion, and those who share it will not find much satisfaction in "The Republic of God." It is a book for persons of feeling and imagination, for those who are already living the life of the spirit, who really know the kingdom of heaven is within.

There is not much in Dr. Mulford's teachings that runs counter to the rest of our knowledge. The exceptional light in which he views the person and character of Jesus, and their relation to mankind, may seem unscientific and not in keeping with the rest of his views. Also his conception of God as a person, but exempt from the limitations of time and space, omnipotent and omniscient, is a hard saying to a logical mind. But for the rest, there is not much in the way.

Has not our science taught us that these ways are the eternal ways, that the heavens are no more yonder than here, that this earth is a star in the sky with the rest; that beauty, and truth, and goodness are not externalities, but qualities of the spirit, that the things that are seen are temporal, but that the things that are not seen are eternal?

PERSONA.

BY PROF. F. MAX MULLER.

Part II.

But while in these cases *persona* is used in the sense of the mask worn, we find it in others expressing the real character represented by the actor on the stage. When we now read of *Dramatis Personæ*, we no longer think of masks, but of the real characters appearing in a play. After all, an actor, wearing the mask of a king, was for the time being a king, and thus *persona* came to mean the very opposite of mask, namely a man's real nature and character. Thus Cicero, for instance, writes to Cæsar that his nature

and person, or what would now be called his character, might fit him for a certain work:—*Et ad eam rationem . . . existimabam satis aptam esse et naturam et personam meam, characterem dicere hodie solemus.* Nay, what is still more curious, *persona* slowly assumes the meaning of a great personage, or of a person of rank, and, in the end, of rank itself, as when Cicero (de Fin. 1. 2) says:—*Genus hoc scribendi, etsi sit elegans, personæ tamen et dignitatis esse negant,* ‘Though this kind of writing be elegant, they deny that it is weighty and dignified.’

This sense of *persona* prevailed during the Middle Ages, and continues, as we shall see, to the present day. A man *magnæ personæ* means in mediæval Latin a man of great dignity. We read of *virī nobiles et personati*, also of *mercatores personati*, always in the sense of eminent and respected. In ecclesiastical language *persona* soon took a technical meaning. *Personatus* meant not only *dignitas* in general, but it was used of those who held a living or several livings, but committed the actual cure of souls to a vicar. *Personæ maxime ii qui beneficia seu ecclesiæ per vicarios deserviri curant;* ‘Persons are chiefly those who let their benefices and churches be served by others.’ These so-called *personæ* held very high rank, *habent dignitatem cum prerogativa in choro et capitulo.* A Canon, we read in a charter (anno 1227, tom. 2, Hist. Eccl. Mell. p. 120), *non habebit in choro nostros staulum in ordine personarum, sed habebit primum staulum in ordine sacerdotum;* ‘A canon shall not have in our choir a stall in the row of the *personæ*, but shall have the first stall in the row of the priests.’ No doubt, this led to many abuses. We read of a *nepos*, a word of peculiar meaning, which still lives in our own word *nepotism*, who *turpi commercio in diversis ecclesiis adeptus est personatus*, ‘who by dishonourable means has obtained *personatus* in different churches.’ As early as 1222, in a council held at Oxford, the question had to be discussed, *utrum vicarius onera ecclesiæ subire debeat an persona*, ‘whether a vicar should fulfil the duties of the church or a *persona*.’ From this *persona* comes, no doubt, the modern name of *parson*, and it is strange that so learned a man as Blackstone should not have known this. For though he knows that *parson* is derived from *persona*, he thinks that he was called so because the church, which is an invisible body, was represented by his person.

Blackstone, as a lawyer, was evidently thinking of another technical meaning which *persona* had assumed from a very early time. *Omne jus*, we read in Paul. Dig. lib. i, lit. 5, leg. 1, *quo utimur vel ad personas pertinet, vel ad res, vel ad actiones.* Anybody who had rights was in legal language a person, and slaves were said to have no person by law; *nam servi personam legibus non habent* (apud Senat. lib. 6, Epist. 8),

where *persona* may be really translated by *right*. This is still more clearly seen in such phrases as *habere potestatem et personam emendi et vendendi*, to possess the power and right of buying and selling. In this sense, no doubt, the parson may be said to be the *persona* of his church, but this was not, as we saw, the historical origin of the ecclesiastical *persona*, as opposed to *vicarius*.

Lastly *persona* came to mean what we call a person, an individual. We read in mediæval writers of *universi personæ qui capti sunt utraque parte*, all the persons who were taken on either side; and what is curious, this use of *persona* as a masculine continues even in modern French, where, under certain circumstances, we may treat *personne* as a masculine.

But even here the biography of *persona* is by no means ended. At one time the fate of Christianity seemed to depend on the right meaning of the word *πρόσωπον* or *persona*. Without entering here into all the intricacies of the theological controversy, we can easily see that nothing was more natural to a Christian who spoke and thought in Greek than to apply to the three manifestations of the Godhead the name of *πρόσωπα*, or masks. In doing this the earlier writers were quite conscious of the metaphorical meaning of the word. Thus, in the third century Clement (Protrepticus, x. 110, 86 P.) speaks of Christ as assuming the human mask (*τὸ ἀνθρώπου πρόσωπεῖον*) and acting the drama of human salvation (*τὸ στήριον ἄρῆμα τῆς ἀνθρωπότητος ὑπεκρίνετο*). A very similar expression is found in Clement’s *Stromata*, vii. 11 (313, S.), where we read *ἀμεμφῶς τοίνυν ὑποκράμενος τὸ ἄρῆμα τοῦ βίου ὑπερ ἂν ὁ θεὸς ἀγνώστου παρὰ σῆλη;* ‘Blamelessly acting whatever drama of life God gave him to act.’ It would have been impossible to find a better metaphor for what these early Christian philosophers wished to express, namely that the substance of the Godhead was one, but that it had manifested itself to us under three aspects, or, as it were, under three masks, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This form of thought would have satisfied the simplest peasant and the most hair-splitting philosopher, so long as they were content to see through the glass of metaphor darkly. But the Eastern and Western Churches spoke two different languages, and the Greek word *πρόσωπον* always differed somewhat from the Latin word *persona*, by which it was translated. *Πρόσωπον* retained more or less the meaning of the mask, *persona* added to it the meaning of the wearer of the mask. *Persona* connoted what stood behind the mask, the *hypostasis*; *πρόσωπον* did not always.

Hence the Greek ecclesiastics were afraid of *πρόσωπον* or mask. They thought it might seem to favor too much the opinion of Sabellius, who maintained that there was one *ὑπόστασις*, substance, in the Godhead, and

that Father, Son and Holy Ghost were but three *πρόσωπα*, or *ὀνόματα*, names, or *ἐνέργειαι*, manifestations. But they were equally afraid that if Father, Son, and Holy Ghost were represented as too distinct from each other, there was danger of Arianism, and that instead of three *πρόσωπα* they would have three *οὐσίαι*. They therefore took refuge in saying that there was in the Godhead one *οὐσία*, essence, but three *ὑποστάσεις*, substances. Unfortunately the distinction between *οὐσία*, *essentia*, and *ὑποστάσις*, *substantia*, was not one sanctioned by philosophers at large, and even the earlier Christian writers had used *οὐσία* and *ὑπόστασις* as synonymous. Those therefore who laid the greater stress on the unity of the Godhead remonstrated against the admission of three *ὑποστάσεις* which, in spite of all declarations to the contrary, seemed to them the same as *οὐσία*. It was all very well to say, as Basilius did, that *οὐσία*, essence, differed from *ὑποστάσις*, substance, as the general from the singular, as for instance 'animal' differs from 'this man.' This did not satisfy either the philosophical or the theological conscience of honest thinkers, more particularly of those who had accustomed themselves to the use of the word *persona* in Latin.

There is a most touching letter of St. Jerome's to Pope Damasus*. He had been a follower of Origen, and though he brought himself to speak of *tres personae*, his conscience revolted against the new formula, *tres hypostases*, which to his mind conveyed the meaning of three substances. "Which apostle," he says, "has ever uttered this? What new Paul, or teacher of the Gentiles, taught it? I ask, What can be understood by those *hypostases*? They answer, Three subsisting persons. We answer that we hold that faith. But they are not satisfied with what we mean, they insist on our using the very word, because some kind of poison is supposed to be hidden in the very syllables. We cry out that if any one does not confess the three *hypostases* as three *enhypostata*, that is, as three subsisting *personae*, let him be anathema. But because we do not learn the (new) words, we are judged heretical. Surely, if any one who takes *hypostasis* for *οὐσία* (substance) says that there is not one *οὐσία* in the three *personae*, he is a stranger to Christ. . . . Decide, I adjure you, if you like, and I shall not be afraid to say *three hypostases*. If you command it, let there be a new confession after that of Nicaea, and let us orthodox Christians declare our faith in similar words with the Arians! The whole school of secular knowledge recognises *hypostasis* as nothing else but *οὐσία*. And will any one, I ask, proclaim with his sacrilegious mouth three substances? There is one only nature of God which exists truly God alone who is eternal, that is, who has no beginning, has really the name of substance. . . . And because that nature alone is perfect, and there subsists but one Godhead in three per-

sons, which exists really and is one nature only, therefore whosoever says that there are three, namely three substances, i. e. *οὐσίαι*, dares really, under the cloak of piety, to assert that there are three natures. . . . Let us, please, hear no more of three hypostases, but let us retain the one."

In spite of these remonstrances, however, St. Jerome had to yield. He had to use the new word *ὑπόστασις substantia*, instead of *persona*, whether he could connect a new meaning with it or not. The Christian Fathers ought to have been most grateful for finding in their language such a word and such a metaphor as *πρόσωπον* or *persona*, which could be honestly applied to express what they meant by the three manifestations of the Godhead. But when that metaphor was dropt, and people were asked to predicate three *ὑποστάσεις* or substances of one *οὐσία* or essence, they could hardly help either drifting into some kind of Arianism, or using words devoid of all meaning. †

Even here the biography of *persona* is not yet concluded. Still greater issues sprang from that word, and they continue to agitate the minds of the most serious thinkers of our own age. Our forefathers delighted in fathoming, as they thought, the true nature of the Godhead. There was no divine abyss into which they hesitated to plunge, no mystery into which they thought they could not throw the plummet of their language. We have grown somewhat wiser, perhaps more reverent. But our philosophers have thrown themselves with all the greater zest upon a new problem, namely the exploration of the mystery of human nature. And here also the only diving apparatus which was at hand for their hazardous enterprise was language, and again the old word *persona* had to be put under requisition. We are told that what distinguishes us from all other living beings is that we are personal beings. We are persons, responsible persons, and our very being, our life and immortality, are represented as depending on our personality. But if we ask what this personality means, and why we are called *personae*, the answers are very ambiguous. Does our personality consist in our being English or German, in our being young or old, male or female, wise or foolish? And if not, what remains when all these distinctions vanish? Is there a higher Ego of which our human ego is but the shadow? From most philosophers we get but uncertain and evasive answers to these questions, and perhaps even here, in the darkest passages of psychological and metaphysical inquiry, a true knowledge of language may prove our best guide.

Let us remember that *persona* had two meanings, that it meant originally a mask, but that it soon came

*Vallarsi's edition of St. Jerome, in Migne's 'Patrologia Latina,' vol. xxii., Epist. xv. 23.

†See Hagenbach, 'Lehrbuch der Dogmengeschichte' (Leipzig, 1867), pp. 187-221.

to be used as the name of the wearer of the mask. Knowing how many ambiguities of thought arose from this, we have a right to ask: Does our personality consist in the *persona* we are wearing, in our body, our senses, our language and our reason, our thoughts, or does our true personality lie somewhere else? It may be that at times we so forget ourselves, our true Self, as to imagine that we are Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, or Prince Hamlet. Nor can we doubt that we are responsible each for his own *dramatis persona*, that we are hissed or applauded, punished or rewarded, according as we act the part allotted to us in this earthly drama, badly or well. But the time comes when we awake, when we feel that not only our flesh and our blood, but all that we have been able to feel, to think and to say, was outside our true self; that we were witnesses, not actors; and that before we can go home, we must take off our masks, standing like strangers on a strange stage, and wondering how for so long a time we did not perceive even within ourselves the simple distinction between *persona* and *persona*, between the mask and the wearer.

There is a Sankrit verse which an Indian friend of mine, a famous Minister of State, sent me when retiring from the world to spend his last years in contemplation of the highest problems:

No deho nendriyāni ksharam atīkapalam no mano naiva buddhī,

Prāno naivāham asmiti akhilagadam idam vastugātam katham syām:

Nāham kāme na dārān grīhasutasugranakshetravittādi dūram, Sākshī kīpratygātmā nikhilāgagadadhishthānabhūtaḥ sivoḥam.

‘I am not this body, not the senses, nor this perishable, fickle mind, not even the understanding; I am not indeed this breath; how should I be this entirely dull matter? I do not desire, no, not a wife, far less houses, sons, friends, land and wealth. I am the witness only, the perceiving inner self, the support of the whole world, and blessed.’

CHATS WITH A CHIMPANZEE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

Part VIII, and last.

Late in the soft night I sat at my window in Benares looking up to the constellations, and on the domes and towers with which earth answered the constellations. Benares never sleeps; equally, it never awakens; the pilgrims round their camp-fires come nearer to reality in their night dreams than their day—mares, shall I say? But through the night the Holy City is restless, the phantasmal figures moving in the distance seemed like children left out of doors, lost, unable to find repose; and the warm wind in the holy-figs was as the sigh of the earth, saying: “My poor children, I love you, my heart bleeds for you, but, prisoned in my zenana of ignorance, I cannot help you, and must leave you to petition some more fortunate world to adopt you.” The

splendor of a great moonrise shone on the Ganges, covering that slumberous stream with golden glamour. As I gazed on the moonrise, through vista of a forked tree near my window, a shadowy head slowly rose against the brightness; even as I was rubbing my eyes to look again a voice said—Come! It was low, but I knew it, and softly made my way out to meet my Chimpanzee. He had descended from the tree, and now whispered words that troubled me. Our more recent interviews must have been partly overheard by the priests; these could not, of course, comprehend our talk, but the bare idea of an intelligent god filled them with alarm. “The step from deity to demon is easily taken,” said my friend, “and I have probably taken it in ceasing to be dumb. After you left me I saw a priest slip out from behind a wall near us, his face ghastly with alarm. For the rest of the day I was watched. It became certain to me that you would be forbidden entrance again, but I was anxious to communicate with you,—it is pretty surely for the last time,—so I climbed out and came to your window. Hist!”

“I heard nothing.”

“I am fearsome. Let us go to the Deer Forest.”

We were in that suburb to which English residences bring quietude at night. Passing through some silent streets, not yet flared on by the rising moon, we noiselessly sped out of the city and reached the lonely road leading to the ancient pile which consecrates the Deer Forest, where Buddha opened his mission,—spot sacred to the Buddhist, as to the Christian that Mount where “the Sermon” was delivered. Near the mysterious old tower was a tent put up by an English architect engaged in repairing the ruin; I had taken to that architect a note of introduction some days before, and, when we now reached the place, proposed that we should enter the tent for conversation, for I saw that my friend suspected that we were followed. “Let us enter, if you feel free to do so,” he said, “for no Hindu will venture into an English precinct.” We were soon comfortably seated in the tent which bore witness to Europe’s homage to the “Light of Asia” (it is only Buddhist temples which England repairs and cherishes), and my friend spread before him some inscribed palm-leaves.

“I promised to repeat to you a discourse by Buddha,” he said, “and it is to fulfill the promise that I have disregarded the danger surrounding me.”

“I am sorry you have done so, eager as I am to learn the discourse. Nothing could grieve me more than that any harm should befall you, and I am very grateful—”

“Nay, do not thank me too much; for I have considered also the race to which you belong; I have weighed the probable danger to myself against the probable benefit to many, which your knowledge of this discourse may convey. But no time must be lost in

what is pretty surely our last interview. Do you know anything of Ambapâli?"

"The courtesan who sat at Buddha's feet?"

"The same. Tell me what you have read of her so that I need not repeat it."

"The ancient tale in the Suttas impressed me years ago by its correspondence with one in the legend of Jesus, at whose feet a courtesan, called the Magdalen, sat. My remembrance is that Buddha, now a Lord honored by the great, when travelling with friends toward Benares, came to a mango-grove, at centre of which was a beautiful mansion, whose occupants were absent. The owner of the abode and the mango-grove, was a courtesan known as Ambapâli, 'the mango girl.' She, hearing that the Lord was discoursing in her grove, journeyed in her chariot to the place, and listened to his teachings. When Buddha was silent she approached, and, her name and vocation being known, asked him if he with his disciples would eat food in her house the next day. When it was known in that region, Vésali, that the Lord had accepted the courtesan's invitation, the Princes of that country came to her and said, 'Yield to us the honor of giving this feast to the Lord for a hundred thousand pieces of gold.' Ambapâli replied, 'Should you offer the whole land of Vésali, I would not give up the honor of presenting this feast to my Lord.' 'The mango-girl has outdone us,' said the Princes. On the following day, after Buddha with his disciples had eaten the feast she had prepared, sweet rice and cakes, Ambapâli entered and taking a low stool sat at the teacher's side, and listened to his discourse. But a few sentences of the discourse are given in the Sutta, but I remember that in them was no reproof of the mango-girl, nor even a distant allusion to her mode of life. It is recorded, however, that Ambapâli presented her beautiful abode and the mango-grove to the teacher as a home for his brotherhood."

"Fairly remembered," said my friend. "But Buddha did not travel to the mango-grove with disciples; he came alone. Ambapâli was descended from the perfect race of which I have spoken; in her survived their beauty and genius. This lady, while the favorite of princes, used the wealth so obtained in collecting in her neighborhood the scattered remnants of the grand race, in whom some strain of their original dignity survived, hoping to form again the social germ for the re-evolution of that race. Her abode, which, in the outside world, bore evil fame, was, in reality, consecrated by councils devoted to the development of a higher race. It was these, ancestors of us now worshiped in the Monkey Temple, that Buddha found in the mango-grove, where he had paused for rest on his weary foot-journey through Vésali to Benares. Some others were present at the discourse you have read in the Sutta; but when these were gone Ambapâli secured a more intimate interview

for her noble co-descendants, and it is this, not to be found elsewhere, which I now entrust to you, as recorded by my ancestor there present."

BUDDHA, AMBAPALI, AND THE SORROWFUL ONES.

Ambapâli. Lord! thou art brave and gracious to enter the abode and eat the rice and salt of a courtesan.

Buddha. Lady, I am not thy judge. From those who come to me I turn not away. I do not condemn thee. If any one move in a way of error,—I say not thine is such—the penalty is always tenfold their desert, and I would take from rather than add to it.

Ambapâli. I do not justify, neither do I condemn myself. I love man, though unwilling to be thrall or any: the sacramental licentiousness spawning pauperism, the priestly cant consecrating such abominations as the forced marriage of little children, the zenana whose wretchedness makes the suttee-flame cooling to woman's heart—these have determined my life. Let this my abode be judged beside its alternative, the zenana, the wives' prison. Let its owner be called libertine, but a principled libertine. And yet, Lord, this is not the happiness I dream.

Buddha. Dream your dream, Ambapâli, till it turn the obtrusive world to a phantasmagoria, and itself become the reality. Could we by any art turn the angry flood of life to the white foam of a happy dream, then crystallize that shining essence in ideal shapes, even if they swiftly melt away they leave us a permanent pedestal above the dark tides of necessity. All men are seeking to realize their happier dreams, but in ways that end in realizing their nightmares. The diamond eyes of the child lose their pure ray in the competition for wealth. The tender breast loses its peace, the healthy cheek its beauty, in struggling for the covering of necklace and cloth of gold. The fine unconscious art of a million ages has surrounded us with human forms, which through our individual art may become the transparencies of things fairer than themselves—things which remain when the forms pass away. Men seek victory, caring not that to others their victory is defeat. They seek gold, forgetting that their neighbor's lot must sink as their own rises. But the failure of one rises round the success of another, and so the dream is found, when realized, to be a horror.

Ambapâli. How then, my Lord, can we realize our dream?

Buddha. We cannot realize it in what is commonly called realization: we cannot buy and sell our visions, and turn them into palaces or things sought by ambition and selfishness. But if, knowing that this hungry menagerie of powers in us rend and destroy the very beauty which fascinates them, we bring to the pursuit our finer genius, our distinctive humanity, we gain the soul of that beauty. The child nurses a tiny painted puppet till it feels the maternal thrill. A living babe could do nothing sweeter, while its reality is tragical. The little mother never suffers the pain of parting with her wooden babe. Ah, we must become children, Ambapâli! We must dwell in an enchanted land, and bring to its every flower the flower of the mind; such flowers neither pluck nor bruise, but fructify each other; the wayfarer in a desert moves amid bloom and fruitage of paradise if his senses have been beguiled from the world of objects to the artistic creation within.

Ambapâli. Is this your full dream, my Lord?

Buddha. Nay, I will speak a new thought rising like a star before me. All that I have said but describes a certain refuge I have found from the torment of seeing a world tossed amid elements and forces blind and irresistible. Instead of going farther and farther into those crushing coils whose action is unconscious, I entreat men to extricate themselves, so far as is possible, by not reproducing themselves, or multiplying their ties to things so swiftly passing; but to love the permanent ideal—man, not men; woman, not women; the divine, not gods,—to conceive and even enjoy these by sensations not confused with their particular or individual causes. The enlightened lover would love the perfect man, the perfect woman, of whom any individual may be a symbol—in his unbroken dream. The joy is in loving. The living symbol does not decay or die with any individual. The passion for persons, whether husband, wife, or child, which makes beings unjust, selfish, jealous,—this animalized passion must pass away by humanization, before the race can be happy. But what is this I say? It is but the thought of a thought. My light goes no farther. What form in society, in government, this my principle would assume I know not, more than I know what will be the blossom and fruit of a seed that never yet broke shell. I now depart, Ambapáli, and pass on, sowing among others this seed which has borne an inner flower and healing fruit for me, in the belief that here or there some company will presently nurture and mature it to larger result. I have done.

Ambapáli. My Lord, it shall be here, so far as your servant can effect that. This mansion, this mangrove, and all my wealth I here present to as many of these my brothers and sisters as are prepared to study your teachings and follow them in practice.

“So ended the conversation of Buddha and the courtesan, thenceforth a fair mother of spirits in the Mango Grove, taming all passions, till lambs feared not lions. Then and there was formed the fraternity out of which were developed the gods and goddesses of our Monkey Temple. When the Brahmans demanded of those, our progenitors, service in their temples and affairs, some refused and were slain, but the wiser, remaining silent, were accounted dumb; there was a survival of the silent, and articulate speech was lost. There was also a survival of those whose hair grew thickest, as we must not compete for clothing. As our food must be obtained without painful wandering into the world, or mixing in the frauds of trade, there was an evolution of climbers who could bring food from trees. As the males did not fight for brides, the biggest were not superior and larger size was not a masculine inheritance. Our time is short; my sentences sum centuries. For some generations the sexes had their separate groves by day. When beauty, veiled by darkness, had so ceased to be of utility, it ceased to be selected; with it passed away the intensifications of individual passion; jealousy, subjugation of one sex to another, egotism, passed away. Our race became ugly and good-natured. But the ugliness was only a veil over a beauty inly seen. To each lover the invisible

mate combined all perfections; insomuch that beside the vision the fairest of the world's beauties had been hideous. The faults and failures and meannesses which once disenchanted the bride and bridegroom, could not mar these symbolized idols. No one lost his bride while any woman lived; none his child while any child lived. Gradually consciousness grew faint, for it is largely dependent on the egotism which merges the world into one's self-interest. Our fathers have transmitted that their last consciousness was of sinking to slumber, as if in some secret grotto, where their fancies became fairies, attending their wants, surrounding them with all loveliness, and promising them that in some far off time they should awaken into the upper world and find it peopled and adorned as in their visions. But this loss of consciousness did not bless all; a small but ever decreasing number preserved memory, and handed down the tradition of these steps, whereby the perfect race retreated into anthropoid form to escape consciousness of inner degradation. Finally, but one—myself—was left to be heir of this history, and of these scriptures. Despite my efforts I have not yet seen my anthropoid form as a retreat of perennial sleepers, and the priests as fairies, therefore I am not as happy as the others, but I shall take care to have no heir. Therefore I entrust these palm-leaves, these scriptures, this tradition to you; and I do so because rumors from your far world have raised the hope that—hist!”

We heard, indeed, furtive footsteps near the tent. The Chimpanzee started away, and, casting on me a kindly glance—pathetic in my memory—softly crept out beneath a remote part of the tent's canvas. I listened, and presently heard hurrying footsteps,—then something like a gentle moan. Leaving the tent quickly I walked around the ancient Buddhist tower but saw nothing. The great golden moon illumined the Deer Forest, but revealed no form. As I gazed on the full orb there appeared plainly the hare into which the Blessed One is said to have changed himself that he might be eaten by a starving pilgrim; but presently the lunar face and figure seemed to change to my beloved Chimpanzee, and I shuddered at the thought that harm might befall him through his service to me. I hurried on to the Monkey Temple. It was two hours past midnight, but there were torches blazing through open-work of the walls which made me quicken speed.

I was too late. I drew near cautiously and beheld my dear Sage prostrate, surrounded by six Brahmans of highest order; one of these was just withdrawing from the victim's lips a golden bowl. The men had terror in their faces as they looked on the form before them. They did not see me, but the Chimpanzee did, and with a gesture warned me not to approach. “There is danger near you,” he said, “do not venture. Not one here but you can understand a word of the language in which

I am speaking; but they know it is language; the miracle has changed me from god to devil. In their terror, lest I work evil among my fellows, they have given me poison. You cannot help me; therefore softly conceal yourself, listening to my last words, directed to these amazed priests, but meant for you. I see that you grieve, but let it not be so. It is well enough that I now die, for this surviving consciousness isolates me from my race, and the human superstition afflicts me, so that I cannot enjoy my godhood. I have wished to bequeath to mankind the history you have heard, and now pass cheerfully into the Nirvana of non-existence. Yet with what voice is left me I will indicate what I was about to say, as my last word, in the tent. Although I feel that a fictitious and chaotic moral universe into which the perfect race was dragged by superstition and oppression made their reversion in outer form an inward advance, this is not the ideal way. There are rumors that, in some far new world, men are transforming these phantasms called gods into human providences, their ceremonies into services to man, and by Art, the true Savior, gradually humanizing the hard inorganic earth itself. If the tidings be true, that were to bring back to the East, in beneficent incarnation, the innumerable divinities exiled hence for their excellence, restoring them in perfected form to supersede and clear away these elemental phantoms to whom priestcraft gives a ghoulish actuality. For always the Stone-age gods hold the land in mortgage, and can banish any young deity who shows a variation from the stony standard. All the westward migrations have been of pilgrims bearing some fairer, tenderer god or goddess to an unmortgaged land, where they might worship such. By such devotion deities may be gradually conceived and born of humanity; and shall we not hope, that they can redeem their ancestral lands from Stone-age phantasms? Of such tendencies in the West we have heard. Should you repair to that far land, say unto those liberators of humanity that, when they shall themselves be perfectly free, they will make real in the earth that beauty and joy which Buddha and Zoroaster, and other orient seers, could know only in dreams and visions. For the present there do, indeed, appear here from your far region ignorant and foolish preachers, but perhaps it is because they can find no hearers at home; relieved of such stupid elements, your country can better develop freedom and knowledge. When they have fully learned that this earth is man's and the fullness thereof, that instead of gods creating the world, the world must create gods,—then there will be gods, and they will surround the planet with a tender providence. Their awakening power will pass round the earth; in supernatural splendor, in this temple, in these anthropoid forms, in human forms whose reversion is mental and moral, shall the sleeping Beauty of Humanity be found, thorn-hedged,

and at the kiss of incarnate Light come forth to find earth her palace and her home.

MONOPOLY ON STRIKE.

BY WHEELBARROW.

I see by the papers that the retail coal dealers have struck. These down-trodden and afflicted fellow-citizens demand a raise of fifty cents a ton on coal, from the first day of November, 1887, and, what is more to the purpose, they are going to have it. With pious gratitude they see the merciful Indian Summer fade away, and they hail with hymns of gladness the snow clouds coming in the North. A week ago they met at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and sang the doxology of the coal monopoly, "O, ye frost and cold, O, ye ice and snow, Bless ye the Lord; praise him and magnify him for ever." Praise him and magnify him, an extra fifty cents a ton.

It was further resolved at said meeting that any retail coal dealer, wicked and depraved enough to sell coal at a fair profit after November 1st, should be boycotted by the association, and his business destroyed. A communication was read from the agents of the coal monopoly, and wholesale dealers, to the effect that they would do the boycotting; that they would not sell coal to any abandoned profligate retailer who should refuse to join the strikers, or who should decline to take advantage of the icebergs created by an all-wise Providence for the benefit of coal merchants. I am writing this a few days before the first of November, but I write in the confident assurance that the strike will be successful, and that from that day forward I must pay an extra fifty cents a ton for coal. The strikes of capital and monopoly never fail; the strikes of labor seldom succeed.

It is not at all certain that this will be the last strike of the coal dealers this winter. It is highly probable, indeed, that they will strike for another fifty cents a ton by the 1st of December. It depends on the weather. All through November they will watch with greedy eyes the beaver and the squirrel. If the beaver builds his house with extra care, and makes a thicker wall than usual, or if the chipmunk lays in an extra store of nuts, the coal men will decide that the winter will be "hard," and they will sanctify the augury by another tax on coal. Fifty cents a ton on coal isn't much when you look at it as a mere question of arithmetic, a sum in simple addition; but when you measure it by a poor man's wages, and realize that it means a half a day's work for him, it rises to the dignity of algebra, and if you reflect that it includes the warning of a corresponding extortion upon all other necessities, it becomes a headaching, heartaching problem of economical trigonometry that baffles Benjamin Franklin.

It makes the pews laugh at the pulpit, and the pulpit laugh at the pews as the coal dealer's prayers go up to heaven, asking for an early winter and a late spring.

For instance, I see by last Sunday's paper that the lumber dealers had a meeting the day before, and resolved to strike for an extra \$2 per thousand feet. Their strike will be successful, too, because they have the capital to make it win. As I have no money either to build houses or to buy them, it looks as if the strike of the lumber dealers is nothing to me. My neighbor's affairs can regulate themselves; it is enough for me to mind my own business. I used to practice that philosophy, but I think it cramps the liberal soul, and shuts the generous hand. I have joined the other church, and I now believe that my neighbor's affairs are also mine, and that I have an interest in everything that happens in this world.

I have an interest in the strike of the lumber dealers, because I know it will be followed by a strike of the nail dealers, and the brick dealers, and the glass dealers, and the dealers in putty. Dear material means less building, and that means less demand for workmen, and less wages for the mechanic and the laborer. This strike attacks me front and rear, because although I may not feel the added price of lumber so directly as I feel the extra price of coal, yet it hits me indirectly in the rent I pay for the house that gives me shelter from the storm. I cannot escape it any easier than I can escape the changes of temperature that follow the procession of the sun.

It does not equalize conditions to tell me that I have the privilege to strike for higher wages. When the wild geese are flying south what chance have I to strike? "The stars in their courses fight against Sisera." The weather itself forbids me to strike, and I shall be thankful if my employer does not strike against me. What good is my old shovel to attack monopoly entrenched in the Capitol? Early in the war, I was part of a small force guarding a railroad bridge in Missouri. Suddenly we were attacked by a superior force of the enemy, who opened fire upon us with a four gun battery. We had no artillery, so our Colonel telegraphed to the general for instructions, stating that the enemy's battery was dropping shot and shell among his men, and that he had nothing with which to reply. Instantly the answer came back, "Take the battery." This was excellent advice providing the battery would consent to be captured. So, when Capitol strikes for higher prices, the advice to Labor to make a counter strike for higher wages, is merely an order to "take the battery." The odds against us are too great, and the battery refuses to be taken.

The other day I read, with much pleasure, that the output of coal for this year was greater than last year by about three million tons. Left to the natural laws of trade and production this would give us cheaper coal this winter, and that was the reason I rejoiced. The coal dealers, in order to protect themselves against the calamity of this abundant output, conspire to withhold it

from the poor poor, and taking the coal owners into the plot, they actually increased the price of coal when they ought to lower it, and lay an extra tax of eight per cent. on every bushel of coal that the workingman must buy.

The rich man has already discounted the extortion. He has laid in his winter's supply at the summer prices, but the poor man is not able to do that; he must buy his coal from week to week as he buys his bread.

As for me, it is only by force of the co-operative principle that I am able to enjoy the luxury of coal at all. My sons and I throw our wages all in together, and one fire warms us all. Otherwise I must give up either coal or bread. I shudder as I think of the long winter impending over homes poorer than mine. I heard a lecture once on chemistry, and the lecturer said that coal was carbon sent here from the sun, that it was nothing else than the sun's rays transformed by natural chemistry into trees, and these again by decomposition converted into coal. He said that in this way the rays of the sun, shed upon the earth millions of years ago, were concentrated and embalmed, to be liberated by combustion into flame and heat, millions of years afterwards, for the use and benefit of man. He said that not a ray of sunshine that fell upon the earth was wasted, but that nature had provided for the saving of it all. The strike of the coal dealers to keep the dead rays of the sun out of the poor man's home, only proves that they would monopolize and tax the living sunshine if they could. They would sell the air we breathe, the green upon the grass, the perfume of the flowers, and the songs of the birds; but let us rejoice that they are not able to do that yet. As the swart blacksmith, Ebenezer Elliott, used to sing at his anvil, so I sing at my wheelbarrow,

Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying,
But thanks to God, in spite of them,
The lark still warbles flying.

The unbelievers tell us there is no place of future punishment, but I cannot agree to that. There must be a place "beyond Jordan" where fuel is cheap, where sulphur can be had for nothing, and where coal dealers who strike against the poor will be kept warm for ever. Else there would be a gap in the moral universe where a big chunk of justice had been knocked out.

THE MERIT AND VICE OF SYMPATHY.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Sympathy is a merit or a vice, according to its effects and the cause exciting it. It is so often followed by evil results rather than good, its effect being to weaken instead of strengthen the will, to enfeeble rather than arouse a losing self-respect, that we may justly decline to pronounce it always a virtue. The sympathy that springs from the sentiment of justice, finding its motive in a sincere desire to remedy some existing evil, is a real

and needed force in the world, as much as electricity or steam; but the sympathy that takes the form of extreme compassion, unenlightened by the instinct of helpfulness, does little but injury to the one receiving and the one extending it.

There was numbered, once, among the professional beggars of this city a well-known character, whose peculiar form of appeal to the sympathies of the community, made her universally dreaded and disliked. She had a badly crippled wrist, which, by some dexterous twist of the muscles, she was able to display in all its mangled ugliness, producing a feeling of sickening disgust in the beholder, which, even more than the emotion of pity, also aroused, prompted him to place a coin in the outstretched hand and free himself from the unpleasant sight. This woman thrived, it was said, on the shameless exposure of this deformity, as we know others, like her, make capital of their misfortunes, and are able to earn a comfortable sustenance by the public display made of a legless body crawling about the streets, or some other unsightly distortion. More intelligent ideas respecting the use and meaning of charity, are doing away with these public outrages; but those who make such bold and open demands upon our sympathies are not confined to the mendicant class. There are many people, comfortably clad and housed, and within the range of our social acquaintance, whose chief trait is a nerveless inefficiency, which is constantly exacting gratuitous services from others, and posing itself in some attitude of helpless weakness and misfortune. I sympathize with the remark I once heard from Mr. Powell, to the effect that it is easier to dispose of the tramps, dressed in rags, who come to the back door to beg his substance than of those dressed in silk and broadcloth who come through the front entrance to waste his time and patience. It has become a settled maxim among the workers in public charity that the most deserving objects of their labors are those who never ask for help, and the same principle holds good in the alleviation of moral maladies. The man or woman of uncertain will and hesitating conviction, swayed here and there by every breeze of opinion, and constantly seeking the support of some more self-reliant mind is the moral counterpart of the practised beggar who makes daily round among a circle of easy-minded benefactors for his board and lodging. Unhappiness is naturally expansive, and we should be patient with the fact that the unfortunate need our help more than the fortunate, and that sorrow is less self-dependent than joy; still I think it may be laid down as a principle, admitting but few exceptions, that the soul reduced to its last depths of suffering, temptation or despair, is best left to itself awhile. Jesus bade his disciples sleep, and departed to pass the hours of Gethsemane alone, with no eye to watch the mortal agony which

preceded his supreme resolve. Man is his own best helper, and he who acts on a contrary assumption neither deserves nor will profit by the aid derived from others. This is true not only in the work of public benevolence but in our private relations with friend and family. It is also true with regard to the relation we sustain to ourselves—the care and culture of the soul. For there is such a thing as sympathizing too much with one's self. "The worst of superstitions is to think one's own most bearable," said Lessing. So, too, the worst effect of suffering, no matter how real it be, is that which springs from the belief that no one's else was ever so great. The egotism of the unhappy is greater than that of the happy, and often more injurious in its effects. A just realization of sorrow, as well as its highest benefit, is reached when we have learned to bear it alone, silently accepting it as part of the common heritage of life and human experience. We ease the conscience too readily with our swift and numerous excuses. The apology contains a covert appeal to the injured person's sympathy, and lightens the load of guilt by compelling another to bear it with us. This is not to say that the apology has not its uses, but only to caution against the apologizing habit, which is employed as a kind of moral salve to heal our wounded self-love, removing our own consciousness of error rather than its effects.

As it is with excuse-making, so it is with the habit of continually seeking the advice and approval of others. Often the greatest mistake we can commit is to seek that counsel of another, which a little honest and hard thinking would readily procure for ourselves. The weakness that leads to many of the so-called "confidences" between friends and acquaintance, is something we have all had to blush for. The true friend is he who never urges such confidences, but rather ignores our need of them, helping us to be strong in ourselves. Howells, a writer who owns a deeper moral purpose than many give him credit for, has admirably illustrated this point in his story of "A Modern Instance." Ben Halleck, a young man of stainless soul and the highest ideals, derived from a rigid Puritan ancestry, finds himself caught in the meshes of an unholy passion. Writhing in shame and misery he seeks his friend Atherton. The latter, though he thoroughly understands the condition of affairs, and is deeply moved and concerned for his friend, declines to be made a confidant of, not to spare himself, but as a heroic means to save Halleck. To the reproachful remark, "You don't ask me what my trouble really is," Atherton makes reply, "I think you had better not tell me your trouble. . . . I doubt if it would help you to tell it. I've too much respect for your good sense to suppose it's an unreality; and I suspect that confession would only weaken you. . . . If you're battling with some temptation, our self-betrayal, you must make the fight alone. You would only turn to an ally to be flattered

into the disbelief of your danger or your culpability." The moral effect of open repentance and confession may be noted in the scenes of the revival-room and the experience of those occupying the "anxious seat." Repentance has become as easy as the upward swing of the pendulum, and as sure to be followed by the downward movement of a relaxed will and conscience. "Nothing good is to be expected of those who acknowledge their faults, repent and then sin again," says Balzac. "The truly great acknowledge their faults to no one, but they punish themselves accordingly." Goethe is credited with words of similar import, "Every man must be his own counsellor; the man who desires to be rid of an evil knows what he wants."

Self-helpfulness is the great fundamental virtue which each of us should set ourselves steadily to cultivate in others. Sympathy, the power to enter into others' joys and sorrows, is one of the finest graces of character, a divine feeling which ennobles life more than any other; but let us avoid the cultivation of the weak, drivelling sentiment which often passes by that name, mindful that the office of friendship, and of every human relation, is like the physician's, which is neither to palliate nor soothe the sufferings of his patients, but to cure them.

IDEALISM AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

BY W. M. SALTER.

A leading scientific authority in England, Prof. Balfour Stewart, brings forward a difficulty in the way of accepting idealism that any defender of the theory must honestly meet. Idealism means that the physical world is reducible to sensations and exists only in a sentient subject. So long, then, as this planet has had sentient life on its surface, the world has had a real existence. But what shall we say to the time before there was any sentient existence, when not only our earth, but all the other members of the solar system, were but a fiery mist, a nebula, when living beings of every sort, (unless we hold with Haeckel, that all matter is "beseelt") were impossible? This time is far remote and may be without any practical interest to us; but a philosophical theory must be equal to all the facts, the near and the far, and to the mind the remotest conceivable past is as real as the present. Prof. Stewart raised this difficulty a few years ago in the *Contemporary Review*. "It is difficult to see," he said, "how the idealist can regard this [pre-sentient] state of things as a universe at all." And further, which is the same difficulty in another form, "What idea," he asks, "can the idealist entertain regarding the matter which we suppose to exist in the central regions of the sun or of the earth where there is no intelligent being to be directly impressed with its presence?" Must idealism run out into the absurdity that the primitive fiery mist did not exist and that the centers of the sun and the earth are a

fiction? So the indignant defenders of what is sometimes called "scientific" philosophy, assert—as for example, that penetrating and vigorous thinker, Dr. Francis E. Abbot. Realism is the only philosophy that is consistent with physical science, it is claimed.

But the difficulty which Prof. Stewart raises, is, I am persuaded, not insuperable. What is the heat of a fire on a man's own hearth, when he is out of the room and there is perchance not a fly or a mosquito, or living creature of any sort remaining? If anything is plainly a sensation, it is heat. But what is the heat, when no one feels it? Plainly it has a possibility of existence, rather than a real existence. A man may know that for a certain length of time he will experience heat, whenever he goes into his room. During that length of time he pictures the warmth and the glow as there, though he does not feel them and may be numb with cold. He pictures rightly, for should he go into the room during that time, he would experience the heat. It is not a false or an illusory, but a true picture; the heat is there as a possibility all the time. Now, without any effort we can conceive of a room with a fire in it, which we do not enter at all, and no one enters, and no one, so securely is it barred, could enter. The heat would, nevertheless be a possibility in it all the same. I have looked into Mr. Hegeler's gigantic furnaces down in La Salle; or rather, there were depths in them that I could not look into; nothing could live there—yet there was heat in those central depths, or (more strictly speaking) such *possibilities* of heat, that, if the Hibernicism may be pardoned, it would be impossible to endure them.*

Now, as an idealist I believe in the heat of the central regions of the sun, or of the earth, in just the same way that I believe in the heat of the impassably-barred room and that of the depths of Mr. Hegeler's furnaces. The heat at the center of the earth is a real possibility; anyone could experience it, if he could only get there and stay there alive. It has not one thing in common with unreality or illusion. And yet it is real only as a possibility, not as anybody's actual experience.

And now for the next step. As I believe in the possibility of sensations that I do not have and, practically speaking, cannot have, because I cannot make the necessary transit *in space*, so I believe in the possibility of sensations that I do not and cannot have, because my existence does not go back far enough *in time*, and nobody's does. If I or anybody had lived on the present globe, we should have seen and experienced just what science tells us existed. If we could have lived in the fiery mist or nebula, before there was any globe at all, we should have known by experience what we can

* The apparent contradiction here is one of language, not of thought. The "possibilities" are possibilities to the mind; the word "impossible" means, in the connection, impossible to the body.

only know now by speculation or conjecture. "Science," so far as anybody calls it trustworthy in its reports, gives us not a false or illusory, but a true picture; it tells us what would have been our actual experience, could we have lived at the time referred to. The heat and color and motion, and whatever other qualities may be ascribed to the primitive nebula were real; that is, they were real (and not imaginary) possibilities; and they would have been real, in the other sense, if anybody had been, so to speak, on the scene. The past history of the universe is just as much a fixed matter and just as truly an object of exact study to the idealist as to the most dogmatic realist; for it means what he or anyone like him might have seen and heard and felt and handled—and the possibilities of such experiences he knows are not in the slightest degree determined by himself. As he looks out on the sky now, he cannot determine whether it shall be red or yellow or blue; what he can experience is determined by something or somebody else than himself. So he has no doubt it would have been years and hundreds of thousands of years ago. The sky and the earth and the whole aspect and order of the world, though all are his experience, are an experience he cannot help having, that is given to him, and that save in details he cannot change. The past he cannot change at all. The possibilities of experience there are *absolutely* fixed.

The same observations apply to the infinitesimal elements of the world. Whether we consider molecules as hypothetical entities, or, in Sir William Thomson's words, "pieces of matter of measurable dimension, with shape, motion, and laws of action, intelligible subjects of scientific investigation," the idealistic theory adds not to nor subtracts one particle from their reality. They are real, to the idealist, as possibilities of experience; it may be that with our present powers of sensation, we cannot experience them, but if these powers were indefinitely refined and heightened we might. It may be that now we can only construct the molecules and atoms in thought and cannot observe them; but we are persuaded that if we could observe them (i. e., if they could be converted into actual sensations) we should find them to be just what we had imagined them to be.

Neither extensively in space or time, nor intensively as we try to penetrate to the elements of matter, does idealism fail to be entirely consistent with physical science. If science is synonymous with experience or possible experience, idealism might more truly than realism claim to be the much vaunted "scientific" philosophy. Where are examples of finer, more painstaking, more microscopic investigation than those afforded by the labors of a Huxley and a Helmholtz? Yet these men know that they are studying their sensations (actual or possible) and nothing outside of them.

MONISTIC MENTAL SCIENCE.

THE MECHANISM OF THE MIND.

BY S. V. CLEVENGER, M. D.

The single-celled organism is a wandering nomad, but when several cells cohere, for a common life purpose, the condition is that of a savage mob, until special abilities develop in the separate cells; then the tribal condition arises. If these cells are not properly related to one another, and food is unequally distributed, causing many to perish while the few are surfeited, the animal represents an absolute monarchy. When an advance is made and the needs of the multitude are better supplied, the condition resembles that of a limited monarchy. I maintain (notwithstanding Haeckel's different view,) that the republic is typified by a healthy *homo sapiens*,—worthy of that specific title, composed of cells, altruistically, though mechanically, grouped into organs, no one of which cells or organs demands or receives more than sufficient to serve the good of all. A diseased state would result otherwise, and if the surplus be among intestinal organs then the government is for politicians and privileged classes.

The ideal man may no more exist than does the ideal republic; but theoretically the brain rules the body in the interests and by the consent of all the bodily units. If a specially favored controlling power arises in such a government and the muscles or the alimentary tract gain control we have the military or the mercantile, the pugnacious or gluttonous dominance. The evolution of nations, societies, species or individuals proceed over identical paths: The lowest animal is a defenseless absorber of food; a few steps higher in the zoological series there is ferocity; higher still, cunning. The human infant passes through the stages of milk imbibing, savagery, barbarism, to more thoughtful manhood. Nations reach civilization by developing industrialism which binds together workers intelligently and considerately. When militancy prevails development is arrested, the country is a lubberly school-boy with a chip on his shoulder. The wise adult has outgrown his childish greed and bellicosity, no longer lies, steals or wastes time in buffoonery. He *thinks*. But, to think he must have the apparatus for thinking. Printing, telegraphy and rapid transit bring the individuals of a people into sensible coöperation and the silly sword, gun and clownish uniform finds less favor. The physical basis of intelligence is proclaimed by two facts:

1. *The nervous system relates the body cells together in the interests of all the cells of the body.*
2. *The brain relates the nervous system more complexly to the same end.*

A direct ethical inference is, then, that charity, forgiveness, considerateness, justice, etc., are expediency outgrowths and that humanity is but a form of wisdom. I would like to take my readers over the studies I have

found so fascinating: Embryology, neurology and other branches of biology; but must resist the temptation to ramble over this naturalists' paradise and keep within the hedgerows of our text. We have not the time to follow out the development of the nerves that ascend the spinal cord to the head, the passage of touch nerves into those for special sense with end organs such as the eye, ear and nose; the accumulation of "commissures" or connecting strands of nerves in the brain. You will find those matters fairly treated by Wundt, Spencer, Bain and the modern physiologists generally.

Elongated, headless animals, through locomotion becoming easiest with one end first, gave rise to animals with heads, as the eel, because the head end encountering soonest the changes in the environment, differentiation would be most likely to proceed at the head. The special senses grouped themselves here instead of being scattered as they are in lower forms of life. Motions becoming oftenest regulated from the head a longitudinal series of nerves sprang up which afterwards became the lateral nerve columns of the cord, these relate the other segments of the body with the special sense organs and by enabling the body to be controlled mainly through higher differentiated senses a decided advance is made in the organism evolution.

The highest animals have the most complex nervous systems; doubt, hesitation, thought or reason, essentially the same process, exercise nerve centers that are more nearly the protoplasmic state, such as the neuroglia; greater heat is evolved, more blood is consumed and the effort is attended by consciousness*. The spinal cord gray matter undergoes this vibratory transfer and so animals without heads may think, but when the tracts are built up so as to make motions instinctive, such as tossing off a fly from the hand, consciousness need not be involved; the automatic apparatus works reflexly, with less friction, less heat, less blood consumption, and with but feeble sensation evolution.

In learning to play upon the piano the higher senses, with touch, are brought into use; the routes through the brain and cord to correlate the finger movements are being established with difficulty. When the piece is learned it may be played in the dark with but the finger touch sense to guide. A revolution has been effected in the arrangement of the nerve strands in the brain and adjustment of muscles in the arm and fingers has also occurred. Reason was involved at the outset. Instinct was the outcome and where certain invariable causes produce in any animal invariable effects, brain shapes may be thus built up and transmitted to progeny: inherited; and as soon as the structural form of brain is developed the animal will do what its mechanism has been constructed to do, the chicken will peck as soon as

it escapes from its shell. Dispositions and traits are thus transmitted with the "intuitions," superstitions, dexterities and stupidities.

We do but think what our molecular make up permits us to do and think, and that make-up is the product of our environment.

Assume that the nerves all over the body are in a state of chemical agitation represented by 100,000,000 vibrations per second, 10^7 becomes the normal for nerve activity, departures from which constitute sensation. Lowering of this normal produces numbness, irregularity, pain. If from 50 to 1,400 interruptions occur the feeling of touch is experienced; 45 to 40,000 constitute hearing; much more rapid interferences induce sight sensations. Most of these impressions produce quivers diffused through the gray neuroglia of the cord and brain, but when recurrences arrange the minute molecules of that sensitive gray substance into little lines, paths, tracts, fibrils, fasciculi, plexuses, memory is evoked; the impression is recorded, and each such impression produces in the brain a corresponding alteration constant for the same cause.

In the back part of the brain, where sight impressions are recorded, a peculiar eight-layered arrangement of cells and fibrils is found; where hearing memories are stored up, at the side of the brain, other distributions occur. I am, for brevity sake, reduced to the necessity of using coarse similes where precise details *can* be given, and experience all the disgust of the engineer who is obliged to forego technicalities and explain that his complicated machine acts by the piston pushing certain rods and wheels, when dozens of delicate principles must be unmentioned.

These stored-up recorded impressions are more complexly united through nerve tracts that grow more and more intricate as intelligence increases.

Roughly, then, suppose all the gas and water pipes, sewers, mains, conduits or other things in a city, that permit water to flow through them, were connected. A certain pressure of water constantly trickling through the smaller tubes and rushing along the larger would represent the normal nerve flow. Interruptions in different degrees and for different lengths of time may be likened to what occurs when a touch, sound, sight, taste or smell is experienced. If there occur impediments *en route*, and at first it is uncertain which route the water will take, there is hesitation, which *is* reason, doubt, thought. The facile passage of the current is instinct, the route overcome.

Dropping the comparison, a thought works in the brain slowly or swiftly by a succession of molecular oscillations, and taking a brain region as a cube with one side divided into areas figured from 1 to 100, another side lettered from A to Z, the remaining side similarly lettered a to z, then one thought would be

*Prof. Herzen, *Journal of Mental Sciences*, London, April, 1884. "The intensity of consciousness is in direct ratio to the intensity of functional disintegration."

expressed by the flashing of atoms along the irregular route 7, L, n, 75, and another R, 19, K, x., and so on. Microscopical anatomists have mapped out hundreds of thousands of these routes. The orderly mechanism of the brain is being revealed, its laws are being unfolded patiently, toilsomely, quietly, by skillful, learned students, most of whom are steeped in bitter poverty; who seek no notoriety, receive no assistance, whose writings are read by the appreciative few; their contributions swell the sum of human knowledge, and with knowing that the world is better off for their having lived they must be satisfied, as sole recompense.

SOME RELATIONS OF SCIENCE TO MORALITY AND PROGRESS.

BY G. GORE, LL.D., F.R.S.

Part III.—Concluded.

A moderate rate of progress is desirable.

It would probably be more injurious than beneficial if new knowledge was discovered very rapidly; inventions and improvements would then succeed each other quicker than we would be able to adapt ourselves to them. It would harass mankind and disturb men's beliefs faster than the new truths could be assimilated. Ideas which have been strongly impressed upon the brain are almost indelible, and it is a painful process to alter one's old opinions, whether the new ones are more truthful or not. All men, even the most learned, are necessarily more or less ignorant, and entertain in different degrees untruthful ideas. Many persons prefer to believe, not what is true, but what they wish to be so; many minds also are not sufficiently strong to bear unwelcome truths. The common readiness to believe flattering ideas arises from human weakness. False beliefs are inseparable from limited brains and finite knowledge.

To believe that which is untrue usually leads to wrong conduct; nevertheless, false beliefs often afford very great consolation, and it would be cruel to suddenly force, without sufficient justification, more truthful doctrines upon persons whose minds are unable to receive them; mankind would resist it. The ideas of a devil and of eternal punishment were useful in their time. Our feeble minds often require strong stimulants; without the extra stimulus of exaggerated expectations and the hope of unreasonable rewards, men would often deviate from the path of duty; they would also fail in their occupations and neglect to attempt great objects. The man who exalts his calling is frequently the one who succeeds in it. Much good has also been done by persons acting under the influence of utopian ideas. Some of the earliest facts in chemistry were discovered by men who were stimulated by the hope of finding the "elixir of life," the "philosopher's stone," etc. As there is a limit to the power of our brains to receive

new impressions and to obliterate old ones, before a new generation can establish new ideas the previous generation, with its old impressions, must die out, and thus the rate of intellectual and moral advance is dependent upon scientific conditions; viz. the properties of our brains and the duration of human life. Fixity of cerebral impressions is thus largely the cause of the stability of error and ignorance, and helps to moderate the speed of progress.

Science encourages general truthfulness.

One of the greatest moral qualities is truthfulness, and this is highly necessary to correct conduct. In order to acquire this virtue there is probably no course of discipline equal to that of original experimental research. In such occupation the mind must be imbued with correct views and be free from bias, and if the investigator is not very truthful the results he obtains will disagree with each other, and he will not succeed in discovering new knowledge. Ignorance and untruthfulness are closely associated; without intelligence a high degree of truthfulness is hardly possible, and science by diffusing accuracy is highly conducive to morality. In dogmatic subjects untruths may be told with impunity, because they cannot be disproved, but in scientific ones proper and sufficient evidence must be adduced.

It is to be hoped that ministers of religion will extensively study the essential relations of the great laws and phenomena of science to morality and righteousness, with the object of permanently reconciling science and religion. It is only through insufficiency of proper investigation that the matter is so little understood. Many books have been written on the subject by devout persons, but they appear to have been usually composed by those having insufficient acquaintance with the chief principles of science; without a knowledge of those principles we cannot arrive at the foundation of things. A complete scientific system of morality remains to be written.

The rate of advance in civilization is a fixed one.

It is almost as impossible to live greatly in advance of one's time as very much behind it. The rate of human progress is probably as fixed and invariable a quantity and governed by as immutable laws as that of the motion of the earth in its orbit, and the man who attempts to move either very much faster or slower than the mass of mankind has to succumb to it. As an angel would not be permitted by men to live among them, because his actions would be misconstrued, so an advanced scientific philosopher is barely allowed to exist in the midst of an ordinary community.

Difficulties of the pioneers of new knowledge.

The man who devotes himself very largely to original philosophical experiments and research is one who lives somewhat in advance of his time, and is largely misun-

derstood and victimized by his fellows. By many professedly good persons he is considered an atheist, whereas the practical disbelievers in divine truth are those who neglect to study the sacred laws by which infinite power and goodness regulates the universe and themselves. By some exponents of science, less devoted to research and more to the pursuit of money than himself, he is misrepresented as a sponger and scientific mendicant and as having his sustenance and expenses provided for him by others, while the actual fact is that all the researches he makes, whether with aid or without it, are made at a considerable pecuniary loss to himself, which has to be made up from his own resources. Some other expositors of science, either through less experience in original work or through fixity of ideas produced by long continued teaching, are unable to accept his discoveries if they happen to only appear to conflict with orthodox science, and thus become his most influential opponents. A research made by a deity would probably be rejected as utterly false by all existing teachers of science. Pure traders in scientific knowledge detract from his reputation by misrepresenting his labors as non-practical, and the mass of the community can scarcely at all understand him. Manufacturers, traders, inventors, science lecturers, scientific experts and others take the knowledge he discovers, use it for the purpose of getting money, influence, etc., and there being no law to compel them, neglect with impunity to make him compensation. While, also, his labors reflect honor and indirectly confer other advantages upon his fellow citizens, municipal and other public bodies treat him as an unknown person, and neglect to give him professional employment. By thus injuring his moral character, representing him as an impostor, condemning his discoveries as untrue and withholding from him remunerative employment and payment for his labors, etc., his fellow-men diminish his usefulness to mankind, and unless he has private means of his own, cut short his existence, or, as in the case of Priestley, compel him to leave his country. In olden times his difficulties were even greater. As nearly all these effects arise from human imperfections and deficiency of knowledge the question how to do justice to the scientific discoverer is a difficult problem, and can only be satisfactorily settled when men are more enlightened. Meanwhile, "the ills which can't be cured must be endured."

Present imperfect state of morality.

The age of physical spoliation is passing away, but that of mental dishonesty continues. In olden times wealth was frequently obtained by violence, strong men took by physical force the material property of the weak; evidence of this still exists in the ruined feudal castles dotted all over the land; these were the strongholds of robbers; might was treated as right, and the justification for violence was necessity.

A similar imperfect state of morality still remains with regard to new scientific knowledge, every one appropriates it, but scarcely any one gives any recompense to its originators, and this circumstance is the less noticed because such knowledge is not a tangible or salable commodity. There is much legal protection for traders, a little for inventors, but none for discoverers; and it would be useless to patent unsalable knowledge, however intrinsically valuable it may be. Might is thus treated as right, and the discoverer is a legally defenseless person.

The maxim constantly acted upon by the ordinary tradesman is "to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market," or, in other words, to get the most he can, and give the least possible in return; and all legally defenseless property is treated by him as a fair object of gain. The pure trader in scientific knowledge also appears to act upon a similar rule. Comparatively few men will pay in cases where there is only a moral and no legal obligation to do so; but notwithstanding this, the English nation is at least as honest as any other; trading in knowledge also is a justifiable occupation, and some of the most eminent discoverers have engaged in it whether it diminished their usefulness to mankind or not.

New scientific knowledge must be free.

The plea for this very general spoliation of scientific investigators is compulsion, and this defense is a true one; throughout nature, less important interests are compelled to yield to those more important, the few must yield to the many, and the interests of discoverers will be sacrificed to those of mankind in general until remedies are applied. Life must be maintained; knowledge is indispensable to our existence, second only in degree of urgency to physical food; without the necessary knowledge, inventions and improvements for public benefit could not be made, and incomes could not be obtained; in consequence also of fierce competition and the urgent necessity to get money, each manufacturer and tradesman is stimulated to use every available means of success. The free taking of new knowledge, therefore, is highly desirable for the public good, and the real objection is not to the free use of the discoverers' property, but to the withholding from him compensation. Even when we have done our best to remedy this pecuniary injustice to investigators, there will always remain pioneers of truth, whose researches the mass of mankind will be unable to justly appreciate.

Suggestions for improvement.

When manufacturers or traders derive large incomes by means of applied science they rarely render any equivalent to original research. Who ever heard of a manure manufacturer, a nickel smelter, a petroleum distiller, an electroplater, an India rubber worker, an electric telegraph manufacturer, a phosphorus maker, an electric copper refiner, a calico printer or bleacher giving

even a single thousand pounds to original experimental research? Such an event has probably never happened in any country, notwithstanding that numerous large fortunes have been realized in those occupations, and the occupations themselves would never have existed but for such research. In this way patriotism has been forgotten, national welfare and justice have been largely sacrificed to individual advantage, and a most fundamental source of the prosperity of nations has been crippled. For instance, a man gains £300,000 by the manufacture of vulcanized India rubber, and bequeaths nothing to promote scientific discovery, which largely enabled him to gain his riches. Similar examples exist in all directions. Immense sums are bequeathed, largely to perpetuate error, but little to discover truth. A professorship of original scientific research has never yet been endowed in any college in any country. These remarks are made as suggestions for improvements.

Prospect of greater national happiness.

Nearly every man seeks to obtain as much money as possible, often regardless of injury to his nation, and not infrequently with the ultimate effect of diminishing his own happiness. In many cases the man who pursues money becomes at length a mere machine for getting it, and shortens his life in the process. In many cases money has been obtained too easily, and the sons of the wealthy have not been properly disciplined. Wealth has accumulated and men have decayed. The pursuit of wealth, however, has now become less successful; we can no longer so readily obtain it without making equivalent sacrifice. Success of another kind is now approaching. All our material wants are becoming satisfied;—by means of the telegraph, steam locomotion and freezing-machines all the chief articles of food are imported cheaply; by means of scientific discoveries and the inventions founded upon them nearly all manufactured articles commonly required are made in great quantities, and are also cheap. When these more pressing material wants are sufficiently provided for men will more readily seek the purer happiness derivable from knowledge. In fact, the era of knowledge has already commenced. As civilized nations have benefited materially by the industrial pursuit of money, in the application of coal and steam to manufacturing purposes, may they also now secure the unlimited mental, moral and physical happiness obtainable by means of new knowledge.

THE MYSTERY OF GRAVITY.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

It is notorious that the word "attraction" is generally so employed in the literature of science as to purport the physical cause of gravity. Yet no expositor of physics has attempted to demonstrate that part of the theory which this item of its terminology denotes;

unless privately, to be convinced of its falsity. On what principle, then, has the deceptive vogue obtained? Can the agents of this apparent dissimulation render a better reason therefor than that assigned by its original exemplifier (Newton), who adopted a misnomer of his own thought, and tolerated the "notion of attraction" merely as "a convenient means of regarding the subject?" Here is the sole gist of their exculpation. But even this plausible excuse is inadequate; since the word *gravitation* expresses all that is phenomenally known of the subject, whereas the word "attraction" signifies fictitiously more than is known, or rather what is known to be false. All know that matter gravitates, but *why* it gravitates is an open question which the talk of attraction insidiously and mischievously forecloses.

However, Newton's patronage of that provisional appellation was ingenuous and discriminate; which is hardly putative of his nominal disciples, the majority of whom have thus far conserved the hasty designation of his thought without ever mentioning his later protest against its unqualified application. This protest is still extant as an item of correspondence, wherein he wrote very earnestly: "You sometimes speak of gravity as essential and inherent to matter. Pray, do not ascribe that notion to me, for the cause of gravity is what I do not pretend to know." But that prayer has been very generally ignored, or else viciously unheeded. Theorists, ostensibly Newtonian, seem to have conspired ever since the demise of Newton, which occurred 160 years ago, to embezzle the influence of his name in support of the very "notion" which he so strenuously renounced. In fact, of all the reputed votaries of physical science, so far as I have been able to learn, less than half a dozen have made good their claim to exemption from the foregoing indictment. These are well-known exponents of science proper, whose professional careers have been fairly signalized by success. It is proper to say, however, that in relation to the rationale of gravity, they have declared themselves purely agnostic, in the vein of Newton's protest cited above; and this fact is what substantiates *their* claim to be respected as the genuine advocates and expositors of his superb discovery, which the loose talk of his would-be disciples about "the Newtonian theory of gravity" tends only to obscure. It was not *that*—the *principle* according to which gravity obtains—but *the law of gravitation*, the gist of which was yet to be conceived; and if in formulating *this law* he employed the word *attraction*, he soon detected his error and did what he could to cancel it.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Herbert Spencer has deliberately and unequivocally classed himself with the few eminent scientists who side with Newton in repudiating "the notion of attraction" as identified with gravity. In Vol. II. p. 409, *Principles of Psychology*, this remark occurs:

"Mr. Mill says that Newton held an etherial medium to be a necessary implication of observed facts; but that it is not now held to be a necessary implication. I do not think, however, that scientific men 'have at last learnt to conceive the sun *attracting* the earth without any intervening fluid;' any more than they have learnt to 'conceive the sun *illuminating* the earth without some such medium.' The most that can be said is that they have given up attempting to conceive how gravitation results. If, however, an astronomer avowed that he could conceive gravitative force as exercised through space absolutely void, my private opinion would be that he mistook the nature of conception."

"Would gravitation have any existence if there were but one particle in the universe, or does it suddenly come into existence when a second particle appears? Is it an attribute of matter, or is it due to something between the particles of matter?"

These two double questions are taken from an article in *Chambers's Encyclopedia* (supposed to have been written by Balfour Stewart). They are consistent with no implicit faith in "the notion of attraction;" and the latter of the two implies an inkling of the pertinent truth, which Dr. Grove also insinuates in a single instance in his essay on "The Correlation of Physical Forces," thus:

"Would two bodies gravitate toward each other in empty space, if space can be empty? The notion that they would is founded on the theory of attraction, which Newton himself repudiated, further than as a convenient means of regarding the subject."

The implied inference from *ipse dixit* which this quotation involves is somewhat equivocal; for what is here called a "theory" Newton called a "notion" and treated as a figment. Dr. Grove was in a quandary, which a slightly different view of the subject, such as Dr. Faraday excogitated, might have prevented. In an essay of the latter on "The Conservation of Force," as if responding to both parties cited above, this eminent physicist remarked:

"For my own part, many considerations urge my mind toward the idea of a cause of gravity which is not resident in the particles of matter merely, but constantly in them and in all space."

To say that was almost to hit the nail on its head. Nevertheless, the same thinker wrote afterward:

"As to the gravitating force, I do not presume to say that I have the least idea what occurs in two particles when their power of mutually approaching each other is changed by their being placed at different distances; but I have a strong conviction, through the influence on my mind of the doctrine of conservation, that there is a change; and that the phenomena resulting from the change will probably appear some day as the result of careful research."

The drift of Faraday's argument is, that the mask of gravity by the notion of physical attraction conflicts with the cosmic dynamic principle whereof gravity is a species; that thus self-impugned, the conceit of attraction is exploded. He maintains the deductive judgment—

"That there should be a power of gravitation existing by itself, having no relation to the other natural powers and no respect to the law of the conservation of force, is as little likely as that there should be a principle of levity as well as of gravity. * * * So we must strive to learn more of this outstanding power, and endeavor to avoid any definition of it which is incompatible with the principle of force generally, for all the phenomena of nature lead us to believe that the great and governing law is one. I would much rather incline to believe that bodies affecting each other by gravitation act by lines of force of definite amount, or *by an ether pervading all space*, then admit that the conservation of force could be dispensed with."

The phrase "by an ether pervading all space," which I have italicized as significant, but which he wrote with indifference, suggests the rare possibility of hitting the nail on its head without knowing it. But I must say that Faraday was the most expectant of all his compeers in the line of inquiry here treated of.

Some three years ago I cut from a newspaper the subjoined bit of a reported lecture by Prof. C. A. Young, the reputable occupant of the astronomic chair in Princeton College.

"Do not understand me at all as saying that there is no mystery about the planets' motions. There is just the one single mystery—gravitation—and it is a very profound one. How it is that an atom of matter can attract another atom, no matter how great the disturbance, no matter what intervening substance there may be; how it will act upon it, or at least behave as if it acted upon, it I do not know, I cannot tell. Whether they are *pushed together by means of an intervening ether*, or what is the action, I cannot understand."

Another instance of blurting the truth unawares, as denoted by my italics. Such an avowal as overlays this seemingly unpurposed suggestion is commendable for the frankness and fidelity to conviction by which it must have been prompted; and if not so appreciable as an announcement of successful research, its compensation is assured by its incitement to docility of aspiration, which it is wise to cherish and every functionary of popular education should cultivate as an essential conduit of intelligence. If all the reputed spokesmen of science proper would act their special parts as well as did Professor Young in the instance adverted to, by telling the credulous world precisely *what they know*, beyond which they merely guess, as to the physical cause of gravity, I fancy the tables would be turned, and that the list of scientists who side with Newton in

rejecting the surreptitious "notion" as unscientific would shortly outnumber its half-earnest supporters.

But the issue of such an ordeal would not be final. The negative truth here sought is brought to light by a process of reasoning from other data. I have cited several documentary affirmations of personal conviction that the conceit of physical attraction is inexplicable. And to this testimony of five unimpeachable witnesses there is positively no counteracting evidence. For I dare say if all the nominal abettors of the said vulgar notion were summoned to this court of negative inquest, their undisputed depositions would verge to a tally with that of the younger Herschel, who in all his writings adverted to gravitation only as "that mystery of mysteries." How differs the mysterious from the inexplicable? Yet Sir John constantly plied the policy of supposititious explication, practically blind to the fact that the mystery of gravity is only aggravated by misconceit of its process. So, too, even Newton seems never to have asked himself why it should be more "convenient" to regard a subject in the fictitious light of unwarrantable assumption than in the apprehended murk of mystery. Yet his virtual reply to all the foregoing queries of his aptest disciples, shows that he came nearer than any of them to comprehending the principle of their common seeking. I am indebted to Faraday for the following citation from Newton's third letter to Bentley, wherein Sir Isaac abjured the figment of material attraction which some of his contemporaries too willingly imputed to him. There is no mistaking the import of his labored expression in these two sentences:

"That gravity should be innate, inherent and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance, through a vacuum, without the mediation of anything else by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to another, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent, acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent be material or immaterial, I have left to the consideration of my readers."

"There you have it plain and flat." Newton saw that the notion of physical attraction is *absurd*. He did not reject it for being inexplicable, but because he discerned in it the lineaments of impossibility; for whatever is absurd is impossible. According to his view of the matter, bodies fall when unsupported, not because the earth pulls them down, but in effect of being pushed downward by an invisible and to him unknown agency, the substantive nature and *modus agendi* of which nothing but his supposititious theory of light prevented him from conceiving. But since Newton's day an important discovery has been made through which the fact of gravitation may be rationally accounted for. This item

of physical science pertains to "the luminiferous ether," whose ascertained dynamic properties verify its fitness to serve as the secondary cause of gravity.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

THE FIRST SNOW.

The harvest now is o'er; the fields are bare;
And yonder is the ploughman on the hill;
The water freezes in the purling rill;
Bleak desolation meets me everywhere.
Grey threatening sky; a frosty atmosphere;
The haws o'er-ripe are falling from the trees;
A fairy snow-flake floating on the breeze,
Announces that the winter-king is near.
The withered leaves are moaning as I go,
A requiem for the sweet season dead;
Each little flower is hiding from the snow,
And happy, happy swallows—all are fled.
My spirit turns away: with other eyes,
I still can see the blue—the summer skies.

"Discussion is the bulwark of truth."—*Morrell*.

"Hollow trees are always the stiffest."—*Magoon*.

"Earnest men are too few in the world."—*Dwight*.

"All noble-minded men are inclined to sadness."—*Aristotle*.

"The Lord never gave mouths without bread to put in them."

"The spade digs a deeper hole than the lightning."—*Horace Mann*.

"I will oblige my daughters to marry for love."—*Madame de Staël*.

"The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it."—*Emerson*.

The mother of John Wesley tried to console a poor widow with the saw:

"Leave the world better for your having lived in it."—*Abraham Lincoln*.

"Tramp upon your feelings when principle is at takes."—*Dr. S. J. Wilson*.

"Do not mistake freedom from thinking for free thinking."—*Dr. M. W. Jacobus*.

"Aweel," returned she, "but he gives the mouths to the poor and the bread to the rich."

"Happiness is the congruity between a creature's nature and its circumstances."—*Bishop Butler*.

"We have no reason to fear that the poor and unfortunate will ever receive too much attention."—*Mrs. E. C. Stanton*.

"It is remarkable with what Christian resignation and fortitude we can bear the sufferings of other folks."—*Dean Swift*.

The Open Court.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
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SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of the theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1887.

RELIGION UPON A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

Our able and always instructive Unitarian contemporary, the *Christian Register*, after quoting from Col. T. W. Higginson's article, which lately appeared in THE OPEN COURT, says: "Mr. Adler is as positive as Col. Higginson in seeing the inability of science to take the place of those supreme ethical motives which lie at the very heart of religion."

We are not aware that anybody expects "science to take the place of those supreme ethical motives which lie at the very heart of religion." But are not these ethical motives a part of the natural order? Are they not related to the past and the present? Do they not reveal themselves in character and conduct? Are they not within the region of law and causation? And can they not, therefore, be studied, and knowledge of them be included in a scientific conception of religion? Unless volition is lawless, it can be made a subject of rational study; unless it is supernatural, forming no part of the sequent order of phenomena, it belongs to the

domain of science, and "those supreme ethical motives pamphlet, entitled "Souvenir—15th Annual Convention which lie at the very heart of religion" are part of the data to be carefully considered in a scientific study of religion.

When we speak of religion on a scientific basis, we mean a conception of religion that will stand the test of science, that accords with all the facts of religious history and religious experience, and that is in harmony with all demonstrable knowledge. All phenomena are related, and all the sciences are but portions of one science—the science of the universe. Religious thought, motive and practice belong to the phenomena of human life, and must be included in the sciences of anthropology. A scientific study of religion is one which takes into consideration all systems of religion, their special and general features, their ethical and nonethical characteristics; a scientific conception of religion can have no other basis than knowledge of all obtainable facts in regard to religious thought, feeling and action.

We are aware that there are those who say with Schleiermacher: "Religion belongs neither to the domain of science nor morals, is essentially neither knowledge nor conduct, but emotion only, specific in its nature and inherent in the immediate consciousness of each individual man." Religion primarily, is, no doubt, emotion, but out of this which is fundamental in religion have grown vast systems of thought mixtures of truth and error, and complex forms of worship, more or less irrational. Reflective thought, through countless ages, exciting a multitude of emotions and adding vastly to the wealth of man's emotional nature, has added to the complexity of the religious sentiment, and infused into it elements derived from intellectual and moral experience; so that in the enlightened mind, with the primary religious feeling, is intimately associated and interwoven, much which belongs to the latest acquired and the best part of human nature. And this religion with many today means the essential elements of ethics, with ethical motives supreme.

All these facts, and a multitude of others, in regard to the development of the religious sentiment, as well as of religious dogmas, must be considered in a scientific study of religion. Regarded as emotion merely, religion is a proper subject for study by the scientific method. It is only by giving to science a very narrow definition, one wholly unwarranted, that emotional experience can be excluded from its domain. Science is classified knowledge; knowledge of many facts grouped and arranged, so as to form a basis for induction and data for rational conclusions, and to reveal relations and principles, to which the facts viewed separately give no clue.

"Thought is the property of those only who can entertain it."—*R. W. Emerson.*

ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN.

We are in receipt of an artistically gotten up tion of the Association for the Advancement of Women, Invited and Entertained by Sorosis, October 26th, 27th and 28th, 1887," which contains a short sketch of the history of Sorosis and its offspring—the "Association for the Advancement of Women," or "Women's Congress."

The meeting just held in New York,—the second held in that city—was one of the most successful, Julia Ward Howe, presiding, and the receptions given to the Congress by the Sorosis Club and by Madam Demorest were delightful in many ways, and especially as indicative of the admiration women can feel for one another. One excellent point in the work of this Association is touched upon by a colored member, who reports the meetings for the *Conservator*, the organ of the colored people of this city: "The statistics relating to clubs, to literary, scientific and practical methods for women help included every species of work and every device for the welfare of humanity, without race or sex discrimination, as fearlessly asserted and approbated and were the words of forceful import that commended themselves to the colored women members of the congress."

Margaret Fuller, in 1839, began her "Conversations" in Boston, the motive of which she explains in a letter to her friend, Mrs. Ripley, in these words: "The advantages of a weekly meeting for conversation might be great enough to repay attendance if they consisted only in supplying a point of union to well-educated and thinking women, in a city which, with great pretensions to mental refinement, boasts nothing of the kind; and where I have heard many of mature age wish for some such place of stimulus and cheer; and those younger for a place where they could state their doubts and difficulties with a hope of gaining aid from the experience or aspirations of others." These "Conversations" were continued for five winters, and were devoted to the study of the best French, German, Italian, and English literature, and mythology, the fine arts, ethics and education. These "Conversations" were then the result of a demand on the part of women for exchange of thought, and a longing for wider knowledge.

But it is not quite twenty years ago that the organization of women into clubs (as exclusive of men as hitherto male clubs had been of women) began in this country. The agitation of the Woman's Suffrage question had doubtless been one of the primal causes which made such organizations necessary for the advancement of the sex. In the pamphlet before us "Sorosis" is claimed as the "first regularly organized Women's Club in America," but the movement was almost simultane-

ous with that of the organization of the "New England Woman's Club," which ante-dated that of Sorosis nearly two months. That club was organized on the 16th of February, 1868, and "Sorosis" on the 13th of April of the same year. The A. A. W., or Woman's Congress, which meets annually in a sort of Missionary-of-Culture way, in some one of the leading cities of the United States, was an outcome of Sorosis, which, in 1873, with the design to bring together in this way the representative women of the country, sent circulars of invitation to join such a congress to three hundred women in all parts of the United States, "that unitedly they might take into careful consideration the many important questions that affect the life and happiness of women." The meetings of the Congress have so far been held in the cities of New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Syracuse, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Cleveland, Ohio, Providence, R. I., Madison, Wis., Boston, Mass., Buffalo, N. Y., Portland, Me., Baltimore, Md., Des Moines, Iowa, and Louisville, Kentucky.

The influence toward the advancement of women which this Congress, tho' meeting but once a year, has exerted may be inferred, not only from the constantly increasing formation of Women's Clubs all over the country, but from the high tone and wide scope of the papers read and subjects discussed at the Congress.

In addition to many essays on the matters heretofore considered as specially belonging to "woman's sphere,"—those, for example, pertaining to home, society, dress, mission and church work, education and charity—there has been, since the organization of this Association, such and kindred topics treated as "Co-education of the Sexes," "The Higher Education of Woman," "Woman in the Church and in the Pulpit," "The Medical Education of Women," "Women in the Legal Profession," "Women's Need of Business Education," "Women in the Laboratory," "Women's place in Government," "Women in Journalism," "Political Education of Women," "Women and Land," "The Comparative Longevity of the Sexes," "The Bramo-Somaj Movement in Relation to Women," "Education in Industrial Art," "What Practical Science is open for Women," "Need of Women Physicians for the Insane," "What is Money?" "Political Economy," "Organization as Related to Civilization," "Our Museums and our Investigators," "Coöperation," "Zoology," "Botany," "Bee Culture," "The Physical Basis of the Mind," "The Chinese Question," "Hereditry," "Labor and Capital," "Saturn," "Education and Training of Indian Women," "A Study of Hegel," "The Unity of Science," and "Marriage and Divorce."

Since the establishment of Sorosis and the New England Woman's Club, and more particularly since the meetings of the Woman's Congress have been held, a new impetus, altogether unknown before has

been given to the organization of women for the purposes of higher-culture and the advance of their sex. Women everywhere begin to recognize what men long ago understood, the fact that unitedly they can accomplish a hundred-fold more than when working, however earnestly, alone. In all these clubs which are not only established in the leading cities, but in many smaller towns, the leading questions of the day, evolution, sociology, labor and capital, the sciences, educational topics, as well as the highest philosophy and literature, are discussed in a thoughtful comprehensive manner, held a few decades since to be impossible among women; and women are finding a keen delight in studies hitherto denied to them. The most stupid among such club members cannot fail to have her mind broadened, her knowledge increased, and her enthusiasm enkindled by listening to the discussion of such subjects, even if she take no active part; and the advance in knowledge of each woman means a distinct ratio of advance in the race.

As adjuncts of these clubs, classes are formed for the study of certain writers or subjects, as of architecture, politics, political economy, literature and science—and from them emanate working associations for educational, reformatory, charitable and philanthropic institutions. So we should hail with delight these associations for the advancement of women, for such every phase of these women clubs may be called; and let us also hope for the day when, through these, male clubs may take a higher aim than mere social refreshment, and then men's and women's clubs may become amalgamated into associations for the advancement of humanity.

S. A. U.

THE International Congress of Freethinkers, at London, decided on September 10, by a vote of twenty-eight to four, in conformity with the opinion of Dr. L. Büchner, that the attitude of secular instruction towards religion should not be hostile, but neutral, a conclusion which agrees perfectly with the method adopted in the OPEN COURT, of displacing error by teaching positive truth. At the closing session, on September 12, the Congress adopted a resolution urging freethinkers to take an active interest in all political, industrial and commercial questions, but not to let themselves be identified as a body with any socialistic or anti-socialistic theory.

* * *

THE *Albany Law Journal* reprints our editorial on "Anarchy and the Anarchists," and calls it "a very moderate article, well and discreetly written," but it seems to have had but little or no effect on our legal contemporary, who thinks hanging is "the best use to make of such assassins and dastards." But the *Legal Adviser* of this city, has sounder and more humane views on this subject. We agree with it when it says:

This is not alone a question of clemency; it is a question of public interest. It is demanded by men of sensational minds prone to fear, that these seven men be executed and their lives terminated, lest serious consequences of riot and bloodshed may follow, which would be subdued from the example of their execution. To this it is answered, that such men entirely mistake the philosophy of the human mind. These men are convicted on the testimony which is disputed vigorously by multitudes of men; if, therefore, their sentence is commuted, it will be viewed by the public generally, including those who might otherwise act differently, as an act of clemency which will be everywhere respected, and do more to quiet the fear expressed than any other mode that could be pursued.

* * *

F. M. H. writes:

The fact that Matthew Arnold's real excellence is that of a poet, not a theologian, has just been presented to a literary club, which meets near Boston, in a very able essay by Mr. G. Bradford, Jr., a young man of great promise, who remarks that the intellect of the author of *Literature and Dogma* "has forced him to reject what he considers an illusion, but his poet's imagination longs passionately for the sweet dream of the past." "Besides, if one talks of science, is it scientific to speak of the Eternal Power which makes for righteousness? Mr. Arnold affirms it, but I do not know that it is affirmed by any one else. On the contrary, I do not see how, from a rationalistic point of view, this assumption is any more warranted than a hundred others."

* * *

THE orthodox ministers are about as unanimous against commutation before death, as they are against probation after death. At a meeting of Methodist ministers at Cleveland last Monday, twenty-nine being present, a resolution was adopted by a vote of twenty-eight to one, to send a letter to Governor Oglesby, urging him to show no mercy to the condemned anarchists, but to permit them to be hanged according to sentence.

* * *

At a Catholic congress recently held at Liège, in Belgium, the various proposed solutions of the labor problem, coöperation, socialism, nationalization of land, etc., were condemned. The Bishop of Liège offered as the true solution the revival of the old trade guilds, which, he said, should be placed under the guardianship of Christian lay employers and of the clergy, with each trade or calling, under the protection of a saint; and all engaged in it, employers and employés, formed into a brotherhood to celebrate the saint's fête, and taking part in religious processions, as well as to render mutual help. Certainly this scheme is as impracticable as any of those criticised at the congress, and it is not likely to receive any attention from the working classes.

* * *

THE average number of visitors at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston during 1886 was 1,455 on Sundays, and 878 on Saturdays. Admission on both these days is free; but the time the library is open is twice as long on Saturday as on Sunday. The average number of paying visitors on other days is sixty-five.

At Miner's theatre, New York, recently, there was a debate between Henry George and Mr. Shevitch on a "land tax." Inside the building were 3,000 working-men and as many outside, the auditorium not being large enough to hold them. The discussion is described as "hot and exiting," and the "reds" and the "blues" claimed the victory for their respective champions. The *New York Herald* says, that ideas were thrown among the audience "by the handful," and adds: "The workmen have their thinking caps on, and by-and-by they will straighten out whatever is crooked by helping to repeal bad laws and to make good ones. Society needs to be improved, and that immense crowd got hold of the best way to accomplish it when they preferred a discussion to a bludgeon."

* * *

Said Rev. David Utter, in his sermon at Kansas City at the recent installation of Rev. J. E. Roberts:

Ethics is not the root from which this church, from which the Christian religion grew. That root is faith in God. And if any of you should hear at any time in the future some one talking about an ethical basis for the Unitarian church, count him as a dreamer, one who is blind to the consequences of his pretty, airy theories. We believe in a real church, and a living real religion, and the root of the whole matter is not morality, but is faith in God.

This is well said, strongly said. But it is truth, and needs to be said not in one pulpit only, but in hundreds, if Unitarianism in the West is not to be lost in ethicalism. And it must not only be said but acted upon.—*The Unitarian*.

"An ethical basis for the Unitarian Church" is much better than a theological basis; and if Unitarianism shall never be lost in anything worse than "ethicalism," its best elements are sure to be preserved, for "those supreme ethical motives which," says the *Christian Register* "lie at the very heart of religion," will still remain.

* * *

Commenting on the popular fallacy, expressed in the words, "Labor creates all Wealth," the *Chicago Tribune* sensibly observes:

If the term "labor" be applied so as to include all kinds of human effort, and especially the work of the mind, there could be no question as to the propriety of the axiom cited. In practice just the reverse is true. The "labor" which is alleged to be the creator of wealth and the cause of progress is that of the muscles, not of the creative brain. No allowance is made for the brain sweat of inventors and discoverers; no place is reserved in the calculation for such labor-saving and wealth-producing triumphs as the application of improved steam power, the harnessing of electricity, the invention and perfection of railroads and trains, or of agricultural implements that increase and cheapen food, and the development of countless mechanical devices which have changed the face of civilization in the last half-century. Did Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, Howe, Fulton, Whitney, McCormick, Bessemer, Morse and Edison do nothing to create capital or wealth? What comparison can be made between Whitney and the toiling blacks as producers of wealth? In a period of twenty-seven years following Whitney's discovery the production of cotton in the United States advanced from 138,000 pounds per annum to 127,860,000, or an increase of nearly a thousandfold! Such was the astounding result following the application of brain power to an industry previously worked by slight-skilled physical labor. Pages could be filled with the enumeration of brain triumphs only a few degrees less significant.

I was not altogether satisfied with the manner in which the trial of the Anarchists was conducted. It took place at a time of great public excitement, when it was about impossible that they should have a fair and impartial trial. A terrible crime had been committed which was attributed to the Anarchists, and in some respects the trial had the appearance of a trial of an organization known as Anarchists, rather than of persons indicted for the murder of Degan. Several of the condemned were not at the meeting where the bomb was thrown, and none of them, as I understand, was directly connected with its throwing. The condemned claim, however erroneously, to be the advocates of a principle, and to execute them would, in my judgment, be bad policy. It will be claimed for them that they were executed as martyrs to a cause, while if put in prison they will soon be forgotten.

LYMAN TRUMBULL.

* * *

Those advocates of equal rights and equal opportunities for women, who seek to identify their cause with the Christian theology, overlook the fact that Christianity is an Orientalism, that only where it has been modified by Roman and Germanic influences, and by modern extra-Christian and anti-Christian thought, do its representatives regard woman's position other than one of subserviency and subordination, and that where it exists even in this modified form, every effort made to improve the condition of woman is constantly opposed by appeals to the Bible. During the decay of ancient institutions, Christianity put itself in opposition to a strong tendency of the times by emphasizing the duty of chastity and marital fidelity; but its teachings in regard to woman caused her to be regarded as impure, and led to an unhealthy asceticism, which proclaimed war upon nature, and produced a revulsion toward its opposite extreme, while the independence and intellectual culture of woman were discouraged, and for centuries she ceased to figure in history except as a devotee. It is as true of the advancement of woman as of progress in general, that during the past three hundred years, as Lecky says: "the deadness of theological influence has been one of the most invariable signs and measures of our progress." Some, recognizing this fact, make a distinction between Pauline Christianity and the moral precepts of Christ; but the influence of a system must be judged not so much by its precepts of virtue as by its doctrines, which have been widely accepted, and have been favorable or otherwise to the practice of these precepts. That Christianity, like the older religions, has been necessary to the attainment of the present social condition, such as it is, and that it has met certain wants and contributed some elements to human progress, is as true as that, in other respects, it has been reactionary and has retarded progress. Christianity would long since have become extinct in every enlightened, progressive country but for modifications in the popular mind and in practical life, making it agree largely with the requirements of science and industry. If we should ascribe all the art, literature, science, virtue, and freedom in ancient

Rome to the pagan religion, we would not be more unreasonable than are those who, whenever they speak of anything worthy in our modern civilization, ascribe it to the influence of the Bible and Christianity.

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All *personal* letters for the editors of this journal should be addressed to their residence, 86 Page Street, Chicago.

RELATIVITY.

We cannot perhaps, within the limits of an editorial article, more clearly show the essential meaning of the indisputable doctrine of the "relativity of knowledge" than by grouping together a few facts in regard to the psychology of the senses.

Aërial vibrations communicated to the acoustic nerve give rise to the sensation known as sound. Without a nerve of hearing there can be no sound; for, whether it be the tempest's roar, or the serpent's hiss, or the voice of human sympathy and love, sound is a sensible phenomenon, and not something external to the hearer. Color is also a subjective affection; and particular colors depend on the particular velocities of the waves of attenuated matter gathered together by the optical apparatus of the eye, and which impinge upon the retina, affecting the optic nerve and giving rise to what appear objectively as colors,—blue, green, violet, etc.,—but which are known to be sensations, or conscious states. This is as true of the "rosy cheek," the "ruby lip," and the "lovelit eye," as it is of the blue sky above us or the brown earth beneath our feet. In some persons, vibrations as different in velocity as those which, commonly cause redness and greenness awaken identical sensations. Luminousness is a sensation produced by the action of waves of ether upon the retina and fibres of the optic nerve. This sensation may also be produced by a blow or by electricity, which, singularly enough, while it causes luminous phenomena in the eye, brought in contact with other parts, gives rise to quite different sensations,—sounds in the ear, taste in the mouth, ticklings in the tactile nerves. That tastes and odors are not intrinsic in things with which we associate them is very evident. The sweetness of sugar and the fragrance of the rose are sensations in us caused by these objects, the one appreciated by the sense of taste, the other by the sense of smell. Heat, too is a sensation, and is conceivable objectively only as a mode of motion.

Another quality which we ascribe to things is hardness. But hardness cannot be intelligently conceived, except as a feeling. When we say that a stone is hard, we mean that, if we press against it, we experience a sensation of touch, a feeling of resistance, which is designated by the word "hardness." To illustrate that both hardness and form belong to the groups of our consciousness which we call sensation of sight and touch, Huxley observes: "If the surface of the cornea were cylindrical, we should have a very different notion of a round body from that which possess now; and, if the strength of the fabric and the force of the muscles of the body were increased a hundred fold, our marble would seem to be as soft as a pellet of bread crumbs." What we call penetrability is the consciousness of extension and the consciousness of resistance constantly accompanying one another. What we call extension is a consciousness of relation between two or more states produced through the sense of sight or the sense of touch. Even the conception of vibrations among particles of matter, mentioned above as objective factors in the production of sound and color, is but inferences from states of consciousness caused in us by vibrations which have been apprec-

iated by the optic or tactile nerves; in other words, by subjective experiences produced in us by some unknown cause.

Thus, what are popularly believed to be qualities and states of matter—sound, color, odor, taste, hardness, extension and motion—are names for different ways in which our consciousness is affected; and, were we destitute of hearing, sight, smell, taste and touch, the supposed qualities of matter would not, so far as we can know or conceive, have any existence whatever, for, by psychological analysis, they are reducible to states of consciousness.

As to Space and Time, whether we regard them with Kant as forms of sensibility, belonging to the subject and not to the object, or adopt Spencer's theory, that Space is the abstract of all relations of position among co-existent states of consciousness or the blank form of all these relations, and that Time is the abstract of all relations of position among successive states of consciousness or the blank form in which they are presented and represented, and that both classes of relations are predetermined in the individual, so far as the inherited organization is developed, when it comes into activity, while both have been developed in the race, and are resolvable into relation co-existent and sequent between subject and object as disclosed by the act of touch,—whichever of these theories we adopt or whatever theory be affirmed, still we know Space and Time only as subjective forms of states, not as external realities. Both Space relations and Time relations vary with structural organization, position, vital activity, mental development and condition. How great in childhood seemed the height and mass of buildings which now seem small or of but moderate size! How long the days seemed when we were young; how short now! How rapidly time passes in agreeable company, how slowly in waiting for a delayed train! That there is equality or likeness between our different estimated lengths of distance or duration,—but so many variations of subjective relations,—and any nexus of external things, there is no reason to believe.

But does not the mind possess a synthetic power by which it can put together the materials furnished by the senses, and thus enable us to realize or understand the objective world as it actually exists? Is there not in the mind a faculty of "intellectual intuition," or a "perceptive understanding," by which we can discover relations as they are beyond consciousness? If we do not know the nature of noumenal existence, how can we know anything about its relations? The great Kant dwelt upon this subject for years; and, although he believed in an existence transcending sense and understanding, the conclusion of his years of laborious thought was that we can only put together the materials furnished by the senses, and that we can know nothing of the world as it exists, unmodified by and independently of consciousness. To the same conclusion, after years of profound thought, came Herbert Spencer.

Although there seems to be almost a complete unanimity among the great thinkers of the world that we can form no conception of the objective world apart from the condition imposed upon it by our intelligence, and that changes of consciousness are the materials out of which our knowledge is entirely built, let no one hastily conclude that there is anything in this position inimical to, or inconsistent with what is called "objective science." Prof. Huxley, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living scientists, and a philosophic thinker of no mean ability, pursuing the "scientific method" with which he is supposed to be well acquainted, comes to the conclusion "that all the phenomena are, in their ultimate analysis, known to us only as facts of consciousness." George Henry Lewes, eminent as a physiologist and psychologist, as well as a remarkably acute metaphysical thinker, versed in all systems of thought, declares in his *Problems of Life and Mind*: "Whether we affirm the objective existence of

something distinct from the affection of consciousness, or affirm that this object is simply a reflection from consciousness, in either case we declare that the objective world is to each man the sum of his visionary experience,—an existence bounded on all sides by what he feels and thinks,—a form shaped by the reaction of his organism. The world is the sum total of phenomena, and *phenomena are affections of consciousness with external signs.*" (Vol. i, p. 183.) Dr. Maudsley, the distinguished physiologist who is no more than Spencer or Lewes a subjectivist or idealist,—who, indeed, is commonly regarded as a materialist,—says: "After all, the world which we apprehend when we are awake may have as little resemblance or relation to the external world, of which we can have no manner of apprehension through our senses, as the dream world has to the world with which our senses make us acquainted; nay, perhaps less, since there is some resemblance in the latter case, and there may be none whatever in the former. . . . The external world as it is in itself, may not be in the least what we conceive it through our forms of perception and modes of thought. No prior experience of it has ever been so much as possible; and therefore, the analogy of the dreamer is altogether defective in that respect." (*Body and Will*, p. 51.)

This is the position of nearly all the great representatives of science, including the original investigators,—Huxley, Tyndall, Montgomery, Lewes, Proctor, Romanes, *et id omne genus*. To a young man who asked him if idealism was not the "very negation of science," one of the most ingenious and acute thinkers this country has produced—Chauncey Wright—wrote: "By objective science, I understand the science of the objects of knowledge as contradistinguished from the processes and faculties of knowing. Does idealism deny that there are such objects? Is not the doctrine a definition of the nature of the objects rather than a denial of their existence? There is nothing in positive science, or the study of phenomena and their laws, which idealism conflicts with. Astronomy is just as real a science, as true an account of phenomena and their laws,—if phenomena are only mental states,—as on the other theory." *B. F. Underwood*. (Reprinted from *The Index* of February 25th, 1886, by request.)

DIFFUSION OF INDUSTRIES.

BY F. N. TAYLOR.

The enactment of the Inter-State Commerce Law has awakened in the smaller towns, at least in the West, the hope of securing a much larger proportion of manufacturing and whole sale trade than they have heretofore enjoyed. It is argued by the local press that the abolition of discrimination in freight rates will enable the small manufacturer to compete with the large, by giving him the trade adjacent to his little factory. The Long and Short Haul Clause is expected to restore something of the natural advantage belonging to proximity of producer and consumer. This belief has gone beyond mere words. It has found expression in many localities in both private and public movements for the establishment of new manufactories.

Whatever may be the ultimate practical effect of the new law, it is now undoubtedly expected to diffuse and in a measure equalize industries as between different sections, and especially as between city and country. And this very expectation will tend to produce the desired result. Like the stability of a currency the movement of business is much a matter of confidence; and individual confidence is largely a result of public sentiment. If it be generally believed that the making and selling of goods may be as profitably carried on in a town or small city as in the great business center, factories and wholesale houses will speedily be established there; and once established their patronage of the railroad and demands upon it will tend to the supremacy of the idea under which they come into existence. Unless the Inter-State Commerce Law shall be repealed or nullified in practice

(neither of which events is probable) it must exert some force indirect if nothing more, toward spreading out industries.

A different cause has acted even more powerfully in industrial centers toward the same result. The protracted and unprecedented labor troubles of the past two years have created a general sentiment there in favor of separating laborers as much as possible, and removing them as far as convenient from the disturbing influence of extreme social agitators so abundant in large cities. Nor is sentiment alone the result in this case. Some large employers have actually commenced the work of establishing branches of their industries in the smaller towns and cities with a view to ultimately reducing the parent plant to more wieldy proportions; and many others are seriously considering a similar movement. They have become disheartened by the difficulties of managing their hands as regiments in the great organized army of laborers quartered in large cities, and propose dividing them into comparatively small squads separated by long distances and surrounded by new and healthier influences. This idea is quite as acceptable to many of the employed as to the employers. I have frequently met in the country intelligent mechanics who had actually fled from cities to escape the tyranny of labor unions, leaving family and all behind, in search of work in a place too small and remote for the organization to reach. They prefer lower wages and greater freedom.

The idea of the diffusion of industries is thus brought into prominence from opposite directions. Is it an accidental and momentary elevation, destined to subside into the current that has carried all manufacturing and commerce to the cities; or does it indicate a permanent stoppage or reversal of that flow?

It seems to be a law of progress in any art or invention that it first moves away from nature; but that either in its greatest perfection returns most nearly to the natural type. In natural methods of transportation cost varies as distance modified by few and constant natural conditions. The natural order was to limit transportation to the lowest point. The spontaneous form of manufacture was handicraft. The shop in the hamlet or by the roadside was the original of our present mammoth factory. Goods were consumed, if not by the identical persons who wrought them, at least in the immediate neighborhood of their manufacture.

When the artificial took the place of the natural in industry this order was reversed, both as to production and transportation. Distance as a factor in freight charges was almost annihilated by the railroads, and in innumerable instances actually changed from a plus to a minus quantity. The multiplication of machinery has well-nigh eliminated the human element from manufacture. It began, by absorbing the many shops into the few factories, the work of industrial centralization so thoroughly completed by a transportation system managed on principles the reverse of natural.

It seems to me that the modern industrial system has reached that degree of perfection when it must return more nearly to the natural type. Cheap and rapid loading, unloading, stopping, starting and switching constitute a higher order of railroad operation than long-distance hauling of unbroken bulk and trains. The machinery and management that enable comparatively few men and small capital to produce goods as cheaply as larger numbers and greater investments are the latest development of manufacture. Progress is in the direction of simplicity. Public feeling is for equality of localities in industrial opportunities so far as these are controlled by artificial agencies. If I mistake not, an industrial democracy is arising whose mission it shall be to successfully combat the centralization of work and wealth in a few great cities. The people having taken the first and most difficult step toward the regulation of commerce, will not move backward or stand still. Having elevated the question of the equal indus-

trial rights of localities to the plane of public policy, they will continue to discuss it intelligently and act upon it patriotically.

Once freed from the entanglements of private speculation, no proposition is more readily susceptible of proof than that all legislation on economic subjects should be directed toward the diffusion of industries as evenly as may be over the entire country. It is self-evident that the nearer different classes of producers, each of which is consumer for all, can be brought together, the cheaper they can supply each other's wants. Transportation is purely an expense item, and should be held down to the lowest figure. Uncontrolled, the policy of modern transportation companies has been the exact opposite of this. They have employed much of their energy hauling coals to New Castle, in order to haul them back again at double cost to the consumer and profit to themselves.

It is perhaps not well enough understood in all parts of the Union that the enormous industrial centers which have sprung up with such marvelous rapidity in the West are the children of railroad favoritism. To one who has stood during the last dozen years in the center of a circle whose circumference passes through Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City, and watched prosperity take its westward way, with the course of empire, from the fertile fields of Illinois and Iowa, there comes a realizing sense of the effects of discrimination in freight rates. The main force of railroads has been exerted centripetally, carrying in to the favored centers the wealth and work of the whole land.

Government has laid its hand upon the throttle lever of this mighty discrimination engine. Suppose it should put out another hand and reverse its action! Would not the wealth, the business, the population be carried back to the towns and rural districts? Railroads under uncontrolled corporate management have been used to build great cities and favor localities. Could they not under governmental regulation be made to undo in a degree their own work, and establish industrial republicanism instead of aristocracy? If discrimination in favor of particular points and of the long haul has created a few abnormal trade centers, would not exact justice between localities and *pro rata* rates for all distances build up a multitude of small ones? Such a readjustment of industrial conditions would not greatly decrease the aggregate of transportation, because it would greatly increase the volume of local traffic. It would simply stop the waste of double transportation, and a fair division of the saving with the consumer would compensate the roads for their loss. They would certainly be willing to do less work for the same net profit.

There is no probability of less disturbance in labor districts. There will always be the same motive as now on that account for the breaking up of overgrown factories into smaller, and scattering them throughout the land. There will be no loss of power by the division of factories. The advantages of large factories have not been in manufacture proper, but in transportation favoritism, direct or indirect. They are commercial, not mechanical. Most of them will disappear with the coming revolution in transportation. The legitimate advantages in buying and selling which are left to large institutions will be more than offset by the cheaper sustenance, the greater contentment and thrift of the workers in small factories.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CATHOLICISM AND DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE.

To the Editors:

PARIS, October.

Ever since the French Revolution there has been a deadly struggle going on in this country between Church and State, and never was the battle fiercer than at the present moment. Every year the Republic is becoming more solidly established and is

consequently dealing harder blows, which the irate Church returns, but with the feeble force of a retreating adversary. The only danger is lest the victorious republicans follow up their successes with too much impetuosity and lay themselves open to a sudden attack. Their foe is wily. The moderate republicans perceive this peril and are ever striving to restrain their more impatient allies on the Extreme Left.

M. Edmond de Pressensé, Protestant clergyman and French Senator, has just printed in the *Revue Bleue* a very able article where he points out the course that the Center should follow in this encounter with the church militant. We could not have a better guide in our examination of this important phase of this "irrepressible conflict."

M. de Pressensé combats the policy of M. Clémenceau and his followers, who would cut down the ecclesiastic appropriations each year when the budget comes up for discussion. Nothing so irritates a man as tampering with his money matters; and in this particular the clergy do not differ from more mundane mortals. Many a priest who would otherwise have remained neutral, at least, has taken up arms against the Republic because the Chamber of Deputies has lessened his modest stipend. Why make a bitter enemy of a poor country *curé* in order that the State may save a hundred francs or so? M. de Pressensé asks very sensibly.

The republicans are treading on not less delicate ground when they touch the question of the catechism in the public schools. That the number of reactionary deputies was doubled at the autumnal elections of 1885 was mainly due to the new republican Education Bill, which excludes religious instruction from the primary schools. M. de Pressensé would have preferred the Belgian system, where the catechism is taught in the schoolroom, but after the regular hours and on the special request of the parents of each child. M. de Pressensé also regrets that the new law substituted for religious instruction a secular system of morals. He declares with good reason that the State should teach in its schools general morality but not a fixed and precise system, as is now the case, expounded in regular text-books and at regular hours. This placing "civic morality" on the same plane with geography and arithmetic is very French but not very practical—not apt to meet with unanimous favor in a nation where Catholics, Protestants and Jews enjoy equal rights and cling with peculiar persistency to their respective creeds.

A serious evil has sprung from this "new departure" in schoolroom morals—an evil that might have been foreseen, especially in the France of to-day. Extreme freethinkers in their efforts to drive the Catholic religion from the primary schools have set up a silly religion of their own. In their attack on bigotry they have become bigots themselves. French publishers have been doing a driving business of late years in printing text-books on "civic morality," and several individuals have become famous, and even notorious, in this department of authorship. The late Paul Bert never wrote a book that occasioned so much comment as his little volume of civic morality intended for use in the primary schools, and if M. Gabriel Compayré, the rising and talented deputy, becomes Minister of Public Instruction, as he very probably will in a few years, his elevation will be due in no small measure to the commotion created by a volume somewhat similar to that of Paul Bert.

Another curious feature of this "laicisation" of the French schools is the attempt by some of the radical municipalities to introduce expurgated editions of the French classics. There are foolish freethinking writers of school-books who have taken up La Fontaine and other authors on which young minds are fed, and gone carefully over the text, suppressing the word "God" and all other expressions of a religious or spiritual nature. But this is not the worst of it. These Parisian anti-Christians have not only expunged but interpolated, so that quotations familiar to

generations of Frenchmen are changed in a way that must grate on the ear of even the most fire-eating freethinkers. The Church, of course, makes the most of this puerile proceeding, and that M. de Pressensé and his friends should be ashamed of their republican brothers is quite pardonable under the circumstances.

There is growing reason to fear that the republicans may arm the Church with another weapon. In the new Army Bill which has already passed the Chamber and will come up before the Senate this autumn, is a clause requiring theological students to serve in the army just like all the other young men of France. Think of a future priest being forced into the unholy precincts of a military barracks! If this clause should be concurred in by the Senate and become law, the republican party will have given the Church another ground for complaint. But M. de Pressensé does not think that the Senate will follow the lead of the Chamber in this impolitic course, and his opinion should carry weight, for he is an influential member of the Upper House. As friends of the French Republic, let us hope that Senator de Pressensé's opinion will prove to be correct.

M. de Pressensé closes his article with these words: "How can we put a period to these conflicts without sacrificing any of the progress already made? My answer is, by having recourse once more to the grand and immortal principle of the Revolution, the secularization of the State, which idea should be kept clearly before the nation's mind, and applied honestly and magnanimously. The best manner in which to bring about in the future the complete triumph of this principle is to respect it to-day. In any case, the consolidation of the Third Republic depends upon our observing this rule of conduct."

Such are the difficulties of the present situation in France. And what is to be the outcome? Will the Church accept democracy, or, like the Pope and King Humbert, will the Vatican refuse to come to an accommodation with the Quirinal—will Church and State remain implacable enemies to the end?

It is not very difficult to answer this question. The Catholic Church never "bites its own nose off." It will fight as long as there is a shadow of a hope of victory, and then will shake hands with the enemy, seemingly bury the hatchet, and begin to try and obtain by peaceful and insidious means what it could not secure by open warfare. There are signs here in France that lead one to believe that in the near future French ultramontanism may make this new tack.

Pere Hyacinthe and his Gallican idea are doing a little something to help on this change by showing good Catholics that their souls can be saved without clinging to the Pope and his anti-republican hierarchy. But the moderate Catholics, both laymen and ecclesiastics, within the Church are doing even more. The significant article of M. de Vogüé in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15 shows that many of the more thoughtful of the faithful are growing weary of this Achilles-under-his-tent policy, and are beginning to advocate the accepting of things as they are. M. de Vogüé even predicts that an American will some day sit in the chair of St. Peter, and he boldly declares that he should be pleased to see European Catholicism Americanized. Then, certain French Bishops have also given out that if they "could" they would come over to the Republic. And lastly, the two wings of the republican party are of course doing what they can to educate public sentiment in this same direction. The Radicals, Ingersoll-like, are laughing the Church down, while the Moderates are bringing over the timid while quietly clipping the wings of the priesthood by means of restrictive laws added to the statute-books every year.

So it is safe to say that the Gallican movement, the liberal Catholics and the republicans will eventually force ultramontanism to the wall. But don't jump to the conclusion that then and there the Church will surrender. Far from it. It may lay

down its arms but will surely cling to its principles, and will begin to do in France what its allies are doing in America. It will accept the inevitable. It will become republican. But it will not cease to cling to the old tenets. It will do more—it will strive to get possession of the Republic and, in the end, will once more control the destinies of France. This is what Catholicism is aiming at in the United States, and this is what it will endeavor to accomplish in France when the Church finally goes over to democracy.

THEODORE STANTON.

ECONOMIC THEOLOGY, HENRY GEORGE AND THE SCHOOL GIRL.

To the Editors:

Our truly loyal knight was killing the dragon landlordry the other day at the Packard Institute, N. Y., when to his assertion that all land was God-given for the benefit of all mankind; one of the girls who did not fancy, I suppose, so many gardeners in her garden, objected that the Dutch, without being quite divine, had made the mud cake called Holland, and asked "if after fighting out the Ocean and the Spaniard, they could not show an exclusive title of creative labor to their soil?"

"Yes, my brave girl, and Dutch dirt is much in the same case with the rest for the clod-hopper, only a little more so. I didn't fish my mountain farm out of the frog pond, but there isn't a foot of it in culture, that I have not made over several times, taking out Nature and putting in Art, grubbing roots and killing weeds, and seasoning with manures. Then the ditching, and the terracing, the fencing to keep beasts out, and the houses to keep people in."

Labor, with the observing eye and judgment, makes about all there is to rent about land. Of sites, there is to pick and choose, but why should good judgment be taxed any more than labor? Some creative geniuses, however, are not content with making soil fit for crops; they make a God first, then they make him make the land and give it away to everybody except anybody in particular. Is not this good bait to catch tax payers? Henry George's God hates landlords—homeopathically. He made all the land except Holland, and a few plantations back of the Mississippi levees and sich, and gave it all to everybody that was nobody, and then he went to sleep and landlords stole it. Now he wakes up and calls to his faithful servant George: Gird up thy loins with a majority vote, take up thy tax and rout them landlords.

"Why don't Mr. O'Brien want him to help the Irish tenants?"

"Well, you see, they are so ignorant, they can't see the beauty of paying their rent to a national tax collector instead of to a private landlord."

"But why must they pay anybody, for what God gave everybody?"

"Because everybody that happens to be in the majority, according to the way they fix the ballot boxes, has the God-given right to make everybody pay. Only to get payment, they must make a government in the image of God, and a sheriff in the image of government. When the sheriff is paid, government receives, and God comes into his own again by the interest on the land that he loaned. That is God's way of giving. The land being common, is the property of government. It is taxed, and labor pays for, as well as by all the good work done upon it. Otherwise there would remain a margin for sub-letting, and it is necessary above all things, to starve out the landlords. Therefore 'land must be taxed up to its full value,' skimming all the cream of profit down to the whey of 'the poorest land in use,' or that will keep a man and mule in harness. So when government is landlord all the others have to be tenants—all except the office-

holders and the bondholders, and some pet railroad picuuvres* that are a little of both. Those impious Irish tenants claim that the difference of the farms they till, above the 'poorest land in use,' is in the labor their forefathers have put in them. They don't understand that the dead are alive in that humanity which is government, the image and minister of God. They only see that they will still be paying rent, after the land is restored to the nation. Yes, but 'not on the improvements,' saith the Lord by the mouth of his prophet. You may evict a thousand tenant families, and then hire a hundred single men to cultivate with steam or dynamo-machinery, untaxed, making full as big a crop as the thousand with their mules, and pocket the difference in costs, because improvements and labor are sacred from taxation. With such profits by the labors of your hirelings, you may buy ships and freight them with foreign silks and wines; not a cent of tax on these; trade is free, the land alone bears every burden, Or you may put your profits out at interest and enjoy the leisures of a millionaire, with a good conscience, knowing that 'wages rise with interest.'"

"But how about my barn, my log cabin, my fences, and my work within the womb of the soil? I cannot sell or rent them apart from the land, and without them the land is worth nothing. Will the tax assessor take my estimate of their costs and deduct it from what I owe to government?"

"Try him. There is room here for a good deal of algebra and aimability. Remember that the tax assessor is a priest of the only true and universal landlord, whom the pious may propitiate with pie crust."

But we often read of ground lots selling at hundreds of dollars the foot. There must be some way then of getting at their value apart from the buildings?"

"Yes, this is the easier in cities where any kind of labor may be hired at any time and to any amount, for putting up improvements, and the demands for room in eligible sites are strong and many. Site, in cities, is a far more important factor of land values than in the country, and the 'unearned increment' is much larger in proportion to the whole value. This may afford then a plausible basis for municipal taxation, which is a very different affair from taxes by the general government on agricultural land. Such as lies contiguous to cities, shares this facility of appraisal more or less, and in a secondary degree, lands contiguous to railroads or navigable waters. The bulk of soil under culture owes its value more to the improvements by its occupant, and less to the influence of civic aggregation. EDGEWORTH.

IS WOMAN WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY?

To the Editors:

The statement that women are severer upon the faults of their own sex than men are, is all very well as far as it goes. But it is only a half-truth, and like all other half-truths, misleads rather from what it omits or suppresses than from what it actually prefers. Supplying the omission, it should read thus: "Other things being equal, women are less generous to the faults of their own sex than men are; vice versa, men are less generous to the faults of their sex than women are;" all of which is only another way of saying that the law of repulsion between similars, and of attraction between dissimilars, or as science calls it, the law of opposites, which prevails throughout nature—animate and inanimate—obtains also among human beings. But in the complicated conditions of society where things are never equal, but exceed—

* This name, more picturesque than octopus, and which Hugo has found for the sea monster in his *Travaillours de la Mer*, fitly expresses the chain of alternate sections, which the policy of our government, in creating corporate landed monopolies, has granted to so many railroads, regardless even of their fulfilment of contracts, and which combined with freight charges, as in California, reduce the whole farming population to serfdom, squeezing the country as within the coils of a boa constrictor or a picuuvre.

It would be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to show that much of the discussion on vital questions of the hour, is vitiated and so made comparatively worthless by the subtle influence of this all-prevading law—that men and women equally sincere and equally earnest in the pursuit of the truth are kept apart solely by their different points of observation of the same fact. But an adequate treatment would transcend the limits of the present paper, even if it were entirely relevant, which it is not.

The statement in question taken as a psychological fact more or less imperfectly put, need convey no reproach if none were intended. But the sting of it—that which brings the hot blood of indignation to the cheek of every honorable woman whenever and wherever she hears it uttered—is the underlying imputation of narrowness, of bigotry, of all uncharitableness as evinced in the treatment of her sisters whom she does know. How then can sheevienas per to those loftier heights of judicial dignity and honor which overlook the nations which she does not know!

It will serve our present purpose to consider the offenses against society under two heads. First, those that effect all classes equally, and secondly, those that bear upon different classes unequally. Of the first class theft and homicide are conspicuous examples. They are, for the most part, single-handed attacks upon the life and property of the individual, the most directly subversive of the purposes for which governments are instituted, and for this reason the simplest and most easily dealt with. Inasmuch as women thieves and women murderers have always been disposed of under a strictly masculine regime, it goes without saying that these are not the offenses which come under the special censorship of her own sex. It is the second class of offenses—those that bear heavily upon one class and lightly upon the other—that elicit condemnation from one part of the community and evoke sympathy from another part, which constitute the chief problem of modern jurisprudence and furnish food for the moralist, since the cry of protest against any particular evil is sure to emanate from that class who, either in reality or imagination, suffer from its existence, obviously the offenses which all women most heartily condemn will be those from which they suffer the deepest injury. As a rule, the vices of one sex militate against the power and happiness of the other. This is especially the case with the minor ones. From time immemorial in the absence of more exigent matter, woman's follies have been the favorite theme of both pulpit and press, for the obvious reason that men are the victims of those follies.

Her idleness, her selfishness, her duplicity in small matters offend his moral sense. Her love of dress, her extravagance prey upon his purse. Her high hats obstruct his view at the opera. Her lack of housekeeping qualities, her neglect of her children imperil the comfort and happiness of his family, and so on indefinitely. The masculine vices which disturb the peace of women readily come to mind. The inordinate use of tobacco, intoxicants, the spendthrift habits of the gaming table and the club room are some of them.

There is one crime and only one in the entire catalogue of sins, grave or otherwise, with which women are chargeable that is responsible for the attitude of women towards her own sex. I need hardly say it is the crime of unchastity. The unchaste woman is the foe of all womanhood. Her shadow on the threshold sends a chill of terror to the heart of every true wife and mother for the safety of her most cherished idols, namely, the honor of husband and sons. The sisterly sympathy which the spectacle of human degradation under other circumstances might elicit is choked out by this all-absorbing terror. The unfairness of selecting this as the type of the relation which exists between woman and woman is the more manifest when, as before stated, it can be shown under similar circumstances men act in just the

ingly unequal, where the intelligence and the reason largely dominate the animal instincts. where a great variety of controlling influences are continually disturbing the normal relations of men and women in society, this law of the sexes is of little practical interest, save as accounting for some seemingly anomalous phases of human character.

same way. For example; the smooth Benedict, who with evil intent invades the domestic fireside where wife and daughters reign supreme, meets with no gentle reception from husband, father or brother. His presence is the signal for such an outbreak of passion as out-Herods all the animosities between men. And yet man is not the enemy of man, but his best and truest friend, as woman is of woman.

There is an abundance of testimony, if testimony were still wanting, to prove that women are not the enemies, but the natural guardians of their more unfortunate sisters. Until recently all our public institutions, both penal and curative, were under the sole administration of men. The harsh measures then often employed to impose restraint and secure order appealed to the humane sentiments of enlightened men and women all over the land. Legislatures were importuned where legislation was necessary, and now we have in nearly, if not quite all, the institutions of our country, women installed as associate superintendents wherever women are among the inmates. Even in this city, while I now write, a matron has been appointed for our police station; steps not likely to be taken if there were the slightest apprehensions in the public mind that women could not be entrusted to the tender mercies of her own kind.

Every woman is to every other a second self in whom she sees, as in a mirror, the reflection of her own weakness as well as strength. So is man to man. Hence, the right of trial by a jury of one's own peers, at once the pride and bulwark of free institutions,—a right that what calls itself the freest and fairest government under the light of the sun still denies to one-half its citizens.

Woman's greatest wrong is her anomalous position in a country of the people, for the people and by the people. Her worst enemies are those children of ignorance whose faces are always set to the past; who dread nothing so much as a change from what has been; into whose dull lives an idea seldom comes, save when some time-worn error which, like a worm-eaten pillar, they fondly imagine supports the sky topples in ruins at their feet.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

H. B. CLARK.

SUCCESS TO THE RADICAL METHOD.

To the Editors:

This title is suggested by an article in the OPEN COURT of July 7th, headed, "Failure of the Radical Method," some parts of which were well replied to in the issue of August 18th. The Reverend writer comforts himself with the reflection that the condition of the Free Religious Association implies an abandonment of aggressive effort against orthodox Christianity and a disposition to affiliate with organized religion. Even if this were the case it would supply no warrant for the implication—"Failure of the Radical Method,"—as any cessation of activity on the part of the Association may fairly be attributed to the success of the liberal movement in which it has been a factor, and which has now become so broad and far-reaching that the wilderness in which the voice sounded is now blossoming with the roses of Rationalism. One indication of this is the fact that one who prefixes the title Reverend to his name can write so much in accord with the views of the Association. So many are doing the work, of which the Free Religious Association was a pioneer, that its distinct existence does not appear to be necessary to insure progress. But this progress, and all progress, is due to the radical method of going to the root of evils and thoroughly exposing the funda-

mental cause of what is false and injurious. It is the agitator, who, though "nothing more than a unit," gives the impetus to effective organization, which, though it may not accomplish the full aim of the agitator, secures an advance in the desired direction.

Progress ever requires pioneers in advance, who shall disturb the equanimity of those who, having once settled on a frontier, deem further advance unnecessary and a reflection upon their own position. In the realm of thought this is made apparent, and we find that those who have made an advance are disposed to resent any insinuation that there are desirable fields beyond their mental habitation. One of the oldest liberal agitators in America states that his fiercest opposition has come from those who were nearest to him in opinion, but a little behind him. Self-conceit resents the imputation that one who has made great progress at heavy cost has not reached the ultimate goal. Thus we often find the severest attacks upon agnostics proceeding from broad church ministers.

If it is true that the need for the special effort of the F. R. A. in its chosen sphere has ceased to be urgent, the question arises: should it rest in affiliation with the organized religion that has approached so nearly to its outposts, or should it move on and stimulate a further advance? The answer depends upon whether an advance is possible and desirable.

The liberal religious movement in America began with an attack upon the divinity of Jesus. The establishment of New England Unitarianism and a far-reaching modification of "orthodoxy" was the result. The next advance was upon the inspiration and authority of the Bible. "Parkerism" and Western Unitarianism have vindicated the effort. Another step begins to press its claims. It calls for the abolition of the worship of God. It is the legitimate sequence to the preceding steps. Will the Free Religious Association rest content with the progress to this point, or will it change its name to one in accord with the idea of a progressive association and espouse the radical cry that the worship of God shall be changed into the service of Man? Many are convinced that attention to God involves neglect of man; that immorality is fostered by satisfying the conscience with the worship of God; that the God idea is the foundation of tyranny. "God's word" teaches fear God, honor the king, respect the priest, obey masters, obey husbands. King, priest, master and husband oppress humanity in the name of God; and man will never be truly free till he is free from God. The admission that there is a superior being, to whom man owes allegiance furnishes an excuse for the tyranny of those who claim to be his vicegerents. When God is dethroned and the good of man, of which, after all, God has only been *intended* to be the personification, is made the supreme concern, then the next impending radical victory will have been won. The agitation will be unpopular, but its method is the true road to success.

ROBERT C. ADAMS.

THE "MISCONCEPTION OF IDEALISM."

To the Editors:

Does not the eternal antinomy enter into the question of idealism, as into all ultimate questions of metaphysics? I conceive that for most of us the matter stands as it did with Coleridge (*Biographia Literaria* p. 95, Bohn ed.):

"I began then to ask myself what proof I had of the outward existence of anything? Of this sheet of paper, for instance, as a thing in itself, separate from the phenomenon or image in my perception. I saw, that in the nature of things, such proof is impossible; and that of all modes of being that are not objects of the senses, the existence is assured by a logical necessity, arising from the constitution of the mind itself, by the absence of all motive to doubt it, not from an absolute contradiction in the supposition of the contrary."

F. I. CARPENTER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MAKING OF THE GREAT WEST. By *Samuel Adams Drake*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887; pp. 339. Price \$1.75. For sale by A. C. Mc Clurg & Co., Chicago.

This is the second volume of a series of three, which the author hopes "will present something like a national portrait of the American people." The first volume being entitled "The Making of New England," the third proposes to treat of the history of the central portion of the Union. The present volume extends in time from 1512 to 1883 and is grouped into three periods respectively, entitled "Three Rival Civilizations," the Spanish, French and English, showing the part each of these Nations took in "The Making of the Great West." "Birth of the American Idea," and "Gold in California, and What it Led to." There are about 150 illustrations in the book, 14 of which are maps, and among them are portraits of Queen Isabella of Spain, De Soto, Louis XIV. of France, Queen Elizabeth of England, Bienville, Champlain, Stephen A. Douglas, John Brown, Sam Houston, Chevalier De La Salle and others. This historical series is intended to meet the need for brief, compact, and handy manuals of the beginning of this country, and the volume before us is of special interest to the people of the great West.

WHITE COCKADES. AN INCIDENT OF THE "FORTY FIVE." By *Edward Irenaeus Stevenson*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons., 1887; pp. 216. Price \$1.00.

This stirringly told story deals with the fortunes of Prince Charles "The Pretender" in a possible adventure in the Scottish Highlands, while in hiding after the disastrous battle of Culloden in 1746. The story is one of daring bravery, hair-breadth escape and youthful loyalty, and though, unlike most tales of the kind, there is no kind of love-making from beginning to end, yet it holds the reader's attention closely by its thrilling situations, cleverly described from the opening pages.

SOCIAL EQUILIBRIUMS, AND OTHER PROBLEMS, ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS. By *George Batchelor*. Boston: George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St., 1887; pp. 286.

These Essays relate to the many new questions of social and religious organization which have been forced upon the modern mind by scientific discovery and economical progress. They do not attempt to offer a panacea for the many evils of social life, but simply to describe and discuss some of the causes of social unrest and religious disintegration. They are hopeful, positive and constructive. Among the most interesting of the fifteen chapters mostly sermons and essays by a Unitarian Clergyman, we count those entitled "Free Thought," "Hereditry and Education," "Hereditry and Tradition in Morals," "The Natural Meaning of the Word 'Ought,'" "Questions and a Correspondence," and the two concluding chapters on the origin of Unitarianism in Salem, Mass. The author's standpoint is outlined in the following sentence from the preface, "The writings of Darwin and Spencer have had great influence in shaping the thought of this generation, they have been invaluable, but they have settled nothing, they have however given direction to progress, and helping many who, like the writer, do not accept their ethical conclusions."

WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD? By *H. B. Philbrook*, Editor *Problems of Nature*. Chicago: Philbrook & Dean, 182 Dearborn St., pp. 480.

This is quite the most *original* book that has appeared in a long time. The author apparently "calls no man Master," in his methods of reasoning; and his so-called "scientific" deductions

are as surprising as they are unique. The grand oracular manner in which he gives forth his startling dicta on the questions of the day, proves conclusively his own faith in their truth. Everything on this planet he explains in a manner, which a glance through the book will assure the reader, he is not indebted for to any previous thinker. The first twenty pages of the book give a summary of its "Contents." Mr. Philbrook answers his own query as to "What is God" in the following lucid way, "The commencement by a Creator was only a current of the affair that performs the work of Creation, only a mere current of electricity was the origin of God. All that gave this Being existence, and power and intelligence, was a current of this all-competent affair." The author's style is as original as his philosophy. We give a specimen of both in these sentences: "A still more astonishing fact in connection with the current of a person's organization, is the prevention of the will of the brain with a will of the Almighty that is coming into the nose, and passing around the system and out the pores, and back to the nose again." "In the darkness of night a whisper is heard, Who gave Man and Animals a chance to sleep by putting out a disturbing light at an hour of fatigue?" A portrait of the author adorns the first page, and the book is handsomely bound.

"The *Popular Science Monthly*" for November opens with the fifth paper of the Hon. David A. Wells's series on "The Economic Disturbances since 1873." In "Agassiz and Evolution," Professor Joseph Le Conte gives to Professor Agassiz the credit of having laid the basis on which the doctrine of evolution has been built, although he himself erected no structure of the kind upon it. Dr. Theodore Eimer exposes the evil of too exclusive devotion to minute special researches, which is the growing fault of some of the science of the day. Professor John S. Newberry writes, concerning the "Food and Fiber Plants of the North American Indians." In a very catholic address on "Science and Revelation," Professor G. G. Stokes, President of the Victoria Institute and of the Royal Society, vindicates scientific investigators against the too easily made charge of wishing to discredit religious doctrines. Mr. Garrett P. Serviss describes "The Stars of Autumn." The history, uses, and fashions of "The Wedding-Ring" are described in a article by D. R. McAnally. Professor Atwater has an article on "The Chemistry of 'Oyster-Fattening.'" Professor Morse's address before the American Association on "What American Zoölogists have done for Evolution" is continued. Mr. F. A. Fernald gives a review of Geikie's treatise "On the Teaching of Geography." Mr. H. Brooke Davis makes a strong plea for the institution of "A Kitchen College," where housekeeping arts shall be adequately taught and the knowledge of them made desirable. A portrait and biographical sketch are given of Professor Chester S. Lyman, of Yale College. "A Further Advance" of Roman Catholic thought in the direction in which science has led is discussed in the "Editor's Table." In the same department the physiological doctrines taught by the temperance people are criticized from the scientific point of view. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

AN enterprising and ambitious piece of work by a provincial newspaper is the "Quarter-Centennial" issue of the Hampshire County Journal, published by Charles F. Warner, at Northampton, Mass., for October, 1887. It contains 66 pages, quarto size, of reading matter, illustrations and ads. The reading matter contains a large amount of history and biography, which has even more than a local interest, though pertaining to Hampshire County matters. Among the photograph pictures of interest, we find portraits and sketches of A. T. Lilly, donor of the Lilly Hall of Science to Smith College, Mrs. Elizabeth Powell Bond, Dr. Earle, of the Northampton Insane Asylum, George W. Cable, Miss Harriet B. Rogers, teacher of articulation to deaf mutes, Seth

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL,

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RELIGIOUS VALUE OF SCIENTIFIC STUDIES.

BY LEWIS G. JAMES.

"True science and true religion," says Professor Huxley, "are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious, and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect, than of the direction of that intellect by an earnestly religious tone of mind. Truth has yielded itself rather to their love, their patience, their single-heartedness, their self-denial, than to their logical acumen."

Granting that religion may be established upon a scientific basis, it is evident, I think, that the study of science should constitute an important element in our liberal systems of religious education. We hear much in these latter days about the conflict between science and religion; but to those who think freely and deeply, I am convinced that there can be no such conflict. For religion based upon science is necessarily in harmony with the method and procedure of science; while science is, as I believe, essentially religious in its very nature. The attitude of the scientific student, humble, patient, repressing his prepossessions, standing in reverent submission before the most insignificant fact, is infinitely more religious than that of the dogmatic theologian, proud in his conceit of an infallible revelation of truth. "One of the most important duties of a religious teacher," said an able and successful clergyman of the Episcopal Church to me a short time since, "is the inculcation of a wise agnosticism." This is a part of the office and mission of science in our curriculum. Science alone can give us true conceptions of ourselves, and of the universe in so far as it is revealed to us—of our relations to the world around us, and to that Infinite Power beyond all seeing on which all things visible depend. Science alone can save us from the conceit of the metaphysician and theological gnostic, by demonstrating the limitations of the human intelligence, and its insignificance in the presence of the Unsearchable Reality. "The secret things belong to the Lord; those that are revealed, to us and to our children." Into this ancient scripture it puts new and sublime meaning. All that we see and know, the world and all things therein, the glorious canopy of

the sky, the heavenly hosts, the mind and character of man,—these, indeed, constitute a revelation of the Infinite Power—the Absolute Reality; but how little is all that which is seen and known to that unseen Universe which we can never know in its essential nature and completeness, unless we, too, became gods, and infinitely transcend the present limitations of our knowing faculties. "So far from science being irreligious," says Spencer, "it is the neglect of science which is irreligious * * [Science] is religious, inasmuch as it generates a profound respect for, and implicit faith in, those uniform laws which underlie all things." Teaching us that this is indeed a Universe—that all things are turned into One,—that the Power behind, or, more properly *in*, phenomena is orderly and consistent in its manifestations, science lays broad and deep the foundations of a rational faith, based upon a monistic philosophy and of a trust which is truly religious.

Whatever may have been the facts of its past history, the religion of the future, based upon science, can no longer be divorced from ethics; and science gains additional religious value from its profound ethical significance. It alone can illustrate the essential unity of that orderly sequence of phenomena which we subjectively perceive as *natural law* in the material and in the moral universe. It alone can demonstrate that the moral law, like the laws of nature, is inherent and self-executing; that the results of wrong-doing are inevitable, while at the same time it affirms and illustrates the possibility of moral growth, and of the indefinite betterment and expansion of man's ethical and intellectual nature. The apostle of science is the true priest in the temple of rational religion. "By asserting the eternal principles of things, and the necessity of conforming to them," says Mr. Spencer, "he proves himself to be essentially religious."

The teaching of the natural sciences in their elementary aspects, almost wholly neglected, as it is, in our common schools, should be a part of the curriculum of our Sunday-schools and schools of ethical culture. There are few children who will not readily become deeply interested in the elementary study of botany, geology, or natural history, or physiology; and these studies may be so presented that the result will be not merely an accumulation of dry facts in the child's

mind, but the attention may be drawn to the higher aspects of the subject—to the everywhere dominant principle of law, order, and beauty, on which the foundations of natural religion are established. This elementary teaching should usually be oral. Books should be little used. Object-teaching, and practical experiment with mineral, botanical, or zoological specimens, should be adopted whenever practicable.

The child will thus be led naturally to perceive and appreciate the wonderful beauty of the world in which he lives, the integrity and perfection of the laws of nature, the identity of that which we call *law* in the physical universe around us, and in the moral universe within us. He will learn to think deeply and reverently concerning the "mystery of matter,"—that objective reality which appeals to us everywhere in our sensible contact with the world, but which, in its ultimate analysis, buttresses always upon the Unseen, defying sensible examination. Thus thoughtfully investigating, without any dogmatic instruction, he can hardly fail to recognize with reverent emotion the unity of the Power on which all things depend—the Power which makes for beauty and order and righteousness in the world, whose workings, though inexorable, are beneficent,—are beneficent, indeed, *because* they are inexorable. The pain, the suffering, the physical imperfection and moral evil in the world, he will come to apprehend as the indispensable accompaniments of that divinely natural order, which on the obverse side appears as the Eternal Truthfulness of Nature, the exercise of which he would not interfere with if he could.

As the child-mind becomes more mature, especially will the perception of the law of the correlation and conservation of forces, and of evolution as a universal characteristic of the creative processes of nature, suggest that "all-pervading unity," efficient competency, and beneficent tendency of the life and power in and behind visible phenomena, which nourish and satisfy the religious nature. The study of science is important, not only for the actual content of information and religious suggestion which it supplies to the mind, but also because it reveals the only safe and sure method whereby truth can be attained in any department of thought and investigation. It renders the mind humble, patient, free from the conceit of the metaphysical theologian. The scientific study of religion itself will thus naturally supersede the catechisms and dogmatic instruction of the pulpit and Sunday School; the good which is in the ethnic religions and the various Christian sects will be sought and recognized, while the evil and superstition which have accompanied all the historical manifestations of the religious sentiment will be as frankly admitted and rebuked when it presents itself in Old or New Testament phrase, as when it appears in the guise of Paganism, Mohammedanism, Mormonism, or Buddhism. Thus

freely and rationally used, the Sacred Scriptures of the world will be found to be a nobler storehouse of ethical precept and lofty personal example, which the religion of the future can by no means afford to undervalue or neglect.

The introduction of scientific methods into the study of religion, necessarily involves the complete renunciation of all duplicity and lack of sincerity in our dealings with our children. Children are ready, almost intuitive, readers of character, and nothing will so certainly and instantly discredit the work of a teacher, as the perception of a lack of that absolute frankness and truthfulness which should be the eternal foundation of the relationship between teacher and pupil. Much of ignorance, much of incompetence, in other respects, may be forgiven; but woe unto that teacher of religion who permits his pupil to see that he withholds aught of his full and free conviction—that the honest belief of his heart is in any least degree different from his spoken word. The teacher should never pretend to a knowledge which he does not possess. He should never fear, upon occasion, to say "I do not know," in answer to an earnest query. If he doubts, he should not fear to express his doubt.

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Doubt and faith are two sides of the same shield, whose substance and strength is the eternal truth. Doubt of the poor, the false, the insufficient, in prevalent creeds, is essential to faith in the richer, truer, completed statement of the more rational conviction. Doubt of miracle, is faith in the eternal order of Nature. Doubt of authoritative dogma, is faith in the method and results of scientific research. There is no scepticism so absolute, or so fatal to moral and intellectual integrity, as the craven fear which questions the policy of the frankest and most outspoken statement of that which is by heart and mind confessed as truth. The teacher of science never doubts this assertion; the teacher of religion often does, apparently, even though he call himself a Religious Liberal. Let him learn from the apostle of science. Let him introduce the scientific method into his teaching. So doing, he shall lead the world out of error and superstition into the wealth and beauty and satisfaction of the Truth.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

BY A. M. GRIFFEN.

Punishment as an element *per se* should form no part of the animus, or motive, of the criminal law; and it should be clearly understood that society in resorting to compulsory measures in dealing with its criminals is only acting for the protection of its members; that it aims to secure that protection, first, by sequestration of the criminal, and, secondly, by adaptation of its methods

and forms of procedure to those educational, moral and religious agencies whose object is the betterment of mankind.

Moral guilt as such should be no concern of the criminal statute. The man should be judged solely by the effects of his acts upon society. Punishment of moral guilt is the prerogative of the conscience of the individual. It is, however,

"Because the edge of conscience becomes blunted, and the pain it inflicts ceases to be sharp enough, the interests of society are compromised in such a manner that external and material pain must be added by human law to the purely internal and spiritual pain which follows wrong-doing. The external law and punishment, must, however, be modeled on the internal law and punishment. The voice of the judge without should correspond to what would be the voice of the judge within, were it allowed to be clearly heard. Otherwise penal law must be the expression of arbitrariness or vengeance. But since penal law should thus as far as possible be the representative of conscience, it should have the same ends—the amendment of the offender and the protection of society. The amendment of the offender is to be kept in view as long as it can be hoped for; but although this may be hopeless society is entitled to inflict suffering on criminals as far but not farther than may be required for its self-protection."*

Punishment which is visited "for example's sake" is vicarious, unjustifiable in itself and by results, and when carried to an appreciable extent, is simply gratuitous cruelty.†

In the states of Rhode Island, Michigan and Wisconsin, where capital punishment was abolished from twenty-five to thirty-five years ago, human life is as secure as in other states of the Union, and much more so than in some states where the death penalty is in force.

In Switzerland, that model and most peaceful republic of the old world, capital punishment from 1879 to the present has existed as a legal enactment in but eight of the twenty-five cantons; and in Belgium, Prussia, Bavaria, Denmark and Sweden, though not abolished by law, its enforcement has practically ceased. So, in France, where in one year there were one hundred and twenty six convictions for murder and but four executions, and in Italy, where a similar proportion of executions to convictions is found, the same evidence of the decadence of this mistaken policy is afforded. Likewise in Austria, capital punishments have for many years been exceedingly rare. In the Kingdom of Netherlands the death penalty was abolished in the year 1870, and in 1881, when an effort was made by a minority of the Chamber to re-enact the penalty, the Minister of Justice stated that "the convictions for crime which merited death, according to the law in force up to that time, in the ten years immediately following the abolition of capital punishment, were fifty-seven in number, while the number of those condemned to death in the ten years immediately preceding was eighty-two."‡

That punishment in itself is but a negative agent in the civilizing process of humanity is a proposition that will hardly be questioned; but that excessive punishment for any class of crime is a positive agent of demoralization and crime itself is conclusively demonstrated by the events of history. Take, for example, the sanguinary laws of England. Says the Morning Herald, published in April, 1830:

"If the dreadful punishment of death could repress a crime, how effectually ought forgery to be repressed! What hecatombs of human victims have been offered up upon the scaffold to what is called the 'commercial interests,' or rather to the great idol of mammon! * * * And yet all this waste of life—all this work of extermination, does not prevent in any degree the perpetual recurrence of the crime and the perpetual exhibition of similar acts of human sacrifice."*

If, then, exemplary punishment, which theoretically is intended solely for the protection of society, is not justified by results, under what conception of justice is such punishment permissible? It will hardly be said that justice in the abstract contemplates that the life of one man who has demonstrated by an overt act that he is bad, shall be destroyed that other men presumably bad at heart may be deterred from crime which it is not certain they ever will commit. If it be the object of the penal law to frighten men into the suppression of their criminal instincts,—and when capital punishment is prescribed as a menace, such only can be the object,—then ought we to turn back the pages of history and inaugurate anew the terrors of the wheel, the rack, the thumb-screw and other instruments of torture, that the example may indeed be a lesson and a warning to all. Says Rev. Mr. Brayton:

"True justice has wider sweep than our wisdom or our passions. Its demands are not answered when we have struck the retaliatory blow. It heeds not the timidity of our selfish fear, nor the clamor of our revengeful cry. It comprehends the welfare of the criminal as well, and is in its quality the clear intermingling of all the holy attributes of God. True justice drives no man to hopeless doom,—it is not satisfied with penalty—it does not smother penitence—its demand is righteous; and by all its penalties and pains it unbars the way and impels and leads the penitents to return. When our humanity, in its too slow evolution from barbarism, shall attain to this pure ideal of justice it will no longer be satisfied with the brutal clamor of blood for blood." †

The fact that executions in many of the states of our Union are had in "private"—that is, with but few persons in witness,—is a virtual concession that their effect upon the general public is detrimental to the public good, and that as an example they are of no value in the prevention of crime. If, however, the example were not pernicious, or productive rather than preventive of crime, a full and complete knowledge of details would seem to be the best possible means of impressing the mind with the lesson sought to be conveyed, and certainly those

* "The Punishment of Death. A Selection of Articles from the Morning Herald," London, 1836, Vol. I., p. 23.

† See Sermon delivered at Auburn, N. Y., August 30, 1855, and published in The Morning Dispatch, of Auburn, Aug. 31, 1855.

* Prof. Fraser's Vico, Blackwood's Philosophical Classics, p. 159.

† Cf. "Remarks on Criminal Law," by Thos. Jevons, 1834, pp. 19, 72.

‡ Appleton's Annual Cyc., 1881, Vol. VI., p. 627.

needing the lesson most ought, properly, to be permitted to receive it in its most effective form.

The supposition that capital punishment deters men from homicidal crime is apparently founded upon a misconception of human nature. It falsely assumes that when men are swayed and governed by strong impulse and passion they are still capable of calmly balancing cause and effect and by logical process reaching as sound conclusions as when under the stimulus of the milder impulses of human nature. It takes no account of the most patent of mental facts—that the undeveloped intellect is of all intellects the most egotistic; that all premeditative criminals, when contemplating the commission of crime, delude themselves with the idea that *they* are so shrewd as to escape detection, and hence believe that what may have befallen a comrade in crime would not have happened to themselves because of their superior cunning and ability. It also mistakes true premises in assuming that the criminal mind is capable of appreciating the distinction between the moral quality of the motive involved in the killing of a man by process of law, and that of a motive which prompts a murder committed by an individual. It again falsely assumes that in all men the fear of death is the most powerful of incentives, whereas it is well known that the thought of death has little or no influence upon the mind of a person in robust health unless death itself be immediately apprehended.

"The well-established fact," says Mr. Bovee, "that there are at least *seven suicides to one homicide*, attests the truthfulness of the proposition, that life is oftentimes a burden." And the same author quotes Jeremy Bentham as saying:

"Such is the situation of a majority of malefactors, that their existence is only a melancholy combination of all kinds of wretchedness. In all such cases, then, the dread of death has been ineffectual." *

Thus, when Swedenborg declares that "evil punishes itself," and Emerson that "crime and punishment grow out of one stem," do they utter truth of solemn import to all transgressors of the moral law.

What, then, is the positive lesson which the civic law teaches by its destruction of human life? Is it of the sanctity and inviolability of that life? No, for the act itself is a direct contradiction of the idea. What would be said of that parent who should tell his child it is wrong to eat of certain forbidden fruit, and then proceed to illustrate the teaching by partaking of the fruit himself? If the law itself sets the example of destruction, albeit for good and sufficient reasons, must *that* not be the example which individuals, for reasons, sufficient unto themselves, will most likely imitate? Says Mr. Brayton:

"A Paris executioner, during his term of office hung twenty murderers, who, as he said, had been constant attendants at his gibbetting matinees. Rev. Mr. Roberts of England conversed

with one hundred and sixty seven convicts under sentence of death, all of whom but three had witnessed executions."

Mr. William Tallack, secretary of the Howard Association, relates that—

"It has often been noticed that executions have been immediately followed by an unusual 'crop' of murders. For example, in 1870, shortly after the execution of Tropmann at Paris for a peculiarly atrocious murder, several similar cases of wholesale slaughter occurred, including the seven-fold murder at Uxbridge. Similarly, in 1867, the execution of three Fenians at Manchester * * * was followed *within three weeks* by the abominable Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell, which sacrificed many lives." *

"When men were hung up by the dozens for forging one-pound Bank of England notes, the crime did not diminish—it increased;—though many were cut off at Old Bailey Sessions, many escaped all punishment, through the humane repugnance of juries to send them in shoals to the scaffold." †

The criminal in intent, witnessing the destruction of human life by society for self-protection, believes that he too may kill his enemies; moreover, the act is one which meets the sanction of his moral nature, it is in perfect accord with the activities of his mind, and hence he is unable to appreciate its force as a menace instituted for his particular benefit. Said Archbishop Whately:

"The spectacle of a public execution strikes terror, I apprehend, into few, except those who are not of a character to commit heinous offenses. It creates, in most minds, a feeling of sympathy with the culprit; * * * and a feeling not merely of pity, but rather of admiration and emulation is excited in some by that kind of triumphant penitence which is displayed by many; and in some, again, by the unbending hardihood exhibited by others. The idea of a public death by the hand of the executioner, is shocking in the way of disgrace, to those chiefly who are of a different description from such as need to be deterred from crime by the apprehension of capital punishment." ‡

"He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtue."

Says Jeremy Taylor:

"No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence. A just man does justice to every man and to everything; and then, if he also be wise, he knows there is a debt of mercy and compassion due to the infirmities of man's nature; and that is to be paid; and he that is cruel and ungentle to a sinning person, and does the worst to him, dies in his debt and is unjust."

The death penalty is, by some, sought to be justified upon the ground that it fulfills the idea of retributive justice, which again is thought to be justifiable on religious grounds. Retribution signifies "to pay back," "to return in equal measure"—not good for evil, but evil for evil. But to attempt to carry out the so-called retributive justice by legal enactments, is to attempt the vindication of a metaphysical dogma in which society, as such, can have no possible interest. Society has no concern for the vindication of abstract principles. It has only to busy itself with the moral, intellectual and social happiness of its members.

If such were the constitution of things that the broken law of justice might only be mended or satisfied

* "Humanity and Humanitarianism?" 1871, p. 28.

† "The Punishment of Death," Vol. II., p. 56.

‡ "Thoughts on Secondary Punishments," 1832, p. 45.

* "Reasons for Abolishing Capital Punishment," 1873, pp. 134, 137.

by the death of the murderer, he would sooner or later fall a victim to the destroying vengeance of his own conscience. But not so. The principle of true justice, playing its part in the divine economy of being, sets in motion the keen blade of conscience to the end, and the sole end, that the offender may have wrought within him such a change as shall place him upon that higher and truer plane of moral life where he cannot, because he would not, do wrong to any man.

In accordance with the Greek idea of "fate,"—

"A crime committed by an individual is to be viewed as an outrage upon himself, and the doom which threatens him in consequence, is not a mere punishment inflicted by a foreign hand, but the counterpart of his own deed. In slaying his victim, the murderer thinks he has removed an enemy, and enlarged his own life; but really it is one life that is in him and his victim, and in striking at another he has struck at himself. What threatens him, therefore, as his fate, is just his own life made by his deed into a stranger and an enemy. This he cannot slay. It is immortal and rises from its grave as an awful spectre—a Clytemnestra which arouses the Eumenides against him; a Banquo's ghost which is not annihilated by death, but the moment after takes its seat at the banquet, not as a sharer of the meal, but as an evil spirit for Macbeth."

"Just this however, that the penalty is not externally imposed by law, but is simply the fate of the criminal, the recoil of his deed upon himself, makes atonement possible. The guilty conscience of the criminal is his recognition that his own life is in that which he has tried to destroy, and hence it must pass into a longing regret for that which he has thus lost. The criminal, therefore, feels an awe before the fate that weighs upon him, which is quite different from the fear of punishment; for the fear of punishment is the fear of something foreign to him, and the prayers that would avert it are slavish. His fear of fate, on the other hand, is a terror before himself, a consciousness of the agony of divided life, and his prayers to it are not supplications to a master, but rather the beginning of a return to the estranged self. Hence, in this recognition of that which is lost as life, and as his own life, lies the possibility of the complete recovery of it. It is the beginning of that love in which life is restored to itself, and fate is reconciled—in which 'the stings of conscience are blunted, and the evil spirit is expelled from the deed.'" *

If a penalty be just, it is an act of justice to enforce it; not only so, but if it be necessary for the protection and safe-keeping of society, its enforcement becomes most honorable, praiseworthy and benevolent, and those engaged therein should receive the honorable and grateful recognition of all men. But what of this wretched law of capital punishment? The act of taking human life, even under the sanction of law, is so despicable in itself that the hand that performs the deed instinctively shuns the light of day and the gaze of men. So has it ever been.

"The notion that there is something impure and defiling even in a just execution, is one which may be traced through many ages; and executioners, as the ministers of the law, have been from very ancient times regarded as unholy. In both Greece and Rome, the law compelled them to live outside the walls, and at Rhodes they were never permitted even to enter the city." †

Such a feeling is but the spontaneous protest of humanity itself against a ruthless invasion of its own sanctity.

Capital punishment is the last vestige of *lex talionis*, whose evil spirit ruled a barbarous past. The doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, flagellation and all forms of torture, has been weighed in the balance of experience and been found wanting. "Blood for blood," "a life for a life," smacks of the same brutal and revolting savagery; it finds its origin and sustenance in the passion of revenge; and the law of civilization having, for politic and humanitarian reasons, discarded the other forms of the barbaric law, this likewise, and for the same reasons, should be laid aside for a more just and humane system which shall not despair of the ultimate reclamation of the most depraved and wicked of human beings.

THE FUTURE OF LABOR.

BY CAPT. ROBERT C. ADAMS.

The invention of machinery has had a vast influence upon the employment of human labor. Its first effect was to substitute the unskilled for the skilled laborer, whose work was performed by the machine. As invention proceeded, it was found that the cheaper labor of women could replace that of men, and as greater efficiency is attained it is found that children can perform the needed labor, and both men and women are superseded. A further change is already suggested to us in the employment of animals. We hear of horses and dogs being trained to perform routine work, and stories are told of the employment of chimpanzees in the simpler forms of farm work, both in Africa and in the United States. As machinery approaches perfection it is not improbable that animals may replace the children in the performance of some of the automatic motions that alone are needed to aid the machine, and thus the sphere of human labor may be still further restricted.

The great distress that is caused by these changes during the periods when adaptation to the new conditions is being accomplished by the painful process of natural selection in the struggle for existence, may lead us to ask what will be the solution of the question as to the maintenance of the increasing number of the unemployed in the fully populated countries. The solution is less difficult in the newer countries, as the opportunity for the employment of the primitive forms of labor in agriculture and construction is more extended there, although the completion of machinery is already seriously threatening man in those spheres.

Some already apparent solutions of the difficulty may be noticed.

The great increase of machinery calls for the employment of more people in the higher capacities of designing, managing and distributing, and thus stimu-

* Hegel in Blackwood's Philosophical Classics, p. 27.

† Lecky's European Morals, 1877, Vol. II., p. 30.

lates the education of the unskilled laborer toward a fitness for such employments. The greater cheapness of machine products vastly increases consumption, and so adds to the openings in these higher occupations. The power to supply demand readily tends also to the shortening of the hours of labor, thus lessening daily toil and in some cases increasing the number of workers. Thus, part of the difficulty is overcome by the increased demand for workers in new or enlarged departments, as has been shown by those writers who have treated the subject of "labor-making machinery."

But it is questionable whether under the present system of employment the steadily decreasing demands for ordinary labor can be met by the opening of enlarged spheres for work in other directions, as the inventor is constantly invading all but the most subtle intellectual fields of effort. The compositor is threatened with discharge by the machine type-setter; the amanuensis may soon be replaced by the phonograph; the laborer is being supplemented by the steam dredge, derrick and hoist-lifter; the messenger is outraced by the telephone; a thousand girls were lately discharged from the London book-binderies by the introduction of one machine, and so on, in every sphere of work, invention is making the demand for human labor less. What is to be done with the unemployed? How can they escape the alternatives of starvation or pauperism? The only answer is, Find them employment that will secure the means of support. But how can this be done when there is no demand for extra labor? Before replying, let us ask, why is there no demand? Are all the wants of mankind satisfied? Are machines and lands producing all that the world desires to consume? No, everywhere is unsatisfied longing and a demand for labor that, if answered, would not leave an idle person in the world. The reason why the demand is not answered is because the opportunities for labor are controlled by individuals who will not permit them to be used except for their own private profit. There is the cause; and the remedy lies in giving free opportunity for men to labor for their own full benefit. This can be done when the people collectively produce all things for their own use, and there is no longer production for individual gain. Then, each worker for the community will receive all that he needs, and if the needs of all are to be supplied, there will never be an excess of workers, for human need is insatiable and increases up to the limit of opportunity.

If every person should work, and the demand for supplies was not stimulated by vanity and vice, a few hours of daily labor would suffice to provide sustenance and comfort for all, each worker would be considered to have earned the right to receive all that was needed for consumption and use, and all who were unable to work would have their wants freely supplied. This is the

ideal condition of society that may be forecast as existing in the distant future. But though impracticable now, there is no reason why it should not be recognized as the desired end, and measures be adopted that would lead in that direction.

Some such practical measures are the following:

Let no person anxious to work be unable to find an opportunity to do so. If private occupations are filled, let the municipality furnish employment that shall supply public needs.

Shorten the hours of labor as much as competition with the producers in other regions will permit, thus increasing the number of workers and affording leisure for culture of body and mind.

Let the community take over those industries that are poorly conducted for private gain, enlarging their operations by giving cheaper and better service. If gas was furnished at cost, every house might have it; if street-car travel could be more cheaply and extensively provided, multitudes would ride; if telegraphing and telephoning were made as cheap as the postal service, a corresponding increase in use would occur; if railroads and steamboats were run by the people for the people, travel and freighting would grow enormously; if the production and distribution of clothing and food staples were controlled by the community, the greater cheapness would add vastly to consumption. So in all branches of industry; increase and cheapen the supply, and enlarged consumption will call for more workers, and thus the inroads of machinery may be met.

How long will the people consent to pay high prices for poor services, in order that dividends may be paid upon watered stocks and extravagant outlays? It will be only until they are sufficiently educated to perceive the remedy for the ills they bear so patiently and needlessly. The remedy is—do things for the people's benefit, not for investors' profit.

Such a change in society may be called a millennial dream, and too far from realization to be worth consideration. But the change can be made in a generation. Enforce free, secular education and adopt the principle of replacing private competition and monopoly for gain by collective co-operation for use, and thirty years would see society reformed.

Many signs show that this era is rapidly approaching, and none is more significant than the much abhorred growth of monopoly. The concentration and combination of industries now being promoted by rings, trusts and stock companies, though prompted by selfish greed, are really preparing the way for the assumption of these enterprises by the community as soon as the people see the opportunity for carrying them on for their own benefit, as they now do the postal service. The able men, who for their own gain, are now uniting, harmonizing and economizing the great enterprises, are uncon-

sciously preparing them for operation by the community. When they fully prove that an entire industry of a country can be operated successfully under a central management, they have shown that its nationalization is practicable.

To repeat and condense the ideas here expressed, it may be said:

The cause of poverty is the lack of remunerative employment.

The reason for scarcity of employment is that desirable work is not undertaken unless it will yield a profit to those who control the means for its performance,—the money, land, buildings or instruments needed for production.

The way to increase employment is to have all needed things produced for use and not for gain.

The way to secure production for use is for the people, combined nationally or municipally, to take control of all enterprises employing labor. As they have already done with the post-office, they should do with water and fuel supplies, gas, telegraphs, railroads, factories, and in time, as fitness indicates, with all industries.

Employment for all may be secured by shortening the hours of labor and increasing production.

All who work should receive the means of a comfortable support.

Education, and the inculcation of the substitution of universal co-operation in the place of individual competition for gain, will prepare men to make use of the opportunities for the change now being prepared by the combination of industries.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

BY WILLIAM CHATTERTON COUPLAND.

There is not a little to be said for what may be called the Non-regulative Educational Principle, or the method of allowing the growing mind to seek its own element, and to take its own direction, the more experienced and enlightened only interfering with their admonitions and wise words, when poison simulates wholesome food or a hasty step would conduct to inevitable ruin. Certain at last it is, that much precious time is wasted in most lives in trying to assimilate alleged good things for which there is no proper faculty, and in endeavoring to walk according to the rigid pattern of some approved posture-master.

The function of the pedagogue is indeed much narrower than professional vanity would have it supposed, and the utility of express didactics in regard to conduct must be amazingly small if one reflect for a moment on the hebdomadal ethical seed that is so generously scattered, and consider how little of it takes root and can be said to pay its cost.

“Let us not teach and preach so much,” the poet’s very sensible monition, might with advantage be nailed

on many a pretentious edifice and engraved on not a few well-meaning but too zealous hearts. The lessons which need no repetition, or the homilies which most bite into the soul, are not set down in any school-book, and come from the “golden mouth” of no licensed orator. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, * * * and so is everyone that is born of the spirit” is an aphorism of wider application than its enunciator intended, and even in these days of scientific prying has not quite lost significance. Drill and cram may lead hosts to victory and win a high place in college-rolls, but the man—the individual man—gains his discipline in the collision of influences too subtle for pre-arrangement—the illumination that truly enlightens is attained without expenditure of midnight oil.

In short, the two virtues that we are in danger of losing in a competitive and hurried epoch are the virtues of genuine thought and of patient mastery of principles before proceeding to practice. We stock our heads with scraps of information and imagine we *know*; we are so eager to “be up and doing” that we reck little whether we are sowing tares or useful grain. The average Englishman or American hardly believes in anything but a life of bustle,—he must endow this hospital, agitate for that charity-bill, clamor for the latest device of some government official whose heart is sounder than his head—anything, in short, but sit still patiently, trace evils to their sources, and then apply the axe to the root of the tree, thereby saving the waste of energy which might have dealt a final blow at a giant wrong.

No less mistaken is the belief that second-hand knowledge can dispense with independent thinking. What we call truths are not truths for us till *we* discover them. How often do we realize the experience of repeating some stock phrase till it is known by rote, and then one day, when some simple question is put in reference to it, or a definition of its terms be required, we find to our astonishment that we have merely been carrying about with us a piece of verbal lumber—that it never has been knowledge to us, although it might have been knowledge, and important knowledge too, to some long-forgotten student. On the other hand, seemingly dead knowledge may all at once quicken into life through strange influences which we cannot analyze, and what we had hitherto regarded as a conjurer’s empty verbiage suddenly appears to contain a spell that might move a world.

“Old things need not be therefore fine,
O brother men, nor yet the new,”

chants the sagacious Clough—and for this reason, that new and old have reference really to the chronology of each several learner, and what to you may be traditional doctrine to me may be original discovery.

There is a small word, the significance of which is supposed to be patent to the meanest intelligence, and

the possession of what it is supposed to stand for is taken as the peculiar work of a sane mind. That word is *real*. Is it not an almost hourly question—"Is this object *real*?" What are we not all aiming at but to grasp the *real*? And what greater slur can we cast upon a fellow-man than to aver that his life is spent among things that are not *real*,—in all the applications taking it for granted that we ourselves and everybody else know so well what we were talking about that it hardly ever occurs to us to give the matter a moment's thought. And yet there is no term in the vocabulary of mankind that has had a more curious fate, being a very Proteus for the forms it has taken to the reflective consciousness; so much so indeed that it has been made to stand upon its head as it were, and signifies to this eminent thinker the precise contrary it imports to that one, so that the reproach of one age or school has been the glory of another. And this, notwithstanding complete unanimity as to what the word is wanted for—the feeling that prompts to the verbal sign is identical at whatever stage of intellectual culture the mind has arrived,—but what is the *thought* that is sought to be fixed once for all by this general term is the subtle entity that is always eluding our embrace.

Shall we cut short at once the discussion, and say the matter is of private interpretation, and as we do not insist upon all the world having the same dreams, so a man's waking creed—that which must underlie his rational practice—is also private and individual, and provided he has the courage of his opinions he is no object for criticism, still less a subject for conversion? To which the answer merely is simply, that the idea we are in quest of is precisely that which we wish most thoroughly to distinguish from "dreams." In fact, the dream is just the not-real, and to throw the two into the same category is to reduce us to the incoherence of idiocy. It is precisely what we want to be saved from, that dream-life. It plays a part in the sum total of experience, but a very subordinate part, and a part that we do not care to dwell upon, the mass of mankind having always regarded him who takes too much account of his "dreams" somewhat as the opium-eater, who loses moral fibre in proportion as he partakes of the fatal drug. I fancy there is no getting quit of this troublesome question in that fashion—the angel must be wrestled with until he gives his blessing—he will not melt out of our sight like a spectral illusion by a mere turning aside of the eye.

There are people, who, when a topic of this sort is broached, are apt to be irritated and to exclaim that life is too brief for such inquiries; that there is quite enough to occupy the intellect in the field of palpable observation; that to deal with facts and the relative of facts (positive science) is the task of man so far as he chooses to be theoretical at all, and that metaphysics are waste of energy. Glib words—words that have a ring of self-

sufficiency about them that is highly composing logically, especially in a busy age, but, for all that, slightly hollow as a little steady scrutiny quickly shows.

For that are these *facts* to which we are to confine ourselves? Are they not the same mysteries which baffled us before? If Reality be obscure, every Fact cannot be plain. Or is it intended by the substitution of terms to emphasize a protest that man's concern is only with that which is derivative and secondary, not fundamental and ultimate—with events in time and objects in space, with flesh and blood, properties and attributes, not with soul and the substantial? If such be the intention, the word Fact at least must be dropped out of the discussion, for no reading of Fact yet given can make it coincident with the Seeming; and this "seeming" if inserted into the fervid exhortation to the lover of common-sense will be the rose that does *not* smell as sweet.

To be plain—there is a superstition of Modern Belief that is beginning to impair the blessings of Scientific Progress—a superstition that, like older superstitions, may one day be a formidable foe to the free future race—the finality-spirit that ever shows itself when a new intellectual system attains to power. What the stereotyped dogmas have been to the Church, attempts to close the book of developments at a certain chapter, because its readers were too blind to see anything but blank pages beyond, such a baneful agency may become an empirical creed that refuses to sound depths that are assumed to be vacant of life because the latest explorer has had no instrument fine enough to detect its presence.

Coherence and system are excellent things, but they may be purchased at too high a rate. All men would welcome a neat and rounded-off theory of the world, an all sufficing creed that could stand battering in detail without losing its essential completeness, a doctrine so satisfactory that we could lay down on our beds and be certain that to-morrow's sun would smile on no prophet born in a manger who might displace our spiritual centre and establish a new order of convictions that would disarrange customary values and confuse our gold with dross.

Is it apostasy from genuine free-thought to cry "No finality, even though the finality be that of a methodized common-sense?" Rational the creed of the future will be inevitably, but what is the test of rationality? A creed wholly without fiction or myth; but where is our scientific puritan who has renounced for ever all mythology? A creed whose God is a Real Being, and whose Law of Duty is obligatory because its function can be felt and seen; but is there no infusion of the Ideal in every conception of the Real, and where is the sanction that can say arrest the suicide's arm?

I consider it no mark of Progress to narrow the range of human speculation. It *is* a mark of progress not to confuse distinct provinces of knowledge, to require

a critique of the faculty of knowledge itself, to scrutinize every claimant for a place in the ranks of the genuinely Real; but it is no mark of Progress, no sign of better self-knowledge to close the eyes that are shamming with the Infinite, to refuse a hearing to certain questions because every answer must be clothed in the form of a finite consciousness, to silence every striving that threatens to disturb the harmony of a superficial existence for the reason that similar emotions have been accountable for some strange vagaries before now.

To my groping vision, endeavoring to read the signs of the times, the Intellectual Creed now demanded is the marriage of Transcendentalism and Positive Knowledge. The higher minds of an older time, trying to steady themselves in a world that was ever changing, that never remained for one moment the same, rushed to the conclusion that only where change was not, could True Being be; that Reality was out of all experience—was supernatural. Had there been no race to rear, no land to till, no cities to build, such a creed of pure Intellectualism might have won acceptance. It gained adherents, and still continues to flourish where the clanking forge is unheard, in the serenity of the cloister where common thoughts are profane—not where merchants congregate but where the secular thought for the time is ignored, and the only speech is that of the hymn and the prayer. Anything but strange is it therefore, that as the energies are diverted into channels altogether alien from the occupations of the Church, as attention is claimed by objects of sense, as men come to find an unsuspected order in the mutations of the supposed inert physical world, that they shall see only emptiness where their fathers alone saw palaces, and that the Real should become synonymous with the Concrete, the Apparent, the Ever-moving. If the Christian Church essayed to methodize Transcendentalism, disparaged the terrestrial life as but a flitting of shadows, a sort of drudge's doom that would be speedily exchanged for a courtly career, the Humanitarian creed exalts the earth-life, and peremptorily forbids its members to indulge imagination where sense furnishes no clue. So persuaded of its truth is this way of thinking that it sees the essence of the old creed in its newer system, and declares that the God which the ecstatic Fathers ignorantly worshipped was its own finite Deity in disguise, that man can and must adore man, and that we are at once our own creators and destroyers!

No such painful identification of contradictories is, however, plausible. Nothing is ever gained by attempts to slur fundamental differences; and between the Transcendentalist conception of a princely and spaceless realm inhabited by pure spirit, and a world that is only made of human consciousness there is no point of contact. The Hagiolatry of the Mediæval Church was a lapse from the purity the old religion, which finds its true

expression in the Spiritualism of John—and an *Être Supreme* that dies without Resurrection is hardly the Son of God who dwells forever at the right hand of the Father.

Is then the solution of the problem to be found in the shearing away of the transcendental elements of the older creeds and the attempted co-ordination of the present results of finite knowledge? Is a creed that we can look all round, that has no intractable remainder, to satisfy the coming Age? What answer does experience give? Are the old blessings deserted? Is the decay of Theology in direct ratio to the spread of Science? Is the longing to peer behind the veil dying of lack of satisfaction? Or are not the facts just the other way? Is not Science itself coming to raise its own altar to an Unknown Power? Is not an Unseen Universe the universe that still holds the lives of myriads? In the light of day ghosts do not appear—in a world where all is Natural there should be no room for *æwæ*. Yet, voices are still subdued in the Chamber of Death, and there are organ-tones that stir strange depths which no social experience ever reaches. To describe these and the like as "Survivals" is not to explain Survivals of what? Survivals of primitive tendencies that have never been wanting to the race—tendencies to see the Infinite enshrouding the Finite, yearnings to take the wings of morning and soar far above the clatter of the terrestrial home and its ever-renewed disappointments.

Now, suppose we cancel the denials of both Old and New Catholic—affirm with the one that we are children of Caste and Heirs of Terrestrial Ages, having no power of love but for our kith and kin, and counting it a duty and an act of gratitude, however paradoxical, to spend and be spent for our descendants, to whom we are nothing—yet declare with the other that that which we essentially are can fit into no temporal framework, even though it be measured by processions of centuries, from the first gibbering ape to the last angel-browed man,—supposing, I say, we make so bold as to affirm that the fusion of the Permanent and Transient is alone worthy to be called Positive Philosophy and Positive Religion, shall we be looking back to abandoned positions and attempting a compromise that is factitious and uncalled for? I answer No, neither the one nor the other. The position has not been maintained, and therefore cannot be abandoned; and so far from being a welding together of heterogeneous materials it is a spontaneous fusion of elements that have ever been present in human aspiration and desire. And as to its being uncalled for, it is, I believe, the one thing wanting to the world's intellectual contentment.

You cannot conjure the ghost out of your haunted chamber by merely reiterating "There is nothing there." Every unwilling inmate testifies by his vague presentment that he is nigh an unseen presence. And you

cannot confine your *thinking* in a strait waistcoat, although you may label it "dangerous," and, even less politely, "idiotic and unmeaning." And why attempt these feats? Why confine us in cages when we pant for unlimited room? To produce happy families by bringing our fellow-beings so close that we cannot breathe any atmosphere but that of human breath? Such trials as have been made on small scales do not augur well for larger experiments. In affairs of life it is mischievous to lose sense of proportion; and to exaggerate Humanity till it occupies the Universe, is certainly to outdo the Idolatries against which the world's prophet-sentinels have never ceased to warn.

On the other hand, no one who has at all caught the modern spirit, who has followed the life of recent science, can kneel again at the old altars and help to swell the chorus of other-world believers. How can we possibly repeat prayers that are strewn with demonstrable fictions, listen to sermons that suppose the world to have stood intellectually still for nearly twenty centuries? I am not a just-baptized Jew, and do not feel edified by being informed that I have been, or must be, washed in the blood of the Lamb; and highly as I venerate the Apostle of the Gentiles I cannot honestly say that his letters appeal to me, a citizen of modern London, with the forcibleness and convincingness they doubtless possessed for the men of ancient Corinth and Galatia. While the Church's Bible is not big enough, and its psalmody too monotonous, its liturgy is, alas! a bar to all communion, proceeding on assumed relations of Creature and Creator that employed the ingenuity of many a devotee to reconcile with every-day assumptions. Can the Church widen its doors and prune its ritual so as to admit the pantheist and the materialist? And yet a Church that is incompetent to that cannot henceforward be a National Church. There is a crass dualism in its Theology, that revolts him to whom it is axiomatic that God must be One with His World—there is an assumed independence of this rational nature that flouts the plainest feelings of the biologist.

The Creed of Humanity that is to support the Religion of Humanity, must be a statement of the whole fundamental truth that is implicit in the thinking of Humanity. There will be nothing optional in its articles, for they sign themselves,—they are the indestructible shadows of our own personality. The partial dogmas that have divided the world will contribute their quota to the Universal Faith, and Materialist, Idealist, Theist, all present an offering that we cannot safely ignore.

When the Materialist says that all the forms of vegetable and animal life, even including man, are transitory shapings of a Reality that is itself indestructible, homogeneous, and insentient, he proclaims a truth the certainty of which is derived from no induction.

When the Idealist says Phenomena are *mental* Phenomena, and that we can no more affirm an Unknowable than the bird can fly in a perfect vacuum—that there can never be substance without attribute—he too is proclaiming a truth that is drawn from the very texture of our mind. And when the Theist says the forms of Time are but the expressions of One Eternal Order, a completed harmony that only appears capricious and chaotic to an intelligence that picks it out bit by bit, he too confesses a truth which the religious consciousness of mankind is ever struggling to confess in its various tribal adorations of "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," in its admission of an Ultimate Unknowable Power, even in its worship of Humanity.

Our childhood's dreams are not dispelled, our youthful hopes still remain to us,—this world is not a world of *mere* change, the Soul's Immortality is not a fiction, and the trust in an unbroken and ever-present rule stands firmer than ever. We may be assured that whatever we can do without in our thought is no essential of our creed, but whatever returns upon our hands, and cannot be dismissed by an effort of will, is a portion of necessary truth.

Although I cannot repeat the formularies of my brother in his admired cathedral, I can watch his devotion with respectful sympathy, and also without any longing to be kneeling beside him once again and lisping the old prayers as when a boy. I, too, bend the knee, although he does not see me; my prayer, too, might be heard if he could comprehend its dialect; but, though parted by such distances of expression that we can no more commune than two children of the same parents who have been reared in diverse climes and among men of alien race, we yet are nearer than we are apt to suppose, and might be nearer still if our faith were really stronger.

The reasons why different sects are so very slow in composing their differences is, in a great degree, to be traced to a baseless fear that knowledge and criticism will rob them of their priceless possessions—their hopes and trusts. When the critic of past beliefs points out how much in the systems of former times is a compound of fraud and delusion; when the scientific lecturer, after carefully sorting his facts, goes on to show that the skies are brainless, and so there can be no Supreme Intelligence that nothing but an unreasoning affection testifies to a consciousness beyond the grave,—we shudder as if our dearest friend had been torn ruthlessly from our side and as if a pall had descended upon a corpse-like Nature. Be it noted, however, that the understanding is powerless to destroy what the understanding is powerless to create. If the Understanding has begotten Theism, the Understanding can destroy Theism; if the Understanding has persuaded you that there is a future life, the Under-

standing, with some acuter syllogism, can rob you of the precious fable.

Did ever any man believe in the constancy of Nature because he could prove it? Assuredly not, because that would need omniscience. It is a postulate which renders possible every step we take.

But observe, there is no justification for believing anything that is not a practical necessity. There is a justification for assuming that the world, as perceived by us, is a mere phantasmagoria; there is no justification, nay, there is nonsense in believing that the percipient element in us is phantasmagoric too. *I* am not an object, *I* am not a thing among many things; you cannot put *me* in a grave, and see *me* crumble into dust! Only the mythologizing propensity at once begins to operate on these rarefied materials, and gets farther and farther from the purity of the necessary postulates of Existence, till it comes to translate its dogma of the Immortality of the Soul into a conscious continuation of the fellow-man who lately walked and dwelt beside us. That the Soul which is Eternal and Immortal is the soul that was never born, is the *I Am* that is from everlasting to everlasting—the soul that said “*I and my Father are One.*”

From such transcendental heights I hear the reader recall me to the common things of earth; and I willingly come, as these are things almost too great for lonely whispers; but my point in this paper is to make plain that the foundation for a world-religion must be as wide and deep as the implicit consciousness of human mind. It may be said, doubtless, by some—but we can get on very well without these mystic assumptions; we prefer the Agnostic attitude, which is content with every-day Knowledge, with that intellectual outfit that is sufficient for leading a decent and comfortable life. And an Agnosticism which acts up to its professions is worth indefinitely more than nine-tenths of the Gnosticism the blatant orthodoxy, that is posted up in all celestia, and infernal news. But while Agnosticism may be well, there is perchance something better. Man, the Aspiring Man, the heir of a grand Evolution—Man, who gazes into the face of Nature, not with stupid wonder, as at a piece of incomprehensible mechanism, but as a critic who stands before an equal or even superior—Man cannot long resign himself to self-effacement, but will claim his full birthright, and will know as he is known.

And one last powerful reason to recommend the theological position I have been advocating: It purges Duty of everything arbitrary, by providing for it a foundation too stable to be ever moved. When we come to see that our relations extend into the infinite; that what we do is of moment not to this hour or that; that the conscious self is but the representative of a Self that knows no limit of time and space,—we then see that to be faithless to the principles of this broadest Education

of justice is not to desert this or that party of the hour, but to be recreant to a solemn trust. The Positive System of Auguste Comte, for which I have a high regard, deepens the sense of responsibility in a way that no previous Creed has done, by making us trustees for the human race considered as an organic whole. I only invite it to ascend one step higher—to recognize the relation of each single member, not only to his kind and to the tiny sphere of which he is a denizen, but to the whole universe of conscious perception, to the Fountain of Vitality that flowed before Humanity was born, and that will continue to flow when Humanity's death-hour has long been past.

NEW VIEWS OF RELIGION AND ETHICS.

(Concluded.)

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

The idea of life which supplies M. Guyau with a system of philosophy destined, ultimately, to take the place of all the religions, leads, he thinks, to a better theory of ethics than utilitarianism, which has proved itself unable to state the chief end of man in the form of a sufficient basis for moral obligation. Mill seems to him visionary; the representation made by that Spinoza of Positivism, Herbert Spencer, of disinterestedness as instinctive, errs in enthroning instinct above the will; while all attempts to exchange individual happiness for universal happiness, as the real aim of men, involve inconsistencies and illusions. The only practical view appears to be the very limited one which is stated thus: “The morality founded upon actual facts alone is the science whose subject is every means of preserving and increasing material or intellectual life.” “Thus the laws of morality are identical with those of life, and are, in their most general statements, the same for all living creatures.” “A positive morality can differ but little from an enlarged hygiene.” “Increasing the intensity of life means increasing the reign of activity in all its forms, to the degree compatible with the reparation of vital forces.” “The highest intensity of life must be accompanied by its greatest possible expansion.” “Life can maintain itself only by diffusing itself.” “The most perfect organism is the most sociable; and the ideal of individual life is universal life.” “Scientific ethics can issue to the individual only this commandment: ‘Develop thy life in every direction; become as rich as possible in extension of energy, as well as intensity; and therefore make thyself the most sociable of beings.’” “When our expansive force becomes conscious of its own power, it takes the name of duty.” “Action is the moral ideal; and idleness is the worst of all vices.” (*Esquisse*, pp. 11, 12, 18, 25, 205, 249.)

These are all the statements of any importance made by M. Guyau of his own theory; for most of the book which sets it forth is occupied with criticism of oppo-

nents. This is rendered necessary by his failure, as is confessed in his title, *Esquisse d'une Morale sans Obligation ne Sanction*, either to furnish any satisfactory basis of moral obligation, or to recognize any legitimate motives to virtue, except desire of activity and of development. Valuable as this emotion is, when properly supplemented and regulated by other well-known sanctions to virtue of greater force and higher quality, it is defective in many ways. It has little power over old or even middle-aged people, especially those who, like M. Guyau, have no faith in immortality. There are many savage tribes, and some classes of civilized society, whose members show scarcely any love of activity for its own sake, and no desire for development. The book would not have much effect on the Turk, who cannot see why European ladies and gentlemen dance themselves instead of telling their servants to; or on the Buddhist, who regards action as evil, and hopes only to sink into Nirvana. The belief that heaven is perfect rest has too much currency, even among Christians, to allow us to feel much confidence in desire to enlarge and intensify life as a motive to goodness. Even those who feel it most keenly, namely young and healthy people, eager in the pursuit of pleasure or of success in business, art, literature, or politics, do not usually show themselves so sympathetic with suffering, so considerate of others' rights, and so firm against all temptations to self-indulgence, as proves that they can safely dispense with all the other moral sanctions. So narrow a foundation is scarcely sufficient for self-culture, and supplies no room for justice or purity. The safety of society demands such recognition of others' rights, and such control of our own passions, as must be inspired by very different motives from desire to make life large, active, and intense. M. Guyau says himself that the drunkard has such intensity in his pleasure as is not possessed by sober people. *La Morale Anglaise*, p. 208.

Intensity almost always means excess; and all excess is unhealthy and vicious. Life needs to be regulated as well as stimulated, and to be directed by much higher considerations than mere regard for its own intensity and size. Two lives might be precisely similar in these respects, and yet differ immeasurably in moral purity, wealth and grandeur. M. Guyau, with that honesty to himself and his readers which characterizes all his work, and which can scarcely be praised too highly, closes his presentation of his theory by frankly comparing it to a ship without a rudder. But this is precisely what a system of ethics ought to give; and the defect is fatal. If we could suppose, with him, that all other teachers are liable to the same objection, our duty would be to try and discover some new system so much better than any which has been taught by him, or any one else, as to be really capable of guiding us aright. Most readers will, however, feel themselves justified by his admission that

he cannot give what they need, in continuing to hold the system of morality which has satisfied them hitherto, and trying to make the best of it. Some, at least, will agree with me that he does not appreciate the truth and value of utilitarianism, as presented in a book, of which he speaks too briefly, *The Emotions and the Will*, by Alexander Bain. This system which is essentially Darwin's, may also be found in Leslie Stephens' *Science of Ethics*. Its fundamental positions are as follows: We cannot live without the aid of society; and society can exist only in conformity with certain conditions, among which is observance of the laws of justice, benevolence, self-culture and self-control. These moral laws are conditions of social welfare, which thus becomes the moral standard. Actions by which the community flourishes are right; and those detrimental to general prosperity are wrong. Our relations with other members of society make us willing to comply with the conditions of social welfare. This willingness is increased by our disinterested sympathy with our neighbors, by the force of public opinion, by the vigor with which the laws of the land punish dishonesty and other conduct flagrantly injurious to the safety and prosperity of society, and by our knowledge that enlightened self-interest favors observance of the moral law. The action of these influences in the past has created that sense of obligation, irrespective of personal advantage which we call conscience, and the present power of these influences in favor of virtue is strong enough to make them very precious as moral sanctions. Thus the conflict between the claims of individual and universal happiness is closed by subordinating both to the higher standard of social welfare, which last has the further advantage of being no question of feeling but a definite matter of fact. The moral laws needed for regulating and directing individual life, are given by thus subjecting it to the conditions of harmony with social life. This system is in such full accord with the most advanced teachings of science, that it can hold its own against all attack; and it is likely to gain immensely from such ingenious, scholarly, impartial and, in every respect, noble criticisms as have been published by M. Guyau.

THE SECULARIZATION OF RELIGION.

Part I.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE.

"God is a blank sheet upon which nothing is found but what we have ourselves written." In this almost Protagorean dictum, Martin Luther seems to have anticipated Kant's affirmation—"It is reflecting Reason which brought Design into the world, and which admires a wonder created by itself." The master key to all mysteries is ready to our hand in the thesis of Protagoras,* the never-to-be confuted proposition which we

**Ide Ency. Britain*, 5th ed., *sub voce* "Protagoras," and Lewes' "History of Philosophy—The Sophists."

find in the "Theætetus" of Plato, who was the avowed opponent of the great "Sophist." In reply to Theætetus, Socrates says: "At any rate thou riskest the argument not badly, it has been said concerning knowledge, indeed Protagoras said it; but some express the same another way. For he affirms man to be the measure [*μέτρον*, *measure standard*] of all things,—of those existing, that they are; of those not existing, that they are not."

In a paper like THE OPEN COURT, designed to promote religious, scientific, and philosophic innovation, it is surely appropriate for us to attempt to discover an eirenicon between the two contending schools of theology and science, and to reconcile these if possible. Such an eirenicon can be found in *Autosism*;^{*} and now that the Kantian Revival has been followed by an awakened interest in the works of Bishop Berkeley, it seems to me that both reason and emotion may be mutually satisfied by the recognition of our virtual identity with the universe and of the simple yet magnificent truth that our creation of all ideas really makes us one with all thoughts and objects of thoughts, including the external universe and its hypothetical *Nous* or *Procdros*. With respect to this confessedly desirable reconciliation of religion and science we may say, as Kant says of the possibility of synthetic judgments *à priori*: "The only way this can be done is to recognize from the first that thought and things are not diverse or dualistic. The one does not exist apart from the other. Objects are not passively apprehended by the mind, as something distinct from it, but are actively constructed by it. Intelligence is present from the first in this creation. Apart from mind they are nothing, or, at least, nothing to us, or, at most, merely from less materials, supplied to the senses." Spinoza's advice to his hostess, not to change or seek for another religion, but to add to her piety "the tranquil virtues of domestic life," was doubtless suggested by the philosopher's conviction that these same tranquil virtues would inevitably be imperiled were the foundation upon which they rested shaken or removed. Experience and observation assure us that with regard to mere negation we must say, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, and even Christianity as formulated by the Church of Rome is better both for the individual and for society than a condition of mental and moral chaos and anarchy which leaves the victim to drift a derelict on the wide ocean of uncertainty, sooner or later to founder in the vortex of those licentious indulgences which, unrestrained, would first deprave and then annihilate domestic life. It is surely easy to provide a succedaneum for aught that we may eliminate, as, for example, when we substitute for the trinal-unity of imagination and phantasy the real trinity of Man, God, and the World—"et tamen non

tres, sed unus"*—a clear corollary from the acknowledged fact the mind can never soar beyond or outside of itself, and that therefore man is wholly and solely the "measure of all things," the maker and originator of all the gods of the Pantheon and of all the demons of the Miltonic Pandemonium.

In order to secularize religion it is necessary that we rationalize it; by which I mean, first, that we clearly demonstrate that every claim advanced by and for the founders of supernatural religions can be legitimately made by each one of us for ourselves, and, secondly, that we show that in the ultimate analysis all things whatever, whether gods or revelation of gods, are subjective things (*thinks*), cerebral creations—centric or excentric—and that we may and do assert and claim on behalf of the perceptive and abstract and formative powers of our own minds all that the very highest form of supernatural religion can possibly ascribe to its divinity. It is impossible for man to know anything apart from himself, just as Kepler, in the "Supplement to Vitellio," found it utterly beyond his power to explain why it is that we do not—as according to Optics we ought to—behold things inverted or upside down. Whether subjective or objective, at bottom everything is cerebral, the resultant of our generative Egoity—that is to say, the ideas which Berkeley rightly claimed to have "shown to exist only in the mind that perceives them"—are products of cerebration existing only as such because of the existence of the properly organized human brain, their material source and fountain. For us they have no noumenal existence, since, until we can detach ourselves from ourselves—until, as it were, we can retain our powers of ideation and perception, even though some vivisector should cut slices away from the hemispherical ganglia of the encephalon—we cannot possibly consider anything as being purely objective to us. In this process of rationalizing religion we must not be impatient or discouraged because we find our labor attended by no apparent immediate results. In due time these will be manifested, but it must be remembered that in endeavoring to place religion on a rational basis, we are engaged in a work commensurate in magnitude to the founding of Christianity or to the effectuating of the Protestant Reformation.

The present age—like all ages of marked intellectual activity—is remarkable for its excesses. On the one

*Autosism, or Hylo-Idealism, inasmuch as it traces to, and virtually identifies with, a material organ—the brain—all consciousness, may be said really to rationalize the hypostases both of the Athanasian and Alexandrian trinity. The *Theos* of the former, and the *Nous* of the latter are nothing more than abstractions created by the human brain. As ideas, they are equally real with man and the world, but in no sense can they transcend their maker. If man can think nothing higher than himself, it is impossible for him to rise to the *vera idea* of a man-transcending Godhead. Any and every idea he can form of such must be simply a human, an anthropoid, or anthropomorphic one, an egoistic projection of himself, varying as his own mind grows, matures, and declines. Such an idea must be an eidolon, not a *vera effigies* of ineffable splendor which would surely blast our mental vision as the appearance of Jupiter blasted Semele.

*The term selected by "Julian," an eminent English scholar and man of letters, whose reasons for cryptonymy I have no right to question.

hand we find culture, refinement, and hard-heartedness; on the other, the toiling millions and their hapless misery loom up terribly lurid in the light of the luxury of the cultured few. History tells us that all such former high-civilizations have been subverted and overthrown precisely at the epochs when the votaries of science, art, and "culture" were lulled in the pleasing dreams of indefinite progress. Then came the cataclysm, and for a time, where formerly existed the civilization, there was almost a *tabula rasa*, the so-called progress having been entirely swamped and brought to naught. While we do not question the value, whether for good or for evil, of all our mechanical triumphs,—the application of steam, electricity, etc.,—we must surely doubt whether all this acquired power over nature has been accompanied by such a corresponding advance in clear reason as is requisite to preserve the necessary equilibrium. Already we hear the suggestive muttering of the millions, the warning rumbling which precedes the dread upheaval. Shall we cherish a delusion? Shall we continue to regard that as peace where there is no peace? Shall we persist in futilely raising up dykes and barriers of statutes and ordinances which merely serve to swell the volume of pent up discontent? If, as Sthenelos said to Agamemnon, we may "boast to be the superiors of our fathers," we ought assuredly to be able to correct abuses, to remove anomalies, and to liberate society from all the evils which now constitute its opprobrium and reproach—and for which we cannot fairly blame either one particular class or one particular caste of our fellow-men—without having recourse to the purgative methods of old time, without the dread arbitrament of fire and sword. If religion has any real *raison d'être*, any practical value, it must be in the direction of binding together that which without religion would be disintegrated.

The readers of this paper have recently been told that the basis of religion depends upon the final settlement of the relationship between mind and body and between mind and nature in general. I say to nature, rather than to "physical nature," because the latter phrase is somewhat tautological. Speaking for myself alone, I am quite willing to make this the basis of religion—indeed, I can discern no other alternative open to me as a rational being. In making this acknowledgment I do not mean that we are bound over, as Lewes writes, to "the reproduction of all the questions which agitated the Greeks," for in that case we should probably fall into "a similar course of development" and be "left in this nineteenth century precisely at the same point at which we were in the fifth."* In our age it is assuredly possible for us "to build on a firm scientific foundation,"† rather than on blind surmises. The latter, albeit supported by great names, would but serve as so many

will-o'-the-wisps; we must trust to our own reason, be the result what it may, rather than to authority. Indeed, we may well begin by asking if the "authorities" of to-day are any greater than Hegel, Fichte, or Schelling—yet where is their philosophy now? There is, I believe, in the churchyard at Ragatz, Switzerland, where he died—having gone thither to drink the "indifferent" waters of Bad Pfeffer—a monument to Schelling, erected by his pupil, the King of Bavaria. On this monument Schelling is called "*der grösste Denker Deutschlands*;"* but where is his *denken* now? May we not find the answer in Schopenhauer and in the fact—as I have been given to understand—of the complete neglect, and indeed contempt, with which contemporary Germany now treats her "greatest thinker?"

The rationalization of religion is in no degree dependent upon our first explaining the "nature of life." This but few among us would either pretend or care to do if we desire to escape being beguiled into metaphysical and eschatological labyrinths which have for thousands of years, as Lewes so clearly shows, led to no practical result except to make those who wander therein utterly unfit to render mankind any real service. Such "thinkers" are only frightful examples, buoys to indicate the position of quicksands fatal to reason and common-sense.

"Mad Mátthesis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind;
Now on pure Space fixed her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle finds it square."

Assuming that the majority of the readers of this paper are prepared to identify irrational religion with the current form of supernaturalism, I may fairly presume that they are willing to avail themselves of the best means of converting what is confessedly irrational into a rational religious system. Let us suppose that some one contributor honestly believes himself to be in possession of the most perfect and complete medium for overthrowing this current supernaturalism; would it not, in such a case, be most unwise on our part if we were to shirk coming to close quarters with this great truth if we felt that, besides annihilating superstition in religion, it would also consign the most sacred faiths and philosophical dogmas, all metaphysics and ideology of every kind, into the limbo of exploded fallacies? Such a perfect and complete medium I find comprehended in one established experimental fact—namely, that if we cut slices from the hemispherical ganglia of the brain we neither cause pain, convulsions, nor impaired vital functions of any kind, but we merely render our victim stupid or, in other words, deprive him of mentality. Does not this make the inference logically imperative that as muscle is the seat of muscular motion, the vesiculo-neurine of the brain is also that of cogitation; and is not this a com-

*Lewes, "History of Philosophy," Vol. IV., *Conclusion*.

†OPEN COURT, Vol. I., No. 16, p. 421.

**The greatest thinker of Germany."

plete, positive, and physical substantiation of the position of those who maintain that mind (consciousness) is brain function and nothing more? I say "nothing more," because surely logic forbids us to assume two reasons for phenomena when one reason is found amply sufficient. What other reason can we want, when we bear in mind that at bottom we can explain nothing, and that we are in respect to other organs and their functions precisely in the same situation as we are to the brain, which is homologous with them? The established data of physics, such as the facts of gravity, anti-phlogosis, and the absence of any immaterial factor in animal function, cannot now be denied. Each of these is capable of being converted into a principle which I regard as being utterly, absolutely, fatal to every form whatever of immaterialism or supernaturalism.

Of course, we are perfectly justified in demanding of the Immaterialist or Animist that he should bear in mind all that his position involves. Upon him lies the burden of proving the existence of anything but matter; and failing to do this, how can he fairly blame those who reiterate the old axiom, That the same relation or consideration (*ratio*) exists between the non-appearing and the non-existing? I know that the Materialist is often stigmatized as crude and immodest, but the really immodest man is he who, like the cobbler, goes *ultra crepidam*, and endeavors to build up a reputation for wisdom on the unverifiable fictions of his own imagination. All such visionaries may be clever enough to be mystics, but to the eye of sober reason they are less enlightened than the simple matter-of-fact savage must have been before the medicine-men—the visionaries—of his tribe began to "see God in clouds and hear him in the wind." And this, I take it, is the position of the native Australians, since I have it on the authority of Mr. Gideon Lang that these simple, unimaginative beings, after the Christian missionaries have been instructing them on the soul-doctrine, generally retire to ridicule the notion of seeing without eyes, moving without limbs, and living without the totality of the other organs.

The irrational hypothesis of a vital principle underlies Christianity, and therefore its removal is the first necessity of all who would care to preserve all that is good in the teachings of Jesus and his disciples. Unquestionably, from my own standpoint, he who insisted that "the kingdom of God is within us"—and if Protagoras had sought to found a religion he could have uttered no more all-embracing a truth than this—deserves to be regarded and loved as one of earth's greatest ethical teachers, since his lofty altruism was directed toward the realization of that "kingdom" among men. With respect to the "man of Nazareth," however, it is not at all difficult for us to rationalize the religion he inculcated, and at the same time to account for the exaggerated claims he advanced in the direction of sonship to and

equality with God. For the present, it is enough for us to notice that neither in the Old nor in the New Testament can we find the philosophic doctrine of the immortality of the soul propounded. Instead of this, we find a much more coarse, and, as science assures us, a really absurd doctrine—a belief not even as lofty as that of the Fetichist, who credits his fetich with a certain immaterial *principle*—of the actual resurrection of the body that died and decayed. In this respect the New Testament is precisely on a level with the Old, as any one will recognize who compares the narrative of the resurrection of Jesus with his stigmata of nail-marks, etc., and its accompaniment—ghastly, were it not ridiculous—of the buried "saints" arising from their graves and appearing unto many, with the older story of the dead Moabite reviving and standing on his feet when his body had been deposited upon the bones of Elisha. There is no "lofty" philosophy in this—nothing indeed but a lower form of the vulgar concrete Roman superstition of the prodigies which preceded the death of Julius Cæsar, when

"ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

Modern Christianity is something very different from that of its founder and his apostles, being indeed—as Draper clearly shows—mainly Alexandrian neo-Platonism, metamorphosed and blundered by nescient emotionalists.

THE SHAKESPEARE-BACON CONTROVERSY.

BY B. W. BALL.

Milton, the supreme poet of the next literary age, which followed that of Shakespeare, was ten years old at the time of his death. Thus he had been a conscious or unconscious contemporary of Shakespeare in his boyhood, and later along a spectator of his dramas.

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child
Warbles his native woodnotes wild."

When he was twenty-four years old, Milton voiced his admiration of the Swan of Avon in some fine commemorative lines, which show him to have been as much a votarist of his genius as has been any Shakespeare-olatrist of later times, and Milton was, in point of place and time, in a condition to know the exact truth about Shakespeare—to-wit: That he was the matchless author of the matchless works which will be forever current under his name.

"Dear son of memory, great heir of France,

* * * * *

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a life-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving."

Then again, Ben Jonson, who was ten years Shakespeare's junior, and his fellow dramatist, and frequent boon companion at that famous haunt of contemporary wits and poets, the Mermaid Tavern, attests the unequalled facility and fluency of Shakespeare's genius. "I loved the man," says Jonson, "and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said to Haterius. "Jonson had felt Shakespeare's power face to face with him in many a symposium, amicable encounter of wits on many a controverted theme in the freedom of unrestrained social intercourse at the Mermaid Tavern, aforesaid." Fuller says that "many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson, like the former, built far higher in learning, solid but slow in performance, while the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." Doubtless, when Shakespeare was fairly roused by his "dogmatic, aggressive controversial, blustering and rude antagonist" (Jonson had been a bricklayer and soldier in the Low Countries, and had killed his man in a duel), Jonson, finding himself terribly overmatched in brain-power and power of expression, would try to stop his opponent by sheer bellying. But jealous, conceited, and conscious though he must have been of his own inferiority to his great friend and contemporary, Jonson, in his cool moments, had the nobleness deliberately to declare his almost idolatry of Shakespeare's genius; and Jonson, whatever he might have been as a dramatist, was certainly a lyric poet of genius, and therefore fully qualified to appreciate genius in another.

Thus we have contemporary and adequate testimony as to Shakespeare's ability to produce the dramas which are ascribed to his authorship. Further, Jonson was a friend of Bacon, and yet he did not leave the least intimation that he suspected him of having been the author of his friend Shakespeare's dramatic works.

There is really no call for a serious refutation of the cranky Delia Bacon-Holmes Ignatius Donnelly theory. It is a pure assumption, without anything to rest upon, except the seeming improbability of a youth born and bred in an English country village of the feudal period suddenly blossoming into the unparalleled world-poet whom we know. The transcendent brain of Shakespeare and the miracle of his marvelous literary achievements are easily accounted for. Given the mechanical brains of a Watt, Fulton and Stevenson combined, devising and inventing under the most adverse circumstances, and you

have for outcome the miracle of current steam-travel by land and sea. So the mind of Shakespeare, in full activity for two decades, could easily produce his works in spite of the narrow circumstances and unpropitious environment of his youth. Once fairly admitted to the great world and centre of the civilization of his country, that mind would equip itself for its task with inconceivable rapidity, laying all the domain of knowledge of his age under contribution. For in him, as his dramas everywhere make manifest, there was an almost supramortal vigor of conception and expression, both of which were inborn in the man, and could not have been acquired by any amount of study or "slow-endavoring art."

Shelley, in his "Defence of Poetry," insists that Bacon was a poet, and instances his "Essay on Death," "Filum Labyrinthi," in proof of his assertion. He says, "Bacon's language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect." But in the same essay Shelley also ranks the historian Levy as a poet; and Plato, and others not commonly regarded as poets, he puts in the same category. Undoubtedly Bacon, like Plato, was an idealist respiring the air of the realm of ideal truth and beauty, and Levy, in the milky richness of his narrative, abounds in poetic passages; but they were not poets in the sense in which Homer, Sophokles, Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton are. If we compare Bacon's "Essay on Death" with Hamlet's soliloquy on the same subject, we shall see the difference between a philosophic thinker and a great poet who could designate the hereafter as

"The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns,"

in contrast with "the bright and breathing world" of conscious existence and sensible realities, which we know.

The utterances of Shakespeare are not to be mistaken. They have a ring and significance of their own, which made them at once proverbial and of universal currency. They seem to be voices of the Nature of Things, of which the mind of Shakespeare was the interpreter.

If we were to liken Bacon to any great man of antiquity it would be to Cicero. Cicero was, like Bacon, a great philosophic essayist, and his miscellanies are as readable to-day as are Bacon's. He also, like Bacon, figured conspicuously in the sphere of public life of politics and statesmanship. Furthermore, unlike Bacon, he attempted to write in verse. There was a great poet, who was a contemporary of Cicero, of whom there is a more meagre tradition than there is of Shakespeare. Why not attribute the great poem of Lucretius, "Concerning the Nature of Things," to Cicero? Because, with all his learning, rhetoric, eloquence, philosophic knowledge, and literary ability as a prose-writer, Cicero, could

no more have written the above poem, with its frequent glow of genuine poetic inspiration, than Bacon could have written "Lear" or "Hamlet." There was Bacon, the author of "The Philosophy of Fruit," and the essayist pregnant with thought, and then there was the sordid, earthly, unprincipled Bacon—

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind"—

who, in the language of Macaulay, "was ready to stoop to everything, and to endure everything, to acquire wealth, precedence, titles, patronage, the mace, the seals, the coronet, large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massy services of plate, gay hangings."

Shakespeare was by no means immaculate, but his sins were venial compared with the crimes of Bacon. One thing Shakespeare demonstrated: that the loftiest genius is consistent with prudence. For he was prudent, poet though he was, and retired on a competency, and was able to entertain his old poetic comrades hospitably at his residence in Stratford-on-Avon; indeed it is said that "the fever of which he died at the age of fifty-two, was contracted in consequence of too free hospitalities exercised in honor of his fellow-poets, Ben Jonson and Drayton (author of the *Polyolbion*), during a visit which they paid him at his house in Stratford"; so says an admirable review-article on Ben Jonson, which appeared more than thirty years ago.

If Bacon was unique in his way, much more so was Shakespeare. He was as exceptional a personality in the domain of thought and imagination, as was Julius Cæsar in that of action. He cannot be confounded with any other historic character, and no one but himself could have produced his works.

ARE WE PRODUCTS OF MIND ?

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Part V.

ORGANIC LIFE DEVELOPS BEYOND CONSCIOUSNESS.

We have found that neither mental volition nor any other mental state can possibly be the builder of our bodily frame or the director of its purposive movements. Let us recapitulate:

Mind or consciousness cannot control matter because outside the medium of individual consciousness there does not exist anything resembling the matter and motion we are so intimately acquainted with. The tridimensional, hard, colored, sounding, scented, heated matter—fancied by Professor Cope and others, to subsist outside consciousness and believed by them to be directed and organized by such consciousness—is, indeed, through and through, a fictitious entity, consisting of nothing but a set of our own percepts illusively projected into non-mental existence. The surmised controlling process, if here at all occurring, would have to take place in regions wholly ideal, where a peculiar complex of conscious states called will, must then be imagined as exerting a controlling

influence over the peculiar complex of conscious percepts, called matter and motion. If such were the case, it would be simply one phase of our consciousness controlling another phase, but never in this world could so visionary and ephemeral a performance give rise to the permanent bodily organization we undeniably possess.

The illusion of mentally impelled voluntary movement arises from our having merely an inner or ideal consciousness of the central process; while, on the contrary, its peripheral outcome, the actual movement, is perceived as physical, sense-stimulating occurrence. We become only ideally aware of the predetermining moment of the performance, but actually witness with our very eyes the final bodily execution. We are thus naturally under the impression as if a free-floating conscious state of our's had originated the movement which is seen to follow it. And the contrast between these two modes of apprehension of the two parts of one and the same continuous organic process becomes all the more striking when we consider that the motor outcome, i. e., the movement of features and limbs, can be perceived by any number of observers, while the ideal forecast is realized solely by the subject whose organism is thus functioning. But, on the other hand, outside observers are in a position to become aware, that the ideal forecast is dependent on the same organic function which in the brain is initiating also the motor outcome; while the subject in whom such organic function is taking place remains wholly unconscious of the same.

Mind or consciousness cannot control bodily organization for the further reason, that all the modes of mind or consciousness we are acquainted with, volitional as well as receptive, are found to be themselves strictly *dependent* on bodily organization; higher modes being dependent on higher organization. Consequently we have no right to assume any kind of mind or consciousness, much less a highest kind of mind or consciousness, to be subsisting independently of all organization, and to be moreover originating the very matrix from which in real experience all mind or consciousness is obviously emanating.

We may be quite certain, then, that the percepts, through which we consciously realize the existence, characteristics and activities of the perceptible organism, do not, in reality, constitute the same. But we may be no less certain that the organism has a veritable non-mental being of its own. We may, with confidence and legitimately, infer that it subsists in all reality, outside our consciousness, as a most specifically endowed and peculiarly functioning existent.

Still it cannot be denied that this unhesitating conviction of the extra-conscious existence of things is only an intuitive inference based on our compelled or stimulated percepts, and therefore not so immediately certain as the existence of these percepts themselves. Whatever reality is having its being beyond the mental

states immediately *present* in our individual consciousness has to be thus inferentially constructed. But though it is only through immediate states of our consciousness that we can realize it, we are convinced that it does not, itself, consist of such mere casual and ceaselessly changing mental modes as make up our conscious realization of it. From this inferential mode of realizing the existence of extra-conscious things it follows that we cannot possibly avoid calling in some "theory of cognition," in order to explain the relation actually obtaining between their non-mental nature and our own ever-lapsing, ever-reconstituted consciousness of them. And it is clear that the relation of our organism and its vital activity, to the mere conscious representation we mentally frame of it, requires for its explanation the aid of a theory of cognition, just as essentially as the relation obtaining between any other extra-conscious existent and its conscious realization.

No school of philosophy can escape such an appeal to a reality beyond individual consciousness. Transcendental Idealism—the philosophy taught at present in most of our universities—assumes, for instance, as its fundamental doctrine, that the reality which we recognize in an inadequate manner through *individual* consciousness is actually existing in full perfection as content of an *universal* consciousness. In keeping with this view our body and its vital functions, which are quite as much as other objective existents subsisting beyond our perception of them, would be likewise forming part of this universal consciousness; while our mental states are certainly forming part of our own individual consciousness. Our body would exist in the Supreme Being; our consciousness in ourselves. This is one of the many absurdities to which Transcendental Idealism necessarily leads.

Professor Cope tries to escape the appeal to a theory of cognition by postulating at once the objective existence of mind and of matter. This is an easy and popular manner of accounting not only for the stuff of which things consist, but also for the presence of that marvellous inner awareness known to us only as our own individual consciousness, and analogically inferred to be present also in beings like ourselves. We have, however, sufficiently seen that the existence of mind is subjectively realized through *immediate* introspection; while the existence of non-mental objects, revealed to us as material in perceptual observation, is *inferred* only. Professor Cope's realistic assertion implies, then, likewise the assumption of a reality beyond individual consciousness, which reality he chooses to call "matter." But allowing this unconscious neglect of the "problem of cognition" to pass for the present, his fundamental proposition framed to operate regardless of it, leads at once to the land of airy nothings. He makes his "conscious energy" change the motion of the very matter of which it is said to be a property; for he believes the specific

molecular commotion which constitutes the *initial* stimulus to voluntary movements, to be directed by consciousness. This, indeed, is the gist of his whole theory. According to it, progressive evolution is *originated* in this manner only, though afterwards it is "automatically" or unconsciously maintained. Now, such matter-coercing process, whereby the functioning material is forced by consciousness to move contrary to mechanical laws, could evidently take place only where consciousness itself is present; namely in the same matter of which it is believed to be a property. And as the matter of our present physical science is only a passive vehicle of motion, and consciousness is not held by Professor Cope to be acting directly on such passive matter, but indirectly by being a property of its energy or motion, we have to fancy an unsubstantial something called consciousness seizing hold of that unsubstantial something called motion, and "saturating it with intelligence" by designedly deflecting it from its mechanically prescribed direction. Spontaneously-acting mind would be here at strife with abstract mechanical motion;—a phantasmal set of evanescent phenomena influencing one another regardless of the matrix in which they inhere, and which from moment to moment is sustaining their existence with all its peculiarities. Into so abstruse a region of chimerical doings one finds one's-self landed by slighting the "problem of cognition."

Professor Cope frankly confesses that in his fundamental "thesis is involved the realistic doctrine, that mind is a property of some kind of matter, as odor and color are properties of the rose." This little nutshell of a sentence contains so snugly and conspicuously condensed his main batch of philosophical misconceptions, that its candid examination may perhaps, after all, convert our keen and clear-sighted scientist, who is eager not only for strictly physical, but also for philosophical insight. And the same examination may help us also to catch some further glimpses of the true relation of consciousness to so-called voluntary movements.

However much Professor Cope may despise the "problem of cognition," even as a physiologist he cannot well ignore the fact that "odor and color" are, as such, sensations of the observer; namely, definite kinds of conscious states aroused in him through stimulation of his organs of smell and sight by something which he calls a rose, and believes to be subsisting as a non-mental existent independently of his perception of it. Being undoubtedly aware of this interpretation of sense-perception, now almost universally accepted by scientists, his asserted "realism" can consist only in the assumption that "odor and color" exist not merely as sensations in the observer, but *also* as "properties of the rose"; and in the further assumption that these two sets of existents, the mental states in the observer and the properties in

the observed object, are of an identical nature. For, how otherwise could odors and colors, which we certainly experience as our individual sensations, be also, as such, properties of the external object? It is quite evident that, if the properties of external objects are identical in kind with our mental states, then external objects must be constituted in a like manner; which means that they must be made of the same stuff as our mental states. From this it inevitably follows that consciousness and the external existents, or mind and being, must, after all, be identical. And Professor Cope, despite all protestations to the contrary, turns out—by force of this one realistic supposition alone—to be an outright Idealist.

Thus ominous is the neglect of the "problem of cognition." But however radically in error regarding this point, it is another misconception that most concerns us in our discussion about the relation of mind to organization. This misconception is contained in the assertion that "mind is the property of some kind of matter" *in the same manner* "as odor and color are properties of the rose."

We have already clearly recognized that we call *physical* phenomena such phenomena as are perceptible to us, and odors and colors being perceived through sense-stimulation belong to this perceptible order. It is sensible experience and observation which manifest them to us. Sensible experience and observation manifest, in the same way, the entire organism and all its *physiological* properties, but the *mind* of an organism is not thus perceptible; it does not become manifest to us by being sensibly realized as odors and colors are. Therefore it is not—as Professor Cope maintains—"the property of some kind of matter as odor and color are properties of the rose."

The distinction here brought out between the perceptible and the imperceptible order is, indeed, the most radical of all distinctions in nature. As soon as its import will have become fully realized, spiritualistic philosophies, now holding sway in high places, will dissolve like idle dreams.

When we desire to know something about mind, not only indirectly through physical signs, but through direct experience, we have to assume the introspective attitude. We can learn nothing concerning its real nature through sensible observation. We cannot touch, see, hear, taste or smell a feeling, sensation, percept or thought. To know what these are we have to question our inner experience, and no other observers can possibly corroborate this same inner experience of our's in the way they are able to corroborate some physical experience which is equally perceptible to them all; they cannot touch, see, hear, taste or smell any mental state of our's, as they can see the color and smell the odor of a rose. Mental or conscious states are exclusively an inner

awareness of the individual being who is experiencing them and are wholly imperceptible to any other being. They have no power of their own to affect the sensibility of an observer, much less to produce any kind of effect in senseless existents.

This plain consideration is fatal to all speculations, which attribute efficient power to anything of the nature of mind. Mental states are revealing glimpses, and not themselves creative efficiencies.

A dense cloud is mounting, clear-cut and leaden, above the horizon into the serene blue sky; but ever and anon, its cold grey mass seems illuminated through and through by sudden flashes of lightning; and then the world around reverberates the thunder of its voice. Here, surely, we have plenty of physical forces at play; condensation, cohesion, electricity, light, mechanical concussion: all affecting our sensibility; all scientifically conceived as modes of matter and motion. But in all this physical world there is nothing in the remotest degree akin to mind. It is here, as it would be with the brain, if its intense molecular commotion happened to be unaccompanied by consciousness. Only in case the cloud itself were experiencing conscious states corresponding to its physical activity, would there be something present akin to mind or consciousness; and such consciousness would obviously have no power whatever of affecting either the sensibility of an observer, or the nature of any other existent. It would be only a forceless inner awareness; though at the same time the lightning might cleave the oaks and the thunder strike terror in the heart of men and beasts.

To harmonize these two essentially different orders: the objective physical or perceptible and the subjective, mental or imperceptible, every school of philosophy, even that of pure solipsism, has—as already stated—to venture some kind of realistic assumption, to postulate some kind of reality beyond the immediately experienced conscious states.

Now, the realistic assumption, which the philosophy of organization here makes, is indeed the simplest possible, and is in full agreement with given facts. It supposes that there subsist in nature non-mental existents possessing the power of specifically affecting our individual sensibility, and of manifesting their special characteristics by means of the different conscious states they arouse in us. And it supposes further, that certain definite kinds of non-mental existents, which we perceive as animal organism—besides being in possession of the general power of making their specific physical properties known by arousing definite perceptions in us—have moreover, peculiar organs, perceptible to an observer as nerve-centres, whose *functional activity*, while perceived by the observer as nothing but molecular motion, is simultaneously producing the conscious states experienced by the observed organism.

In further elucidation of this position, into which I find myself forced by using "observed phenomena as foundation materials," I will venture a few more remarks. These will, I hope, disclose the super-conscious origin and transcendent wealth of vital organization;—treasures of content and marvels of efficiency most inadequately revealed to objective observation as nothing but an unintelligible commotion of extended particles.

MR. IVAN PANIN commenced a course of lectures in Boston, on November 16th, on Russian literature. The lecturer admitted the work of his compatriots lacks originality, especially in its forms, which have been borrowed from Western nations. Among its peculiar advantages are its intensity, as strongly marked now, when Russia produces scarcely anything but novels, as in the exclusively lyrical period from 1800 to 1835, and its temperance, or union of moderation with modesty. These traits were shown by reading Turgenev's account of the suicide in *Back Woods*, and Tolstoi's description of the storm in *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth*, and were ascribed in great part to the fact, that Russian authors do not write for money, but allow themselves ample leisure to produce masterpieces. Another of their excellences is earnestness, a quality in which American literature is likely to improve greatly, Mr. Panin thinks, in consequence of the increasing circulation in this country of Russian novels. Pushkin and Gogol are next to be taken up, and the subjects for December will be Turgenev (on the 7th), Tolstoi, the writer (the 14th), and Tolstoi, the preacher (the 21st).

TWO PREACHERS.

BY MRS. SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Two preachers touched my soul one night;
Both woke within me earnest thought,—
One charmed by Fancy's airy flight;
One bitter anguish wrought.

The first, 'neath frescoed fretted roof,
With flowers making sweet the air,
On ornate dais stood aloof,
An uttered praiseful prayer;

He thanked his God, in mankind's name,
For light, for life, for home, and friends,
For all that through our sensuous frame
A thrill of gladness sends;

And then he spoke, in choicest phrase,
Of fruitful earth and glorious heaven,
Of love that guardeth all our ways,
Of pardon freely given.

And listening in a cushioned pew,
Wrapped in a dreamful, hazy mist,
On music, lights, and warmth, I grew
A sudden optimist.

Wealth, beauty, grace, and culture rare,
Proud faces fashioned fair by fate,
Filled up the pews—no hint was there
Of misery, want, or hate;

The world was fair—and God *did* reign!
So ran my musings glad and sweet,
As at the organ's grand refrain
We surged into the street.

Into the street! 'Twas there I found
The preacher who spoke words of woe;
The stars shone fierce above—around
All things were draped in snow!

And bitter was the north wind's rage,
Yet thin-clad forms went hurrying on—
Forms bent with toil, disease, and age,
From whom all joy seemed gone;

And baby voices begged for bread,
And voices rude made night more drear
With oaths enforcing words of dread;
I wondered—was God near?

And maddened men went reeling by
To homes where wives, with inward moan,
Hushed childhood's quick, impatient cry
And hunger's fretful tone;

And by the street-lamp's flickering glare
I glimpses caught of faces bold—
Girl-faces, whose defiant stare
Their dismal story told.

From sights and sounds like these—not creeds—
Did this strange preacher preach to me;
His sermon was on human needs;
His name—Humanity.

And this the moral that he drew:
*That man for men, in larger sense,
Become—what Heaven fails to do—
A loving Providence.*

—The Index.

"Thought refuses to be stationary, institutions refuse to change and war is the consequence."—*E. L. Youmans.*

"To be fossilized is to be stagnant, unprogressive, dead. It is only liquid currents of thought that move men and the world."—*Wendell Phillips.*

"In proportion as nations get more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty and more respect to wealth."—*Colton.*

"Let us never forget that the present century has just as good a right to its forms of thought as former centuries had to theirs."—*Professor Tyndall.*

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks—

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it."—*Shakespeare.*

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL.

Published every other Thursday at 169 to 175 La Salle Street (Nixor Building), corner Monroe Street, by

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY

B. F. UNDERWOOD,
EDITOR AND MANAGER.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The leading object of THE OPEN COURT is to continue the work of *The Index*, that is, to establish religion on the basis of Science and in connection therewith it will present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of this journal believes this will furnish to others what it has to him, a religion which embraces all that is true and good in the religion that was taught in childhood to them and him.

Editorially, Monism and Agnosticism, so variously defined, will be treated not as antagonistic systems, but as positive and negative aspects of the one and only rational scientific philosophy, which, the editors hold, includes elements of truth common to all religions, without implying either the validity of theological assumption, or any limitations of possible knowledge, except such as the conditions of human thought impose.

THE OPEN COURT, while advocating morals and rational religious thought on the firm basis of Science, will aim to substitute for unquestioning credulity intelligent inquiry, for blind faith rational religious views, for unreasoning bigotry a liberal spirit, for sectarianism a broad and generous humanitarianism. With this end in view, this journal will submit all opinion to the crucial test of reason, encouraging the independent discussion by able thinkers of the great moral, religious, social and philosophical problems which are engaging the attention of thoughtful minds and upon the solution of which depend largely the highest interests of mankind.

While Contributors are expected to express freely their own views, the Editors are responsible only for editorial matter.

Terms of subscription three dollars per year in advance, postpaid to any part of the United States, and three dollars and fifty cents to foreign countries comprised in the postal union.

All communications intended for and all business letters relating to THE OPEN COURT should be addressed to B. F. Underwood, Treasurer, P. O. Drawer F, Chicago, Ill., to whom should be made payable checks, postal orders and express orders.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1887.

THE EDITORS' FAREWELL TO THE READERS OF THE OPEN COURT.

When the editors of THE OPEN COURT came West, early in the present year, to establish and conduct this journal, they entered upon a work which they then hoped would continue many years. Some months previously, B. F. Underwood had notified the trustees of *The Index*, of which he had been manager and co-editor five years, of his intention to resign that position at the end of the year to take charge of the new journalistic enterprise. Subsequently the trustees voted to discontinue *The Index*, and among the considerations which led to the decision was the belief that the new paper, under the management announced, would "continue the work of *The Index*," and be not an unworthy successor of that paper.

Mr. Hegeler had long entertained the thought, and had often mentioned to B. F. Underwood, his

purpose of founding a liberal journal in the West, and had repeatedly expressed the desire that he should have charge of it. No reasons were seen why such a journal rightly managed, should fail of success, and it was hoped that THE OPEN COURT would not only soon be recognized as a journal of high character and earnest purpose, but that it would in a few years be put upon a strong financial basis.

Now, when the work is but just begun, only a few months from the date of the first number, the editors have to announce that this work, so far as their connection with the paper is concerned, is at an end. This is the last number of THE OPEN COURT that will be issued under the present business and editorial management.

A detailed statement of the facts and circumstances which have rendered this announcement necessary, cannot and need not here be made. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that the immediate cause of the editors' resignation is Mr. Hegeler's expressed desire and purpose to make a place on THE OPEN COURT for Dr. Paul Carus, who never had, it should here be said, any editorial connection with the paper, who never wrote a line for it except as a contributor and as Mr. Hegeler's secretary, and who was unknown to Mr. Hegeler when his contract with the editors was made. To the request that Dr. Carus be accepted as an associate editor, the present editors, for good and sufficient reasons, have unhesitatingly refused to accede, and although always willing to make concessions when required in the interests of the paper, a point is now reached where they feel compelled by self-respect to sever all relations with this journal rather than yield to Mr. Hegeler's latest requirement. At the same time the editors acquit the proprietor of the paper of any intentional injustice in this matter, and appreciate his high purpose in founding and sustaining THE OPEN COURT. May its future fulfil his highest expectations.

It is with deep regret that the editors now abruptly bid farewell to the contributors, to whom the paper is indebted for almost all that has made it valuable, and the readers of THE OPEN COURT, among whom they count many personal friends, and many who, though known only as subscribers to *The Index* and OPEN COURT, have come to seem, from years of familiarity with their names on the subscription list

of both papers, like old friends, as indeed they are. To these the editors have for years addressed themselves, conscious of a kindly, sympathetic, and indulgent hearing, and from them they now part with sad reluctance, and with regret from the new group of friendly readers won through the columns of this paper and with whom a longer acquaintance was expected.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE UNION OF THE ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETIES.

The first annual convention of the union of the Societies for Ethical Culture was held in Chicago on the 18th, 19th and 20th. Delegates from the New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis Ethical Societies were present, and among them sat a representative of the London Ethical Society, and others not members of the Union, specially invited because of their interest in the movement. Among those who took a prominent part in the proceedings were Prof. Felix Adler, Dr. Stanton Cort, and Alfred Jaretzki, of New York; W. M. Salter, Judge Henry Booth, W. R. Manierre, Otis B. Favor, II. De Rood, Dr. N. D. Morey, and Joseph Errant, of Chicago; S. B. Weston, Dr. Emily White, Dr. C. N. Pierce and Miss Charlotte Porter, of Philadelphia; W. L. Sheldon and Dr. Charles Stevens, of St. Louis; Mrs. McCullom, London, Eng.; and Mr. Macomber, of Toledo.

The special objects of this Union are to strengthen the bond of fellowship among the Societies for Ethical Culture and to secure the co-operation of those outside who are in sympathy with the movement, to create a fund for the establishment of an institution in which philosophy and religion shall be expounded from the different standpoints with perfect freedom, and "from which incidentally shall go forth the ethical teachers of the future"; to publish and spread suitable literature, and to further such objects as may commend themselves from time to time to the Societies.

The report of the committee on the extension of the Ethical Culture movement, read by Prof. Adler and adopted by the Union, recommended that local committees be appointed by the Executive Committee in communities in which no Societies exist, but where there are persons desirous of being connected with the Union, and that these local committees be empowered to enrol applicants of good character as members-at-large. Whenever a group of twenty persons shall exist in any one locality duly enrolled, they shall have the right to send a delegate to the annual conventions, as shall also scattered groups of less than twenty in different

localities, meeting at some central point, when the aggregate of their numbers shall be twenty or over. The desire is to connect with the work groups in different parts of the country, who are in accord with the Societies and are now debarred from forming new societies by the smallness of their numbers. Such groups, composed of men and women of superior intelligence and character, now exist in Baltimore, Washington, Toledo, Cincinnati, San Francisco and many other places. The contributions of members-at-large, the report says, shall be voluntary so far as the amount is concerned, one-third of the contributions to go to the Union and two-thirds for a college fund. The report recommends that steps be taken to establish such a college as soon as an annual income of \$6,000 is raised from subscriptions. The report of the committee on publication, which was also adopted, recommends a publication to be issued quarterly, and to contain one or more lectures, reports of the work being done by the Societies, items of interest to the members, etc.

At the last session of the convention, held Sunday morning, earnest and eloquent addresses were given before a large audience by Professor Adler, Mr. Salter, Dr. Emily White, Mrs. McCullom, of London, and others. The convention was one of great importance to the movement in the interests of which it was called, and the measures and methods agreed upon can hardly fail to augment its strength and extend its influence and usefulness.

THE SHARKY POLITICIAN.

Monstrosities are beings in states of arrested development, as the idiot is the monkey semblance of man. One may have every external appearance of being human, and yet may be mentally arrested in the eel-like, shark-like, or ape-like stage. We experience involuntary repugnance of the slippery sneak, and feel a heart-glow in the presence of the "god-like," frank, hearty chap who despises deceitfulness.

In this our age and country there survives a remnant of the shark ancestry, in the guise of men who are as certainly doomed to extinction as the age and country are advancing to understand and destroy them. The shark figures in churches and socially as the sleek, watchful, wily, hypocrite, loud in cant and deep in schemes. Wealth and beauty are his prey. As a physician, he is a great stickler for medical ethics, while managing secretly to violate its spirit; as a lawyer he bribes juries, corrupts judges, suborns perjurers; but nowhere is he so much at home as in practical politics. He exists in this field in many types. He may be vulgar or polite, ignorant or educated. He may brawl, gamble, steal, and be guilty of grades of crime, from "eating with his knife" to murder, or be Chesterfieldian, and have done nothing

worse than foreclosing a mortgage upon a widow's home. The child and the multitude judge by externals; so the sleek air and garb of respectability tell more upon the Carlylean populace than straightforwardness and the indifference to appearances of the one who is conscious of his rectitude.

In the early days of Christianity, when it was worth a man's life to avow his convictions, the sycophant was the adviser of those who hunted these religionists down. When the faith grew in power, the Christian hypocrite developed, and he has been the loudest in his denunciations of atheists and agnostics. With the wane of churchly power it is sad to think that this creature will crop out in all kinds of societies, and retard progress by expounding principles of which he has but faint conception, and for which he cares less. But his best opportunity is in politics, his environment proper, where his traits find fullest scope for development. Scientific pursuits tend to repress sharkiness, because in the study of nature's laws, even superficially, there must be some devotion to truth, but in political life the lie serves often the shark's purpose better than the truth. The subterfuges, combinations, treacheries of political life are beyond computation or the comprehension of the uninitiated. The ramifying degradation, insecurity, and pollution are likewise incredible. With "boodlerism" as the aim the result of its success is the prostitution of all public institutions, education and charities. The sick and insane are robbed, frozen, starved and murdered; the schools are controlled by ignorance, while tax collections are lavished upon vice.

If there is a crime-class whose operations are more hurtful than another, it is the element that too often controls elections and municipal offices.

One of the most transparent and yet successful of the politician's methods is afforded by *the pretext*. If he have a hated rival to remove, or a vengeance to wreak, our shark bides his time, and accomplishes his end effectually by a show of magnanimity for personal grievances, but righteous indignation for some trivial or trumped-up dereliction.

The "shark" cannot experience self-respect; he cannot know the calm of self-approbation. Given up to lying and schemes, his mental apparatus must degenerate, and his progeny will inevitably undergo retrograde development. Truth only is the foundation for brain building, and habitual lying must work destruction to mentality.

WITH the beginning of the printers' strike in this city on November 1, every printer who had been working on this paper left. Even the proof-reader was seen no more. The firm that prints THE OPEN COURT experienced great difficulty of course in filling the places of the strikers, a fact which is here stated

only in explanation of the mistakes in the last issue, most of which were made after the revised proofs had left our hands. Although it has been impossible to get proofs of contributions printed this week to the writers in time for their revision, it is believed that they will not have reason to find fault with the only proof-reading of which circumstances have admitted. Our printers assure us that there will be no more delay or trouble, so far as THE OPEN COURT is concerned, from the strike.

* * *

A number of readers having made inquiries in regard to Dr. Clevenger, whose series of articles on "Monistic Mental Science" (which he claims to be but a rough sketch of the subject) was concluded in the last number or THE OPEN COURT, a little notice of the author is proper.

In *Appletons' Cyclopedia of American Biography* a column is devoted to the Doctor and his father, who was a famous American sculptor. Dr. Clevenger confines his practice to the treatment of mental and nervous diseases, and holds numerous positions of honor in hospitals and scientific societies. He is a well known medico-legal expert in his specialty. Recently he was summoned to a Wisconsin court, and the county medical society turned out in force to do him honor—physicians of all schools came to the court-room to hear his testimony—which included long dissertations upon various forms of insanity—and they publicly declared the Doctor to be a master of his subject. His writings are very numerous, those of former years being upon mathematical and astronomical subjects, as he was employed by the Government in surveying and meteorological work. In the U. S. Engineer Corps he was thrown much with army surgeons, for whom he has a high regard, and they induced him to devote himself to medicine. His philosophical bent led him to the most difficult branch, and he has consistently pursued studies that bear upon ailments of the mind and nerves, through great difficulties and many sacrifices. While residing at an insane asylum as pathologist, he found his studies distracted by the appeals to his sympathies the harsh treatment of the inmates occasioned, and published an appeal to the citizens to take the management from the "gamblers and thieves" who controlled the place. A bullet-shot into his room was about the only answer he received; but a few years after, "investigations" corroborated the Doctors' exposure. The work one does for reform is seldom rewarded by adequate results. His contributions to knowledge are mainly in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease* published in New York, and scientific journals of that class. It is seldom that he attempts popular essays, and, owing to his refusal to cater to prejudice or ignorance, he has resisted the allurements of mere popu-

larity. His lectures on "Art Anatomy," made several years ago at the Chicago Art Institute (soon to appear in book form), were enthusiastically received, for he convinced his audiences of the importance of realizing the influence of Darwin and Spencer in Art as well as in Science.

* * *

WE had hoped to have for this number some word from Mr. Hegeler to present with our valedictory; but none has been received beyond a request to hand the manuscripts on hand to Dr. Carus, who "leaves for Chicago to-day," the letter says "to make preparations for taking charge of the paper." As late as Monday, this week, we were in uncertainty as to whether our connection with THE OPEN COURT would extend beyond the present number. We are not authorized to make any statement in regard to the future of the paper, and have no knowledge of Mr. Hegeler's plans. It will be best from this date to make all checks, etc., for THE OPEN COURT payable to the order of The Open Court Publishing Company, to which all letters for the paper should be addressed. All letters and papers for B. F. Underwood and Sara A. Underwood should be sent to their residence, 86 Page street, Chicago.

* * *

IN our quotation from Carpenter's Physiology, to the effect that there is no difference between secretion and excretion, except in the "diverse destinations of the separated matter," the printer substituted the word "distinctions" for destinations. Mr. Wakeman, of the Freethinkers' Magazine, stumbles over that typographical error and shouts, "There it is in a nut shell! These 'diverse distinctions' exactly distinguish alcohol as an excretion!" Mr. Wakeman is too hysterical to write with scientific accuracy on this subject.

* * *

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER's lectures on "The Science of Thought," which appeared in this journal, will soon be issued by The Open Court Publishing Company in a handsome volume, which will contain also an introduction by the author and an interesting appendix. The "strike" has delayed this work.

* * *

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON leaves Paris to spend the winter in England with her daughter, Mrs. Stanton Blatch. Mrs. Stanton is, as she says, in the sunset of life; but it is a bright and genial sunset, and her face, with its halo of silver hair and its kindly smile, tells the story of a life of lofty purpose. As the "war-horse of woman's rights, she ought to be strong-minded and disagreeable, but she isn't, and I have met," says a writer in the *Paris Herald*, "hundreds of women who did not believe in woman's suffrage who were not half so gentle and interesting."

We quote the above from the *Home Journal*, New York. A letter received by us from Mrs. Stanton,

since her return to England, says: "The heated discussions, dividing parties, churches, families, on this [the Irish] question, remind one of the old days of slavery in our own country. It must end in justice to Ireland, but men are so blind that they will resist it as long as they dare, thinking that by some hocus-pocus measures they can circumvent eternal law, though all history proves the contrary."

* * *

A CLERGYMAN is in jail in Boston for preaching on "the Common" in violation of an ordinance prohibiting public speaking on those grounds. He was arrested only after repeated and persistent violations of the ordinance, and he can have his liberty at any time if he promises not to commit the offence again. He refuses to make any such promise, and is sustained in his course by many brother clergymen, among whom is Joseph Cook, who eulogizes the offender as "a man of supreme consciousness and decisive strength." Yet, these very men who advise against the enforcement of and defend the violation of an ordinance which is the will of the majority of the people of Boston, formulated by their chosen representatives for the protection of public property, and which the Supreme Court of the State has pronounced constitutional and valid, are of all men the most severe in denouncing law-breakers, to the commutation of whose sentences in this world they are opposed, and for whom they believe there is no probation "in the world to come." These public teachers are evidently more under the influence of prejudice and passion than of principle.

* * *

THE Society for Ethical Culture, of Philadelphia, has a hundred and eighteen members, of whom fifty-two joined during the last year. Mr. Weston and his supporters are doing good work, which should be encouraged and strengthened by all earnest liberals of the Quaker City.

* * *

IN the notice of "The Combination to Influence Civil Legislation on Marriage and Divorce," page 540 of THE OPEN COURT, No. 19, the name Richard Brodhead Westbrook, should be substituted for Richard Brodhead.

* * *

B. F. UNDERWOOD is open to applications for lectures during the coming winter. For subjects, terms, etc., address him at 86 Page street, Chicago.

* * *

Lawrence Barrett says:

Because Shakespeare could not spell, and misspelled even his own name, amounted to nothing. Nobody could spell in those days. Raleigh spelled his name Rairley and Rowley. They went by the sound of words.

VARIED LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

The theory of evolution, as developed recently in reference to all the various forms of life peopling this earth, compels the students of science who accepts it—compels, we may fairly say, every student of science with competent power of thinking—to modify his views on a number of subjects of philosophic inquiry which are not strictly speaking scientific. Among these the question of life in other worlds must be mentioned, though, strangely enough, few who have dealt with it since the theory of the biological evolution was first established on scientific grounds, have taken this fact into account. The subject of life in other worlds is made at once more interesting, and better worth considering in its semi-scientific aspect by our changed position in regard to the subject of life in this world of ours: the extension of our ideas in regard to life as distributed throughout space, is made more reasonable (though it can never be based on the acquisition of actual facts) by the extension of our knowledge in regard to life as distributed throughout time. It is not so much that we find our former notions had been incorrect, as that we perceive they had been incomplete. We had imagined, even in our most advanced former ideas about life in other worlds, a uniformity such as nature nowhere presents. We had tacitly assumed that all things were made on one pattern throughout space, till we were reminded by studying the records of our earth's remote past that throughout time there has been ever present an amazing variety—nay, that there has been an ever-varying variety.

Let us inquire how the views which men had been led to form about life in other worlds had developed out of the one general opinion that there is but one world; and, having done this, let us see how those views must be widened and enlarged to correspond with the marvellous widening of our knowledge, and the yet more marvellous widening of our conceptions which recent years have brought about.

In old times, men looked around them on this earth, recognizing it as to all intents and purposes the universe itself—the sun, the moon, the moving and the fixed stars being but fittings and adornments especially constructed for the benefit of its inhabitants, while other celestial appearances, as comets, meteors, and so forth, were special means of communication between the powers ruling in heaven, and the creatures living in the one sole world for which all thing had been made.

It was not till the Copernican theory had been fairly established that men began to conceive the thought that there may be other worlds than ours. One would have thought that the moment Copernicus had shown our sun to be the ruler over a family of orbs, whereof our earth is but one, the thought would at once have suggested itself, that as the only one of those orbs we can

examine is an inhabited world, the others probably are so too. But the growth of new ideas in such matters is slow, and it was not till the time of Huyghens that the doctrine was first fairly started which presents the other members of the sun's family as probably suns. More than a century passed before the idea grew to its full development which has its germ really in the works of Copernicus:

“We find in my new theory what can be discerned in no other scheme—an admirable symmetry of the universe, an harmonious disposition of the orbits. For who could assign to the lamp of this beautiful temple a better position than the centre, whence alone it can illuminate all parts at once? Here the sun, as from a kingly throne, sways the family of orbs which circle around him.”

This idea, scarcely changed in form, though many new details were introduced from the time of Christian Huyghens till the day when Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity, who had already produced, as one of the *Bridge-water Treatises*, an interesting contribution to the literature of “*Life in Other Worlds*,” startled many thinking men by the anonymous publication of his strangely-named “*Plurality of Worlds*,” the real object of which was to show that our earth is the only member of the solar system which can possibly be the abode of life, or at any rate of the higher forms of life. Sir David Brewster was moved to write, in reply, his “*More Worlds than One*,” in which he defended the doctrine of life in other worlds, then not quite two centuries old, as “the creed of the philosopher and the hope of the Christian.” The controversy between these two distinguished men, unequal though it was (for Whewell was far better versed in the matters chiefly dealt with than Brewster), and bearing though it did on a subject not strictly scientific, led to much really valuable scientific thought. If nothing else had been evolved by it than the first clear and definite suggestion (made by Whewell) that the theory of our galaxy and of external galaxies, advanced by William Herschel, supported by Humboldt, and Arago, and a host of others, and even to this day lingering in our books of astronomy, cannot possibly be correct, the disputants, eminent though they were in their several lines of work and valuable as their time was to the scientific world, would not have wasted time over the unscientific subject about which they had been in controversy.

At the close of the controversy between Whewell and Brewster, it seemed as though choice only remained between two ideas. Whewell's new view, really the belief which had prevailed for thousands of years and to the seventeenth century, that our earth is the only inhabited world; and the modern doctrine that every planet in the solar system, and all the planets in systems attending on each one of all the millions of suns peopling space in the abode of life, each sun nourishing life

each moon helping to make life comfortable on the world upon which it attends. It was thus the matter presented itself to me when, in the years 1867-1869, I dealt, in various essays, and in 1870 in a book, with this fascinating subject,—a subject which, though not scientific itself, has ever been pregnant with scientific suggestion.

But as I studied it,—then without the aid of that theory of biological evolution, whose bearing on the subject I am now proposing to consider—I began to see that analogy and direct evidence alike suggest a theory of much greater interest than either of the others, as well as much more probable. I saw that time as well as space must be taken into account. If this orb in one part of space is inhabited, and also perhaps that other orb in some remote part of space, but not the intervening space between the two, must we not see at least the probability that in like manner one particular time may be a season of life for one world, and some far remote time the season of life for another.

This idea grew as I gathered the evidence more fully together, and examined it more carefully, until at length I was able to adopt a definite method of classifying worlds into those which are in the stages of preparation in the support of life, those which are in mid-life, and those which are in the stages of decay and even of death. Without regarding the size of a planet as affording a definite indication of the stage of life it has probably reached—for science knows nothing as yet, though it has guessed much, about the probable order in which the several planets began their orb-life—I yet adopted as a sound general principle the belief that the larger planets are younger than the smaller. It may be shown that the stages of the lives of the giant planets Saturn and Jupiter would probably be five or six times as long as the corresponding stages of the life of our earth. Substituting for the many millions of years which our earth has endured (her own record tells us this) five or six times as many millions of years, we see that even though Jupiter or Saturn had begun their careers as planets several millions of years earlier than the earth that start would long since have been much more than covered by the earth with her five-fold or six-fold rate of progress through the stages of planetary life, and the giants would be now much younger than the earth. In like manner, even if our moon had started her independent orb-life several millions of years later than the earth, yet, with her much smaller mass, our companion world would have lived so much more quickly that she would have been old when the earth was still young, and would have reached the stage of death millions of years before the earth had reached her present condition of middle life.

I was thus able to classify the members of the solar system into the representatives of five distinct stages of

rob life, one, or at the utmost two only, of which could be regarded as suited for the support of forms of animal or vegetable existence. These were,—first, the glowing vaporous stage, of which our sun is the only example, the fiery stage, of which the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn are representatives; the time of mid-life, represented by our earth and probably by Venus; old age, represented by Mars and Mercury; and death, of which the moon is the only known example, though probably among the moons of the giant planets and among the asteroids there may be other instances.

It was natural to extend the analogy from world-life to sun-life. If there are young and old and middle aged worlds, so also there must probably be young and old and middle-aged suns. If the larger worlds have longer stages of world-life than the smaller, and are therefore probably the younger, having passed through relatively much smaller portions of their much longer lives, so also it would seem that the larger suns would be generally much younger (in development) than the smaller. Nor is evidence wanting, little though we know of the real sizes of the stars, to show that this is actually the case.

The stars or suns have been classified by means of the spectroscope into four orders, which may justly be regarded as representing four distinct periods of sun-life. There are those which shine with a steely white lustre, like Sirius, Vega, Altair, and others, whose spectra indicate an even intenser splendor than that of our sun's surface, and a far extending outer region of hydrogen as chief among the elements able to absorb much of those suns' light on its way outwards into space. The suns of this order, among which one-half of the six hundred examined by Secchi were classed, include a few like Sirius and Vega, which are undoubtedly much larger than our sun, and almost certainly much more massive. We may fairly infer, though we know not the real distances of the remaining stars of this order, that they are all of the same giant class as Sirius, which emits two hundred times as much light as the sun, so that assuming his intrinsic lustre to be twice as great as the sun's, he has a surface one hundred times as great, which would imply a diameter ten times, and a volume no less than one thousand times as great. In fact, we find reason to think that these giant, and therefore youthful, suns exceed our sun, and his real fellows among the stars, in about the same degree that the sun exceeds the giant planets, or that these exceed our earth and her fellow planets of what is called the terrestrial order.

Then next, we have stars of a yellowish white color, which are shown by the spectroscope to be closely akin to our own sun in condition. Such are Capella and Aldebaran, suns probably akin also to our sun in size. Of the six hundred stars examined by Secchi with the spectroscope, about one-fourth were of this second class.

Thirdly, we have stars of mostly of yellowish-orange tint, which are shown by the spectroscope to be surrounded by atmospheres powerfully absorptive, and therefore relatively cool. Such are Procyon, Arcturus, Antares, and others among the somewhat ruddy stars. We may safely infer that they are farther advanced in sun life than the sun which rules our own earth and her fellow worlds.

Then, fourthly, we have stars showing much deeper tints,—strong red, garnet, purple, blue and green—which under spectroscopic examination show such evidence of absorptive atmospheres as to indicate a yet more advanced age than the third class, if we may not regard them as actually decrepit.

The final stage of the career of a sun—namely, the stage of death—could not be recognized in the same way as the four stages of actual life. For the death of a sun comes only when the sun is absolutely dark; and to a dark orb the spectroscopic method, which depends on the analysis of light, cannot possibly be applicable. But yet we have clear evidence (if such a term is not self-contradictory) of the existence of dark suns in the galaxy. An orb does not cease to exert the attractive powers due to its mass when it ceases to be truly a sun, in being a source of light and heat, and with them life, to dependent worlds. Its perturbing action may be recognized indirectly by means of light-messages, if the orbs which it disturbs be themselves luminous. And astronomers, in point of fact, more than suspect, if even they may not be said to have absolutely demonstrated, the existence of dark suns by the perturbations which suns still full of their primeval lustre have been observed to undergo. It may be said that the regular changes in the lustre of that strange sun Algol, the Winking Demon Star of Arabian astronomers, attesting as they do the existence of an opaque attendant nearly as large as that sun itself, demonstrate the existence of at least one dark sun, in a different way, but still by the teachings of light-messages. Nay, for my own part, I recognise the giant planets in the solar system as dark suns: young as worlds, they are old, if not dead, as suns—actually dead if darkness means death, though they may be so hot that they may still possess some degree of life-nourishing power for the satellite worlds attending on them.

Thus far I had advanced in dealing with the subject of life in other worlds, and life-supporting power in other suns, as early as, 1875, within six years of the suggestion of the thought that the life-bearing stage of a planet's career is but a portion of the planet's life-history. During those six years, but with growing clearness, thoughts of the probably limitless variety existing among worlds and suns had presented themselves. But I had not definitely considered such ideas—still less had I dwelt upon them.

But of late the conviction has been forced upon me that until these considerations have been duly taken into account, no just ideas respecting other worlds and other suns can possibly be formed. It is not merely in the philosophic study of a problem not strictly scientific, but in the strictly scientific inquiry into the probable structure of the universe, that such considerations present themselves, and call for discussion in the strictly manner. When we are dealing with the probability of life in other worlds, indeed, we cannot push to its full limits the argument from analogy (which is, in fact, all we have for our guidance), without coming upon the consideration that the whole life-history of one planet may in any given case, and must in an immense number of cases, be as utterly unlike the life-history of another planet, as the history of one planet is unlike the history of another belonging to a different class. The two planets doubtless each pass through the glowing vaporous stage, the fiery era, the life-bearing period and the stages of old age, decay, and death, just as an oak and a poplar (not to take a wider range of variety) pass severally through the successive stages of tree-life seen in the seedling, the sapling, the full grown tree, the tree grown old and withered, and the dead stump. In this respect all orbs may be said to be alike. But in the details of the several stages of planet life there may be as great a variety as in the details of the stages of planet life,—nay, must there not in all probability be a much greater range of variety among planets than among plants? A man who pictures the conditions of life, for example, on Jupiter or on the moon, during the periods when one planet will hereafter be and the moon formerly was, a fit abode for living creatures, to be the same as the present condition of our own earth, would probably be as far wrong (merely viewing the question from the standpoint of analogy) as an insect would be who, having concluded that the trees in the forest had all, like his own elm home, their stages of tree-life, should conclude that a sapling oak would grow to be an elm, and that the withered stump of a poplar represented what had been an elm at some remote epoch in the history of the forest.

When we turn from the mere suggestions of analogy, which, though they may be trustworthy in a general way, can hardly be regarded as of scientific weight in regard to detail, and consider the probable life-histories of planets, differing in size certainly, and probably also in structure, we are forced to precisely the same conclusion to which we had been led by analogy.

It is manifest that even if two planets unequal in size are nevertheless formed of exactly the same materials similarly proportioned, the physical features of the two planets at corresponding stages of the career of each must be altogether unlike. Consider, for example, our earth and the moon, taking the stage of life through which our earth is passing now and through which the

moon passed millions of years since. If the moon then had as much water and as much air, compared with her mass, as the earth has now, then she had one eighty-first part of the earth's allowance of each of these important planetary appurtenances. As the water and air of the moon would be distributed over a surface which is between one-thirteenth and one-fourteenth of the earth's, it is clear that there would be but one-sixth as much of either to each square mile of surface on the moon as there is on the earth. And the actual density of the air would be reduced in even a greater degree; for, under the smaller power of lunar gravity—one-sixth only of terrestrial gravity—the smaller quantity of air over each square mile would press downwards with only one-thirty-sixth of the pressure of our air at the sea-level, and the density of the lunar air would be less in this important degree.

All those wearing forces, then, which air and water exert on the earth now, and have exerted during many millions of past years—forces by which not only the present aspect of the earth, but her aspect during the whole time over which geology extends its survey, has been determined—were altogether insignificant on the moon during the corresponding portion of her life-history. Not only were the tools with which the moon's face was fashioned much weaker, but they were used by a much weaker hand,—namely, by lunar gravity, having but one-sixth the strength of gravity as exerted by the earth. Adding to this the consideration that these weaker and less effectively used forces continued in action for a much shorter period of time, we see that the moon's aspect throughout the whole duration of that part of her planet life which corresponded with the earth's life-bearing stage must have been utterly unlike that presented by our earth. But we have seen that her physical condition must also have been very different from our earth's, even if her aspect had been the same and her structure identical. The conditions of life, both animal and vegetable, on the moon's surface, and in her air and within her seas, must have been utterly unlike those now prevailing on the earth, and also unlike those which have prevailed or will prevail during all portions past and present of the earth's life-bearing career. All this we recognise, be it noticed, even on the most favorable assumptions with regard to possible resemblance in original condition and structure; but since the effects of the great diversity of mass must have been fully as great in every stage of the primeval progress of each planet, while the glowing vaporous and fiery stages lasted much longer, and were probably far more decisive as to the future characteristics of the forming planets than the life-bearing stage, we see that in all probability even the resemblance of structure which we imagined must be given up, and still more marked divergencies admitted

in all the circumstances determining the characteristics of life upon the earth and moon respectively.

In comparing any other planet with the earth, we not only have considerations such as these to take into account, but also those others which have long been recognised (though their full significance is only now beginning to be realized), which depend on differences in the lengths of the various planets' days and years, the different amounts of light and heat planets receive from the sun, and other peculiarities which must importantly affect the development of animal and vegetable life. The life-history of a planet like Mars or Mercury, for example, must differ in marked degree from that of our own earth; but even were the stages of life the same on either planet as on the earth, the much smaller amount of heat received by Mars, and the much greater amount received by Mercury, must produce important differences in the conditions under which life would exist on the surface of either planet, as compared with the conditions during corresponding stages of the life-history of our earth. It is barely possible, though exceedingly unlikely, that peculiarities in the atmospheres of planets nearer to or farther from the sun than the earth may tend to temper, in one case, the excessive heat of the sun, and in the other to augment the effects of the smaller amount of heat he supplies. But even if this were the case—even if we were justified in thus imagining peculiarities of which our earth, the only planet we can study, affords no evidence—these very peculiarities would result in different conditions of life, and lead to the very conclusion to which we should be guided by considering the more probable peculiarities resulting from difference of distance from the sun.

It is clear, then, that the conditions under which life would exist in two planets, whether unequal in mass and unlike in physical structure, or traveling at different distances from the sun, or differing in all respects from each other, would be unlike. Of old, this consideration, when it was noticed at all, led only to the inquiry whether such creatures as exist on the earth could exist on other worlds, in what respects they might need protection against undue heat or cold or great changes of temperature, and in what degree they might thrive under conditions differing more or less markedly from those which prevail on the earth. Dr. Whewell went further than others in considering the effects of such varieties of condition when, in dealing with the giant planets, he discussed the probable results of their great distance from the sun and their difference of mean specific gravity. I differ *toto caelo* from Dr. Whewell in regard to all the points of detail mentioned in the following passage—and indeed my views as to the intense heat still pervading the masses of the giant planets, have long since displaced those which Dr. Whewell here advances; but the general idea running through the

passage, the idea—namely, that where the conditions differ the features of life must differ also—is altogether sound, and the liveliness of imagination shown throughout the passage is much to be commended:

“Taking into account the circumstances of Jupiter’s state; his probably bottomless waters; his light (if any) solid materials; the strong hand with which gravity presses down such materials as there are; the small amount of light and heat which reaches him, at five times the earth’s distance from the sun; what kind of inhabitants shall we be led to assign to him? Can they have skeletons where no substance so dense as bone is found, at least in large masses? It would seem not probable. And it would seem they must be dwellers in the waters, for against the existence there of solid land we have much evidence. They must, with so little of light and heat, have a low degree of vitality. They must then, it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous (query: *gelatinous*?) masses; peopling the waters with minute forms; perhaps also with larger monsters; for the weight of a bulky creature, floating in the fluid would be much more easily sustained than on solid ground. If we are resolved to have such a population, and that they shall live by food, we must suppose that the waters contain at least so much solid matter as is requisite for the sustenance of the lower classes; for the higher classes of animals will probably find their food in consuming the lower. I do not know whether the advocates of peopled worlds will think such a population as this worth contending for, but I think the only doubt can be between such a population and none. If Jupiter be a mere mass of water, with perhaps a few cinders [!] at the centre, and an envelope of clouds around it, it seems very probable that he may not be the seat of life at all. But if life be there, it does not seem in any way likely that the living things can be anything higher in the scale of being than such boneless, watery, pulpy creatures as I have imagined.”

Underlying all this there is the idea of the special creation of creatures to correspond in nature with the conditions under which they would have to live. The modern view according to which the various species and varieties of animal and vegetable life, as it were, adapt themselves to their environment, enables us not only to reason more confidently as to the difference of life-forms in planets unlike our own, but also as to the difference in the whole process of life development in such worlds as compared with ours. Knowing that so far back as we can trace the existence of life upon this earth, from the primary age onward, through the secondary, tertiary, and recent ages to our own time, throughout many millions of years, there have been multitudinous developments of animal and vegetable life in all directions, wherein the tree of life could spread its infinitely varied branches, we can see that in a planet where from the very beginning of life, through the whole life-bearing stage, the conditions were dissimilar, the whole tree of life must have been unlike. Our biologists are beginning to recognize how this and that species or variety owed its very existence to the character of the environments; and astronomy shows surely that all the conditions which the biologist recognizes as decisive in the development of animal and vegetable life on the earth must be quite different in other planets: thus then it is absolutely certain that if the theory of biological evolution is sound

(which no one now doubts whose opinion is of weight), all the forms of life in other worlds must be unlike those existing on our earth.

We may not be quite so certain, though it appears altogether probable, that the forms of life in worlds whose life stages were much shorter than those of our earth, must have been inferior to the most advanced of those which have developed here. For it seems conceivable, however unlikely, that in a planet having shorter life periods, the conditions might have been such as to favor the rapid development of the higher forms of life. We have reason to believe, indeed, that on the earth races have remained little unchanged sometimes for hundreds of thousands of years, and have then undergone rapid changes in response to marked changes in the conditions under which they have subsisted. Doubtless the progress of development might be more rapid in a planet whose life stages were comparatively short, than it has been upon our earth. Yet time must be an important factor in the development of life, regarded as a whole, upon a planet. And we must regard it as at the least highly probable that on Mars, on Mercury, and in the moon, few of the higher forms of life were (or have been) developed; those forms being also entirely unlike the higher life forms on our earth. As for the development of a creature akin to man, when we consider the exceedingly definite nature of the course along which evolution proceeded in developing man, the multitudinous conditions on which his development as the creature he is depended, and the enormous length of time required to produce him from among all the numerous races developed upon the earth, we perceive the utter unlikelihood that any creatures resembling him exist on any other world in the universe. There may well be—nay, we might almost say there certainly must be—creatures resembling man in intelligence in other worlds than ours, but it would be absurd to assume, and unsafe even to imagine, that such creatures would have the form and appearance of the human race on earth. It must also be regarded as improbable that in worlds like Mars, Mercury, and the moon, having much shorter lives than our earth, creatures possessing intelligence such as man has, and still more unlikely that creatures like the civilized man of our own time (in which I include the last six thousand years at least) have ever existed on those short-lived worlds. When we consider how many millions of years our earth continued as an abode of millions of millions of living creatures ere yet even the lowest types of human life were developed, and during how many tens of thousands of years millions of human beings existed before thinking, reasoning, philosophic man was developed upon this earth, we see that Nature which is thus prodigal in regard to time may well be prodigal also in regard to space, and leave many worlds in a solar system, as well as long-time intervals

in the history of any given world, unadorned by the presence of reasoning, philosophic beings.

The same thought seems to me to be suggested when we look forwards to the probable future of our earth's history. The civilized man is vigorously preparing a rapid close to his own existence. The period during which the materials of civilization (as it now exists at any rate) can endure at the present rate of their consumption, is a period which can be but as a second in the earth's future history. Within a few hundreds of years (or a few thousands at the outside) the earth-stores on which civilization is draining so lavishly, and with ever growing activity, must be absolutely exhausted, and man will be left to depend, like other animals, on the earth's annual produce—on her income, her capital being exhausted. That under such conditions man will retain his present position must be regarded as unlikely, to say the least. It would seem that whether we look backwards or forwards, we must recognize the existence of that special development of terrestrial life—civilized man—as limited within a few thousands of years, as lasting in fact but for a time which compared with the duration of life upon this earth is as a few minutes compared with lifetime.

THE AIM OF THE ETHICAL MOVEMENT.

BY PROF. FELIX ADLER.

*Report of an address given before the Convention of the Union of the Societies for Ethical Culture in Chicago, Sunday, Nov. 20, 1887.**

It has fallen to my lot to close the exercises of convention Sunday. What subject, under such circumstances, can be more appropriate than to consider the real underlying aim of our work? And I propose, in the brief time which I shall occupy, to consider a number of questions which naturally arise in the mind when the aim of the ethical movement is stated, and to give brief replies to those questions. The first question of this kind that naturally arises is this: Is a society for ethical culture a religious society? I think we ought to face that question frankly and fairly. It is evident that we have among our members not a few persons who do not in the least care for religion; who protest against religious belief in any shape. We have, on the other hand, persons who are deeply and fervently religious. I think I may say that all the lecturers of the society thus far are religious men. But is the society for ethical culture, as such, religious? The word "religion" has always implied a theory of a universe, and of man's relation to the universe. If we take the word in this its natural meaning, I think I must say for myself it would be unfair to call the Society for Ethical Culture a religious society, because we do not oblige our members to an acceptance of any theory of a universe, or of man's relations to a universe. We ask no questions concerning the belief of our members. We have no creed which they need to subscribe to before being admitted, nor any outside creed adopted or accepted by the society. On the other hand, there is a sense in which I believe we would all agree that our societies are religious societies. In this sense they are religious, in that we believe that the work in which we are engaged gives us, and would give to others, if they would only join, the same satisfaction that religious belief and forms and ceremonies give to those who are in the churches. We feel,

as a matter of principle, that we do not need to insist upon it as a matter of doctrine; we feel, as a matter of principle, that the performance of duty and all that implies is an inspiration—a religious inspiration, a deep, warm, fervent inspiration; that it does for us what religious doctrine does for the old-time believers. It gives us an aim in life. It answers to us the question: Is life worth living?

And why is it worth living? To perform our duty. Life is worth living because we have duties to perform. It is worth living for no other reason. This work in which we are engaged thus sets a purpose in our life. It inspires us in times when we are active and able to meet our responsibilities; and it gives us comfort and consolation in times of affliction. No one has yet adequately spoken upon this thing. No one has yet adequately declared what wealth of comfort there is in the idea of duty. It is in the nature of every affliction to open to us larger duties, more difficult and finer duties, than have been imposed upon us before. In the performance of these larger duties which affliction unfolds to us lies our consolation. They give us strength. They educate us. They lift us up. They spiritualize us. We can claim, then, that our societies are religious societies in the sense that they give us the same satisfaction as is given to those within the churches.

The next question is, taking the word religion in the way I have used it, Are our societies anti-religious? By no means are they that. There is only one point in which we come into collision with the teachings of the current religious systems. All the positive religions desire, as they tell us, is to elevate the moral life of the members of the churches and the community. So far as that aim goes there seems to be no difference between us. But mark the great difference in the method. They all say, "We want to lead men to do what is right"; but they add, "No man can do what is right unless he first accepts certain doctrines." There are certain conditions which must be fulfilled before men can proceed to lead a moral life. For instance, you can not be virtuous, do what is good, be moral, unless you first believe in God. Therefore, you must lay the whole emphasis of your teaching on belief in God, or belief in a future state of rewards and punishments. Before these conditions are fulfilled, before these beliefs have been followed up, it is hopeless to expect of men that they can be moral. Now, here we differ from the churches; and this point over which we dispute is a most important point of departure. The important point of departure is this: They think it is necessary to reach the conscience indirectly. We believe it is possible to reach the conscience directly. We say that whether a man believes or not is immaterial so far as right action is concerned. We believe it is only necessary to hold the rule of right-doing before a man, and that if it is really right he will accept it, whether he believes the theory of it or not. The appeal to conscience is direct, and the response of conscience is immediate. Now, this is the chief point to which I would call the attention of my hearers. It is the radical point from which we depart from the churches. The effect has been, as shown by history, that this assumption that there are certain preliminaries which must be fulfilled has led men to give their chief time and attention to these preliminaries; and in the attempt to build up these indispensable conditions to the moral life, strange to say, the religious world has ignored the first principles of morality. You know what religious history tells us on this subject; that it has initiated cruel wars, that it has been the cause of murder, and has given use to inhuman and unnatural forms of punishment and torture, and given thousands and thousand of human beings to the flames, all for the purpose of securing in their minds those indispensable conditions which are the requisites, they say, to a moral life, a virtuous life. And even yet is this so. Millions and millions of dollars are being spent to-day in the sending out of missionaries

* Not revised by the Professor Adler.

to the heathen—not to cultivate, not to civilize them, not to plant schools—though that is done incidentally—but for the main purpose of inculcating beliefs without which, it is believed, a virtuous life is impossible. Other millions are spent in erecting churches and chapels for the purpose of teaching, not that which is good in itself—for no man claims that a belief in hell is good in itself—but that which is supposed to be necessary for the accomplishment of the ulterior object. I have read, in a story of one of the loveliest of the saints, Princess Elizabeth, of Hungary, how the Princess, as she looked up to the figure of Christ on the cross and saw the agony in his face, quiet mechanically took off the golden crown from her own head and put it away from her, and how, when her attendants, in astonishment, asked her "What are you doing?" she answered: "This golden crown of mine mocks the crown of thorns." The Episcopal bishop of New York asks for millions of dollars to build a magnificent sanctuary while there are thousands in New York suffering from grinding poverty, from hunger, from crime, and almost homeless, and all these millions he wanted to spend for the purpose of teaching these indispensable conditions—those beliefs without which moral action is impossible, instead of spending at once these millions in feeding the hungry, clothing the bare, giving decent homes to those who are without shelter, banishing ignorance, and doing away with vice. The roundabout method of the Christian church has born evil fruit. The way you seek good is false. By teaching that belief is necessary you are putting obstacles between man and right action. We say that the direct appeal is necessary. Call upon men to do the right. Make it plain to their minds what right is, without any of your beliefs, without any of your conditions. Men will respond to your appeals and follow the line of conduct you propose. This is the essential point of departure of the ethical societies from the ethical teachers of the church.

The third question which I would ask—and it is the last—is this: Are we not in danger of falling into an external view of morality if we insist on right action only? I answer that no act is right unless the motive that leads to it is right. We do not claim to lay down a law as to what is the right motive. We only ask every man and woman to act from what they believe to be the right motive, but we will not attempt to force them to accept any particular motive as the right one. There are a great many different philosophical systems and theories contending together as to what the right motive is. The utilitarian tells us that the motive must be measured by the usefulness of the object sought. The materialist says that obedience to natural law is alone the right motive. And so on with the others. Now, then, I confess that there appears, at first sight, great danger that we may lose our sense of union—that we may lose our sense of solidarity in this movement if we commence by disputing on theological sects. The arguments of the natural sects are no more sweet to me than those of the theological sects. There is no philosophical view on which the ethical movement stands. It does not stand on the Spencerian nor the Pantheistic system, nor the material. The ethical movement simply says: Do the right from what you believe to be the right motive. The movement is unpledged and free, and will so remain. I trust, as long as it exists. There is but one thing, one plank, in our platform—practical righteousness; and that is the text to which the different theories will be finally brought. So I say to the philosophical theorist that that theory which produces the best results, that theory which evolves the finest types of character, that theory which gives us the noblest and most exalted standards of character, that theory which shall be most triumphantly proved by its fruits, will have the victory. By their fruits shall they be judged. Not in the closet of the thinker, but in the open

mart of life, where temptations beset us, there shall philosophies meet and contend, and there shall they be judged.

Yes, I think we are on absolutely safe ground in saying that our single plank is practical right-living, right conduct, practical righteousness. And what does that mean? Does that only mean goody-goody talk? Does it mean only obeying the decalogue—not killing our neighbors and not breaking any of those more obvious rules of conduct? No, my friends. Practical righteousness means depths beyond depths of hope; glory beyond glory of human grandeur and worth. It will mean, in times to come, a new state founded on justice, a new organization of society in which the few shall not strive for wealth at the expense of the toil and the misery of the many, but in which all shall be able to lead a whole human life. It will mean, in the time to come, a new law of purity in the relations between the sexes, a law of purity not only outside of marriage, but a new law of purity within marriage; a fairer interpretation of the duties which the husband owes to the wife and which the wife owes to the husband; a new conception of the dignity and worth of womanhood. It means—it will mean in the time to come—a new reverence for childhood, a new education; and it will mean, also, in the time to come, a new conscience, headed from the deep springs of ethical truth, and a new heart lifted above the petty themes to which the degeneracy of the times has led us to descend—lifted so as to enable it to express the noblest and the loftiest aspirations of the human soul. That is what we mean by practical righteousness. That is the work, members of the societies for ethical culture, in which we are engaged. Who shall say that it is not a large and inspiring work—that it lacks in divine impulses—that it has no power to stir and exalt? Let us pledge ourselves anew as we have met here to-day in this great city of the West. Let us pledge our allegiance to it anew. Let us pledge ourselves to be true to it, and it will make us true. Let us elevate its interests high above all sordid interests. Let us consecrate to it our life and our strength; and in its name and for its purposes let us stand together as one band of brothers, united in our true and holy cause.

THE AMERICAN ETHICAL SOCIETIES.

Mrs. McCullom, a member of the London Ethical Society, at the concluding session of the Convention of the Union of Ethical Societies, held in this city, said last Sunday:

"I am sure that many English people would join me in saying that we owe a debt of gratitude to the American Ethical Societies for so clearly showing us how to organize the work and express the faith in which we are vitally interested. In England where speech on religious matters is far less free than it is here, and where custom is far more tyrannical, that faith is held by many quietly and silently, not without suffering, for it is a hard thing for scattered individuals, without any organization, to cut themselves from the religious sympathies which count for so much in everyday life. To these believers in ethics the news of the American Ethical Societies comes like a veritable gospel, and their feeling was well expressed by one who attended an ethical lecture in London, and said she felt as though she had stepped out from a fog on to a breezy common.

"The London Ethical Society was formed about a year ago, but has done little. Most of the members have long been engaged in teaching, in working for the C. O. A. the C. H. F. and similar organizations, so that their hands are already full. They have therefore confined themselves, so far as the society is concerned, to giving Sunday evening lectures at the east end of London; discussion is allowed after the lecture and interesting questions are sometimes asked. I am sure that if the Ethical movement in this country were more widely known and more accurately understood in Great Britain, it would win many adherents among

those whose motto is "Reason and Freedom be our watchword," and who therefore cannot work happily under the clerical management that controls so many of our philanthropic efforts. Progress among us is greatly retarded by the action of those—and they are many—who go to church for form's sake or to avoid comment. They select, perhaps, the most liberal church they can find, they repeat there words they do not really believe, they subscribe to church funds, and then think they have done their duty. You, in America, are plainly showing us that they are wrong, that honesty demands that we should not endorse the public expression of opinions we think misleading, that we should clear our minds from confession, that, in fact, as one of your lecturers put it, 'It is the duty of every man to be reasonable.' And this duty is especially imperative for women also, for if we are to pass on any truths effectively to the next generation, we must understand it clearly ourselves. We must not believe, merely because we wish to believe, or say that the happiness of life depends on the nobility of some cherished notion; that is the language of moral cowards. We are here in circumstances and with limitations that are not of our making or choosing, and the great questions for us are, what can we believe *truly*, and how can we act worthily. If facts are hard we must summon more courage to face them, remembering that, if we shirk them, it is our children that will pay the penalty; that if we accustom ourselves to mental narcotics we shall hardly be able to teach our boys to be good moral citizens.

"I trust that in the near future an increasing number of women, both here and in England, will realize that clear thinking brings peace and joy, and that the work of the Ethical Societies can fully satisfy any religious demand that is based on reason. It is as true now as in the days of the Roman poet that

"Heaven lies about us, and we do its will
Not uninspired though all the shrines be still.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THIRD CONGRESS OF THE GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRATS.

To the Editors:

On October 2d, at Brügglen, near St. Gall, in Switzerland, was opened the third congress that has been held by the social democrats of Germany since the promulgation of the anti-socialist law in 1878. The congress held in Copenhagen, four and a half years ago, had been of extraordinary importance, as was shown by the result of the elections in the year following, and by the ever-increasing severity of the repression on the part of the government. The law was even more rigorously applied and more arbitrarily interpreted than before; the right of free speech was restricted or abolished; the clubs of the socialists were dissolved, their meetings prohibited and their journals suppressed. District after district was placed under the state of siege, and all the avowed members and prominent leaders of the party were ruthlessly persecuted, imprisoned or expelled. However pressingly, therefore, the need of another congress had made itself felt, a change of tactics had become imperative in the face of these persecutions, and, since it was impossible to convene a congress in the fatherland, it was resolved to accept the hospitality offered by a neighbor country. Private invitations were issued, the circumstances of time and place were kept a secret from the government, and a congress was organized to be held in Switzerland. So that when, on the first Sunday in October, from all quarters of the German Empire flocked the representatives of the party, none of the constituted authorities either in or out of Berlin had an inkling of the thing, while all the necessary arrangements for the reception and comfortable quartering of the delegates had been most admirably made.

From all parts of Germany, with the solitary exception of the Northeastern districts, in which the party is comparatively weak, owing to the agricultural population and the undeveloped state of industry, delegates had congregated. The number of delegates present amounted to eighty, an aggregate never attained by any previous congress, and a fresh proof of the vitality of the movement and of the devotion and fearlessness of its members, seeing to what consequences the men taking part in the congress expose themselves.

At a preliminary meeting, the customary greetings and introductions having been gone through with, it was decided that the proceedings should commence on the morning of the next day with the election of a president. Ex-deputy Auer, who spoke in the name of the conveners of the congress, opened the first day's sitting. Ignatz Auer, a harness-maker by trade, is a tall, middle-aged man with a red beard. Elected in 1877, he has taken an active part in the movement, both in and out of Parliament. In 1880 he pronounced a three hours' speech against the state of siege in Berlin and the abuses of arbitrary power under it; in 1881 he was expelled from Berlin and subsequently from Hamburg.

Deputies Singer and Hasenclever were elected presidents. Singer is a prosperous manufacturer and a Jew. He is a wealthy man and a most generous one; chief founder of the Refuge for the Homeless, an institution supported by private contributions; when, after the proclamation of the state of siege in Berlin, large numbers of socialists were forcibly expelled, he contributed 5,000 marks in aid of their families. Both he and Hasenclever are prominent members of the party, the latter a tanner by trade, elected for Berlin and Breslau; was a friend and disciple of the great German agitator, Ferdinand Lassalle, and president of the Workingmen's Association founded by the same.

Bebel was the first to speak. August Bebel, perhaps the most popular of all the socialist leaders, is a man of about forty-six; delicate in appearance and unassuming in manners, he has a fine and open countenance, with brown hair and beard; he is a very fine orator, persuasive in argument and unrivalled as a debater. He has suffered imprisonment for many years, and has only just regained his liberty in time to put in an appearance at the congress. Bebel said, that if the material condition of the party could be taken as a standard measure of its moral and political power, it was high. Repression and persecution had been powerless to injure it: quite the other way, in proportion as the violence of the government had increased, the ardor and spirit of sacrifice of the socialists had been stimulated, and he was happy to be able to affirm that, financially speaking, their position was a most satisfactory one. In the course of his speech Bebel explained that the total income, by voluntary contributions from the German members of the party had amounted, from 1883 to 1887, to the sum of 135,748 marks, and to the sum of 208,655 marks when including the contributions from comrades abroad and a deposit in the bank. Before concluding, the speaker desired to call attention to the admirable spirit and fortitude shown by the men in the districts under the state of siege, and further desired to thank the German comrades in the United States and Switzerland for the very material help afforded by them. The members of the congress express their grateful recognition of this act of solidarity by spontaneously rising from their seats.

Present at the congress: after having obtained permission to attend, were many Swiss notabilities: Dr. Victor Adler, from Vienna, editor of the excellent journal: *Die Gleich-Heit* (Equality), Frau Guillaume Schack, and Ernest Belfort Bax, from London. Frau Schack is a middle-aged lady of noble family. She is of a philanthropic turn of mind and an ardent convert to socialism. Belfort Bax is a distinguished English socialist; a tall and thin young man with a slight stoop, very dark eyes and expressive

features. He is one of the founders of the London Socialist League, and has been, with William Morris, co-editor of the *Commonweal*. He is a brilliant essayist and an excellent scholar.

After much and thorough-going discussion, a series of resolutions were put to the vote, and for the most part unanimously carried. It was resolved that the line of conduct hitherto followed by the socialist deputies in the Reichstag be maintained; that all indirect contributions be condemned together with the monopolization aimed at, on purely fiscal grounds, of all general and indispensable articles of consumption; that the tendency shown by the refusal to tax brandy and sugar, and the proposal to increase the duties on corn, be denounced as benefiting the land-owners to the detriment of the lack-land classes. Respecting the so-called governmental social reforms, Auer declares that he recognizes in the rejection of the law proposed by the social democrats for the protection of the workers, a conclusive proof that the governing classes in Germany are wanting in the will to do anything toward ameliorating the condition of the working class.

It was further resolved that "only such candidates be supported as shall accept our platform and openly declare themselves social democrats." And that an "international congress be called for 1888, in view of a common action in furtherance of an international law for the protection of workmen."

An important resolution was passed, to define the position of the Social Democrats to the Anarchists. The resolution was defended by Wilhelm Liel Knecht, a veteran of the party and one of its chief leaders. Liel Knecht is a man of remarkable ability, and of extraordinary firmness of character. As early as 1848 he took part in the rising of Baden, and ever since he has been an indefatigable worker in the service of the movement, fighting for it alike in the Reichstag as an orator and in the press as editor of the official organs of the party. In accordance with the expressed wish of the Congress, his speech on Anarchy is to be published in pamphlet form. The resolution declares that the Anarchist theory, inasmuch as it aims at absolute individual autonomy, is anti-socialistic, nothing better than a one-sided development of middle-class liberalism, although in its criticism of the existing social system it starts from the socialist standpoint. Above all it is incompatible with the socialist demand for the socialization of the means of production and the social regulation of production and results, unless production is to be reduced to the dwarfish standard of the small artisan, in insoluble contradictions. The cultus, on the part of the Anarchists, of a policy of force, to the exclusion of all other, is based on a gross misconception of the *role* of force in the history of peoples. Force is quite as much a reactionary as a revolutionary factor—nay it has oftener acted as the former. While condemning all individual acts of violence, we make the representatives of reaction answerable for the same. There exists no Anarchist party in Germany, but there are "*agents provocateurs* in the pay of the reactionists, who use them against the working-class."

A commission of three members was appointed and charged with revising and slightly modifying the present programme of the party. An adopted amendment proposes to substitute for the principle of co-operation the demand for the expropriation of the land and the means of production. Lastly, it was resolved that all differences arising between members of the party be settled not through the medium of the press but by arbitration.

Addresses and letters of congratulation had been received from the Socialists of all countries; and in conclusion, President Singer gave expression to the thanks of the party for the hospitality given them in Switzerland. He pointed to the fact that the natives who had attended the sittings, had manifested their surprise that congresses, such as the one just held, should be prohibited in Germany, considering the orderly and business-like character of the

proceedings. Amidst most enthusiastic cheering and applause the St. Gall Congress, one of the most successful ever held, came to a close after a four days' duration.

A characteristic feature of the Congress has been that all the resolutions have been voted unanimously or by an overwhelming majority, a proof that whatever individual differences of opinion may obtain on minor points, members and leaders of the party are at one as to the fundamental principles involved. Another notable fact it is that a very marked tendency has been shown throughout in favor of the extreme left of the socialist fraction in the Reichstag, of those members who repudiate all compromise and openly take their stand on the platform of Social Democracy. A final conclusion to be drawn from the successful course and character of the St. Gall Congress is that all the forms of persecution successively tried by Bismarck and the powers that be in Germany have definitively been found wanting. Coercion laws have proved powerless; all the pains and penalties of the penal code so arbitrarily and mercilessly inflicted have not helped the imperial government and have not hurt Social Democracy. Certain it is, to cite the *Paris Temps*, that, "all these measures of repression point equally to the ardor of the government to fight socialism, and to the growing success of this dangerous doctrine."

PARIS, November.

Laura Lafargue.

THE STUDY OF HUMAN SUFFERING.

To the Editors:

The interesting truths which you point out in a current editorial on the subject of pleasure and pain are so commonly overlooked that I must thank you for continuing in this way a topic which I had partly treated in my essay on "The Mystery of Pain in a New Light." As you suggest, the happy half of the world, even at present, knows but little of the suffering half. The great trouble is, while keeping one's good intention apparent, and without deserving the charge of cynicism, to make the happy half of the world realize this fact, to show it that the very circumstance of being comfortably fed and warmed and settled in life largely incapacitates it for really feeling what extreme pain is. The lawyer who, on taking up the newspaper after his cup of coffee and morning drive and walk in the flower-garden, finds himself led by the account of some dreadful casualty to reflect on the suffering in the world, and who reassures himself, after awhile, by the thought that it is no use worrying about such things—that they will all be explained sometime, and that it is enough for him to be a good lawyer and make his family as happy as possible, hardly realizes how much his cup of coffee and his drive and his flower-garden have contributed to the logic of this conclusion. He is more apt to think this conclusion due to the good sense and reasoning power and bluff energy which he is conscious of possessing, and to attribute a contrary conclusion to a want of these traits.

This sort of constitutional obtuseness which actually thinks itself meritorious is very difficult to encounter, and those who undertake the task may easily doubt their power to make any general impression. In our own homes, when suffering prevails we feel called upon to put all other interests aside, but in the larger world it will probably be a very long time before people feel impelled to pause in the pursuit of pleasure at one place because it is a world of sadness somewhere else.

The point I would like to bring out is not at all the failure of generosity in the well-disposed; certainly, at the present time, no one can question the prevalence of much helpful charity. My object is to indicate not a want of feeling but a want of perception. In so far as suffering is discerned it receives consideration, but there are certain causes in the happily-circumstanced which prevent a discernment at all proportionate to the reality. The warm

atmosphere that surrounds the mind of every man comfortably situated in life is a natural barrier against any wide and penetrating realization of the pain far spread over the surface of the globe, and which is an integral part of the fate of man. It produces an inclination, this warm atmosphere, to shut out unpleasant reflections, just as one hastens to close a door that admits a cold draft to a comfortable room. The fact is within the self-observation of us all. We, willingly give to pity and to charity, but beyond that we will not go; our mental happiness must be kept intact—the room warm. We will not bare our minds to the harsh reality of a world of pain, though sometimes, here and there, a figure may be seen ready for the encounter, generally, when the question presses, men simply avoid the problem of suffering. It may be better to defer explanations, their avoiding minds urge; one cannot settle everything at once, and perhaps these doubts come from the devil; one should trust more; indeed it will help people most to think man's destiny blissful, whatever the truth, and if one does recognize the truth no good is done; perhaps after all the situation is exaggerated; philosophy, too, has answered these questions, and, even without philosophy, one may well doubt whether a world so beautiful can harbor a sinister meaning; the manlier way is to trust the beauty of sunsets, the exaltation of music, and the exquisite inspirations of the human mind, and wait for another world to show that everything in this one is for the best.

These are the thoughts the avoiding mind urges, and that they are simply self-excusing thoughts is revealed by the absence of any anxiety to examine their contraries. It is never asked whether deferring explanations may not be dangerous; whether the situation may not be underestimated; whether the devil does not tempt to too much trust; whether the solutions of philosophy are anything but glosses; whether the beauty of the world can prevent its famines; whether the manlier part, notwithstanding our exquisite inspirations, is not to face the truth about things. These questions are never asked, and yet the thoughts which prompt them are more unselfish than the others, which are often mere paltry, self-excusing thoughts, intended to keep our foolish minds happy.

The reason for discussing this subject must be evident to all. Only when the suffering in the world is recognized for what it is, can an adequate beginning be made in treatment. When pleasant, self-excusing views are put aside, a hundred serious minds will be given to the problem which now consider it but casually, as on a ship that is finally known to leak all hands go to the pumps.

To me, indeed, it seems a point of honor that every intellectual worker should give of his ability to this work, and this is almost the only ethical lesson my mind discerns in the much-talked-of theory of evolution. Though theological evolutionists do not allude to the fact, it remains true that the survival of the fittest is the most brutal method the mind can imagine for advancing a race of living beings, as it is also, and by a strange, unnoticed coincidence, absolutely the only method that can be conceived to have arisen in chance without a guiding hand, did one care to entertain that view. According to this theory, which is undoubtedly true, a happy life at the present time owes its existence and its happiness to a process involving the painful failure of countless innocent lives, born less fit for the struggle than their contemporaries. Does not the acceptance of a happy life on such conditions involve a point of honor? I think there are many, and that there will be more, who need not ask that question of themselves twice to find an answer. And with this question and this answer the real study of human suffering begins.

XENOS CLARK.

"Beware of desperate steps—the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."—*Cowper*.

IDEALISM AND REALISM.

To the Editors:

Will you tolerate a suggestion or two, rather in the spirit of inquiry than otherwise, anent the issue between Idealism and Realism?

It appears to me that much difficulty arises from a failure to exactly apprehend our own and others' meanings in the use of several terms constantly employed in the treatment of the subject. There is a further difficulty that these terms are used with several more or less different meanings, often during one judgment or inference as well as in the expression thereof. Thus we allow the boundary line between the *I* and not *I* to be drawn, now here, now there, and often all at once, as it were, and unperceived; so, also, with the boundary line between those states of consciousness we term Knowledge and Belief.

Take, for instance, the frequent affirmation, "We know and can know nothing save the affections of our own consciousness." Here we distinguish between the Ego and consciousness, and put this the object of that. But it ought to be put thus: Present consciousness is alone knowledge. For even the present memory of any past mental experience implies a belief in the true correspondence of the present with the past presentation. The present remembrance is known, immediately the past experience is made present immediately. Now, if the notion of knowledge is thus restricted, Idealism is driven to a vanishing point, for present consciousness is simply momentary. Or, if Idealism repudiates the restrictions, where can it take a stand without incorporating belief as an essential constituent of knowledge? This is to me an important point that I am very solicitous to be enlightened upon, if any solution exists. For, granting that Knowledge have any constituent of Belief, I see there no boundary within which we can enclose the notion of Knowledge save such a one as will include all that body of beliefs which prove impregnable to doubt, —by which I mean not to include supposititious doubt, but doubt really felt. Of course, Subjective Knowledge would differ from Objective Knowledge as to its mode of derivation, but not in its essential nature. Realism would stand established if Knowledge were defined, as above suggested.

Perhaps, however, I only show my superficiality of information and reflection.

I may add that, as I conceive them, the issue of Idealism vs. Realism is quite a different one from that between Idealism and Materialism.

FRANCIS C. RUSSELL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PINE AND PALM. A Novel by *Moncure D. Conway*. New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1887. (Leisure Hour Series), pp. 348. Price \$1.00

The reader who has been accustomed to M. D. Conway's more serious writings does not take it as at all out of place to find him in the rôle of novelists; the pretty touches of fancy, the vivid bits of word painting, the bright flow of wit, the subtle hints of unwritten romance contained in his moral teachings, seem to have prepared us for his "first appearance" as story-teller. The book, which deals in a conciliatory spirit with the differences between the North and South, comes at an opportune time when efforts are being made in many directions by statesmen, essayists, novelists, and others to close up the last gap in the "bloody chasm," which nearly separated the Union, and to weld together in brotherly love the States once "dissevered, belligerent, and drenched in fraternal blood." "Pine and Palm," however, seems properly to belong to an earlier date of such peace-making, and strikes us as having been written in *ante-bellum* times, as it deals

with the issues then before the public. The tone, too, of the story is that of a younger writer than the M. D. Conway of to-day, who would not, we surmise, be able to conceive of two such superlatively virtuous, amiable and noble representatives of the North and South as the Damon and Pythias of this story—Wentworth and Stirling, two model Harvard students. Mr. Conway's own experience as a Virginian, a Harvard graduate, and an anti-slavery man previous to our civil war, helps to make very realistic many descriptions of thrilling episodes common at that period, in which Stephen Foster, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Capt. John Brown and others play appropriate parts, in the serio-comedy of negro camp meetings and of anti-slavery meetings, and the tragic scenes of slave-rescues North, the slave-marts South, in the early history of "bleeding Kansas" and the thrilling drama enacted at Harper's Ferry. In one of his Southern heroines, the lovely Gisela, we are forcibly reminded of the romantically true story of those brave Southern workers for freedom, Sarah and Angelina Grimké.

At no point does Mr. Conway's story drag, even though he gives us, in its course, sketches of several sermons, anti-slavery lectures, and transcendental talk. His heroes and heroines, though rather impossible creations from a commonplace point of view, are yet very interesting, and ideally satisfactory, while the story ends, as stories *ought* to, with the good duly rewarded and happy, and the rather weak villains either repentant or punished in a mild and tender-hearted sort of way. Mr. Conway's kindly treatment of the "bad 'uns" of his story is perhaps a tribute to the tender-heartedness of the one to whom the volume is dedicated—his wife; and we like him all the better for such treatment and for—his dedication.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MINISTER TO FRANCE, 1869—1877. By E. B. Washburne, LL. D. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1887. Two vols. Price \$8. For sale by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Two very handsomely bound and printed volumes of some 700 pages are these before us, containing a record of the thrilling experiences of Hon. E. B. Washburne during a stirring period of French history, while acting as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to France from 1869 to 1877, a period embracing two of the most interesting events in the later history of that country—the Siege of Paris and the rise and fall of the commune. It is with these events that Mr. Washburne's book principally deals, although he describes, with less particularity, many other interesting but less historic matters pertaining to his eight and a half years' sojourn in France. He writes: "While all the other diplomats of the first-class powers left Paris at the breaking-out of the insurrection, I deemed it my duty to remain, as I had not only the interest of our country but the interests of the Germans to look after." As the representative of a friendly neutral and powerful nation, Mr. Washburne had been asked to protect the interests of the Germans in Paris during the war between the French and Prussians, a position he found more onerous than he had expected, but which he filled to the utmost of his ability, though he says, "I had but a faint idea of what the undertaking was going to involve, for I had not supposed it possible that I should be charged with the care and with the superintendence of more than thirty thousand people expelled from their homes on so short a notice. * * * The legation began to be crowded from day to day by persons desiring protection, advice, information and assistance." Thus it happened that he was brought into intimate connection with the leaders of all sorts, and a participant in many of the events of that time. So his book becomes an important addition to history, since he wrote from personal knowledge and recollection. It is written in a simple, plain, but graphic style, which presents to the reader a lively and interesting panorama of a dangerous episode.

It adds a melancholy interest to this work that the death of its author was almost simultaneous with its issuance from the press.

A very fine portrait of Mr. Washburne graces the front page of the first volume, while the work is enriched by many pictures of the leading spirits of those days, such as M. Thiers, Gambetta, Empress Eugenie, Emperor William, Jules Favre, Marshal Bazaine, and others; and spirited illustrations of the most stirring events of that revolutionary period are given.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA. A Commentary by Denton F. Snider. The Tragedies. Boston: Ticknor & Co., 1887, pp. 418.

In the midst of the Shakespeare-Bacon-Donnelly sensation, Professor Snider's book appears very opportunely.

In the preface he queries: "What difference does it make in the judgment of Shakespeare's work whether he was a Catholic or Protestant? Whether, indeed he was called Shakespeare, or by some other name? His book remains the same, and must be judged as it is; any argument to the contrary implies that our view of Shakespeare is to be determined by our view of something else, or of somebody else."

The *raison d'être* of Mr. Snider's contribution to the Shakespearean literature is, in his own words, "to show each drama as a whole, in its thought, organization, and characters; then to group cognate dramas into a higher Whole by their common fundamental principles; at last to behold all the dramas of the past as one Whole—in fine, to sum up Shakespeare. Such a plan, if successful, will unfold the inner meaning as well as the outward structure of the Shakespearean drama." The author well says: "There can be no doubt in the statement that the unique and all-surpassing greatness of Shakespeare lies in his comprehension of the ethical order of the world. * * * Men see in him their highest selves, and hence take him as their greatest exponent." Why Shakespeare's dramas have been thought most worthy of this writer's attention is thus explained: "The drama represents man in action. It exhibits him in the infinite web of his complications, with influences passing out from him, and coming back to him, and thereby portrays in the shortest space, and in the most striking manner, the relative worth of human deeds. Nor does it rest content with the mere external doings of man; on the contrary, it penetrates his innermost nature, and probes the profoundest depths of his spiritual being. For it unfolds motives, ends, convictions; and in fact, these internal elements constitute its most important feature."

Mr. Snider, in this work, further confines himself to a consideration of the *tragic* dramas of Shakespeare, impelled thereto by his belief that "a tragedy is not produced merely by an indiscriminate slaughter of the characters at the end of the play. There must be something within the individual which brings him to destruction; there must be a principle which fills his breast and drives him forward to his fate; his death is to spring from his deed." The tragedies analyzed thus are "Timon of Athens," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet."

The style of this work is pleasing, the commentator's own thought elevating; and the volume, solid and handsome in its make-up, will be found a valuable help in the study of Shakespeare.

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY AND THE OWNERSHIP OF LAND. By W. T. Harris. (Reprint from the *Journal of Social Science*.) Cupples, Hurd & Co., 94 Boylston Street, Boston. Price 25 cents; pp. 40.

Henry George's famous theory is compared in this pamphlet with actual facts from the best sources, by an impartial scholar, accustomed to philosophical reasoning. Dr. Harris proves, from

the last national census and other standard authorities, that the average amount of rent paid by each individual in the United States for land without buildings, at six per cent. on assessed valuation, would be, if we were all tenants, only "eight dollars apiece per year, or 2 1-5 cents per day." Even in Great Britain and Ireland, rents average only 2½ cents daily for each inhabitant; and there the assessed value of land scarcely doubled between 1801 and 1882, while that of houses increased more than sevenfold. In other words, the alleged grievance of payment of rent for land to individual owners is a mere drop in the bucket. The common saying, that "The rich are growing richer and fewer, while the poor are growing poorer and more numerous," is next proved, not only from British but from American statistics, to be dangerously false; though Dr. Harris does not consider the reasons for believing that an exception to the general improvement of the condition of the working classes has recently been made in the United States by the excessive increase of our tariff. Neither does he remember how much of the prosperity of skilled laborers in England, since 1840, has been due to free trade, or he would not repeat Carlyle's slander of political economy as "the dismal science," and bestow such undeserved blame on Adam Smith, Ricardo and Malthus. These defects are slight, however, compared with the merit either of the arguments already referred to, or of those showing that factory hands are much better paid in comparison with other laborers, especially those on farms, than is generally supposed; that if Henry George's plans were set in operation, farmers would be crushed, while all who live in cheap houses would be taxed too heavily; and that "History looks upon the invention of private property in land as one of the mightiest steps towards human progress."

The *Revue de Belgique* for October opens with a full account of the Dutch poet Vondel, who vindicated the memory of Barneveldt, and furnished to Milton that conception of Satan which is the grandest feature of *Paradise Lost*. Another interesting article tells how a young Frenchman named Fabre gave himself up, in 1756, to be sent to the galleys in place of his aged father, who had been arrested for the crime of hearing a Protestant preach. While toiling among convicts, in hardships which were embittered by remorse for falsehoods which he had told in order to save other Huguenots from persecution, he was asked by his betrothed, whether she ought to listen to a rich man who sought her hand with the approbation of her family, then oppressed by poverty. He was disinterested enough to advise her to marry; but her heart revolted at the last moment, and she remained true to her lover, who married her on his receiving pardon after eight years of penal labor. We are also furnished with the plot of a drama which was founded on these facts, and did much to swell that tide of popular feeling which finally brought toleration to French Protestants two hundred years ago, thanks above all other men to Voltaire.

The *Art Amateur* for November is more remarkable for the variety and richness of its illustrations than for its reading matter. The print in oil colors represents a fine bunch of purple grapes with stem and leaves. It is very strong and effective in color, and where the natural object cannot be procured (which is always much better) gives good material for a study of this most valuable example of light and shadow. A design for tapestry painting, "The Sportsman," by R. Arthurs, is in a bold, vigorous style, well adapted to the subject and the purpose for which it is intended. The most popular illustrations are, however, the numerous sketches of cats and kittens, which will delight all lovers of these household pets. Pleasant stories are told of Landseers' method of studying these animals, which are very difficult to portray well. The Breton peasant

by Jules Bretonne, is earnest and simple, and is a good specimen of this popular painter's style. A Flemish maiden of the seventeenth century, is in quite the opposite style, but is very quaint and pleasing. There are many minor studies and designs which are very attractive. We turn with interest to the article called "Art Amateur for 1888," to see what good things are promised for the coming year, and find a rich feast is to be set before the subscribers to this popular art journal. With each number there will be a color study of landscape, flower, or figure. Victor Dargon's flower studies will be continued, the flowers being appropriate to the months in which they are published; this will give the student an opportunity to compare them with the natural flowers. Special attention will be given to china painting, with practical instruction and designs. Ellen Welby's designs and Edith Scannell's sketches of children in outline, will be continued. Furniture Decoration, Wood Carving, Church Needlework, Tapestry Painting, and Photography will have their appropriate place. Mrs. T. M. Wheeler will contribute a series of talks on "Embroidery in America." The literary department will contain art notes and hints, criticisms of books and paintings, and biographies of American and foreign artists. The monthly visits of this bright periodical are sufficient to keep the amateur *au courant* with what is going on in the world of art, and to refresh and help the student with suggestion and information.

THE first number of the *American Journal of Psychology*, edited by G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in the Johns Hopkins University, has appeared, and is to be published quarterly by N. Murray, Baltimore. The editor announces that it is his object to record the psychological work of a scientific character as distinct from a speculative character. The vast progress made in this department of late years is little realized, and the field for such a journal is, we believe, very large. The journal will have three departments: Original contributions of a scientific character, digests and reviews, and notes, news, brief mentions, etc. Controversy will be excluded as far as possible. We doubt if it is possible to debar speculation from such a magazine, and the first article on "Normal Knee Jerk," by Lombard, discusses causes which are to some extent speculative. The numerous tables reminds one of the Smithsonian publications. There is a golden mean in such matters which it is very difficult for publishers to strike. We hail this great work as the beginning of a new era in American psychology. It reflects largely what has been piled up (in psychological inquiry into the mind) in Germany during the last twenty years. It is to be hoped that the immense amount of work that has been done in German, French and Italian laboratories will find proper recognition.

The *Freidenker-Almanach* for 1888 is rich, not only in astronomical and chronological information, but in proverbs and other brief quotations, as well as in original articles. There are no less than twenty-one poems, besides the ten little gems by Hermann Schuricht, called "Shooting-Stars." Among the other poets are Otto Soubron and Hugo Andriessen, to the last of whom we also owe a very interesting account of Francesca da Rimini. Paul Carus explains "The meaning of Monism." Aristotle's doctrine of Substance is set forth by Robert Nix. The labor question is brought forward in "They Will not Learn Anything," by Maximilian Grossman, and in "Socialism and Individualism," by J. Lucas. We have also part of an address on "Prejudice" by Edward Schroeter; a satire on conservative apathy, entitled "Nothing New," by Friedrich Schüneimann Pott; and an instructive sketch on the history of the Constitution of the United States and its principal amendments, by C. Hermann Boppe.

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THE FOOL IN THE DRAMA.*

BY FRANZ HELBIG.

As in life, so also on the stage, which purports to be a mirror of life, we frequently find seriousness and jest, wisdom and folly, side by side and mutually offsetting each other. The drama had scarcely extricated itself from its first beginnings, when the fool appeared on the stage. Folly has its part in Life as well as in Art. Exposed foolishness is the best friend of reason, for it guards man against falling into folly.

Although Gottsched, in 1737, induced Caroline Neuberin to banish the merry-maker of the German play, the "Hans Wurst," from the stage in a solemn *auto-da-fé*, folly crept in again in all manner of disguises. This old German "Hans Wurst," the personified condensation of folly, was far more than a mere merry-maker. He was, so to speak, the suppressed popular sentiment, as Robert Prutz remarks in his lectures on the history of the German drama. "The people could not place an independent drama in opposition to, or even in competition with, the drama of the clergy, the schoolmen, and the courts; so it created a dramatic representative, it originated a mask behind which the popular sentiment, after it had been driven from every other position, took refuge as behind a last secure intrenchment. It is the intellectual weapon of wit to which he who cannot vanquish his powerful adversary with real weapons gladly resorts. Thus the merry figure of the German "Hans Wurst" may be regarded as the personification of popular wit.

Not only Germany, but also other literary nations, experienced a similar necessity of incarnating the wit in which the oppressed spirit found relief, in some particular character. And it is remarkable that all these national fools derived their names from the favorite dishes of the various nations. As the German "Bratwurst" (sausage) was godfather at the christening of the German "Hans Wurst," so in the Netherlands he was called "Pickle-herring" and "Stockfish" (codfish); in France, "Jean Pottage" (soup); in Italy, "Signor Maccaroni"; and in England, "Jack Pudding."

There is a deep significance in this designation. It is a protest of the confirmed realism of the common people against the idealism of the educated classes, against the foreign learned culture and the excessively refined manners of the higher ranks. As Robert Prutz very correctly says, "These comic masks invariably come into existence when the popular sentiment has suffered a great rupture, a sudden dissension; when, in a word, the people feels itself estranged of its own accord,—when it finds itself face to face with a government, a culture, a literature, in which it has no part, which it neither knows nor understands, by which, on the contrary, it feels itself grieved and oppressed as by some externally imposed foreign object. The people replaced this unreal, visionary world by the real world, in which, above all, something good to eat can be found. They contrasted a substantial reality with the incomprehensible.

In ancient times, there was a much greater fusion between idealism and realism; consequently, the ancient drama did not know this universal typical fool of the modern world. The merry personages of the old Greek and Roman drama are not professional fools, but individual concrete comic characters. On the other hand, the German "Hans Wurst" has a definite typical character, which he retains in all the various guises in which he appears. He is the spice of all dramatic food. Even the most serious and most bloody tragedy could not dispense with him; his nauseating, cynical wit and merry capers incessantly interrupted the majestic progress of the main action. He appears as a braggart of the first water, who constantly vaunts his courage; but he shows it only where he knows no danger to exist. No matter how willing he may be to give occasion for a quarrel or a fight, if the affair becomes too serious he very seasonably takes to his heels. And so the fool goes through life unscathed, while his master, who far surpasses him in mind and culture, succumbs to its trials. By his predilection for good meals and high fees he parodies his master's ideal endeavors, and by his chronic appetite he interrupts the sublime course of the former's thought. If he could only have his sausage, the old "Hans Wurst" was indifferent to everything else. To him, eating and

*Translated from the German in *Westerman's Monatshefte* for August, 1887.

drinking are the essentials, because they hold body and soul together.

To the average man, everything intangible remains incomprehensible. Our "Hans Wurst" deems himself happy for not having studied; because, if he had, he could no longer be merry. He supplies by a peculiar natural cunning what he lacks in culture and knowledge. Nor does he at times hesitate to further his object by prevarication and deception. He is married, but his wedlock is nothing but an endless round of drubbings and scoldings; at the same time he always is the henpecked victim of his chiding better-half. He is very good-natured, and if necessary has a heart full of compassion; then, like a genuine humorist, he laughs through his tears. And thus it frequently happens that he lectures his master on account of his bad behavior.

In this character-study we evidently encounter elements of the national character. In its "Hans Wurst," the people apparently saw its own beloved *Ego*. In those times the great lords retained paid fools, whose duty it was, from time to time, to tell them the truth and to ridicule them so as to guard them against folly. The nobles and the rich could indulge in such a luxury; but for the poor people it was much too expensive. So they went to the theatre, there to meet folly face to face. Thus the German "Hans Wurst" was the fool for all—the people's fool.

When "Hans Wurst" was banished from Germany, the people very unwillingly took leave of their beloved fool. Nor was it its own initiative, but the influence of the schoolmen, represented by Gottsched, that brought on the judgment prepared for him by Caroline Neuberin. For the latter the result was fatal; her performances were no longer attended, and she suffered severe financial embarrassment. Nevertheless, the good "Hans Wurst" had outlived himself. The generalization of culture, and the regeneration of æsthetic feeling arising therefrom, fettered him in his grave. After having vanished from the stage he flourished only in the puppet show, where, even at the present day, he delights the hearts of our children. On the living stage he appears only in the form of "Leporello."

The "Hans Wurst" comedy continued longest as an independent comedy, which had gradually diverged from the serious drama, in the Vienna theatres; here, late in the eighteenth century, Stranitzky, Prehauser, and his successor, Herr von Kurz (called Bernardon), were famous impersonators of this *role*.

Subsequently, however, the representation of folly was not concentrated in a single person, but it was individualized in the most manifold ramifications.

This had partially taken place already in Shakespeare. The great master of individualizing characteristics was averse to concentrating all humor in a single personage. In his plays we find nothing of the real typical "Hans

Wurst," with his red jacket and yellow trunk-hose. He rather clothed his "Hans Wurst" in doublet and boots, and called him Sir John Falstaff.

Sir John has a great family resemblance to the German popular fool. Only the character is exaggerated so as to be grotesque, and broadened by truly genial traits. Sir John, also, is impelled by the lowest instincts,—feasting and carousing are his favorite achievements. In spite of his age and his immense paunch, he is as faint-hearted and timid as a child; nevertheless he abuses the others by calling them arrant cowards. Thus he vaunts heroic deeds which he has never committed, and which in his bragging mouth grow in proportion to the number of those who believe them. He, the worst moralist, lectures Prince Henry, and offers himself as a mirror of the noblest virtue. When the Lord Chief-Justice reproaches him for having misled the young Prince, he asserts that it is himself who has been misled. The lie is his element, in which he is as much at home as a fish in water. He has notched his sword with his dagger to prove that he had fought valiantly. To escape being stabbed in the combat, he lies down on the ground in the very beginning of it, and pretends to be dead. To obtain the credit of Mistress Quickly, he gives her to understand that he has lost a seal-ring worth forty mark; but the ring was only copper and scarcely worth eight pence. When he is convicted of lying, he gets out of his dilemma by a jest or another lie. When Prince Henry reproves him for his cowardice, he answers: "Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct." When the Prince, his protector, has become King, and contemptuously discards the white-haired fool and jester, "so surfeit-swelled, so old and so profane," and banishes him from his company, the lying hero loses his footing, and the entire fraudulent existence collapses. It is true, he endeavors to persuade Shallow, to whom he has vouchsafed his most gracious protection, that the King must seem thus to the world; that what he had heard was but a color. But already he perceives that his lie is no longer believed. "A color that I fear you will die in, Sir John," answers Shallow. To which Falstaff simply replies: "Fear no colors; go with me to dinner." Thus with the lie, his wit, on which it depended, also failed him. "Henceforth he renounces both sack and women." He even entertains holy thoughts, something like a fear of the fires of Hell. The greatest of lying fools now becomes tedious and prosaic.

Shakespeare also introduces that variety of retained professional fools who make their living by it, and who appear in the company of his great heroes. At bottom, these fools, although so designated, are anything but fools; they are, on the contrary, very clever fellows who make it their business to expose the folly of the wise. Their actions and their character cannot be better

described than in the words of Viola in "Twelfth Night," where she says of Olivia's clown—

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit."

These so-called fools carry on a merry game of banter and repartee. They are sophists and word-corrupters. "I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words," says Olivia's clown. In "All's Well that Ends Well," the clown to the Countess Roussillon declares himself capable of giving her an answer fit for all questions, and answers her repeatedly with an "O Lord, sir!" Again, Olivia's clown proves to her that she is a fool for mourning for her brother. "I think his soul is in hell, Madonna," says the fool drily. "I know his soul is in heaven, fool," angrily replies the countess. "The more fool, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven," concludes the fool. Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," is therefore not unjustified in calling "these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fool's zanies."

The most prominent figure in this chorus of fools is the fool of King Lear. With terrible irony he chastises the King for his folly in rendering himself poor and subject to the mercy of his daughters. With inexorable bitterness he comments upon the incongruity of these actions. "Sirrah, you were best take my cox-comb," he tauntingly says; and when the King wanders about poor and forsaken, he increases this taunt to the utmost: "Thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now. I am a fool, thou art nothing." The terrible weight of the fool's logic contributes not a little toward the King's madness; and the scene in which the poet has the three fools meet on the heath is one of the utmost pathos: King Lear, who has actually gone mad, the real fool;—Edgar, Gloucester's son, who assumes madness, the feigned fool; and the titular fool, who practises folly as a profession, and who of all three speaks and acts most rationally.

The Shakespearean fool attained his highest development in the character of Goethe's Mephistopheles. He also, according to Faust, is "a liar and a sophist." He also comments upon the endeavors and actions of his lord and master, who has been possessed by conceit and a desire for wisdom. The ironic, sarcastic manner of this comment, not only toward Faust, but also toward others,—for instance, the pupil, the students in Auerbach's cellar, Madam Martha—is quite in the vein of the Shakespearean fool. These also display somewhat of "the Spirit that Denies." Thus, he mocks the remorse-

ful and tortured Faust: "Already we are at the end of our knowledge where you poor mortals lose your senses."

In the old farces and carnival plays, on the other hand, the Devil always appears as the deceived and deluded fool, as the "aper of God," as the stupid devil who generally at the last moment is defrauded of the hoped-for prize by man's cunning. Goethe, evidently imitating this mediæval conception, has Mephistopheles succumb to a similar fate in the *dénouement* of his superb poem. He who has so long fooled Faust and the world, is now in his turn fooled by heaven, which takes advantage of his being enamoured of the beautiful angel, to capture Faust's soul, the pledge of his wager.

(To be continued.)

THE SPECIFIC ENERGIES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.*

BY DR. EWALD HERING.

Johannes Müller, the greatest physiologist of our century, in his dissertations on the senses, established a theory which is well known as "the theory of the specific energies of the sensory nerves." I cannot here recapitulate his doctrine in his own perspicuous expressions, which are so worded as to be intelligible only to a specialist. But a few sentences will suffice to explain the quintessence of his theory to any one whose occupation prevents him from bestowing more than that kindly interest upon physiology which this most fascinating science awakens in the mind of every educated man.

From the eye and from the ear, from the mucous membranes of the organs of taste and of smell, and from the skin of the whole body—viz. the organ of touch and temperature—proceed thousands of most delicate nerve fibres. Gradually uniting, they coalesce into steadily enlarging bundles, which either lead directly to the brain, or are indirectly connected with it by the spinal cord. Through these nerve fibres the sensory organs communicate with the brain, that most wonderful living structure which is both the origin and the product of our consciousness.

When a vibration of ether irritates the nervous membrane of our eye (the retina), a process ensues, the real nature of which we do not yet understand. We only know that the irritation is at once transmitted to the

* Prof. Ewald Hering delivered his lecture on "The Specific Energies of the Nervous System" on some festival occasion. It was published in the *Lotos*, and he sent a copy of it with corrections in his own hand, to Mr. Hegeler, in order to have it translated and published in THE OPEN COURT.

The essay enlarges and justifies Johannes Müller's theory of the specific energies of nerves. Professor Hering makes a broader application of this theory, by showing that it is a special and physiological aspect of a general biological law, and he justifies it by thus basing it on the broader foundation of a more general truth. Professor Hering intended the essay to be intelligible to the educated public at large, and couched his ideas, so far as was possible, in popular language.

The importance of the subject need not be commented upon.

fibres of the optic nerve, and in its further progress acts upon those cerebral parts into which the optic nerve enters. As the life of these brain structures is in close connection with our consciousness, it happens that when a ray of light enters the eye, it causes an irritation of the nervous fibres and of the cerebral cells; and thus we become conscious of the sensations of light and of color.

If, now, these same rays, which, when entering the eye, produced the sensation of light, fall upon the skin of the hand, and there irritate the delicate rootlets of the sensory nerves, this irritation is transmitted through the nerves and the spinal cord to the brain, and, instead of light we are conscious of warmth. How is it that the identical external agent in one case produces light, and in the other warmth?

Moreover, the sensation of light can be produced in a perfectly dark room by irritating the nerves of the eye by an electric current; and if we pass the electric current through the auditory nerve, we hear sounds and noises, though the deepest silence surround us. If we apply the current to the nerves of the skin, we experience the sensation of heat or cold, although not in contact with any cold or warm object. And if, by the very same current, we excite the nerves of the tongue, gustatory sensations are produced. Accordingly, the nervous apparatus of each sensory organ responds to the same irritation with different sensations. And again we ask: How does precisely the same cause produce such a variety of effects?

Even by the aid of a microscope the anatomist has not been able to discover any essential difference between the various sensory nerves. For instance, that part of the brain which produces the visual sensations does not, in its ultimate structure, vary noticeably from those cerebral regions which produce sensations of sound or temperature. But (and this is the answer to the problem in question) this sameness of form is not accompanied by a sameness of nature. The diverse structures of the nervous system, the nerve cells and the nerve fibres, are internally different in spite of all external similarity, and the diversity of the sensations produced is a manifestation of such difference.

It is the nature of the nervous substance in the visual organ to produce sensations of light, and only such. It is the bell which sounds, and not its tongue; and similarly it is not the vibration of ether, but the nerve, that produces light. No matter whether it be a ray of light,—whether it be pressure or a blow upon the eye, an electric current, or any irritation whatever,—that affects the nervous apparatus, it invariably manifests itself as light or color. In the same way, we become conscious of the irritations of the auditory organ in the form of sound or noise, no matter what their cause, which may be aerial vibrations or any morbid irritation of the inner ear, or an orgasm of the blood.

Johannes Müller named the inherent function of certain nerves to communicate certain sensations, which could not be produced otherwise, to our consciousness, the "specific energy" of those nerves. More than half a century has elapsed since this great physiologist developed his theory in grand and magnificent proportions; and thus, in scientific terms, he formulated an idea, the original germ of which lies buried in the distant past as far back as Aristotle. Johannes Müller's doctrines were re-echoed in innumerable writings, but it cannot be said that the seed he sowed fell upon fertile soil, or that it was developed in any essential feature. A few partially successful attempts were made to promote Müller's theory of the sensations of color and of sound; but, aside from that, his doctrine bore little fruit. On the contrary it was suppressed, even by Johannes Müller's own disciples. It again became customary to regard all nerve fibres as having essentially the same nature, and to suppose that the same kind of irritation is transmitted in all fibres of the various nerves. The question as to why the nerves of the different sensory organs produce such various sensations was either entirely abandoned, or it was deemed sufficient to say that the cause should be sought in the brain, although the same causes which were supposed to prove that all nerve fibres are of the same nature, would hold good also in the case of the cerebral cells and fibres. Even in some of the numerous writings of the present day, we meet with authors who, confounding philosophy and physiology, declare that the theory of the specific energies is one of the great aberrations of physiology.

In consideration of this fact, permit me, as an enthusiastic follower, although no personal disciple, of the great scientist, to disclose and reveal the deep significance of the great master's doctrine, and to show that it is the application of a principle which has been or surely will be accepted in other provinces of biology.—

The animal kingdom comprises an inexhaustible multiplicity of form, and to a layman who is not initiated into the science of biology it seems almost incredible that all these creatures, so manifoldly differing in their forms and habits, should, as germs in the first stage of their development, be so homomorphous! As a rule, even the most experienced eye, with the assistance of every means of scientific analysis, would not be able to recognize in a germ the animal into which it is going to develop. The fish as well as the bird, and the insect as well as man, so far as we can judge according to external appearance, all begin their lives as most simple and microscopically small, spheroidal structures. Nor does this uniformity exist only for the eye; for chemical analysis resolves them all into the same ultimate elements.

We ask how is it possible that totally different forms can develop from apparently like germs, and the answer

is, that this resemblance of the germs is merely external. By the aid of even the most powerful microscopes, we barely discern only the roughest outlines of their structures.

In the heavens, whole systems of suns appear only as nebulae, which even the most powerful telescopes cannot resolve into their single stars. As observation is impossible, we can only surmise their structure. Similarly the ultimate and most delicate frameworks in the architecture of the living substance of germs is withdrawn from the observation of even the most minute research. Could we approach nearer and nearer to one of these nebulae, one star after the other would emerge from the apparently homogeneous mass; we would see planets revolving around their suns, and satellites about the planets. Thus, if with our corporeal or intellectual eye we could penetrate into the minutest internal structure of the substance of germs—if we could comprehend the arrangement and motion of the molecules and atoms—we would discover that the living germ substance of each animal species has its specific properties, and the substance of each single germ has its individual properties on account of which, in a further evolution, a special and peculiar type must mechanically develop.

Whether these internal variations of the germs are chemical or physical, is, at present, immaterial; for the physical properties of a substance are conditioned by their chemical qualities, and when we inquire into the molecular and atomic structure of a substance, the dividing line between the domains of chemistry and physics disappears entirely. We cannot, in the immediate future, however, hope to find a chemical formula for the individual germ substances. To reveal the delicate secret of living matter by the comparatively crude methods of chemistry, would be like trying to explain the mechanism of a watch by melting it in a crucible, and examining the molten mass with regard to its ingredients.

As we can not at present solve the problem of internal variation of the externally similar germ substances, we must be satisfied with the statement that the germs of each animal species possess an inherent and innate faculty—viz., a specific energy, which directs its developments in a manner characteristic to this animal and to no other. Again, each single germ possesses an individual energy which, in addition to the normal features of its species, secures an individual character to its future development.

Let us now approach our problem from another side. When the naked eye is not able to discern the more minute organization and delicate structure of an organism, the anatomist employs the microscope, and a new world of discernible facts is revealed to him. The apparently homogeneous form dissolves into innumerable distinct structures; millions of the minutest separately-existing beings, different in shape and internal

structure, compose a systematically arranged aggregate, thus forming the diverse organs; and these beings, in spite of the complicated interdependence, lead quite separate lives, for each single being is an animated centre of activity. The human body does not receive the impulse of life like a machine from one point, but each single atom of the different organs bears its vitalizing power in itself. The current of life does not emanate from one special part of the body, but all its minutest parts are themselves sources of life. The architecture of the human body which consists of these elementary organisms, or cells, as they are called, has often been explained. The harmonious interaction and the division of labor among these innumerable particles has been compared to the judiciously adapted co-operation of the individual members in a well regulated community. As in such a community, so also in the human organism, a special kind of work is consigned to each group of individuals; and, according to the various functions, the elementary organisms are differently formed; but those elements which possess the properly so-called vital power, in every respect exhibit the most striking resemblance, although it may be hidden by and interwoven with various less important solid or fluid ingredients.

In all living cells and fibres of the various organs we always encounter the same colorless, almost fluid, soft, easily changeable substance in the shape of most delicate threads, nets or drops. It is the properly vital element of the cell. There the enigma of life lies buried, for *it* is the moving and creating power in the elementary organism. *It* produces the contraction of muscular fibres, and transmits the irritation in the nerve fibre; *it* builds up the solid and strong mass of the supporting bone, and the tough fibre of the tendon. *It* shapes the feathers of the bird, the scales of the fish and horns of the stag.

Yet, it is everywhere apparently the same, and if it is isolated from its proper sphere and surroundings, and considered by itself, the most experienced eye cannot tell which of the different functions was performed by it.

Again we ask, how is it possible that apparently equal causes produce such different effects. And here no one will doubt that in spite of external similarity the living substance in the cells of the individual organs is internally different; and a difference of function necessarily results from this difference of internal structure. It is an innate function. The specific energy of the living substance in the liver produces bile as the specific energy of the root of a hair builds up the horny mass of hair.

All the innumerable elementary beings or cells of an organism are the offspring of one single germ cell in which the development commenced. By division the first cell was split in two. Although both were intimately connected with each other, they were nevertheless to a certain extent independent cells. These two cells divided again, and formed other cells,

and so on. Thus by a constantly renewed formation of more living substance the number of the elementary structures increases in an almost inexhaustible multiplicity. But in the progress of multiplication also form and arrangement of the cells are changed. They separate into divers homogeneous groups, each of which differs from the others in character in so far as it performs a special function. The living substance is specialized in the process of development according to its function and destination. All the united different specific energies which later on will develop to full life separately in its descendants, lie concealed, although only potentially, in the substance of a germ.

In the light of these considerations the diversity of function in the nervous substance can no longer surprise us. Its external similarity prevents us from considering it as internally different, and from claiming for it specific energies according to the doctrine of Johannes Müller.

(*To be concluded.*)

FOLK-LORE STUDIES.

BY I. J. VANCE.

I.

In a gossipy sketch of "Washington Irving at Home," in the *May Century*, Mr. Clarence Bull notes that Irving has been rightly called the last of the mythologists. Thus, to show how even educated people regarded the inimitable "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and the happy stories of Diedrich Knickerbocker, Mr. Bull quotes the criticism of a well-known scholar of Dutch ancestry, who thought perhaps that he was passing an awful sentence on the genial author of the *Sketch Book*, when he said that it was painful to see a mind like Irving's "wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme." Would that Irving had squandered a still larger portion of his mental endowment and inheritance on this ungrateful theme,—on this Folk-Lore! The truth is, that Irving was the last of the mythologists because mythology at that time did not pay; it was an ungrateful theme because it found no appreciative audience or readers.

It is hardly necessary to say that this attitude toward the rich stores of a people's legends and romances has quite disappeared. Indeed, some enthusiastic students have not hesitated to argue that the Folk-Lore of a people is of more importance in the history of progress—Culture-History, as the Germans well term it—than the Court or Epsom. At all events, the legendary lore and popular tales, which still survive among our simple-minded folk, are to-day the most striking witnesses of the evolution of culture from those low grades of human thought and feeling that characterize primitive and uncivilized communities.

Now, about the time that Washington Irving was wasting so much time with the simple legends of the

Dutch along the Hudson, a German scholar, Jacob Grimm by name, was wasting many valuable years in collecting childish legends and popular tales so dearly treasured by rude and uncultivated German peasants. From that day until this, the by-ways and hedges of all Europe have been more or less ransacked by keen-eyed and inquiring disciples of Grimm, eagerly taking down the marvelous stories as they fell from the lips of the peasantry. What was thus taken down, not only found its way in print, but found thousands of readers. And now the lettered were willing to sit at the feet of the unlettered. Folk-Lore societies were quickly established for the purpose of collecting and preserving these fanciful legends, and its members are now numbered by the hundreds. But above all, when scholars came to put the popular stories from all over the globe side by side, a most astonishing similarity was at once observed. It seemed impossible that the Hindus and Germans, the Greeks and Romans, should have borrowed their traditional lore after they had separated and settled thousands of miles apart. There was—there could be—but one obvious explanation, and that was, of course, that the framework of the story or legend came from a common source. Thus a new science was born, and christened Comparative Mythology. Together with comparative philology, it established the kinship of that branch of the human race known as Aryan.

The question now is, what have our American students of Folk-Lore done toward contributing their share to the History of Culture? The answer is brief, but unsatisfactory: With the exception of some Indian legends (often colored by the poetical white man), and a few negro tales, our scholars have done very little toward gathering materials for the comparative study of Folk-Lore. The result is, that our students of Folk-Lore have been obliged to seek foreign fields. Thus, Professor John Fiske, in his "Myths and Myth-makers," and Professor Crane, of Cornell, in his "Italian Popular Tales," have shown us what American students could do, if only the materials for American Folk-Lore studies were forthcoming.

Confining, then, the subject to America, it may be asked, where shall we look for the materials of such a study?—that is to say: Where are we able to find in this country those items of superstition or traditional lore which make up the body of a people's Folk-Lore? Obviously, there are two or three classes of native Americans among whom we may look for striking cases of intellectual survival. In the first place, the North American Indians have furnished more or less of a great mass of popular legends, and the student must learn to distinguish between what is true and what is false. Then, the Southern negroes, as recent study leads us to believe, will also contribute their full share of stories to the comparative student of Folk-Lore. Then, again, there are one or two other sources, such as the

superstitions current among the French Canadians, and the fables such as the late Professor Hartt and Mr. Smith have collected among the Indian tribes on the Amazon. There may be still other sources, but they need not be enumerated at this time.

Without going further, therefore, we believe that the popular traditions or legends of Indians, Negroes, and Canadians alone form rich stores for the student of American Folk-Lore. All the conditions necessary for the development of Folk-Lore are found among the above-named folk. These conditions may be broadly divided into two classes: (1) Those which are due to physical phenomena or causes, and (2) those which spring from ignorance, and thus lead men to explain natural causes by supernatural agencies.

Thus, under the first condition we have all those popular tales or traditions which embody usually the sum total of a rude or primitive folk's knowledge of the outward world. There is hardly an object, animate or inanimate, which is not used or made to play a part in these popular stories. Under what Mr. Buckle has called the "Aspects of Nature," the Primitive Aryans had a crowd of myths which were not a whit different from our modern popular tales. The difference between Folk-Lore and Mythology is simply one of degree, not of kind. As the Rev. Sir George Cox well says, "Folk-Lore, in short, is perpetually running into mythology."—(*Introduction to Mythology, etc.*, p. v.)

Under the second condition we have a host of popular stories which are due to popular ignorance. So long as natural laws remain unknown, anything like a rational explanation of strange and wonderful phenomena will be wholly out of the question. "People perfectly ignorant of physical laws," says Mr. Buckle, "will refer to supernatural causes all the phenomena, by which they are surrounded."—(*History of Civilization*, vol. 1, p. 265.)

Although, happily, under the influence of physical science and education, many of the irrational superstitions of the past have vanished, never to bother us more, yet many items of superstition still linger on in remote districts, and these the student of Folk-Lore must industriously track out and jealously preserve. As we have said, there are still rich stores of popular tales, survivals of which may still be found among the Indians, the Negroes, and the Canadians. Fortunately, many of these traditions have already been gathered, but they have, so far, been turned to but little account.

We shall briefly try to point out the uses to which the mass of material thus gathered might be put; for, as Mr. E. B. Tylor argues, the use of Folk-Lore depends mainly on the answering of the following question: "When similiar arts, beliefs, or legends are found in several distant regions, among peoples not known to be of the same stock, how is this similarity to be accounted for?"

II.

In attempting to account for similar beliefs or legends found current among distant peoples not known to be related, the student of Folk-Lore is very apt to be led into a labyrinth of inconsistencies. He will perhaps run across similarities so striking, so ingenious, or so circumstantial, that straightway he concludes that there is some historical connection or relation between the folk among whom such similarities are found prevailing. He draws conclusions which, though acute and suggestive, are not warranted by sound methods of interpretation and of comparative Folk-Lore.

There are two methods of studying American Folk-Lore. One considers its origin, and the other is strictly a work of comparison and analysis. The first method is manifestly important in establishing the kinship of distant peoples; the second shows the individuality of each cultus and the workings of the primitive mind either under similar or dissimilar conditions. Hence, the question, how American Folk-Lore was manufactured is, in our present brief survey, less pertinent than the inquiry as to how it compares with that of the rest of the world. We must, in a measure, classify the crowd of folk-tales which have come up independently and those which may have a common origin.

Major J. W. Powell, of the Bureau of Ethnology, in his Third Report (LXVI.) has very well pointed out that, independent similarities may be (1) entirely adventitious or (2) may be due to concausation. That similarities of a common origin may be due (1) to cognation and (2) to acculturation—that is, to imitation. An example or two may perhaps show the above distinctions in a clearer light.

The resemblances between the stories relating to different natural phenomena, for example, are not evidences that such stories have come from a common source. Some North American Indian tribes believe that the winds are the breathings of mythic animals. This story is found scattered all over the world. Other Indian tribes have legends about a gigantic bird, the flapping of whose wings causes thunder. This legend, found among the Tlinkit and Innuvit tribes of Alaska, in the New World, was also current among several people of the Old World. Manifestly, the presumption is that such tales are independent, and are due to concausation.

Again, very many savage tribes have explanations of the rain surprisingly similar even in minute details. Thus, in the falling rain, both the Greek and the Savage saw the dropping tears shed by a tender-hearted deity, while the electric flash, like the eyes of a Homeric hero, to them sent forth the dreadful ligh'nings of an angry God. Ellis in his *Polynesian Researches* noted the same tale among the Tabitians, who say:

"Thickly fall the small rain on the face of the sea.
They are not drops of rain, but they are tears of Oro."

The plain truth is, that such lore is concealed, and has been developed independently.

A comparison of a few well-known American legends with their analogues in the Old World may also serve to strengthen the above argument in another way. I venture to think that we shall find that popular stories are more widely diffused than most persons are inclined to believe.

We may take the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Who will forget the school-master, Icabod Crane! How many of us smile at the fearful race between Icabod and the headless horseman! How vivid the scene where Icabod gallops over the bridge of the Pocantico, scared out of his wits, and the horseman clattering just at his heels! This story has become part and parcel of our native lore. But the frame-work of the story is found in the German tale of the peasants pursued by the Wild Huntsman,—our Herne the Hunter. The materials of course are used differently; in one case the scenery and local coloring belong to the Catskill Mountains, and in the other, the descriptions and events are all applicable to the Hartz Mountains. In the German tale the *Heljäger* (hell-hunter) hunts in the clouds all the year round except the twelve nights between Christmas and Twelfth-night. During this time he hunts on earth, and woe to anyone who meets him in the woods or leaves his door open during the night for the huntsman's dogs to run in! That unfortunate person will meet with great trouble.

We may take next, the familiar legend of Rip Van Winkle. There has been a persistent effort on the part of some students to make this out a sun myth; others, misled by Washington Irving's note to the tale that it was "suggested by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick Rothbart and the Kyffhauser Mountain;" others, as a well-known English author, have regarded the legend as a purely autochthonous myth. Indeed, the simple and very charming way in which Irving has told about Rip's sleep is apt to throw one off of the right scent. Witness, when Rip woke up, "he looked around, but he could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain." Now, it is this home-like and artistic touch that gives the legend its verisimilitude, and its native flavor.

Perhaps nearest allied to the Catskill legend is the German story of Peter Klaus, a goat-herd. One day Peter was accosted by a stranger, who beckoned him to come along. He was in this way led to a deep dell, where he found twelve courtly knights playing at skittles. Not a word was uttered, though a can of wine was offered to Klaus, who drank his fill. Thereupon he fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke he found himself where his goats were accustomed to feed, but rubbing his eyes again and again he failed to see them. On descending to the place where the village lay, he found everything

changed; his old friends were dead; his old acquaintances had disappeared, while he himself was alone and totally forgotten. In truth he had been asleep for twenty years.

In the Scotch story of Tom-na-Hurich—the Hill of the Fairies—we have another version of the Catskill Mountain legend. It is the story of the two fiddlers of Strathspey. The two fiddlers, one Christmas season, arrived at Inverness, and there sought to hire out to such as would need their services. Shortly after their arrival a gray-haired old man called upon them, and offered them a good sum of money if they would play for him just out of the town. They readily agreed, and followed him to what looked like a shed, and they noticed that they went through a long vestibule which led into the hill. They played all through the long night, and saw such dancing as they had never before or since in their lives. In the wee sma' hours of the morning they were dismissed with additional pay. Again they noticed, as they took their leave, that they went out of the hill. The sleepy fiddlers soon made their way to town, only to find everything and everybody changed; the houses and streets had a strange look; while the towns-people had no recollection of their Christmas visit. At last one man said: "You are the two men who lodged with my grandfather, and whom Thomas the Rimer decoyed into the Tom-na-Hurich. Your friends were greatly alarmed at the time; but that is a hundred years ago." The story ends rather peculiarly. The fiddlers went to church that day, and when the first words of Bible were read, they vanished into thin dust.

We may take, further, the story of the Rabbi Honi, or Chone Hamagel. The main incidents of this story are given with some detail in the Talmud. According to this version the Rabbi was a kind of misanthrope and skeptic combined. He would take long walks by himself, and argue and re-argue to great problems of existence. "What is life? What is life?" he would ask time and time again. "It is like a fleeting shadow,"—and that is all the conclusion he could come to. One day he saw an old gray-haired man planting the St. John's bread, or carob-tree. The Rabbi Honi gently hinted to the old man that it was folly for him to waste his short time and energy in planting a tree whose fruit would only come in seventy years. "Dost thou hope to live so long?" Said the old man: "I plant this tree not for myself. In my youth I gathered fruit from the trees planted by my grandfathers; now would I provide for the happiness of my descendants." Thus a new train of thought quickly arose in Honi's mind; thus a new set of questions sprang up to perplex him. He could not satisfy his own doubts. Wearied by his walk and troubled by his thoughts, the Rabbi falls into a quiet sleep on a little hill of ground. He sleeps on and on—for seventy years. He wakes up;

he rubs his eyes; he gets up and wends his way homeward. On his way he sees a great carob-tree flourishing where yesterday he saw the old man planting a slender twig. He asks a boy, "Who planted this tree?" and is told that it was planted by his grandfather. Then Honi knew that he had slept seventy years. When he comes to his native city, behold! the streets, the houses, the people, are all strange. Even his own relatives have forgotten him; but they listen to his wondrous tale, and give him a home. The legend is manifestly fitted to the Semitic cast of mind, and its *motif* betrays the workings of a deeply religious sentiment.

The story of Frederick der Rothbart, alluded to by Irving, has very little in common with the Rip Van Winkle legend. The Emperor sleeps under the Rabensping (Raven's Hill) with his armored knights around him, and ready to come forth at Germany's hour of need. The legend runs that a shepherd by accident came upon the scene, and woke the Emperor from his long slumber. "Are the ravens still flying round the hill?" Frederick inquired. "Yes." "Then I must sleep another hundred years."

I venture to think that the Catskill legend of Rip Van Winkle, together with its different analogues in the Old World, are only variants of two or three very striking incidents. These incidents are: (1) the delusion or enticement; (2) the retreat to a hill; (3) the long sleep.

In regard to the first, we see that Rip Van Winkle was deluded by the love of whiskey, Peter Klaus by the love of wine, and the two fiddlers of Strathspey were enticed by their love of money. In the Talmud version the Rabbi read that,

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,
We were then like men that dream."

Thus, from this the Rabbi becomes the dupe of his "all-subtilizing intellect."

In another large class of stories we have an account of men who are enticed by the love of beauty. Wagner's well-known opera of *Tannhäuser* is founded on this version of the legend. In the case of *Tannhäuser* the Queen entices him into the Horselberg, and there keeps him, a not unwilling captive. Unfortunately with the native tale there has been mixed a good deal of Christian sentiment and rubbish. Again, it is the Faëry Queen that entices Thomas the Rhymer into the Ercildoune. At the end of seven years he is allowed to return to the earth, on the agreement that he will go back whenever a summons should come. One day a hart and a hind were seen moving up the street, and Thomas, who followed them into the woods and up to the down, was never seen afterward.

In these two tales we have a hill, berg, or down, into which men are enticed. In each the framework of the legend is quite similar; the materials, however, are quite dissimilar. It should be observed, that, in some

versions of the main legend, the long sleep is a more important incident than anything else. We have the story of the Cretan Epimenides, who, tending his flock, fell asleep in a cave and did not wake for half a century. We have again the mystic number Seven in connection with long sleep, —as in the different versions of the Seven Sages of Hellas and the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. In the latter the tradition also goes that St. John was not dead, but only sleeping till the great consummation of the world should come.

It is not necessary to show further that the American story is only a common form, a legend diffused throughout the length and breadth of Europe. These tales of Rip Van Winkle, of the two fiddlers of Strathspey, of Peter Klaus, of the Rabbi Chone Hamagel are simply myths—

"Or such refraction of events,
As often rises ere they rise."

As a study of comparative Folk-Lore, the above sketch brings out pretty plainly one or two things. It shows, first of all, that there is a good deal of human nature in men wherever we find them. It shows, also, that we mortals are "all in a tale." From the stupid Peter Klaus and the hen-pecked Rip Van Winkle to the school-master Icabod Crane and the subtle Rabbi Honi, we all share coincident beliefs or delusions.

(To be concluded.)

TO ARMS.

BY WHEELBARROW.

I have just been reading the proceedings of "The Trade and Labor Assembly," and also the resolutions of "The Cigar Maker's Progressive Union." Both gatherings demand social and economic changes of great importance, but the Cigar Makers' are the more "progressive" of the two. They have reached the end of rational argument, and propose to fight. Their program was contained in a "circular," the first demand of which was "Destruction of the existing class rule by energetic, relentless, revolutionary, and international action." They also adopted some resolutions, the chief of which was "that the only means through which our aims, the emancipation of all mankind, can be accomplished, is open rebellion of the despoiled of all nations against the existing social, economic, and political institutions." Those resolutions have a flavor of Barnaby Rudge. They resemble the crimson doctrines proclaimed by the London apprentices, led by that "relentless" warrior of the thin legs and the wooden sword, Captain Sim. Tappetit. Still, for all that, their language is plain, and they express a bold purpose. A hater of "class rule" all my life, I am willing to fight for its destruction. Where is the recruiting office?

Although I am not certain that a "class rule" of "Progressive Cigar Makers" would be any better than

the "class rule" we are living under now, and although there is no close affinity between shoveling coal and making cigars, still, I am willing to stand by the Cigar Makers as brother constituents in the great confraternity of labor. Unlike most occupations toward each other, there happens to be no reciprocity of benefits between the Cigar Makers and me. The favors conferred are all from them to me, and none from me to them. They are compelled to burn coal, and thus give me employment, but I am not compelled to burn cigars. I cannot help their trade to the amount of five cents a year. I cannot afford to smoke cigars. I have to be contented with a pipe of tobacco, and think myself lucky to get that. My son, however, the short-hand writer that I spoke of, gets twice as much wages for scribbling curious pot-hooks and hieroglyphics as I ever got for shoveling coal, and he can afford to smoke cigars. I think he smokes more of them than is good for him, but that's his own affair, not mine. If I had his wealth I should probably smoke cigars as he does. Whether I smoke their cigars or not makes no difference; I am as ready to fight for the rights of Cigar Makers as for my own; but, although I have sought diligently for it, I have thus far been unable to find the recruiting office. Where can I find the headquarters of Captain Sim. Tappetit?

Brothers, unless we are ready to open the recruiting office let us not talk about fighting. By doing so we expose our own weakness. We bring derision upon ourselves and contempt upon our cause. That is not the worst of it; we undervalue the moral forces which we hold in our own hands. We depreciate the strength we have by appealing to a strength which we have not. It may be rash and foolish to fight even for liberty, but it is brave. To talk fight without intending it is equally rash and foolish, but not brave. It is neither wise nor patriotic to persuade the working men that their moral resources are all exhausted, and that there is no reform power in the ballot, in the press, and in public opinion. The statement is not true; and the men who make it present to us a dilemma of double despair. Without arms, discipline, leaders, or even a plan of battle, fighting is clearly hopeless. If the ballot is impotent also, then we must fall back for comfort on bombast and beer. We can fill ourselves with nectar of the gods at five cents a glass, and boast of our intention at some future time to paint the universe red. It is all very fine to pass a string of resolutions, to "sound the tocsin," whatever that is, and summon us to the fray, but the resolvers will not lead us. They pretend that they can no more set a squadron in the field than Michael Cassio. They invite us to go ahead and do the fighting. If we win, and accomplish the "relentless" revolution, they promise to step up and accept all the offices under the new government. This division of labor is not fair.

Suppose that we do possess power enough to overturn one government, have we sufficient wisdom to form another and a better one? I have serious doubts about that. I think we have a great deal to unlearn before we shall be competent to establish and conduct a just government. I fear that even the "Progressive Cigar Makers" are scarcely equal to the task. At the great Labor picnic I saw them with "relentless" fury destroy the stock in trade of a merchant on the ground. His offense was, that he had some cigars in stock which had been made by Cigar Makers who were not "Progressive." For this, his property was destroyed and his life placed in jeopardy. Men, who value liberty only so far as it gives them freedom to oppress their fellow-men, talk of building a new civilization on the ruins of the American political and social system.

For instance, in the "circular" referred to above, I find a demand of "equal rights for all without distinction to sex or race," and I also read that the very meeting that adopted it "protested against the employment of women." What sort of "equal rights" will be established by a party which refuses to women the equal right with men to earn an honest living? The Trade and Labor Assembly also appointed a committee, which made a report complaining of many wrongs which labor suffers in the City of Chicago, and among them this: "Female labor is being largely used to replace male labor in skilled occupations, such as telegraphing, book-keeping, etc." The radical mistake of the labor reformers is the delusion that all persons who work at the same trade are enemies, snatching bread from one another. I used to think that way, but now I believe that the reverse of it is the true doctrine. I believe now that everybody should work, that the more workers the more product, and consequently the more comforts of life for us all.

The equal right of women to work at "skilled labor" is evidence that we are emerging from that social barbarism which consigned one part of them to the bondage of the kitchen, another to the insipid languor of the drawing room, and another to a dependence on man's wickedness, so pitiful and so sad that we fear to look upon it lest it show us the reflection of our own guilt, and make our consciences rebel within us at the savagery of man. "Skilled labor" is one of the blessed agencies that shall redeem women from poverty, from wash-tub slavery, and from sin. It may be said that I can talk this way because women don't compete with me at shoveling coal or carrying the hod. That's true; but I would talk the same way if I were a skilled mechanic. If I were a telegrapher or a book-keeper, I would hold myself unmanly to whine and whimper should a woman come along and compete with me at the trade. Throw open to women all the trades, all the offices, and all the professions, and make her independ-

ent. I have another theory also, and it is this: That the elevation of woman can never degrade man nor her prosperity injure him.

There are some things that we feel to be wrong, although we may not have sufficient ability to demonstrate their injustice. The principle of excluding persons from learning or exercising trades I am confident is not sound, although I may not be able to tell why. I feel it because I have suffered from it. I told, in a former article, how my four sons were forbidden to learn any trade in this land where they were born, which their forefathers fought to establish, and which their father fought to re-establish. They were forbidden to learn by the laws of the trades. I feel that the exclusion was unjust, and that the principle of it is wrong. My daughter learned a trade in spite of the doctrine, and it is now proposed that she shall not exercise it. She is a book-keeper. She is competent, has a good situation, and, although not yet seventeen years old, she feels absolutely independent. A lot of social reformers get themselves together in a beer saloon, and "resoloot" that she ought not to be guilty of earning her living at "skilled labor," on the ground that she works for less wages than a man would work. How do they know? And whose business is it but her own? The fact is that she is getting higher wages than some masculine book-keepers get, although less than some others. That isn't all; there are plenty of young men in town who would gladly take her situation at less wages if they could get it. There are hundreds of "males" who would readily work at her desk for ten dollars a month less than she receives. The people who are so sensitive about "competition" are quite willing that she shall compete with some poor girl as housemaid, or cook in the kitchen, but they are not willing that she shall "compete" with a man at a desk. The most curious thing about it all to me is, that those "reformers" who make this fussy war on women have the nerve to talk about fighting men.

ARE WE PRODUCTS OF MIND?

BY EDMUND MONTGOMERY, M. D.

(Conclusion.)

A definite molecular motion of the brain substance is all we can ever hope of directly becoming aware of, while observing a brain in functional activity. This our visual awareness would consist of nothing but a definitely extended and peculiarly colored space perception, whose constituent elements were undergoing intricate changes of position. Such a colored percept, in a state of minute commotion, is indeed the utmost that our sight could possibly reveal of the wondrous functional activity emanating from the supreme organ of animal life. Here, as elsewhere, our objective observation is incapable of disclosing anything more than per-

ceptual matter in motion. All the rest is and must ever remain inferential.

Our philosophical task is to render such inference as consistent as possible with the totality of observed phenomena. And this task devolves upon us because scientific experience of every kind has taught us that all parts of the universe are interdependently connected by definite and natural links. An organism is not in reality the self-rounded and occluded entity which to immediate perception it appears to be. All its peculiarities have reference to relations which it bears to its surroundings. Science renders in fact more and more obvious, that it has been built up, out and out, through interaction with this its natural medium.

The question then is: What can we legitimately conclude concerning the nature of the brain and of its functional activity, beyond what may be immediately seen or otherwise perceived by us?

We may first of all be certain that the organ—which to our perception seems made up of nothing but definitely disposed filaments, cells and homogeneous substance, and the function of which seems to our visual observation to consist of nothing but a peculiar molecular stir,—that this organ, apparently consisting of nothing but grouped particles of matter, is in its own intimate nature possessed of an inconceivably complex and replete constitution, the significance of whose intrinsic activities could not in the remotest degree be conjectured through objective observation, even if we came fully to understand the specific laws which govern the path of the moving molecules. There is a wealth of efficiency organically locked up in what perceptually appears to us as brain-substance, which is only superficially and vicariously disclosing itself to an outside observer in the form of symbolical signs consisting of nothing but perceptual motions.

How otherwise than endowed with transcendent riches could the organ be, which in its essence is the embodiment and sum total of all the main results of endless vital elaboration? We are indulging in no vague conjectures when we are allowing ourselves to believe in the profound, super-sensible import of brain-substance. Researches in comparative anatomy and embryology unmistakably indicate, that the brain has to be looked upon as a synthetical product of vital activity. Its specific constitution has evidently resulted from the structural organization of variously blended influences, emanating chiefly from the surface of contact with the medium. This surface, in the course of organic evolution, has become differentiated into areas variously responsive to sundry specific modes of outside stimulation. Thus the areas of sight and hearing have been differentiated from that of touch, each of them corresponding to a specific mode of outside stimulation. And these different sensory areas have themselves again become

more and more specialized into diversely sensitive points, as is strikingly manifest in the skin in the organ of Corti, and in the retina.

The brain has moreover been developed into a centralizing and synthetical sphere of organic efficiencies by the structural fixation of definite modes and paths of connection, gradually establishing themselves between the various stages of centrally combined sensory influences and the motor side of the organism—between the ingoing and the outgoing efficiencies of organic life. We must remember, that these developmental connections and combinations have all originated and been wrought in closest proximity to one another within the same central nerve-substance. They are in verity intimately related and interdependent organic processes. We, in whom they occur, become aware of them only when they are structurally established; realizing them either introspectively as complex facts of consciousness, or objectively through our senses as distant and transmuted motor outcomes.

Sensory and motor efficiencies are certainly not distinguished from each other in the central organ, as they are usually taken to be by outside observers, who perceive only the motor outcomes and infer therefrom central activities, which they at once invest in imagination with the character of mind, that these vital occurrences do not really possess as *perceptible organic processes*. Could the observer exactly perceive what is going on in the central substance, he would see nothing there but a molecular commotion, and could not possibly distinguish which part of this activity had a sensorial or conscious and which a motor or unconscious significance. Indeed, it is obvious, that the motor character of such centrally started activity is not acquired until the molecular commotion reaches the specific motor organs. Many phenomena, and notably those of so-called "mind-reading," render it highly probable that the sensorial and the motor effects—the conscious and the unconscious outcome of the organic process—originate in one and the same substance; the former of these effective outcomes being the inner awareness of the same activity, which, propagated to the muscles, discloses itself as a motor performance of so definite a character that the concomitant conscious state may be conjectured by it.

Surely it is here the organic constitution of the functioning substance, which determines the strict correspondence obtaining between a definite conscious state and a definite motor outcome;—not a free-floating conscious state which sets going a definite molecular stir in the brain-substance so that certain muscular fibres may be moved in a consciously designed manner.

I repeat again most emphatically: Mind or consciousness is only the inner awareness of certain high-wrought organic activities, which activities are rendered possible solely by *structurally established synthetical*

results. We may be sure, that, whenever manifold influences reach the central substance, their combined import becomes structurally realized in its intimate constitution.

In this connection it is a highly significant embryological fact, that in reproductive evolution the brain is developed from the ectodermic layer, or sphere of outside relations, chiefly as an outgrowth of the sensory surface. The organ, then, which is perceptively revealed to us as a brain, is really the structurally established synthesis of sensori-motor efficiencies, and this could not possibly be the case, unless such synthetized efficiencies were realized in the intimate constitution of the substance embodying them.

Consciousness is no synthetical chemist, much less the creator of the wondrous specific affinities, which render such consummate chemical synthesis possible as constitutes brain-substance. Consciousness is evidently impotent to bring about any kind of structural synthesis. The building up of higher and higher living substance has to be looked upon as a creative process, occurring during interaction of the organism with its medium, and accruing to it as a cosmic gift beyond all interference on the part of consciousness.

Through most gradual structural elaboration the living substance got at last to respond specifically and adequately to the multifold incitements of the outside world. The full and wide-reaching attunement of vital reaction to external influences—strikingly manifest in highly developed organisms—rests entirely on such pre-established structural correspondence. Each definite complex of outside efficiencies, each perceptible existent, strikes on the surface of the developed organism attuned chords, which in the central nerve-substance bring into functional play its appropriate and pre-organized counterpart or neural cast.

The inner awareness that accompanies this organic process is consciousness. Keeping exact pace with the organic development and specialization of the living substance, the originally dim and uniform sensibility of the organic individual became concurrently developed and specialized into corresponding modes of conscious representation, until with us, through inner illumination during the functional stir, this now subtly prepared sensibility succeeds in picturing minutely and distinctly, as vital counterpart, the outside influences affecting our senses.

The simultaneous living preservation of all the gradually accumulated organic casts, thus wrought into the living substance by the external power-complexes that time after time have stimulated the organic individual, enables it thereafter to represent to itself the many forms and relations of the outside world, even when not in the least directly affected by them. Being thus capable of considerably representing in ideal

presence the conflicting and concurring influences of many absent contingencies, it develops the faculty of foresight by which it liberates itself more and more effectively from the exclusive tyranny of immediately compelling sense-impressions, and human beings by force of the system of abstract motor expressions, called language, gain at last the power of handling the entire wealth of their otherwise scattered experience as a consistent body of knowledge.

Organized correspondences to a wide range of possible and successive external influences, having thus become established as a *simultaneous possession* within the living individual, by means of the preservation of results gained through gradual vital elaboration, it is evident, that the motor bearings and expressions of these same relations to the outside world have likewise become gradually established by the same process of vital elaboration. The execution of new variations of movement can be effected only where the organic region of its ideal forecast is already so far organically prepared as to be capable of energizing during functional activity the corresponding motor outcomes. This may take place with considerable difficulty at first, but could never take place at all where the structural possibility underlying the action is not pre-established in the acting substance. New specializations and combinations of motor outcomes have thus accompanied step by step, as complementary part of the same organic achievement, the specializations and combinations of sensory functions. Indeed we find the sensorial figurations of our relations to the outside world so intimately intertwined with their motor expression that the one cannot be functionally stimulated without the other, at the same time emerging into actuality. This occurs even when the stimulus is artificially applied, as strikingly manifest in the case where an experimentally assumed motor attitude, expressive of some emotion, is followed by the corresponding emotion itself.

This close organic interdependence of sensorial meaning and motor expression is furthermore most subtly and conclusively displayed in the instance of language, where the motor mark and its mental significance are so intimately blended, that the thesis, "No thought without language," can be legitimately defended. Indeed we are quite incapable of grasping or of apprehending outside existence, or of conceiving its relations to our ownself, unless our mental representation of such existent and its relations succeed in expressing itself through appropriate motor outcomes. It is only through appropriate motor outcomes of correctly established organic—and therewith also mental—correspondences, that we are effectively brought into intercommunication with the outside world.

Even "attention" and determinate space, these two great puzzles of introspective psychology, are—objec-

tively speaking—both specific motor accompaniments of specific sensory functions. Attention is motor tension of the region attending; such tension being widely diffused during anticipation in keeping with the reach of ideal forecast, or only centrally initiated in case of more inner or ideal contemplation, but readily narrowed or peripherally irradiated in correspondence to actual sensory stimulation, or in more vivid and communicative expression. And it is with help of adjusted motor activity of the eyes and limbs that definite spatial relations are apprehended. We are fundamentally and essentially sensori motor beings.

Activity in nature, of whatever kind, discloses itself to direct observation solely in a vicarious way through perceptual signs. Our senses cannot reveal to us what such activity may be in its own intimate nature, and whether or not it signifies something inwardly to the acting existent itself. Could we, for example, in our visual percept of an object realize the vibrating motion which we infer as actually present in its heated state—a state otherwise consciously realized by us through our skin as a peculiar, well-known sensation—even then we would not in the least know the intimate nature of the activity which was thus affecting our various modes of sensibility. For the perceived vibration would be a mental phenomenon within our own self, and the non-mental activity in the perceived existent could consequently nowise resemble it. Nor would we at all know whether or not such activity had self-significance for the heated object.

With whatever inner awareness *inorganic* existents may be endowed, we are not in a position to form well-grounded analogical conclusions concerning its characteristics. But with regard to *organic* individuals—especially such as possess nerve-centres—an observer is indeed in a position to know vastly more than is revealed to him through mere perceptual motions. The wealth of conscious experience accompanying in the observed being the organic nerve-function—a function *perceptible* as nothing but molecular motion—this conscious wealth he is capable of realizing through analogy with his own conscious experience. Thus only through connaturalness of organization or similarity of bodily constitution are we empowered to understand the otherwise impenetrable inner meaning of those at least of nature's outward doings that occur in beings nearest related to ourselves.

This figure, formed of variegated patches, now arising before me as conscious percept of mine, and aroused in my field of vision by no other means than subtle touches of an ethereal medium, signifies in all reality the veritable presence of a genuine human fellow-creature—not in any way a phenomenal and ephemeral mode of some unknowable absolute, but, in abiding existence, itself a substantial incorporation of nature's highest achieve-

ments, endowed with the same world-containing depth of being as revealed to myself in the transcendent bodilings of my own inner life.

And those slight variations of mimetic expression, those explanatory gestures and vocal signs of communication, in themselves only perceptual motions of that same variegated spectre in my field of vision, are nevertheless wondrously intelligible to me, their inmost intention being strangely manifest to my awakened intuition through the sympathetic magic of connatural relationship and its inwrought wealth of conscious experience.

After the many considerations here brought forward it can remain hardly doubtful, that all the manifest endowments of the individual who thus perceptually appears to us as a most minutely organized bodily presence, and whose wealth of inner nature is sympathetically intelligible through affinity of constitution—it can remain hardly doubtful that these his manifold endowments are one and all actually and naturally inwoven in his own living frame;—that the same creature who makes his presence perceptually known to us, is also he who perceives, thinks, and gives motor expression and actuality to his intentions concerning the sensible world.

We know for certain that the veritable being of an organic individual cannot possibly be of mental consistency; for whatever partakes of the nature of mind, besides being in its very essence fitful and evanescent, is utterly powerless to affect the senses of an observer so as to compel any perceptible revelation of itself.

We know further that the non-mental organic existent which actually does affect our senses, compelling its perceptual or bodily revelation, cannot itself in any way resemble this his mere conscious representation in the observer.

When we bear in mind these two incontestable and cardinal truths, we surely must come to the conclusion, that a being radically differing in its own intimate constitution from its mere perceptual appearance in our consciousness,—a being in fact quite impenetrable to objective observation as regards its wealth of inwrought efficiencies that such a being, in all reality endowed with super-sensible powers, is having as functional affection of its own, that wondrous inner awareness which goes by the name of consciousness and which is only sympathetically apprehended.

During functional inactivity of the central nerve-substance the organic individual has no conscious states or inner awareness, though to an observer the central nerve-substance remains all the while visible. Now, as soon as functional activity sets in, perceptible to an observer only as a molecular stir of that same brain-substance which had remained all the while visible, as soon as such organic function sets in or is set going, the observed individual experiences corresponding conscious

states. It is, consequently, altogether legitimate to conclude that consciousness is an outcome of the functional activity of the organism.

Mind is a product of vital organization.*

TRANSLATION FROM LENAU.

BY * * *

Dwell on me, O, eye of darkness
Sweet unfathomable night.
With thy spell of gloomy magic
Exercise thy fullest might.

In thy veil of melancholy
Shroud the world out of my sight:
And above my fate forever
Hover blissful holy night.

POETS ON PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

—SHAKESPEARE.

His cares are eased with intervals of bliss:
His little children, climbing for a kiss,
Welcome their father's late return at night.

—DRYDEN.

But does not nature for the child prepare
The parent's love, the tender nurse's care?
Who, for their own forgetful, seek his good,
Infold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food.

—SIR R. BLACKMORE.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?

—MRS. NORTON.

Children blessings seem, but torments are:
When young, our folly, and when old, our fear.

—OTWAY: *Don Carlos*.

* If, as maintained by Professor Cope in No. 19 of THE OPEN COURT, "the proposition that the mind of man and animals is the essential and effective director of their designed movements" is indeed "one of those fundamental facts of observation for which no proof is necessary," then, not only has this entire discussion of mine been absurdly unprofitable, but all our philosophy since Descartes has amounted to nothing but idle talk. For it was exactly the impossibility of conceiving any natural intercommunication between mind and body that gave rise to all the principal philosophical systems of the seventeenth century (Descartes, Genliux, Melebranche, Spinoza, Leibnitz, etc.), and the general relation of the world in consciousness to a world outside of consciousness has ever constituted the main problem of philosophy from the dawn of speculation up to this present hour. Professor Cope is quite at liberty to shun philosophical speculation and to stick exclusively to objective observation, but then he must refrain from arguing about facts of consciousness and their relation to our bodily organization; for it is absolutely certain that facts of consciousness are not in any way objectively observable.

The Open Court.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL.

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THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EDWARD C. HEGELER, PRESIDENT.

DR. PAUL CARUS, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

This Journal is devoted to the work of conciliating Religion with Science. The founder and editor have found this conciliation in Monism, to present and defend which will be the main object of THE OPEN COURT.

Terms of subscription, including postage, three dollars per year in advance.

All communications and business letters should be addressed to

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY,

P. O. DRAWER F, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887.

TO THE READERS OF THE OPEN COURT.

In number 21 of this journal Mr. B. F. Underwood published my acceptance of his and Mrs. Underwood's resignation as editors of THE OPEN COURT. The publication is made in a manner intending to convey to the readers that he and Mrs. Underwood have been wronged by me. Mr. Underwood says, in particular, ". . . the immediate cause of the editors' resignation is Mr. Hegeler's expressed desire to *make a place* on THE OPEN COURT for Dr. Paul Carus, who never had, it should here be said, any editorial connection with the paper, who never wrote a line for it except as a contributor and as Mr. Hegeler's secretary, and who was unknown to Mr. Hegeler when his contract with the editors was made. To the request that Dr. Carus be accepted as an editor, the present editors, for good and sufficient reasons, have unhesitatingly refused to accede, and although always willing to make concessions when required in the interest of the paper, a point is now reached where they feel compelled by self-respect to sever all relations with this journal rather than yield to Mr. Hegeler's latest requirements."

I now lay before the readers of THE OPEN COURT my correspondence with Mr. Underwood leading to his engagement and resignation, so far as it has reference to the questions brought before the public by Mr. Underwood, and statements of what took place at personal meetings in regard to this. Also a transla-

tion of those parts of my correspondence with Dr. Carus leading to his engagement.

Mr. Underwood's words, *to make a place* on THE OPEN COURT for Dr. Paul Carus, refers to the fact that Dr. Carus is betrothed to my daughter. Mr. Underwood has expressed this more fully in his letter of resignation hereafter published.

I will here state that soon after the publication of the first number of THE OPEN COURT, when Dr. Carus first came from New York, and before he had ever seen me or any one of my family, Mr. Underwood was already informed by him that he, Dr. Carus, expected to have an official connection with THE OPEN COURT. This Mr. Underwood wished to have delayed, and I then did not insist upon Dr. Carus having an editorial position on the paper.

To form an opinion whether or not Mr. Underwood has taken a correct view of the motives of my actions, the readers of THE OPEN COURT will have to take the trouble of going through the correspondence and memoranda.

Those readers who have not the time to go through the whole correspondence, will find in a condensed form the substance of my transactions with Mr. Underwood in the memorandum of the meeting last September, when all differences were discussed.

The nature of Mr. Underwood's letter of resignation, together with my desire to fulfill completely my contract with him, have caused me to let Mr. Underwood publish the last number of his editorship without any comments or interference on my part. Neither have I received from Mr. Underwood any suggestion in this regard beyond the general one in his letter of resignation of October 28th.

If Mr. Underwood should notice any omissions which he thinks should not have been made from the correspondence or memoranda of the meetings they shall be supplemented on his application.

From the time of the meeting at La Salle in September to my final acceptance of Mr. Underwood's resignation, I have been contemplating what in a business way my obligations to the late editors were under the circumstances. The paper, as conducted by Mr. Underwood, was costing me fully \$500 per number in addition to the subscriptions received. A question to me was whether it was my duty to

continue the paper under Mr. Underwood without change to the close of the year, especially as he believed that the bulk of subscriptions would come in during the fall and winter months. But as the number of subscribers was much less than Mr. Underwood had expected and did not increase in the fall months, and having paid for the paper over sixteen thousand dollars until December 1st, considerably beyond Mr. Underwood's expectations, I came to the conclusion that I had done my share in giving Mr. Underwood an opportunity in the direction of reaching a business success. I submit the evidence without argument to the readers of THE OPEN COURT.

**CORRESPONDENCE AND STATEMENTS, MADE
FROM MEMORY, CONTAINING THE SUBSTANCE
OF WHAT WAS SPOKEN AT MEETINGS RE-
LATING TO MR. UNDERWOOD'S ENGAGE-
MENT AND RESIGNATION.**

BOSTON, June 22, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—You may know that *The Index* from the time it was founded, has been compelled to depend partly upon financial aid from generous friends interested in the paper. To carry *The Index* through to January 1, 1887, nearly a thousand dollars will be required, in addition to the estimated receipts from subscriptions, etc., and my colleague, Mr. †, and myself, are authorized and requested by the trustees to address such persons as we may think interested in the paper and able and disposed to help make up the deficiency of the present year. Should you decide to favor the paper with a donation, it would be greatly appreciated by us, and by none more than myself, who, with the business management of the paper in my hands, have the past year devoted a good part of my time, energy and ingenuity, to keeping down expenses and arranging the business so as to make two ends meet, where the time should have been given to the editorial department.

Sincerely yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Ill., July 7, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—I duly received your favor of the 22nd ult. . . . Could you make it possible to meet me in New York's neighborhood, the forepart of next week? Should like to have a thorough talk with you—if we cannot start a paper in Chicago, . . . Perhaps you can drop me a message, stating your possibilities, Friday evening, to Hoboken.

How much you expect me to contribute to *The Index*, you can then also tell me.

Yours, truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

BOSTON, July 9, 1886.

DEAR MR. HEGELER—I have just received your letter, written at La Salle the 7th. I should be pleased to meet you, and since you suggest it, to talk over the advisability of starting a paper in Chicago.

Very truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

At the meeting then arranged to take place at Manhattan Beach, Sunday, July 12th, I thoroughly explained to Mr. Underwood that I wished to start a Monistic paper and gave him my views in detail, as they have since been expressed in my articles, "The Basis of Ethics," and "The Soul," which have appeared in THE OPEN COURT. I also explained to Mr. Underwood that I consider the Agnostic ideas of Spencer, and others, harmful to progress. These views seemed plausible to Mr. Underwood, who took the position that they were rational and sound. Mr. Underwood informed me that arrangements were pending with . . . to move *The Index* to New York.

BOSTON, July 22, 1886.

DEAR MR. HEGELER—I have had a talk with my associate editor, Mr. †, repeating substantially the conversation which you and I had in regard to a paper in Chicago. At present the understanding with Mr. * * * is, that if he can arrange to take *The Index* and continue it in New York, the transfer shall be made in January. But, . . . it is by no means certain that the arrangements will be effected. But little has been done as yet, so far as we know. In case that the New York scheme shall fail, some arrangement for the transfer of the paper to Chicago, and for making it the nucleus of what we talked of, is possible; but I think there would be some objection on the part of the present trustees, to having it go so far from Boston as Chicago, and to having it pass from the hands of the trustees and become an individual concern.

So, if the Chicago enterprise is to be carried out, it will be just as well at present not to count upon *The Index*. If circumstances should, at the commencement of the new publication, lead the present trustees to make a proposition in behalf of the Chicago project, well and good. It might be started independently and Mr. † agrees with me there would be many advantages in that. Mr. † and I talked over the fact that many of the *The Index* readers would give their support to the new paper should I become identified with it, and we queried how far this might diminish the desire of the New York

parties to accept the paper, under the circumstances. As the Chicago enterprise is at present but an idea, of course nothing will be said about it here, beyond the conversations between Mr. † and myself. The relations between us have always been of the most friendly and cordial nature, although we have not always entirely agreed in our views. But the business management of the paper has been entirely in my hands, and editorially each has expressed his own views, without consulting the other, over his own name or initials. In the five years we have been associated, there has never been the slightest jar, nor any question which we have not mutually settled satisfactorily to both.

And any arrangement I may be a party to in regard to a new paper, will, while I am on *The Index*, be made with Mr. †'s full knowledge, and in a way that shall preclude the possibility of any misunderstanding or ground in the future for complaint.

This much I have thought it best to write you now. More at another time. I have sent you a few of our Liberal papers that you might look through them and see the kind of papers that are published in the interests of Liberalism.

Truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Aug. 7, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir—I duly received your favor of the 22nd ult. . . . I will repeat to-day, that my desire to start the paper in Chicago is no new one. . . . I broached the idea to you, I think, before you took hold of *The Index*—though it was very indefinite then, perhaps not even pronounced. I pronounced definitely then that I wished to draw you here for local work.

The idea before me now is, that you and Mrs. Underwood move into my former home, north of my present one, this Fall, and that we try to start a fortnightly or monthly in Chicago from here. If it appears necessary, you to move to Chicago. Of course, if we should move *The Index* to Chicago, you may have to move there at once. That the paper be an independent, individual enterprise, I think most desirable. I believe that we would well agree together. The paper should have definitely and energetically outspoken views, and if we both find them sound, they will make the paper a success too.

Yours truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

BOSTON, Sept. 9, 1886.

Dear Mr. Hegeler—I have, since the receipt of your last letter, been awaiting the development of events which should determine the future of *The*

Index, that I might write you something definitely. Thus far, I have learned nothing in regard to the New York parties. I am doubtful whether any steps have been taken likely to result in the success of the new enterprise.

In that case, the Association (F. R. A.), may decide to continue *The Index* for another year on its present basis, as my reports during the summer months have been more favorable financially than was anticipated. If this decision is made I will, without doubt, be requested to continue in charge of the paper as hitherto. There are many things that attach me to *The Index*, and to Boston; my relations are, without exception, pleasant, even cordial, with the trustees and with At the same time, I like the West; and if I can enlarge my usefulness and do a better work for liberal thought in Chicago, on a paper such as we have talked of, I shall not hesitate to make the attempt. In that case I will, if *The Index* is continued in this city, have to tender my resignation, or decline re-election as business manager and co-editor, at the end of the present year. If our talked-of Chicago enterprise is started, and the *Index* trustees can be induced to let us have the paper as a nucleus of our proposed journal—in case * * * fails in his efforts—I shall be glad; but knowing the wish of . . . to have *The Index* in the hands of a board of trustees, in which the Free Religious Association shall be represented, I am not hopeful as to this point, and do not count upon such a transfer. In some respects, as I wrote you, I believe it would be an advantage to have *The Index*; in some other respects it would hamper us.

I do not know whether you still intend to come East this fall. If you do, it is best that we shall have another interview, and that we definitely decide as to what is best to be done. You have the capital, and of course you will consider—probably have already considered—the financial aspects of the enterprise. It is not probable that the receipts will, the first year, anywhere near equal the expenses. All that I can promise and guarantee is that if I join you in the proposed enterprise, I will do the best I can to make it a success. I came upon *The Index* with no experience as editor of a paper, and no knowledge of the business management of a paper. *The Index* was running down rapidly, and I succeeded in turning the tide. I have kept the paper up for five years. In this time I have learned much, and all this gives me a confidence which I should not otherwise feel; and still I regard the difficulties of sustaining a radical, independent journal, as by no means small. Your own practical talent and business sagacity would be perhaps more valuable than my experience in journalism; both would be of account. There are features

of *The Index* of course, that would not appear in the new journal. *The Index*, when I assumed charge of it, was the organ of an association, and its chief constituency was composed of a class but little advanced beyond the radical wing of Unitarianism. I have been obliged to adapt the paper to some extent, to this class. It has been therefore less scientific and less a representative of modern scientific thought than it would have been had the paper been exclusively under my control without any of the inherited characteristics, and quasi-theological surroundings.

There are some points in your letter we can consider when we meet again, or if you do not come East this season, we can agree upon by correspondence. Where I shall live is not a matter of much importance, perhaps. But the paper should be published in Chicago, that it may have at the start a metropolitan appearance and promise. Mrs. Underwood's . . . help—as on *The Index*, when she has been able to contribute—would be of much advantage, as she has abilities which supplement mine in editorial work. Much of the best work on *The Index* has been from her pen.

If the new paper is started it should be, I suppose, with the beginning of 1887. My contract will keep me here till then. However, I could have all the contributors secured, and every thing ready so that the first number could be issued early in January. As for that matter, it could be in readiness to be printed as soon as my name should be dropped from *The Index*. I suppose the next trustee meeting of *The Index* will be early in October; and by that time, you and I should have arrived at an understanding sufficiently definite to enable me to determine what it is best to do. If you shall think it best to defer for a while the enterprise of a “new paper,” it will be all right, so far as I am concerned; on the other hand, if you have fully made up your mind to go into the undertaking, and the arrangements can be made to begin in January, it will be best to agree upon details as soon as practicable, and to take advantage of all favorable circumstances between now and that time. There will be no difficulty in getting first-class contributors at moderate cost, but we should decide as to what is needed, and give writers time to prepare the articles.

I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience. I have delayed writing you too long this time, but during the summer months I have thought it best to think over the subject, and to observe what projects and possibilities existed, before communicating further with you. I am sorry that nothing has occurred to enable me to write more definitely about *The Index*.

Cordially yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Sept. 19, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass:

My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 9th inst. came duly to hand. I am glad to learn that your inclination to take hold of the Chicago monthly has progressed. I have carefully read your letter, which well informs me of the present aspect of affairs.

The next thing now to be definitely arranged will be the financial basis of the enterprise. How much capital have I definitely to agree to give to it? How much thereof will have to be put in in the first year, and can what is to be given thereafter, be on the condition, that towards the close of the first year the enterprise gives a reasonable promise of success?

What contracts do you and Mrs. Underwood have to ask for your personal work at the enterprise?

The programme of the paper we should be perfectly clear about. To me it is an earnest effort to give to the world a philosophy in harmony with all facts (a monistic philosophy) which will gradually become a new religion to it, as it has to me.

To make you nearer acquainted with my views, I send you for inspection the records of my discussions with Mr. * * last winter, as unfinished as they are yet, at least.

I hope we can be together with you and Mrs. Underwood for a few days, either at Newport or at Boston, and if you will take the trouble to make yourself acquainted with the writings and note your objections, discuss them. . . .

Yours truly,

EDWARD C HEGELER.

BOSTON, Sept. 28, 1886.

Dear Mr. Hegeler—I have read the records of your discussions with Mr. * * with much interest, and portions with entire approval. There are some remarks which, as I read them, I found it necessary to qualify, or to supplement with additional thought before they seemed quite satisfactory to me, I will not attempt to specify here. In your naturalistic, monistic view of the universe, comprehensively speaking, I fully concur; with your terminology I am not always satisfied, as I am not with my own; as I am not, indeed, with any that I know. With your views of morality, as far as they are developed, and with your optimistic, or rather melioristic spirit, I am in full sympathy. I see more good than evil in nature; and man appears as a factor in promoting the former and lessening the latter; so that, he who continues to work for human elevation has no grounds for pessimism and no occasion for misanthropy. Nature is the “All in all,” and we, her highest products—known to us—can by our efforts increase what to us is relatively “good,” and lessen what is relatively “evil.” I will, at my earliest convenience,

give you my creed, or a concise statement of the best philosophical and ethical conclusions to which I have been able to come.

I think if your discussion is to be published, that it should first be carefully revised. Subjects were introduced sometimes in a way that broke the continuity of thought, and caused to be dropped often a line of thought at the point of greatest interest, to me, at least. In verbal discussion this is very liable to occur; but it can be remedied afterwards.

Upon reflection you might see the advantage of presenting your thought in essay form rather than as a discussion, which appearing as an oral debate on philosophical subjects would by its form repel, I think, more than it would attract. All you have advanced could, without great difficulty, be systematized and put in a literary dress that would greatly improve it, and secure for it a class of readers that would hardly look at a verbal debate on such subjects. However, this is but a suggestion, made in accordance with your request, that I offer any remarks that occur. More, when I see you, as to this.

Enclosed herewith is an estimate of the cost of publishing a monthly magazine of size and quality which I think would satisfy you and would prove probably the most desirable.

The cost would not, with judicious management, exceed the figures I give. I would also like to have the privilege of doing some lecturing, when I can do so without neglecting the journal. I should make my lecturing everywhere a means of advertising and pushing the circulation of the publication, as I did in case of *The Index* when I was lecturing two, three and five years ago.

Another idea I have worth considering. A magazine must be more or less heavy and grows into circulation slowly; and with it, it will be difficult to reach the masses of Liberals. I have thought it would help to have a weekly flyer—a little paper of two sheets, four pages, of the size of *Index* pages, to be made up of paragraphs and short letter extracts, etc., relating to scientific, social, religious and industrial matters, one page to be devoted to advertising and setting forth the claims of the magazine; the little weekly to have the same name with the monthly. Thus, if the magazine should be called, "The Index Magazine," have the weekly named "The Index Flyer," perhaps. The paper would enable us, by keeping our hands on the pulse of the Liberal movement, and by independent, vigorous and impersonal criticism, by suggestions and propositions, to infuse a wholesome influence into the active Liberalism of the country, and to rescue it from the anarchial and chaotic condition which, with so many writers, seems to be thought synonymous with free-thought. I believe

the largest estimate I have given, \$8,425, can be made, by economy and good management, to cover the additional expense of such a paper, or nearly so, and it would bring in money. Please consider this. If this enterprise is to be inaugurated, I want to see it made a success—financially, of course, as well as morally—and I believe it can be; but after considering all the circumstances, the encouragements and hindrances alike, you must render the final decision.

I have given you an estimate of the money to be paid out. From this the amount of the receipts will be deducted; and how much they will be can only be conjectured. If the weekly is published it can be put at \$1.00 per year, and the monthly at \$3.00.

Very truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

P. S.—The name of the journal is important. It should be one somehow suggestive of the general thought and purpose of the publication, and one, the meaning of which will be readily understood. About all the names that one can think of in the English language have already been used, and most of them are now in use. I am not satisfied with any that has yet come to my mind.

Do you not think your name should appear as publisher of the magazine, or as publisher and co-editor also? It would be quite satisfactory to me. Perhaps Mrs. Underwood's name might, to advantage, appear as associate editor, as it should have appeared in *The Index*.

The contributions, I think, should commence on the first page, and the editorials, book reviews, etc., appear in the latter part. . . . In such a publication there must be more or less diversity of thought; but we could select writers and indicate subjects that would secure a general unity in carrying out our project of advancing a scientific and naturalistic philosophy in distinction to theological and speculative philosophy.

I have learned by letter that Mr. * has not thought best to start a paper at present; and that *** will take hold of it, is yet doubtful. I wrote Mr. † the other day, that if the New York project failed, and the trustees wished to entertain a proposition from you in regard to a transfer of the paper to Chicago, I thought something satisfactory could be done. No response has yet been made to my letter. The trustees met last week, but adjourned to hear further from certain sources, and will meet again next week.

I shall await an answer to this letter from you, and if you decide to start the publication, with me as manager, and under the editorship of myself and Mrs. Underwood—and yourself as co-editor, if you choose—I shall at once address a letter to *The Index*

trustees, notifying them that my connection with *The Index* will terminate at the end of the present year. Meanwhile, I will at once proceed to make arrangements for the first number of the new journal to appear early in January; that is, if the decision to commence the publication is definitely and positively made.

If any of my conditions or suggestions are thought objectionable for any reason, and you have others to name, I shall, of course, be glad to receive them.

B. F. U.

At the meeting in Boston in October, 1886, the records of my discussions with ** were taken up for discussion. Mr. Underwood stated that they were not in a form suited for publication. The following agreement was made and signed. Mr. Underwood explaining that it was necessary that he be untrammelled in the management of the paper, and that he possess independent control:

BOSTON, Oct. 8, 1886.

"The understanding between E. C. Hegeler and B. F. Underwood is as follows: A liberal publication is to be started in Chicago early in 1887, to be the property of E. C. Hegeler, and under the business and editorial management of B. F. Underwood, subject to such conditions as the two shall mutually agree upon; that in consideration of B. F. Underwood's agreement to resign his position as manager and editor of *The Index*, to take effect January 1, 1887, he shall be guaranteed a salary of \$1,800 per year for his services, the time not to be less than one year, assisted by Mrs. Underwood from the time of the beginning of the work on or for the Chicago enterprise."

Mr. Underwood further said that he would do his best to present my views, and made no opposition to them, as he had also not done at Manhattan Beach. I am convinced that I also mentioned to him that I wished the name of the new journal to be "The Monist," as that was the name I had long intended for the journal I had expected to found.

BOSTON, Nov. 3rd, 1886.

MR. E. C. HEGELER:

My Dear Sir—The New York movement to start a paper, to be under the direction of trustees, and to be edited by Mr. *** has collapsed. I have of course, been doing what I legitimately could fairly and justly to get *The Index* list for our new journal.

At the meeting of *The Index* trustees held on Monday last, the discontinuance of *The Index* at the end of the present year was definitely agreed upon, and the paper herewith enclosed will show you what action was taken. The discontinuance is a certainty. The business has been managed, since the beginning

of the present financial year (from July, 1886), with rigid economy, and the receipts with some three hundred dollars donations, have been sufficient to meet expenses. The indebtedness of *The Index* beyond the amount on hand at this date is but a trifle indeed; I am not sure but that there is a balance of a few dollars in favor of the paper.

I state these facts that you may understand the situation, for I wish to know from you whether I shall say to the trustees that you will accept their proposition. The advantage is in having the first year—the trying time for all newspapers—a list of first-class subscribers; men who will be known in a business way, to the new journal, and many of whom, by being continued as subscribers will feel an interest in the new enterprise as a continuation of their years of connection with the editor and contributors. It is desirable that an announcement, already long deferred, be made if possible in the next *Index*.

My own opinion is that the value of the list will be great, and the proposed announcement will give the new journal, before it starts, the moral approval and support of *The Index*—whose successor in a certain way, as a high class exponent of liberal thought, it will be. I have been unusually occupied since I saw you last, but have been through your manuscript and made some notes. I will have it ready to return to you by next Monday sure.

Very truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Nov. 18th, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ:

My Dear Sir— At the F. R. Festival in this city last evening there was frequent mention of the Chicago enterprise, and much interest and enthusiasm shown in regard to it. But now the inquiry of all who write or speak about the paper is, "What will be its name?" If we can decide upon that, so as to have it in the announcement of the arrangement which has been made, it will be to the advantage of the paper. People generally can be satisfied with nothing until a name has been given to it. Many names have been suggested, Mr. *** suggests "Horizon," other names that have been suggested or that have occurred to us are "Dawn," "The Radical," "Reasoner," "The Reasoner and Critic," "The Sounding Lead," "The Meliorist," "The Tribunal," "The Contemporary." But the one which seems the most suggestive and appropriate to us, and to those with whom we have talked, who are interested in the enterprise is the following: THE OPEN COURT. It indicates that the court is open for evidence, and the discussion of the evidence. The name is new, never having been, so far as I know, given to any publication; and it is about the only good name, the only name

that is easily understood; that is suggestive and dignified, and at the same time popular, that we have been able to think of. What do you think of it?

You must excuse the delay in returning your manuscript. The extra amount of work, incident to closing up *The Index* affairs, involving double the usual correspondence, has left me no leisure to attend to anything else. The manuscript has been lying on my table, needing a few more comments, for a week, and every day I have thought I would get at it.

Yours truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Dec. 3, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston Mass.:

Dear Sir—I have given much time to work out a letter to you suitable to be published in regard to "The Monist." This is the name to which I adhere, after going carefully over the field again. You may say that we intend to be an "open court" for religious ideas. And the first case before the court is to be the "Monistic Idea" *vs.* the "Agnostic Idea." † is at copying for you part of the projected letter, for your inspection only, and if you answer me at once, I may yet get the answer before I am through with the letter, which I hope to have in your hands a week from to-day. With compliments to Mrs. Underwood. Yours truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.:

(*The above mentioned copy.*)

Dear Sir—By your letter of November 18, I learn that the time has come when we have to publish the name and the programme of the new magazine we are about to found, and I here give you the conclusions I have come to:

I adhere to the name, "The Monist," as that conveys most truly the leading idea I have in regard to this undertaking. The name, "The Monist," conveys the idea given in the New Testament in the passage, "For in Him we live and move and have our being," when the meaning of the word Him or God, which is that of a person or individual, that is a limited being is enlarged in accord with our present knowledge to that of the continuous "All," which includes everything, also ourselves. This idea drives me to action, giving me that satisfaction which the religion taught me in my childhood, gave to me then, and is the definite outcome of the long continued struggle in me between my early religion and science and experience.

You suggest the name, THE OPEN COURT, and convey by these words the view I had in regard to this magazine, that while it shall have a definite opinion on religious subjects, it shall not only be open to opposing views, but especially invite them. Let

the title be "The Monist," an open court for those religious ideas that affect the building up of religion on the basis of science.

BOSTON, Dec. 6th, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—In the last *Index* you will see Mr. †'s announcement, a statement by me in regard to the new journal, and *Unity's* Prospectus. I felt the importance of saying something definite. Whatever modifications may have to be made can be announced either in the last number of *The Index* or in the first number of the new journal. What I have done has been with the approval and advice of . . . and other good friends of the Chicago enterprise, who have concurred in the conviction, that if anything at all was to be said about the new paper, it would be not less definite than the statement I have made, and that any change in the plan could be duly announced without involving any breach of faith.

Truly yours, B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Dec. 7, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—*The Index* of December 2d, reached here last night. It was not quite unexpected to me that it would bring a preliminary announcement of the proposed new publication, as circumstances compelled you to act. My letter of December 3, giving you my conclusion in respect to the name, and the outlines of what was my desire to be the programme of the publication, will have reached you since. The main contents are that I adhere to the name, "The Monist." That conveys most truly the leading idea I have in this undertaking. It is the idea given in the New Testament in the passage: "For in Him we live, and move, and have our being," where the meaning of the word "Him," or "God," which is that of a person or individual being, that is, a limited being, is enlarged, accords with our present knowledge as to that of the continuous "All," which includes everything, also ourselves.

This idea joined with ideas on immortality, of which those of Gustav Freytag, which I communicated to you a few years ago, form a principal part, give a solid basis to ethics; I think entirely that which Herbert Spencer shows us. What originally might have been called a philosophy has gradually become a religion to me, in its practical test in real life.

What leads me in this undertaking is not so much a sense of liberality, as a desire to communicate my ideas to others, to see them further developed, and also to have them contested. I feel they will be strengthened by contest, and look forward to it with pleasure.

I will state here that I conclude from my reading, which is largely in German, that the ideas I put forward here, or similar ones, are already held by many. I wish the journal to be a mediator between the strictly Scientific and the progressively inclined world. The special feature must be to obtain the opinions and criticisms of the ablest men in the various departments of Science, on the opinions advanced by the journal, as to what is established by Science, and also in regard to speculations that are presented by the journal, if and then, how, they are in conflict with established facts. The character of the journal must be such as to win the confidence of these specialists, and no effort or money be spared to secure their co-operation.

You have suggested to me in your letter of November 18, to name the intended publication THE OPEN COURT, and not hearing from me, have preliminarily published that as its probable name. You convey by these words the view I had in regard to the journal, that while it shall have a definite opinion on religious subjects, it shall not only be open to opposing views, but especially invite them. I wrote you on December 3, that while adhering to the name, "The Monist," I desired it to be an "Open Court," and that the first case before it be that of "The Monist *vs.* the Agnostic."

On reading the announcement in *The Index* last night, I struck, however, on a name which, while conveying my views, will, I think, be satisfactory to you, and those who will contribute, and to many of the readers of *The Index*, namely, "The Monist's Open Court." Let us take that. Let us hold on to the plan to make the journal a monthly. It is to deal with difficult subjects, and time for considering them will be desirable for both editors and readers. Let the price be three dollars per year.

I write this letter to you for publication in *The Index*, and therefore, while I did not wish my name mentioned in connection with laudatory preliminary notices of the intended undertaking, I gladly affix it to a definite announcement of the same, accompanied by a declaration of principles.

With kind regards to Mrs. Underwood and yourself, I remain, Yours truly, EDWARD C. HEGELER.

44 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, Dec. 7th, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—Yours, enclosing the first part of a letter . . . submitted to me for inspection, and remarks . . . reached me yesterday afternoon, while I was having a conference with Mr. †. I give up everything else now that I may answer you at once. I have pondered what you have written carefully, and write you with the same frankness with which you have kindly communicated your views to me.

I hope we shall be able to unite on a suitable name for the journal. "THE OPEN COURT" (first thought of by Mrs. Underwood) seemed to me a very fortunate name; it is praised by those who have heard or read it, so far as they have written us, but there may be a better name; but I do not think the name you have suggested is what is needed.

Permit me to mention some of the objections which occur to me, to the name "Monist" for the new journal.

1. The words Monist and Monism are unknown to the mass of readers, and would convey to them no idea whatever. The words have not yet appeared, I think, in our dictionaries, except in some of the latest editions.

The object of language is not to conceal, but to communicate thought, and for this reason, as Aristotle said, one who would be a wise teacher, though he has the thoughts of a philosopher, should use the language of the people. In a philosophical treatise, the words Monist, Monistic and Monism are allowable, although even there they would, for the majority of readers, require a note defining them; but the name Monist for a journal would defeat the very object of a name, which is to convey to those to whom it looks for patronage some idea of its character and aims.

2. While to general readers Monist would be a meaningless word—which the unfriendly religious, or mirth-loving secular editors would be pretty sure to change to Moonist—to the few thinkers acquainted with the word it simply implies a philosophical theory in distinction to the conception of Dualism. Now a liberal journal cannot wisely, in my opinion, be pledged by its name to a particular speculative theory, much less should the views of the editors be thus labeled in advance. Let Monism be presented and defended (and criticized of course), but let the readers judge as to the result of the discussion, and draw their own conclusion, based upon the merits of the arguments, *pro* and *con*, instead of having a pre-judgment implied in the name of the journal.

3. Monist and Monism are words, the precise philosophical meaning of which has not become so well established as to have the same connotation for all thinkers who use them. You, I notice, make Monism the antithesis of Agnosticism. Now observe what Haeckel says: "I believe that my monistic convictions agree in all essential points with that natural philosophy which in England is represented by Agnosticism." (1884). I could easily show you by quotations from their writings that Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall, all avowed agnostics, are also Monistic thinkers. And Buechner, who resolves everything into matter, is not more monistic than the

idealists who reduce everything to ideas. I who am an agnostic in the sense in which Huxley (who first brought the word into use) employs it, and in the sense in which Spencer applies it to himself, am also in full intellectual sympathy with the monistic philosophy, which endeavors "to derive," as Strauss says, "the totality of phenomena from a single principle—to construct the universe and life from the same block." I believe that all phenomena, distinguished as mental and material, have a common basis, in the ultimate nature of things. But when I say that I do not know what this ultimate nature is, I am in the company with Spencer and Huxley, with Haeckel and Buechner, even, as well as with Kant.

There will be sufficient opportunity for the exposition of Monistic thought in the columns of the new journal, but let us not narrow it at the outset by giving it a name which stands for only a school or class of thinkers, and which would rather repel many able and earnest thinkers, with their adherents. Let the name be comprehensive enough to include in its scope the consideration of every school and system of philosophy, and then we can present our own views and rely upon the force of our arguments and the strength of our positions to win attention and gain assent.

The expression, "a religious magazine," is so common, and the usual meaning of the word religious is so strongly fixed in the popular mind, that it would not, I think, give a correct conception of the character and purpose of the publication. My friends and opponents would be surprised to see my name as editor of a journal called "a religious magazine." When liberal thinkers speak in defense of religion, they find it necessary to use some qualifying words,—such as the "Religion of Reason and Humanity"—to distinguish it from what is popularly regarded as religion, viz.: Theological belief and a system of worship.

But further; since the new journal should be devoted to the consideration, not only of religion, but of all those philosophical ethical and social questions which are of current interest and importance, it does not seem to me wise to use the word religious in the way suggested.

You observe that the first case before the Court is to be the "Monistic Idea" *versus* the "Agnostic Idea." Of course this statement is based on the conviction that the two conceptions are antagonistic, wherein you differ with Haeckel, Spencer and the other thinkers. I suppose you mean that in the first number of the journal, you wish to present your views on this subject. That is all right; I shall be most happy to assist you the best I can, to present your thought to advantage. Your articles will—if I understand your wish—appear over your own name, or any pseudonym

you may decide upon. But there are to be other articles by contributors, and a certain amount of editorial matter; and both should be of a character to attract attention to the new journal, and to secure for it recognition and influence. Mere philosophical discussion—in which personally I feel a deep interest—I know to my sorrow, has attractions for but a comparatively few; and any publication which makes it the main thing, is sure to fail pecuniarily, and to be limited to but a few readers. Even the famous *London Quarterly, Mind*—the ablest philosophical publication in the world, and established several years ago—is a continual expense to the proprietors. A liberal journal, to be a success, must take up and discuss from an advanced point of view, all the great questions of the day.

And I am now led to another point of great interest to me. The work of editing and conducting a first class journal is a very complex work, requiring not only an aptitude for writing on many subjects, not only tact and judgment, but that knowledge of detail which experience alone can give. The selection of contributions, giving the right prominence and proportion to the different departments, securing a unity of plan (amid more or less diversity of thought), in order to give symmetry and completeness to the result of many thinkers' efforts, all this requires a certain knowledge, which only one experienced in journalism can fully appreciate. It is therefore of the first importance that in editing a journal an editor be unhampered. Suggestions and advice are always welcomed by a reasonable man; but in conducting a journal there must be, to secure excellence and success, the editorial authority to manage the journal, according to the best editorial judgment.

In the new enterprise you will have at stake a certain amount of money. I shall have at stake whatever reputation I have gained. If the paper disappoints reasonable expectations, or fails under my management, the result will be bad for me. You will be unaffected by it, except pecuniarily; for it will be known you entrusted the management to another person. It is natural, therefore, that I should wish to do my best to make the journal a great success; and to do this, I deem it important that I have the authority to go ahead unflinchingly, and that in the editorial work I shall have unhampered control. With the understanding, especially mentioned by us in our conversation in this city, that you shall express your views fully in the journal. I hope you will see the importance of authorizing *me*—as is indeed implied in

our agreement—to assume the uncontrolled management of the publication, with, of course, all the advice and assistance you can render, if so disposed. If, at the end of the year you shall be *dissatisfied* with my methods or *work*, it will be within your power and wholly your right to try some other man.

This is the only condition on which a man who knows anything about journalism, and who has convictions of his own, would desire or agree to edit a journal in which his name was to appear as editor. If this condition is not entirely satisfactory to you, please say so frankly. Neither of us wish to be connected with a journal without the fullest understanding on this point.

I am deeply interested in this project; have written far and wide in preparation for it; have secured an unrivalled corps of contributors; have asked some to have articles ready for the first number; have collected thousands of names, and have everything in readiness to send out circulars and trust nothing will prevent the realization of our wishes and hopes; but the condition I mention is so absolutely important to the success of the undertaking, and to my going into the work with spirit and confidence, that I have thought it best to write thus fully and frankly. The arrangements with *The Index* you know of. But for the Chicago project, I am of the opinion that an attempt would be made to continue the paper in this city; but now the general feeling is one of confidence that the Chicago journal will, in a large measure, supply the place of *The Index*, and the disposition is to sustain the former. All the requests for transfer thus far, have named THE OPEN COURT as the journal of their choice. But if the condition I have named is contrary to your understanding, or if there is anything in what I have written likely or liable to interfere with the arrangement made with *The Index* trustees, do not hesitate or delay to send me a telegram at once; for a change of programme would have to be made at once, and should be announced in the next issue of the journal.

I will only add that in my opinion the journal the most likely to succeed at this time is a weekly; but that if it cannot be a weekly, the next best is a fortnightly. For a monthly I see small chance of success, and I have conferred with many clear-headed journalists on the subject.

I remain very truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Dec. 6, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—The enclosed letter came to me Saturday last. . . . The same statements come to me from other sources—direct from Chicago, one of

them. I send a copy of my hastily written reply to the enclosed letter. I am not able to speak definitely about the alleged negotiations, but I should like to be authorized to deny, as stated in this letter.

Very truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

The enclosed letter contained the following passage:

Dec. 3, 1886.

“DEAR MR. UNDERWOOD:—My remark was the mere echo of one made to me by Mr. * * * * While I cannot profess to quote Mr. * * * *’s words, their substance as I gathered it, was to this effect: That he hoped you would find the full liberty and independence in your new relation that you were expecting. To my inquiry, why you should not, he replied that the gentleman who was to furnish the money was an extreme radical, and very fond of having his own way; that he had been in negotiation with two other gentlemen besides (and I suppose before) yourself, who insisted on the most absolute guarantee in writing, of their exclusive control of the proposed paper—and they could not obtain satisfactory terms. He hoped you had everything settled and in writing.”

BOSTON, Dec. 4, 1886.

Dear Sir—Accept thanks for your kind letter, but I think Mr. . . . is mistaken in what he states. He evidently attaches to some remarks he has heard undue importance. I have known for some years the gentleman who will be the proprietor of the new journal; and although tenacious of his own views, I have never found him without proper respect for the convictions of others. I know not what have been his negotiations with others, but certainly the understanding between him and myself is, that I shall have the business and editorial management of the new paper. He will doubtless wish to express his own views, but this he will do as an individual. He is too reasonable a man to wish me, on account of his ownership of the journal, to surrender my independence in the management of the enterprise. That is something which no position or salary could tempt me to do.

Yours truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Dec. 10, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—Your two letters of December 6th arrived last evening only. Your letter of December 7th arrived this morning. I have only a few minutes time now to answer and will use this to say, that I have not been negotiating about the starting of the Chicago paper, except with Mr. . . ., whereof I believe to have fully informed you, this is now nearly

two years ago. Mr. . . . never asked me about such a written guarantee, whereof your friend writes, but after he was here in La Salle with me some time, declared that he was convinced he could not edit a paper satisfactory to me. He had shown to me certain contributions sent him for the same,—the one a very humorous article on the Easter services in the various Chicago churches from the "Catholic" to "Swing's"—and Swing was hardest dealt with, which I told him were against my views in regard to the paper.

* * * * *

With Mr. * * I talked on the paper in a general way last winter,—but do not, and did not deem him suitable for the management of it,—though I believe he will make a very able, bright contributor. I have told you of this before.

Regarding your independence in the editorship and management of the paper,—I would have nothing to do with you if you did not show the full manhood which you express in your letter to your friend.

For anything what you write, I will, however, be held as much responsible as yourself; even if I contribute the money only for the publication. I have to close now, expressing my fullest confidence in your fairness.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

LA SALLE, Dec. 11th, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—I wrote you yesterday hurriedly, closing "For anything what you write I will however be held as much responsible as yourself, even if I contribute the money only for the publication." Since writing the above I have telegraphed you last night, "Expect publication of my letter and your answer thereto in next *Index* and earlier by mail. Will agree to fortnightly."

I mean here my letter of December 7th which perhaps has reached you this morning only,—and that it is satisfactory to me, and that I expect you will add an answer at once to my letter—and mail me a copy thereof at once, so that I can send an answer to the expected one of yours for the following *Index*. Last evening I then have thoroughly read your letter of December 7th and made pencil notes thereto.

I expected to write some longer this morning than I shall be able. I will refer only to some personal points. You say: "Much less should the views of the editors be thus labeled in advance."

1. By the words, "The Monist's Open Court," only the person who supports the paper is intended

to be labeled. It should be specially stated at the head of the paper that the editors are "Agnostics." If the Monist entrusts his case so far to the Agnostic—this certainly implies great faith in his fairness.

2. Am willing to *wait* with the words, "RELIGIOUS magazine." . . .

3. Practically you will have to begin as a continuation of *The Index*—but give preference to such topics that together with other topics will in time make clear the Monistic Idea.

4. To your remarks, "You will be unaffected by it, except pecuniarily. . . ." Much more than that; in what you say about my being affected, you are quite mistaken. *My manhood even* is at stake.

5. I get *along best with independent men* who are not afraid of responsibility. Expect you will not disagreeably notice any restraint from me.

6. You spoke of my being editor with you *even—what I declined*. The real position is that of a *partnership* where one is *usually the silent partner*, and does not unnecessarily annoy the other. Such *mutual restraint as that implies*, is the real relation.

7. A telegram in answer to last part of your letter would only produce confusion, and so I have sent none—taking upon me the responsibility that in the real substance there is no fatal difference of opinion. I look for your letter with great interest in answer to mine of December 7th—the one to be published.

Sincerely Yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

BOSTON, Dec. 11, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—Your letter of the 7th came yesterday, and two telegrams to-day. I send you a line to say that if the new journal is to be started with you as proprietor and myself as editor, we ought by all means to avoid going into a discussion before the public, in regard to details on which we are not yet fully agreed, in advance of the first issue of the paper. It will make a bad impression and weaken confidence in the permanence of our relation, and the success of the enterprise. What you desire to say could, it seems to me, be presented without alluding to points as yet undecided.

The statement in *The Index* under the title of a "New Journal," is, of course, preliminary, and provisional. That is not to go into the new paper; and as to the list of contributors, it was made with especial reference to *Index* readers; the design being to carry as many with us as we fairly could. From these writers, who have all promised to write if desired, we can select such as we prefer, and add any other names that will strengthen the new enterprise, as we may come to see the needs of the paper.

It has, since I last wrote you, occurred to me that perhaps you will be satisfied to have the word *Monist* omitted from the name, on condition that a notice is kept standing as a part of the prospectus (or elsewhere) something like the one I enclose* herewith. That would define your position comprehensively, and make readers interested in the expositions of your thought which you will present, and would leave the editors uncommitted and free to define their position in their own terms. Does it not strike you as more favorably than "A *Monist's* Open Court?" We never apply a name in the possessive case to a court, unless, for the sake of brevity, we say a judge's court, (as Judge Gray's Court,—the court over which he presides and decides as a judge).

I have already informed you that the grounds of my objection are not my own opinions as to *Monism* (for I am as strongly monistic as you can be). But the grounds are, 1st:—The name is not understood, save by a very few, and as the name of the paper would be an almost insurmountable obstacle to success from the beginning, 2d:—It would repel many who understand it from the paper, because of the committal implied, to a particular philosophical sect or school, in advance. Many of the writers and supporters of *The Index*, (who are ready to hear all that can be said in favor of *Monism*) would feel no interest in the paper. . . .

I hope I don't seem unreasonable to you. I only regret I cannot now have an hour's talk with you—so many things are there to consider which cannot be written. If you could view the situation, as it is known to Mr. † and myself, you would see the importance of what I write, as you cannot now.

Yesterday I sent you a list of names, thinking possibly some of them might strike you favorably. I am not tenacious of *Open Court*, by any means, and would agree to any other which would be understood and indicate or suggest comprehensively the scope and spirit of the journal.

Very truly yours, B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Dec. 12, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—I sent you a proposition last evening that a sentence defining your position as a *Monist* be incorporated into the prospectus of the new journal, or at any rate, be kept as a standing notice. On this condition I believe you will consent to omit it from the name of the paper.

I have read your letter carefully. If you shall agree to compromise on the basis I have suggested, it will be necessary to modify some expressions in your letter. The modifications I have made, and have added for your consideration [in accordance

with letter sent yesterday] an additional sentence, which you will see enclosed in brackets. If the letter, as copied and slightly modified, can be made a basis of agreement, it will need no reply and no criticism from me in *The Index*; but can appear as an additional part of the announcement, from the proprietor of the new journal.

As I wrote you, the paper, (*The Index*), is made up and goes to press Tuesdays. But this week I shall hold it back till Wednesday, or until I get a dispatch from you. Shall I publish the letter from you as herewith enclosed? If any part is objectionable, indicate it. . . .

If you insist upon it, your letter shall be published verbatim, but first let us see if we cannot agree substantially, so as to avoid anything in *The Index* suggestive of controversy between us, as to the new journal.

I am glad you agree to a fortnightly. A monthly would mean less work, but it would not, I fear, be possible to make it a success. In this all journalists I have talked with concur.

In haste, but truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Dec. 13, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—My last is dated December 11. After mailing it, I telegraphed you:

My letter, expected to be published, is dated December 7. My answer to your letter of December 7, not adapted for telegraphing, mailed partly yesterday, partly to-day.

In answer to yours of the 7th, I wish to add yet, that in regard to *Index* trustees—if any of the subscribers who have paid *The Index* in advance should wish their money returned in consequence of disagreement with my standpoint, that I shall not hesitate with repaying their unexpired subscriptions.

In regard to our contract, which was at that time understood primarily, I think by both of us as a contract for a definite salary, I wish to state yet that by any action of yours that you may deem to be your duty to yourself in this enterprise, I shall not be released from my financial obligation specified in said contract.

As it was the programme up to the time that the arrangement was made with the *Index* trustees, that you would first come to La Salle and study through with me in detail the matters touched in my manuscript, whereupon we would go at the programme

* Substance of this enclosure is repeated in Mr. U.'s letter of December 16.

and commencement of the journal, I took no steps to re-rent my former house, thinking you might want to occupy it some time. . . .

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

BOSTON, Dec. 16, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—I have already communicated to you some of my objections to the word *Monist*, as the name of the new journal. . . . As an "OPEN COURT" for the introduction and orderly discussion of evidence, it should not have, even in the way you suggest—"The *Monist's* OPEN COURT"—the stamp of a philosophical creed or theory. In fact, I think that name more objectionable than simply *The Monist*.

Assuming that you do not desire to commit the publication to Monism in advance, I suggest that "Monist" be omitted from the name, and that in the prospectus, or in a standing notice, something like this be stated: "The proprietor of this journal, whose philosophy and religion are fitly expressed by the word "Monist," will present his views over his own name or initials, leaving the editors free and independent in all that pertains to their department." By this arrangement your personal convictions will appear, so far as the name "Monist" can disclose them, and the paper can still be, as our contract says, "under the business and editorial management" of myself, assisted by Mrs. Underwood. . . .

You state your leading ideas intended to be conveyed by *The Monist*, refer to your idea, on immortality, you desire to communicate your ideas to others and to have them contested, and to obtain the opinions and criticisms of the ablest scientific men on the views advanced. So far good. This you give as the "declaration of principles." The presentation and discussion of your own thought will, of course, be of prime importance to you, and I doubt not of interest to many readers, but there are other than purely philosophical and theoretical questions which must receive prominence in a journal that is to obtain readers and exert an influence to-day,—social, industrial, educational and religious questions now occupying the mind of our ablest and most earnest thinkers. I presume that the consideration of these live questions is embraced in your idea of the aim and scope of the new journal.

You have read my statement printed in the last two issues of *The Index*. If it is unsatisfactory to you, will you please return the enclosed copy with such modifications, by omission or addition, as you think are needed. We should come to an agreement sufficient to admit of a definite statement, if any

substantial changes are to be made, before *The Index* is discontinued. . . .

Sincerely yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Dec. 16, 1886.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—Since you did not consent to making your statement for *The Index* in a way to obviate the necessity of discussion in regard to our project in *The Index*, I had your letter set up as fast as I could, and wrote the reply that I sent you this morning (with proof of your letter). . . .

I repeat substantially only what I wrote you some days ago, more at length. I do not see any reason for discussing details of the Chicago project before the public, when it is we who must decide and agree; but I long ago learned to respect the wisdom of others, when I could not concur in their wisdom nor convince them of the wisdom of my own.

I note all you have written, which I have read attentively, and am prevented writing you at length in reply, only from utter inability.

I do not really think that my liberty or independence would suffer in my relation with you, and I offer no objection to the relation as you state it (in one of your letters of recent date). I think we may safely leave this matter to be tested by experience.

If it is thought best, instead of having my letter sent you to-day, follow yours, I shall be content to print your letter in next issue without any formal reply, but with simply a brief paragraph, stating where we differ, and how we agree.

We are now nearing the end of the career of *The Index*. Nearly all—all but two, I think—who have requested transfers of their subscriptions, have asked to be transferred to THE OPEN COURT; many who have settled, wish to take the new paper, and a number have paid in advance. The new journal will have a fine list to begin with—a list which includes many cultivated men and women. Hundreds of letters in regard to it have been received, and I think the prospect is most auspicious. This opportunity to start a new journal is one not likely to come again, and I hope nothing will occur to mar the prospect. I have my ideas of what is best, like yourself, but I am willing to yield on any point, which I do not regard as vital to the success of the undertaking. It has gone out that there is to be a new journal at Chicago; it has been widely advertised; money is being received for it; and if the enterprise is to be started, this is the opportunity. The nearer what we decide upon comes to satisfying us both, will, of course, be the best.

Truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Dec. 17, 1886.

My Dear Sir—While I feel hopeful that your next letter will show sufficient agreement between us as to the projected new journal, to insure its certainty, the situation compels me to keep in mind the possibility of its failure by reason of my inability to comply with all your conditions. If, after receiving your final statement, I shall decide that your conception of a first-class journal and mine are near enough alike to make a beginning possible, I will telegraph you accordingly. If your final letter is such that I cannot accede to your requirements, I shall notify *The Index* trustees at once, and announce in the next *Index* the failure of the project. Your letter of the 7th, and your reply to mine, to be received, which accompanied proof to you, shall be printed in the same number. If I shall be compelled by my own ideas of what is right and reasonable in the premises, to decide adversely, it will be on grounds of such radical difference, that it will be useless to have any further correspondence or negotiations in regard to a new journal. I assume that your letter will be final, as a statement of what the journal must, and must not be.

There will be still one number more of *The Index* after the next issue; in that only shall we have a chance to make any further announcement as to the change. In the contingency here supposed, our failure to agree will not, so far as I am concerned, in any way interrupt our pleasant friendly relations. *You have a right to start such a journal as you prefer; if I cannot agree to edit such a journal as you desire, it is my right to decline.* My deepest regret, as to what has been done, will be over the announcement, and the influence this project has had deciding the action taken in regard to *The Index*.—As for our written contract . . . that need cause no trouble in the event of the failure of the project. My own plans would have to be made anew, and possibly an effort might be made to revive *The Index*. All this would be uncertain. The trustees have made no provision for a possible failure.

Although I am providing for a contingency, I sincerely hope and believe that we shall come to an understanding, and that the new journal will be established, and prove a great intellectual and moral influence in this country. Yours truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Dec. 20, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—I telegraph you this morning, viz: "I cannot mail answer to your letter of December 16,* for next *Index*. Your standpoint is satisfactory to me." I hope to mail my answer in two or three

* Meaning Mr. Underwood's first letter of that date.

days. The important point will be: That I accede to the name, THE OPEN COURT, and further, that in the declaration of principles, or rather, the programme, my position be definitely stated,—stating, in a few words, my purposes as they are known to you from the beginning of our negotiations. Your letters of the 17th inst. have also come this morning.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

LA SALLE, ILL., Dec. 24, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—I have carefully considered your remarks in your letter of Dec. 16, and have concluded to adopt for the new journal the name you gave it preliminarily, namely: THE OPEN COURT. The programme I request you to modify by inserting, "The leading object of THE OPEN COURT will be to continue the work of *The Index*,—that is, to establish religion on the basis of science, and in connection therewith it will endeavor to present the Monistic philosophy. The founder of the journal believes this will furnish to others, as it has done to him, a religion that replaces that which we were taught in our childhood. Besides this, I accept your announcement as published in *The Index* for the programme of THE OPEN COURT."

I also adopt your suggestion of a standing notice at the head of the journal, "While the proprietor of this journal desires to spread by it the Monistic philosophy and the religion it brings with it, the editors are free and independent in all that pertains to their department, the proprietor reserving the right to express, over his own name, any difference of opinions from those expressed by the editors, and also to present, or have presented, his views over his own name."

In my letter of the 7th I say, that while adhering to the name, "The Monist," I desired it to be an "Open Court" and that the first case before it be "The Monist vs. the Agnostic." My first thought as to this was that the Monistic idea should not be excluded from having to submit to trial, but the contrary thereof. The further thought came with it, that the difference now existing between Monists and Agnostics was of primary importance to be cleared away. This difference is splitting the Liberal camp. The utterance of Haeckel in reference to English Agnosticism, which you quote, I think does not apply to Herbert Spencer's theory of the Unknowable. The new journal should endeavor to ascertain this.

While the name proposed by me, "The Monist's Open Court," was, in the first place, suggested by the idea of a compromise, upon further reflection I would say that such name would make the Monists

responsible for the justice meted out in THE OPEN COURT, as there is always some power behind a court whose honor is at stake. In Prussia judgments are pronounced as follows: "In the name of the King it is adjudged, etc." Here, in Illinois, the people of the State are understood to be those whose honor is pledged for the justice meted out in our courts. With the name, THE OPEN COURT, as it is now adopted, and with our explanations, both Monists and Agnostics would have a right to feel aggrieved if justice should not be meted out in THE OPEN COURT.

I omitted to mention in my letter of Dec. 7, that what I presented for a programme was meant to be supplemental to the programme published by you.

Upon your suggestion I have agreed to a fortnightly. I think the price should remain three dollars per year; single numbers, fifteen cents. Let me say, as it is possible that many who subscribed to the new journal, or changed to it from *The Index*, may not be satisfied with the change in the programme, that I deem it my duty to return, if they desire, any advance subscription money they may have paid either as new subscribers or to *The Index*.

Sincerely Yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

LA SALLE, ILL., Dec. 24, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, Esq., Boston, Mass:

My Dear Sir—In answer to your private letter of December 16th I send the following explanation and reply. It is my opinion that we should stand quite open before the public, our ideas in regard to the journal, our mutual relation, where we agree and how we differ; our independence of each other should be known. As I said in my telegram, "nothing will demonstrate your independence better." And so it will mine. The fears of some of your friends have caused you uneasiness; this should remove them.

I want the readers to understand from the outset that it is not liberality on my part that leads me into this undertaking, but that a definite idea drives me to it. I devote the capital and personal efforts which I give to the service of my leading idea. This declaration is due to the subscribers as also to myself. If I do not insist upon the name "The Monist," I want it definitely understood that also this I do in the service of my leading idea.

In the announcement of the new journal it is said "whose name by his request is for the present withheld." This remark surprised me, as I had never thought of not giving my name openly at the public announcement of the journal. I feel thereby in the position as if not daring to stand up for my convictions. For this reason alone I want this misunderstanding explained in *The Index*, even if I have to

ask that a supplemental number be issued for that purpose alone.

The business part of the announcement I request to read as follows: The first number of a new radical journal to be established in Chicago, will be issued early in 1887, just as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed. The new journal, the name of which will be "The Open Court" will be under the management of B. F. Underwood, with Mrs. Sara A. Underwood as associate editor. The proprietor will be Edward C. Hegeler, of La Salle, Ill., or a publishing company he may organize.

The latter part of your letter, commencing with the words, "By this arrangement your connection will appear, etc.," to the close, I presume you will omit from publication, as, 1st. What you quote from our contract should read, "To be the property of E. C. Hegeler, and under the business and editorial management of B. F. Underwood, subject to such conditions as the two shall mutually agree upon." 2d. The paragraph you commence, "You state that your leading idea intended to be conveyed by the Monist, etc.," shows an incomplete understanding at the beginning. I also did not mean that the journal should be limited to discussing my ideas. Probably that will fill but a small part of the space. 3d. Why the closing paragraph should be omitted, I have expressed at the beginning of this letter.

I call attention here to my changing the word, "principle" to "standpoint," as this is the right word for what I meant to express. With kind regards.

Yours Truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1886.

My Dear Sir—Your telegram and letter of the 20th duly received, the latter just as the *Index* was going to press. I have not thought it necessary to telegraph you, for your generous letter leaves nothing, so far as I can see, in the way of inaugurating the Chicago enterprise. Your letter of the 7th, with mine in reply, will appear this week, with an extract from your letter of the 20th, and a statement that another communication will appear from you in the next issue.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

In February, 1887, before the publication of the first number of THE OPEN COURT, Mr. Underwood presented to me a proof of the standing notice therefor, without embracing therein the definite statement of my views as had been agreed upon by letter, and also had been published in *The Index* upon my repeated request, but instead gave what appeared to me an unclear combination of his and my published statements of the particular aim of the new paper.

Mr. Underwood also presented a proof of the first

page of the journal, opening the paper with small editorial notes as in the *Index*, instead of prominent contributions, as had been my repeatedly expressed wish, and also had been agreed to by him in his letter of September 28, 1886.

Desiring to avoid a rupture, I asked Mr. Whipple, who has for years been my attorney in patent matters, and whom I know to be a clear and cool-headed man, to be present at a meeting between Mr. Underwood and myself. At this meeting I insisted upon my Monistic standing-notice, as contained in my letter published in the *Index*, telling Mr. Underwood that he might follow it with a statement of his own as he might see fit to make it, he alone to be responsible for that. This resulted in the standing notice as given at the head of the editorial column of THE OPEN COURT in all the numbers prior to the present one.

THE MEETING IN SEPTEMBER, 1887.

When Mr. Underwood was present at La Salle in September last, the agnostic character of the paper, which was against my intentions, was explained to Mr. Underwood. I called his special attention to Mrs. Underwood's lately published editorial poem "I do not know" expressing my sympathy therewith so far as a religious feeling is shown therein and an upright confession made that the writer did not know to answer the particular questions of religion [which Monism does]. (I had reference to my often expressed declaration that I hold this making of the "What I do not know"—that is the feature of the NOT KNOWING this "what"—the final object of religious emotion as detrimental to the progress of knowledge and injurious to mankind in general. That I wanted to eradicate this idea, I had prominently pointed out to Mr. Underwood from the beginning of our negotiations.)

I repeated to Mr. Underwood what I had told him before: It had become clear to me that Agnosticism was a transitional standpoint to Monism of those who, having found the teachings of old theologies untenable, had not yet worked through to the clear and definite view of Monism.

It was pointed out to Mr. Underwood that in order to satisfy the readers a journal must editorially define its position concerning the subjects brought forward by the contributors.

It was further mentioned that the paper had not found the expected support. I stated to Mr. Underwood that I contemplated Dr. Carus' appointment as associate editor of the paper, together with Mrs. Underwood (meant of course subject to my contract with them in regard to time); that Dr. Carus' work was to me the most important part of the paper, as

being in harmony with my views. I could not expect him to do this work further on without proper recognition and standing on the paper, and that such standing was necessary for him for the correspondence with European writers and savants, whose contributions I especially desired for the paper, (as already expressed in my letter published in the *Index*.)

Dr. Carus had been engaged by me for the special purpose of presenting my views in the paper, which was my reserved right as specified in the *Index*, "to present or *have presented* my views over my own name." If it has not been added to every contribution that its publication was made at my demand, this has been meant as an act of courtesy to Mr. Underwood and also Dr. Carus.

Upon mentioning my desire that a position as associate editor be given to Dr. Carus, Mr. Underwood, with suppressed excitement stated, that could never be. In a later conversation it appeared that his feeling against Dr. Carus arose from the latter's article, "Monism, Dualism and Agnosticism," which was published in Number 8, of THE OPEN COURT. I informed Mr. Underwood that Dr. Carus' article, though written by him independently, expressed my opinion. It was intended as an explanation in reference to a statement Mr. Underwood had addressed to the Boston *Investigator* (in answer to a challenge), defining the nature of Monism and Agnosticism which was not satisfactory to me. I told Mr. Underwood that I had partly prepared a short article myself in answer to his statement, but did not send it, thinking the one coming from Dr. Carus more courteous to Mr. Underwood. I explained to Mr. Underwood that his definition "Agnosticism stands for what I do not know in regard to the ultimate source of phenomena" was dualistic. A source implied two things: The earth with an orifice or opening, the one, (the Creator), and the water (the created) the other. This explanation did not satisfy Mr. Underwood. He said, as I understood him, in reference to Dr. Carus' contribution: "If I want to insult a man, I do it direct." I think I then called Mr. Underwood's attention to the statement in my letter to the *Index*: "Let the first case before THE OPEN COURT be that of the Monist versus the Agnostic. . . . The difference between Monists and Agnostics is of primary importance to be cleared away."

I also communicated to Mr. Underwood that Dr. Carus had requested me to take into consideration a plan of his going to Germany for becoming professor at a university there. In this, he thought, he would have no difficulty, and he had taken some preliminary steps for his habilitation. This would give him, he suggested to me, a more effectual standing

in case I should wish him to assist in founding a college for philosophy and scientific religion in America, an idea which I had often expressed. However, I objected to his leaving his work at THE OPEN COURT, where he in particular represented the views which I intended to bring out by the journal.

Mr. Underwood stated that it would be impossible for him to work together with Dr. Carus, as he, himself, was a combative man who held to his opinions, and so was Dr. Carus; so that he had better withdraw. My idea had been that Mr. Underwood and Dr. Carus should jointly arrange the contents of the paper, and that at points where they disagreed we would discuss the differences in a meeting, when the decision would have fallen upon me. Both, I thought, in this way would have found leisure for lecturing. Mr. Underwood declining this, I proposed an arrangement that Mr. Underwood should manage the paper as heretofore, but that he first present the proposed contents of the next issue to me and Dr. Carus for discussion in a meeting at La Salle and hear our opinions thereon, while Chicago remain the place of publication.

Mr. Underwood accepted this.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

Dear Sir— . . . Last June I asked you to return to me the copy of legal transcript and form of our contract which Mr. . . . sent me, and which I loaned you the day I received it. You stated you would have a search for it made. If you have found it, will you please send it to me, and if you have not been able to find it, will you please send me a copy of the one which Mr. . . . mailed to you at La Salle the same time he mailed mine.

Very truly yours, B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Oct. 15, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—I have not put any value on the paper drawn up by Mr. . . . as it was incorrect and incomplete on the essential points, that is, those beyond the money consideration, though through no fault of Mr. . . . 's. I recollect that when you handed me your copy, that I mentioned this, in substance at least.

I now have examined the file of our correspondence and find that you asked for the above in yours of June 30, when I sent you the copy of our contract, for which you also then asked. The later sending of this form drawn up by Mr. . . . has been overlooked by me. Our contract of October last, supplemented by the letters published in *The Index*, is the real substance of our agreement. In our meeting with Mr. Whipple this was made fully clear to you in addition; so much so, that in Mr. Whipple's memoranda which are in my possession, there is no note of

final conclusion even. We proceeded in the meeting to important, practical business—acting under the contract and the agreement in the published letters.

Respectfully yours, EDWARD C. HEGELER.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of the 18th, I have to say that I quite agree with you as to the defectiveness of Mr. . . . 's memorandum of agreement, owing to errors and omissions. As I have already told you, I had but glanced at the document when I handed it to you a few minutes after receiving it, some months ago, and doubt as to its statements has made me the more curious to see it.

If you expressed dissatisfaction with it at the time, or made any comments on it after reading it, I certainly failed to understand your remarks, for from that time I have wondered as to your opinion of the document. But this point is unimportant. We are agreed as to the incompleteness of the paper, not to mention here other errors.

My understanding has been that our agreement gives you the right to express your views, or to have them expressed for you, over your own name, and the right to protest against, or criticise anything published in the paper; the protest or criticism to be presented when so desired by you, on the first page; and that these reserved rights are the only limits to my independence and freedom in the editorial conduct of the paper. These conditions from the first have been entirely satisfactory to me. I have always been as ready to make room for your thought as you have been to present it. If on this point you ever think you have the slightest reason for dissatisfaction, I hope you will at once make it known to me. I only ask when you have long papers to present, that you will notify me as far ahead as you conveniently can, that I may include their insertion in my plans as editor, and not be compelled to break up the plan of any given number, by putting aside articles in type, designed to appear with others, to give symmetry, proportion and completeness to the paper. I wish as editor to be (as far as my position will admit of it) as generous and obliging as you are as proprietor. If, at any time, a misunderstanding arises between us, you will find me, I believe, in trying to remove it, as regardful of your rights and feelings as I am of my own.

I remain truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

As near as I recollect, when soon after the meeting in September I met Mr. Underwood in Chicago he pointed out to me obstacles to his coming to La Salle for a meeting at that time. Then I asked him to send to La Salle the manuscripts on hand.

On October 17th, a number of manuscripts were

received from Mr. Underwood. They were returned with the following letter:

LA SALLE, Oct. 22, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD Esq., Chicago:

Dear Sir—The whole M. S. articles sent by you on the 17th inst., were returned by U. S. Express yesterday afternoon. Dr. Carus examined them all, my daughter about a dozen. I enclose a copy of Dr. Carus' opinion thereof given to me upon my express desire.

Yours truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

The report contained only businesslike remarks ("available," "not available," "subject not suited for THE OPEN COURT," etc.), in reference to the MS'S—such as Mr. Underwood would have heard, if he had come to La Salle for a meeting.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ:

Dear Sir—When in Boston, a year ago this month, we signed an agreement, in accordance with which I subsequently came West to take charge of the new journalistic enterprise, I hoped that my connection with THE OPEN COURT would last some years. But during the past few months, and especially since the last conversations I had with you at your home, it has seemed to me that the present management of the paper is not likely to last long. Dr. Carus from the time he came West, has wished to have an editorial position on THE OPEN COURT. This is now, as you told me, desired by you, and I judge from your remarks, by your daughter Mary, and perhaps by your entire family.

In view of Dr. Carus' present and prospective relation to you and your family, it is entirely natural that you should wish to give him such a position as THE OPEN COURT affords; and since you own the paper, its continuance beyond a few months, at least, except on condition that he have an editorial position, is extremely improbable. But the condition is one to which, as I said to you with equal frankness and kindness, we can never agree so long as our relation to the paper continues.

Since our connection with THE OPEN COURT is evidently of short duration, and since I am dependent upon my earnings, I must in justice to myself and those dependent upon me, look beyond my present position; and that I may do this, and remove all obstacles which the present management offers, to any plans that you and Dr. Carus may have, both Mrs. Underwood and I hereby tender our resignation, to take effect at the end of the present financial year of the journal, or as much sooner as may be necessary, to enable you to make the changes desired, after receiving this letter.

We wish however our present connection with THE OPEN COURT to continue long enough to admit, in the last number issued under the present management, of a proper statement announcing our retirement, the statement to be such as you and we may mutually agree upon.

This letter I assure you is written in no pique, and in no unfriendly spirit; but with a knowledge that certain facts have to be faced, yet at the same time with warm friendship for you and your family, which is sincerely felt by both Mrs. Underwood and myself.

Truly yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Ill., Nov. 7th, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, ESQ., Chicago:

My Dear Sir—I should not delay any longer giving some answer to your favor of the 28th ult., in duty to you; though I can make it but quite short now. The Anarchist question has occupied much of my attention, and the trial of my late gardener commences to-day.

I have partially prepared a longer letter to you—the outcome of which is, that I have with regret to accept your and Mrs. Underwood's resignation, assuring you of my sincere interest in your further work.

I will endeavor to free you from your work before the close of the year—I had thought that it might be possible that the number after the next one could be made the closing number of the present administration of the paper, but on account of the gardener's trial I cannot say if Dr. Carus and I will be able to give time to the paper so soon. Of course your salary is to continue under all circumstances to the close of the year, leaving it to you how much help you will give me and Dr. Carus. With kind regards to you and Mrs. Underwood,

Yours truly,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 19th, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, La Salle:

Is the present management to continue beyond number 21?

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Nov. 19th, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, Chicago:

I was expecting and still desire to hear your wishes in the matter.

E. C. HEGELER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19th, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, La Salle:

Ready to be relieved after number 21. Can't get that out till late next week on account of strike.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

LA SALLE, Ill., Nov. 19th, 1887.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, Chicago:

Message received. You may close with number 21.

E. C. HEGELER.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—In reply to my letter of October 28, tendering my resignation with that of Mrs. Underwood's—for the reason that we were unwilling to accede to your proposition that Dr. Paul Carus be made associate editor—you wrote under date of November 17. . . . (Here follows copy of my letter, except passage relating to salary.)

Since your letter left me in uncertainty as to whether you would close the present management with the number after the next, *i. e.*, with No. 21. I naturally expect to hear more definitely from you in a few days. Having received no more definite word from you, last Saturday I telegraphed you, asking whether the present management was to continue after No. 21. You replied, forgetting perhaps, that it was I who had been left in uncertainty, and who was waiting to hear from you. "I was expecting and still desire to hear your wishes in the matter."

I sent you a telegram in reply, saying that I was ready to be relieved after No. 21, but that the printers' strike would prevent the issue of that number till the latter part of the next week.

These facts I here state that you may see there was no neglect on my part in not writing you again about this matter, when I had not heard further from you.

If you have decided that No. 21 can, conveniently to yourself, be made the closing number of the present administration of the paper, I will arrange accordingly. I shall be just as well satisfied with this as to have the change a fortnight later; at the same time recognizing my obligation, and assuring you of my willingness, if desired, to conduct the journal faithfully, according to contract to the time for which I am to receive salary.

. . . . If desired, I can send you all the manuscripts on hand, and you can send your copy direct to the printers, if you choose, and I will gather up the threads of the business so that I shall be able to turn over to you that department at the same time, or which will be better, probably, the first of the month—December 1. Yours truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH DR. CARUS.

(Translation.)

LA SALLE, Jan. 21st, 1887.

DR. PAUL CARUS, New York.:

Dear Sir—By the kind sending of your poems through our mutual friend, Mr. Underwood, you have given me much pleasure. The poems have brought you much nearer to me. After I had already known you through your treatise "Monism and Meliorism," to receive poems from you was quite unexpected by me.

I should like much to have you nearer La Salle, in order to have your help and advice in the work on the new journal, and I have been thinking if not a suitable position could be found for you in this vicinity. I must also mention that recently Mr. Salter spoke of you as qualified to bring my religious-philosophical ideas into shape for publication.

I do not know how you are situated at present; philosophical occupation alone would probably not fill your time satisfactorily; perhaps you would take charge of the education of older children. If so, there would be an opportunity for this here. You could also take charge of the correspondence with German scholars and writers which I shall wish to lead in the interest of the new journal. Also the translation of German articles into English would give occupation.

Again, many thanks for your poems, also for your treatise "Monism and Meliorism" which struck me very sympathetically, though I as a realist am but little acquainted with philosophic terms. I shall be glad to hear from you soon.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD. C. HEGELER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ., La Salle, Illinois:

Dear Sir—Your favor of January 21, has just been received. In reply to it I would say that I am at present co-editor of *Zickel's Novellen-schatz and Familien blatter*. . . .

In my present occupation I have had occasion to observe that the German periodicals contain immense treasures which are almost inaccessible to American readers. The large publishing houses in New York very freely appropriate much that appears in the English magazines—literary, as well as scientific. But as a rule they pay little attention to the French and German periodicals, because, on the one hand, it involves the labor and expense of having articles translated into English, and on the other hand, scientific interests are too limited to insure great pecuniary results.

It was my intention to establish a periodical to be called the "Transatlantic Review," which should contain a summary of the intellectual activity of Central Europe. I had already planned all details. Only the essential feature, a publisher with the necessary capital, was lacking. When I consider that you are establishing a periodical which is to bear a decidedly scientific stamp, and which is to be devoted to the discussion of the subjects of highest import to mankind, it seems to me that we might combine our plans, and that you could assign to me a certain space of THE OPEN COURT, to be called the Transatlantic Review. This should contain a sum-

mary of the most important recent European publications, of inventions, discoveries, etc.; and in addition, a thorough review of the most prominent popular scientific journals of Europe, so that the reader might be spared a perusal of the original and still be thoroughly posted as regards current thought; and, finally, a translation of one or two articles of especial value and deserving general attention.

Of course, this plan could be modified according to necessity. I have no doubt but that, on the whole, Mr. Underwood will approve of it. . . .

With such a department as a Transatlantic Review, *THE OPEN COURT*, which, according to your plan, is to serve as a medium for the exchange of philosophical ideas in America, would also be the means of communicating information concerning the scientific work of Europe, and might thus form an important link between the Old and the New worlds.

If I interpret your letter correctly, it contains an offer of a combined position,—partly as teacher, and partly as co-editor of *THE OPEN COURT*, and correspondent in scientific matters. I would be very glad to have you make me a definite proposition. . . .

With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Underwood, I am,

Yours, very respectfully,

PAUL CARUS.

LA SALLE, Jan. 31, 1887.

DR. PAUL CARUS, New York:

Dear Sir—Your favor of January 24, reached me on my return to La Salle. What you write has my full interest. To what you say in particular regarding *THE OPEN COURT*, I have to answer that Mr. and Mrs. Underwood are independent editors and managers of the same, though subject to such conditions as may be hereafter mutually agreed upon; still I wish to make the path of the editors as smooth as possible.

* * * But what you wish to carry into effect, the transplanting of European (especially German) thought to America, is what I particularly desire.

* * * *

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

I herewith close the evidence on my part—Dr. Carus has assumed the Editorship of *THE OPEN COURT*. Our aim is stated at the head of the Editorial department.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

GUSTAV FREYTAG.

In No. 1 of this journal I informed our readers that I consider as Gustav Freytag's life-work the presentation of his definite view of immortality as expressed in the works of this leading author.

In No. 15 of this journal, I gave more explicitly my view of the nature of our soul combining the ideas of Freytag with those of Hering, Ribot and Noiré. I added that living substance is able to reproduce speech mechanically in a similar way as the phonograph of Thomas Edison. It was a special satisfaction to me to find my position so much strengthened by Max Müller's lecture, "The Identity of Language and Thought."

The present number of our journal contains the first part of a careful translation of that novel by Gustav Freytag, in which he most clearly describes the immortality of our soul in human posterity.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.

Since the founding of *THE OPEN COURT* Mr. Hegeler has fostered the idea of presenting to our readers Gustav Freytag's novel, "The Lost Manuscript." *THE OPEN COURT* was not founded for the publication of novels; its immediate purpose is much more serious than to entertain with charming fiction. Gustav Freytag's "Lost Manuscript," however, is a novel that in many respects answers the purpose of *THE OPEN COURT*. Freytag has acquired a deep insight into the human soul, and he presents to his readers the modern psychology in the form of light novels.

The monistic conception of the soul, was never presented in a clearer and more popular manner than here. Whole volumes of psychological research are sometimes contained in a few pages.

To the reader, the acquaintance with a character like that of Professor Werner, is like the acquaintance of a true, high-minded man whose conversation and mere idle talk frequently are more instructive than hundreds of books.

In his Memoirs Freytag says, "Although our judgment is at best but imperfect, we are accustomed to observe and to estimate how life moulds the character of a man and how it develops his talents. But it is much more difficult to understand the assistance and the limitations which a living man has received from his parents and ancestors; for the threads which connect his life and existence with the souls of past generations, are not always visible; and even where they can be traced, their strength cannot always be determined. But it is noteworthy that the power of their influence is not equally strong in every life,—sometimes it is formidable and overwhelming. It is fortunate that what we have inherited from a distant past, and what we have ourselves acquired, cannot always be distinguished by every observer. Our lives would be filled with anguish and care if we, as the descendants of former generations, were obliged constantly to take their blessing and their curse into consideration. On the other hand, it is pleasant to remem-

ber that many successes of our lives became possible only through the qualities we inherited from our parents, and also through still older heirlooms which a more remote generation had prepared for us."

The grand connection, which links the individual soul of a man to the souls of others—to the present as well as to past and future generations, has been depicted magnificently in "The Lost Manuscript." The grandeur of the monistic view, and the religious depth of monistic psychology, become apparent even to those who have not yet or who have only imperfectly grasped the truth of Monism.

The novel has not yet been presented to English readers, except in an inadequate translation by Mrs. Malcolm, often so literal as not to convey the meaning of the original. After a careful revision, and after a comparison with the original, especially of those parts which are of deeper and philosophical import, her translation has been used, so far as it was acceptable.

IT THINKS.

We call the attention of our readers to an odd but nevertheless very true dictum of Lichtenberg which is quoted by Prof. Preyer in his *Natur-wissenschaftliche Thatsachen und Probleme*.

"We become conscious of certain concepts or ideas which do not depend upon us, and of other ideas which as we suppose do depend upon us. But where is the limit between the former and the latter? We are aware of nothing but the existence of our sensations, perceptions, and ideas. We should say 'It thinks' just as well as we say 'It lightens,' or 'It rains.' In saying *cogito*, the philosopher goes too far, if he translates it '*I think*.'"

The idea contained in this short passage must be digested, before we can hope to understand the process of thinking, for it is indeed the leading principle of modern psychology. Modern psychology looks upon consciousness not as a cause, but as an effect of many causes. Consciousness appears to be a simple and elementary fact, but it is a very intricate and complex phenomenon, the ultimate constituents of which are our sensations. And even these sensations are not simple; they also in their turn are the effects of a wonderful complication of innumerable causes.

We imagine *we* think. But thoughts arise in us according to irrefragable laws. *We* do not produce ideas, but ideas produced in the cerebral processes of a brain become conscious, and thus *they* produce *us*. P. C.

TRIBUTES.

BY LEE FAIRCHILD.

BROWNING.

That Browning has, I must confess,
A depth and magnitude;
But less would be his fame, I guess,
If he were understood.

LOWELL.

A touch—how delicate is his!
His humor so refined
Its finer shadings those shall miss
Who, seeing, yet are blind.

POE.

What pathos and sublimity;
What mystic woe and pain;
What hopes forlorn and misery
Make up thy sad refrain!

LONGFELLOW AND WHITTIER.

They gather, in their simple songs,
Many a common prize
Unhidden from the thoughtful throngs;
In this their greatness lies.

THE CAT.

BY F. A. KRUMMACHER.

One day two learned men, who had studied nature all their lives, and who had spent every day examining animals of all kinds, and knew how to talk about each one, sat together discussing beasts and worms, fishes and birds, and all species of plants and trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall. Both were pleased, and complimented each other.

At length, they began to talk about the characteristics and habits of cats. Then they disagreed, and a lively dispute ensued. For one of them said: "The cat is the most malicious and noisome animal, false and mischievous, a tiger in disposition as well as in appearance, though fortunately not in size and strength, for which last-named fact we cannot thank and praise Heaven enough."

But the other said: "The cat may be compared to the lion; for, besides resembling him in appearance, she is like him noble and generous; she is cleanly and gentle, and therefore naturally at enmity with the dirty and intrusive dog. In short, she is the most useful animal, for which man cannot thank and praise Heaven enough."

Then the other flew into a passion, for he was fond of dogs and referred to the dogs of Ulysses, Tobit and Frederick the Great.

But the other confuted his argument by alluding to the cats of Leibnitz, the great Philosopher, who had done so much to enlighten the world and to exalt others in wisdom and knowledge.

Without coming to any agreement, they parted at enmity with each other. The one went home to his aviary; for he kept living birds, some of which the cats had eaten. The other went to his museum of stuffed birds and animals, which, to his great vexation, the mice were destroying. Such are the judgments of passion and egotism.

THE EDUCATION OF PARENTS BY THEIR CHILDREN.*

BY CARUS STERNE.

Bret Harte, one of the profoundest psychologists among modern soul-painters, relates in his realistic manner, in the little tragic idyl entitled "The Luck of Roaring Camp," how the birth and early rearing of an orphaned infant suddenly converts a set of rowdies and criminals into most tender and solicitous adoptive fathers. These men, who have been ostracised by the community, and who revel in gambling, rioting and ruffianism, such as can only be found in such a God-forsaken mining camp, now harbor only the one thought of insuring the happiness of their "Luck" (thus they have significantly christened their little legacy) by the toil of their hands.

Not quite so forcibly, but in the same genial manner, the American poet has illustrated the paradox "How the old are educated by the young," in several chapters of his novel Gabriel Conroy. By his love for children, the hero of this book is imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice; and again Surgeon, Duchesne cures an unmarried actor, whose nervous system has been prostrated by his arduous profession, by his intercourse with children.

"I haven't seen you stop and talk to a child for a month," says this practical physician to the professional actor, Jack Hamlin. "I've a devilish good mind to send you to a foundling hospital, for the good of the babies and yourself. Find out some poor ranchero with a dozen children, and teach 'em singing. Come! Do as I say, and I'll stop that weariness, dissipate that giddiness, get rid of that pain, lower that pulse, and put you back where you were."

These views of a great soul interpreter give me courage to express an opinion which I have always entertained, — namely, that every child requites much of the love bestowed upon it by the parents, by making them better and more perfect beings than they were before its advent into the family. In fact, the highest polish, the finishing touches of education, are given people neither by home, school, nor church, but by their own children. Should they be so unfortunate as not to have any, they will experience difficulties in replacing this lacking factor in the education of their affections.

Let us take, for example, a young man who has enjoyed excellent home-training and all the advantages of a school and university education. He enters upon life, and, as the poets say, nothing but the influence of love is lacking to perfect him. At the peril of exposing myself to the charge of heresy in poetical matters, I would say, that, according to my observation, success in love-affairs, far from perfecting, induces wantonness, vulgarity, and even indifference and insensibility to the sufferings arising therefrom. For, considering our

social conditions, is the universal practice of trifling with the affections of innocent maidens, in which the vipers of our civilization, the libertines, daily indulge, not to be denounced as the acme of wickedness? These young men are so refined and so tender-hearted as to avoid crushing a worm; yet, under the mask of love and affection, they do not scruple to render one of their fellow-beings miserable for life. In eighty cases out of a hundred they do not even feel themselves obliged to repair the injury.

Evidently sexual love, *per se*, does not exercise an ennobling influence on the mind; on the contrary, it hardens the disposition, engenders cruelty, and begets a desire for destruction, as others besides the so-called Don Juans have already demonstrated. Only when a firm union, demanding reciprocal surrender and self-sacrifice, results from sexual love is it likely to be productive of good. Even then this bond is scarcely assured, unless offspring furnish a living security. In childless wedlock the enthusiasm of self-sacrifice does not always last. But no sooner do the mediators appear on the scene than libertines become men in a nobler sense, who detest the evils of celibacy, and who will not be apt to palliate the wrongs of which they themselves have been guilty.

Wherein does the wonderful power of an infant lie? Plainly more in its weakness and helplessness than in its appearance, which more often resembles a boiled lobster than a human being. The physical necessity of ridding herself of the excess of nutriment may contribute much toward making the little consumer a welcome guest to the mother. At all events, the parents are fascinated more by the anticipation of future happiness than by any personal charms of the little stranger. Beasts of prey not infrequently devour their first litter, but scarcely from love. When, however, these little beings have outgrown their first helpless state and give the first signs of awakening intelligence—when the first smiles have been half forced from them—they display an amiability and charming playfulness which quite fascinate their parents. The delighted mother can now practically apply to the living toy all the knowledge derived from her girlish experiences with her dolls. This is the beginning of a life of the most unselfish devotion. The father (who does not stand in such close relations to the child) is unconsciously drawn into this magic circle by his instincts as well as by other circumstances. Chiefly it is the halo surrounding the young mother, the indescribable expression of blissful exhaustion. Rubens, in the cycle of pictures illustrating the life of Maria de' Medicis, and also Jordan, in a genre picture of the Zuyder Zee, have given to this the most perfect artistic expression. It is this condition which produces that mental attitude by which the baby, from being his father's rival, becomes his tyrant and absolute master of the household.

* Translated from a volume of essays, *Die Krone der Schöpfung*, by Carus Sterne.

Herewith begins the religious education of mankind, which is far more effective than that imparted by the catechism and the pulpit. Out of this parental and filial love there develops, even in immature minds, a universal love for humanity. The infant becomes the Saviour—the earthly father becomes the prototype of the all-wise, all-bountiful Father in heaven.

The early endeavor to elevate the mother into the realm of the divine is a deeply-felt and psychologically well-justified factor in the development of Christian dogma. It was thus that the mother with the infant on her lap was made the chief picture at the shrines. The "Holy Family," so typically portrayed by Raphael, wins all hearts, even at this day, in Protestant countries, as was very plainly demonstrated at an art exhibition in Berlin during the last decade. Knaus, whose genius was a happy combination of Correggio and Murillo, with a sprinkling of Rembrandt, exhibited a Madonna surrounded by the forms of winged and wingless children, which deservedly delighted also those who only have sentiment instead of artistic taste. Beyond doubt, the "Holy Family" deserves the place of honor at the altar, for it justly makes the nursery the sanctuary which produces and constantly feeds the pure flame of love of man and of God.

Almost all the religious doctrines which add to our happiness—or, rather, which support us in misfortune—the belief in immortality, in resurrection and a re-union after death, have their origin in family life, and the family has its origin in offspring.

These reflections conclusively prove the great advance made in civilization by monogamy. For it permits the male sex to share the ennobling influence exerted by the education of children. Society is therefore fully justified in antagonizing the doctrine of so-called free-love, which has found such enthusiastic disciples in the United States.

The blessings of monogamy are so great that I should not question the propriety of legislation for imposing a special tax upon bachelordom, such as some of the Roman emperors formerly levied upon obesity.

What place, it may be asked, have these sentimental considerations in the writings of an advocate of the Darwinian theory? Perhaps more than is at first apparent. It seems to me that the animal egotism in man which threatens to overstep all bounds, exhibits a certain centrifugal tendency, and that this tendency would increase infinitely, were it not for a counteracting centripetal force, which awakens man to the necessity of voluntarily adjusting himself to his environment. In all viviparus and oviparus animals we see examples of this ennobling intercourse with their young. For instance, the domestic cat, usually decried on account of its egoism, when suckling her own litter will frequently also nurse the young of other animals, such as foxes, rabbits, hares, and

even young rats and mice, which at other times she so relentlessly pursues. When suckling its young, that most ferocious beast of prey, the tigress, is transformed into a harmless, playful creature, capable of the utmost self-sacrifice. To be sure, there is nothing more droll than young animals of all kinds. The cunning pranks of young animals make even the most hideous ones appear fascinating to us.

And, in spite of whatever antipathy we may usually harbor toward them, the mothers also win our admiration, when we become witnesses of their self-sacrifice. We see the mothers tear hairs and feathers out of their breast in order to prepare soft and warm beds for their young. The viviparus scorpion, which surely is not credited with any very tender impulses, according to some accounts, permits its numerous young ones to drain it of its vital humors; and it visibly decreases in size in the midst of its rapidly growing progeny. Likewise, the pelican, which was supposed to feed its young with its heart's blood, was selected as the symbol of Divine Love. We cannot but find it natural that female beasts of prey should courageously defend their young, even against attacks of the males; on the other hand, we cannot but be astonished at the heroism displayed by shy and domestic animals in the protection of their young. As soon as the danger has been averted, the heroic mother is again a child among children—she plays with them just as one plays with dolls. And so a child is the toy of toys that softens the most callous hearts and makes children of old people who already stand on the brink of eternity.

(To be concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRADE-UNIONS AND MONOPOLY.

To the Editor:

I regard THE OPEN COURT as the best philosophical journal in America, but would be better pleased (as, I presume, the majority of your readers would also) to see more discussion of social and economic problems in its columns. "Wheelbarrow's" articles are pleasing, but, I fear, sadly wanting in many instances of seeing things in the light they present themselves to me.

He condemns trade-unions because they monopolize the trades and restrict apprenticeship. I grant this; but in the present social condition there is no other way in which competition can be restricted. It is, at its best, purely and simply monopoly. Where there is no attempt at social regulation, the only natural remedy for monopoly is counter-monopoly and coöperation. When skilled workmen combine to prevent competition, it is merely "a typical illustration of the manner in which intelligence ever seeks the protection of its own interests regardless of the interests of others." There is no use in bewailing the "beneficent law of mutual assistance" when we consider that all men will "under all circumstances seek their greatest gain," and to do this they must pool their interests the same as monopolists. To all men the more wages they secure for their labor means more enjoyment, more happiness. And the inequality of the distribution of wealth will be so until the intelligence of the producer is

equal to that of the non-producer, or until the altruistic functions have become so enlarged as to make the amount of pain in seeing our fellows in distress greater than the amount of pleasure derived from articles of enjoyment they have created, and which have been secured by mental aggrandizement.

"Wheelbarrow" says: "The companies monopolize the profit of telegraphing; the operators monopolize the art." Monopolizing the art is only a *means* employed by intelligent workmen to create an artificial adjustment of natural tendencies. The fundamental principle is to force from the employer a greater wage than if the workmen worked in severalty and competition reduced wages to the lowest point that workmen would consent to live on.

Skilled workmen are, for the most part, relatively more intelligent than unskilled workmen; and it is from this fact that they suppress competition. Competition is the enemy of coöperation, and always will be; and it is on that ground that trade-unions restrict apprentices. But there is not always an unreasonable restriction. The most conservative and intelligent trade organization in America is the International Typographical Union and it restricts apprentices to one to every five journeymen. This is not an unreasonable restriction.

As to the "dignity of labor," that is simply a matter of intelligence, and will be so "as long as capital and labor remain the respective symbols of intelligence and ignorance." The whole foundation of the inequality of the distribution of wealth is merely one of *relative* ignorance and *relative* intelligence. This is caused by the inequality of the distribution of knowledge. "Wheelbarrow" says, truly, "we must all work together"; but *how*? This is the rub. It is the distinction between science and art. We all understand that it is to the interest of producers to combine. We have that knowledge; but *do* we know how to apply that knowledge? We must have a knowledge of *ways* as well as things. Lester F. Ward says: "To *do* depends upon *knowing*, but in order to *do* men must *know how*."

The capitalists have been eminently successful in receiving a greater proportion of wealth than they are justly entitled to, *because they know how*. The capitalists have bent the inferior intelligence of the laborer-service because they are more intelligent, not because they have a greater intellectual capacity. This is the greatest evil under which society labors. "This is because it places it in the power of a small number," says Lester F. Ward, "having no greater intellectual capacity, and no natural right or title, to seek their happiness at the expense of a large number. The large number, deprived of the *means* of intelligence, though born with a capacity for it, are really compelled by the small number, through the exercise of a superior intelligence, to serve them without compensation."—(*Dynamic Sociology*, Vol. II., p. 602.) This is the ultimate analysis of the unequal distribution of wealth. For it is not the idler but the toiler, the real producer of wealth, who has none; while the man who has wealth is often the man of leisure—enjoying wealth he never toiled to create. The toiler occupies his position in consequence of his *relative* intelligence, while the idler occupies his in consequence of his *relative* intelligence. When we consider this, we can conceive the scope of that great truth—"Knowledge is power." "To prevent inequality of advantages there must be equality of power, equality of knowledge."

Of the thousand arts and subtle ways used by capitalists, the most subtle is the art of making acts appear bad and criminal when done by the laboring class, and proper when done by the employing class. They obscure their identity by different names and make them appear different things. To illustrate, let us take the case of coöperation. Mr. Ward says: "Owing to the inherent character of the social forces as exemplified throughout the workings of nature and of human nature, one of the means of increasing power to secure desired ends * * * was the union of many individuals for the joint accomplishment of a common

object, which intelligence taught them could not be accomplished by action in severalty."—(*Dynamic Sociology*, Vol. II., p. 603.) This the basis of society, government, trade-unions, and of all the great industrial and commercial enterprises of the world. It is a true principle, as in no other way could any great results be achieved. The consequence has been that the *intelligent* class coöperate, and by means of coöperation become capitalists and employers; while the ignorant class work individually and independent, and have been and are compelled to turn over to the capitalists the greater part of the value they have created without an equivalent.

In modern times capitalists maintain their hold upon the fruits of the toilers' labor by *preventing them from knowing their own interests*. This is chiefly done by establishing influential organs and moulding public opinion. The laboring classes have few avenues of communication, and perhaps cannot use them. Those of the laboring classes who can read at all read the organs of the capitalists, and not being sufficiently intelligent to penetrate their sophisms, they hear only one side of the question, and generally acquiesce in the views of capitalistic organs. So much has this perversion been carried on in this century that Thomas Jefferson said, in 1807: "Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put in that polluted vehicle. * * * The man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them."

Coöperation on the part of capitalists does not go by that name; it is simply recognized as the only way to do business. Any attempt on the part of the laboring classes, however, to coöperate is called a crime against society! As our government and society coöperate on the same basis as monopolists, and care not for other governments or other lower societies, on the basis that it is a monopoly, "Wheelbarrow" might try to abolish them. We must expect selfishness, and not much altruism, in the economic and social spheres. But that selfishness which can see its own interests by superior intelligence, and seeks to unite together all who labor for its own interests, is a great blessing to the community. For every toiler to see his own interests we must have universal education. Education is the salvation of society.

HARRY C. LONG.

REPLY BY WHEELBARROW.

To the Editor:

CHICAGO, Dec. 9, 1887.

Appreciating your kindness in submitting Mr. Long's criticism to me for any remarks upon it that I might care to make, I will notice a few points in his argument. Much of what he says must go unanswered, because it is too intricate, involved, and metaphysical for me. It is, no doubt, all right enough according to the principles of *Dynamic Sociology*, but as I have not the least idea what *Dynamic Sociology* is, I can only reply to so much of Mr. Long's criticism as is within my sphere of knowledge. Mr. Long says, "Wheelbarrow's articles are pleasing, but I fear sadly wanting, in many instances, of seeing things in the light they present themselves to me." There is a modest self-denial in that "fear" which reminds me of an old friend, who, whenever he dissented in conversation, used to say to the other man, "Now, there's where you and I differ, which, 'I fear,' puts you *prima facie* in the wrong."

Mr. Long defends the monopoly features of the trades unions, and the rules by which they limit the number of apprentices in the various trades. According to him the ethics of trades unions is pure selfishness and the right of tyranny; the duty of the "skilled" to prohibit learning. According to him the golden rule is, "Do others, for they would do you." Here is a curious distortion of moral doctrine: "When skilled workmen combine to prevent competition, it is merely a typical illustration of the manner in which intelligence ever seeks the protection of its own interests

BOOK REVIEWS.

OUR HEREDITY FROM GOD.—*E. P. Powell.* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Mr. Powell's book is attracting wide and deserved attention and is destined, we think, to make a place for itself next in rank to the works of John Fiske, as a popular, but careful and intelligent exposition of the evolution philosophy. It is, however, something more than a summary of Spencer; in fact is not a summary at all, but rather the original and patiently wrought result of a mind working in the field of scientific philosophy, but working always after its own individual methods, with perfect fearlessness, and a frank determination to accept nothing but the truth. This mental independence is observed on every page, and occasionally over-reaches itself, as a man bent on preserving a perfectly erect position, will sometimes tip a little backwards. Mr. Powell is a convert from evangelical christianity to scientific rationalism. His passage from one to the other was a painful one and signs of mental conflict appear throughout his book, especially in the emphatic—sometimes impatient—opposition which he shows, towards the older forms of faith, and which has led some of the critics, we think not unjustly, to accuse him of whipping a man of straw. With exception of this not-very-important criticism, we have only words of praise and welcome for Mr. Powell's book. It is a work which will serve the needs both of the advanced student in evolution and the beginner. The first will find in it a clear and succinct review of principles he is already familiar with, together with an admirable summing up of the ethical and religious aspects of the questions dealt with, while the younger student will be equally profited by the general scheme of the book, which aims to present the reader with a clear outline of the leading principles of the Synthetic philosophy. The book speaks for itself in the table of contents. It is divided into three parts. The first sums up "the leading arguments in favor of evolution, as accounting for structural variety and explaining the actual condition of living creatures." This part consists of eight lectures on such topics as "The Unity of Nature," with three lectures following, dealing with the arguments from geography, geology and anatomy.—One of the most interesting of the succeeding chapters in this portion of the book is that on "The Power of Mimicry." Speaking of the power of some of the lower forms of life to defend themselves against harmful attack by assuming a likeness to their surroundings which enables them to escape observation, as the plum curculio rolls itself up into the shape of a dry bud and falls to the ground. Mr. Powell says that "Nature is charged everywhere with the idea of escape and self-preservation,"—and man's desire for salvation is an instinct fairly inherited from life's lowest forms: "Among lower creatures, those that least assimilate to environments are destroyed—but with moral beings the assimilation required is that of character. He is most safe who becomes most like the Supreme Good." In the concluding chapter of Part I, on "Degeneration" we are shown how evolution is "a struggle that in many cases involves failure, in some, success; but in long reaches of time establishes a steadily increasing increment of gain." Part II is employed in showing "the commonality of life between all creatures," and Part III follows evolution after man is reached, tracing the "rise of intelligence and morals out of and above all preceding development, until we reach the great questions of God and immortality." Mr. Powell is a believer in both, though in respect to the first his views partake of a fine abstract theism which prefers to dissociate itself from all formal religious exercise. Mr. Powell bases his belief in continued existence after death on the principle that with the appearance of man a new factor is introduced into evolution. The creation of man was not an accidental circumstance, but stands rather as the crowning moral event in the universe. His annihilation would

regardless of the interests of others." This is so obviously incorrect that at first I thought "intelligence" was a misprint for "ignorance," but on reading further I found that it was not. True, there is a grade of intelligence allied to animal cunning which does "seek the protection of its own interests regardless of the interests of others," but this is not the intelligence of civilized man.

Mr. Long confesses that trades unions restrict apprentices, but, he says, "there is not always an unreasonable restriction. The most conservative and intelligent trade organization in America is the International Typographical Union, and it restricts apprentices to one to every five journeymen. This is not an unreasonable restriction." A little moral intelligence would show the International Typographical Union that any restriction whatever is not only unreasonable but barbarous. The Typographical Union has no more right to withhold from any boy the art of earning bread than it has to cut off his finger and thus disable him from setting type. If that is the most intelligent trade organization in America, what must the others be?

When the bookkeepers form themselves into a "union," they will require that only one boy to five bookkeepers shall be allowed to learn arithmetic. Their restriction will be quite as "intelligent" as that of the Typographical Union. It will not be any more "unreasonable." I have said before, and I repeat it here, that the men who would enslave others easily become slaves. This has been demonstrated in Chicago within the present week, and, curiously too, by the Typographical Union. The working printers "struck," and the masters combined against them. After being "out" some time the printers yielded, and offered to go back to work, but the masters refused to take them back unless they "signed the document," the "iron-clad" surrender of their freedom. In imposing this condition the masters subjected their workmen to a shocking degradation. Their act was an act of despotism only equalled by that other intolerance which forbids an honest boy to learn an honest trade. The masters offer as an excuse for their tyranny that they must either subjugate their workmen or be subjugated by them. A very small allowance of "intelligence" would show both parties that this alternative is not necessary. But it must be that kind of intelligence which knows justice when it sees it, and which amounts to a moral perception strong enough to see that freedom to oppress others is not liberty.

The rest of Mr. Long's criticism appears to be aimed at something up in the air, with which I have nothing to do. It is some thing "on the wing," for the aim is wandering and unsteady. It may be Dynamic Sociology of the most orthodox quality, for aught I know, but the argument is difficult and obscure; while some of the sentences appear to be destitute of meaning, so that I cannot tell whether I agree with the writer or not; especially as they seem to have but a "relative" reference to anything I wrote. For example, this: "As to the 'dignity of labor,' that is simply a matter of intelligence, and will be so as long as capital and labor remain the respective symbols of intelligence and ignorance. The whole foundation of the inequality of the distribution of wealth is merely one of *relative* ignorance and *relative* intelligence. This is caused by the inequality of the distribution of knowledge." That reads like a rhetorical involution from the ponderous wisdom of Jack Bunsby. Whether it means anything or not, it has no application to the argument, and therefore I am not called upon to answer it.

Yours,

WHEELBARROW.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

—SIR JONES: *from the Persians.*

render the entire system of things meaningless, and a cruel satire. Mr. Powell deprecates as much as anyone the false ideas of human profit and recompense attaching to the old idea of immortality, which has done more harm than good; yet having become a part of the world's "moral causation," man has demonstrated his right to final preservation. "If man has attained a possible eternal ought toward God, has not God the same ought in his relation to man?" Space does not permit us to give Mr. Powell's argument in its full force and meaning, but enough has been given to indicate its general nature and direction. To us it is at once the most striking and persuasive presentation of the question we have ever read; and the chapter which deals with this difficult but enticing subject, full of snares and pitfalls to the unwary, is a fitting conclusion to a work, strong, healthful, and inspiring throughout.

C. P. W.

THE ETHICAL IMPORT OF DARWINISM. By *J. G. Schurman*,
Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University.

As is so frequently the case, the adherents of a new theory endeavor to give it the very broadest application, until it almost vanishes in a misty universality. A similar fate has befallen the doctrine of evolution, which now is, as our author says, "a mixture of science and speculation, of fact and fancy."

In this exceedingly interesting and readable book, Professor Schurman endeavors to distinguish between science and speculation in the application of Darwinism to morals. In the first chapter an attempt is made to determine under what conditions alone ethics can become a science. The second chapter is devoted to an exposition of the Darwinian theory and the general doctrine of evolution. Then follow chapters on the ethical bearing of Darwinism. In the rest of the book the conclusion is reached that a scientific study of ethics can be constructed only by adopting the historical method.

This book, written in such a delightful and admirably clear style is the very best proof of Professor Schurman's belief "that there is no theory, or criticism, or system (not even Kant's or Hegel's) that cannot be clearly expressed in a language which in Locke's hands was strong and homely, in Berkeley's rich and subtle, in Hume's easy, graceful, and finished, and in all three alike plain, transparent, and unmistakable."

The *Revue de Belgique* for November contains, besides other valuable articles, an interesting essay, "Monsieur Moi," translated from the Italian by Salvatore Farina. Another essay, which merited more attention than we could devote to it, is the one by Aug. Gittée, entitled "La Rime d'Enfant." It seems to be full of fine thought and pretty examples of the poetry of the nursery; those in the Flemish and Walloon dialects have an additional philological value.

Seldom has a magazine met with such immediate and pronounced success as *Scribner's*, which has just completed its first year. The illustrations have steadily improved, and the publishers promise that during 1888 they will be better than ever. The series of papers which Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute during the coming year will, no doubt, do much toward increasing the circulation of this already very popular magazine.

The *Century Magazine* for December prints how a very timely article "The Sea of Galilee," by Edward L. Wilson. The chapter in the Lincoln biography by Nicolay and Hay treats of Lincoln's Inauguration. Those readers who take an intelligent interest in the affairs of Russia will be pleased with George Kennan's essay, *Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists*.

In this wild world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed.

—CRABBE.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.

BY GUSTAV FREVTAG.

CHAPTER I.

A DISCOVERY.

In the outskirts of a German university town loom up in the evening dusk two stately houses, in which dwell two landlords who are tax-payers and active workers. At night they cover with warm blankets; they are worthy men, but have their whims; and they estimate the value of the moon exactly in proportion to the amount of gas saved by her light.

A lamp, placed close to the window, shines from one of the upper rooms in the house on the left hand. Here lives Professor Felix Werner, a learned philologist, still a young man who has already earned a reputation. He sits at his study table and examines old, faded manuscripts—an attractive looking man of medium size, with dark, curly hair falling over a massive head; there is nothing paltry about him. Clear, honest eyes shine from under the dark eyebrows; the nose is slightly arched; the muscles of the mouth are strongly developed, as may be expected of the popular teacher of young students. Just now a soft smile spreads over it, and his cheeks redden either from his work or from inward emotion.

The Professor suddenly left his work and paced restlessly up and down his room. He then approached a window which looked out on the neighboring house, placed two large books on the window sill, laid a small one upon them, and thus produced a figure which resembled a Greek π , and which, from the light shining behind became visible to the eye in the house opposite. After he had arranged this signal, he hastened back to the table and again bent over his book.

The servant entered gently to remove the supper, which had been placed on a side table. Finding the food untouched, he looked with displeasure at the Professor, and for a long while remained standing behind the vacant chair. At length, assuming a military attitude, he said, "Professor, you have forgotten your supper."

"Clear the table, Gabriel," said the Professor.

Gabriel showed no disposition to move. "Professor, you should at least eat a bit of cold meat. Nothing can come of nothing," he added, kindly.

"It is not right that you should come in and disturb me."

Gabriel took the plate and carried it to his master. "Pray, Professor, take at least a few mouthfuls."

"Give it to me then," said he, and began to eat.

Gabriel made use of the time during which his master unavoidably paused in his intellectual occupation, to make a respectful admonition. "My late Captain thought much of a good supper."

"But now you have changed into the civil service," answered the Professor, laughing.

"It is not right," continued Gabriel, pertinaciously, "that I should eat the roast that I bring for you."

"I hope you are now satisfied," answered the Professor, pushing the plate back to him.

Gabriel shrugged his shoulders. "You have at least done your best. The Doctor was not at home."

"So I perceive. See to it that the front-door remains open."

Gabriel turned about and went away with the plate.

The scholar was again alone. The golden light of the lamp fell on his countenance and on the books which lay around him; the white pages rustled under his hand; and his features worked with strong excitement.

There was a knock at the door; the expected visitor entered.

"Good evening, Fritz," said the Professor to his visitor; "sit in my chair, and look here."

The guest, a man of slender form, with delicate features, and wearing spectacles, obeying, seated himself, and seized a little book which lay in the middle of a number of open volumes of every age and size. With the eye of a connoisseur he examined first the cover—discolored parchment, upon which was written old church hymns with the accompanying music. He cast a searching glance on the inside of the binding, and inspected the strips of parchment by which the poorly-preserved back of the book was joined to the cover. He then examined the first page of the contents, on which, in faded characters, was written, "The Life of the Holy Hildegard." "The handwriting is that of a writer of the fifteenth century," he exclaimed, and looked inquiringly at his friend.

"It is not on that account that I show you the old book. Look further. The Life is followed by prayers, a number of recipes and household regulations, written in various hands, even before the time of Luther. I had bought this manuscript for you, thinking you might perhaps find material for your legends and popular superstitions. But on looking through it, I met with the following passage on one of the last pages, and I cannot yet part with the book. It seems that the book has been used in a monastery by many generations to note down memoranda, for on this page there is a catalogue of all the church treasures of the Monastery Rossau. It was a poverty-stricken monastery; the inventory is either small or incomplete. It was made by an ignorant monk, and, as the writing testifies, about the year 1500. See, here are entered church utensils and a few ecclesiastical dresses; and further on some theological manuscripts of the monastery, of no importance to us, but amongst them the following title: '*Das alt ungehür puoch von ussfahrt des swigers.*'"

The Doctor examined the words with curiosity. "That sounds like the title of a tale of chivalry. And

what do the words themselves mean? 'The old, immense book of the exit or departure of the *swiger.*' Does *swiger* here mean son-in-law or a tacit man?"

"Let us try to solve the riddle," continued the Professor, with sparkling eyes, pointing with his finger to the same page. "A later hand has added in Latin, 'This book is Latin, almost illegible; it begins with the words *lacrimas et signa*, and ends with the words—here concludes the history—*actorum*—thirtieth book.' Now guess."

The Doctor looked at the excited features of his friend. "Do not keep me in suspense. The first words sound very promising, but they are not a title; some pages in the beginning may be deficient."

"Just so," answered the Professor, with satisfaction. "We may assume that one or two pages are missing. In the fifth chapter of the Annals Tacitus there are the words *lacrimas et signa.*"

The Doctor sprang up, and a flush of joy overspread his face.

"Sit down," continued the Professor, forcing his friend back into the chair. "The old title of the Annals of Tacitus, when translated, appears literally 'Tacitus, beginning with the death of the divine Augustus.' Well, an ignorant monk deciphered perhaps the first Latin words of the title, '*Taciti ab excessu,*' and endeavored to translate it into German; he was pleased to know that *tacitus* meant *schweigsam* (silent), but had never heard of the Roman historian, and rendered it in these words, literally, as 'From the exit of the tacit man.'"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Doctor. "And the monk, delighted with the successful translation, wrote the title on the manuscript? Glorious! the manuscript was a Tacitus."

"Hear further," proceeded the Professor. "In the third and fourth century A. D., both the great works of Tacitus, the 'Annals' and 'History,' were united in a collection under the title, 'Thirty Books of History.' For this we have other ancient testimony. Look here!"

The Professor found well-known passages, and placed them before his friend. "And, again, at the end of the manuscript record there were these words: 'Here ends the Thirtieth Book of the History.' There remains, therefore, no doubt that this manuscript was a Tacitus. And looking at the thing as a whole, the following appears to have been the case: At the time of the Reformation there was a manuscript of Tacitus in the Monastery of Rossau, the beginning of which was missing. It was old and injured by time, and almost illegible to the eyes of the monks."

"There must have been something peculiar attaching to the book," interrupted the Doctor, "for the monk designates it by the expression, '*Ungeheuer,*' which conveys the meaning of extraordinary."

"It is true," agreed the Professor. "We may assume that some monastic tradition which has attached to the book, or an old prohibition to read it, or, more probably, the unusual aspect of its cover, or its size, has given rise to this expression. The manuscript contains both the historical works of Tacitus, the books of which were numbered continuously. And we," he added, in his excitement throwing the book which he held in his hand on the table, "we no longer possess this manuscript. Neither of the historical works of the great Roman have been preserved in its entirety; for the sum of all the gaps would fully equal one-half of what has come down to us."

The Professor's friend paced the room hurriedly. "This is one of the discoveries that quicken the blood in one's veins. Gone and lost forever! It is exasperating to think how nearly such a precious treasure of antiquity was preserved to us. It has escaped fire, devastation, and the perils of cruel war; it was still in existence when the dawn of a new civilization burst upon us, happily concealed and unheeded, in the German monastery, not many miles from the great high road along which the humanitarians wandered, with visions of Roman glory in their minds, seeking after every relic of the Roman time. Universities flourished in the immediate vicinity; and how easily could one of the friars of Rossau have informed the students of their treasure. It seems incomprehensible that not one of the many scholars of the country should have obtained information concerning the book, and pointed out to the monks the value of such a monument. But, instead of this, it is possible that some contemporary of Erasmus and Melancthon, some poor monk, sold the manuscript to a book-binder, and strips of it may still adhere to some old book-cover. But, even in this case, the discovery is important. Evidently this little book has procured a painful pleasure for you."

The Professor clasped the hand of his friend, and each looked into the honest countenance of the other. "Let us assume," concluded the Doctor, sorrowfully, "that the old hereditary enemy of preserved treasures, fire, had consumed the manuscript—is it not childish that we should feel the loss as if it had occurred to-day?"

"Who tells us that the manuscript is irretrievably lost?" rejoined the Professor, with suppressed emotion. "Once more consult the book; it can tell us also of the fate of the manuscript."

The Doctor rushed to the table, and seized the little book of the Holy Hildegard.

"Here, after the catalogue," said the Professor, showing him the last page of the book, "there is still more."

The Doctor fixed his eyes on the page. Latin characters without meaning or break were written in seven successive lines; under them was a name—F. Tobias Bachhuber.

"Compare these letters with the Latin annotation under the title of the mysterious manuscript. It is undoubtedly the same hand, firm characters of the seventeenth century; compare the 's,' 'r,' and 'f.'"

"It is the same hand!" exclaimed the Doctor with satisfaction.

"The letters without sense are a cypher, such as was used in the seventeenth century. In that case it is easily solved; each letter is exchanged with the one that follows. On this bit of paper I have put together the Latin words. The translation is, 'On the approach of the ferocious Swedes, in order to withdraw the treasures of our monastery from the search of these roaring devils, I have deposited them all in a dry, hollow place in the house at Bielstein.' The day Quasimodogeniti 37—that is on the 19th April, 1637. What do you say now, Fritz? It appears from this that in the time of the Thirty Years' War the manuscript had not been burned, for Frater Tobias Bachhuber—blest be his memory!—had at that time vouchsafed to look upon it with some consideration, and as in the record he had favored it with an especial remark, he probably did not leave it behind in his flight. The mysterious manuscript was thus in the Monastery of Rossau till 1637, and the friar, in the April of that year, concealed it and other goods from the Swedes in a hollow and dry spot in Castle Bielstein."

"Now the matter becomes serious!" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, it is serious, my friend; it is not impossible that the manuscript may still lie concealed somewhere."

"And Castle Bielstein?"

"Lies near the little town of Rossau. The monastery was in needy circumstances, and under ecclesiastical protection till the Thirty Years' War. In 1637 the town and monastery were ravaged by the Swedes; the last monks disappeared and the monastery was never again re-established. That is all I have been able to learn up to this time; for anything further I request your help."

"The next question will be whether the castle outlasted the war," answered the Doctor, "and what has become of it now. It will be more difficult to ascertain where Brother Tobias Bachhuber ended his days, and most difficult of all to discover through what hands his little book has reached us."

"I obtained the book from an antiquary here; it was a new acquisition, and not yet entered in his catalogue. To-morrow I will obtain any further information which the book-seller may be able to give. It will, perhaps, be worth while to investigate further," he continued, more coolly, endeavoring to restrain his intense excitement by a little rational reflection. "More than two centuries have elapsed since that cypher was written by the friar; during that period the destructive powers were not less active than formerly. Just think of the war and devastation of the years when the charter was destroyed. And so we have gained nothing."

"And yet the probability that the manuscript is preserved to the present day increases with every century," interposed the Doctor; "for the number of men who would value such a discovery has increased so much since that war, that destruction from rude ignorance has become almost incredible."

"We must not trust too much to the knowledge of the present day," said the Professor; "but if it were so," he continued, his eyes flashing, "if the imperial history of the first century, as written by Tacitus, were restored by a propitious fate, it would be a gift so great that the thought of the possibility of it might well, like Roman wine, intoxicate an honest man."

"Invaluable," assented the Doctor, "for our knowledge of the language, for a hundred particulars of Roman history."

"For the most ancient history of Germany!" exclaimed the Professor.

Both traversed the room with rapid steps, shook hands, and looked at each other joyfully.

"And if a fortunate accident should put us on the track of this manuscript," began Fritz, "if through you it should be restored to the light of day, you, my friend, you are best fitted to edit it. The thought that you would experience such a pleasure, and that a work of such renown would fall to your lot, makes me happier than I can say."

"If we can find the manuscript," answered the Professor, "we must edit it together."

"Together?" exclaimed Fritz, with surprise.

"Yes, together," said the professor, with decision; "it would make your ability widely known."

Fritz drew back. "How can you think that I can be so presumptuous?"

"Do not contradict me," exclaimed the Professor, "you are perfectly fit for it."

"That I am not," answered Fritz, firmly; "and I am too proud to undertake anything for which I should have to thank your kindness more than my own powers."

"That is undue modesty," again exclaimed the Professor.

"I shall never do it," answered Fritz. "I could not for one moment think of adorning myself before the public with borrowed plumage."

"I know better than you," said the Professor, indignantly, "what you are able to do, and what is to your advantage."

"At all events, I would never agree, that you should have the lion's share of the labor and secretly be deprived of the reward. Not my modesty, but my self-respect forbids this. And this feeling you ought to respect," concluded Fritz, with great energy.

"Now," returned the Professor, restraining his excited feelings, "we are behaving like the man who bought a house and field with the money procured by

the sale of a calf which was not yet born. Be calm, Fritz; neither I nor you will edit the manuscript."

"And we shall never know how the Roman Emperor treated the ill-fated Thusnelda and Thumelicus!" said Fritz, sympathizingly to his friend.

"But it is not the absence of such particulars," said the Professor, "that makes the loss of the manuscript so greatly felt, for the main facts may be obtained from other sources. The most important point will always be, that Tacitus was the first, and in many respects is the only, historian who has portrayed the most striking and gloomy phases of human nature. His works that are extant are two historical tragedies, scenes in the Julian and Flavian imperial houses—fearful pictures of the enormous change which, in the course of a century, took place in the greatest city of antiquity, in the character of its emperors and the souls of their subjects—the history of tyrannical rule, which exterminated a noble race, destroyed a high and rich civilization, and degraded, with few exceptions, even the rulers themselves. We have, even up to the present day, scarcely another work whose author looks so searchingly into the souls of a whole succession of princes, and which describes so acutely and accurately the ruin which was wrought in different natures by the fiendish and distempered minds of the kings."

"It always makes me angry," said the Doctor, "when I hear him reproached as having for the most part written only imperial and court history. Who can expect grapes from a cypress, and satisfactory enjoyment in the grand public life of a man who, during a great portion of his manhood, daily saw before his eyes the dagger and poison-cup of a mad despot?"

"Yes," agreed the Professor, "Tacitus belonged to the aristocracy. Who could write the history of the Roman princes, but one of their own circle? The blackest crimes were concealed behind the stone walls of the palace; rumor, the low murmur of the antechamber, the lurking look of concealed hatred, were often the only sources of the historian."

"All that remains for us to do is discreetly to accept the judgment of the man who has delivered to us information concerning this strange condition of things. Moreover, whoever studies the fragments of Tacitus that have been preserved, impartially and intelligently, will honor and admire his profound insight into the utmost depths of the Roman character. It is an experienced statesman of a powerful and truthful mind relating the secret history of his time so clearly that we understand the men and all their doings as if we ourselves had the opportunity of reading their hearts. He who can do this for later centuries is not only a great historian but a most invaluable man. And for such I always felt a deep, heartfelt reverence, and I consider it the duty of a true critic to clear such a character from the attacks of petty minds."

"Hardly one of his contemporaries," said the Doctor, "has felt the poverty of the culture of his own time as deeply as himself."

"Yes," rejoined the Professor, "he was a genuine man, so far as was possible in his time; and that is, after all, the main point. For what we must demand, is not the amount of knowledge for which we have to thank a great man, but his own personality, which, through what he has produced for us, becomes a portion of ourselves. Thus the spirit of Aristotle is something different to us than the substance of his teaching. For us Sophocles signifies much more than seven tragedies. His manner of thinking and feeling, his perception of the beautiful and the good, ought to become part of our life. Only in this way does the study of the past healthily influence our actions and our aspirations. In this sense the sad and sorrowful soul of Tacitus is far more to me than his delineation of the Emperor's madness. And you see, Fritz, it is on this account that your Sanscrit and Indian languages are not satisfactory to me—the men are wanting in them."

"It is, at least, difficult for us to recognize them," answered his friend. "But one who, like you, explains Homer's epics to students, should not undervalue the charm that lies in sounding the mysterious depths of human activity, when a youthful nation conceals from our view the work of the individual man, and when the people itself comes before us in poetry, traditions, and law, assuming the shape of a living individuality."

"He who only engages in such researches," answered the Professor, eagerly, "soon becomes fantastic and visionary. The study of such ancient times acts like opium, and he who lingers all his life in such studies will hardly escape vagaries."

Fritz rose. "That is our old quarrel. I know you do not wish to speak harshly to me, but I feel that you intend this for me."

"And am I wrong?" continued the Professor. "I undoubtedly have a respect for every intellectual work, but I desire for my friend that which will be most beneficial to him. Your investigations into Indian and German mythology entice you from one problem to another; youthful energies should not linger in the endless domain of indistinct contemplations and unreal shadows. Come to a decision for other reasons also. It does not behoove you to be merely a private student; such a life is too easy for you; you need the outward pressure of definite duties. You have many of the qualities requisite for a professor. Do not remain in your parents' house; you must become a university lecturer."

A heightened color spread slowly over the face of his friend. "Enough," he exclaimed, vexed; "if I have thought too little of my future, you should not reproach me for it. It has perhaps been too great a pleasure to me to be your companion and the confidant

of your successful labors. I also, from my intercourse with you, have enjoyed that pleasure which an intellectual man bestows upon all who participate in his creations. Good night."

The Professor approached him, and seizing both his hands, exclaimed, "Stay! Are you angry with me?"

"No," answered Fritz, "but I am going;" and he closed the door gently.

The Professor paced up and down excitedly, reproaching himself for his vehemence. At length he violently threw the books which had served as a signal back on the shelf, and again seated himself at his desk.

Gabriel lighted the Doctor down the stairs, opened the door, and shook his head when he heard his "good night" answered curtly. He extinguished the light and listened at his master's door. When he heard the Professor's steps, he determined to refresh himself by the mild evening air, and descended into the little garden. There he met Herr Hummel, who was walking under the Professor's windows. Herr Hummel was a broad-shouldered man, with a large head and determined face, wealthy and well-preserved, of honest and old Franconian type. He smoked a thick-headed long pipe, on which was a row of small knobs.

"A fine evening, Gabriel," began Herr Hummel, "a good season; what a harvest we shall have!" He nudged the servant. "Has anything happened up there? The window is open," he concluded significantly, and disapprovingly shook his head.

"He has closed the window again," answered Gabriel, evasively. "The bats and the moths become troublesome, and when he argues with the Doctor they both grow so loud that people in the street stop and listen."

"Circumspection is always wise," said Herr Hummel; "but what was the matter? The Doctor is the son of the man over yonder, and you know my opinion of them, Gabriel—I do not trust them. I do not wish to injure any one, but I have my views concerning them."

"What it was about," answered Gabriel, "I did not hear; but I can tell you this much, it was concerning the ancient Romans. Look you, Herr Hummel, if the old Romans were among us, much would be different. They were dare-devils who knew how to forage; they knew how to carry on war; they conquered everywhere."

"You speak like an incendiary," said Herr Hummel, with displeasure.

"Yes, that is the way they did," answered Gabriel, complacently. "They were a selfish people, and knew how to look out for their own interests. But what is most wonderful is the number of books these Romans wrote for all that, large and small—many also in folio. When I dust the library there is no end to the Romans

of all sizes, and some are books thicker than the Bible, only they are all difficult to read; but one who knows the language may learn much."

"The Romans are an extinct people," replied Herr Hummel. "When they disappeared, the Germans came. The Romans could never exist with us. The only thing that can help us is the Hanse. That is the thing to look to. Powerful at sea, Gabriel," he exclaimed, taking hold of his coat by a button, "the cities must form alliances, invest money, build ships, and hoist flags; our trade and credit are established, and men are not wanting."

"And would you venture on the mighty ocean in that row-boat?" asked Gabriel, pointing to a little boat which lay in the rear of the garden tilted over on two planks. "Shall I go to sea with the Professor?"

"That is not the question," answered Herr Hummel; "let the young people go first—they are useless. Many could do better than stay at home with their parents. Why should not the Doctor up there serve his country in the capacity of a sailor?"

"What do you mean, Herr Hummel?" cried Gabriel, startled; "the young gentleman is near-sighted."

"That's nothing," muttered Herr Hummel, "for they have telescopes at sea, and for aught I care he may become a captain. I am not the man to wish evil to my neighbor."

"He is a man of learning," replied Gabriel, "and this class is also necessary. I can assure you, Herr Hummel, I have meditated much upon the character of the learned. I know my Professor accurately, and something of the Doctor, and I must say there is something in it—there is much in it. Sometimes I am not so sure of it. When the tailor brings the Professor home a new coat he does not remark what everybody else sees, whether the coat fits him or wrinkles. If he takes it into his head to buy a load of wood which has very likely been stoven, from a peasant, he pays more in my absence than any one else would. And when he grows angry and excited about matters that you and I would discuss very calmly, I must say I have my doubts. But when I see how he acts at other times—how kind and merciful he is, even to the flies that buzz about his nose, taking them out of his coffee-cup with a spoon and setting them on the window-sill—how he wishes well to all the world and begrudges himself everything—how he sits reading and writing till late at night—when I see all this, I must say his life affects me powerfully. And I tell you I will not allow anyone to underrate our men of learning. They are different from us; they do not understand what we do, nor do we understand what they do."

"Yet we also have our culture," replied Herr Hummel. "Gabriel, you have spoken like an honorable man, but I will confide this to you—that a man may

have great knowledge, and yet be a very hard-hearted individual, who loans his money on usurious interest and deprives his friends of the honor due them. Therefore I think the main point is to have order and boundaries, and to leave something to one's descendants. Regularity here," he pointed to his breast, "and a boundary there," pointing to his fence, "that one may be sure as to what belongs to one's self and what to another, and a secure property for one's children on which they may settle themselves. That is what I understand as the life of man."

The landlord locked the gate of the fence and the door of the house. Gabriel also sought his bed, but the lamp in the Professor's study burned late into the night, and its rays intermingled on the window-sill with the pale moonshine. At length the learned man's light was extinguished, and the room left empty; outside, small clouds coursed over the disc of the moon, and flickering lights reigned paramount in the room, over the writing-table, over the works of the old Romans, and over the little book of the defunct Brother Tobias.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOSTILE NEIGHBORS.

We are led to believe that in future times there will be nothing but love and happiness; and men will go about with palm branches in their hands to chase away the last of those birds of night, hatred and malice. In such a chase we would probably find the last nest of these monsters hanging between the walls of two neighboring houses. For they have nestled between neighbor and neighbor ever since the rain trickled from the roof of one house into the court of the other; ever since the rays of the sun were kept away from one house by the wall of the other; ever since the children thrust their hands through the hedge to steal berries; ever since the master of the house has been inclined to consider himself better than his fellow-men. There are in our days few houses in the county between which so much ill-will and hostile criticism exist as between the two houses in the great park of the town.

Many will remember the time when the houses of the town did not extend to the wooded valley. Then there were only a few small houses along the lanes; behind lay a waste place where Frau Knips, the wash-woman, dried the shirts, and her two naughty boys threw the wooden clothes-pins at each other. There Herr Hummel had bought a dry spot, quite at the end of the street, and had built his pretty house of two-stories, with stone steps and iron railing, and behind, a simple workshop for his trade; for he was a hatter, and carried on the business very extensively. When he went out of his house and surveyed the reliefs on the roof and the plaster arabesques under the windows, he congratulated himself on being surrounded by light and

air and free nature, and felt that he was the foremost pillar of civilization in the primeval forest.

Then he experienced what often happens to disturb the peace of pioneers of the wilderness—his example was imitated. On a dark morning in March, a wagon, loaded with old planks, came to the drying-ground which was opposite his house. A fence was soon built, and laborers with shovels and wheelbarrows began to dig up the ground. This was a hard blow for Herr Hummel. But his suffering became greater when, walking angrily across the street and inquiring the name of the man who was causing such injury to the light and reputation of his house, he learned that his future neighbor was to be a manufacturer by the name of Hahn. That it should of all men in the world be he, was the greatest vexation fate could inflict upon him. Hahn was respectable; there was nothing to be said against his family; but he was Hummel's natural opponent, for the business of the new settler was also in hats, although straw hats. The manufacture of this light trash was never considered as dignified, manly work; it was not a guild handicraft; it had no right to make apprentices freemen; it was formerly carried on only by Italian peasants; it has only lately, like other bad customs, spread through the world as a novelty; it is, in fact, not a business—the plait-straw is bought and sewed together by young girls who are engaged by the week. And there is an old enmity between the felt hat and straw hat. The felt hat is an historical power consecrated through thousands of years—it only tolerates the cap as an ordinary contrivance for work-days. Now the straw hat raises its pretensions against prescribed right, and insolently lays claim to half of the year. And since then approbation fluctates between these two attributes of the human race. When the unstable minds of mortals wavered toward the straw, the most beautiful felt, velvet, silk, and pasteboard were left unnoticed and eaten by moths. On the other hand, when the inclinations of men turned to the felt, every human being—women, children, and nurses—wore men's small hats; then the condition of the straw was lamentable—no heart beat for it, and the mouse nestled in its most beautiful plaits.

This was a strong ground for indignation to Herr Hummel, but worse was to come. He saw the daily growth of the hostile house; he watched the scaffolding, the rising walls, the ornaments of the cornice, and the rows of windows—it was two windows larger than his house. The ground floor rose, then a second floor, and at last a third. All the work-rooms of the straw hat manufacturer were attached to the dwelling. The house of Herr Hummel had sunk into insignificance. He then went to his lawyer and demanded vengeance on account of the light being obscured and the view spoiled; the man of law naturally shrugged his shoulders. The privilege of building houses was one of the fundamental

rights of man; it was the common German custom to live in houses, and it was obviously hopeless to propose that Hahn should only erect on his piece of ground a canvas tent. Thus there was absolutely nothing to do but to submit patiently, and Herr Hummel might have known that himself.

Years had passed away. At the same hour the light of the sun gilds both houses; there they stand stately and inhabited, both occupied by men who daily pass each other. At the same hour the letter-carrier enters both houses, the pigeons fly from one roof to the other, and the sparrows hop around on the gutters of both in the most cordial relations. About one house there is sometimes a little smell of sulphur, and about the other of singed hair; but the same summer wind wafts from the wood, through the doors of both dwellings, the scent of the pine trees and the perfumes of the lime flowers. And yet the intense aversion of the inhabitants has not diminished. The house of Hahn objects to singed hair, and the family of Hummel cough indignantly in their garden whenever they suspect sulphur in the oxygen of the air.

It is true that decorous behavior to the neighborhood was not quite ignored; even though the felt was inclined to be quarrelsome, the straw was more pliant, and showed itself yielding in many cases. Both men were acquainted with a family in which they occasionally met, nay, both had once been godfathers to the same child, and care had been taken that one should not give a smaller christening gift than the other. This unavoidable acquaintance necessitated formal greetings whenever they could not avoid meeting each other. But there it ended. Betwixt the shopmen who cleaned the straw hats with sulphur, and the workmen who presided over the hareskins, there existed an intense hatred. And the people who dwelt in the nearest houses in the street knew this, and did their best to maintain the existing relation. But, in fact, the character of both would scarcely harmonize. Their dialect was different, their education had been different, the favorite dishes and the domestic arrangements that were approved by one displeased the other. Hummel was of North German lineage; Hahn had come hither from a small town in the neighborhood.

When Herr Hummel spoke of his neighbor Hahn, he called him a man of straw and a fantastical fellow. Herr Hahn was a thoughtful man, quiet and industrious in his business, but in his hours of recreation he devoted himself to some peculiar fancies. These were undoubtedly intended to make a favorable impression on the people who passed by the two houses on their way to the meadow and the woods. In his little garden he had collected most of the contrivances of modern landscape gardening. Between the three elder bushes there rose up a rock built of tufa, with a small, steep path to

the top. The expedition up to the summit could be ventured upon without an Alpine staff by strong mountain climbers only, and even they would be in danger of falling on their noses on the jagged tufa. The following year, near the railing, poles were erected at short intervals, round which climbed creepers, and between each pole hung a colored glass lamp. When the row of lamps was lighted up on festive evenings they threw a magic splendor on the straw hats which were placed under the elder bushes, and which challenged the judgment of the passers-by. The following year the glass lamps were superseded by Chinese lanterns. Again, the next year the garden bore a classical aspect, for a white statue of a muse, surrounded by ivy and blooming wall-flowers, shone forth far into the wood.

In contradistinction to such novelties Herr Hummel remained firm to his preference for water. In the rear of his house a small canal flowed to the town. Every year his boat was painted the same green, and in his leisure hours he loved to go alone in his boat and to row from the houses to the park. He took his rod in his hand, and devoted himself to the pleasure of catching gudgeons, minnows, and other small fish.

Doubtless the Hummel family were more aristocratic,—that is, more determined, more out of the common, and more difficult to deal with. Of all the housewives of the street, Frau Hummel made the greatest pretensions by her silk dresses and gold watch and chain. She was a little lady with blonde curls, still very pretty; she had a seat at the theatre, was accomplished and kind-hearted, and very irascible. She looked as if she did not concern herself about anything, but she knew everything that happened in the street. Her husband was the only one who, at times, was beyond her control. Yet, although Herr Hummel was tyrannical to all the world, he sometimes showed his wife great consideration. When she was too much for him in the house, he quietly went into the garden, and if she followed him there, he ensconced himself in the factory behind a bulwark of felt.

But also Frau Hummel was subject to a higher power, and this power was exercised by her little daughter, Laura. This was the only surviving one of several children, and all the tenderness and affection of the mother were lavished upon her. And she was a splendid little girl; the whole town knew her ever since she wore her first red shoes; she was often detained when in the arms of her nurse, and had many presents given her. She grew up a merry, plump little maiden, with two large blue eyes and round cheeks, with dark, curly hair, and an arch countenance. When the little, rosy daughter of Hummel walked along the streets, her hands in the pockets of her apron, she was the delight of the whole neighborhood. Sprightly and decided, she knew how to behave toward all, and was never backward in offering her little mouth to be kissed.

She would give the woodcutter at the door her buttered roll, and join him in drinking the thin coffee out of his cup; she accompanied the letter-carrier all along the street, and her greatest pleasure was to run with him up the steps, to ring and deliver his letters; she even once slipped out of the room late in the evening, and placed herself by the watchman, on a cornerstone, and held his great horn in impatient expectation of the striking of the hour at which it was to be sounded. Frau Hummel lived in unceasing anxiety lest her daughter should be stolen; for, more than once she had disappeared for many hours; she had gone with children, who were strangers, to their homes, and had played with them—she was the patroness of many of the little urchins in the street, knew how to make them respect her, gave them pennies, and received as tokens of esteem dolls and little chimneysweeps, which were composed of dried plums and little wooden sticks. She was a kind-hearted child that rather laughed than wept, and her merry face contributed more toward making the house of Herr Hummel a pleasant abode, than the ivy screen of the mistress of the house, or the massive bust of Herr Hummel himself, which looked down stubbornly on Laura's doll-house.

"The child is becoming unbearable," exclaimed Frau Hummel, angrily dragging in the troubled Laura by the hand. "She is running about the streets all day long. Just now when I came from market she was sitting near the bridge, on the chair of the fruit-woman, selling onions for her. Everyone was gathering around her, and I had to fetch my child out of the crowd."

"The little monkey will do well," answered Herr Hummel, laughing; "why will you not let her enjoy her childhood?"

"She must give up this low company. She lacks all sense of refinement; she hardly knows her alphabet, and she has no taste for reading. It is time, too, that she should begin the French vocabulary. Little Betty, the councillor's daughter, is not older, and she knows how to call her mother *chère mère*, in such a pretty manner."

"The French are a polite people," answered Herr Hummel. "If you are so anxious to train your daughter for market, the Turkish language would be better than the French. The Turk pays money if you dispose of your child to him; the others wish to have something into the bargain."

"Do not speak so inconsiderately, Henry!" exclaimed the wife.

"Be off with you with your cursed vocabularies, else I promise you I will teach the child all the French phrases I know; they are not many, but they are strong. *Baissez-moi, Madame Hummel!*" Saying this, he left the room with an air of defiance.

The result, however, of this consultation was that

Laura went to school. It was very difficult for her to listen and be silent, and for a long time her progress was not satisfactory. But at last her little soul was fired with ambition; she climbed the lower steps of learning with Fräulein Johanne, and then she was promoted to the renowned Institute of Fräulein Jeannette, where the daughters of families of pretension received education in higher branches. There she learned the tributaries of the Amazon, and much Egyptian history; she could touch the cover of the electrophorus, speak of the weather in French, and read English so ingeniously that even true-born Britons were obliged to acknowledge that a new language had been discovered; lastly, she was accomplished in all the elegancies of German composition. She wrote small treatises on the difference between waking and sleeping, on the feelings of the famed Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, on the terrors of a shipwreck, and of the desert island on which she had been saved. Finally, she gained some knowledge of the composition of strophes and sonnets. It soon became clear that Laura's strong point was German, not French; her style was the delight of the Institute; nay, she began to write poems in honor of her teachers and favorite companions, in which she very happily imitated the difficult rhymes of the great Schiller's "Song of the Bell." She was now eighteen, a pretty, rosy, young lady, still plump and merry, still the ruling power of the house, and still loved by all the people on the street.

The mother, proud of the accomplishments of her daughter, after her confirmation, prepared an upper room for her, looking out upon the trees of the park; and Laura fitted up her little home like a fairy castle, with an ivy screen, a little flower-table, and a beautiful ink-stand of china on which shepherds and shepherdesses were sitting side by side. There she passed her pleasanter hours with her pen and paper, writing her memoirs in secret.

(To be continued.)

POETS ON FOOLS.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

—POPE. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnots.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die!

—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.*

Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,

And men, once ignorant, are slaves.

—POPE.

The fellow's wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

—SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,

That vanity's the food of fools;

Yet now and then your men of wit

Will condescend to take a bit.

—SWIFT.

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

[Reprinted with a few slight alterations from *The Southern Collegian.*]

Du bist wie eine Blume.

So sweet, so fair, so pure, love,

Like a flower, my darling, thou art.

As I gaze on thee a feeling

Of sadness steals into my heart.

My hand would I lay on thy forehead,

As gently I breathe forth a prayer,

That God may thus e'er preserve thee

So pure, so sweet, so fair.

POETS ON HAPPINESS.

What things so good which not some harm may bring?
E'en to be happy is a dangerous thing.

—EARL OF HERLING. *Darius.*

The gods in bounty work up storms about us

That give mankind occasion to exert

Their hidden strength and throw out into practice

Virtues which shun the day.

—ADDISON.

Some souls we see

Grow hard and stiffen with

Adversity.

—DRYDEN.

Happiness courts thee in her best array;

But like a misbehaved and sullen wench

Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:

Take heed, take heed! for such die miserable.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Happiness, object of that waking dream

Which we call life, mistaking; fugitive theme

Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,

National good, by fancy only made.

—PRIOR.

By adversity are wrought

The greatest works of admiration,

And all the fair examples of renown

Out of distress and misery are grown.

—DANIEL. *On the Earl of Southampton.*

We have received from Boston the prospectus of *The Writer's Literary Bureau*, which offers itself as a medium between authors and publishers. The plan of the managers is to read manuscripts, and then to suggest to the authors the periodicals that would be most likely to accept them. We have no doubt that this institute will be found useful by many.

The OPEN COURT is in communication with some and will at once put itself in communication with other, prominent French and German thinkers, such as Wundt, Preyer, Hering, Noiré, Steinthal, Carus, Sterne, Geiger, Haeckel, Carl Vogt, Büchner, Binet, Ribot, etc., in order to obtain their sanction to publish translations of some of their writings in its columns.

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EVOLUTION AND IDEALISM.

BY E. D. COPE.

The doctrine of idealism is naturally attractive to the minds that believe in mind. To feel that mind is all in all, and is not bound to "low material things," is as agreeable to the metaphysician as it is to the seeker for immortality. Moreover, the doctrine seems to have a certain support from the scientific side. We know that our knowledge of what one vulgarly supposed to be the properties of matter, is not derived from a single sense, and we readily understand that those properties would appear to be greatly modified, were the number of our senses reduced or increased. Moreover, we know from experience of the abnormal or diseased states, both of ourselves and of other men, that the appearances of the objective world may be wonderfully modified by changes in ourselves. The hallucinations of delirium and other forms of mental disorder, are matter of every-day knowledge; and the illusions that may deceive even the healthy mind are equally well known. The question between the realist and the idealist is, what do these facts prove?

They certainly do not prove that a universe which presents in its parts, and therefore in its entirety, the two properties of extension and resistance, has no existence. They certainly do prove that our knowledge of such universe and of its parts is imperfect. It is to remedy this imperfection, and to enlarge our knowledge that many men spend much labor and time. And the knowledge thus acquired and exactly systematized, is called science. The pursuit of science postulates the existence of that which it pursues, not as states of consciousness, but as objective realities. There are reasons for the soundness of this view, which I propose briefly to enumerate.

If a given supposed object be in reality a purely mental state on the part of the subject, a rational cause for the production of that state is wanting. But letting this difficulty pass for the time, and letting it be supposed that there is some apparent undefined cause for such state existent when the subject is present to it, if the phenomenon be only a mental state, so soon as the subject mind betakes itself to some other locality, the supposed cause must cease to exist to that person or subject. To a second person or subject who may remain behind the first, the cause of the mental state

does still exist. On the departure of the second person, it ceases to exist for him, but continues for the third person, and so on. In the presence of these facts, consistency requires one of two conclusions, on the part of the idealist; either he must deny the validity of the mental states of other men, or he must believe in the Hegelian aphorism, "Existence and non-existence are identical." Some idealists adopt the one, and others the other of these two horns of the dilemma.

But the difficulty is immensely increased when we contemplate the mental lives of the lower animals, with their varied sense organs and media of contact with the so-called material world. We can readily imagine the limitations under which many of them exist through their structural deficiencies; but we cannot so well imagine, though we are compelled to believe in the wonderful acuteness of the perception, and the to us incomprehensible peculiarity of sensation, produced by the various special organs of sense with which many of them are furnished. Think of the tactile sensibility to slight movements of the water possessed by the blind-fish of the Mammoth Cave. Think of the sense impressions of which we know nothing conveyed by the antennæ of insects. Think especially of the "other world than ours," in which many of the Mammalia live, in consequence of the high development of the olfactory sense. We can easily perceive the result of the idealistic reasoning on the part of the inferior animals, were they capable of it. To many of them mankind would not exist; to others the sun would be a fiction. Those to whom low tones are imperceptible, would deny the existence of the only vibrations that some other species is adapted to hear.

The idealistic position which denies the existence of matter, results from a process of cancellation of the objective universe bit by bit. One animal after another, and one sense after another, are proven fallible, and so the entire objective superstructure disappears. The realist, on the other hand, adds together all the phenomena derived from all the senses of all conscious beings, thus getting a positive result, where the idealist gets a negative one. Which is the more rational of the two methods? The actual result to thought is, that we learn the insufficiency of each and every sense, but not its impotency. We are instructed that our true policy is to use our senses to the best purpose, and to add to their

number, so that the defect of our knowledge may be remedied, and our mental vision enlarged more and more. And this is the mission of science.

But all knowledge, we are told, is relative, and that of the absolute reality we can learn nothing. This doctrine does not necessarily involve idealism, but it is necessarily held by consistent idealists. One can believe in a material universe and still hold that we do not know it absolutely or even truly. And as "we are all poor creatures," many of us are prone to repeat "great is the doctrine" of the Relativity of Knowledge! And the scientist echoes, but in a different spirit, great is the doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge; yea, great is our Ignorance! Great is *our* ignorance indeed, but not "great is Ignorance!" The scientist does not worship ignorance; he worships knowledge, and his occupation is to increase knowledge. To the responsive intellect and enterprising spirit, the knowledge of our ignorance is the stimulus to unceasing labor. To men of a more lymphatic temperament the knowledge of ignorance seems to paralyze their lives. But science has done much towards elucidating the order of the universe, and will do more.

Evolution gives the *coup de grace* to idealism of the consistent type. In the gradual unfolding of organic life it sees the two universal facts, subject and object. It sees them interact and influence each other. Under the influence of active, conscious life thousands of tons of substances are transported from place to place and metamorphosed in the process. Under the influence of life, from which consciousness may or may not be absent, thousands of tons of matter have been made into soil, rocks, and living tissue. On the other hand, the objective environment has constrained all living things into rigid modes, and has extinguished millions. In the midst of all this turmoil, consciousness has picked and wound its way, ever gaining in strength and skill, till now we behold man. Of all animals, man controls his environment most completely. He begins by making his own heat and light; he makes his food to grow, and his skin is partly his own manufacture. He does this, and very much more, with infinite pains and toil, and yet some individuals of his species actually deny the existence of this environment, which has compelled him to be what he is!

It is equally competent for the materialist to deny the existence of mind, as for the idealist to deny the existence of matter. The materialist, beholding the imperfection of the senses may pronounce them to be, one by one, incompetent witnesses, and declare them to be illusions. The mind, which is the product of these impressions, immediate or remembered, falls with them; it is also an illusion. But the fact is, both exist, object and subject, matter and mind. And since matter cannot study mind, mind must study matter, and by so doing

grow to more absolute knowledge and greater control of its physical basis, and therefore of itself.

It can now be seen why the study of the "problem of cognition" has little interest to progressive science. Its result is an expression of our ignorance in philosophical form, a proposition which the scientist is not disposed to deny. But when he asks the philosopher "what do you propose to do about it?" and gets the same old story reiterated from the old scholastics to the latest relativist, he turns from such blind guides to his own, and to nature's laboratories, and goes to work. And the theologian applauds the philosopher, and says of the scientist in his prayers, "I thank Thee that I am not as this section-cutter, this bug-hunter, nor even as this bone sharp." But the scientist knows that he holds the key of the situation, and he lets the philosopher and the theologian rejoice themselves, each in his appropriate department of Swedenborg's heaven. The field of Idealism has been well worked out, and we of this age should thank the mighty men of the past for having done it for us. We can now go on with an easier mind in a more profitable pursuit.

Doctor Montgomery's last article in Number 21 of THE OPEN COURT, states at once the strength and weakness of idealism. Its principal weakness is that it is unable to stand alone without a good strong realistic prop somewhere behind. Thus the Doctor says (p. 587): "The tri-dimensional, hard, colored, sounding, scented, heated matter—fancied by Professor Cope and others to subsist outside consciousness, and believed by them to be directed and organized by such consciousness—is, indeed, through and through, a fictitious entity, consisting of nothing but a set of our own perceptillusive-ly projected into non-mental existence." This looks like pure idealism, but he lets in a "non-mental existence." Now what is this? On page 589 (bottom) he says: "Now the realistic assumption which the philosophy of organization here makes, is, indeed, the simplest possible, and is in full agreement with given facts. It supposes that there subsist in nature non-mental existents possessing the power of specifically affecting our individual sensibility, and of manifesting their special characteristics by means of the different conscious states they arouse in us." This is a little more definite, and the Doctor even calls it by its right name, a "realistic assumption." This is quite to my liking, but I cannot perceive how such "non-mental existent" can have less than three dimensions and still exist. And in order to prove to me that mind or consciousness has no control over this tri-dimensional "non-mental existent," Dr. Montgomery must go into further particulars. He must prove to me that an animal does not eat or drink because it feels hungry or thirsty; does not seek shelter on account of weather or temperature; expresses nothing in its voice of pain, desire or pleasure; that the

horse does not run because he is whipped, or the bird build because it feels the necessity of laying, etc., etc.

I must here protest against the misinterpretation of an expression contained in one of my earlier articles, which was not sufficiently guarded, it is true, to preclude such misconstruction. It is possible to say correctly that "mind is a property of matter, as color and odor are properties of the rose," without meaning to say that the two properties are such *in the same manner*, as is inferred by my critic (p. 589). My article in Number 19 of THE OPEN COURT is sufficiently clear as to what I understand by mind as a property of matter, so that it is unnecessary to go into a fuller explanation. Suffice it to say that the conscious and the unconscious properties of matter cannot be confounded by any rational thinker, and that such confusion is entirely foreign to my thoughts. More than one-third of Dr. Montgomery's article number 5 is thus irrelevant. In the other two-thirds I fail, as yet, to find a definite theory which shall explain the apparent facts of designed movements of animals differently from that which is held both by physiological science and by popular belief. That is, that the design in them is the direct result of a limited control which conscious states have, or did once have, over the energy and the matter concerned in producing them.

THE FOOL IN THE DRAMA.

BY FRANZ HELBIG.

(Continued)

If we regard folly from a pathological point of view, it is again Shakespeare who has contributed the most remarkable specimens of this class to the stage—foremost among them the tragi-comic figure of King Lear.

After abdicating and despite the warning of his friends, dividing his realm during his life-time, he still retains the old habit of ruling. He cannot part with it; and now he realizes that he has suddenly become a "naught" as the Fool bluntly tells him.

He is deprived of his retinue; the attendants of his daughters mock and scorn him; his own faithful servants are thrown into prison.—All this induces the loss of his reason. His past greatness is now replaced by an imaginary one. He still fancies himself to be what he was, but no longer is. He is conscious of the approach of madness and endeavors to prevent it—but in vain. His power to resist the dreaded evil grows weaker and weaker; and when he sees his own fate in the feigned madness of Edgar, who has also been driven from his home by the intrigues of his bastard-brother, his madness assumes the form of what is generally called *paranoia*. The King is now transformed into the fool, who walks across the barren heath, a wreath of straw replacing his crown; in his hand a staff instead of his scepter—and at his side his own jester as his confidential counselor and minister, and yet in his own estimation "every inch a king."

Similarly the insanity of Ophelia and the somnambulism of Lady Macbeth are pathologically quite true. The sensitive spirit of the former is crushed by the terribly sad complication of circumstances. The latter illustrates the melancholy truth: How much easier it is to commit crime than to bear the consequences.

The hallucinations of Macbeth and of Richard III, hardly come within the scope of this subject, but the frenzy of unfounded jealousy, as portrayed in Othello and King Leontes, most certainly does. In the case of the latter two, reason and judgment are destroyed by their enslavement to this most terrible of all passions. This passion, so tragically portrayed by Shakespeare, was afterwards facetiously treated on the comic stage.

Shylock, the Jew must be included among the Shakespearean fools, for essentially he is not a tragic but a grotesque figure. His folly consists in the fact, that he does not immediately recognize the invalidity of his bond, which grants him "an equal pound of fair flesh" from the body of his debtor,—but allows himself to be outwitted by a woman; and thus he is made an object of ridicule rather than of pity. His defeat evokes only delight and derision. Throughout the entire play, the comic element predominates; as, for instance, in the casket-scene,—in Jessica's merry nocturnal elopement,—in the goings-on at the carnival—in Portia's successful disguise, and in the sportive banter in the fifth act.

The steward Malvolio in "Twelfth Night" is another of the fools, who is himself fooled.—A letter written by the mischievous Maria, makes him imagine Olivia in love with him, and causes him to betray his dormant proclivity for folly. In accordance with the instructions in the letter, he puts on yellow stockings, cross-garters his legs, and is "surly with the servants." This extraordinary behavior earns for him the reputation of genuine madness, and the poor rogue is locked up.

These two characters introduce to us that class of fools, who are such neither by profession, nor in a purely pathological sense, but who have, as it were, a tendency to folly.—They are the weak, impressionable people whose foolishness becomes apparent only when a certain chord in their being is struck and made to vibrate. They are of the kind we are apt to call addle-pated.

This type of fool is numerously represented on the stage, as is forcibly illustrated in an old carnival-play by Hans Sachs. In this play, entitled "The Excision of Fools," a physician and his assistant appear, to cure a man of the stomach-ache. The doctor tells the sick man that his body is infested by fools, and that they must be cut out, if he wishes to recover; and thereupon he begins to pull out one fool after another. The first that his tongs seize, is the fool of pride, the second is the "four-cornered" fool of avarice; then come the fools of envy, lust and intemperance. Whenever the poor invalid imagines that all the fools are gone, still another

makes his appearance; and when at last he deems himself entirely cured of his sufferings, the doctor discovers a whole nest of folly filled with

“Fools of all-known types and fashions,
Pettifoggers and magicians,
Alchemists and financiers,
Grumblers, scoffers full of jeers;
Adepts in the art of lies,
Blackmailers and butterflies;
Knaves and humbugs, flatterers sweet,
Churls and boors he too did meet;
Mischief-makers and yarn spinners,
Ingrates, dolts and other sinners;
Ever-changing fools of fashion,
They, whose worries are their passion;
Borrowers who never pay;
Jealous husbands hard to stay,”—etc.

We shall now introduce a few groups which show how manifold and varied are the phases of our subject. In connection with Malvolio, we first of all meet that class of old, amorous fops, whose folly consists in their anxiety to conceal their age by artificial means.

Kotzebue's Count Klingsberg is eminently one of this category. The sight of a woman is sufficient to make him lose his head. Aside from this he is gentle and kind-hearted, and thinks tenderly of his dead wife. Nor is he careless of matters of etiquette. But his amorous infatuation makes of him the fop, who tries to appear young, despite his white hair. It gets him into one scrape after another. The pheasant which is ordered for his mistress, is eaten by his son. In order not to compromise himself, he must give his sister the shawl intended for her pretty maid; at a rendezvous, instead of the young lady he expects to meet, he finds his own elderly sister. “Well, I'd like to find a bigger fool than I am,” he exclaims after this. “I see Klingsberg has outlived himself; there is nothing left him except his old sister.” With this avowal he abjures folly forevermore.

In this species of fool we may also include all those in whom some quality, in itself laudable, has been so exaggerated as to become ungovernable; as when a man, from being economical, grows miserly, or when a father's love becomes a blind worship.

Molière in his *Harpagon* gives us an excellent example of the former. This fool of avarice has but one thought, one aim in life: The safe-keeping and accumulation of his hoard. Men and things alike have no interest for him save when they serve this end. The anxiety about his money makes him distrustful; he imagines every one a thief or a rogue who has designs upon it. He carefully secretes it, and pretends to be poor. When, despite his precautions, his hidden treasure is stolen, he becomes perfectly frantic. “I am undone, and of no more use in the world! I am dead, I am buried! Will no one call me back to life and give me my precious money!” he exclaims in a paroxysm of despair; and when thereupon,

he is offered the alternative of choosing between his wealth and his fair young bride, he unhesitatingly gives up the latter. The folly in Harpagon lies in his delusion that the money in itself is valuable, whereas it only becomes truly so, when brought into use. To the sensible man it is a source of pleasure and earthly happiness, but to the fool it causes only privation, trouble and anxiety.

L'Arronge has created some excellent specimens of this type of fool—one of them being the shoe-maker Weichelt in “My Leopold.” His love for his son is so great as to merge into folly. It entirely unbalances him and so clouds his judgment, that he can no longer distinguish right from wrong, the true from the false. He becomes rough, hard and unjust until finally misery and misfortune cure him, and re-establish his mental equilibrium. His very counterpart is found in old Vosz, in the “Compagnon.” His love for his daughter actually makes him jealous of his son-in-law; but he is cured of his folly by a woman's common sense.

Another class of fools now appears on the scene. These may be termed the *fools of rank* and *vocation*. The consciousness of their exalted position has become such as to make them unsympathetic and unappreciative of all else. The saying: To whom God gives a vocation, to him he also gives common sense—is disproved by them. Their office and the rank it entails have in their cases deprived them of common sense.

These fools of rank and vocation find a striking representative in Schiller's Herr von Kalb. He has become so vainglorious of his important position, that he can be rational only when at times he chances to forget himself. The most tragic event of his life is that, at a court ball, some twenty-one years ago, Herr von Bock snatched from him the garter which the Countess Amelia had lost. Despite his “ounce of brains” he is quite governed by the consciousness of his importance, which, however, is not strong enough to be proof against Ferdinand's revolver. A similar character, in the lower grades of life, is found in Lortzing's “Czar und Zimmermann” in the Mayor of Sardaam. In him, too, the exaggerated importance of his office, and the folly, which deems itself wisdom, are personified. It requires but the glamour of office to cause all the hidden folly of such a man to blossom forth. The mayor, bloated by the importance of his office, imagines himself a “second Solomon,” whose judgment is never at fault; nevertheless, despite his cleverness, he always contrives to get hold of the wrong Czar. In him conceit is mingled with cunning, and self-importance with servile fear; these, with his snobbish good-nature and absurd severity, make him a most amusingly grotesque representative of the race of fools.

The merchant, Timotheus Bloom, in Toepfer's “Rosenmüller und Finke,” is another one of this class.

To be a merchant is his one ideal; all else he deems unworthy of his consideration. His thoughts are devoted to business speculations—gain is his one aim in life; he thinks in figures, and estimates everything according to its pecuniary value. His whole life is a succession of business calculations; his son's happiness is to him merely an example in addition; his sympathy increases or diminishes in proportion to the dowry. Anyone who chances to touch the mainspring of his thoughts and gives him the prospect of profit and gain has won his friendship. Upon such occasions the merchant will be moved even to kisses and embraces. Anyone who proves himself Bloom's equal or superior in business knowledge and talent, elicits his warmest regard. In everything else business goes before other considerations. He must read his letter from Manchester before seeing his son, who has been absent three years. He disowns his brother because instead of becoming a merchant, he turns soldier—a profession which is not lucrative, and therefore unworthy of his consideration. He is punished for his folly in finding that whereas his brother's son has become a merchant, his own son has secretly joined the army. Thus things turn out exactly contrary to his expectations, and frustrate all his fool's wisdom.

These fools of vocation are so absorbed in their occupation, that they neglect all practical intercourse with the outside world; as is illustrated in Kotzebue's all-wise Peregrinus, who, though versed in all the languages and sciences, is quite lost when in the company of others; or Benedix's Professor Lambert in "The Wedding Tour," who consults the classics as to the treatment of his young wife.

(To be concluded.)

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM AND THE CHURCH.

BY MORRISON I. SWIFT.

It is the work of a wise man to discern the true issues of his own day. The firm acceptance of those issues in word and deed is the token of a great and courageous man.

A memorable century is fast slipping away from us. So vast have been the achievements of human energy, so fair the victories of right and truth in the world, that it requires poise of mind and strength of will to restrain our assent to the engaging fallacy that the severest struggles are over. And yet these conquests have done nothing less than prepare for us a severer problem than any that our century has yet faced, and one which the future will probably rank among the greatest of all centuries.

The great struggle of mankind has been to attain freedom for the development of the human personality. The Protestant reformers saw that this was impossible without liberty of the individual conscience; those who won for every man equality before the law felt the same fact; when blood was shed on our soil for the slave, it was but

the extension of the idea of freedom to all races. These movements began as new insights. Another perception is now making its way in the world. It is becoming known that the power to acquire a fair degree of material well-being by honest exertion is essential to the possession of true freedom; that men whose daily bread is precarious, whose entire energies must be devoted to obtaining it, and who know that their success in barely living depends not upon their own action, but on the action and often the arbitrary will of others, cannot properly be called free.

The industrial organization of the society in which we live has brought the masses of mankind to this condition.

It is this fact which defines the issue that we must meet. How shall opportunity for the development of manhood be secured for all men? How shall we establish such fair distribution of the products of human industry that superabundance and luxury will not exist while there are deprivation and ignorance undermining the physical, mental and moral health of individual and society, by their side in the world?

Has the Church any especial relation to this problem? It has, because in its true nature the problem is throughout moral, and the Church is of all organizations the one whose express mission is the development of a progressive morality. All of those principles for the improvement of the moral nature of man which are embodied in Christianity are so involved in this present issue that it is not going too far to call it the question of all questions for the Church of our time.

Let us therefore inquire if the life and teachings of the founder of the Church indicate for us the solution of this difficult question.

History has been a growth, and great ideas and principles have not been suddenly born into the world. The way was prepared for Jesus. But this fact distinguished him: He placed himself at the summit of the pyramid of moral ideas of his time and accepted no compromises. He listened to the inward voice, and followed it with perfect fidelity. He was absolute with morality. Conscious of the past, he could therefore declare and exemplify a morality superior to it. Hence if we find Cicero expressing his disdain for artizans and asking "What can be more stupid than to respect the crowd of those whom one despises individually?"*—if the prevalent temper of the ancient world was to regard poverty as a disgrace, and to hold the poor man 'to be incapable of wisdom and honesty;'† if it was useless for him to swear by the Gods, since men were always inclined to think him a liar and a perjurer,‡ we see Christ honoring poverty and living in it himself, founding the hopes of his new Kingdom upon the poor and

*Professor C. Schmidt's "The Social Results of Early Christianity," p. 65.

†The same, p. 67.

despised, choosing laborers for disciples and sending them forth to convert the world with 'neither gold nor silver nor brass' in their purses.* Aristotle said, "There are labours with which a freeman cannot be occupied without degrading himself. Such are those which particularly require bodily strength; but for these labours nature has created a special class of men. These special beings are those whom we subjugate, in order that they may take bodily labor in our stead, under the names of slaves or mercenaries."† Christ, on the other hand, made *service* supreme in the order which he disclosed. His words were, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant;"‡ and he washed the feet of his disciples to prove that this teaching was no dainty figure of speech, but a recognition of the equal value of all service. Carrying these profounder insights of Jesus into practical affairs, St. Paul affirms that 'if a man will not work neither shall he eat.'

In a word, the spirit of the ancient world was that a gifted and fortunate few, a select brotherhood, comprised the worth of the race. Jesus consented to no limitation, but declared the equality and brotherhood of all men before God; his actions and words were inspired by that central sentiment, the universal brotherhood of man.

These facts supply us with the needed data for, light in the present social emergency. The spirit of Christianity requires the fullest actualization of that universal brotherhood of man in the world. It requires us to labor to bring the actions and institutions of men into conformity with the laws of moral conduct which would flow from the conception of men as brothers. The kingdom of heaven so often spoken of by Christ, was not meant for a myth for human society.

The world has made great strides toward the realization of these ideas since Jesus impressed them with his authority. As one obstacle after another has been realized by those who would see society ordered according to the principles of righteousness and love, they have gathered their powers and broken through it for the unceasing onward march. The great barrier to-day, which since the time of Christ has been recognized by occasional seers, but which the best moral forces of the world have never until now been prepared to face, is that raised up by the traditional usages and long-accepted ideas about property and its rights, about the privileges of individuals regarding its acquisition and disposition. The social facts and phenomena occasioned and sanctioned by these ideas stand squarely and firmly in the way of the realization of the Christian idea in the world. If they cannot be altered, the advance of Chris-

tianity must cease, and the triumph of lower principles must be acknowledged.

With the problem now clearly in mind,—the reconstruction of the industrial relations of men upon moral principles—and recognizing this as the transcendent concern of the Church at this period of the development of Christianity, since the progress of Christian principles demands, and depends upon, its achievement, a third inquiry presents itself. What is the possibility of the Christian Church; what can it accomplish? In this country where the Church has the sincere allegiance of so large a portion of the people, where its influence and authority are therefore great, where it represents a large proportion of the specially organized moral forces of the land, where finally, its material resources are almost unlimited and the money power of the country is its friend and supporter, it would be possible for the Church to bring about the reform that is needed with little difficulty, if it seriously desired to do so. Many have observed this, and have waited expectantly for the reform to come. Many, also, have lost their sympathy with the Church because it has postponed earnest investigation and action so long.

It must be confessed that the Church is not aroused to the weightiness of this subject. The ministers who have given it thought and place in their round of duties are the exceptions. What I would say in this connection is, that all delay of this nature is diminishing the power of the Church to do effectual service when it shall at length undertake it. This is because confidence once lost is difficult to restore, and people alienated do not often or easily return to their old attachments. If the Church seems apathetic to their needs in a time of ferment and transition like the present, the masses may come to regard the Church as an enemy instead of as a friend.

Under these circumstances the practicable and effective course is not difficult to point out. It but remains for the clergy to seize the opportunity presented to them, and to bend their whole energy to awaken the slumbering moral consciousness of the people to whom they preach upon this vital topic. Some will say that this is a very easy thing to suggest, but a very hard thing to get done. "For," they urge, "the clergy as well as the laity are anxious to let this perplexing question alone as long as they can."

Let us not, in this study of the situation, recoil from whatever is true. Dr. Felix Adler has made some observations in his address on "Reforms Needed in the Pulpit," which deserve the reflection of those who would see the pulpit radiating its rightful influence. "When one remembers the power wielded by the great preachers in former ages," he says, "one cannot help reflecting how much the influence of the pulpit has

*Matt. x, 9.

†"The Social Results of Early Christianity," p. 64.

‡Matt. xx, 26, 27.

declined at the present day." And, seeking for the causes of this decline, he continues, "The chief reason, as I think, is that the interest of mankind in purely doctrinal questions has diminished, and that the clergy have not had the courage or the moral backbone to identify themselves with the great moral issues of the time, to interpret the larger moral needs of our age. . . . And while at present, many of our pulpit teachers are rendering valuable auxiliary services in the various minor moral movements, yet it is a fact that nowhere have they taken the grand initiation; nowhere does the pulpit lead the larger moral movements of the age." I have undertaken above to define the greatest moral movement of our age, and it is unnecessary to dwell further upon the small participation of the pulpit, as yet, in it.

Now, no one, I think, will quarrel with me if I say that the first requisite of all influence is the plain courageous utterance of conviction. On this question of the laboring classes and poverty, however, it is not improbable that many are without very clear convictions. But certainly there are none who can deny the gravity of the subject itself. I see no escape from the conclusion, then, that it should be investigated with such faithful attentiveness as is requisite to the formation of a wise judgment.

Nothing could be worse for the influence of the pulpit than the habit into which many preachers have fallen of sermonizing in defense of Christianity, and grounding their defense of it upon deeds it has performed in the past. Is this intended as an apology for present inactivity? But the present calls for actions prompted by an insight and wisdom and moral earnestness which few occasions in history have more greatly needed, and were the record of the Church immeasurably better than it is, it could not now afford to do less than to add strenuous deeds to its history. The best defense against present criticism is, surely, not to be amenable to present criticism.

It is said by some that the pulpit will not go much beyond those who maintain it. This is to acknowledge that the opinions of the clergy are to-day bought and paid for, just as lawyers are hired and legislators sent to uphold the ideas of their constituency. If this be so, let the clergy make haste to relinquish their claim to moral leadership. Let them consciously adjust themselves to the unspeakably inferior office of providing intellectual and emotional luxury to those who can pay best.

And when we hear of preachers of Christ who will recruit the ministry by proving to young men that there is as much money in the business as in another, we half suspect that it is coming to this. When we see pastors of city flocks maintaining costly establishments for rendezvous—wealthy parishioners, over the seething masses in hunger and ignorance, which in the words of Carlyle

are fast bringing society toward the melting pot, doubt concerning the moral stamina of our present moral leaders arises in us. For we remember that Jesus had not where to lay his head, that his whole life work was done among the poor and outcast, where no depths were such that he would not descend into them; that instead of making himself a comfortable home among the cultivated classes, and having the rich as patrons and contributors in his cause, and going no faster nor farther than the wise and well-to-do and conservative upholders of the social fabric of his time could approve, he kept himself safely unencumbered by these brakes and weights, and carried the whole energy of his nature to the work of lifting the degraded and lowly in society, which morality and godliness said ought to be done. It was this that gave irresistibility and permanence to every act of his. He did not coquet with duty. He was not seeing that his own interests would not suffer before he expressed himself. The sum of it all was that every interest, material prosperity, friendship, position, life even, must then and in all subsequent times upon the earth be brought into whole and absolute accord with the highest moral standards. The person who suggests this in society to-day is considered a dreamer. And because industrialism and wealth have grown so strong the clergy have well-nigh ceased to suggest it, and perhaps to believe it. Hence people dare say that the ministers are not much beyond those who support them.

And yet, there is the example of Jesus. The thought of him and his disciples living in luxury in the world that he was born into is inconceivable; the thought of their living in luxury in such a world as ours is to-day, is none the less repugnant to our sense of their grandeur. But what of his present disciples in the modern pulpit and pew! Have eternal principles altered in these days? Is the obligation to raise up the poor and fallen any less imperative now than once before? No, but we have taught ourselves to think so, and hence from our easy chairs we can proclaim ourselves the followers of Jesus though misery and misery-caused sin fill and blacken the earth.

There was in olden times, and is in these latter days, but one course to *followers* of Christ. It is to do as he did and taught—to spend one's resources, whether energy or material means, in lifting down-fallen humanity.

And, in spite of indications to the contrary, is there not a slumbering lion in the Christian ministry, which will ere long awaken and put forth its formidable powers for the poor and oppressed? Mighty and irresistible would be the influence of unflinching moral utterance from the Christian pulpit of this land. The friends of Christian principles and of humanity await the vindication by the Christian ministry of its ancient and exalted prerogative to exert this influence.

FOLK-LORE STUDIES.

BY L. J. VANCE.

III.

We may take next, for the purposes of comparison, that class of popular tales so familiarly known as Animal Fables. These mythical tales are diffused all over the world. They are not the peculiar possession of the children of the Aryan family. They constitute a great part of the lore of non-Aryan nations or tribes. They are to-day as popular among the Indians of North and South America, the Southern negroes, the Hottentots, and the Polynesians, as ever they were among the German and Hindu peasants. But above all, these animal stories have many strong points in common. How shall we account for such similarities? How comes it that they are so widely diffused all over the world? In truth, these are vexed questions at present often warmly argued between what I may call the 'historical,' and the 'anthropological' students of comparative folk-lore.

The historical argument was early and most forcibly developed by Max Müller. According to his theory the myth was at first a name or saying about some natural phenomena, as the sun or moon; but that, after their separation the Hindus, Greeks, Romans, and Germans applied these *same* names or sayings to other natural objects and animals—to birds and beasts. Thus, these wonderful changes and these wonderful tales are due to what Müller calls "a disease of language."

This argument has been reinforced and supplemented more particularly, by the writings of the Rev. Sir George W. Cox. According to Sir George this class of popular tales are due not to defective etymologies, but to defective memories. He also agrees with Müller in regarding the myth as an allegorical representation of physical phenomena, originating with the Aryan tribes in their home in Central Asia. He urges that so long as our forefathers remained in their original home, they all would attach the same meaning to all the words in current use; but after their dispersion when the Greek, the Roman, and the German had either partially or wholly *forgotten* what their ancestors in Central Asia had meant by such words as Erinyes and Hermes, the growth of tales which regarded such names as persons or beings with human desires and human feelings would soon follow as a matter of course. Both Max Müller and Sir George Cox deny that the similarities between the German *märchen* and Greek or Hindu fables could be ascribed to conscious borrowing. Both agree that the tales could have been so widely diffused only from Hindu to German before or at the time of their separation in Asia.

The anthropological argument ascribes these tales to the ideas, beliefs, or delusions of primitive peoples. The students who urge this view hold that they are not allegorical, nor are these stories nature myths except

when they express natural or physical phenomena. They, therefore, think that the class of popular tales is so widely diffused over the world, because primitive peoples are so widely scattered over the earth's surface. They further think that the stories are more or less similar because the primitive mind is more or less strikingly similar.

This argument is strongly reinforced by the studies of the late J. F. McLennan, and by the researches of our own lamented Lewis H. Morgan. Both of these students have shown that all savage peoples have passed through what may be called the "Totem" stage of culture. Thus Totemism is now the accepted name for the custom by which a body of kinsmen or kinswomen claims to be descended from some animal, bird, or other living object. This object (usually some animal) is believed to be related to kinsmen bearing its name; it is revered by them as their powerful protector; aye, it is even worshipped in a religious way by the kindred or clan having it for a totem.

Thus, I am persuaded animal fables are most striking witnesses of the evolution of human culture from those low forms of thought and beliefs that characterize the totem stage. Bearing in mind the savage ideas about animals, it is easy to see that the growth of tales which spoke of them—of bears and beavers—as beings with human feelings, would be inevitable. Now, the childish account of the animals; the kinship they bear to men; the way they assume human forms; the manner in which they act like human beings; indeed, the animal intelligence shown, which to the savage seems human,—all this is woven into a great body of story lore. The greater part of this lore is made up of the magic, tragic, or comic doings and sayings of the animals. Thus, the bear, the fox, or the rabbit behave quite like divine beings, and accomplish the most magical tasks. They love as men love, and (by some confusion of thought in the primitive mind) they win for themselves mortal wives. They fight as men fight; in one case we have Iroquois' story of 'The Wild Cat and the Rabbit,' in which the latter is the poor victim, while in the other case, we have "Uncle Remus'" story of 'The Awful fate of Mr. Wolf' in which Brer Rabbit comes off victorious. I need only notice the harmless tricks and pranks which Grimm has made so familiar to us under the name of Reynard the Fox. Then, again, the keen-eyed savage notices certain peculiarities about the different animals, as their size, their form, their colorings, etc. Consequently we have a number of stories telling us 'Why the Crow is Black;' 'How the Bear lost his Tail;' and 'Why the Chipmunk has a Black Stripe on his Back.'

But to conclude: I regard these animal stories rather as striking instances of what we call intellectual "survival" than as examples of either false etymologies

or "defective" memories. Manifestly, Sir George Cox and Max Müller fail to account for some of the most patent facts of human culture. They do not even show that the myth was at first complete and perfect among the primitive Aryans, nor do they furnish proof of the transformation of a nature myth into an animal fable. But above all, they do not explain how it is that these same tales found their way among non-Aryan peoples, and become household tales among the rude tribes all over the world. I venture to think that the simple, pointed stories of Leland's "Algonquin Legends," for example, are fully as clever as the animal stories of Europe, which have often come to us interpolated with modern beliefs,—or rather unbeliefs.

But I do not mean to say that the anthropological arguments are entirely adequate to explain all the important facts in this class of folk-lore. On the whole, it does not seem an unreasonable, or even an over-confident argument, that regards animal fables found all over the world as "the like working of men's minds under like conditions." A strictly fair comparison of American animal stories or fables with similar fables in the Old World would bring out in a clearer light the point I make, namely—that these fables or stories are most *often a separate invention*. An example will make my meaning plain.

In the late Mrs. E. A. Smith's collection of Iroquois myths for the Bureau of Ethnology will be found the story of 'How the Bear lost his Tail.' The Fox meets a Bear one day who was anxious to obtain some fish. "Well," said the Fox, "down at the river you will find an air-hole in the ice; just put your tail down in to it as I did, and you can draw out all the fish you want." The Bear follows the directions carefully, but, the thermometer being down to zero, or below, his tail is frozen off. The story ends with a mock duel between the infuriated Bear and the cunning Fox.

Now, in Joel Chandler Harris' celebrated stories of "Uncle Remus," will be found an account of 'How Mr. Rabbit lost his Fine Bushy Tail.' In this case Mr. Rabbit is duped by the Fox, in the very same way that the Bear was victimized. Mr. Rabbit drops his fine, long bushy tail in the cold stream, where it soon freezes fast, and he is compelled to leave it in order to get away.

There are several European equivalents of this story. In his "Popular Tales from the Norse," Dr. Dasent has compared the Norse story of the Bear, who, being induced by the Fox to fish through the ice, till his tail is frozen fast, pulls it off in order to get away, with the story from Bornu of the Hyæna, who is told by the Weasel to put his tail in the hole, but the Weasel ties a stick to it, and the Hyæna likewise, in his haste to get away, pulls till his tail comes off. Both of these stories, with due regard for local coloring, attempt to account for the tailless condition of the Bear and of the Hyæna.

In the West Highland tale, given by Mr. Campbell, the Fox shows the Wolf the moon on the ice, and tells him it is cheese, which the Wolf must hide with his tail, while he goes off to see whether the farmer is asleep. Instead of that the Fox wakes up the farmer, and in order to get away, the Wolf must leave his tail fast in the ice. Both in this story and in Grimm's well-known story, the episode lacks most of its point by attributing the losing of the tail to such an animal as the Wolf.

It is to be observed, however, that all these different stories are variants of the medieval story in the "Roman de Renart." Now the question is, did the North American Indian get the story from the Norseman, or did the Southern negro take his version from the German? Certainly not, although the frame-work of the story is the same in each. Was it necessary for the Indian, the Negro, the Celt, to get the German or medieval explanation of why the Bear or the Rabbit had stumpy-tails. Certainly not; although the medieval account is indeed very plausible. These stories were invented before Uncle Remus was "bred en bawn."

It is not to be denied that a number of American folk tales have either been modified or borrowed from Old World sources. Thus, Mr. E. B. Tylor gives eight American tales which he regards as "indications of a deep-rooted connexion" between North America and the Old World. (The Early History of Mankind, p. 340.) These eight tales are: The World-Tortoise, The Man Swallowed by the Fish, The Sun Catcher, The Ascent of Heaven by the Tree, The Bridge of the Dead, The Fountain of Youth, The Tail-fisher, and The Diable Blanc. Space forbids an examination of these stories and their analogues in the Old World. Some of the versions are quite similar, I admit; others have only a casual likeness; others, again, are alike because they *grew* up under like conditions.

But I think that much, or even most, of the plantation folk-lore—for the collection of which students are so greatly indebted to Mr. Harris—can be best explained by the theory of conscious borrowing. Any one who has read Dr. Bleek's "Reynard the Fox in South Africa," will be puzzled to decide whether the Hottentot stories are indigenous, or were transmitted by the Dutch. But the reader of Harris's "Uncle Remus," will *not* be puzzled to decide whether the stories are original with the Southern slaves, or were carried by them from their homes in Africa. The plantation-folk tales were largely brought to the United States. One or two writers have traced some of our Southern animal fables to their mediæval or classical variants—a fact that *may* be accounted for by the different European stories, and story books (La Fontaine's Fables, perhaps) doubtless at the master's house on the plantation. We have good reasons for believing that the negroes heard versions of La Fontaine's Fables and after telling and re-telling, the

stories were added to, or changed here and there, to suit the purposes of the narrator.

Very surprising, at first was the remarkable similarity noticed between these negro stories and the stories of a tribe of South American Indians. This branch of comparative folk-lore was very early treated by Prof. T. F. Crane, of Cornell.* During his geological explorations in Brazil the late Prof. C. F. Hartt collected a small number of stories which he heard at Santarem, on the Amazons. Later, Mr. Herbert Smith, in his "Brazil, the Amazons, and the Coast," likewise collected a number of animal fables, and called attention to their analogues elsewhere. Still later, Mr. Harris was forcibly struck by the resemblances between his own collection of stories and Mr. Smith's collection. There could be no mistake; the tales were clearly related. Prof. Crane's conclusion is summed up as follows: "That the negroes of the United States obtained these stories from South American Indians is an hypothesis no one would think of maintaining; but that the Indians heard these stories from the African slaves in Brazil, and that the . . . latter brought these stories with them from Africa is, we think, the explanation of the resemblances we have noted." We regret that we can not give, at this time, the very interesting parallels between the stories common to Hartt, Smith, and 'Uncle Remus,' upon which Prof. Crane bases his reasonable conclusion. And now, our remarks, already too long, must be brought to a close. Before doing so I wish to bring two points home to the mind of every reader of these rather sketchy papers.

The first point is that the work of the careful student of folk-lore is primarily one of comparison—analysis. He must first of all be well equipped in order to follow the conditions imposed by the science of comparative mythology—the science which compares the stories, the same as comparative philology compares the speech of tribes or peoples. He must also have the true literary *flair*, or scent. Hence the folk-lore student should possess—to borrow an ingenious phrase from Balzac—the legs of a deer and the patience of a Jew. He should be able to follow unweariedly as Dr. Bleek has done, the tracks of Reynard the Fox in South Africa. He should not lose all patience, if after all he finds that, instead of Reynard the Fox, he has been following a winding trail after an anise-seed bag.

My second point is, that every reader should (and can) be a folk-lorist, so to speak. There are few localities in the United States that do not have *some* peculiar item of superstition, or legendary lore. All these items of low civilization in the midst of our so-called "high" civilization should be industriously gathered and preserved. Dr. George E. Ellis recently submitted a proposal to the Massachusetts Historical Society for the formation of a folk-lore society, and for the establishing

of a journal to publish the remains of American folk-lore. It is to be hoped that many of our students will cooperate in this work, by collecting the legends and superstitions they may happen to come across. Truly the student who will do for American folk-stories what Jacob Grimm, for example, did for German *Mährchen*, will surely meet with deserved reward.

THE SPECIFIC ENERGIES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

BY DR. EWALD HERING.

(Conclusion.)

The specific energies of the living substance in the different organs are characterized by their chemical or physical functions; while in the present state of science the energies of the nervous substance can be recognized, only by the different sensations which they produce in our consciousness. Our sensations as well as all the phenomena of consciousness are the psychological expressions of physiological processes or the irritations of our nerves,—especially of our brain. Vice versa these irritations are the material expression of the processes in our soul.

The soul does not stir, unless the brain moves simultaneously. Whenever the same sensation or the same thought recurs, a certain physical process which belongs to this special sensation or thought is repeated; for both are inseparably connected. They are conditioned by and productive of each other. Accordingly from the course of our sensations we can draw inferences concerning the simultaneous and corresponding course of processes in the brain. The resolution of our sensations into their various elements is at the same time an analysis of the involved interactions of the various elementary cerebral functions or irritations.

For instance, let us suppose that the great variety of the sensations of light and color can be reduced to a few simple or elementary sensations, to those of the principal colors, which by combining in different proportions can produce innumerable different sensations. This fact, if proven, would justify the conclusion that different kinds of elementary irritations can take place also in the nervous substance of the visual organ. Each of them corresponds to one of the elementary sensations, and the elementary irritations can be arranged in a manner analogous to that of the elementary sensations. Or similarly, if we succeed in reducing all the many and various gustatory sensations to a few simple sensations, we may again justly infer that a corresponding number of elementary irritations can be produced in the nerve substance of the tongue.

Consequently the analysis of our sensations leads us to recognize the fact that what Johannes Muller summarily called the specific energy of a sensory nerve may be resolved into a certain number of elementary irritations. But we need not assume that a distinct nerve

*Prof. Crane's article may be found in *Pop. Science Monthly*, for 1881.

element is a medium for each simple irritation. The same nerve cell can produce the sensation of heat or of cold according to the direction in which its specific energy is irritated. The same fiber of the visual organ can be irritated in different ways and thus convey correspondingly different sensations of color.

Each single kind of irritation, therefore, does not necessarily correspond to one and the same nervous substance. The specific energy of a certain nerve-element is not merely a simple property, it is not a faculty which causes only one kind of function, it is a multiform potency.

The power of specializing and individualizing its functions is an inborn quality of living substance, and bears the richest and most wonderful fruit in the nervous system. In this respect the nervous system far surpasses all other organs.

One fiber of a muscle performs the same function as all its other fibers, and even the fibers of different muscles possess essentially the very same energy. One liver cell works as all the other liver cells do, and it cannot work otherwise. The intensity of a function may be different in the different fibers or cells of such an organ, but the kind of function is common to all.

Not so in the nervous system. The various energies in the various groups of the nervous elements are innate. By an innate faculty the optic nerve of the new-born babe responds to the ray of light which enters the eye with a sensation of light, and the nerve of the skin responds to an increase of temperature with a sensation of warmth.

The specific energy of almost all other organs is definitely fixed at the time of birth and will change in the further development of life in degree only,—but never in character.

The muscle fiber of a babe contracts in the same way, and thus exhibits the same energy, as does the muscle fiber of an adult person. The liver cell of an old man produces bile just as does the liver cell of a child. The muscle as well as the liver grows with the entire man, but the fibers and cells added can always perform only one and the same function. Some fibers and cells perish in the course of life, but those which take their place merely perform the functions of the replaced fibers and cells.

Thus the innate energy of almost all organs remains unchanged throughout life. The individual small cell organisms of which the organs consist come and go, one generation follows another, in some organs more rapidly and in others more slowly. The living substance of each single element is consumed and then replaced by nutrition, but their faculty and activity always remain the same. In the nervous system all this is very different. Although, as a rule, the innate energies of many regions, especially in the peripheral nervous system, remain unchanged throughout life, there is in the

nervous system of a new-born babe some living substance which is ready to be moulded for the performance of this or that function and for the development of this or that *individual* energy.

Above all, the brain of a new-born babe is not a completed structure. It grows and develops; and if the externally visible growth has reached its limits, the internal process of formation continues. Up to the moment of birth the nervous system with the brain is developed according to its own inner law. Until then, neither light nor sound nor any other sensory irritation has affected the nerves and the brain has been asleep. After birth thousands of new incitations at once intrude from the external world upon the nervous system. The eye is opened to the vibrations of ether and sound waves obtrude upon the ear, pressure and impact, cold and warmth affect the skin—thus placing the brain which heretofore was left to itself, under the influence and discipline of the external world.

Before birth the chemical processes of the nervous system, its change of matter and its growth, depended upon internal conditions of life. After birth the incitations of the external world excite the brain and produce a more vigorous exchange of matter for further development and increase of the living substance. The further development, the inner formation and cultivation henceforth depend upon occurrences in the external world which the brain experiences.

All living substance, especially nerve matter, has the peculiarity that every irritation produced in a limited region at once spreads to the adjoining parts. It continues spreading as long as it meets with any substance which is capable of being similarly irritated and which, so to speak, responds to such irritation.

The specific irritation awakened in the sensory nerves by external causes, is thus transmitted to the virgin parts of the brain. Here in the most youthful and most docile living substance, the irritation terminates, and here every kind of irritation finds its echo. For this substance which possesses no innate and definitely specialized energy, has not yet through the frequent repetition of a certain kind of irritation lost the susceptibility for all other irritations.

If the virgin substance of the brain is excited and internally agitated by an irritation which has been transmitted through the nerve fibers of the sensory organs, an increased ability to reproduce the same kind of irritation is acquired by a permanent change of its internal structure. If the sensory nerve again transmits the same irritation, the cerebral substance responds to it more easily. The oftener it is repeated, the stronger will grow the inclination to reproduce just this kind of irritation. Through frequent repetition, one particular kind of function becomes, as it were, the second nature of a single cerebral cell, i. e. the cell acquires this special ability or energy.

In this way the individual energies of the cerebral cells and fibers are developed by education on the basis of the inherited dispositions. Also the additional energy which the cells acquire during life, is transmitted by inheritance upon the new formed cells which are generated by partition. These new cells can in their turn develop, evolve or modify the inherited energy.

The anatomical arrangement of the brain is such as to place (single) parts of the so-called gray substance into a particularly intimate relation with special sensory nerves. The irritation of a sensory nerve fiber will necessarily seize upon and affect those cerebral cells first which are in closest connection with it. But each cerebral cell is connected with other cerebral cells by a net-work of most delicate nerve fibers.

The irritation which enters from the sensory nerve fiber into the gray substance, can advance (through those cerebral elements which are excited first) in all directions farther and farther into the labyrinth of the cerebral cells and fibers until at last it dies out and ceases sooner or later, or in exchange, calls forth new irritations which starting from the brain return to the peripheral nervous system.

Every cerebral element is subject to the educating influence of those sensory nerve fibers with which it is anatomically connected and whose energies are most closely related to it. But these single cerebral elements can receive irritations, although in a weaker degree, also from the adjoining fibers of the same sensory nerve and even from those nerve fibers which enter the gray substance in more remote parts and which originate in other sensory organs.

In this way the cerebral substance is constantly permeated with many diverse irritations, which crowd upon it from all the sensory regions. The cerebral cell will be particularly educated for the qualities of these irritations. According to the opportunity of easily and repeatedly receiving irritation from this or that sensory organ and from such or such a sensory nerve fiber. It will acquire the faculty of reproducing them vigorously, as often as an incitation, be it ever so weak, is offered.

Consequently every single cerebral element in the course of its development and under the influence of sensory experience attains an individual character. And it may be asserted that not even two of the innumerable cerebral cells are alike in kind and degree of individual energy. If one cerebral cell is destroyed there would of course be many others which possess in all essential points the same energy, and can by their functions compensate its loss, but no other cerebral element could do exactly the same work with exactly the same individual ability, with the same ease and exactness, as no man can, in all respects, entirely replace another man.

Experience and practice rest upon this specialisation and individualization of the functions in the different

cerebral elements, and the energies of the nervous substance which are developed in the course of our life are the organic expression of our individual memory.

The nervous system, and above all the brain, is the grand *instrumentarium* of consciousness. Each single cerebral element is a particular tool. Consciousness may be likened to workingmen whose tools gradually become so numerous, so various and so specialized that he has for every detail of his work a tool which is specially adapted to perform just this kind of work most easily and accurately. If he loses one of his tools, he still possesses a thousand other tools to do the same work although with more difficulty and loss of time. Should he lose these thousands also, he might retain hundreds, with which he can possibly do his work still, but the difficulty increases. He must have lost a very large number of his tools if certain actions became absolutely impossible.

The knowledge of the tools alone does not suffice to ascertain what work is performed by the tools. The anatomist therefore will never understand the labyrinth* of cerebral cells and fibers and the physiologist will never comprehend the thousand-fold intertwined actions of its irritations, unless they succeed in resolving the phenomena of consciousness into their elements in order to obtain from the kind and strength, from the progression and connection of our perceptions, sensations and conceptions, a clear idea about the kind and progression of the material processes in the brain. Without this clue the brain will always be like a closed book to us.

We can also compare the brain to a book. A book is anatomically a number of rectangular white leaves bound on one side and marked on their pages with numerous black spots of different form and size. Under a microscope the leaves will be seen to consist of delicate fibers, and the black spots of minute black granules. A chemical analysis will show that the leaves are cellulose, the spots carbon and a resinous oil. If all this has been investigated and ascertained with the utmost accuracy, we do not know, in the least, why the black spots are arranged just in this and in no other way, why some spots are large and others small, why some occur frequently others rarely, why the single leaves follow one another in this and in no other order, and altogether what the whole book really means.

Whoever wishes to know what the book signifies must know what is the function of the specific energy of each single letter and of the individual energy of each single word—in short he must know how to read.

Nothing can be fully explained by a simile, and it is perhaps dangerous to attempt to adorn the dry language of science with allegories.

But let a scientist wear his working apparel while plowing the field of his science; and when, on a festive occasion he offers the fruits of his labor to others, he should be welcome in a festive garment.

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THE UNKNOWABLE.

The most modern specter that is haunting the realms of philosophy goes under the odd name of the Unknowable. Ghosts and goblins are done away with by science, but, in spite of that, superstition returns and assumes a vaguer and more indistinct form in the idea of an indefinite and undefinable something which is supposed to be an inscrutable mystery. Some people fear it as a hidden power,—some reverence it as the embodiment of perfection,—some love it as a fit object of their unaccountable longings,—and almost all who in their fantastical visions imagine to conceive it, bow down and worship it. It is the Baal of modern philosophy, and even the idoloclasts of the nineteenth century have not freed themselves from this fetich. While denouncing supernaturalism in the religious creeds of to-day, they preach the supernaturalism of a mystic Unknowable which lies beyond human experience, and do not seem to be aware of their inconsistency.

The unknown is by no means the unknowable, for our ignorance in some subject does not justify the dogmatic assertion, that it can not be known at all.

The belief in the Unknowable is the significant feature of agnosticism, and agnosticism is just as much dualistic as is supernaturalism. It separates the world into two distinct existences,—the natural and knowable world,—and the unknowable or mysterious realm which either lies beyond or is interwoven with nature so as to infect Nature herself and render her plainest and most lucid phenomena unintelligible and enigmatic.

The realm of this mysterious Unknowable is generally supposed to be the province of religion, and this error naturally prompts people to declare that religion cannot have a scientific basis. The object of religion,

they assert lies beyond human cognition and experience: otherwise, they say, religion could not exist.

The Unknowable is like the fog which, as the Anglo-Saxon saga relates, was rising in the shape of the giant Grendel from the fens and marshes in Jutland, and haunted the halls of men. "A Beowolf is wanted to slay this ogre; and Beowolf represents the wholesome light and warmth of the sun. Before the rays of truth which science pours forth, the foggy monster of the Unknowable gradually disappears and reveals to the human eye reality as it is.

The father of agnosticism is not so much Herbert Spencer as Kant, who divided the world in things as they appear to us and things as they are in themselves. The former are mere phenomena or states of consciousness in our minds, while the latter he supposed to be inaccessible to cognition.

Now, idealism is quite correct in so far as things themselves do not enter our brain. It is undeniable that our cognition consists in images, and even the most scientific and philosophic conceptions of the world are constructed of *images* of things. If these images and the ideas abstracted from them agree with and conform to the things which they represent, they are true; otherwise, they are erroneous. Cognition means nothing more or less than the correct representation of things in psychic images and ideas, and things are knowable because they can be mirrored in the brains of reasonable beings.

Kant proved that all knowledge is relative; absolute cognition does not exist. This is irrefutably true, for cognition pre-supposes a relation between a cognizing subject and a cognized object. This relation is the essential feature and *conditio sine qua non* of cognition. Accordingly Kant proved that absolute cognition is impossible. So far he is right; but when, for the protection of old theologies, he says "I must abolish knowledge to make room for belief," he goes too far. A thing which is impossible does not exist, and the Kantian things in themselves (absolute things), which as such are beyond our ken, do not exist either.

The existence of a thing implies the manifestation of its existence. It exists only in so far as it manifests itself. Absolute existence which is not manifested in some way means non-existence, it is a *contradictio in adjecto* and a chimerical impossibility. And this, I believe, is the solution of Hegel's dictum, as quoted by Prof. Cope in his essay *Evolution and Idealism*, "Existence and non-existence are identical." This is true if Hegel refers to an absolute existence or an existence in or by itself.

The world, however, does not consist of things recognizable—and of fog around them. Natural phenomena are not effects of transcendent causes from transmundane sources. Nature is one throughout, and natural phenomena are linked together by causation.

Causality, the law of causation, is not a capricious ukase of a mysterious power; fundamentally it is the same as the logical rule of identity or the arithmetical formula "once one is one." Causality is the law of identity in change; which means that wherever any change takes place the elementary particles of matter remain the same—their form only is changed by some transposition of their parts.

It is universally accepted that all phenomena of Nature occur according to the law of cause and effect. And this irrefragable causality is the reason why Nature is intelligible throughout. Scientific research is nothing but the tracing of effects to their causes. There are many problems which have not yet been investigated, and there are innumerable things we do not yet know of, but there are no phenomena in the world which *per se* are unintelligible. The vastness and grandeur of the world are so great that the province of science is unlimited, and that after each discovery new problems will constantly present themselves to keep the inquiring scientist busy; but there is no phenomenon which can in itself be declared unknowable. Nature is knowable and Nature's essence is intelligibility; there is no transmundane or supernatural existence beyond Nature.

The doctrine is often repeated, that man has a hankering after the Unknowable. Some scientists suppose it to be a characteristic feature of man. Max Müller, in his answer to Darwin, says incidentally with regard to this longing for the mysterious, "*Cela me passe*"; and there may be found more men of his stamp who agree with Max Müller on this point. Science, to be sure, rests on the supposition that all phenomena and all things are cognizable.

The agnostic's usual objection to discarding the Unknowable is that "No one can explain what matter is; we know what metal is and what wood is, but the ultimate principle of metal and of wood, matter itself, is unknowable."

This objection shows how dualistic agnosticism is. The agnostic, or he who proposes such objection, conceives wood, on the one hand, as a knowable thing having properties which can be recognized by experiment; but, on the other hand, beyond or behind or within this knowable thing, he supposes, an unknowable essence exists which we call matter. And this unknowable matter is the cause of the knowable which, in this particular case, appears to be wood or metal.

The word "matter" is a generalization which is abstracted from all the many different matters. Wood as well as metal is matter, both have the properties of matter in common, and each have in addition some special characteristic qualities. Iron again has all properties of metal and some other special ones besides. But matter is not a thing in itself which exists behind or beyond the real existences. It is a *chiffre*, or symbol,

devised for economizing our thought, and we cannot expect more of such an abstract concept than the fulfilment of its purpose. Matter is a generalization, but there is no mystery about it.

The same holds good with all other generalizations which become mysterious only when, by some misconception, they are supposed to be real things beside or beyond or within the things from which they are abstracted.

Another objection of the agnostic is the "unintelligibility of the Infinite"; and the Infinite (which then is spelt with a capital I) is declared to be the object of religious worship. Even Prof. Max Müller joins (or at least seems to join) the agnostic in his definition of religion. However, the Infinite is as little mysterious as abstractions. It is as plain as any arithmetical calculation. When I count, I may count up to a hundred or to a thousand or to a million, or to whatever number I please. If I do not stop for other reasons, I may count on without stopping—in a word, into infinity. The Infinite accordingly is a mathematical *chiffre* denoting a process without limits. The mathematician employs the *chiffre*, and there is no mystery about it.

If the Infinite is not a thing to be worshiped, but a mathematical or arithmetical process, we can produce an infinitude wherever we can apply such an infinite process. If we soar into the heavens and let our thoughts wander into cosmic space, we may proceed from star to star in the milky way, and beyond we shall perhaps reach other milky ways. If we still proceed, we may wander in empty space into infinitude. If these wanderings were possible we need stop as little as in counting.

A drop of mercury can just as well be used as an instance of infinitude as the universe. It can be divided into two halves, and each half is again divisible. It is divisible *ad infinitum* because the division is a process which may be carried on as long as one pleases. The infinitely small is no more a thing in itself than the infinitely great, and there is no more mystery in the one than in the other.

The Unknowable is a dogma in the negative creed of agnosticism, and the agnostic clings to it as if it were sacred. He argues, it must exist, because man cannot grasp the entirety of nature—because man cannot comprehend the ultimate principle or *raison d'être* of phenomena. The world,—the whole universe, as well as the details of nature—are so wonderful and so mysteriously marvelous that we cannot but believe in the Unknowable, and the very existence of the world is incomprehensible.

The ultimate *raisons d'être* of mathematics are the most simple and self-evident axioms, and it is to be expected that the ultimate *raison d'être* of natural phenomena is just as simple and self-evident. It is true that

the world, as a whole and in its several phenomena, is most wonderful, and wherever we inquire into Nature, Nature is grand and sublime. But there is no mystery about it—no unknowability. Nature is essentially knowable, and beyond Nature is empty non-existence.

As to existence in general, it is a *fact* which is by no means unknowable. "But its cause is unknowable," the agnostic says. This would be true if the dualistic view were correct. But as matters are, the question as to what is the cause of the world is unjustifiable. The world is not an effect of an unknown and transcendent cause. The world is a reality—it is the sum of all existence; and our idea of the world as a whole is the most general and comprehensive abstraction of this reality. The dualistic theologian whose God is a supernatural and transmundane being, says, God is the cause of the world. If this argumentation were allowable we must further ask, What is the cause of God? But the question itself, as to the cause of existence in general, is not admissible; for the law of causation is applicable to all phenomena of Nature, but not to the existence of Nature, which must be accepted as a fact.

The Unknowable must be considered as a personification, or at least substantiation, of an abstract idea. Goethe says, somewhere, "Man rarely realizes how anthropomorphic he is."

The belief in the unknowable is perhaps in the psychical development of man, as Auguste Comte says, the natural intermediate stage between the standpoint of old theological views and scientific positivism.* The surest way out of the maze of the agnostic unknowable, is to define first what is knowable before making statements about the unknowable. If we do so we shall find that Faust's complaint is not true when he says:

"That which one does not know, one needs to use;
And what one knows, one uses never."

Nature with all her rich and wonderful, works lies within the sphere of the Knowable and those questions as to the cause of existence at large (*transcendent* topics as Kant styles them) which by their very nature admit of no answer, are—as explained above—not justified.

The human soul was, by a dualistic misinterpretation, supposed to be supernatural, because the human mind soared far above all other natural existences. But, the human soul, although it surpasses the nature or

* I had myself to overcome the metaphysicism, as I had previously to overcome the supernaturalistic views of my childhood. Careful readers of my pamphlet *Monism and Meliorism* will find that where I speak of the limit of our cognition I do not mean that there is something Unknowable beyond that limit. The limits of cognition are subjective not objective. The essential feature of explaining natural phenomena is to classify one special case under a general law which embodies its reason, or its ground, or its principle of explanation. By ascending from special reasons to more general reasons we must at least come to the universal reason, which whatever it may be, is the ultimate principle of explanation. This ultimate principle or *raison d'être* is the natural limit of our reasoning, for it would be absurd to ask for a more general principle than the universal principle.

animal existence, remains Nature—it is only Nature of a higher kind.

Nature, it is true, is wonderful; but what is most wonderful it is that the most intricate and complicated phenomena of Nature are marvelously simple in their ultimate elementary causes. The problems of the world are innumerable, the range of inquiry is infinite, and all problems as to the causes of natural phenomena are solvable, for, throughout, Nature is intelligible.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The holiday season with its Christmas tree, Christmas gifts and New Years wishes is passed and we have returned to our usual occupations. A joyous reflection is still lingering over the remembrance of these days of merry family life and love of mankind, for the gifts of the Christmas table are with us and remind us of their beloved givers. How poor are those who are devoid of these joys which giving and receiving affords. A picture in *Puck* shows us Santa Claus turning his back to the circles of the rich where he finds such plenty as to render him with his gifts superfluous. The lesson taught in this picture is that the poor in love and in the enjoyment of love are, as a rule, the rich,—while the poor are often blessed with an immeasurable wealth of this festive happiness. It is the same lesson taught by Christ when he said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." And may we add: "For a rich man to have a merry Christmas?"

Is it his riches which prevent him from enjoying the giving and receiving of gifts of love? Oh no, on the contrary they enable him to enjoy the greater joy of giving more liberally than his poorer fellow man can do. If a man is deprived of his merry Christmas, although he is not in needy circumstances, it is he himself who has robbed himself of it,—it is his own stolid heart which debars him from the warmth which, during this festive time more than usually, pervades all mankind.

There is a charm in a Christmas gift which is imparted only to those who are fit to receive it. Something of the giver attaches to every gift, something of his sympathy, love or friendship, and this difficult to define but very definite something gives to the gift its real value. The value of the gift in money is its market value. The real value lies concealed in the sentiments of the donor and receiver; it contains part of the donor's soul which is transmitted to the receiver. But this sentiment must be reciprocated in order to be transmitted. The donor and receiver must be in a sympathetic communion of some kind. There must be some relation or connection, and it is the revealing and acknowledgement of this connection, of which the transfer of a gift is a symbol. Christmas is the festival of family life and of universal love of humanity. It preaches the unity of

the human race, the unity of all intellectual and spiritual life in the world.

This is the source of the right enjoyment of Christmas gifts and wherever it is lacking, Santa Claus turns his back, in spite of rich gifts or the exchange of precious presents. But wherever it obtains, people feel rich and are rich because of this immeasurable wealth of love and good will, which are a treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

It is this wealth which gives to the widow's mite its value, it is the essential and indispensable life-blood in everything that is truly humane or great, and it is also the quintessence of the religious sentiment.

SURSUM.

BY * * *

Onward our march must be,

Faithful and true!

Nobler humanity will us imbue.

No pain nor trouble shun,

Sternly our duty done,

Faithful and true!

Let us by mental power

Passions control.

Patiently elevate the human soul.

Though our paths thorny be,

Let us with honesty

Strive for our goal.

Progress and laboring

Never must tire.

"One with the Cosmos," be that our desire!

Strong our alliance be,

Onward with constancy

Nobly aspire.

THE EDUCATION OF PARENTS BY THEIR CHILDREN.

BY CARUS STERNE.

(Conclusion.)

In the animal kingdom the father does not get the benefit of the ennobling influence of the rearing of the young wherever he does not participate in it; and as a rule he does not.

But, generally speaking, this loss is not great; for if the refining power, which the rearing of the young exerts, leaves any appreciable effects in the female, the same is transmitted to her male offspring, making them sharers in its wholesome influence.

Elsewhere we have seen that the systematic care of the young develops most favorably in the case of birds and mammals. The earliest birds, like the reptiles, probably left their eggs to be hatched by the sun; for

even now, birds of the lower species require the aid of solar or terrestrial heat when hatching their eggs.

Sitting on their eggs is now the general practice of birds; but there is a noticeable distinction between the higher and the lower species, the young of the latter leaving the nest and becoming independent very early, while those of the former must be fed and cared for in the nest for weeks.

This care, necessitated by the helplessness of the little ones, is undoubtedly the cause of the numerous instances of kindness and charity towards the young of other birds.

Singing birds possess a perfect passion for self-sacrifice, and it has been observed that they have repeatedly adopted and reared orphaned birdlings. As is well known, some feathered tramps regularly take advantage of this trait of the kind-hearted singing birds in the most shameless manner.

Birds have also been seen to feed their blind companions, and do innumerable things for which men expect to be rewarded on earth and in heaven.

I do not think that similar acts are seen among lower species of animals unaccustomed to care for their young. The conflict with egotism here begins, ending in self-sacrifice and self-denial, which has been pronounced the greatest victory.

The result of this conflict becomes more apparent in mammals, where a closer relation exists between mother and child, and finally reaches a point of extravagance which is almost absurd. The child is part of its mother, not only in a physical, but also in a spiritual sense, and it is a well-known fact that the affection of the mother is all the greater where much anxiety has been involved in the rearing of the child.

The lower animals are all self-taught, and only those that live in communities, such as the termites, ants, bees, etc., perhaps attend to the training of their young.

A self-taught creature can rarely accomplish as much as one that has had careful instruction—a fact daily demonstrated by birds that have been taught by their own kind or by human beings.

In my opinion, the systematic instruction of the young in mammals, partly accounts for the really marvellous growth of the brain in this class of animals. Observe a cat train her young; note how systematically she proceeds from play to work, from the easy to the more difficult. While nursing some of her litter, she uses her tail to teach the others to observe and hold something animate. Then she catches animals to instruct the little ones in the rudiments of the chase, and finally shows them how to catch birds and mice.

But—I cannot but repeat—not only do the young learn from the mother, but she, in turn, learns to renounce the empty vanities of life for their sake, and pursue more satisfactory pleasures. The extent of the effects

of this may be seen in the characteristics of animals of all the higher types.

For example, let us take the elephant. Not to serve as food for man, but merely for the sake of its tusks, of which innumerable knick-knacks are made, this noble animal appears destined to speedy extinction. To secure it with ease, the bushes in which it hides are set on fire. Surrounded by flames, exposed to certain destruction, it gives affecting proofs of heroism. Regardless of the intense heat scorching its hide, it fills its trunk with water, as Schweinfurth tells us, and spurts it over its offspring, in order to save it at least from destruction.

I wish that this story were repeated in every school, so that at least a portion of the future generation might be induced to abandon the fashion of using the various toys and other articles made of ivory.

In this instance we clearly perceive how the love for its offspring develops the ingenuity of the animal. In the moment of unforeseen peril it applies the means of cooling, which, in the heat of the African desert it has discovered to be effective. It betrays a higher impulse, which, without this incentive, could not, and would not exist.

I hold that the altruistic impulses, which we observe in animals living in communities, are the result of their earliest training, just as, in the case of human beings, a man is first initiated into the higher religion of active humanity, in the nursery.

Undoubtedly much of this feeling has already become part of human nature, as may be seen in the instinctive altruistic impulses, and the disposition to render assistance to others, as when, for instance, one who cannot swim plunges into the water to rescue a drowning man.

The above-described moderator of animal egotism may be said to prove its highest efficacy, when parents attempt by force to instill into their children, what the nursery and the school of life are wont to teach,—the control of natural impulses.

Generally the punishment of the little ones causes greater suffering to the parents than to the children. The former must carry on that hardest of battles with their own affections, unless anger and indignation come to their aid. The essentially moral significance of these actions was sincerely appreciated by the great lover of humanity, who applied this means of education even to the highest ideal, God, and exclaimed: "For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

It seems to me that psychologists have never duly recognized the importance of family life, as the fountain-head of the highest and noblest impulses.

This little sketch will have accomplished its purpose, if it establishes the belief that love is fundamentally a natural phenomenon, which in all its forms of evolution, even to the veneration of the "Woman Soul," has the strong roots of its power in family life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF MAL-OBSERVATION AND LAPSE OF MEMORY, AS VIEWED BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.*

To the Editor:

Having just finished reading the proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research (London, England, May No., 1887), and being especially interested in the one hundred and thirteen pages by Richard Hodgson, LL. D., on "The Possibilities of Mal-Observation and Lapse of Memory," I cannot forbear jotting down a few facts arising "from a practical point of view," as given by this distinguished critical scientist and investigator, for the benefit of the readers of THE OPEN COURT.

Dr. Hodgson states in his Introduction, that up to ten years ago, when he attended his first seance, he had regarded the opinions of Professor Wallace on Spiritualism as mainly correct; that "in every case the investigators have either retired baffled or become converts"; "but hitherto" (the Doctor continues), "the physical phenomena which I have witnessed were clearly ascertained by my friends and myself to be fraudulent, or they were in conclusive and accompanied by circumstances which strongly suggested trickery." Notwithstanding, Dr. Hodgson adds: "Three years ago I was still under the impression that a large mass of reliable testimony existed." But he further states, "I have long since concluded that I estimated this testimony too highly." In the meantime he visited India for the purpose of investigating the Theosophical phenomena of Madame Blavatsky. Here he compared the testimony of many *bona fide* witnesses to events belonging to the class of conjuring performances. The different accounts which he heard from eye-witnesses of the tricks of the Hindoo jugglers surprised him. He saw many of these performances himself, and learned secretly from the jugglers themselves, how they were done. This enabled him to detect more easily jugglery in Spiritualism. In England, a man by the name of William Eglinton had dumfounded all beholders with his slate performances, materializations, and consoling test-messages. Dr. Hodgson believed that the witnesses were deceived by mal-observation, lapse of memory, misdirection of attention and misdescription, and that Eglinton's phenomena were all due to conjurers' tricks. With the advantage of the experience gained from the Hindoo jugglers he was prepared to compare actual occurrences with "the misdescriptions given by intelligent spectators who were unaware of the *modus operandi* of the tricks." He found with the misdescriptions of honest intelligent witnesses "the phenomena were perfectly explicable by conjuring. But the most eminent defenders of mediumistic phenomena refused to admit their validity or significance," adds Dr. Hodgson. "They would not believe that mal-observation, treachery of memory, misdirection of the attention, and misdescription could lead so far astray the honest intelligent witness, and that he could be deceived by a conjurer's tricks, and mistake the same for evidences of the presence of spirits and their operations."

This being so, a Mr. S. J. Davey (*alias*, Mr. David Clifford) attempted all the feats of the medium Eglinton, and how wonderfully he succeeded is described in some one hundred pages. He was supposed to have been a genuine medium, except by the few who were in the secret; though, like John W. Truesdell, of our country, of *Bottom Facts* notoriety, he did not affirm it to be spirits or receive compensation, but finally declared he did it all by conjuring. As in Mr. Truesdell's case, he was not believed by the Spiritualists.

* Dr. Hodgson is secretary of the American Society for Psychological Research, Boston, Massachusetts, and is credited with having exposed Madame Blavatsky, of Theosophical fame.

In Dr. Hodgson's article in the May number of the *Psychical Research*, he fully demonstrates his affirmations of mal-observation by the reports of honest intelligent witnesses, who, although present at the same sittings, vary so widely in their descriptions of the same proceedings that it amazes the reader. Furthermore, Mr. Davey utterly denies the reports of his friends who assert that they never take their eyes from the medium or the slate, or that the slate never leaves their hand or sight, or is hidden away under their coats; while Mr. Davey assures them their attention was misled just long enough—perhaps thirty seconds—for him to do what he desired in order to enable him to perform the jugglery. What renders this all the more interesting and satisfactory is, Dr. Hodgson and others in the secret, witness the whole operation, and know that Mr. Davey's affirmations are correct; the same as I was privileged in the case of Mr. Truesdell, and saw him perform the wonders himself, and know he tells the truth when he declares "I know I do it myself."

What then becomes of Mr. Eglinton's claim to spirit aid and power when Mr. Davey performs the same feats by jugglery? And what becomes of Mr. Wallace's boast that "The physical phenomena of Spiritualism have all, or nearly all, been before the world for twenty years; the theories and explanations of reviewers and critics do not touch them, or in any way satisfy any sane man who has repeatedly witnessed them; they have been tested and examined by skeptics of every grade of incredulity, men in every way qualified to detect imposture or to discover natural causes—trained physicists, medical men, lawyers, and men of business—but in every case the investigators have either retired baffled, or become converts." Now, Dr. Hodgson has shown that these men were *not* "qualified to detect imposture," by proving the imposture himself; that the jugglery was as far beyond their perception as is the ordinary juggler's performances beyond the ken of the crowds who gaze at them; that these "qualified men" were not able, through mal-observation, lapse of memory, and misdirection of attention, to even describe the occurrences of a sitting accurately, when they themselves were the chief participants, and cautioned constantly to watch every movement lest they be imposed upon by trickery.

I cannot forbear quoting from a review of the May number of the above proceedings "By a Firm Believer," published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* (London, September 6, 1887): "The Society for Psychical Research has been at it again. * * * When Mme. Blavatsky came, a few years ago, with her bright army of gurus, theosophists, and chelas, to rescue us from the sordid realities of nineteenth century materialism, we were pleased, stimulated, interested, and morally regenerated. Nobody asked the Psychical Society to interfere. But they did; and spoiled the fun, too, in no time. Actually sent a man named Hodgson—a man who called himself a gentleman—who reckoned up Mme. Blavatsky as if he were a detective and she a common card-cutter and fortune-teller. He found out a lot of things which he might as well have kept to himself; and the end was that Mme. Blavatsky was exposed by the very Society that might have been expected to shield her.

"But one favorite of the unseen world was left to us. If we wanted a message from a deceased relative, or a hint, written by shadowy hands, as to the final mystery of existence, we could still buy a three-penny slate; bring it to William Eglinton, and there we were. You might wash that slate, and tie it up, and screw it down, and never take your one eye off it and your other off William Eglinton; you might grab it tight with your right hand and him with your left; you might keep your questions unuttered in the most secret recesses of your soul—yet when you untied and unscrewed the slate you would find your answer, or your loved and lost one's message, written there in her own writing and in any colored chalk you liked to name. * * *

"Nobody would believe the mean *thing* the *Psychical* went and did under these circumstances. Hodgson was in it, of course; but they got another man, named Davey, who, no doubt, dropped the suffix Jones in order to hide the real nature of his powers. He started slate-writing under the name of Clifford. * * * Seconded from below, Davey set to work to do everything Mr. Eglinton had done. He did not get the beautiful consoling messages, * * * but, of course, he got the writing in the colored chalks on the washed, tied, screwed, jealously-watched slates, and all the merely extraordinary stuff, such as answering hidden questions, quoting lines from books that had been secretly selected from the shelves by the sitters, and other things which are on the face of them utterly impossible except by supernatural aid. And now he has the audacity to turn round and declare that *he is only a conjurer, and that therefore poor Mr. Eglinton may be a conjurer too!* * * * The inference is obvious. The evidence for Mr. Davey's miracles is as striking as that for Mr. Eglinton's. But Mr. Davey's miracles were conjurer's tricks. *Ergo*, Mr. Eglinton's may also be conjuring tricks. This may be convincing to materialists, who deem that anything is more probable than that Mr. Davey should be in league with the Powers of Darkness. But to us who already know that Mr. Eglinton is in league with the Powers of Light, such an unholy compact is far more credible than that a number of respectable ladies and gentlemen should, even at the instigation of the man who blasted the career of Mme. Blavatsky, bear false testimony. * * *

"They shall not take our Eglinton from us as they took our Blavatsky."

Here follows a review of Mr. Morell Theobald's book of three hundred pages, in which he "gives example after example of the intimate and familiar intercourse which he has enjoyed for years with the guardian spirits of his hearth." One of these "examples" which "A Firm Believer" fancies "might touch even Mr. Hodgson, so unforced is its simple domestic pathos," must suffice.

"After breakfast, while M. was in another room, she heard the knife machine going in the kitchen, where no one was, for the boy who cleans the knives was out; and on my daughter going in she found all the knives which we used for breakfast cleaned and put on the table. In the afternoon, the kettle was again filled by our little invisible friends and put to boil; and while both were sitting in the room, the teapot was half filled with boiling water and the tea made." We leave to the reader to decide between the probabilities of the above statement compared with the probabilities of Dr. Hodgson's theory of Mal-Observation and Lapse of Memory—or, possibly, a delusion bordering on the very verge of insanity.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

To the Editors:

DEAR SIRS:—I have read with much interest articles in THE OPEN COURT, from time to time, and though sometimes finding occasion to differ from the conclusions reached, I have been glad to note the general tone of fairness pervading the whole. Accordingly, as on page 594 of their present volume, your reference to "A Clergyman in Jail in Boston," shows that the writer is not in possession of the full facts on the subject, I wish you would call the attention of your readers to one or two facts in regard to the imprisonment of Mr. Davis.

The fact is that Mr. Davis, before attempting to preach, applied to the police commissioners and inquired "if policemen would be instructed to break up or interfere with preaching services conducted on the 'common' and other public grounds of the city, provided such meetings did not obstruct public travel or cause a breach of the peace." The commissioners replied "Oh no, we should never do that," and Mr. Davis held his meetings.

The ordinance under which he was arrested was one which had fallen into disuse—like the law against smoking on Boston streets. Its avowed purpose was to *regulate* preaching, but the present committee on the common used it to *prohibit* all preaching—refusing permits to many reputable citizens. Mr. Davis did not proceed in a spirit of defiance, but believing that under the State and National constitution he had a right to express himself upon the "Common," desired to make a test case and obtain an authoritative decision. Many good citizens—other than church members—agree with him. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided in favor of the ordinance, but the Supreme Court of Michigan in a similar case has decided against the constitutionality of the ordinance. It is a case for honest difference of opinion, and we hope to have the matter carried up higher. In the mean time it is only fair to ask that those who have only a partial knowledge of the facts should suspend their judgment in the matter. Our Boston city government has been wonderfully vigorous in prosecuting the offences of the preachers, and shamefully derelict in prosecuting far more serious violations of law. Will you not again call attention to this matter in THE OPEN COURT, and a little more charitably?

Sincerely yours in the search for truth,
H. B. HASTINGS,
13 George street, Chelsea, Mass.

145 LILAC ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCT. 6, 1887.

To Editor of Open Court:

In your journal of August, 1887, I find an article from the pen of Ella E. Gibson from which I copy the following: "This commission, 'The Seybert,' has so well done its work, even in its preliminary report, that it would seem as if an unprejudiced person need only to read this book to be convinced that all the so-called spirit manifestations can be produced by individuals now living."

Again I quote from same article: "But I will not detain the readers of OPEN COURT with my remarks, but refer them to the book itself, only promising that if they will read it carefully and without prejudice, they will arrive at the conclusion that the believers in spiritualism, who have been converted to its theories by any of the so-called mediums exposed by this commission, will feel that they have been most egregiously humbugged."

I, as one of the class of spiritualists included in the so-called humbugged, shall esteem it a favor if you will give the following facts a space in your journal:

In my early investigation of spiritualism, I with my wife attended a spiritual seance in Birmingham, England, "seeking for truth." A young lady "a stranger" also an investigator, remarked to my wife that she earnestly desired to know if spiritualism was true. Nothing of importance occurred at our first attendance; two weeks later we again attended, and to our surprise the young lady before named was placed amongst the other mediums present. Shortly she arose, being in deep trance and standing before me a few seconds without uttering a word—then putting out her hand I took hold of it, and immediately the control through her said: "Ben, my boy, do you recognize me?" and pulling me from my seat placed my right hand upon her left arm, "the medium's," and said, "Ben, my boy, there is no broken limbs in heaven; I have both arms there." The medium's arm was icy cold; I did not like the touch, and withdrew my hand, immediately. She again placed my hand upon the arm, which felt quite warm, and natural as ever, then said, "by embracing this glorious truth, my boy, you have given your Father much joy in his heavenly home." Much more was said also.

My father had lost his left arm, but I did not know he had broken it, which puzzled me; but relating the circumstance to my oldest sister she told me that he fell and broke it. "This could

not be mind-reading" and I would ask, was that being egregiously humbugged? "I think not."

About 20 years ago we had in our family a niece of my wife, that was with us from five years old until she married. She became a medium for physical manifestations, and at eleven years of age, a table five feet by two and-a-half feet, with the tips of her fingers upon it, would raise upon two legs and wriggling until it reached the lounge would then rest its end on the lounge and rear up against the wall of room.—She would also under control write long messages—talking to my wife at same time, and would describe spirits present and give names correctly.—She would read the characteristics of people correctly, even strangers from letters placed to her forehead.

"At 11 years was she a humbug?"

I am now living in the family of another niece. She has two children mediums, a girl of nine years and boy of ten years; both see spirits and describe them correctly. They also hear the spirits talk, and tell me what they say at times—(are they also humbugging me?) "Let Ella E. Gibson answer," and honestly and thoroughly investigate before she attempts to pass judgment upon a subject of which she is evidently totally ignorant. In 30 years of experience in spiritualism I have received evidence enough of its truth to fill a dozen of your journals.

Yours for truth,
BENJ'N. CROSS.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FIRST STEPS IN GEOMETRY. EASY LESSONS IN THE DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS. By *Richard A. Proctor*. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

The author of these two little books—the well-known astronomer and popular writer, Richard A. Proctor—has in these mathematical text books again shown his ability of presenting difficult subjects in a palatable and easily comprehended manner. We let the author speak for himself. He says in the preface to his *First Geometry*:

"The object I have had in view in preparing this little work has been to remove for young students in geometry the difficulties which I remember encountering when a beginner myself. Teachers and books explained then, as now, how certain problems are to be solved, but they did not show how the student was to seek for solutions for himself. They strove to impart readiness in following demonstrations rather than facility in obtaining solutions. My method of showing here why such and such paths should be tried, even though some may have to be given up, in searching for the solution of problems, will, I believe, do more to teach the young student how to work out solutions for himself than any number of solutions given him for reading."

Similarly he declares in his *Easy Lessons in the Differential Calculus*: "I first took interest in algebra when I found that problems in Single and Double Position could be solved much more readily by algebra than by the rather absurd rules given for such problems in books on arithmetic. In like manner, I could find no interest in the Differential Calculus till, after wading through two hundred pages of matter having no apparent use (and for the most part really useless), I found the calculus available for the ready solution of problems in Maxima and Minima. This little work has been planned with direct reference to my own experience at school and college. The usual method of teaching the Differential and Integral Calculus seems to be almost as absurd (quite as absurd it could scarcely be) as the plan by which children, instead of being taught how to speak—whether their own language or another—are made to learn by rote rules relating to the philosophy of language such as not one grammarian in ten thousand ever thinks about in after life."

POEMS. By *David Atwood Wasson*. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1888.

This handsome little volume is edited by Mrs. E. D. Cheney, and contains three long poems with many short ones, among which are twenty-seven sonnets. One of the finest of these last is addressed to Charles Sumner, and begins thus:

"Thou and the stars, our summer still shine on!
No dark will dim, no spending waste, thy ray;
And we as soon could doubt the milky way,
Whether enduring be its silver zone,
As question of thy truth."

In another fine passage, the poet tells those who love him best:

"But aught of inward faith must I forego,
Or miss one drop from Truth's baptismal hand,
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and grow
Less worthy trust to meet your heart's demand?
Farewell! Your wish I for your sake deny;
Rebel to love in truth to love am I."

This heroic self-respect gives a peculiar charm to all Mr. Wasson says about religion, for instance in these lines from the opening poem "Orpheus":

"Yet wherefore cry
To Heaven? 'Tis the trick of craven souls
To vex the gods with importunity,
Entreating boons the base petitioner
But from himself should seek. The gods love them
That even against the gods, should there be need,
Dare stand erect and to themselves be just."

Such quotations say more for the author than any comment. His many friends will be glad to find here printed for the first time, "the poem which he hoped would express to others the height and depth of his thought." It is published unfinished, as he left it, and under the title, given by Mrs. Cheney, but in his own words, "The Babes of God." The creation of man is represented as commencing with the birth in heaven of child-like souls free from sin or error, and perfectly contented, until they begin to feel the need of expansion into fuller and deeper life. This new desire makes them ask their Father's leave to depart out of celestial bliss and brightness, in search of trials, labor, and pain; which they meet heaped up into a black cloud over their path. Unfortunately, we have to leave them plunging bravely into the darkness. But other poems do full justice to the real brightness of our earthly home, which nowhere appears sunnier than in "All Well," which, as Mrs. Cheney justly says, "is a classic, and stands unrivaled in American poetry for its exquisite beauty, its far-reaching spiritual insight, its depth of faith, its joy of hope."

It has also the great charm of being much more musical than most of its companions, which are on the whole rather too much weighed down by gravity of theme and solemnity of tone to have much chance of popularity. Thoughtful readers will find much to value; though they may regret the preservation of some hasty utterances of indignation, like the sonnet "To Irish-born Americans." What is most to be regretted, however, is that Mr. Wasson did not more frequently content himself with giving us such beautiful pictures, and in such musical words, as these:

"And golden the buttercup blooms by the way
A song of the joyous ground;
While the melody rained from yonder spray
Is a blossom in fields of sound."
"Rills, in melody running
Silver the solar ray,
Age, its gray life sunning,
Purls of the balm day;
Youths, on the river rowing,
Path it with fading foam;
Maids on the tide are strowing
Leaves, that, adrift, become
Barques of the fine romances
Writ in their dreamful eyes,
Barques for their fairy fancies,
Freighted with sweet surmise."

F. M. H.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By *Mary Morgan* (Gowan Lea). Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson, 1887.

The authors of these poems which are now collected in a handsome and elegantly bound volume, is well known to the readers of THE OPEN COURT, who will remember having often seen verses from her pen, full of thought and poetry, in its columns. Her *nom de plume*, Gowan, is Scotch, and means in English, as she tells us in one of her poems, a wild daisy, the poet's flower. As a motto she selected a few verses by the philosopher Fichte:

"Das ewig Eine
Lebt mir im Leben, sieht in meinem Sehen.
Nichts ist denn Gott; und Gott ist nichts denn Leben, etc.

For those who are not familiar with her style, we select a few poems which pleased us most.

TO NATURE.

Nature, I would be thy child,
Sit and worship at thy feet;
Read the truth upon thy face,
Wait upon thine accent sweet:
I would put my hand in thine,
Bow my head upon thy knee,
Live upon thy love alone,
Fearless, trusting all to thee.

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

"Life's purpose is accomplished!" exclaimed one,
As with a sigh, that was not all of pain
Nor yet of pleasure all, he turned again,
Repeating, "what I aimed to do is done!"
Then came another voice: "Your course is run!
The longed-for goal no sooner we attain,
Then we descry that fairer heights remain,
And find at last our work is but begone."
"The call becomes, 'So much remains to do!'
Our feet have traveled but a little way;
And we have lagged perhaps, and blundered too,
And wish we could forget—thankful that day
Is still before us—that the flush of red
Is not the evening glow, but dawn instead."

From the translations we select a poem of F. Halm: "My Heart, I Wish to ask Thee."

My heart, I wish to ask thee,
What then is love, O say?
"Two souls with one thought only,
Two hearts tuned to one lay!"
And say, whence cometh love then?
"We know not of the where!"
And say how goeth love then?
"What goes was never there!"
And tell me, what is pure love?
"For self it hath no will!"
And when is love the deepest?
"When it is calm and still!"
And when is love the richest?
"That is it when it gives!"
And O, how talkest love, then?
"It doth not talk—it lives!"

True happiness (if understood)
Consists alone in doing good.

—SOMERVILLE.

Ignorant of happiness, and blind to ruin,
How oft are our petitions our undoing.

—HARTE.

No man is blest by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness.

—YOUNG.

When the father is too fondly kind,
Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.

—DRYDEN.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued).

She also partook of the aversion of her parents for the neighboring family. Even as a little child she had passed poutingly before the door of that house; never had her foot crossed its threshold, and when good Mrs. Hahn once asked her to shake hands, it was long before she could make up her mind to take her hand out of her apron pocket. Of the inhabitants of the neighboring house the one most annoying to her was young Fritz Hahn. She seldom associated with him, but unfortunately she was always in some embarrassment which enabled Fritz Hahn to act the part of her protector. Before she went to school, the eldest son of Frau Knips, already quite a big fellow, who painted fine pictures and birthday cards, and sold them to people in the neighborhood, wished to compel her to give the money she held in her hand for a devil's head which he had painted, and which no one in the street would have; he treated her so roughly and so ill, that contrary to her wont, she became frightened and gave him her groschens, and weeping, held the horrible picture in her hand. Fritz Hahn happened to come that way, inquired what had taken place, and when she complained to him of Knips' violent conduct, he grew so indignant that she became frightened about him. He set upon the lad, who was his school-fellow and in a class above him, and began to thrash him on the spot, while the younger Knips looked on laughing, with his hands in his pocket. Fritz pushed the naughty boy against the wall and compelled him to give up the money and take back his devil. But this meeting did not help to make her like Fritz any the better. She could not bear him, because already as an undergraduate he wore spectacles, and always looked so serious. And when she came from school, and he went with his portfolio to the lecture, she always endeavored to avoid him.

On another occasion they happened to meet. She was among the first girls in the Institute; the oldest Knips was already magister, and the younger apprentice in her father's business, and Fritz Hahn had just become a doctor. She had rowed herself between the trees in the park till the boat struck a snag and her oar fell into the water. As she was bending down to recover it, she also lost her hat and parasol. Laura, in her embarrassment, looked to the shore for help. Again it so happened that Fritz Hahn was passing, lost in thought. He heard the faint cry which had escaped her, jumped into the muddy water, fished up the hat and parasol, and drew the boat to the shore. Here he offered Laura his hand and helped her on to dry ground. Laura undoubtedly owed him thanks, and he had also treated her with respect and called her Miss. But then

he looked very ridiculous, he bowed so awkwardly, and he stared at her so fixedly through his glasses. And when she afterwards learned that he had caught a terrible cold from his jump into the swamp, she became indignant, both at herself and at him, because she had screamed when there was no danger, and he had rushed to her aid with such useless chivalry. She could have helped herself, and now the Hahns would think she owed them no end of thanks.

On this point she might have been at ease, for Fritz had quietly changed his clothes and dried them in his room.

But indeed it was quite natural that the two hostile children should avoid each other, for Fritz was of quite a different nature. He also was an only child, and had been brought up tenderly by a kind-hearted father and a too anxious mother. He was, from his earliest childhood, quiet and self-possessed, unassuming and studious. In his home he had created for himself a little world of his own where he indulged in out-of-the-way studies. Whilst around him was the merry hum of life, he pored over Sanscrit characters, and investigated the relations between the wild spirits that hovered over the Teutoburger battle, and the gods of the Veda, who floated over palm-woods and bamboos in the hot valley of the Ganges. He also was the pride and joy of his family; his mother never failed to bring him his cup of coffee every morning; then she seated herself opposite him with her bunch of keys, and looked silently at him while he ate his breakfast, scolded him gently for working so late into the previous night, and told him that she could not sleep quietly till she heard him push back his chair and place his boots before the door to be cleaned. After breakfast, Fritz went to his father to bid him good morning, and he knew that it gave his father pleasure when he walked with him for a few minutes in the garden, observing the growth of his favorite flowers, and when, above all, he approved of his garden projects. This was the only point on which Herr Hahn was sometimes at variance with his son; and, as he could not refute his son's arguments, nor restrain his own strong æsthetic inclinations, he took steps which are often resorted to by greater politicians—he secretly prepared his projects, and surprised him with the execution of them.

Amidst this tranquil life, intercourse with the Professor was the greatest pleasure of the day to our young scholar; it elevated him and made him happy. He had, while yet a student, heard the first course of lectures given by Felix Werner at the University. A friendship had gradually arisen, such as is perhaps only possible among highly cultivated, sound men of learning. Fritz became the devoted confidant of the inexhaustible activity of his friend. Every investigation of the Professor, with its results, was imparted to him,

even to the most minute details, and the pleasure of every new discovery was shared by the neighbors. Thus the best portion of their life was passed together. Fritz, indeed, as the younger, was more a receiver than giver; but it was just this that made the relation so firm and deep. This intercourse was not without occasional differences, as is natural to scholars; for both were hasty in judgment; both were very exacting in the requirements which they made on themselves and others, and both were easily excited. But such differences were soon settled, and only served to increase the loving consideration with which they treated each other.

Through this friendship the bitter relations between the two houses were somewhat mitigated. Even Herr Hummel could not help showing some respect for the Doctor, as his highly-honored tenant paid such striking marks of distinction to the son of the enemy. For Herr Hummel's respect for his tenant was unbounded. He heard that the Professor was quite celebrated in his specialty, and he was inclined to value earthly fame when, as in this case, there was profit in it. Besides, the Professor was a most excellent tenant. He never protested against any rule which Herr Hummel, as chief magistrate of the house, prescribed. He had once asked the advice of Herr Hummel concerning the investment of some capital. He possessed neither dog nor cat, gave no parties, and did not sing with his window open, nor play bravura pieces on the piano. But the main point was, that he showed to Frau Hummel and Laura, whenever he met them, the most chivalrous politeness, which well became the learned gentleman. Frau Hummel was enchanted with her tenant; and Hummel deemed it expedient not to mention his intention of raising the rent to his family, because he foresaw a general remonstrance from the ladies.

Now the hobgoblin who ran to and fro between both houses, throwing stones in the way, and making sport of the men, had tried also to excite these two noble souls against each other. But his attempt was a miserable failure; these worthy men were not disposed to dance to his discordant pipes.

Early the following morning, Gabriel took a letter from his master to the Doctor. As he passed the hostile threshold, Dorchon, the servant of the Hahn family, hastily came toward him with a letter from her young master to the Professor. The messengers exchanged letters, and the two friends read them at the same moment.

The Professor wrote:—

“My dear friend—Do not be angry with me because I have again been vehement; the cause of it was as absurd as possible. I must honestly tell you that what put me out was your having so unconditionally refused to edit with me a Latin author. For the possibility of finding the lost manuscript, which we in our pleasant

dreams assumed for some minutes, was the more enticing to me, because it opened a prospect of an employment in common to us both. And if I wish to draw you within the narrow circle of my studies, you may take for granted that it is not only from personal feeling, but far more from the wish of my heart to avail myself of your ability for the branch of learning^o to which I confine myself.”

Fritz, on the other hand, wrote:—

“My very dear friend—I feel most painfully that my irritability yesterday spoilt for us both a charming evening. But do not think that I mean to dispute your right to represent to me the prolixity and want of system in my labors. It was just because what you said touched a cord, the secret dissonance of which I have myself sometimes felt, that I for a moment lost my equanimity. You are certainly right in much that you said, only I beg you to believe that my refusal to undertake a great work in conjunction with you was neither selfishness nor want of friendship. I am convinced that I ought not to abandon the work I have undertaken, even though too extensive for my powers; least of all exchange it for a new circle of interests, in which my deficient knowledge would be a burden to you.”

After the reception of these letters both were somewhat more at ease. But certain expressions in them made some further explanation necessary to both, so they set to work and wrote again to each other, shortly and pithily, as became thoughtful men. The Professor answered: “I thank you from my heart, my dear Fritz, for your letter; but I must repeat that you always estimate your own worth too low, and this is all that I can reproach you with.”

Fritz replied: “How deeply I do feel touched by your friendship at this moment. This only will I say, that among the many things I have to learn from you, there is nothing I need more than your modesty; and when you speak of your knowledge, so comprehensive and fertile in results, as being limited, be not angry if I strive after the same modesty with regard to my work.”

After sending his letter, the Professor, still disquieted, went to his lecture, and was conscious that his mind wandered during his discourse. Fritz hastened to the library, and diligently collected all the references which he could find respecting the Castle of Bielstein. At midday, on their return home, each of them read the second letter of his friend; then the Professor frequently looked at the clock, and when it struck three he hastily put on his hat and went with great strides across the street to the hostile house. As he laid hold of the door-knob of the Doctor's room, he felt a counter pressure from within. Pushing the door open, he found Fritz standing before him, also with his hat on, intending to visit him. Without saying a word the two friends embraced each other.

"I bring you good tidings from the antiquary," began the Professor.

"And I of the old castle," exclaimed Fritz.

"Listen," said the Professor. "The antiquary bought the monk's book of a retail dealer who travels about the country collecting curiosities and old books. The man was brought into my presence; he had himself bought the little book in the town of Rossau, at an auction of the effects of a cloth-maker, together with an old cupboard and some carved stools. It is at least possible that the remarks in cipher at the end, which evade unpractised eyes, may never, after the death of the friar, have excited observation nor caused investigation. Perhaps there may still be preserved in some church record at Rossau an account of the life and death of the monk Tobias Bachhuber."

"Well, then," assented Fritz, much pleased, "a community of his confession still exists. But Castle Bielstein lies at the distance of half an hour from the town of Rossau, on a woody height—see, here is the map. It formerly belonged to a sovereign, but in the last century it passed into private hands; the buildings, however, remain. It is represented in this map as an old castle, at present the residence of a yeoman. My father also knows about the house; he has seen it from the high road on his journeys, and describes it as a long extent of building, with balconies and a high roof."

"The threads interweave themselves into a good web," said the Professor, complacently.

"Stop a moment," cried the Doctor, eagerly. "The traditions of this province have been collected by one of our friends. The man is trustworthy. Let us see whether he has recorded any reminiscences of the neighborhood of Rossau." He hastily opened and looked into a book, and then gazed speechless at his friend.

The Professor seized the volume and read this short notice: "It is said that in the olden times the monks in the neighborhood of Bielstein walled up a great treasure in the castle."

Again did a vision of the old, mysterious manuscript arise before the eyes of the friends so distinctly that it might be seized.

"It is certainly not impossible that the manuscript may yet lie concealed," remarked the Professor, at last, with assumed composure. "Examples of similar discoveries are not lacking. It is not long since that a ceiling of a room in the old house of the proprietor of my home was broken through; it was a double ceiling, and the empty space contained a number of records and papers concerning the rights of possession, and some old jewels. The treasure had been concealed in the time of the great war, and no one for a century had heeded the lowly ceiling of the little room."

"Naturally," exclaimed Fritz, rubbing his hands, "also within the facing of the old chimneys there are

sometimes empty spaces. A brother of my mother's found, on rebuilding his house, in such a place a pot full of coins." He drew out his purse. "Here is one of them, a beautiful Swedish thaler; my uncle gave it to me at the confirmation as a luck-penny, and I have carried it in my purse every since. I have often struggled against the temptation to give it away."

The Professor closely examined the head of Gustavus Adolphus, as if he had been a neighbor of the concealed Tacitus, and would convey information concerning the lost book in its inscription. "It is true," he said, reflectively, "if the house is on a height, even the cellars may be dry."

"Undoubtedly," answered the Doctor. "Frequently the thick walls were double, and the intervening space was filled with rubbish. In such a case it would be easy, through a small opening, to make a hollow space in the inside of the wall."

"But now," began the Professor, rising, "the question arises, what are we to do? For the knowledge of such a thing, whether it be of great or little importance, imposes upon the investigator the duty of doing all that is possible to promote the discovery. And this duty we must fulfill promptly and completely."

"If you impart this record to the public, you will allow the prospect of discovering the manuscript to pass out of your own hands."

"In this business, every personal consideration must be dismissed," said the Professor, decisively.

"And if you now make known the cloister record you have found," continued the Doctor, "who can answer for it, that the nimble activity of some antiquary, or some foreigner, may not prevent all further investigations? In such a case the treasure, even if found, would be lost, not only to you, but also to our country and to science."

"That, at least, must not be," cried the Professor.

"And besides, even if you apply to the government of the province, it is very doubtful whether they will render you any assistance," replied the Doctor, triumphantly.

"I do not think of committing the matter to strangers and officials," answered the Professor. "We have some one in the neighborhood whose good fortune and acuteness in tracing out rarities is wonderful. I have a mind to tell Magister Knips of the manuscript; he may lay aside his proof sheets for some days, travel for us to Rossau, and there examine the ground."

The Doctor jumped up. "That shall never happen. Knips is not the man to trust with such a secret."

"I have always found him trustworthy," replied the Professor. "He is wonderfully skillful and well-informed."

"To me it would appear a desecration of this fine discovery, to employ such a man," answered Fritz, "and I would never consent to it."

"In that case," cried the Professor, "I have made up my mind. The vacation is at hand; I will go myself to the old house. And as you, my friend, wish to travel for some days, you must accompany me; we will travel together. Here is my hand on it."

"With all my heart," cried the Doctor, clasping his friend's hand. "We will penetrate into the castle, and summon the spirits which hover over the treasure."

"We will first come to an understanding with the owner of the house. We shall then see what is to be done. Meanwhile let us keep the affair secret."

"That is right," assented Fritz; and the friends descended, well satisfied, into the garden of Herr Hahn, and, reposing beneath the white muse, they consulted on the opening of the campaign.

The imagination of the learned man was fast pent up by his methodical train of thought; but in the depths of his soul there was a rich and abundant stream from the secret source of all beauty and energy. Now a hole had been torn in the dam, and the flood poured itself joyfully over the seed. Ever did the wish for the mysterious manuscript return to him. He saw before him the opening in the wall, and the first glimmer of light falling on the grey books in the hollow; he saw the treasure in his hands as he drew it out, and would not part with it till he had deciphered the illegible pages. Blessed spirit of Brother Tobias Bachhuber! if thou shouldst spend any of thy holiday-time in heaven in coming back to our poor earth, and if then at night thou glidest through the rooms of the old castle, guarding thy treasure and scaring inquisitive meddlers, oh! nod kindly to the man who now approaches to bear thy secret to the light of day, for truly he seeks not honor nor gain for himself, but he conjures you, in the name of all that is good, to assist an honest man.

CHAPTER III.

A FOOL'S ERRAND.

Whoever on a certain sunny harvest morning in August had looked down from a height in the direction of Rossau, would have observed something moving along the road between the meadows which extended to the gates of the city. On closer observation the travelers might be perceived, one taller than the other, both wearing light summer dresses, the freshness of which had been sullied by the stormy rain of the last few days. They had both leather traveling pouches, which hung by straps from their shoulders; the taller one wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, the shorter one a straw hat.

The travelers were evidently strangers, for they stopped sometimes to observe and enjoy the view of the valley and hills, which is seldom the case with those born in the country. The district had not yet been discovered by pleasure-seekers; there were no smooth

paths in the woods for the thin boots of the citizens; even the carriage-road was not a work of art, the water lay in the tracks made by the wheels; the sheep-bells and the ax of the wood-cutter only were heard by the dwellers of the neighborhood, who were working in the fields or passing on their way to business. And yet the country was not without charm; the outlines of the woody hills waved in bold lines, a stone quarry might be seen between the fields in the plain, or the head of a rock jutted out from amongst the trees. From the hills in the horizon a small brook wound its course to the distant river, bordered by strips of meadows, behind which the arable land ran up to the woody heights. The lovely landscape looked bright in the morning sunshine.

In the low country in front of the travelers rose to view, surrounded by hills, the place called Rossau, a little country town with two massive church towers and dark-tiled roofs which projected above the walls of the town like the backs of a herd of cattle which had crowded together for protection against a flock of wolves.

The strangers looked from the height with warm interest on the chimneys and towers behind the old discolored and patched walls which lay before them. In that place had once been preserved a treasure, which, if found again, would interest the whole civilized world and excite hundreds to intellectual labor. The landscape looked exactly like other German landscapes, and the town was exactly like other little German towns; and yet there was an attraction in the place which inspired a joyful hope in the travelers. Was it the bulb-like ornament that crowned the stout old tower? or was it the arch of the gate which just veiled from the travelers in alluring darkness the entrance to the town? or the stillness of the empty valley, in which the place lay without suburbs and outhouses, as the towns are portrayed on old maps? or the herds of cattle which went out of the gate into the open space, and bounded merrily on the pasture ground? or was it perhaps the keen morning air which blew over the temples of the wanderers? Both felt that something remarkable and promising hovered over the valley in which, as searchers of the past, they were entering.

The travelers passed by the pasture ground; the herdsmen looked with indifference at the strangers; but the cows placed themselves by the edge of the ditch and stared, while the young ones of the herd bellowed at them inquiringly. They went through the dark arch of the gate and looked curiously along the streets. It was a poor little town, the main street alone was paved, and that badly. Not far from the gate the sloping beam of a well projected high in the air, and from it hung a long pole with a pitcher. Few people were to be seen, those who were not working in the houses were occu-

pied in the field; for the straws which stuck in the stone crevices of the arch of the gate showed that harvest wagons were carrying the fruits of the fields to the farm-yards of the citizens. Near many of the houses there were open wooden doors, through which one could look into the yard and barns, and over the dung heap on which small fowls were pecking. The last century had altered the place as little as possible, and the low houses still stood with their gables to the street; instead of the coat of arms, there projected into the street the sign of the artizan, carved in tin or wood, and painted—such as a large wooden boot; a griffin, which held enormous shears in its hand; or a rampant lion, that offered a pretzel; or, as the most beautiful masterpiece of all, a regular hexagon of colored glass panes.

“Much has been retained here,” said the Professor.

The friends came to the market-place, an irregular space, the little houses of which were adorned with bright paint. There on an insignificant building prominently stood a red dragon with a curled tail, carved out of a board, and supported in the air on an iron pole. Upon it was painted, in ill-formed letters, “The Dragon Inn.”

“See,” said Fritz, pointing to the dragon, “the fancy of the artist has carved him with a pike’s head and thick teeth. The dragon is the oldest treasure preserver of our legends. It is remarkable how firmly the recollection of this legendary animal everywhere clings to the people. Probably this sign-board originates from some tradition of the place.”

They ascended the white stone steps into the house, utterly unconscious that they had long been watched by sharp eyes. A citizen, who was taking his morning draught, exclaimed to the stout host, “Who can these be? They do not look like commercial travelers; perhaps one of them is the new pastor from Kirchdorfe.”

“No pastor looks like that,” said the inn-keeper, decidedly, who knew men better; “they are strangers on foot, no carriage and no luggage.”

The strangers entered, placed themselves at a red painted table, and ordered breakfast. “A beautiful country, mine host,” began the Professor; “fine trees in the wood.”

“Trees enough,” answered the host.

“The neighborhood appears wealthy,” continued the Professor.

“People complain that they do not earn enough,” replied the other.

“How many clergy have you in the place?”

“Two,” said the host, more politely. “But the old pastor is dead; meanwhile, there is a candidate here.”

“Is the other pastor at home?”

“I do not know,” said the landlord.

“Have you a court of justice here?”

“A magistrate of the place; he is now at the office—court is in session to-day.”

“Was there not in former times a monastery in the city?” said the Doctor, taking up the examination.

The citizen and the landlord looked at each other. “That is long since,” replied the master of the inn.

“Does not the Castle of Bielstein lie in the neighborhood here?” inquired Fritz.

Again the citizen and the landlord looked significantly at each other.

“It lies somewhere here in the neighborhood,” answered the landlord, with reserve.

“How long does it take to go to the castle?” asked the Professor, irritated by the short answers of the man.

“Do you wish to go there?” inquired the landlord. “Do you know the owner?”

“No,” answered the Professor.

“Have you any business with him?”

“That is our affair,” answered the Professor, shortly.

“The road goes through the wood, and takes half an hour—you cannot miss it,” and the landlord abruptly closed the conversation and left the room. The citizen followed him.

“We have not learnt much,” said the Doctor, laughing. “I hope the pastor and magistrate will be more communicative.”

“We will go direct to the place,” said the Professor, with decision.

Meanwhile the landlord and the citizen consulted together. “Whatever the strangers may be,” repeated the citizen, “they are not ecclesiastics, and they did not seem to care for the magistrate. Did you remark how they inquired about the monastery and the castle?” The landlord nodded. “I will tell you my suspicion,” continued the citizen, eagerly; “they have not come here for nothing; they seek something.”

“What can they be looking for?” asked the landlord, pondering.

“They are disguised Jesuits; that’s what they look like to me.”

“Now, if they wish to engage in a quarrel with the people on the manor, they are strong enough to hold their own.”

“I have to see the Inspector on business; I will give him a hint.”

“Do not meddle with what does not concern you,” said the landlord, warningly. But the citizen only held the boots he carried under his arm tighter, and drove round the corner.

Our two friends left, disgusted with the lack of courtesy they encountered at the Dragon. They inquired the way to the castle of an old woman at the opposite gate of the city. Behind the town the path rose from the gravel bed of the brook to the woody height. They entered a clearing of underbrush, from which, here and there, rose up high oaks. The rain of the last evening still hung in drops on the leaves—the

deep green of summer glistened in the sun's rays—the song of birds and the tapping of the woodpecker above broke the stillness.

“This puts one in another frame of mind,” exclaimed the Doctor, cheerfully.

“It requires very little to call forth new melodies in a well-strung heart, if fate has not played on it with too rough a hand. The bark of a few trees covered with hoary moss, a handful of blossoms on the turf, and a few notes from the throats of birds, are sufficient,” replied the philosophic Professor. “Hark! that is no greeting of nature to the wanderer,” added he, listening attentively, as the sound of distant voices chanting a choral fell softly on his ear. The sound appeared to come from above the trees.

“Let us go higher up,” exclaimed the Doctor, “to the mysterious place where old church-hymns murmur through the oaks.”

They ascended the hill some hundred steps, and found themselves on an open terrace, one side of which was surrounded by trees. In the clearing stood a small wooden church with a churchyard behind it; on a mossy block of rock rose a long old building, the roof of which was broken by many pointed gables.

“That is in good keeping,” exclaimed the Professor, looking curiously over the little church up to the castle.

A funeral chant was heard more clearly from the church. “Let us go in,” said the Doctor, pointing to the open door.

“To my mind it is more seemly to remain without,” answered the Professor; “it goes against me to intrude either on the pleasures or sorrows of strangers. The hymn is finished; now comes the pastor's little discourse.”

Fritz meanwhile had climbed the low stone wall and was examining the church. “Look at the massive buttresses. It is the remains of an old building; they have repaired it with pine wood; the tower and roof are black with age; it would be worth our while to see the inside.”

The Professor held in his hand the long shoot of a bramble bush which hung over the wall, looking with admiration at its white blossoms, and at the green and brown berries which grew in thick clusters. The sound of a man's voice fell indistinctly on his ear, and he bent his head involuntarily to catch the words.

“Let us hear,” he said at last, and entered the churchyard with his friend. They took off their hats and quietly opened the church door. It was a very small hall; the bricks of the old choir had been white-washed; the chancel, a gallery, and a few benches were of brown firwood. Before the altar lay open a child's coffin, the form within was covered with flowers, beside it stood some country people in simple attire; on the steps of the altar was an aged clergyman with white

hair and a kind face; and at the head of the coffin the wife of a laborer, mother of the little one, sobbing. Near her stood a fine female figure in burgher's dress; she had taken off her hat, held her hands folded, and looked down on the child lying among the flowers. Thus she stood, motionless; the sun fell obliquely on the waving hair and regular features of the young face. But more captivating than the tall figure and beautiful head was the expression of deep devotion which pervaded her whole countenance. The Professor involuntarily seized hold of his friend's arm to detain him. The clergyman made his concluding prayer; the stately maiden inclined her head lower, then bent down once more to the little one, and wound her arm round the mother, who leant weeping on her comforter. Thus she stood, speaking gently to the mother, while tears rolled down from her eyes. How spirit-like sounded the murmurs of that rich voice in the ear of her friend. Then the men lifted the coffin from the ground and followed the clergyman, who led the way to the churchyard. Behind the coffin went the mother, her head still on the shoulder of her supporter. The maiden passed by the strangers, gazing before her with an inspired look, whispering in her companion's ear words from the Bible: “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Let little children come unto me.” Her gentle accents were heard even by the friends. The mother hung broken-hearted on the arm of the stranger, and as if borne along by the gentle tones, tottered to the grave. Reverently did the friends follow the procession. The coffin was lowered into the grave, the clergyman pronounced the blessing, and each one present threw three handfuls of earth on the departed one. Then the country people separated, leaving a free passage for the mother and her companion. The latter gave her hand to the clergyman, and then conducted the mother slowly across the churchyard to the road which led to the castle.

The friends followed at some distance, without looking at each other. The Professor passed his hand over his eyes. “These things are always very touching,” he said, sorrowfully.

“As she stood at the altar,” exclaimed the Doctor, “she seemed like a prophetess of the olden time, with an oaken crown on her head. She drew the poor woman on by her gentle accents. Certainly the words were from our noble Bible; but now I understand the significant meaning in ancient times of the word whisper, to which a magic power was ascribed. She took possession of the mourner body and soul, and her voice sank deep into my heart also. What was she, maiden or wife?”

“She is a maiden,” answered the Professor, impressively. “She dwells in the castle, and we shall meet her there. Let her go on, and we will wait at the foot of the rock.”

They sat some time on a projecting stone. The Professor never seemed weary of contemplating a tuft of moss; he brushed it with his hand, laying it now on one side, now on the other. At last he arose quickly. "Whatever may come of it, let us go on."

They ascended the hill some hundred steps. The landscape before them suddenly changed. On one side lay the castle with a walled gateway and a courtyard, in which stood large farm buildings; before them, a wide plain of arable land sloped down from the height into a rich valley. The lonely woodland landscape had disappeared; around the wanderers was the active stir of daily life; the wind waved through the sea of corn, harvest wagons were passing up the roads through the fields, the whip cracked and the sheaves were swung by strong arms over the rails of the wagons.

"Hello! what are you looking for here?" asked a deep bass voice behind the strangers, in a commanding tone. The friends turned quickly. Before the farmyard gate stood a powerful, broad-shouldered man, with closely-cut hair, and a very energetic expression in his sunburnt face; behind him stood farming officials and laborers, stretching their heads out with curiosity through the gate, and a large dog ran barking toward the strangers. "Back, Nero," called the proprietor, and whistled to the dog, at the same time looking with a cold, searching look at the strangers.

"Have I the honor of addressing the proprietor of the place?" inquired the Professor.

"I am that person, and who are you?" asked the proprietor in return.

The Professor gave their names, and that of the place from which they came. The host approached and examined them both from head to foot.

"No Jesuits dwell there," he said; "but if you come here to find some hidden treasure, your journey is useless; you will find nothing."

The friends looked at each other; they were near the house but far from the goal.

"You make us feel," answered the Professor, "that we have approached your dwelling without an introduction. Although you have already made a guess as to the object of our journey, yet I beg of you to permit us to make an explanation before fewer witnesses."

The dignified demeanor of the Professor did not fail to have an effect. "If you really have business with me, it would be better certainly to settle it in the house. Follow me, gentlemen." He lifted his cap a little, pointed with his hand to the gate, and went ahead. "Nero, you brute, can't you be quiet?"

The Professor and the Doctor followed, and the farm officials and laborers and the growling dog closed in behind. Thus the strangers were conducted in a not very cordial manner to the house. In spite of their unpleasant position, they looked with curiosity at the great

farmyard, the work going on in the barns, and a flock of large geese which, disturbed by the party, waddled cackling across the road. Then their eyes fell upon the dwelling itself, the broad stone steps with benches on both sides, the vaulted door, and the moulded escutcheon on the keystone. They entered a roomy hall, the proprietor hung up his cap, laid hold with strong hand of the latch of the sitting-room door, and again made a movement of the hand, which was intended to be polite and to invite the strangers to enter. "Now that we are alone," he began, "how can I serve you? You have already been announced to me as two treasure-seekers. If you are that, I must plainly begin by telling you that I will not encourage such follies. Otherwise, I am glad to see you."

"But we are not treasure-seekers," rejoined the Professor; "and as we have kept the object of our journey a secret everywhere, we do not understand how you could hear so erroneous a report concerning the occasion of our coming."

"The shoemaker of my steward brought him the intelligence together with a pair of mended boots; he saw you at the tavern in the town, and grew suspicious because of your questions."

"He has exercised more ingenuity than was called for by our harmless questions," answered the Professor. "And yet he was not altogether wrong."

"Then there is something in it," interrupted the proprietor, gloomily; "in that case I must beg you, gentlemen, not to trouble yourselves or me further. I have no time for such nonsense."

"First of all, have the goodness to hear us before so curtly withdrawing your hospitality," replied the Professor, calmly. "We have come with no other aim than to impart to you something concerning the importance of which you may yourself decide. And not only we, but others, might reproach you if you refused our request without taking it into consideration. The matter concerns you more than us."

"Of course," said the host, "we are acquainted with this style of speech."

"Not quite," continued the Professor; "there is a difference according to who uses it, and to what purpose."

"Well, then, in the devil's name, speak, but be clear," exclaimed the proprietor, impatiently.

"Not till you have shown yourself ready," continued the Professor, "to pay the attention the importance of the subject deserves. A short explanation will be necessary, and you have not even invited us to sit down."

"Be seated," replied the proprietor, and offered chairs.

The Professor began: "A short time ago, among other written records of the monks of Rossau, I acci-

dentially found some observations in a manuscript which may be of the greatest importance to the branch of learning to which I devote myself."

"And what is your branch of learning?" interrupted the host, unmoved.

"I am a philologist."

"That means one who studies ancient languages?" asked the proprietor.

"It is so," continued the Professor. "It is stated by a monk, in the volume I have mentioned, that about the year 1500 there existed in the monastery a valuable manuscript, containing a history by the Roman, Tacitus. The work of the renowned historian is only very imperfectly preserved to us in some other well-known manuscripts.

A second notice from the same book, in April, 1637, mentions that at that time the last monk of the monastery, in the troublous war time, had concealed from the Swedes the church treasures and manuscripts in a hollow, dry place extant in the monastery, contained his complete works in the house of Bielstein. These are the words I have found; I have nothing further to impart to you. We have no doubt of the genuineness of both notices. I have brought with me an abstract of the passages concerning it, and I am ready to submit the original to your inspection, or that of any competent judge whom you may choose. I will only add now that both I and my friend know well how unsatisfactory is the communication we make to you, and how uncertain is the prospect that after two centuries any of the buried possessions of the monastery should be forthcoming. And yet we have made use of a vacation to impart to you this discovery, even at the probable risk of a fruitless search. But we felt ourselves bound in duty to make this journey, not especially on your account—although this manuscript, if found, would be of great value to you—but principally in the interest of science, for in that point of view such a discovery would be invaluable."

The proprietor had listened attentively, but he left untouched the paper which the Professor had laid on the table before him. Now he began: "I see that you do not mean to deceive me, and that you tell me the whole truth with the best intentions. I understand your explanation. Your Latin I cannot read; but that is not necessary, for, concerning this matter, I believe you. But," he continued, laughing, "there is one thing which the learned gentlemen living so far away do not know, and that is, that this house has the misfortune to be considered throughout the whole country as a place in which the old monks have concealed treasures."

"That was not, of course, unknown to us," rejoined the Doctor, "and it would not diminish the significance of these written records."

"Then you were greatly in error. It is surely clear that such a report, which has been believed in a country

through many generations, has meanwhile stirred up persons who are superstitious and greedy of gain, to discover these supposed treasures. How can you imagine that you are the first to conceive the thought of making a search? This is an old, strong-built house, but it would be stronger still if it did not show traces from cellar to roof that in former times holes have been made and the damage left unrepaired. Only a few years ago I had, at much cost and trouble, to place new beams into the roof, because roof and ceiling were sinking, and it appeared, on examination, that unscrupulous men had sawed off a piece of the rafter, in order to grope into a corner of the roof. And I tell you frankly, that if I have met with anything disagreeable from the old house, in which for twenty years I have experienced happiness and misfortune, it has been from this troublesome report. Even now an investigation is being carried on in the town respecting a treasure-seeker, who has deceived credulous people in giving out that he could conjure up treasures from this hill. His accomplices are still being tracked. You may ascribe it to your questions in the town, that the people there, who are much excited because of the deception, have taken you to be assistants of the impostor. My rough greeting was also owing to this. I must make my excuses to you for it."

"Then you will not agree," asked the Professor, dissatisfied, "to make use of our communication for further researches?"

"No," replied the proprietor, "I will not make such a fool of myself. If your book mentions nothing more than what you have told me, this account is of little use. If the monks have concealed anything here, it is a hundred to one that they have taken it away again in quieter times. And even if, contrary to all probability, the concealed objects should remain in their place—as since then some hundred years have passed—other hungry people would long ago have disinterred them. These are, forgive me, nursery stories, only fit for spinning rooms. I have a great aversion to all these notions that necessitate pulling down the walls. The husbandman should dig in his fields and not in his house; his treasures lie under God's sun."

(*To be continued.*)

If we see right we see our woes,

Then what avails it to have eyes?

From ignorance our comfort flows.

The only wretched are the wise. —PRIOR.

The sweetest bird builds near the ground;

The loveliest flower springs low;

And we must stoop for happiness,

If we its worth would know. —SWAIN.

How sad a sight is human happiness

To those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour.

—YOUNG. *Night Thoughts.*

The Open Court.

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THE PROCESS OF PROGRESS.

BY RUDOLF WEYLER.

"Let not your heart be troubled;
Neither be ye afraid."—*Jesus.*

"There is no death. What seems so is transition."
—*Longfellow.*

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."—*Tennyson.*

"Loving friend be wise, and dry straightway every weeping
eye."—*Edwin Arnold.*

When Christ was about to die, when he was led to the cross, "there followed him a great company of people and of women, which bewailed and bemoaned him. But Jesus said: Daughters of Jerusalem! *weep not for me* (who am going to die) but weep for *yourselves* and for your children" (who are going to live).—*Luke xiii. 27, 28.*

Who comes there? Who walks there slowly, so slowly; bleak, black, dreadful; white, pale, dark?—he approaches from afar. * * * Is it he, whom man with awe looks upon; whom we all dread, shrink from; is it he? Is it Death? coming nearer, ever nearer us. Where does he come from? Comes he from the skies, from heaven? Or has he, as we are told, his abode in hell? Is it Satan's messenger, as told in Holy Writ—or is it a *relief* sent to us from God? Is death a *punishment* for *uncommitted*, inherited sin; or is it a *redeemer* from this life's toils, woes, strifes and troubles? Is it a ship sent by a heavenly King to carry us across that shoreless ocean, which no living being (save *three*?) yet crossed alive; or is it an *opium-vessel*, bringing us eternal sleep, eternal rest, eternal peace? Is it the passage from the material to the spiritual, or is it only a *changing* of *materials*, or rather, the *same* material, only assuming another *form*? Briefly,—are we going to *live after we are dead*, or shall we then cease to live, forever?

O, this great mystery! this insolvable problem, this impenetrable darkness. Who will lift the thick veil, and permit us a glimpse, one passing glimpse, into those mysterious realms! Who will drop one sparkle of light into that eternal darkness, to favor us with one glance into it! Who can tell or explain any of those questions to the *entire* satisfaction of *all* mankind, regardless of beliefs, creeds, superstitions or religions! Who will, who can do it? Nobody!—no one can boast of any *knowledge* respecting this matter.

But, this being at least my opinion, then, what more proper than that I should stop right here and beware of any speculations or assertions on my part. If I nevertheless go on to state my private views on the subject, I do it only by way of confessing my creed, for the special benefit of, may be, nobody, or perchance, a great many, who by reading my confession may be awakened from their lethargy, throw off all shackles of superstition, all fright for a "future judgment," for hell, Satan, devil or Beelzebub.—And with no fear in their hearts, no tear in their eyes, but also without any false hopes, without any delusions of paradise, of "golden cities," of "happy hunting grounds" or any other myths, they will expect that great change, called death, or, as I styled it at the head of this article,

THE PROCESS OF PROGRESS.

Now in the last lines my confession is made, explicitly, unequivocally. We do by no means at that moment when people say we are dead and dig a grave to put our remains in, die then for the *first time* in our life. * * * Neither do we then die for the *last time*. With our *birth* our death begins also. When we say, we had lived a day, we might as well say, we had died that day, not merely indirectly, because we have come one day nearer death, but also directly. We can never live *that day* again, never! A change took place in our nature, in our form, though it be a very subtle change, unperceivable to our coarse, unskilled eye; and that change made the "I" of yesterday entirely disappear, and now I am not the I of yesterday any more, and never will be that again. I am changed now. This mystery people call *growth*. I call it—the process of progress.

I said we do not perceive the growing of a person *every day*; yet we *do* notice it always at longer intervals, when the person becomes so entirely changed, that we cannot help noticing it. We notice it when the babe becomes a little boy or girl; when the child is transformed into a youth, the boy into a young man, the girl into a young woman; then again, when these all at once, as it were, before our eyes, are metamorphosed into *man* and *woman* (see I. Cor. xiii. 11); and finally, when the man becomes an *old* man, and the woman becomes an *old* woman, we notice it again. The full grown man often bears less

resemblance to himself as a child than he does to his parents or even more distant relatives. And so we die every day, every hour, every moment. And, like the chameleon, we change our appearances, our external form every day (not to mention the far deeper changes of the *inner* man, in belief, in thought and in his views of life). But nevertheless *we still exist*. So also when that greatest change of all comes upon us, when the entire dissolution of the atoms of which we are composed takes place, we change our form in a more radical way than ever before (see I. Cor. xv. 57) to progress into new life, into new existence. But not, as the orthodox dogmatist tells us, into the bosom of the "Land of God," nor as the Spiritualist would make us believe, to roam about restlessly in infinite realms, realms unknown to anybody. Neither of these, I think, approaches the truth. No, I feel more comfort in thinking that there is *peace* in store for me as an *individuality* when I shall lose all identity, and "rest, sweet rest," will finally be my portion, after all the toil and turmoil and pain and struggle in this life. It is a comfortable, and, methinks, also very reasonable belief, this of mine, at the same time knowing very well that my atoms will again and again assume all kinds of forms, until some day they might again, in nature's skillful laboratory, evolve into and resume the form of a man like me, perhaps, but it will not be *I*.

After these considerations, how baseless, if not ridiculous, does it appear to see people bemoan their dead on the one hand and rejoice, on the other, when their babe becomes a boy and this—a man and so on! If there be any reason to deplore the changes to which we are subject, then we must reasonably be crying all our lifetime, lamenting ourselves as well as our families and surroundings. But as a matter of fact, there is no reason whatever to regret either of the changes, whether the small unapparent or the greatest of all. For is it not exactly the same in all nature? Do we not see the same process of progress going on in all the departments of the universe? Do we not daily see the ebb and flow on the sea-coast,—and yet we know quite well that the *self-same* drops or waves do never reach the coast twice? Is it not this process that we call sunrise and sunset? Are not the four different seasons or periods of the year indicating just the same process of progress? The year 1887 is not by any means the year 1886; the latter will never return again into existence. But it was the cause, the origin, it gave birth to the year 1887. Without the year 1886 having existed and expired there could be no room for the year 1887. Therefore there should be no crying at either of these changes, not only because it is of no avail to any one, but also because it is very unreasonable.

For death is *not* a loss, it is not a punishment, it is not a disadvantage, not a bereavement: it is, on the contrary, *the process of progress*. Wherefore I can more sincerely, more reasonably, more consistently than many of his disciples and followers, exclaim with Paul:

"O death! where is thy sting;
O grave! where is thy victory!"—I. Cor. xv. 55.

LANGUAGE.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Part I.

I. ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

It is impossible to comprehend language from any other standpoint than evolution. It is an incomprehensible mystery, incapable of self-origination, and equally impossible as an imposed supernatural gift, but as a development of primal sentience, it is not only comprehensible, but necessary. It is agreed by all biological science that primal sensation manifests itself at its first appearance as hunger. Hunger is capable of immediate differentiation into like and dislike; satisfaction and non-satisfaction—the positive and negative of sentience. You can reduce sentience to no lower terms than where you find it expressing the desire to eat and grow. Now, if you will trace life through its manifold and almost infinite variations up to man, it has everywhere this common basis of sentience expressing itself as hunger; and hunger is either satisfied or not satisfied. In higher life physical hunger becomes psychological hunger. The moner hungers for protoplasm; man hungers, or may hunger for rightness. This satisfaction and non-satisfaction has its expression in sensation. It is not impossible for us to know by the motion of the rhizopod whether it is satisfied or not. It makes its feelings known. Whether another rhizopod comprehends this expression of feeling or not is not so apparent. But in the arthropods and much lower down it is certain that there is a power of mutual apprehending. This makes it probable that no life-form exists without giving and receiving sympathy. All creatures apparently, and most creatures certainly, communicate.

This condition of sentience, and mutual relationship of apprehension, must affect and control largely the method of evolution. Organic evolution invariably obeys purposive evolution. The purpose here is to satisfy hunger; and to express the purpose, either as a desire or as a gratification. Evolution, taking up this aim or purpose, must ultimate in a growing power of life-creatures to express desire satisfied, or desire not satisfied—like and dislike—approval and disapproval. In other words, organic development is necessitated in the direction of organic power to express—to speak.

II. ORGANS OF LANGUAGE.

The protoplasmic cell is not a sphere but an ovoid, with two distinctive poles—and is already an individual. Its food is taken at one pole; the chemical disintegration goes on in a cycle; the waste is excreted at the other pole. A spherical cell would fail to express life. Equally exposed to chemical attack from environments it could form no cyclic flow, and is destroyed. The ovoid, however, represents at one pole the summit of dynamical action, and there you have the germ of the future head (see Montgomery). Nature does not construct a head at a late date in evolution; but the dynamic action that impinges on the most exposed pole is already constructing a head in the moner. The ovoid moner is already in every sense an individual. It not only eats and digests, that is, has a chemical decomposition antagonized and counterbalanced by a vital reconstructive process, but it has a dominant point that controls its functional activity.

The dominant point involves its chemical and vital opposite. The two poles are the important points of the life cycle. The domination carries naturally to the one the accretions of vital power. The differentiations that constitute the future head are differences of domination. The spinal processes are rather an extension downward of domination. The tail of the bird and of animals divides the function of language with the head. The reproductive function naturally is not differenced to any specific locality, but is on the lip of a spider and elsewhere on other creatures, but as a rule tends to association with the excreting organs. The creatures that do not learn to vocalize with the tongue do so with the tail. The language of the tail is as complete in the dog or bird as the language of the tongue. The tail is aborted only in the highest forms of life when its possible functions have been drafted off to the hand and the tongue. Watch the tail of the feline tribe in its power to tell joy, peace, anger, apprehension, pleasure. My horse has learned to respond to a tap of the whip with a responsive stroke of her tail instead of quickening her pace. A cow must express herself either with the tail or the hoof; that is, if she is not somewhat inclined to an occasional stroke of her tail, she is sure to be a kicker. The robin's chirp and tail go together. As a mere brush flies the cow's tail is a great failure. If you will watch a horse you will see that she lashes her tail at a fly quite out of reach, and a cow's tail is aimed without the least consideration of the location of the fly. Plainly, the chief function of the tail is not a whip, but to express irritation or pleasure. The emotion of animals grieves and lashes fury, or gently tells joy with the tail. It is above all an

instrument of language. Following the suggestion of Montgomery we find the functioning that is finally so overwhelmingly gathered and centered in the oral extremity, is largely aboral until we reach man. Language in the ophidian is in its rattles, located in the aboral end. This is evidently its method of warning its foes. It is the language of the serpent. The emotional life of man, if too intense at the cerebral point, is sure to react to the sexual passion. Dr. Brinton, in his remarkable book on *The Religious Sentiment* says: "The intimate and strange relation between sensuality and religion so often commented upon, is a consequence of physiological connections." "The patient who is melancholy from disorders of the generative organs, is forsaken of God in his own judgment. His afflictions have a religious color." "Stimulate the religious sentiment and you arouse the passion of love." Religious phrensy, as well as religious spite, has been owing to this close association of the moral cerebral and the sexual aboral. We never quite are able to dissociate the uplook from the downlook—especially in the language of emotional life.

In fine, we find the oral and aboral ends of the cell functionally extending to the complex forms of higher life. Language is not differentiated to our end of the organic creature until man is reached; and in man our emotions express themselves still aborally. Language begins at the outset of living creatures. As the organism becomes complex, and the nervous system drafts off and directs life-energy, language is functional at each end of the creature. The poles of the cell become the head and the tail, the prime function of both being language. Desire or hunger multiplies its methods of expression—satisfaction does the same. The whole body, like the whole cell, expresses pleasure or disappointment; but mainly language is at the extremities. The dog's tail is as articulate as his tongue, and the two ends twist together in his joy. When the head finally dominates wholly, the tail is aborted; the head centering in itself all language. That is, the tail and head are prolongations of the poles of the cell, and have a common function in unequal degrees.

To what then are we driven but this, that language is a natural endowment of life, and as such it must be in some way the endowment of all forms of life. Life is emotional, and as such expresses and communicates its feelings. And this was so before there were specific organs of speech developed. Organism has ever been an after-thought—function has ever preceded form. We do not see because we have eyes, but we have eyes because sight was involved in general sentience. So men do not talk because they have organs of speech, but because

they had the endowment of communicativeness, which, moving ever in the direction of organic expression, developed speech organs. All nature strives and longs to express itself. There is always a tendency to better methods of speech; this tendency leads always to better organs of speech. The dog, when wild, has no bark, but a savage cry; when domesticated, a new range of relations rouses in him new emotions and develops new powers. The poor fellow at times becomes almost articulate in joys and love, and more so in his griefs.

III. ARTICULATE SPEECH.

It seems pretty surely demonstrable that the earlier races of human beings could not have had articulate speech beyond cries, ejaculations and musical intonations. History, as a record, does not run back of 8,000 or 10,000 years. I mean that we cannot, apart from geology and paleontology, reach any more remote knowledge of man and his doings. The known linguistic stocks we cannot carry back nearly as far; but somewhere five or six thousand years ago they are lost in an abyss. All that we can be assured of is that the language power of animals was an instinct of primitive man. He used animal language instinctively; but an instinct in forming always establishes a tendency. The tendency was to increase methods of communication. The effort to communicate must have slowly but surely modified the organs of speech. For proof of this potency in all evolution I refer you to Prof. Cope's *Origin of the Fittest*, Part III. This modification of organic structure certainly eventuated in a peculiar tubercle; and in an enlarged brain, correlative thereto. M. Mortillet says that the evidence is complete that the man of the River Drift Era did not possess organic power to articulate; and it is clearly evident also that the man of the New Stone Era did become possessed of such power. The jawbone of the older race was hollow at a certain point as in monkeys. The jawbone of later races, and of man at the present day, possesses in place of that hollow an excrescence called the genial tubercle. Dr. Brown adds that the lower frontal or third convolution of the brain is the seat of the language directive and conceptive faculty. This convolution in the earlier races was undeveloped. The Cave Man who followed the River Drift Man possessed both the frontal convolution and the genial tubercle. It is not at all certain when the Cave Man began his career, but the language power could have had but slow development for many thousands of years. If we allow his origin to have been fifteen or twenty thousand years ago, or even longer, we shall yet reach the Iberian race of eight or ten thousand years ago with a very meager vocabulary. But the tend-

ency is thus established to talk,—to form language. It is clear that no power in man's possession compares with this. Language is, as a brain tool, more important than the bronze and iron tools for his hands. Whatever great development anywhere takes place must be in conjunction with growth of language. The people of any section that possess a genius for language-making, rush necessarily out on the line of a dialect which, in those days, would originate an entirely new language. Nowadays a dialect is so charged with the mother tongue that it can never be more than a dialect; but at that period in language-making it is conceivable that a specially forceful movement would establish the dialect as a new language. So we can conceive the Aryan, the Semitic and the Turanian languages to have moved out diversely at a very early period of language-making, having so little of the common that that little became in time almost indistinguishable; but it is that insignificant germ that to-day is distinguishable by philologists. Precisely, as out of the anthropoid man came off diverse races of men, so out of the anthropoidal language moved diverging and ever-enriching languages. No divergence could take place to-day without carrying with it a vast treasure from its original source and home. It is clear that such would not then have been the case. The propulsion that gave them at last the power to be men and begin the wonderful career of reasoners, laying up in language and by means of language all their mental and moral accumulations, and so assuring a future by securing a past,—this language propulsion at the same moment divided them into distinct races destined to travel diverse lines of historic evolution. What conclusion then do we necessarily reach? Evidently this, that the animal instinct to communicate by sign and sound was inherited by primitive man, and with it a propensity to increased invention. This, in time, modified structure, so that articulation became possible. By infinitely minute increase of use and consequent organic change, articulation became the one power that lifted man above the brute. To-day language-making is an instinct of all civilized races. Our English language is rich almost to the extent of 100,000 words; and is rapidly growing—each word a power in evolution. The alphabet is the child of thousands of years of effort at systematized language. It is not more than four or five thousand years since speech thus crystalized. Printing is not yet half a thousand years old. We can scarcely conceive the slowness of language-making before these inventions.

The language-making instinct has now overgrown the mere instinct to communicate which was inherited from animals. Children not seldom create

a new language. I have known one such case where a brother and sister, twins, I believe, for many years communicated volubly in words wholly of their own invention. It was a spontaneity, and it was with great difficulty that they were compelled to use our English words.

THE HAND AND THE BRAIN.

In making man nature had three structural changes to accomplish. 1. To free the fore limbs and make of them pliable tool-makers. 2. To create a frontal and directive rational brain. 3. To create the genial tubercle adapting the throat to articulation. These changes were accomplished; but being done they involved far more than direct results. The hand and the brain are curiously allied, and complementary education is just awakening to the fact that an educated brain is not an educated man. The hand also must be taught skill. The fate of brain and hand must be identical. The hand became free at about the same time as the brain became frontal and supreme. Sharing other endowments with the brain, the hand also shows language. It talks. Language in man is oral, manual and artificial. This association of the front limbs with the frontal brain is what might be expected. The hands and brain have remarkably kept pace. The monkey's skill with his paws is about on a par with his brain power. So it came about in the progress of events that language divided itself between gesture and vocalization—motion and sound. We inherit both considerably developed by the animal world. Gestures naturally passed into signs or formal methods of conveying thought by the hands; vocalization passed into picture language and alphabetic language. All growth in language has been an increase of the power to use artifice. Gesture-language is at its best in savage life; vocalization has no line of development. All progress has been, and must be, in artificial communication.

THE FOOL IN THE DRAMA.

BY FRANZ HELBIG.

Part III.—Conclusion.

The conceit bred by social rank has furnished the stage with a large number of characters. They are the innumerable titled snobs, male and female, in whose estimation any one without a title is a "nobody." They are as narrow as they are conceited. At the present day the title must share its honors with the moneyed aristocracy. Of the latter type, Benedix gives us an excellent example in his *Zärtliche Verwandte*

Anatol Schumrich has the good fortune to be the son of the richest man in town. This fact, in relieving him of all anxiety and necessity for thought and action, insures his folly. He makes no effort what-

soever, but trusts entirely to the power and charm of his wealth. He has a distaste for study and knows only one thing; that, being so rich, he need not know anything. When his father sends him abroad to be educated he learns just enough to make a fool of himself, when he returns. He sees it, too, but that does not trouble him. Then his father sends him away to find a wife. In spite of his money, he gets nothing but mittens, but he does not mind, for he is still the son of the richest people in town; this is, after all, the principal thing and the young ladies are very foolish not to consider it.

Another class of fools now claims our attention: those who would be and would appear more than they are; who continually strive to get beyond their sphere. In this category we may place the would-be politician in the comedy by the Danish poet, Holberg. He neglects his lucrative business of pewterer, for politics, leads political clubs and flatters himself that he is destined one day to become a great politician. When he is made to believe that he has been elected mayor, he discovers his utter inability to cope with the duties of his office and is finally very glad to return to his business.

Among fools of this kind we must also include the driver Subowsky, in *Doctor Klaus*, who imagines he has learnt the art of medicine from his master; furthermore, all the emancipated women that abound in the comedies of from 1840-50, Molière's blue-stockings and their sisters in Benedix' comedies.

The kind of fools we now come to are the most pitiable of all. The others unconsciously wear the cap and bells, but these are fully aware of their condition, but cannot help themselves. They are the *fools in spite of themselves*. Foremost among them we notice a youth, pale, dreamy, melancholy. It is Hamlet, who assumes madness to aid him in solving the problem of his life. In his wake follow all those who are compelled to act a part which was merely affected or assumed in jest; as, for instance, the poor cobbler in the *Verwunnenen Prinzen*, or the theatre-director Quabbe in Schweitzer's *Countess Helen*, who finds himself compelled to act the role of count, which he had assumed in jest. This peculiar phase of folly may reach such proportions that the victim becomes uncertain of his identity and actually believes himself to be some one else; as in the case of the unfortunate Meister Andrea in Emanuel Geibel's comedy. His friends try to convince him that he is not the carpenter Andrea, but the orchestra-leader Mattheo; and he finally believes it himself and tries to appear and act like Mattheo.

Related to the last-named class are the hypochondriacs, so well pictured by Molière, and also by Moser in his excellent farce *A Sick Family*.

We now come upon a regular quartette of folly; the despondent mien and heavy, dull, far-away expression give a certain similarity of character to the four. They are the victims of what the Germans call "Weltschmerz," a species of mental disease very prevalent in Europe between 1840 and 1850. The quartette is interesting enough to warrant individual inspection. The first is of distinguished aristocratic appearance; his hair, grown somewhat thin, is carefully arranged; his dress is fashionable, but not dudish; his white, taper fingers are adorned with diamonds; in his hand is a whip;—it is Count Waldemar in Gustav Freytag's play.

The second, in the uniform of a French general, is of equally striking presence. In his right hand he carries a book; the left rests on his richly gilded dress-sword—it is the royal lieutenant, Count Thorane.

The third is Lord Rochester in *The Orphan of Lowood* a tall, somewhat bent figure, with a pale, thin face and a high, white forehead. He wears a red fez and a beautifully wrought India dressing-gown. He limps painfully; the expression in his eyes speaks of deep melancholy and yet of dauntless energy.

The fourth, with unkempt hair, slouching gait and neglected garments, presents a marked contrast to the others. A sarcastic smile plays about his lips and his expression is one of mockery and cynicism. This is Narciss, the hero of Brachvogel's play of the same name.

Their folly is all of a similar character. Count Waldemar is thoroughly blasé, and this fact originates a melancholy discontent, which vents itself in acts of whimsical folly, until he is finally restored by the influence of a good common-sense woman.

Count Thorane, too, is a victim of despondency and melancholy, caused by a woman, who has betrayed his noble heart. He grows nervous and excitable. The most trifling things, such as the blue color of a painted sky, or an innocent little poem like Goethe's "Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter" move him to tears; yet he is a soldier, undaunted in the midst of battle. This incongruity destroys the equipoise of his nature.

The case of Narciss is a similar one. The base deceit of a woman robs him of his peace of mind and of his normal power of thought and action. In him, too, the miseries of life have engendered incongruities, that result in irrationality and folly. On the one hand he is a cynic, who despises the whole world, has no faith in man and deems a good digestion the only true happiness in life; on the other hand he is a sensitive, enthusiastic lover, who longs for his lost, faithless wife, and has but the one wish, to behold her, his lost Eden, again. The incongruous combination of cynicism and dreamy enthusiasm, of idealism and

materialism, of earth and heaven in his soul, as it were, render him a helpless, unstable creature, a very fool. His philosophical effusions are but the result of his despairing moods, and generally contain a suggestion of irony—for, at bottom he does not mean what he says. His simulated hilarity is in reality full of spleen and bitterness. Could he but find his beloved wife, all these hallucinations of his brain would vanish. He does finally see her, but as the mistress of the king; before making this discovery he is himself again for the moment,—the normal man,—but now his reason entirely deserts him, wild ungoverned thoughts obtain dominion, and he expires in a fit of insanity.

The last of the quartette, Lord Rochester, possesses a kind and gentle disposition, which impels him to acts of the noblest humanity, such as the care of an unworthy woman, who deeply wronged him and his brother, and that of her illegitimate child. This circumstance renders him cynical, hard and contemptuous of the world, particularly of woman. He, too, belongs to the melancholy class, and the conflict between his real and his assumed nature produces mental disease—a species of folly.

These four characters were probably the products of the spirit of the age, and it may be said that every epoch has its peculiar fool. The fool of the present day is the parvenu, to be seen on the stage in every phase. Observe him, as represented in Pohl's farce *Honest Work*, the well-known Schultze of the aristocracy; of large proportions, well-fed; a double chin with a red silk scarf beneath it; a light felt hat on his head, and a heavy watch-chain well in view. Through his grocery and the tenfold increase in value of his property, he has rapidly become wealthy. He now strives to imitate the higher and cultured classes, without considering that to do this successfully requires education and refinement, which all his money cannot secure him. His hitherto natural manners give place to affectation. He has brilliant receptions, at which the conversation is generally limited to the weather; he gives grand dinners, at which his guests are well fed; he has musical evenings, without knowing anything of music; he tries to imitate the speech of the educated, and talks nonsense. The elements at variance in his nature render him a fool.

The counselor in Lindau's *Mary and Magdalen* is a parvenu of more refined description, who, despite his high position, cannot hide his folly.

Molière already introduced this species in his character Jourdain, who, having been titled when well on in life, engages dancing masters, fencing masters and composers in order to acquire their arts.

The fools of the stage are still in existence, albeit the original "Hanswurst" is dead; and they are in place there, for folly is needed to preserve sense and wisdom. Folly paves the way for wisdom. The object of the stage should be to present a mirror of life, gazing into which man may see himself and be warned against his passions and his follies. Therefore the stage will ever continue to be enriched by suggestions from life, for folly will never cease.

THE ETHICS OF ECONOMICS.

BY GEO. M. GOULD.

Part I.

[Extracts from an essay read before the Society for Ethical Culture, of Philadelphia, February 6, 1887.]

A cool student and one deeply learned in the history of the precious metals states it as a fact that every dollar of gold drawn from the earth has cost two. From this statement we see that the cost of a thing is something different from the nature of gold itself. M. Del Mar apparently estimates the value of gold in other than terms of gold. It seems like a *reductio ad absurdum* to say that every dollar has cost two dollars. It is, of course, evident that he means to estimate the value of gold in terms of labor and suffering. And viewed in this light it is probably too low an estimate. If the same lives and labor had been spent in raising wheat that have been wrecked in gold mining the value of the result would certainly be worth many times that of the world's gold, which is calculated to be about thirty-five hundred million of dollars, and which would not fill a room one-half the size of this one. We find in medicine that therapeutic agents have what is called their essential principles, that is, a few grains of vital and peculiar essence are scattered through pounds or masses of a neutral and disused menstruum, and on these subtle molecules depends all the efficacy of the drug. Now, when we come to analyze gold psychologically and extract from it its essential principle, we shall find in the chemistry of life's fearful crucible that its spirit is nothing else than the Spirit of Man himself.

We, who are not misers, know that a dollar *per se* has no significance; it is only as representative that it gains meaning and power. When we go into market to buy something with it, if we examine ourselves carefully we shall find, so far as we the owners are concerned, that we have obtained it in one of three ways: we have either had it presented to us by some one else, father, husband or friend; or we have stolen it, cheated some one else out of it; or we have earned it. Doubtless the money most of us have now in bank or in pocket is the child by a combination in varying proportions of all three parentages. Few of our dollars could show their

family-tree with perfect pride. The bar-sinister is usually not far back. If, now, our money has been given to us or we have otherwise gotten it without earning it, it follows by strict necessity that some one else has earned it. If in its last analysis money is but the representative of value, some one must create the value in order to become the owner of its title deeds. What it is to create the value, we learn when we go to work to earn the money with which we would go to market. To earn it, I say, not get it; for, in the complexity and injustice of our semi-civilization, earning and getting possession of it are two very different matters. If you earn it you have rendered for it a service that was worth a dollar to some one else. In rendering this service you have given either your labor, your ingenuity or your thought, your suffering, love or learning—in a word, *your life!* And this is the final analysis of all money and all values rateable in money. Every dollar is but the concrete representation of human effort and thought, and everything called wealth is the product of the work, the heart-throbs and mental powers of human beings. Money, in its last analysis, is the tally stick of muscle contractions, of heart beats, of lives worn out. Some time ago it was the fashion of certain dainty dames to go to the slaughter-houses and drink the blood gushing hot from the freshly cut arteries of dying cattle. Blood not only symbolizes, but *is* the life, and so in eating the flesh or solid blood, or in drinking the liquid blood, we devour the life of the animal. In exactly the same sense when we use for our own need or gratification the valuables wrought by others, we are taking from them (justifiably or not, matters not here) their very life. Their life was more or less consumed in producing them and the things—bread, houses, railroads—have value only as these men have put their life into them, thereby making them wealth or valuables. The creation of our financial and industrial system has served to impersonalize the service, to generalize the life, and we think only of the thing we are buying and forget the history of the thing; we think of the concrete object and not of the invisible essence, human life, which alone made the thing real and of interest. From everything purchasable with money the dead eyes of the human souls who fashioned it look out with significant demand. With every board or brick that shelters us, with every woven thread that covers us, with every morsel of food we eat or pleasure we enjoy, the shadowy ghost of humanity calls out to us, "Take, eat; this is my body. Drink ye all of this my blood which is shed for the many."

The great danger we run in regard to this conception of the matter is that habit shall harden us into

an indifference and merely external assent to it, or that we shall look upon it only as a metaphor or illustrative example, whilst all the time it is the most real and absolutely exact statement of the fact. Vicarious suffering and vicarious death are old theological doctrines, and have been sniffed at by the young colts of a shallow-pated atheism, but every act of social life and existence is shot through and through, and again through with it. Our life is but the surface embroidery worked upon the strong warp and woof of other men's services, and dead men's deeds. We have taken of the life of every brave soldier of history who fought for the right and liberty we enjoy; we have taken of the life of every student and investigator who wore out life and mind for us; of every legislator and judge who by his own self-renunciation kept pure for us the ideas and practice of justice. In the smallest details of life the law is also absolute; the coal we warm ourselves with is ours because men parted with some of their life—perhaps their whole life—to dig it for us; a spiritual eye can see the bones of smothered and buried miners glowing deep among the burning coals of our hearth-fires.

We all know how the most trivial article we use is serviceable to us only by and because of the death of the plant or animal whence we derived it; every element of the food we eat, except perhaps salt and water, is a wrench and robbery of the same from what may be called nature's intention. Grain and plant, fruit and animal, must die to give us our life. It is precisely as true that every purchasable thing, from a cracker to a railroad, bears to us a value exactly proportional to the human life spent in its production and which alone gives it its value and expense. In the cumulation of this service it is easily seen men's lives are wholly spent and incorporated just as absolutely as if the heart's blood had been drunk at a slaughter-pen. How many are the lives of his fellow-men eaten and wasted by a spend-thrift and gluttonous debauchee! Therefore, the purchased thing we use or waste is really a palimpsest; we think it a book, a railroad ride, clothes or a house: these, however, are but the crude pictures of a coarse and late handwriting. Beneath them, and all through them, a discerning eye catches the gleam of a subtle and half-hidden chirography, the pale letters of long dead authors who perished in writing these and such as these.

It is not hard for an imaginative and sympathetic mind to see in this way how true it is that all our purchased enjoyments and benefits are rooted in the rich soil fertilized by the services of the dead whose lives have been thus given, willingly or unwillingly, to create the rich compost whence grows the full-

blossoming plant of modern civilization,—that plant of basil which proverbially flourishes best on dead-men's brains.

What is the net result of most lives? A carpenter has built a hundred houses for others to live in; a laborer has shoveled a few million shovelfuls of earth for others to ride over in parlor cars that thousands of men have constructed; an author has written a book or two for others to read; an inventor's brain is worn out devising an ingenious machine for others to use when he is dead; a clerk has measured cloth for years for others to wear,—and so on through the list. Catharine of Russia once made a journey through her land to see with her own eyes the glory of her government and the blessings to the people of her reign. The people were as racked with want and woe as Russian serfs alone can be, but on every hand, skillfully prepared by her ministers in advance were the signs of plenty and prosperity. The slaves were driven to the roadside in gala-dress; improvised houses of pasteboard were erected; mills with bags of sand in front of their doors, arose as the triumphal procession passed, flinging silver coins at random among the mob. The next day tinsel, and sham, and delusion had disappeared like a theatrical show or a fanciful dream. To one calmly viewing the mutations of human affairs this might seem an apt example of what happens with the products of humanity's laborious exertions: that they flash into light before the eyes of the queenly Present to vanish as suddenly in destruction and forgetfulness, whilst the monotonous groan of the laborer goes on forever. But it is not wholly so. Whether the toilers of the day that is past have done their work well or ill, their lives have passed from them, and, stroke by stroke, day by day, heart-throb by heart-throb, thought by thought have passed into the thing they have done. These men are entombed in their handiwork, as, in the mediæval story the skillful mechanic was maliciously crushed by the torture engine and buried in the infernal dungeon he had himself constructed for his tyrant-master.

If we now fully and vividly realize that every dollar and dollar's worth of valuable things is serviceable and good because the life of man is materialized in them, because man's life has been withdrawn from him and deposited in the things he has created, we may turn to consider a moment the uses and abuses made of these products.

When we do so we are met by the cynic, and the voice of the stung conscience sneering at us that suffering and unjust usage of men's lives has always been, and will always be; that Malthus found out what sort of a Providence rules the destinies of men

and that the mass of men must in the nature of things toil for the idle few. There is a vital distinction to be noted here, and Lammenais expressed it when he wrote that "though labor and suffering are everywhere, some labors are sterile whilst some are fecund; some sufferings infamous, some glorious." No wise mind looking out over the wastes of human history and into the construction of the physical universe hopes to extinguish the manifold evils and imperfections of our planetary life. All that can reasonably be hoped for is that justice should rule our ways and days, that unnecessary misery shall not be poured on men, that we shall all be sharers of one another's burdens, and that greed and wrong shall not lay its woeful burdens on innocent shoulders. These are simply the plainest demands of justice, and we who pretend to be students and lovers of ethics, must work to bring these ethical ideas before men's minds and plant them in our social life. But we cannot move a step in this work without stumbling upon the great economical wrong which blackens all history and befouls every modern social fact, the wrong that is old as humanity and wide as the world; the wrong that religion has arisen to overcome, that law and civil polity seek in vain to grasp and subdue, the wrong that seems to be the soul of our souls that tricks our better nature and almost makes us hate ourselves that we cannot avoid its subtle tyranny—the wrong of slavery. We are natural slaveholders; we would get another's bread without giving him equal service, we wish another's life without giving our own. All government and all social life prior to the breaking up of the Roman Empire was founded upon slavery. A man could buy conquered soldiers by the hundreds or thousands on a Roman battle-field for the price of a dog, and the uses made of them are known by every one who has glanced through the execrable records of Roman history. Mediæval feudalism was a change of name without much change in nature. Everywhere we find the essence of the relation held firm; everywhere power held over men's bodies and minds for selfish uses. None but the interested, those willfully deceiving or willfully self-deceived can pretend that modern industrialism or commercialism is much else than another disguise. The old Proteus has slipped the leashes of our crude nomenclature but under a new name he holds the knout of his sovereignty over men's backs with as firm a fist as ever. The aged Villeroi held the child Louis XV. before the crowded masses below the palace window and said to him, "Behold, Sire, all this folk belongs to you." When a dying man hands his children 150 millions of dollars does he not even more absolutely than any dying king hand them the labor, the bodies, the

minds, the lives of many thousands of people? If it were not so the millions of dollars would be of no more value than so many sea-shore pebbles. The market value of 1,300,000 slaves held to-day in Brazil is estimated at \$436 per head. At this rate, you see, our richest capitalist could have gone to Brazil and bought outright some 300,000 people. Suppose he had done so, you perceive at once that to preserve his property he would have to feed, clothe and care for it whether he could keep it at work or not, whether he could sell the products of its labor at a profit or not. Modern industrialism has found a far better method of slave-owning than this: it borrows the public slaves whenever it can make money out of them and the day it finds the loan unprofitable it discharges them and sends them back to the public (which means to nobody or to the devil, as you will) with the kindly remark, "The Public be damned!"—and the public obeys to the letter. Malthus and natural selection and Providence and the public are trusted to supply "hands" again whenever desired.

One is reminded of the cunning SpheX, the wasp-like creature that gathers worms and creeping things about the clay cells of its larvæ, all stung so accurately that they are preserved in life, but otherwise powerless to move, till fresh meat is wanted for the grub's dinner. Malthus & Company never fail to supply the market-basket of our human SpheXes, and you see the financial wisdom of having all the advantages of slave-holding without the disadvantage of responsibility for the slave's welfare. The capitalist's exegesis of Malthus is quite as accurate as that of any professor of political economy. There is no need of going to Brazil; the Brazilian were wiser to come here where the average wages of an American freeman reaches the enormous figure of \$365 a year—one dollar (and many dolors) a day, as if planned by Malthus' partner to save fractions. If this amount seem rather high a move might be made to England where \$300 would be all required; or to Ireland where \$125 would suffice to buy a man for a year, or even to India where \$5 or \$10 is all that is asked.

According to the tables of the life-assurance statisticians, a healthy young man of twenty will, on the average, live about forty years. His average wage is, as we have seen, \$365 a year; this last sum therefore multiplied by forty gives the market price of a man's life. This is \$14,600. Now, this is no allegory or play of fancy, but the baldest and bitterest reality of every-day life. For less than \$15,000 one may have the products of a life of labor for one's use or wasting,—one may go into the market at any time and buy any number of such lives. In Mexico

there is a species of ants that sets apart some of its individuals to serve as store-houses of honey for the rest of the community. Their abdomens become so enormously distended that they must to their humorous and hungry fellows become a butt of ridicule as well as one of honey. In the human ant-hill, the opulent idler who, as that noble philosopher Hans Breitmann says, "only lives to joy himself," seems another such a honey barrel who has crawled into a corner behind a breastworks of custom and law and when his neighbors who have contributed all his honey come asking a share, he snaps his fingers at them and asks what they are going to do about it. I read in the newspapers of a rich heir spending half a million dollars for a pleasure boat. A schoolboy example in division shows that to build this toy for a summer's picnic cost the life-long labor of thirty-five men for forty years,—that is, the lives, actually and literally, of these men. Where is the equivalence of service rendered in return? An ignorant jockey rides a horse exceptionally well and Christian nobles and peers give him a million or two dollars for doing it, whilst at the same time, as we shall see, they give two girls, for making match-boxes a choice between starvation or disgrace. Have such things no ethical significance? Likewise, when an idle spendthrift or fashionable woman wastefully spends \$15,000 the life of a man is just as really sacrificed as if this civilized cannibal had been an African one. Society invests several thousand in producing an able-bodied individual of twenty. Malthus & Company at once set him at work at a forty years' job, fashioning objects desired by the whim of his master or mistress. The woman trigs herself out with jewels, ménage, dress and æstheticism, the man with race-horse, club and *cantatrice*. I contend that the ethical significance of the lives of the two cannibals, the physical African and the Nineteenth Century *roué*, is the same. The product of the laborer's life is as wantonly wasted in the one case as the other. Ethically considered, you might just as well kill and eat a man as to squander the products of his life's labors in a night's finery and debauch. When, by the exquisite iniquity of your protective tariff, one man makes \$30,000 every week, he thereby calls on society for the lives of two men. If this person should burn up \$30,000 worth of his houses each week the annihilation would be apparent. If he hire hundreds to wait upon him and feed his idle fancies he is still a cannibal. If he put the money away in a bank for his children, is he aught else than a human Sphex, storing food for his larvæ to fatten upon or squander, if, as is probable, they turn out squanderers.

The disturbing circumstance about slavery is the fact that there is such a thing as love of justice in the hearts of many people and that these demand a day of reckoning; and that day of reckoning is generally expensive. Such an expense came to France in 1793, such another came to us about twenty years ago. It cost the Northern people one-sixth of a life, and \$700 a head to free 4,000,000 slaves; this leaves out the interest and the incalculable expense. Is it exaggeration to estimate the cost of each slave freed at that time as at least several thousands of dollars? Would it not have been cheaper to have begun with ethics instead of ending with it? But if you ask this question of the absentee Irish landlord or of the typical millionaire of any country, he would be quite as impervious to the reasoning as his Southern brother in 1860. The answer to that imperviousness is the hoarse, sullen roar, the mistaken energy, the portentous gathering of forces which can leave only ruin and disaster in their path.

(*To be continued.*)

The more one judges the less one loves.—*Balzac.*

I can promise to be sincere, but I cannot promise to be impartial.—*Goethe.*

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none go just alike, yet each believes his own.—*Pope.*

How little do they see what is, who frame their hasty judgment upon that which seems!—*Southey.*

Wise sayings often fall on barren ground; but a kind word is never thrown away.—*Arthur Helps.*

The discovery of what is true and the practice of that which is good are the two most important objects of philosophy.—*Voltaire.*

Mystery is the antagonist of truth. It is a fog of human invention, that obscures truth, and represents it in distortion.—*Thomas Paine.*

One principal point of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men,—our superiors, our equals, and those below us.—*Swift.*

The sophist contents himself with appearances, the dialectician with proofs; the philosopher seeks to know through examination and evidence.—*Foubert.*

Oppose kindness to perverseness. The heavy sword will not cut soft silk; by using sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant with a hair.—*Saadi.*

There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it except at the expense of a hardened or a wounded heart.—*Lady Blessington.*

Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confusion,—as if the short spring days were an eternity.—*Thoreau.*

The Open Court.

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EDWARD C. HEGELER, - - - - - PRESIDENT.

DR. PAUL CARUS, - - - - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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P. O. DRAWER F, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE STATEMENTS RELATING TO THE RESIGNATION OF THE LATE EDITORS.

One of my published letters addressed to Mr. B. F. Underwood, dated December 10, 1886, mentioning my negotiations with Mr. George Schumm, is misconstrued by the latter as an intention of mine to mislead the public in regard to my desire not to offend Roman Catholics. So I hereby state that my intention is that THE OPEN COURT shall treat the Roman Catholic* with as much consideration and due regard as the Protestant, the progressive Churchman and the Free-thinker. Mr. Schumm's misapprehension is apparently caused partly by a defective punctuation, and partly by the omission of a passage having no reference to the object for which the correspondence is published. I learned lately that where Professor Swing is mentioned, the name of Dr. Thomas, another progressive clergyman of Chicago, should appear. My mistake resulted from the similar treatment which Professor Swing repeatedly received in Mr. Schumm's paper, *The Radical Review*. In justice to Mr. Schumm and the writer of the article referred to, I will state that the same besides being humorous, was serious at the same time. My letter concerning Mr. Schumm so far as it comes into question, is here republished with all the defects of the original as they appear in the press copy:

LA SALLE, Dec. 10, 1886.

B. F. UNDERWOOD, Esq., Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir—Your two letters of December 6th arrived last evening only. Your letter of December 7th arrived this morning. I have only a few minutes time now to answer and will use this to say that I have not been negotiating about the starting of the Chicago paper, except with Mr. Schumm, whereof I

* Attention is called to the concluding paragraph of Carus Sterne's essay, at the foot of the first column, p. 671 in No. 23 of THE OPEN COURT.

believe to have fully informed you. This is now nearly two years ago. Mr. Schumm never asked me about such a written guarantee, whereof your friend writes, but after he was here in La Salle with me some time, declared that he was convinced he could not edit a paper satisfactory to me. He had shown to me certain contributions sent him for the same—the one a very humorous article on the Easter services in the various Chicago churches from the "Catholic"—to "Swing's"—and Swing was hardest dealt with, which I told him were against my views in regard to the paper. Possibly the writer of them is the informer of your friend, though that may be an error. . . .

The passage referring to my disagreement with Mr. Schumm on account of the contributions was retained in the publication of the letter to show that it was on both sides a matter of principle. The final part of the sentence "which I told him were against my views," refers to and can only refer to the words "He had shown to me certain contributions sent him for the same."

Mr. B. F. Underwood has not availed himself of my invitation "If Mr. Underwood should notice any omissions, which he thinks should not have been made from the correspondence or memoranda of the meetings they shall be supplemented on his application," but gives his reasons for resigning in a pamphlet whereof he sent me a copy.

In a postal card to THE OPEN COURT he also requests to announce in the next issue that his address is 86 South Page street, Chicago.

I have read the pamphlet and find that I have to make the following correction in my statement of the September meeting (made from memory). I said: "In a later conversation it appeared that his feelings against Dr. Carus arose from the latter's article "Monism, Dualism and Agnosticism," . . . He said, as I understood him, in reference to Dr. Carus contribution, "If I want to insult a man I do it direct."

Mr. Underwood states that this remark did not refer to the above but had reference to his (Mr. Underwood's) action in regard to Dr. Carus' article on the "Xenions." Upon inquiry from the gentleman who was present, I learn that in this particular Mr. Underwood is right.

Mr. Underwood, however, in a much stronger form, himself gives in his letter to Dr. Carus, of December 23 (latter part of page 34 in his pamphlet), the evidence of the fact which was to be proven by my quotation.

Page 8, line 11, in Mr. Underwood's pamphlet induces me to publish in full a translation of my letter leading to Dr. Carus' engagement:

DR. PAUL CARUS, New York: LA SALLE, Jan. 31, 1887.

Dear Sir—Your favor of January 24 reached me on my return to La Salle. What you write has my full interest. To what you say in particular regarding THE OPEN COURT, I have to answer that Mr. and Mrs. Underwood are independent editors and managers of the same, though subject to such conditions as may be hereafter mutually agreed upon; still I wish to make the path of the editors as smooth as possible.

But what you wish to carry into effect, the transplanting of European (especially German) thought to America, is what I par-

ticularly desire. You will see in the first number of THE OPEN COURT what was produced in my realistic brain by my teachers, mostly Germans, especially Gustav Freitag in his *Lost Manuscript*, together with my old friend Professor Bayrhammer, also indirectly by Kant through Felix Adler, Salter and an article in the *Gegenwart* (by Noiré); also by Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Haeckel. I now bring these ideas before the American public. We incorporate THE OPEN COURT Publishing Company, whose publications will perhaps not be limited to THE OPEN COURT.

Now devoting my means and also my personal activity to an undertaking which is of public interest, I desire at the same time to give to my children, as well as to others in my immediate environment an opportunity for a broader knowledge. I believe to attain this by bringing you here.

Reflecting upon a definite proposition I think of my contract with Mr. and Mrs. Underwood. I accepted Mr. Underwood's proposition which was for his and his wife's work \$1,800 per year. Hereby he reserved his right of lecturing occasionally. At his request the contract was made for one year. This suggests to me to propose for you a salary of \$1,200 annually.

I read part of Zickel's journals, which you sent me, with pleasure.

In the hope of hearing from you soon, I remain

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

One of my motives why I did not publish Mrs. Underwood's letter with the other correspondence was that I wished to avoid injuring her.

The notice on THE OPEN COURT in *The Chicago Graphic*, of which Mr. Underwood speaks in his pamphlet, was written on the request of its owner and editor, with Dr. Carus' knowledge, by a gentleman who had seen an advance copy of THE OPEN COURT, except the editorial part containing my correspondence with Mr. Underwood. The notice reads:

Dr. Paul Carus was born and educated in Germany. He is the son of a high dignitary of the church of Prussia, and studied in the classics and philosophy at the University of Strasburg and Tübingen. He was appointed professor at the Royal Corps of Cadets in Dresden; but after a few years resigned his position on account of his liberal views which conflict with those of the authorities. Dr. Carus came to this country where he has been engaged in literary work and in teaching in Boston and New York. Besides other pamphlets he wrote a philosophical treatise entitled *Monism and Meliorism*, published by W. C. Christern, New York, 1885. This clear and forcible essay attracted Mr. Hegeler's attention to the ability of the German scholar. Mr. Hegeler had just started THE OPEN COURT, a journal of popular science for the diffusion of his ideas and philosophical views, which he thinks are best represented in the philosophy of Monism. Accordingly he invited Dr. Carus to come West to assist him in expounding Monistic philosophy. Dr. Carus accepted, and, when two or three weeks ago, Mr. Underwood resigned his position, was appointed editor of THE OPEN COURT by Mr. Hegeler. The first number under the new management has just appeared, and proves itself in every respect equal to its predecessors. Its contents are more popular, and besides the usual contributions, there are choice translations from prominent German authors.

This statement of Dr. Carus' previous career* I know to be a modest one. Dr. Carus was induced by the editor of *The Graphic* to give his photograph and infor-

* Mr. Hegeler, at the last moment, requests the publication of a document which, on account of lack of space here, will be found on page 705.

mation through the latter's statement that he had also published a notice with the pictures of the late editors in his journal (July 23, 1887).

The pamphlet of the late editors is evidently written under great excitement, and I believe that the authors thereof will sooner or later repent having written it.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

MONISM AND RELIGION.

Monism does not represent, as has been claimed, a sect or school of philosophy. Its principle is the basis and very core of science. According to Monism all that exists, ourselves included, is one great, continuous, immeasurable whole, and all its laws must agree with each other. Where they differ from each other they do so only by a difference of circumstances. They never can conflict with each other, and wherever it appears to us that they do, we may rest assured that *we* are in error, for nature is one and does not contradict herself. Accordingly if a philosophical view or conception is proved to be dualistic, this is in itself a *deductio ad absurdum*.

What Kant said about his criticism can also truly be said of Monism: "The danger is not that of being refuted but of being misunderstood."

This of course does not mean that everything which is claimed to be Monism is true Monism. There is scarcely any philosophy which does not pretend to be monistic, but all who pretend to be Monists are not really such. Their theories are often impracticable or one-sided, and in such cases do not explain all natural phenomena, but only a smaller or greater part. There is no better proof for the correctness of a philosophic view than that it harmonizes with all facts.

One of the most essential features of the human race is its religious aspiration. Religion is found among all races, among civilized nations as well as among savage tribes. This is an ethnological fact which is only strengthened by the contradiction of those who claim to be without religion. Their irreligion is only due to their dissatisfaction with the present forms of religion and to an attempt to establish a new religion of their own, for which perhaps they have not as yet been able to discover a solid basis.

Man is a being endowed with speech, therefore he is, as Noiré and Professor Max Müller declare, a reasoning being. A being which has acquired reason must become aware of its connection with and of its relation to nature. No individual is a separate entity; it is dependent upon its surroundings and is the result of a long process of evolution. Man thus becomes conscious of his relation to his ancestors, his fellow-beings, to nature, and finally to the All—of which he is and begins to feel himself a part. This being aware of his relation to the All, his feeling himself a part of the All, is religion. Accordingly, a speaking animal must

become a religious being, and instead of wondering at the fact that all nations possess a religion of some kind, we should be astonished if there were any beings endowed with the gift of speech without religion.

Religion implies ethics; for ethics, in a word, is the adjustment of our lives and actions in accordance with the laws of the All.

It has often been stated that religion and ethics are in conflict with nature and also with natural science, as nature is ruled by the "must" and ethics teaches the "ought." Any religion or any science which teaches this, is dualistic, for although we may interpret nature wrongly, and although we may also teach unnatural ethics, nature and ethics cannot be at variance. Whenever they seem to collide with each other our ideas about ethics or about nature are wrong. Ethics being based upon the correct understanding of our relation to the All, is the noblest result of natural life; it is, so far as we have progressed, the best, the highest and grandest, the *summum bonum* we have. And our remaining in the right relation to the All is the very condition of our further existence and continuance after death in the lives of those who will be as much ourselves as we to-day are the sum total of our ancestors.

From the standpoint of Monism religion *cannot* be in conflict with science, and only a narrow or wrong conception of science or of religion can maintain that there is eternal enmity between both.

The progress of science, it has often been supposed, is dangerous to religion. If the discovering and the revealing of truth is science, this cannot be true except for those religions which are false. But in such cases the revealing of truth will not be dangerous but wholesome to religion; i. e. true religion. It will only destroy what is false and thus purify our religious ideals.

Our relation to the All is no obscure and unknowable province of our emotional aspirations. It is plainly recognizable and should be made the object of our investigations. There is no merit in vague imaginings and indistinct feelings. Clear thought, an honest will and straightforward actions agree well, and from the standpoint of Monism must be in perfect harmony.

It is a common mistake of the savage—as is seen in those religions which are generally called pagan—to make the unknown, because it is unknown, the object of our religious emotion. Only a savage can bow down to worship the thunder because he does not understand its nature. The maturer mind will seek for the causes of natural phenomena and, without worshipping natural powers, will remain conscious of his relation to nature as well as to the All at large and act in harmony with them; i. e. he will remain religious and act ethically.

To be religious we need not believe in miracles, we need not be idolators, nor need we imagine that there is a supernatural realm behind or beyond nature. All

these are features of paganism. Any religion which is true religion is free of such crude fancies. True religion, so far as it is free of superstition or supernaturalism, is monistic and the proper ethics is the actualization of Monism in our lives.

P. C.

ETHOS ANTHROPOI DAIMON.

It is a good sign of our time that Mr. Peabody's calendar is seen almost everywhere. It decorates the drawing-room of many fashionable houses, and is an ornament of editorial and other offices. The tendency of the calendar is so much in harmony with the principles of THE OPEN COURT that we cannot but call attention to the deep significance of its inscription, which is worth while having before one's eyes every day in the year. ἩΘΟΣ ἈΝΘΡΩΠΙΝΗ ΔΑΙΜΩΝ is almost untranslatable into English. The translation 'character is man's destiny' although quite correct, does not exhaust its meaning. Ἡθος means, like the German *Sitte*, custom or habit or character. But it conveys more than custom; it means the habits of man so far as they produce civilization and make him humane. It includes his morals. In this sense Schiller says:

*“Und allein durch seine Sitte
Kann er (der Mensch) frei und mächtig sein.”*

From ἦθος is derived the English word *Ethics*, which has acquired the narrower meaning of ἦθος in the sense of moral behavior. This ἦθος, our Greek inscription tells us, is to man his *daimon*; viz, his God, his deity, his conscience or guidance.

P. C.

FROM METAPHYSICISM TO POSITIVISM.

I am charged with a change of opinion by the late editor, who states in a letter published in his pamphlet: "In your pamphlet you had spoken of 'the limits at which our knowledge comes to a stand and where the province of the unknowable commences.'" This is quoted as if it were a proof of my former agnosticism. The passage in my *Monism and Meliorism*, p. 46, in its connection with the antecedent sentences, runs as follows: "Before we venture on *metaphysics*, let us know what *physics* is, and before we make statements about the *unknowable*, let us define what is *knowable*; especially let us have a clear conception as to what is the process, by which that cognizance is attained. If that is understood, I trust, that from the nature of cognition itself we may find the limit at which our knowledge comes to a stand and where the province of the unknowable commences."

This is sufficient to prove that the quotation is out of place. The quoted passage proves that when I wrote my pamphlet *Monism and Meliorism* I was as strongly opposed to the negative dogmatism of agnosticism as I am now.

I take the opportunity of stating here that my essay *Monism and Meliorism* is not yet free of metaphy-

sicism. This metaphysicism is expressed in the view stated on page 48, that, although "all objects in the world are comprehensible" "the principles of cognition are in themselves incomprehensible." I say on page 47 "by means of these principles we are able to comprehend anything in the world—yes, anything except the world itself, and so really nothing." I have changed this view, which Mr. Hegeler classes under the "Reason Superstition" of which Max Müller speaks in his lectures, p. 368 of *THE OPEN COURT*. I gave expression to my present view in the editorial of No. 23, "The Unknowable." My former position was, to use an analogy, as if I declared the whole structure of mathematical theorems to be recognizable and provable—except its axioms. The axioms being their foundation, I said, "thus everything is provable except the whole of mathematics, and so really nothing." Now I say, that as in mathematics, the axioms need not be proven, so the ultimate principles also lie within the range of our possible knowledge. As soon as they are understood, they will be recognized as most simple and self-evident. This change of opinion from metaphysicism to positivism is due to my study of modern psychology, with which I became acquainted during my stay at La Salle, where I read for the first time carefully, part of the works of Ribot, Hering, etc., and devoted much interest and thought to this special subject. P. C.

From a letter of Theodore Stanton's to *Galigani's Messenger* we learn that Mme. Jules Favre has translated Emerson's complete works into French.

REFLEX MOTIONS.*

BY G. H. SCHNEIDER.

The idea of reflex motions as it is generally applied in physiology, is based on the anatomical fact that there are certain sensory and motor nerves which are histologically connected and physiologically related in certain nerve centers. Generally, motions which are produced by the transference of the irritation, caused by stimulating external sensory nerves, to certain motor nerves by means of the central organs, are called reflex motions.

Originally only such motions as were produced when the irritation was either not felt at all, or when it caused only agreeable or disagreeable sensations, were called reflex motions. Under this category come those which depend upon the irritation of the mucous membrane (coughing, sneezing, vomiting, etc.); those which are due to the influence of heat and cold on the skin, and the irritation of the same due to immediate contact (the sudden withdrawal of certain parts of the body, respiratory motions, etc.); those passing through the spinal cord when sympathetic nerves are irritated, in which case we do not feel the irritation; and finally,

such motions as are produced by the irritation of the higher senses, only, however, when this irritation causes sensations, as for instance, sensations of pain, and not the perception of various objects, (involuntary blinking caused by a glaring light, etc.)

All other motions occurring in the body of an animal, and all movements of plants were excluded from the domain of reflex motions. Whether reflex motions were possible in the sympathetic nervous system independent of the spinal cord and the brain,—whether the motions produced by irritation of a heart or intestine that has been entirely separated from all other parts of the body, were reflex motions, is a problem that had not been determined. Joh. Müller, the founder of the newer school of physiology felt obliged to assume the negative; at all events, he did not consider the fact as proven. Marshall Hall limited the domain of reflex motions to the cerebro-spinal nerves, and thus excluded the motions which were produced by irritation of the sensory nerves.

Opinions also differed as to the value of the phenomena of consciousness in reflex motions. Wrytt, Cullen, Volkmann explained most reflex motions as spontaneous reactions conforming to conscious sensations, and thus laid special stress upon the psychic impetus. But Joh. Müller considered the phenomena of consciousness as altogether superfluous in the case of reflex motions.

Joh. Müller said: "As regards the relation of sensation to reflex motion, a consciousness of the former is not at all necessary to produce the latter. According to my opinion the irritation of a sensory spinal nerve causes centripetal action of the nervous impulse toward the spinal cord. If the irritation reaches the *sensorium commune*, we have a conscious sensation. If, however, on account of the severance of the spinal cord it does not reach the *sensorium commune*, it retains all its power in the form of centripetal action upon the spinal cord. In both cases the centripetal action of a sensory nerve can produce reflex motion. In the former case the centripetal action simultaneously became sensation, in the latter case it did not; but in either case it is sufficient to produce centrifugal reflex motion."

This opinion, which Joh. Müller entertained, has to the present day been accepted as the most comprehensive definition of reflex motions.

Even to-day only "motions which are the immediate result of external irritation of a sensitive organism, and which have their physiological reason in the central connection of certain sensory and motor nerves, are unanimously classed as reflex motions."*

Strictly speaking, then, according to this conception, neither such motions, as are due to some phenomenon of consciousness in addition to the mere material mechan-

*Translated from the German: *Der menschliche Wille vom Standpunkt der neueren Entwickelungs Theorien*. Berlin.

*Joh. Müller, *Handbuch der Physiologie*, Vol. I. p. 621.

ism,—nor such motions as are produced without a differentiated nervous system, as for instance, movements of the lowest animals and of plants, can be regarded as reflex motions.

Nevertheless it has been customary to designate as reflex motions, also those movements which animals, in which only the lobes of the brain have been destroyed, make,—movements that very clearly indicate an adjustment to external conditions,—that are due not only to sensation, but to the perception of an object in the distance, that are beyond doubt caused by the phenomena of consciousness, because they come into existence without the co-operation of the will-power. On the other hand there is no longer any hesitation in classing the movements of lower animals, whose organization is entirely devoid of nerves, and also the movements of plants,—for instance, sun-dew, Venus fly-traps, sensitive plants, etc., as reflex motions.

The analysis of our actions has long ago demonstrated that we make a great number of suitable movements, which are unintentionally called forth directly by the perceptions of our eyes, and which result *involuntarily*. Such movements, which I call instincts of perception, are usually observable in all habits.

The course of long and much practiced and therefore frequently repeated actions, no longer depends on individual intentions; but it depends directly upon perception and sensations. The expression of emotions shows that a great number of movements are unintentionally produced and their course determined through the perception by sight of such phenomena as produce joy, fear, fright, anger or any other emotions. The same is the case in the imitative movements made in a hypnotic condition. They are made without having a definite object; and they are caused directly by the perceptions of sight and hearing, with which they are very intimately associated.

As these movements are caused by the irritation of external sensory nerves, without the co-operation of the will-power proper, they have all from a physiological standpoint been regarded as reflex motions. It has, however, been found necessary to classify them still further as "arbitrary reflex motions." Even to-day physiologists are not sure whether or not these movements depend entirely on the material mechanism which is inherited; and it is a characteristic attitude of psychologists that they have not been able to inform physiologists in what respect these movements differ psychologically from the above mentioned reflex motions. Nobody can doubt that this difference, which we shall further on describe more fully, is purely a psychological one, while these instincts of perception do not differ physiologically in the least from the above mentioned reflex motions.

If we were to be so ingenuous as to assume that all suitable movements, which are caused by impressions

made on the sense of sight, depend entirely on the material mechanism of the nerves, and that the phenomena of consciousness are absolutely superfluous, we would be equally warranted in asserting, that also the conscious intentional actions can be explained as depending solely on this mechanism. Then we would have to acknowledge that all phenomena of consciousness are superfluous, and the question would arise as to what purpose consciousness had developed in animals.

As has elsewhere been shown, the phenomena of consciousness are not altogether superfluous, but have a definite object. They are not an unnecessary adjunct to the motions just enumerated, but these depend entirely or at least partly upon them.

As I have already demonstrated elsewhere, it is altogether wrong to regard those movements in which we are conscious both of the irritation and the motion, or even those movements which are caused by the discernment of individual objects at a distance, as reflex motions, in the sense in which this term has hitherto been used; i. e. as motions which can be explained as being due simply to the material mechanism and to purely physiological processes.

The uncertainty as to what motions are to be considered reflex motions, and whether all reflex motions are or are not to be explained as being due solely to the material mechanism of the nerves, and the arbitrariness with which the domain of reflex actions is at one time limited to the cerebro-spinal nerves, at another to the sensory nerves of the brain, and sometimes extended so as to embrace also the sympathetic nervous system, and the lower animals and plants, are no doubt due chiefly to the lack of effort to distinguish purely physiological processes from psychological phenomena.

Among the physiological phenomena there is no such great difference as that which exists between physiological and psychological processes. Therefore this great difference must be duly observed.

The processes in the lowest animals, in the plant organism and in the sympathetic nervous system are physiological phenomena just as much as those which in the animal organism take place in the central nervous system.

From a purely physiological standpoint, the phenomena of motion occurring in the central nervous system cannot be regarded as differing radically from those occurring in the sympathetic nervous system, in the lowest animals and in plants. The former are physiological phenomena just as well as the latter.

The difference between the processes in the animal nervous system and all other processes in animal and plant organisms is due to the presence of the psychical element in the former. And if we wish to distinguish the processes of irritation in the central nervous system of

the higher animals from all other irritations in the animal and plant organism, it is only by means of the psychical impulse that we can do so.

We might also claim, that from a purely physiological standpoint the irritations in the central nervous system are to be considered as radically different from the processes of other movements in the animal organism, as also from those in plants, because in the former case we have to deal only with differentiated sensory and motor nerves.

If, however, we ask, "to what purpose this differentiation has developed," we must answer, that it is not to produce a group of phenomena differing from other vital processes in *physiological* respects, but to render *psychical* movements possible.

It certainly seems remarkable, not to say absurd, that while we designate as reflex actions those very processes which take place in the animal nervous system in the seat of consciousness,—and that while we designate as reflex actions those movements with which the phenomena of consciousness are invariably or generally connected, and in the case of which either the irritation or the motion or both are plainly felt,—we nevertheless accept as reflex motions only those processes of movements which can be explained as being due solely to the material organism and in which the phenomena of consciousness are superfluous.

According to this, the conception of reflex motions is partly physiological, in so far as it embraces purely physiological processes, and partly psychological, in so far as it relates only to the processes in the animal nervous system.

But as, on the other hand, we must distinguish psychical from physiological phenomena, and regard both as radically different, the conception of reflex actions which has obtained hitherto is altogether untenable.

To acquire a better understanding of the processes of movements in living organisms we must make a distinction between physiological and psychical reflex actions, corresponding to the difference in the conceptions of physiological and psychological phenomena.

Physiological reflex motions are processes of movements of a material kind, which in a living organism are caused by particular processes of irritation, and which have their origin in the material organization and the physiological properties of the organism. It seems to me that this definition leaves no doubt as to what movements are to be included. To this class belong not only all reflex motions of the animal nervous system which are independent of all phenomena of consciousness, and which are due solely to the material processes in the nerves, but also those motions which are produced by the organic or sympathetic nervous system; as, for instance, the movements of a segregated heart or intestine when irritated. In the lower animals, in which the

nervous system has not yet become differentiated into specific animal and organic ones, as also in those animal organisms which have no differentiated nerve substance whatever all movements that are the result of irritations,—no matter whether these be mechanical, chemical or electrical,—in so far as they are independent of every phenomenon of consciousness and have their causation in the physiological properties of the organism, are to be considered physiological reflex motions. Likewise all movements which plants make after being subjected to particular irritations are purely physiological reflex motions.

Thus physiological reflex motions differ from purely mechanical reflex motions as regards the physical processes which are also called reflex motions, chiefly in that they take place in living organisms only and have their cause in the vegetative process of life.

Psychical reflex motions on the other hand are those which are caused by the phenomena of consciousness and which have their origin in the psychical properties of the organism.

To this class belongs every movement in which we are in the least degree conscious of the irritation as well as of the movement. Such are all the movements which, in vertebrates, take place in the animal nervous system only. We must moreover consider all movements in invertebrate animals, which by analogy we may suppose to depend upon the phenomena of consciousness, as in the case of man, as psychical reflex motions.

Two mechanical phenomena, which are related to each other as cause and effect, form a mechanical reflex motion. Similarly we speak of a chemical reflex action (chemical reaction). Two physiological phenomena, which are related to each other as cause and effect, form a physiological reflex motion; and two psychical phenomena, which are related to each other as cause and effect, form a psychical reflex motion.

In each case, in the psychical as well as in the physiological phenomena, it is simply a question of cause and effect. As we cannot trace psychical or physiological processes to mechanical causes—and as we distinguish the various groups of mechanical, physiological and psychological phenomena, we must correspondingly also distinguish mechanical, physiological and psychological causes—and mechanical, physiological and psychological effects, respectively.

A physiological reflex motion may be produced by some external, mechanical or chemical cause, or the irritation may be caused internally by the process of life of the organism.

But there are three classes of psychical reflex motions. In the first place psychical irritations may be caused by external mechanical influences; in which case the successive results are as follows: The effect of the

mechanical cause is a physiological irritation, the irritation of sensory nerves; this irritation again becomes a cause and produces psychical irritation in the form of sensation and perception. It is this last named irritation which produces the psychical reflex motion, as impulse and will; this effect again becomes a cause whose effect is another physiological irritation, the irritation of the motor nerves; and this last at length produces another mechanical effect, such as the movement of some part of the body.

Secondly, the psychical reflex motion may be caused by some physiological change in the body; and lastly, the psychical irritation may also be produced directly by other psychical processes.

No matter how or with what causes the reflex motion may begin, the two psychical links are the essential features and at once determine the process as a psychological reflex motion.

When we compare physiological and psychical reflex motions which are produced by external causes, with the mechanical reflex motion, we see that in physiological reflex motions the physiological cause and effect is inserted between the two mechanical links—and that in psychical reflex motions the psychical cause and effect is inserted between the physiological links, as I shall demonstrate in the following diagrams:

Fig. 1. Mechanical Reflex Motion.

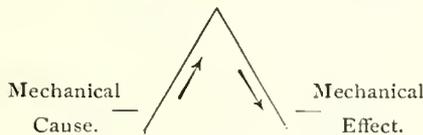


Fig. 2. Physiological Reflex Motion.

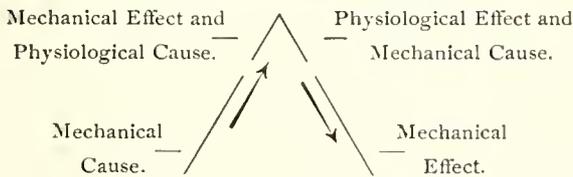
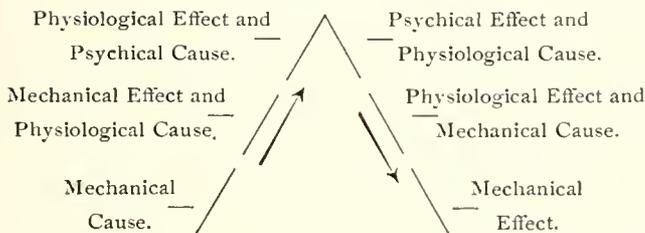


Fig. 3. Psychical Reflex Motion.



Just as on the one hand, all mechanical and chemical processes may be resolved into mechanical and chemical reactions respectively, and on the other, all physiological phenomena may be resolved into individual physiological reflex motions, so also an analysis of psychical phenomena shows that they are composed of

individual psychical reflex processes. According to this not only a few involuntary motions such as coughing, sneezing, vomiting, scratching, closing of the eye-lids, etc., are psychical reflex phenomena, but the most complicated actions of an adult human being are composed of several reflex effects, as I have shown in my book entitled *The Human Will*.

Physiological phenomena differ from chemical and mechanical phenomena in that the former serve a definite purpose, the preservation of species. In the process of life of organisms those processes are always related, and causatively connected and produce reflex motions, the original connection of which is favorable and thus suitable for the preservation of the species. And the systematic as well as the individual development of organisms shows a gradual increase and higher development of these suitable causal relations of various processes. According to the laws of evolution this seems to be self-evident. For the fundamental principle of the preservation of species is to preserve qualities that preserve the species.

Thus in the case of human beings and other animals we find suitable relations—i. e. relations that are favorable to preservation between—the nutriment taken and the secretion of the glands; between the process of digestion and the movement of the bowels; between the nutriment taken and the rush of the blood to the digestive organs; between the waste of the tissues and the supply of nutriment by the blood, and between the consumption and the frequency of the heart-beats and the movements of respiration, etc.

These suitable causal relations, all of which together constitute the vegetative life, have gradually developed according to the laws of evolution.

Numerous suitable causal relations between various psychical phenomena have evolved from the same causes. All the actions of a human being depend on the development of these causal relations.

As we shall show more fully elsewhere these suitable relations exist between the feeling of hunger and the appetite for food; between the feeling of disgust and the inclination to expectorate; between the feeling of a lack of air and the desire to breathe; between the perception of certain objects in the distance and the impulse to grab or to avoid them; between the perception of an individual of the other sex and the feeling of love and the sexual instinct; between the perception of danger and the impulse to flee from it, etc. Similarly, analogous causal relations to those which exist between perceptions and the corresponding impulses, are also found between the conceptions (the reproductions of perceptions and sensations) of desirable or pernicious objects and the feeling of desire or repulsion that they produce.

According to this the various psychical reflex motions are divided into three classes. 1. Those which are pro-

duced by subjective sensations and by the immediate contact with external objects. 2. Those which are caused by the perception of objects in the distance. 3. Those which have their origin in conceptions (the reproductions of sensations and perceptions). Thus we must distinguish between

1. Reflex motions due to sensation.
2. Reflex motions due to perception.
3. Reflex motions due to conceptions.

This classification corresponds to the structure of the brain. The reflex actions due to sensations emanate from the spinal cord, the *medulla oblongata*, the *cerebellum* and the *thalami optici*. The reflex actions due to perception proceed from the *corpora quadrigemina*, and, finally, the reflex actions due to conceptions originate in the *cortex* and the *corpora striata*.

In the development of life in general and also in the individual development of human beings reflex motions due to sensation develop first; then, with these as a basis, develop reflex actions due to perception and finally reflex actions due to conceptions.

By the successive and simultaneous combinations of psychical reflex motions not only instinctive but also intentional actions are produced. All of these belong to definite groups and classes of reflex phenomena, which not only combine, but also mutually augment, injure or counteract each other.

The reflex motions due to sensation and perception, which may also be called sensory reflex motions, constitute the instinctive actions. Intentional actions or arbitrary movements, on the other hand, are composed of reflex actions due to sensation, perception and conception; and this in the following manner—the latter always form the first links in the chain of reflex motion, thus always giving the first impulse for the action, while the course of the actions is determined by the reflex motion due to perception and sensation.

Thus, as we understand it, all processes of nature, the inorganic—i. e. mechanical and chemical—as well as the organic, and psychical as well as physiological processes are reflex phenomena. The relation of every effect to some cause is a reflex phenomenon. But with reference to causal connection all phenomena, even the psychical, are so related. We are never able to do more than merely trace these causal connections.

As long as we must distinguish groups of mechanical, chemical, physiological and psychological phenomena; as long as we cannot yet derive the phenomena of one of these groups directly from those of another; and as long as we must be content to consider the processes within such a group relatively, just so long must we also distinguish between mechanical, chemical, physiological and psychical reflex actions.

If we examine the phenomena of will from this point of view, we see that the acts of will in a narrower sense,

just as well as all physiological processes and all phenomena in general, are only more or less composite reflex motions combined according to definite laws.

IMMORTALITY.

BY SOLOMON SOLIS-COHEN.

I dreamed my spirit broke the bars of sense
That hold the gates of consciousness shut fast,
Threw off the prison-garb of Self, and passed
Into the wonder of omniscience.

As mists that rise from ocean, and condense
In clouds, in million rain-drops melt, at last
Through brooks and rivers join again the vast
Primeval sea—so do I read the Whence
And Whither of the soul.

When stream meets sea,
Is the swift river-wave forever gone?
When souls rejoin All-Soul, cease they to be?
There where the All is Thought, and Thought is One
Within the Infinite All, eternally,
The thought once bound in me, lives boundless on.

DEATH.

BY A. B.

Out of the future
Cometh an hour
Nameless and aimless,
Armed with dread power,
Bringing the ending,
And by its call
Life is dissolved,
Into the All.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIAL STUDIES.

To the Editor:

NEW YORK, JAN. 6, 1888.

At present the city of New York is one great seething caldron of conventions, assemblies, unions, lodges and meetings of every description, kept in agitation by the fires of social and political discontent. Proofs of the aggregation of wealth and power in the hands of a few individuals and corporations who control the activities of the country, and manifestos of resistance against a system which is reducing the masses to machines, furnish the materials to keep up the ebullition. It is needless to say that professional agitators and politicians are the stokesmen. A few laboring men who have risen from the ranks of their fellows, either through genuine convictions or for the sake of the reward, devote their energies to this work with eminent success.

Among the discontented who are divided into factions according to temperament and development, may be counted, first, the Socialists, who greatly outnumber any popular estimate. Many a staid citizen who makes no sign of his proclivities, is, in private, an ardent propagandizer of Socialism. Count him not therefore a bomb-throwing Anarchist, whose methods he detests, though whose execution he deplors. The true Socialist is legally destructive as well as ardently constructive. He tries to influence public opinion through newspapers, tracts and at the polls. His *raison d'être*, too well-known to be enlarged upon, is founded upon the possession by the few of the complicated means of pro-

duction. This condemns the wage-laborer to hard and hopeless poverty, builds up immense fortunes and creates classes, all of which is opposed to the genius of democracy. He claims that because the workman has no means of competing with the capitalist, wholesale production constantly increases, while none of it accrues to his own benefit. He declares that relief will be brought about, not by abolishing the present system of production at wholesale, but by extending it, shorn of its individual or corporate head. He desires to have all production organized co-operatively, to be carried on under the direction and for the benefit of the whole commonwealth. He wishes to see the soil, belonging to all the people, tilled according to a scientific plan; to have commerce stripped of speculation, and an immense number of middlemen relegated to the ranks of producers; to have railroads and telegraphs operated by the government, and to have lands, houses, factories, mines and machinery belong to the people and not to an individual or to a corporation. He does not, however, propose to abolish private property with capital, since a man may either hoard or save his income as he chooses. In a new social system where each finds his place and his work, he hopes to see the dawning of an earthly paradise.

With this end in view the Socialists of New York are doing their utmost to send their own representatives into legislative bodies who would introduce such measures as the reduction of the hours of work, the prohibition of child-labor, and the payment of equal wages for the same amount of work done by men and women. They have already between fifty and sixty local Socials comprising at least 8,000 members. They have very lately entered the political field in opposition to the United Labor party under the leadership of Henry George, taking the name of the Progressive Labor party. A busy place is their central office and publishing house in Second avenue, whence books and tracts are constantly issued. One of their ablest and most brilliant writers, Lawrence Gronlund, who is an authority among them, lately held long conversations with Mayor Hewitt upon socialistic topics. No refutation of the land-tax theory of Henry George has been more able than that of Mr. Gronlund. It is believed by competent judges that a book now in press at the Appleton's, entitled *Wealth and Progress*, is the most complete refutation of Henry George's theory yet given. The author, Geo. Gunton, Esq., had two articles in the *Forum*, one in March, the other in the preceding April, which attracted great interest.

The Knights of Labor were not organized as a political party, nor are they acting as such. In their Constitution they declare their aims are:

1. "To make industrial and moral worth, not wealth, the true standard of individual and national greatness.
2. "To secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create, sufficient leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral and social faculties; all of the benefits, recreation and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share in the gains and honors of advancing civilization."

Following this preamble are twenty demands at the hands of the State and of Congress, including the abrogation of all laws that do not bear equally upon capital and labor; the levying of a graduated income tax, and that, "in connection with the post-office, the government shall organize financial exchanges, safe deposits and facilities for the deposit of the savings of the people in small sums." They also desire to establish co-operative institutions, and are enemies of the wage system, which, however, they do not expect to see abolished in one generation. The land-tax theory is not entertained by them as a body.

In the local assemblies of the Knights of Labor in New York and its suburban cities there are at least 75,000 members. These assemblies have been well called little republics in which the members learn the duties of citizenship. Or better, they are

adult schools where social, industrial and political problems are studied with the earnestness of men who have tremendous interests dependent upon their correct solution.

It is a noteworthy fact that no person who sells or makes a livelihood by the sale of intoxicating drinks, and no lawyer, banker, gambler or stock-broker can be admitted to their ranks.

The Prohibitionists are rapidly growing in numbers and influence in New York. Several able advocates and workers for total abstinence have lately come to the front, and they are re-inforced by the aid of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, beside many other women of influence who do not belong to the Union. Apparently, the Prohibition party is a factor of more importance in the politics of the State, not alone in the city of New York, than the labor movement. And this for the reason that it is founded upon principle and composed of an unpurchasable constituency.

In this city, whatever it may be outside, the influence of Henry George is on the wane. His following is not chiefly composed of actual artisans, but of clerks, small-traders and theorizers who, deeply convinced that sociologic changes are necessary and imminent, welcome any doctrines presented so clearly and ably as his own. But for his peculiar views concerning land, his following would be much greater. A large percentage are kept in the ranks through the magnetic eloquence of fervent Father McGlynn.

It is an open secret that certain Republican leaders aid and abet the George party with the hope that it will draw more largely from the Democratic ranks than from their own. As an offset, the Democratic, although a liquor party, presents the anomaly of encouraging the Prohibitionists for the purpose of weakening their rivals, the Republicans, who chiefly fill the temperance ranks.

One of the kings upon the political chess-board of this State, Governor Hill, with that tact which always distinguishes him, has given good official positions to some of the leading Knights of Labor. By this means that order, as an organization, is for the present deterred from participating in the political campaign. Either this order or the United Labor party or the Progressive Labor party, hold the balance of power if they act under good leadership, which will control the elections in this State and the next Presidential election.

But another organization is coming to the front which is establishing centers called Personal Liberty Leagues. Its name is a sufficient explanation of its nature. It is charged that these leagues are acting in conjunction with liquor dealers, who are determined to repeal the Sunday laws and the high-license law which militate against their interests. Many citizens, especially those of foreign birth, believe it unjust that they should be deprived of their Sunday beer, yet are law-abiding men. Acting with them are the keepers of the lowest dives and saloons, as well as those who stand for personal liberty as a principle. Alarmed by the growing influence of this party, many clergymen and others are holding meetings in order to counteract its influence. Among other methods adopted is to ascertain the sentiments of candidates for public offices with a view to defeat those who do not pledge themselves to oppose the conspiracy against Sunday. In this work all denominations unite.

Meantime the Woman Suffrage party is flourishing. Some of the best and wisest of New York's citizens have lately and publicly pronounced in favor of restoring to woman the right of full citizenship.

"Have these political parties aught to do with scientific religion?" may be asked.

They have everything to do with true religion. Mutual rights and duties, economics and ethics, incorporated in the platform of one or another as a matter of party policy, are held sacred by a growing minority of leaders and of the rank and file. Dr.

McGlynn gives a series of lectures on the Spiritual, Rational, Moral and Religious Characteristics of the Cross of the New Crusade, in which he attempts to prove that this crusade is identical with primitive Christianity. Woman's intuitional and ethical nature is making itself felt in a greater degree than ever before, and intellectual and moral discipline is the effect upon the average workman or woman who attend the meetings which are organized in their behalf by party leaders. To compete with their rivals, if for no other reason, they are compelled to furnish facts, to give a modicum of truth, to consider the rights of the individual, and to deal carefully with the theory and practice of industrial problems. No fervid bombast upon the flag or the republic passes muster now. The times are too critical. Men are learning to govern themselves—are beginning to understand what Democracy means. Women, too, are at work as a power. At the fair held by the women belonging to the Anti-Poverty Society, they cleared for its treasury no less than \$15,000, and they were almost entirely working-women. This society, moreover, at its Sunday evening lectures, when the largest auditorium in the city is more than filled, is a wonderful school to quicken, inspire, instruct and elevate the mass of its members. It is to be noted as a sign of the times that all these new parties emphatically endorse woman suffrage. HESTER M. POOLE.

REALITY AND ILLUSION AS TO SENSE.

To the Editor:

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Jan. 3, 1888.

"The material world about us is reducible to sensations." This is Mr. W. M. Salter's definition of idealism, as given in THE OPEN COURT of October 3. That is good so far as it goes. Then there are two classes of idealists: Those who affirm a non-egoistic extra sensible something as the immediate source and cause of this congeries of sensations called the material world; and those who claim that the individual ego is that immediate source and cause. Of the latter class there is at least one advocate. Against the second of these views Mr. Salter labors to defend what he considers the more rational doctrine. He thinks the charge of "illusion" is made against the true doctrine because it is not clearly seen and understood as implying a cause beyond ourselves. This question of the nature of "illusion" or reality is what I wish in this paper to discuss; and propose thence to show that it has no logical bearing on the truth or reasonableness of Mr. Salter's notion of idealism.

What, then, are sense-illusion and sense-reality? According to the old dualistic and materialistic notion, the answer would be quite different from that furnished and required by idealism of every shade. If the sense-world is really non-egoistic, then a real object of sense is non-egoistic, and an illusion is a subjective state—subjective in nature and origin—mistaken for a non-egoistic object. This in old times was the universal notion on this subject; and it is universal now with all uneducated people and with all who are not idealists.

This view cannot be consistently held by any idealist. As he makes all phenomena egoistic in their nature, if not in their source and cause, it follows that *real and illusive phenomena are only two different classes of subjective states.*

How shall we define and discriminate these two classes? To this question, without explicitly stating it, all idealists of the popular class give an implicit answer to the effect that they are discriminated by their source and cause, and that the real sense-object has a non-egoistic source and cause, while the unreal or illusive sense-object has an egoistic or subjective source and cause. So far, then, the popular idealist defines the real and illusive sense-object just the same as the old dualist and old materialist. This is doubtless one element of his popularity. He appears quite reasonable to the average mind, because he is not so far above and unlike.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the question of the origin of sense phenomena, but only to define an illusion of sense in discrimination from a real sensible object. To say that they differ in their origin is illegitimate. It is illogical and unscientific. A thing is not real or unreal because of its origin. It is really just what it is, whatever its source and cause. As all causes are real causes, else they are not causes at all, so all effects are real effects. Therefore, on this line of inquiry, on the relation of phenomena to their causes and effects, we can never find any line of demarkation between the illusive and the real sense-object. Whether illusive or real all phenomena have an equally fixed relation to their causes and effects.

Hence, whether the cause be egoistic or otherwise, the effect, whatever it be, is equally real.

Besides, as the non-ego is confessedly unknown, how can we know whether a phenomenon is caused by it? We cannot have any such knowledge, and we cannot, therefore, determine this question by this method.

Mr. Spencer gives the word "persistence" as descriptive of the real in distinction from the illusive sense phenomenon. But "persistence" is a very vague term. It is a term of quantity or degree, and it gives no hint of the amount and duration of persistence required to prove reality and disprove illusion. It is too utterly wanting in precision to be entitled to any place in psychological science. All illusive phenomena persist in some degree; and they persist in various degrees. The same is true of what are called real objects. None of them are eternally persistent. Few of them have exactly the same degree of temporal persistence. Some illusive phenomena persist longer and attract wider and more various attention and confidence than some real objects of sense. There is therefore no principle or rule in the mere idea of persistence by which we may discriminate real from illusive objects of sense.

Still, this effort of Mr. Spencer has the merit of departing from the antiquated method of finding a criterion in an unknown cause. His effort implies that we are to find the criterion of reality and illusion as to sensible phenomena in some comparison and discrimination of classes of phenomena. This is the method I have always followed; and in accordance with this method I will furnish a criterion which I think will satisfy all idealists who give it sufficient attention to understand it, unbiased by their old, unknown and unimaginable non-egoistic criterion.

Now, as all phenomena are equally subjective states, and as their source and cause is not directly known, our scientific procedure is to find out and describe what are the characteristics which men have generally agreed to give to the real in distinction from the illusive, and then to formulate this distinction into a general law or principle. That principle is as follows:

The real sensible object is a phenomenon which conforms to all the laws of sensible experience, and the illusive object is one which does not.

On extended examination it will be found, I think, that this is a definition; that it covers all possible cases, without redundancy. All phenomena are subjective states. Subjective states and the subject in such states, are all that we ever know; and the direct knowledge of more seems forever an intrinsic impossibility. The known difference concerning these phenomena can therefore consist only in their different relations to the laws of sense-experience.

To the hypnotized subject all the thoughts and experiences injected by the operator, however unreal or irrational, are to his consciousness just as real subjective states as any other experience of himself or any other man. In what do they differ from the other subjective states which are by common consent called true and real? They do not conform to the known and universal laws of sensible experience. They are known to be peculiar in their personal limitation and connection. The real sensible object is

that which *everybody* experiences or may experience, while the illusive experience is confined to one or a few, and to special conditions of the conscious subject. This is the way in which men always actually determine between illusion and reality. They could not fully and accurately formulate their method, but they follow it none the less. Just as men may talk well, though they cannot well expound grammar. This subject admits of endless illustration, like Spencer's theory of Progress. Here we, however, must stop or THE OPEN COURT will close to us. Enough has been said to show that the question of sensible illusion and reality has no connection with the question concerning the origin of sensible phenomena, whether egoistic or non-egoistic. WM. I. GILL.

A REPLY BY MR. WILLIAM M. SALTER.

To the Editor:

CHICAGO, Jan. 10, 1888.

In my article of October 13, to which Mr. Gill refers, I simply endeavored to show that idealism did not necessarily imply that there was nothing in existence but ourselves. This is the popular understanding of idealism, and the position of some idealists. I did not question that the latter had perfectly good right to be called idealists; I simply questioned whether they had an exclusive right. My use of the word illusion was simply incidental; if I had said simply "creation of the mind," all the purposes of my article would have been served. Popularly, "a creation of the mind" is an "illusion," and I in so speaking simply followed popular usage. My only object was to show that sensible phenomena, though subjective or ideal in their nature, were not such creations.

As to the real meaning of "illusion" I am afraid my thoughts are not altogether satisfactory to myself. I question whether in philosophical strictness the term "illusory" applies to sensations at all. It applies to thoughts or expectations or hopes. If I imagine I can walk on the water or fly in the air, my state of mind is illusory; for I cannot convert such a thought into actual experience. Sensations are all real, whether I experience them in the daylight or in my dreams, whether in a hypnotic or natural condition. My mistake or illusion would be if I imagine that what I saw in my dream I could see in day-time, or that the pains that are given to me in a hypnotic state I should also experience in a normal condition. All pain, all sound, all color are real. An imaginary pain is an absurdity. If such an expression is used, it can only mean that the pain would not exist under other circumstances. All illusions or mistakes are in the mind and made by the mind, not by the senses. This I have stated at length in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, July, 1884, pp. 258-260. I have been exceedingly interested in Mr. Gill's discussion of the subject; I entirely agree with his criticism of Spencer's criterion of "persistence;" I think I might in the main agree with him without at all giving up my contention as to the non-egoistic origin of sensations, and only regret that I have not time to consider his position in detail.

WILLIAM M. SALTER.

REPLY TO MR. BENJAMIN CROSS.

To the Editor:

BARRE, MASS., Jan. 5, 1887.

If Mr. Benjamin Cross will examine his own quotation from my article in your journal of August 18, 1887, he will perceive that he abused himself where he states "I, as one of the class of spiritualists included in the so-called humbugged," etc., unless Mr. Cross was "converted to its theories (spiritualism) by some of the so-called mediums exposed by this commission," for he quotes me correctly where he says "the believers in spiritualism who have been converted to its theories by any of the so-called mediums exposed by this commission, will feel that they have been most egregiously humbugged."

Now, was Mr. Cross "converted by * * * any of the so-called mediums exposed by this commission?" If so, then he was certainly

included, if not, he will perceive at once that he has done himself injustice in his statement, for in his quotation *those* are specified and no other "humbugged" converts mentioned.

This gentleman says, "in thirty years of experience in spiritualism," etc., by which I infer that he has been a believer all these years, consequently could not have been converted through Mr. Slade's and Mrs. Patterson's slate-writing, nor hardly Mr. Mansfield's sealed (?) letter-reading, nor through many of the mediums exposed by the commission.

He goes on to relate phenomena through his niece, eleven years old, and other children nine and ten years of age, and then triumphantly inquires, "are they also humbugging me? Let Ella E. Gibson answer." The great mistake with this gentleman lies in imagining that I have asserted that all the phenomena called spiritualism are a humbug, and that every one who manifested it was humbugging. I never said any such thing. How could I when the phenomena have accompanied me all my life, and for thirty-six years similar mental phenomena, as he describes in these children, were daily a part of my existence; 1852-1863 there was scarcely a day but what I "*saw*," as I called it, for more than one person, and was lecturing months in succession on an average, daily. I called names and dates, diagnosed disease, personated both the living and the dead, described accurately persons and places I have never seen, etc., and I know I was neither a humbug nor humbugging.

At first (1852) I inferred it was spirits; but as I was constantly under this influence and never entranced, I had full opportunity to analyze my emotions, conditions and facts connected, therefore perceived it was not spirits but the result of my own unconscious powers. These little children, and thousands of others, are no more humbugs than was I. This psychic force and mental perception is soon to be analyzed, classified and assigned to its proper place, and until then I can afford to wait. The time has passed when every mystery not understood can, with reason and safety be relegated to the land of spirits, as in the dark ages when a god or goddess was supposed to have swallowed the moon during an eclipse.

I have a theory that accounts for the *genuine* phenomena about as fully as evolution accounts for *what is*. All that is has not yet been discovered. I wrote only of *exposed* humbugging, though, let it be distinctly understood that I do not believe any of the genuine phenomena are caused by spirits, for I do not believe a spirit exists or ever did exist.

ELLA E. GIBSON.

WHAT IS PRISON REFORM?

To the Editor:

Dec. 22, 1887.

Abolish prisons, keepers, and all degrading rules. Institute moral hospitals, with trained instructors and rules that will and may be enforced without destroying self-respect. Abolish the idea of *punishment*. Institute *treatment*. Abolish sentiment. Abolish the slave-system of contract-labor. Work on State account with business principles. Make each hospital pay. Abolish the definite sentence; set the patient into society when he is cured and not before. Abolish the death penalty; giving all an opportunity of regaining their normal social and moral standing. Set each discharged patient into society with all the rights and privileges of a citizen. All this may be accomplished by Act of Legislature, and would certainly reform prisons.

The idea of punishment is as old as history. Old ideas are tenacious of life, but they have to die sometime, and the time has now arrived to kill and cremate this heathen idea of punishment. Within the present century many acts were thought deserving of punishment that to-day are thought best to be treated in a scientific manner. The time was when insanity was punished with beating, stoning and death. Lunatics are not thought to be deserving of punishment to-day, they are subjected to treat-

ment. What makes the difference is that we of to-day recognize the fact that lunatics are not possessed by devils, but are diseased. No one outside of the detective force who has given two consecutive minutes of scientific thought to the subject of crime, but has arrived at the truth that it is a disease—a disease of the morals. Like consumption, it may be inherited or contracted, acute or chronic. Like mental disease, it takes many phases. It may be moral imbecility, or moral lunacy; and each may be divided into numberless forms of the disease, each bearing a distinct aspect of its own. Acknowledged a disease, how absurd to think of curing it by punishment! Why not punish a small-pox patient into good health.

If it is treatment, not punishment, which the wrong-doer is to receive, there is obviously no further use for prisons; and austere officers must give way to instructors who are trained for their work. To secure their position there they will have to show something different from a record of the number of human beings they have hustled into prison while serving as policemen or deputy sheriffs. Recognizing the patient as a dual being there will be no rules that crush the man, in the effort to suppress the criminal. Indeed, the most of the rules may well be left for the inmates to formulate and enforce. This will develop strength of character and elevate the man.

Common sense will teach that there should be no outside interference, as by contractors and their hangers-on. No man can be morally educated when his whole being is in revolt at the thought of being another man's slave ten hours out of each twenty-four. With the State-account system those who are in control of the hospital are not hampered with a third party who stands between the management and the patient, ever hungry for the dollar to be gained, and whose only exclamation when a man falls down ill is "Give me another!" With other heathen, the contractor must go.

The system of working on State-account is easily managed on business principles. Surely the State can buy raw material as cheap as can a citizen. The machinery for using this is not monopolized by contractors. The markets are as open for the State to sell its products as for Citizen Growback to sell his, nor need there be injurious rivalry; no product of labor but has its quoted price. It would be strange indeed if the State could not forbid the sale of its products under price.

The principle of profit as now defined, will be eliminated from institutions for moral treatment. The profit to society will yet be counted by dollars and cents, but on another basis. Whereas an institution is now charged with the number of dollars it annually draws from the public treasury and is credited with the number returned to the same. When reformed it will be charged not only with the dollars drawn from the public purse, but also with the difference (in dollars) between a healthy, honest man and a sickly, dishonest foe to society. It will be debited with every failure to cure, and credited with every cure made. This system will be easily established. The worth to society of an honest, healthy man is well known. The cost to society for the maintenance of criminal courts, police, jails and prisons is readily computed, as is the cost of depredations. Strike a balance and charge the deficit to the present system of treating crime. Radically change the system, give it ten years' trial, crediting it with the diminished cost of depredation, of catching, trying and confining criminals, and we will plainly see where the "profit" is.

Little need be said of indeterminate sentences. The protection of society plainly demands that a criminal shall not be let loose until he has recovered the use of his moral powers. No wise judge can foretell how long a time it will take to develop the man's moral faculties sufficiently to warrant his being set at liberty. He might as well attempt to say that some insane

person should be confined in an asylum for a definite length of time, whether reason was recovered or not, and should be released at the end of that time even though raging with madness. The definite sentence is an old idea, but it is heathenish and must go.

Those who are in control of penal institutions meet with no more pernicious influence than that exerted by certain well-meaning but mistaken philanthropists, who are impelled by kindly hearts to slop over with sentiment. No criminal is so hard to reach as the one who fancies himself injured, or has a grievance against society. Aside from treatment that compels him to feel this resentment, there is no one thing which will so quickly bring this feeling as to have some tender-hearted, benevolent person tell him that they think his penalty is far more severe than his offense warrants; especially now that he has promised to pray regularly, and has resolved to abandon his wicked ways. One hour's conversation with this kind of a personage will make an ordinary convict feel that he is the most wronged individual in the world, and that all who have anything to do with keeping him in confinement are his mortal enemies. He then straightway sets about formulating two plans: First, to practice deception for the grace of his kind admirer; second, how he can "get square" with those who are instrumental in keeping him in prison. This man goes out at the end of his sentence a worse man than when he began it.

Under the reformed system of treatment the first lesson for him to learn, would be the beneficent justice of his having been placed there. His next lesson would be that there was no possible chance for his release before death, unless he actually changed his habit of thought and mode of life. He would thus be thrown upon his moral legs, and would not be long in learning to use them, for he would see that it depended on himself whether he was to remain for life, or for a short time. The judgement of his development would be based on strictly ethical grounds. First, would be observed his conduct; second, his character. This latter is not so subtle and elusive as may be supposed. Even with the present crude system the Warden can correctly tell, in nine cases out of ten, whether a man will go right or wrong when he is discharged. How much greater the surety, then, when the discharge depends on his belief that the man would go right!

When the wrong-doer has been subjected to the thorough treatment of this reformed system, and competent scientists (for it will be a science) have pronounced him a man of sound morals, and good enough to be trusted with his freedom, what folly to follow him with social and legal ostracism! The legal stumbling-block will be promptly removed. If he can be safely trusted at large, he can safely be trusted at the ballot-box, and to give evidence in the courts. It does not follow that, because he has once been convicted of violating a law, he now stands ready to sell his vote and to perjure himself. If he is still that kind of a man, why let him loose? If he is not, why place him under this legal cloud?

It is often averred that an honest man cannot be made by Act of Legislature. It may be so. One thing is certain, a dishonest man may be so made; and I am not alone in the belief that laws may be so framed as to promote morality and right-doing. All laws are but the reflection of public opinion. At present one hour of one Sunday each year is given to the consideration of prisons and prisoners. This is something toward forming a correct public opinion that can sometime crystallize into statute law. But the vastness of the subject, and its high and immediate importance to society, would warrant the expenditure of more time and thought on the subject. EUGENE HOUGH.

ON GRAVITY.

To the Editor:

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 6, 1887.

In your issue of November 10 is an interesting article by George Stearns entitled "The Mystery of Gravity."

If anything could and would give light on this subject it certainly would be welcome. Mr. Stearns seems to think that the idea of "attraction" as a prefix to gravitation is absurd. While the idea that masses of matter are "pushed" toward each other by "an intervening ether" is in the line of truth and of explanation. If it should be demonstrated that an inraining ether pushed bodies together, would it not be reasonable to infer that the cause of the inraining of the ether was also the cause of what we now know as gravitation? That instead of causing gravitation, it is caused by it. That this action of the ether is but another instance of matter obeying the same law. Does it really help to explain the action of large masses, if we learn that small masses (i. e. luminiferous ether) are doing the same thing? Very truly, L. J. IVES.

Just before going to press the following telegram from Mr. Hegeler* was received at the office of THE OPEN COURT:

Dr. Paul Carus, Care Open Court:

Your testimonial in original and translation should be published in correction as editorial foot-note. Have written.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

Mr. Hegeler states in his letter that the item in the *Chicago Graphic* demands some further explanation, which would best be made by publishing the testimonial given to Dr. Carus by the authorities on his resigning the position as *Oberlehrer* which he held at the Royal Corps of Cadets in Dresden. "Oberlehrer" is a degree which is higher than that of instructor at American colleges, while the title professor is reserved as a further distinction.

Complying with Mr. Hegeler's wish a copy of the document referred to and a translation thereof are appended:

KÖNIGLICH SÄCHSISCHES KADETTEN KORPS.

Herr Oberlehrer Dr. Carus hat die Entlassung von seiner dermaligen Stellung mit Ostern dieses Jahres nachgesucht und erhalten, weil er sich mit seinen Ansichten über Religion nicht in Uebereinstimmung befindet mit dem christlichen Geiste, in welchem Erziehung und Unterricht im Kadettenkorps geleitet werden sollen. Er hat diese Ansichten über Religion in einer im Sommer vorigen Jahres veröffentlichten Brochüre bekannt gegeben, ist mit denselben sonst aber in keiner Weise, weder beim Unterricht, noch bei anderen Gelegenheiten provocirend hervorgetreten.

Herr Dr. Carus hat während der Dauer seiner Anstellung am Königlichen Kadettenkorps in den Klassen Untertertia und Quarta Unterricht in verschiedenen Disciplinen, vorzugsweise aber in Lateinischer und Deutscher Sprache und Geschichte ertheilt und dabei praktische Befähigung und sicheres Wissen gezeigt.

DRESDEN, den 17ten Februar, 1881.

[L. S.]

(gez:) VON BÜLOW,
Oberst und Kommandeur.

ROYAL CORPS OF CADETS OF SAXONY.

Herr Oberlehrer Dr. Carus has tendered his resignation for the position which he has heretofore held. The resignation has been accepted and is to go into effect on Easter of this year. He resigns because his religious views are not in harmony with the Christian spirit, in accordance with which the training and education of the Corps of Cadets should be conducted. He has published his religious views in a pamphlet which appeared last summer. But he has in no wise—neither in his teaching nor on other occasions—obtruded these opinions.

Dr. Carus, during his appointment at the Corps of Cadets, has given instruction in various branches, but especially in the Latin and German languages and in history, and has always shown practical ability and thorough knowledge.

DRESDEN, February 17, 1881.

[L. S.]

(Signed) VON BÜLOW,
Colonel and Commander of the Corps.

BOOK REVIEWS.

JOHN KEATS. By *Sidney Colvin*. New York: Harper & Brothers; 1887.

There have been a great many contradictory opinions put forward regarding the life and the life-work of John Keats. Thus, from those who deny him any true poetic originality at all—indeed, charging him with taking the color of the writers he happened to be reading at the time he wrote his poems—to those who can only give vent to their admiration in æsthetic superlatives, there is obviously an intermediate region for even the most placid Philistine to express his opinion. Mr. Colvin has taken this intermediate region without the least sign (so far as I can discern) of any Philistinism being visible, and in this regard Mr. Colvin differs, on the one hand, from Matthew Arnold's supercilious attitude toward Keats, and on the other, from Mr. Swinburne's fantastic and "over-languaged" spouting.

I do not know that Mr. Colvin has shed much further light on the few brief facts of Keats' life. The poet was born on the 29th of October, 1795, in London, and his parents being in very humble circumstances the great struggle of his life, as I gather from Mr. Colvin's account, was to "break his birth's invidious bar." We follow Keats from the time he goes to Mr. Cowden Clarke's school, at Enfield, until 1810, when he apprenticed for five years to a country doctor, at Edmunton. Of course the turning point in the poet's life was when, in his seventeenth year, Mr. Clarke put into his hands the *Fairie Queene*, and led to the study of Chaucer and Shakespeare. In 1817, Keats gave to the world selections from his first attempts in verse, and in 1818, *Endymion* appeared. Mr. Colvin shows how baseless the notion—spread by Byron—that Keats was "killed off by one critique." On the contrary, the poet suffered from a number of causes. He carried within him the seeds of family disease; he was alternately thrown into a high state of feverish excitement and then into deep dejection by melancholia; he was torn and distracted by a passion for a woman wholly unsuited to him; he finally was vexed and harassed by the want of money and the wherewithal; for, as Edmund Clarence Stedman well says in his recent paper on modern poets, it is a mistake to think that poets, like caged birds, sing better for starving.

Mr. Colvin has apparently given but slight heed to Keats' letters to Fanny Brawne. In this, we think, he erred; because no matter how much one may regret their appearance, the biographer of Keats must use them intelligently and discriminately as showing the character of the man. No one can help feeling that the last days of Keats were rendered doubly painful on account of what he himself calls his "horribly vivid" imagination. He was in bitter truth "all touch, all eye, all ear." There certainly has not been in recent times a poet whose nervous *papille* were so acutely sensitive, so burningly electric. Says James Russell Lowell: "Was he (Keats) cheerful, he 'hops about the gravel with the sparrows'; was he morbid, he 'would reject a Petrarchal coronation, on account of my dying day.'" And now the end is come.

When Keats fled away to Italy to die, he felt more keenly than ever that he was worth saving. Then, he asked that his epitaph might be: "*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*"

Thus, on the 23d of February, 1821, there passed away in the modest lodging at Rome a great poet, but "the world knew him not."

It was only after people read and re-read the legacy bequeathed them that they said, "Oh! the pity of it. Here was a sword snapped and thrown away before the fight was half over. Here was one of the corner-stones of a noble temple, never builded. Let us take home the lesson and example of his life and of his death."

* Compare this item with the foot-note on page 694.

And this was accordingly done. In the language of Mr. Colvin, to which I subscribe,—

"The first considerable writer among Keats' successors on whom his example took effect was Hood, in the fairy and romance poems of his earlier time. The dominant poet of the Victorian age, Tennyson, has been profoundly influenced by it, both in the form, and the matter of his art, and is indeed the heir of Keats and Wordsworth in almost equal degrees. After, or together with Coleridge, Keats has also contributed most among English writers to the poetic method and ideals of Rossetti and his group. Himself, as we have seen, alike by gifts and a true child of the Elizabethans, he thus stands in the most direct line of descent between the great poets of that age and, whom posterity has yet to estimate, of our own day." L. J. VANCE.

LEGENDS FROM STORY-LAND. By *James Vila Blake*. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.

This little book is as pleasing, both in subject-matter and style, as it is unique. We have sometimes felt a little like quarreling with Mr. Blake's written style on the ground that it cultivates simplicity of diction beyond the bounds of ease and naturalness, but here the quaint, simple phrasing of the legends from story-land forms a fitting garment for the stories themselves.

Mr. Blake treats every subject of which he writes from the double point of view of scholar and poet, bringing to the discussion of his chosen themes much nice and critical knowledge, gathered from what many would consider rather dry sources of learning, together with a delicate and loving insight which only the poetic order of mind is capable of. There are twelve of these legends retold here, accompanied by a brief preface entitled "Story-Land," and a word of conclusion on "The Open."

Story-Land is the name of the place where "the story-language is spoken" in the days when men thought over the things they saw in the world about them, but "as they knew little, the better part of their thinking was wondering." Each of the legends is found to contain two meanings, the true and the untrue, by which is meant the poetic and the literal. "One meaning is just what the words say * * * the other meaning is some spiritual or moral truth, which lies tenderly packed in the woods." The spiritual or moral truth which the writer aims to unfold in such legends as "Tiresias" and "St. Thomas," is always of the most general order. The spirit of modern scientific analysis given to definite classification of everything, is noticeably absent. There is no attempt to make the story of "Balder" and the rest convey any particular and circumscribed truth after the manner of those critics who rationalize the horns on Angelo's Moses into remnants of ancient sun-worship. Doubtless Mr. Blake's book would have possessed additional interest if a greater variety of interpretation had been put upon the different stories told, but as this evidently lay outside the author's intention, it offers no fair point of criticism. These legends from Story-Land are written with the single purpose of separating that which is of a false, fleeting character in all such literature from that which, because it embodies some living idea or principle, is lasting and true. Mr. Blake compares the Story-Land in which he has found these legends to the woodland, full of mingled light and shadow, that primeval state "in which the people speak their religion in strange, wild tales of wonders and signs." Around the woodland is the Open, "the blooming-place of knowledge," and in the Open is the spire of a rational faith and worship built on knowledge.

The book is an attractive specimen of the book-maker's art, being handsomely printed on enameled paper and bound in dainty and original design. Each of the twelve legends is appropriately illustrated. The sketches are all good in design and help to tell the stories, but it is to be regretted that the mechanical part of the work is not of a higher order. C. P. W.

MR. KENNAN contributes to the January *Century* an article on "Russian Provincial Prisons," based on personal investigation, in which he gives a minute account of the Knock Alphabet, the means of intercommunication resorted to by the Russian prisoners. The Lincoln biography deals with the formation of the cabinet, richly illustrated with excellent portraits of the various members. W. J. Stillman has a very interesting sketch of John Ruskin, accompanied by an excellent frontispiece portrait. In fiction there are contributions by Cable, Eggleston and Stockton. In poetry there is a very pathetic dialect poem by James Whitcomb Riley, entitled "The Old Man and Jim."

ST. NICHOLAS is truly a magazine for young folks of all ages, for those who are for the first time awakening to life's realities as well as for those who are entering upon second childhood. The January number opens with a beautiful poem by John G. Whittier, "The Brown Dwarf of Rügen," very daintily illustrated by E. H. Blashfield. Henry W. Jessup, who spent so many years as a missionary in Arabia, contributes a novel and interesting article on the "Amusements of Arab Children." Mrs. Pennell gives an amusing description of the "London Christmas Pantomimes," including the recent representation of "Alice in Wonderland." Other features of the number are a description of "A Girls' Military Company," written by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, and a seasonable story, telling "Where the Christmas-tree Grew."

THE leading article in *Scribner's Magazine* for January is a richly illustrated paper by E. H. Blashfield,—"The Man at Arms." It gives the history of armor from the time of Charlemagne to the perfection of armor in the Fifteenth Century. The illustrations are based upon old MSS., old prints, and upon the military manikins in the Paris Museum of Artillery. Many of the suits of armor described are connected with famous characters of history and fiction. Robert Louis Stevenson contributes "A Chapter on Dreams," in which the origin of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is incidentally related. Interesting illustrated articles are "The Great Pyramid," by Edward L. Wilson, and "Japanese Art, Artists, and Artisans," by William Elliot Griffis. "The End of the Beginning" is a subtle, psychological sketch by George A. Hibbard, which must come home to many a one. There are also poems by C. P. Cranch and T. B. Aldrich.

NEVER more popular and prosperous than to-day, the *Magazine of American History* opens its nineteenth volume with a wonderfully interesting January number. "Thurlow Weed's Home in New York City," where the great politician resided during the last seventeen years of his life, is richly illustrated with exterior and interior views, and an admirable portrait of Mr. Weed in his later years is the frontispiece to the number. The graphic and informing description of the house, and its distinguished occupant, is from the ready pen of the editor of the magazine, who introduces an account of Mr. Weed's marvelous experience in France at a critical period in our civil war, in his own exact language. *A fac simile* of one of President Lincoln's letters to Mr. Weed accompanies this valuable paper. Other interesting articles are "General Andrew Jackson's Account of the Battle of Horseshoe in 1814," never before published, by Gen. Marcus J. Wright. "The Discovery of Yucatan," by Alice D. Le Plongeon, and the "Historical Sketch of Christ Church, New York City," an able and authoritative paper by William J. Davis.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* for January opens with an article by David A. Wells, "Governmental Interference with Production and Distribution," which is devoted to the subject which President Cleveland's message has made for the moment uppermost in American thought—high and low tariffs. In "Evolution and Religious Thought," Professor Joseph Le Conte shows how theological ideas have gradually and from time to time, suf-

ferred modification in accordance with new views of Nature discovered by science. To the question, What will be the effect of the universal acceptance of the law of evolution on religious thought, he replies:

"There can be no doubt that evolution, as a law affecting all science and every department of Nature, must fundamentally effect the whole realm of thought and profoundly modify our traditional views of Nature, of God, and of man. There can be no doubt that we are now on the eve of a great revolution. But, as in all great revolutions, so in this, the first fears as to its effects are greatly exaggerated. To many, even friends and foes of Christianity, evolution seems to sweep away the whole foundation not only of Christianity, but of all religion and morals, by demonstrating a universal materialism. Many are ready to cry out in anguish, "Ye have taken away our gods, what have we more? Ye have destroyed our deepest hopes and noblest aspirations, what more is left worth living for? But I think all who are at all familiar with the history of the so-called conflict between religion and science will admit this is not the first time this cry has been raised against science. They have heard this danger cry so often that they begin to regard it as little more than a wolf-cry—scientific wolf in the religious fold."

"Race and Language" is a very thoughtful article by Horatio Hale in which language is put forward as the chief and surest criterion of race affiliations. "The Psychology of Joking" is an interesting discussion by Dr. J. H. Jackson, in which we are glad to see a good word said for punning.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.*

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

CHAPTER III.—*Concluded.*

The cold demeanor of the man made the Professor's blood boil. He, with difficulty, controlled his rising anger, and, approaching the window, looked out at a bevy of sparrows that were twittering angrily at one another. At last, turning round, he began:—

"The possessor of a house has the right of refusal. If you persist we shall certainly leave you with a feeling of regret that you do not know how to appreciate the possible importance of our communication. I have been unable to avoid this meeting, although I was aware how uncertain are the impressions formed in a first interview with strangers. Our communication would perhaps have received more attention if it had come to you through the medium of your government, accompanied by a requisition to commence an active research."

"Do you regret that you have not taken this course?" asked the proprietor, laughing.

"To speak frankly, no. I have no confidence in official protocols in such matters."

"Nor have I," answered the proprietor, drily. "Ours is a small province, the Governor is at a distance, and we are surrounded by foreign dominions. I have nothing to do with the court; years pass without my going there; the government does not bother us, and in my district I control the police. If my government were to attribute importance to your wishes, they would probably call for a report from me, and that would cost me a sheet of paper and an hour's writing. Perhaps, if you made enough ado, they might also send a commission to my house. These would announce themselves to me about dinner time, and I should take them to the cellars after dinner; they would, for form's sake, knock a little upon the walls, and I meanwhile would have

some bottles uncorked. At last a paper would be quickly written, and the affair would be settled. I am thankful that you have not adopted this method. Moreover, I would defend my household rights, even against the king."

"It is vain, it appears to me, to speak to you of the value of the manuscript," interposed the Professor, severely.

"It would be of no avail," said the proprietor. It is questionable whether such a curiosity, even if found on my property, would be of essential value to myself. As to the value to your branch of learning, I only know it from what you say; but neither for myself nor for you will I stir a finger, because I do not believe that such a treasure is concealed on my property, and I do not choose to sacrifice myself for an improbability. This is my answer, Herr Professor."

The Professor again stepped silently to the window. Fritz, who, although indignant, had restrained himself, felt that it was time to put an end to the conversation, and rose to take his departure. "So you have given us your final decision?"

"I regret that I can give you no other answer," replied the proprietor, compassionately, looking at the two strangers. "I really am sorry that you have come so far out of your way. If you desire to see my farm, every door shall be opened to you. The walls of my house I open to no one. I am, moreover, ready to keep your communication a secret, and the more so, as this would also be to my own interest."

"Your refusal to allow any researches on your property makes any further secrecy unnecessary," answered the Doctor. "All that remains to my friend now is to publish his discovery in some scientific periodical. He will then have done his duty, and perhaps others may be more successful with you than we have been."

The proprietor started up. "Confound you, sir; what the devil do you mean? Will you tell your story to your colleagues? Probably these will think very much as you do."

"Undoubtedly hundreds will view the matter exactly as we do, and will also condemn your refusal," exclaimed the Doctor.

"Sir, how you judge me is a matter of indifference to me; I am perfectly willing to have you paint me as black as your love of truth will allow," exclaimed the proprietor, indignantly. "But I see that all will be of no avail. Hang the monks and their treasure! Now I may every Sunday and every hour of your vacation expect a visit like this one—strange people with spectacles and umbrellas, who will claim the right to creep under the wooden trestles of my dairy, and to climb on the ceiling of the nursery. The devil take this Tacitus!"

The Professor took his hat. "We beg to take leave of you," and went toward the door.

*Copyright.

"Stop, my good gentlemen," cried the host, discomposed; "not so quickly. I would rather deal with you two than have an incessant pilgrimage of your colleagues. Wait a moment, and I will make this proposition to you. You, yourselves, shall go through my house, from garret to cellar; it is a severe tax upon me and my household, but I will make the sacrifice. If you find a place that you think suspicious, we will talk it over. On the other hand, promise me that you will be silent with respect to the object of your visit here before my people. My laborers are already sufficiently excited without this; if you encourage this unfortunate rumor, I cannot answer for it that the idea will not occur to my own people to break through the foundation-wall at a corner of the house. My house is open to you the whole day as long as you are my guests. But then, when you speak or write concerning the matter, I demand that you shall add that you have done all in your power to search through my house, but have found nothing. Will you enter into this compact with me?"

The Doctor looked doubtfully at the Professor to see whether the pride of his friend would stoop to such a condition. Contrary to his expectation, the countenance of the scholar was radiant with joy, and he answered:

"You have mistaken us on one point. We do not desire to take away the concealed manuscript from your possession, but we have only come to persuade you to make the experiment. It seems very likely to us, that we, in a strange house, not knowing the rooms, and unused to this kind of research, shall find nothing. If, however, we do not shun the ludicrous position in which you would place us, and accept your offer, we do it only in the hope that, during our stay here, we shall succeed in awakening in you a greater interest in the possible discovery."

The proprietor shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders. "The only interest I take in the matter is that it should be forgotten as soon as possible. You may do what you consider your duty. My business prevents me from accompanying you. I shall consign you to the care of my daughter."

He opened the door of the adjoining room and called "Ilse!"

"Here, father," answered a rich-toned voice.

The proprietor went into the next room. "Come here, Ilse, I have a special commission for you to-day. There are two strange gentlemen from one of the Universities here. They are looking for a book which is supposed to have been concealed in our house ages ago. Conduct them through the house and open all the rooms to them."

"But, father——" interposed the daughter.

"It matters not," continued the proprietor, "it must be." He approached closer to her and spoke in a low

tone: "They are two scholars and are crack-brained"—he pointed to his head. "What they imagine is madness, and I only give in to them in order to have peace in the future. Be cautious, Ilse; I do not know the people. I must go to the farm, but will tell the Inspector to remain near the house. They appear to me two honest fools, but the devil may trust."

"I have no fear, father," answered the daughter; "the house is full of people; we shall be able to manage."

"Take care that none of the maids are about, whilst the strangers are sounding the walls and measuring. For the rest, they do not look to me as if they would find much, even though all the walls were built up with books. But you must not allow them to break through or injure the walls."

"I understand, father," said the daughter. "Do they remain to dinner?"

"Yes, your duty will continue till evening. The housekeeper can superintend the dairy for you."

The friends heard fragments of the conversation through the door; after the first words of instruction they went quickly to the window, and talked aloud about the great accumulation of straw on the top of the barn, which, according to the Doctor, was a stork's nest, while the Professor maintained that storks did not build their nests on such a height. But intermingled with this talk the Professor said in a low tone: "It is very uncomfortable for us to continue in this humiliating position. But we can only convince the proprietor by our perseverance."

"Perhaps we may yet discover something," said the Doctor. "I have some experience in masonry. As a boy I found opportunity while our house was building, to obtain a fair degree of knowledge in statics and climbing rafters. It is well that the tyrant leaves us alone. Do you entertain the daughter, I will meanwhile sound the walls."

Whoever has followed an uncertain scent knows full well how difficult on a near approach are things which at a distance appeared easy. While at first the deceitful Goddess of Hope paints all favorable chances in bright colors, the very work of searching raises all possible doubts. The alluring picture fades, despondency and weariness cast their shadows across it; and what in the beginning was a happy venture becomes at last a mere effort of perseverance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD HOUSE.

The proprietor re-entered with his whip in his hand and behind him the stately maiden of the churchyard. "Here is my daughter Ilse; she will represent me."

The friends bowed. It was the same beautiful countenance; but instead of exalted emotion, there now rested

on her features a business-like dignity. She greeted the gentlemen calmly, and invited them to breakfast in the next room. She expressed herself simply, but again the friends listened with admiration to the deep tones of her melodious voice.

"Before you begin your search you must sit down at my table; it is our custom," said the host, in better humor—on him also the presence of the daughter had a softening influence. "We meet again at noon." So saying, he departed.

The friends followed into the next room—a large dining-room. There were chairs along the wall; in the middle a long table, at the upper end of which three covers were laid. The young girl seated herself between the gentlemen and offered them a cold repast—"When I saw you in the churchyard, I thought that you would visit my father; the table has been set for you for some time." The friends ate a little, and thanked her still more.

"I regret that our coming should make such a demand on your time," said the Professor, gravely.

"My task is easy," answered the young girl. "I fear that yours will give you more trouble. There are many sitting-rooms in the house as well as bedrooms and attics."

"I have already told your father," answered the Professor, laughing, "that it is not our intention to examine the building like masons. Pray look upon us as curious people who only wish to see this remarkable house, in so far as it would otherwise be opened to guests."

"The house may be considered remarkable by strangers," said Ilse: "we like it because it is warm and roomy; and when my father had been some years in possession of the estate, and had the means to do so, he had the house comfortably arranged to please my deceased mother. We require plenty of room, as I have six younger brothers and sisters, and it is a large estate. The officials of the farm eat with us; then there are the tutor and Mamselle, and in the servants' hall there are also twenty people."

The Doctor regarded his neighbor with a look of disappointment. What had become of the Sibyl? She spoke sensibly and very much like a citizen; with her something might be accomplished.

"As we are searching for hollow spaces," he began slyly, "we would rather trust to your guidance, if you would tell us whether there are any places in the wall, or on the ground, or anywhere here in the house, that you know of, which could be discovered by knocking?"

"Oh, there are plenty of such places!" answered Ilse. "If, in my room, one knocks upon the wall at the back of the small cupboard, it is evident there is an empty space behind; then there is the flagstone under the stairs, and many flags in the kitchen, and still more in other parts of the house, regarding which every one has his conjectures."

The Doctor had taken out his memorandum book and noted the suspicious places.

The inspection of the house began. It was a fine old building; the walls of the lower story were so thick that the Doctor with extended arms could not span the depths of the window niches. He eagerly undertook the sounding and began measuring the walls. The cellars were partly hewn in the rock. In some places the rough stone still projected, and one could perceive where the wall rested on the rock. There were vast vaults, the small windows in the top of which were protected by strong iron bars,—in ancient times a secure refuge against the shot and assault of the enemy. All was dry and hollow, for the house was built, as the Doctor had already before so acutely suggested in speaking of old buildings, with external and internal walls, and between them rubbish and crumbled stone. Naturally, therefore, the walls in many places sounded as hollow as a gourd. The Doctor knocked, and diligently took note. The knuckles of his hand became white and swelled, but the number of good places discouraged him.

From the cellar they went to the ground-floor. In the kitchen, kettles and pots were steaming, and the women who were working looked with curiosity at the demeanor of the strangers, for the Doctor kept stamping with his heel on the stone floor, and with his hands sounded the blackened side-wall of the hearth. Behind were storerooms and the visitors' rooms. In one of these they found a woman in mourning, occupied in arranging the beds. It was the mother from the churchyard. She approached the strangers, and thanked them for having helped to pay the last honors to her child. The friends spoke kindly to her; she wiped her eyes with her apron and returned to her work.

"I begged her to remain at home to-day," said Ilse, "but she would not. It would, she thought, be good for her to have something to do, and we would need her help as you were coming to us."

It pleased our learned men to see that by the female members of the house, at least, they were considered as guests entitled to remain.

They went over the other side of the ground-floor, and once more examined the simple room in which they had been first received. Behind it lay the private room of the proprietor, a small unadorned chamber, in which were a press with shooting and riding gear, and a shelf for deeds and books; over the bed hung a sword and pistols, and on the writing-table there was a small model of a machine, and samples of corn and seeds in small bags; against the wall stood, in military array, gigantic water-boots, Russian leather boots, and top-boots for riding; and in the further corner half-boots of calf skin. In the next room they heard a man's voice, and the answers of children in regular succession.

"That is the school-room," said Ilse, smiling. As the door opened, both solo and chorus stopped. The teacher, a student with an intelligent face, rose to return the greeting of the newcomers. The children stared with astonishment at the unexpected interruption. Three boys and three girls sat at two tables, a vigorous, fair-haired race. "Those are Clara, Luise, Rickchen, Hans, Ernest, and Franz."

Clara, a girl of fourteen, almost grown up, and a youthful picture of her sister, rose with a courtesy. Hans, a sturdy boy, twelve years old, made an ineffectual attempt at a bow. The others remained standing straight, staring fixedly at the strangers, and then, as if having sufficiently performed a tiresome duty, dropped down into their places. Only little Franz, a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed urchin, seven years old, remained sitting grimly over his troublesome task, and made use of the interruption quickly to find in his book something for his next answer. Ilse stroked his hair, and asked the tutor, "How is he doing to-day?"

"He has studied his lesson."

"It is too difficult," cried Franz, bitterly.

The Professor begged the tutor not to disturb himself, and the progress recommenced through the bedroom of the boys, and of the tutor, and again through the storerooms, the ironing and wardrobe rooms. The Doctor had long since put his memorandum book in his pocket.

They returned to the main hall, where Ilse pointed out the stone slab on the step. The Doctor knelt down again, tried it, and said despondingly, "Hollow, again." Ilse ascended the staircase.

"Up here live I and the girls."

"Here, then, our curiosity comes to an end," replied the Professor, considerably; "you see even my friend abandons the search."

"But there is a fine view above; this, at least, you must see," said their guide. She opened a door. "This is my room." The friends stood on the threshold. "Come in," said Ilse, unembarrassed. "From this window you see the road by which you came to us."

With great hesitation did these men of refined feelings approach. This also was an unpretentious room; there was not even a sofa in it. The walls were painted blue; at the window was a work-table and some flowers; in a corner was the bed concealed by white curtains.

The friends walked immediately to the window, and looking out saw the little churchyard and the tops of the oaks, the small town in the valley, and the rows of trees behind, which ran in curved lines up the height where the view terminated. The Professor fixed his eyes on the old wooden church. How much in a few hours had his tone of mind altered! Glad expectation was followed by the seeming frustration of their hopes, and

yet this disappointment was succeeded by a pleasing repose.

"That is our road into the external world," pointed out Ilse; "we often look in that direction when father has been on his travels and we are expecting him, or when we hope for some good news by the postman. And when frequently our brother Franz declares he will go into the world away from his father and family, he thinks that the roads there will always look like a footpath bordered with willow trees."

"Is Franz the pet?" asked the Professor.

"He is my baby-brother; we lost our good mother while he was still a mere infant. The poor child never knew his mother; and once when he dreamt of her, the other children maintained that he had changed her into me, for she wore my dress and my straw hat. This is the cupboard in the wall," she said sorrowfully, pointing to a wooden door. The friends followed in silence, without looking at the cupboard. She stopped before the adjoining room, and opened the door: "This was my mother's room, it is unaltered, just as she left it; our father generally spends some time there on Sundays."

"We cannot allow you to lead us any further," said the Professor. "I cannot tell you how painful I feel our position in regard to you to be. Forgive us this indelicate intrusion upon your privacy."

"If you do not wish to see the house further," answered Ilse, with a look of gratitude, "I will gladly take you into our garden, and through the farmyard. Father will not be pleased if I withhold anything from you."

A back door led from the hall into the garden; the flower-beds were edged with box, and filled with summer flowers—the old indigenous plants of gardens. Vines climbed up the house, as far as the windows of the upper story, and the green grapes everywhere peeped through the bright foliage. A living hedge separated the flower-beds from the kitchen-garden, where, besides vegetables, there were hops climbing up high poles. Further on a large orchard, with a fine lawn, sloped down into a valley. There was nothing remarkable to be seen here; the flower-beds were in straight lines; the fruit trees stood in rows; the venerable box and hedge were stiffly trimmed, and without gaps. The friends looked back constantly over beds and flowers to the house, and admired the brown walls showing through the soft foliage of the vine, as well as the stonework of the windows and gables.

"In the time of our forefathers it was a Prince's residence," explained Ilse, "and they used to come here every year to hunt. But now nothing but the dark wood back there belongs to him. In it is a shooting box, where the head forester resides. Our Prince seldom comes into the district. It is a long time since we

have seen our dear Sovereign, and we live like poor orphans."

"Is he considered a good ruler?" asked the Professor.

"We do not know much about him; but we believe that he is good. Many years ago, when I was yet a child, he once breakfasted in our house, because there was no convenient place at Rossau. Then I was surprised that he wore no red mantle; and he patted me on the head, and gave me the good advice to grow, which I have honestly followed. It is said that he will come again this year to hunt. If he stops with us again the old house must put on its best attire, and there will be hot cheeks in the kitchen."

While they were walking peaceably among the fruit trees, a clear-toned bell sounded from the farmyard. "That is the call to dinner," said Ilse. "I will take you to your room; the maid will show you to the dining-room."

The friends found their valises in the visitors' room, and were shortly after summoned by a gentle knock at the door, and conducted into the dining-room. There the proprietor was awaiting them, together with half-a-dozen sun-burnt officials of the farm, the Mamselle, the tutor, and the children. When they entered, the proprietor spoke to his daughter in a window-niche; the daughter probably gave a favorable report of them, for he came toward them with unclouded countenance, and said in his abrupt way, "I hope you will put up with our fare." He then introduced the strangers to those present, calling them by their names, and adding, "two learned gentlemen from the University." Every one stood behind his chair, placed according to his station and age. The proprietor took the head of the table, next him Ilse; on the other side the Professor and Doctor; then on both sides the farm officials, after them, the Mamselle and the girls, the tutor and the boys. Little Franz approached his seat at the lower end of the table, folded his hands and monotonously pronounced a short grace. Then all the chairs were drawn forward at the same moment, and two maids in peasant costume brought in the dishes. It was a simple meal; a bottle of wine was placed between the strangers, the host and his family drank only beer.

Silently and zealously each one fell to; only at the upper end of the table was there any conversation. The friends expressed to the proprietor the pleasure which the house and its surroundings afforded them; and the host laughed ironically when the Doctor praised the thick walls of the house. Then the talk rambled on to the surrounding country, and the dialect and character of the peasantry.

"It has struck me again to-day," said the Professor, "with what suspicion the peasants regard us city folks. They regard our language, manners, and habits as those

of another race; and when I see what the agricultural laborer has in common with the so-called educated classes, I feel painfully that it is much too little."

"And whose fault is it," retorted the host, "but that of the educated classes? Do not take it amiss if I tell you, as a simple man, that this high cultivation pleases me as little as the ignorance and stubbornness which surprises you in our country people. You yourselves, for example, make a long journey, in order to find an old forgotten manuscript which was written by an educated man in a nation that has passed away. But I ask what have millions of men, who speak the same language as you, are of the same race, and live near you, gained by all the learning that you have acquired for yourselves and small numbers of wealthy people of leisure? When you speak to my laborers, they do not understand you. If you wished to speak to them of your learning, my farm hands would stand before you like negroes. Is that a sound state of affairs? I tell you, so long as this lasts, we are not a well-conditioned people."

"If your words are meant as a reproach to my vocation," answered the Professor, "you are unjust; for we are now actively employed in making the discoveries of the learned accessible to the people. That much more should be done in this direction, I do not deny. But at all periods serious scientific investigations, even when intelligible to a very small circle, have exercised an invisible influence on the souls and lives of the people in general. These scientific investigations develop the language, give certain tendencies to thought, gradually evolve customs, ethics and laws according to the needs of every age. Not only practical inventions and increasing wealth are facilitated by them; but also, what surely will not seem less important to you, the ideas of man about his own life, the manner in which he performs his duty toward others, the feeling with which he regards truth and falsehood,—for all this each one of us is indebted to the erudition of the nation, no matter how little interest he may take in the various investigations. And let me use an old simile. Science is like a great fire, which must be incessantly maintained in a nation, because flint and steel are unknown to them. I am one of those whose duty it is constantly to throw new logs into the great fire. It is the task of others to carry the holy flame throughout the land, to the villages and cottages. Every one whose object it is to diffuse the light, has his rights, and no one should think meanly or another."

"There is some truth in that," said the host thoughtfully.

"If the great fire does not burn," continued the Professor, "the single flames could not be spread. And, believe me, what most strengthens and elevates an honorable man of learning in the most difficult investigations, is the unshaken conviction, which is confirmed

by long experience, that his labors will in the end conduce to the benefit of mankind. They do not always help to invent new machines nor discover new plants for cultivation, but they are nevertheless effective for all, when they teach what is true and untrue, beautiful and ugly, good and bad. In this sense they make millions freer, and therefore better."

"I see at least by your words," said the host, "that you hold your vocation in high esteem; and I like that, for it is the characteristic of an honest man."

This conversation produced a pleasant frame of mind in both men. The Inspector rose, and in a moment all the chairs of the farm dignitaries were pushed back, and the children and most of the party left the room. Only the host, Ilse, and the guests sat together for some minutes longer in pleasant conversation. Then they went into the next room, where coffee was prepared. Ilse poured it out, while the proprietor from his seat scrutinized the unexpected guests.

The Professor set the empty cup down and began: "Our task here is ended, and we have to thank you for a hospitable reception. But I do not like to part without once more reminding you—"

"Why should you go?" interrupted the proprietor. "You have had a long journey to-day; you will not find either in the town or in the villages near any tolerable lodging, and, in the pressure of the harvest, perhaps not even a conveyance. Pray be contented to pass the night here; we have, besides, to resume our conversation of this morning," he added, good-humoredly, "and I am anxious to come to a good understanding before we part. Will you accompany me for a while into the field, where my presence is required? When I ride to the distant part of the farm, Ilse will take my place. In the evening we will have a little rational talk together."

The friends readily agreed to this proposal. The three men walked through the field engaged in genial conversation. The Professor was interested to see the large ears of a new variety of barley, which grew very densely, and the proprietor spoke thoughtfully of this new species of corn. They stopped where the laborers were busy. Then the overseer handed his report to the proprietor, after which they crossed the stubble to the sheaves. The proprietor glanced quickly over the collected shocks, the industrious people, and the patient horses in the harvest wagons; the friends observed with interest the intercourse between the master of the property and his subordinates and laborers; the short orders and pertinent answers; the zeal and cheerful aspect of the working people when they announced the number of the sheaves, all well-behaved, hard-working, and acting in unison. They returned with a feeling of respect for the man who ruled his little domain so firmly. On their way back they stopped to look at the foals which were gamboling about in a meadow behind the

barns, and when the Doctor praised, above all, two galloping browns, it appeared that he had admired the best horses, and the proprietor smiled upon him benignantly. At the entrance to the farmyard a groom brought a riding-horse, a powerful black, with strong limbs and broad chest: the Doctor stroked the horse's neck, and the proprietor examined the straps. "I am a heavy weight," he said, "and need a strong animal." He swung himself heavily into the saddle, and, taking off his cap, said, "We meet again this evening." And stately did horse and rider look, as they trotted along the road through the field.

"The young lady expects you," said the groom; "I am to escort you to her."

"Have we made any progress or not?" asked the Doctor, laughing, and taking hold of his friend's arm.

"A struggle has begun," answered the friend seriously, "and who can say what will be the result?"

Ilse was sitting in an arbor of honeysuckle in the garden, surrounded by the children. It was a pleasant sight to see the young fair-haired family together. The girls sat by their sister; the boys ran around the arbor playing, with their afternoon luncheon in their hands. Seven fresh, well-formed faces, as like each other as blossoms on the same tree, yet each developing itself at a different period of life, from Franz, whose round child's head resembled a blooming bud, to the beautiful, full-blown face and figure that sat in the center, brightly lighted up by the glancing rays of the sun. Again were the hearts of the friends excited by the appearance of the maiden and the sound of her voice, as she tenderly scolded little Franz because he had knocked the bread and butter out of his brother's hands. Again did the children stare suspiciously at the strangers, but the Doctor ignored the ceremonial of first acquaintance by taking Franz by the legs and placing him on his shoulders, seating himself with his rider in the arbor. The little lad sat for some minutes on his elevation quite surprised, and the children laughed aloud at his round eyes looking so frightened at the stranger's head between his little legs. But the laughter of the others gave him courage, and he began to pummel lustily with his legs, and to brandish his bread triumphantly round the locks of the stranger. Thus the acquaintance was made; a few minutes later, the Doctor went with the children through the garden, allowing himself to be chased, and trying to catch the shouting crew between the flower-beds.

"If you like, we will go where you can have the best view of our house," said Ilse, to the Professor.

Surrounded by the children they walked along the road that led to the church. A winding footpath ran down to the bottom, where a strip of meadow bordered the bubbling brook. From this deep dell they ascended some hundred steps. Before them rose from the copse

a huge rock; they passed round it and stood by a stone grotto. The rock formed the portal and walls of a cave which penetrated about ten paces into the hill. The ground was level, covered with white sand; bramble-bushes and wild roses hung down over the entrance; in the midst of them grew a large bush of willow-rose; it hung with its thick blossoms like a plume of red feathers over the rocky arch of the grotto. The trace of an old wall on the side showed that the cave had once been a refuge either for the oppressed or the lawless; at the entrance lay a stone, the upper surface of which had been smoothed for a seat; in the obscure light of the background stood a stone bench.

"There is our house," said Ilse, pointing over the valley to the height where the gables rose behind the fruit trees of the garden. "It is so near that a loud call would be heard here."

The friends looked from the twilight of the cave into the bright light of day, on the stone house and the trees which stood below it.

"All is quiet in the wood," continued Ilse; "even the voice of the birds has ceased; they have left their nests for the harvest fields, where they congregate in flocks."

"I hear a gentle murmur, like the gurgling of water," said the Professor.

"A stream runs over the stones below," explained Ilse. "Now it is scanty, but in the spring much water collects from the hills. Then the sound of the rushing water becomes loud, and the brook courses wildly over the stones; it covers the meadows below, fills the whole valley, and rises up to the copse-wood. But in warm weather this is a pleasant resting-place for us all. When my father bought the estate the cave was overgrown, the entrance choked up with stones and earth, and it was the abode of owls. He had it opened and cleared."

The Professor examined the cave with curiosity, and struck the red rock with his stick. Ilse standing apart watched him with troubled look. "Now he is beginning his search," she thought.

"It is all old stone," she exclaimed.

The Doctor had been clambering outside the cave with the children. He now freed himself from Hans, who had just confided to him that there was among the thick alder bushes the empty nest of a mountain titmouse.

"This must be a wonderful place for the legends of the country," he exclaimed, with delight; "there cannot be a more charming home for the spirits of the valley."

"People talk absurd stuff about it," rejoined Ilse, with a tone of disapprobation. "They say that little dwarfs dwell here, and that their footsteps can be perceived in the sand, yet the sand was first brought here by my father. Nevertheless, the people are frightened, and when evening comes the women and children of the

laborers do not like to pass it. But they conceal this from us, as my father cannot bear superstition."

"The dwarfs are evidently not in favor with you," answered the Doctor.

"As there are none, we ought not to believe in them," replied Ilse, eagerly. "Men ought to believe what the Bible teaches; not in wild beings that, as they say in the village, fly through the wood in the night. Lately an old woman was ill in a neighboring village, no one would bring her any food, and they disgracefully rejoiced in her sickness because they thought the poor woman could change herself into a black cat and injure the cattle. When we first heard of it, the woman was in danger of dying of starvation. This idle talk is therefore wicked."

The Doctor had meanwhile noted down the dwarfs in his tablets; but he looked dissatisfied at Ilse, who, speaking from the dusk in the rear of the cave, resembled a legendary figure.

"She does not object to sly Jacob, who deceived his blind father by putting kid skins on his arms; but our fairy lore is distasteful to her."

He put his tablets up again and went with Hans to the titmouse.

The Professor had, with amusement, observed the secret vexation of his friend; but Ilse turned to him, saying:

"I am surprised that your friend takes note of such stories; it is not right, such things should be forgotten."

"You know that he himself does not believe in them," answered the Professor, in excuse. "What he searches for are only the traditions of the people. For these legends originated in a time when our whole nation believed in these spirits, as they do now the teachings of the Bible. He collects these reminiscences in order to ascertain what was the faith and poetry of our ancestors."

The maiden was silent. Then after a time she said: "This also, then, is connected with your labors."

"It is," replied the Professor.

"It is good to listen to you," continued Ilse, "for your mode of speech is different from ours. Formerly when it was said of any one, he speaks like a book, I thought it was a reproach; but there is no doubt that this is the correct expression, and it gives one pleasure to listen."

Thus saying, with her large open eyes she looked from the interior of the grotto at the scholar, who stood in the entrance leaning against the stone, brightly lighted up the rays of the sun.

"There are, however, many books that talk badly," answered the Professor, smiling; "and nothing tires one so much as lengthy book-wisdom from living mouths."

"Yes, yes," acquiesced Ilse. "We have an acquaintance, a learned woman, Frau Rollmaus. When she visits us on Sundays, she places herself on the sofa, and begins a discourse with my father. He cannot escape

her, turn which way he will, she knows how to pin him down by talking about the English and Circassians, comets and poets. But the children discovered she had a cyclopedia for conversation, from which she gathers it all; and when anything happens in the country, or the newspapers make a noise about anything, she reads in the cyclopedia what bears upon it. We have procured the same book, and when her visit is impending, we think over what subject is then uppermost. Then the children look out and read this beforehand, Saturday evenings; and our father also listens and himself looks at the book, and the next day the children are delighted that father vanquishes the lady by means of her own book; for our book is a newer edition, and has new events in it of which she knows little."

"So Sunday is the time when we can win honors here," said the Professor.

"In winter we meet often during the week," continued Ilse. "But there is not much intercourse in the neighborhood; and if we sometimes chance to have a visitor who leaves some pleasant thoughts behind, we are grateful and preserve them faithfully."

"Yet the best thoughts are those which come to men from their own exertions," said the Professor, kindly. "The little that I have seen on the estate here tells me how beautifully life can thrive, even when far removed from the noisy bustle of the world."

"That was a friendly speech," exclaimed Ilse. "But we are not lonely here; and we do interest ourselves about the country people, and about the great world. When the neighboring proprietors come to visit, not a word is said about the farm, and amusing subjects are talked of. Then there is our dear Herr Pastor, who tells us about things in foreign parts, and reads the newspapers that are taken by my father with us. And when there are applications in them for contributions to serve a good object, the children are liberal, and each gives his mite from his savings, but our father gives abundantly. And Hans, as the eldest, collects, and has the right to pack up the money, and in the accompanying letter he sets down the initial of the name of each that has contributed. Then afterwards there comes a printed receipt, when each looks for his own initial. Often a wrong one has been printed, and this vexes the children."

From the distance they heard the cries and laughter of the children, who were returning with the Doctor from their excursion. The maiden rose, the Professor approached her, and said with much feeling:

"Whenever my thoughts revert to this day, it will be with a feeling of heartfelt gratitude for the manner in which you have so honestly spoken of your happy life to a stranger."

Ilse looked at him with innocent confidence.

"You are not a stranger to me; I saw you at the child's grave."

The joyous troop surrounded them both, and they proceeded further into the valley.

It was evening when they returned to the house where the proprietor was already awaiting them. After supper the elders passed another hour together. The strangers gave an account of their tour, and told the last news from the world; and then there was conversation on politics, and Ilse rejoiced that her father and the strangers agreed so well on the subject. When the cuckoo on the house clock proclaimed that it was ten, they separated with a friendly good-night.

The housemaid lighted the strangers to their bedroom. Ilse sat on a chair with her hands folded on her lap, looking silently before her. After a short time the proprietor came from his room and took the bedroom candle from the table.

"What, still up Ilse? How do the strangers please you?"

"Well, father," said the maiden, gently.

"They are not such simpletons as they look," said the host, pacing to and fro. "What he said of the great fire was right," he repeated, "and that about our little governments was also right. The younger would have made a good schoolmaster; and as for the tall one, by heaven it is a shame that he has not worn jack-boots these four years; he would be a clever inspector. Good-night, Ilse."

"Good-night, father." The daughter rose and followed her father to the door. "Do the strangers remain here to-morrow, father?"

"Hum," said the host, meditating. "They will remain for dinner at all events; I will show them over the farm. See that you have something nice for dinner."

"Father, the Professor has never in his life eaten young pig," said the daughter.

"Ilse, what are you thinking of? My pig for the sake of Tacitus!" exclaimed the proprietor. "No, I cannot stand that; be content with your poultry. Stop! Just hand me the volume of the encyclopædia lettered T, I want to read up about that fellow."

"Here, father; I know where it is."

"See! See!" said the father, "just like Frau Rollmaus. Good-night."

(To be continued.)

Half knowledge is worse than ignorance.—*Macaulay.*

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—*Richter.*

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accident alone, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed, some day or two, some century or two; but it is sure as life, it is sure as death!—*Carlyle.*

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THE VALUE OF DOUBT IN THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

BY GEN. M. M. TRUMBULL.

Doubt is Reason's first born, her handsomest child. It is the guardian of truth, warning us forever against fraud. When society becomes honest, unbelief will be taught in the Sunday schools. Active doubt is a mental exercise, but credulity enfeebles the brain. Doubt arms us against impostors, while superstitious trust, like a confidence operator, cajoles its victim in order that confederates may cheat the soul of its freedom.

Rational faith stimulates to moral work. This faith is based on evidence such as courts require. It is the growth of knowledge, the condensed experience of thousands of years, for Nature knows not caprice, and her truth abideth forever. It is trust in the infallible Almanac, whose promises of sun and moon fail not, and whose prophecies will surely be fulfilled. Not for all the prayers of all the saints will the sun stand still upon Gibeon. Faith in wisdom is moral science, for we have learned that as the world grows wiser it grows better. Out of this learning springs belief in a nobler manhood growing up, in a larger liberty and a better law. This natural and scientific faith is in shining contrast to that dark faith which is "counted for righteousness," and serves as a substitute for it. There is a spurious virtue called faith, born in the cloisters, and therefore blind, like the fishes in the Mammoth Cave, which need not eyes because they have no light. This faith is an imbecile trust in other people's gifts; in the medicine men who profess to cure souls; in fable, miracle and hearsay; a mischievous deception persuading little children, and big children, too, that the more incredible the story the greater is the merit in believing it. "Blessed are they who have *not* seen, and yet have believed."

If the mind were visible like the body and could carry to the end of life the marks of early ill usage, how many of our souls would be found covered all over with bruises and scars, the marks of a religious discipline which taught us how unlawful it was to reason, and that to doubt was mortal sin. Like the feet of Chinese children, our minds were crippled in infancy, and many of them have been lame ever since. They are not as useful to us as they would have been if strengthened in childhood by the healthful exercise of doubt. The priests who heard our childish confessions, and absolved

us from our sins, ought to confess to us now, and obtain our absolution for the wrong they did us in youth, when they taught us the danger of reasoning, and that intellectual darkness is a help to our salvation.

Children should be warned against all fables and superstitions—historical, religious or political. They should be advised to doubt hearsay and to analyze evidence. Above all things they should be taught in the Sunday schools and out of them that God has no use for a lie to aid him in the moral government of the world. They should be taught that truth is the vital principle of all morality, and its discovery the sublimest achievement of wisdom.

As credulity may be a condition of weak and imbecile assent, so doubt may be a state of stubborn and conceited contradiction. Rational doubt is that mental poise, that calm judicial opinion which declares that the evidence offered is incompetent, incredible, or insufficient. The soft-headed fool believes all that he hears; the hard-headed fool rejects all testimony but his own. He believes nothing outside his own experience. He will ask you to believe his account of some wonderful occurrence, although he candidly says that if he had not seen it he would not have believed it himself.

There are two kinds of history, sacred and profane. Sacred history is the history of that which never happened. Profane history is the history of that which did happen or might have happened. So long as a narrative remains probable, or even possible, it is profane history. When it reaches that stage of development where it becomes impossible, supernatural, and a miracle, it is expelled from profane history. It either passes out of existence altogether or becomes "sacred."

The histories which our children study at school, are stimulants to the imagination, and like other stimulants they become dangerous in excess. While valuable moral instruction may be imparted through the imagination, yet it should be the duty of the teachers to aid the children in separating the fanciful from the real, the false from the true. Mr. Dickens has given us a very unpleasing person in Thomas Gradgrind, but after all, there is a grain of wisdom in his obstinate demand for "facts."

Some historical statements are improbable in themselves; and some are improbable because of outside circumstances. Thus, we are informed that once upon

a time some envious person informed Mr. Lincoln that Gen. Grant was in the habit of getting drunk. The President answered that he wished his other generals would drink the same kind of liquor. This story is not improbable in itself, but when we read in English history the same anecdote of George the Second and Gen. Wolfe, it becomes doubtful; especially when we can trace it back "through all the centuries," to the time of Alexander the Great, where the trail of it is lost in the *chaparral* of tradition.

Some history shows both defects. Gen. Sherman, in his "Memoirs," tells us that at the beginning of the war he was a Colonel in Washington; that just after the battle of Bull Run an officer of a New York regiment came to him and said that his time was out, and that he was going home. Col. Sherman told him that if he dared to leave he would shoot him. The officer complained of this threat to the President, who answered: "Well, if Col. Sherman said he would shoot you, I wouldn't trust him, for I believe he would do it." This camp-fire story must be rejected as improbable in itself, because an officer intending to desert is not likely to tell his Colonel about it, and if the Colonel should threaten to shoot him, the officer would not have the impudence to carry the matter in person to the President of the United States; and if he did, the President would hardly speak so positively of a mere Colonel, who, as yet, had made no reputation whatever.

The story must be rejected for the other reason also. Unfortunately for Gen. Sherman the same anecdote is related of Gen. Crawford, who commanded a division under Lord Wellington in Spain. He threatened to shoot a contractor, should he not supply shoes for the division by a certain day. The contractor appealed to Lord Wellington, who assured him that Gen. Crawford had no authority to shoot him, but, he added, "If I were you I would have the shoes ready, for if Crawford said he would shoot you, he will." The same incident is related of Julius Cæsar and Gen. Titus Labienus, and of several other generals in ancient and modern times.

Children studying history should be advised that their doubts ought not to be more unreasonable than the statements doubted. Some time ago there was a noted Indian Chief in the western country, by the name of Spotted Tail—he is now, fortunately, in the happy hunting grounds—who was engaged in controversy with the United States government, about his reservation, or his rations, or something; and the Secretary of the Interior sent word to him to come to Washington, and present his complaint in person. To this invitation the noble son of the forest replied, that if he needed anything of the Secretary he would go to him; if the Secretary wished anything of him let him come to him. Cæsar tells us in his *Commentaries*, that on a

certain occasion he sent to Ariovistus, King of the Germans, and requested an interview with him. Ariovistus returned this answer, "*Si quid ipsi a Cæsare opus esset, sese ad eum venturum fuisse; si quid ille se venit, illum ad se venire oportere*," which is the very same answer that Spotted Tail sent to the Secretary of the Interior. A newspaper critic in New York thereupon accused Spotted Tail of plagiarizing from the speech of Ariovistus. The criticism is unsound, because it is more likely that Spotted Tail accidentally adopted the answer of Ariovistus, than that he should be learned in the Latin tongue.

The mixture of mythology and legend, of fact and fable which constitutes ancient history, requires great discrimination in the reading of it, and teachers can render valuable service to their pupils if, instead of exciting within them the love of the marvellous, they will teach them to discriminate and doubt. Much of ancient history must be rejected, no matter how entertaining or delightful it may be; not only that of the primitive nations, Assyria, Babylon and Egypt, stretching away back to the very dawn of historic civilization, but also that of the more modern, and as we are taught to believe, the more enlightened nations of Greece and Rome.

The history of Queen Dido and the founding of Carthage is evidently a childish fable. A woman, intending to found a new empire, emigrates to a foreign country and bargains with the inhabitants for a lease of so much land as could be covered with a bullock's hide; then she cheats the grantors by cutting the hide into very fine strips, mere fiddle strings, in fact, which enclose a much larger territory than the grantors intended to convey. Upon this bit of ground the new capital is laid out, which in due time will become the greatest maritime city on the globe.

The above specimen of ancient history taken from the school books presents a fine opportunity for a conscientious teacher. Here he may do some excellent work in presenting to the scholars the improbability of the story, and the dishonest character of the bargain on the part of Queen Dido. There is also a chance for a fine quality of moralizing on the failure that follows fraud. He can show that in a lawsuit to rescind the contract Queen Dido must have been beaten; in which case the lawyer's fees and the costs would have amounted to more than the hide and the land were worth.

Another kind of historical imposture, and one which easily entraps the judgment of children because of their glowing imaginations, is the trick of inflating mere commonplace incidents into deeds of heroism, such, for example, as the achievement of Paul Revere immortalized in the picturesque verse of Longfellow. Paul's glory consisted in this:

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.'"

The British did march that night, the lantern was hung in the belfry arch, and Paul spurred his horse to Lexington and Concord. He woke up the people and they did the fighting. The rider is immortal, the fighters are among the "unnamed demigods." Few of their countrymen are able to tell the names of any of them without looking at the book. No man in history ever bought so much fame for so small a price as Paul Revere. Is there man, woman, or boy in the land who would not willingly ride all night to give warning of an enemy's march? Yet this was the achievement of Paul Revere. For this, towns and villages have been named after him and innumerable hotels. There is no name so popular for a country tavern as Revere.

In teaching history it is important that the pupil be warned against the prejudices of the historian; especially should he consider whether the historian may not be influenced by political, religious, national or personal bias. Let him bear in mind that Macaulay was a Whig, while Hume was a Tory. This does not mean that either of them would falsify history, but each paints it with his party colors. In proof of this let the student contrast Macaulay's *Charles the First*, with that of Hume. Let it be impressed upon the pupil that Lingard was a Roman Catholic priest, while Froude is a fervent Protestant and a bitter antagonist of Rome. The influence of religious bias on those two popular historians may be seen in the disagreement between them as to the merits and deficiencies of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. In this department of historical study, doubt may perform a very useful and important work.

The unreliable mixture that passes for ancient history may be accounted for in this way. The ancient nations probably had their novelists and poets as we have now. They had historians, too. When they were conquered or supplanted by some other race, the conquerors naturally took all the narrative literature they could find and called it history. Suppose the Goths and Vandals should overrun our country now; how could they separate the novels of Cooper from the histories of Bancroft? Some novelists write like historians, and some historians write like novelists. How could the Goths discriminate between Hume and Sir Walter Scott? Indeed, if they were an imaginative people they would probably regard the gorgeous descriptions in *Ivanhoe* as much better history than Hume's account of Cœur de Lion and his brother John.

How like veritable autobiography is Daniel De Foe's account of the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, of York, Mariner! What grief and sense of wrong have come upon us all when told for the first time that *Robinson Crusoe* is a novel and not a history! How long belief and doubt upon this matter swung backward and forward in the mind! Sometimes for years. There are some people—of good brain, too—who maintain the reality of this tough sailor until they actually visit Bunhill fields graveyard in the city of London, and read upon De Foe's tombstone the brazen confession of the dead man underneath, that he was the author of *Robinson Crusoe*; that this delightful history is the work of his imagination; that in point of fact there never was any Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; and consequently, no Poll parrot to converse with him in the Yorkshire dialect; no dog to go a-hunting with him after coons and rabbits, no umbrella, no tall cap made of the skin of a pelican, or whatever the bird was, no man Friday escaping from the barbecue, no nothing. And must this delusion still go on? How long shall boys and girls be deceived by those fictitious adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner? Until our race has been supplanted by some other, or until the great round world itself shall become once more an uninhabited country on whose shores there shall be stamped no human footprint in the sand.

Students of history should be taught that all "word-paint" and all equivocal statements must be regarded with suspicion. An eloquent exaggeration tells us that in a certain battle Company G had eighty-three men engaged, and at evening roll-call only thirteen answered to their names. We find out afterwards that this is nothing but a daub of "word-painting," for the official return of casualties informs us that Company G had only two men killed and seven wounded. The statement that only thirteen men answered to their names at roll-call is true; the inference that all the rest were left upon the battle-field is false. They may have run away. They may have been marauding around, or—anything.

Hero-worship is a very popular form of religion, and the practice of it adulterates history. It takes the reason prisoner, and makes imposture easy. For example, reading this article to the lady of the house for her opinion of it, the girl-baby of the house, a critic twelve years old, whose opinion was not called for, gave it vigorously. Stamping her foot angrily, she said: "It is not a good 'piece'; I do not like it; I will not hear a word said against Paul Revere." Who will dare to criticize that baby critic? Have we not, all of us, our favorite heroes to whom we surrendered? Yes, all of us, every one.

When Grant captured Lee, he captured nearly all the rest of the American people, so that he can weave

camp-fire yarn into infallible history which it would be heretical and unpatriotic to contradict. So it is with Sherman, Porter, Rosecrans and other famous chieftains, who have written of the war in books and magazines. They are heroes, and to hero-worshippers they are also oracles. In the warm patriotic air their fables blossom into facts, and the impossible becomes true. Much of their word history is fictitious and fanciful as the story of Romulus and Remus, but we accept it blindly and loyally in the temples of hero-worship where we all delight to kneel and offer praise. In the study of history, doubt is the beginning of wisdom.

PROGRESSIVE ORTHODOXY.

BY C. K. WHIPPLE.

Readers of Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*, will remember the description there given of an association wielding immense power and influence, which, from its central office in one country, established stations and maintained agents in all other countries, and issued orders to which absolute, exact and unreasoning obedience was required, irrespective of any scruple dictated by conscience or humanity. The policy of the association was revealed only in part either to these agents or to those confiding souls who furnished funds for their expenditure; but all its operations, secret or open, just or unjust, were invariably assumed to be "for the glory of God."

An association resembling the one above sketched in sundry of its characteristics, especially in its method of operation and its assumed object, actually exists in our own age and in this country. Its central office is in Boston, Massachusetts, and it calls itself "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions."

The method by which this association proposes to "promote the glory of God" is to publish everywhere the details of a "plan of salvation" which they assume to have been formed by Him; this "plan" being to rescue from a hell of everlasting fiery torture which He himself had already prepared for mankind, those individuals who should believe and accept certain theological doctrines; doctrines, be it remarked, more or less repugnant to reason, justice and mercy.

The preaching of this "plan of salvation" (with its necessary assumption of impending damnation) is very old, and instances of the rejection of it as odious and abominable, occur at intervals through all the Christian ages. For instance, in A. D. 692, the Frisian pagan chieftain Radbod "had already immersed one of his royal legs in the baptismal font, when a thought struck him, 'Where are my dead forefathers at present?' he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfran. 'In hell with all other unbelievers,' was the imprudent answer. 'Mighty well,' replied Radbod, removing his leg, 'then will I rather feast in the halls of Woden with my ances-

tors than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven.' Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause an eternal separation from his buried kindred, and he died as he had lived, a heathen."

A few of the missionaries of the American Board have lately ventured upon expression of the same doubt and difficulty which Radbod long ago expressed. They find that the heathen of the present day also are shocked at the idea that all their ancestors are in hell, and they warn the Board that one manifest effect of the preaching, or the necessary implication of this doctrine has been, is, and will be to prevent the acceptance of the system to which this doctrine belongs.

A few missionaries, I say, *ventured* to express this doubt; and the result of their frankness shows that it was a hazardous thing to do, involving the loss of their occupation, and dismissal under such imputation of incompetence and unworthiness as to peril their professional reputation and their chance of employment elsewhere. The same risk attends similar frankness on the part of orthodox ministers in this country, and a competent witness speaks of "Dr. Smyth, in Massachusetts, and Dr. Woodrow, in Georgia, fighting for their lives, their fortune and their sacred honor in this battlefield." In fact, the Orthodox Congregational Church, upon the creed and customs of which this American Board was founded, lives and grows only by cultivating assumption instead of reason; only by taking for granted, and insisting on the *duty* of taking for granted, in place of granting open field, in pulpit and press, for comparison of its doctrines with other doctrines, and for fair consideration of the reasons of each. The members of the Young Men's Christian Association (an auxiliary of the church) are enjoined by their leaders "to talk kindly, but avoid argument;" and so thoroughly is this rule adhered to by old and young of that sect, that neither candor nor cart-ropes will constrain one of them to friendly conference with a doubter in regard to the reasons for his faith; and this in spite of the injunction of that scripture which they pretend to be their rule, "Being ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you a reason concerning the hope that is in you." A beginning of free debate upon questions of this class has lately been made by two secular periodicals, *The North American Review* and *The Forum*, but the church continues to keep her porcupine's attitude.

When it appeared that the missionaries were to be dismissed and discredited for laxity in regard to the "plan of salvation," a few clergymen here at home ventured to speak in their defense, or in mitigation of damages. But, mindful of the customs of the church, and of the manifold risk to themselves of condoning heterodoxy, they kept on safe ground, roaring as gently before the clerical brotherhood as Bottom proposed to

do in the lion's part when ladies were present, and seeming rather to desire terms of compromise than full vindication of liberty of thought and speech. The Board were willing to make some guarded compromise, and the trouble seemed likely to be evaded and postponed rather than settled, when a new Deborah arose, and the bull was taken squarely by the horns by a woman! One, too, who had elsewhere described herself as "an Orthodox Congregationalist born and bred."

In *The North American Review* for February of last year appeared an article entitled "Future Probation" by Gail Hamilton. This is the pseudonym of a lady of Massachusetts, now well known for piquancy of style and independence of thought upon various matters of public interest, but whose literary reputation began with a series of articles in the *Congregationalist*, a paper now earnest in defense of the Board and in opposition to its tender-hearted missionaries.

Instead of pursuing the cautious method of the clerical apologists, Gail Hamilton, in the article above mentioned, goes directly and thoroughly to the root of the matter, judging of it in accordance with reason, justice, and a reverential estimate of God's character and purpose. She says:

"Is a future probation, or a present probation, or a second probation, or a probation in Adam, or any kind of probation, a feature of the Divine government of the world, or is it merely a human device? If it is the latter, it may be altogether swept away from religion, if not from theology.

* * *

"Is not the time ripe to repudiate the whole theory? It may have been the best possible effort of the human mind. But we ought to pay our debt to the past by bringing in a better hope for the future. Give to the dead past this dead scheme, this lifeless, limited, mechanical 'plan of salvation,' which is rather a plan of damnation, and let us, in the new light which has broken forth from God's holy word and from His unfolding world, see, no longer through a glass darkly, that when the Angel of the Lord proclaimed good tidings of great joy to all people, he meant what he said. It is not good tidings of great joy to all people if only one little, warm, narrow gulf stream of life is coursing through the wide, cold, bitter ocean of death. It is not good tidings of great joy to all people if Rev. J. D. Davis speaks truth in declaring that 'there are eight hundred million souls within our reach who have never heard the Gospel, the great mass of whom, on any possible theory, will forever perish, unless we give them, at once, the bread of life.' It would be most wicked in God to let the happiness of eight hundred millions of people depend forever on so frail a reed as the fitful, uncertain, and certainly feeble action of a few thousand people on the other side of their world who never saw them, who know next to

nothing about them, and who have much ado to keep their own heads above water. It is not good tidings of great joy if all hangs on the doubtful rhetoric that the church be 'waked up and shaken out over the outer rim, as it were, of that fearful abyss of woe which yawns just before these heathen millions, as well as before so many millions here at home.' If this is what Christ came for, the angel should have announced bad tidings of great woe which should be to most people. Heaven be praised that our angels of annunciation were of heaven and not of earth!

"All notion of future probation, or second probation, or first probation, or another chance, or a chance after death, or any chance at all, is utterly unworthy of such a conception of God as the holy men of old and the holy men of to-day have enabled us to form. It is miserably unworthy of such a conception of life, of religion, of Christianity as Christ, and even as the Apostles preached. It is pitifully weak for such a conception of the nature, the degradation, the disintegration of sin as intelligent observation of the world in the revealing light of Christianity ought to give us. If the possibility of repentance or salvation after death would cut the nerve of Christian missions, then that nerve ought to be cut, and the Christian missionaries themselves ought to be converted, for they are carrying to the heathen a false Gospel, and have themselves no adequate conception and no healthy horror of sin.

* * *

"We know that there are now on the earth tribes of men who are savages, uncouth, horrible, in mode of life more unlike the highest man than they are unlike the highest beasts. Yet we know, too, that in them is something which differentiates them even from the highest beasts—a cultivable spiritual quality which in the beast is utterly wanting. Through every grade we mount upward to the highest peaks of humanity—men and women of pure heart, clear head, unselfish life. Why is it not the simplest, the most reasonable, the natural belief that this great human host was put upon the earth for education, not for probation; that the world was made for man; that all the ages of preparation through which the earth was shaping itself from a void and formless, a seething and roaring mass, into a stable and habitable home, it was shaping itself under fatherly guidance for the dwelling place of that most finely organized animal which was to receive the breath of Divine Life, and become of all created beings upon this earth the only spiritual being—sons of God? It would be quite in the nature of all other things that man should begin low down, just above the beasts, and end high up just below the angels.

* * *

"What room is there for probation here? The wretchedest cannibal that ever breathed was as truly a

child of God as the greatest philosopher. He had received the boon of spiritual life. He was a part of the plan of creation. He must be involved in the plan of redemption. How? I do not know; but a righteous God could never leave him out. What we do see and know, as a matter of evidence, is that the trend of humanity is upward, and it is impossible to believe that eternal force will ever bend and fix it downward."

Many critics of our time have assailed orthodoxy from without, some wisely and justly, some with calumnious misrepresentation. But the words of Gail Hamilton above quoted make the most effective indictment of it from within that has appeared in the present generation; for they address not merely the American Board and its supporters, but all the clergy and churches of orthodoxy; not Moody and Sankey and their followers only, but every one who teaches or accepts that "plan of salvation" which presupposes a plan of damnation. It remains to be seen how many of the orthodox body will follow this courageous lead, and how many contributors to the annual half million which the American Board is accustomed to receive, will find a better use for their money.

LOVE OF TRUTH.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

We must make candid search of our own hearts before we can honestly consecrate ourselves to the spirit of truth. Absolute truthfulness, by which I mean a literal correspondence between action and feeling, is both impossible and unnecessary, since our general conversation and behavior is rightly governed by a sense of the becoming and regard for others. We can preserve an untroubled and even gay exterior when inwardly disturbed by many things; while only the egotist or the boor thinks it necessary to deliver himself on all occasions of his most disagreeable opinions. The spirit of truth is a much larger thing than the mere letter. It is the letter which often kills the spirit, as may be seen in every theological or philosophical controversy that has engaged men's minds on opposite sides. Many a man is able to preach down all the better impulses of the heart by a narrow reasoning on manifest outward facts. The truth is we are all special pleaders when brought to the bar of conscience, being quick to urge a host of plausible excuses why our conduct should not be expected to match the homely pattern of our neighbors.

"What a devil of sophistry lurks in every man," says Auerbach. This disposition to square the fact with our mental preconception of it has been described by Browning as,

"The instinctive theorizing, whence a fact
Looks to the eye as the eye likes the look."

The desire to escape the logical conclusion of an action may spring from the belief that we have higher ideals than

most people, and therefore a larger need of liberty; or we may persuade ourselves that some peculiarity of temperament or circumstance bestows on us privileges wisely withheld from the majority. Quoting the opinion he had somewhere heard expressed that genius is unfitted to bear the ordinary ties and obligations of life, Channing promptly denied it, saying that "genius is characterized by self-mastery." Certainly this is true of the greatest genius always, of strong, self-sustained, though lonely souls like Dante, Angelo and Beethoven. It is also true of the more modern type of genius, characterized by a serene self-poise like Emerson's. Half-fledged genius, where mental precocity is united to a passionate love of beauty, but divorced from the moral sentiment, is quick to arrogate to itself special rights and immunities which would reduce society to chaos if brought into universal practice. Intellectual superiority of whatever degree is too prone to the same fault, and the world looks on the man or woman of exceptional mental endowments as necessarily deficient in practical sense and usefulness. But there is no class so bound, both by position and Nature's highest law, to a minute performance of duty as these so-called superior people. The coming genius will not only be the most highly-endowed man of his age, but the man of perfectly-disciplined will, in whom the radiance of character outshines the most brilliant intellectual achievements.

Sincere love of truth is born of its need as a moral support. All other helps fail before this, but the motive to right-doing which springs from love of goodness grows stronger with each new test it receives. Love of truth also brings skill in its discovery. There are qualities of soul and spirit that are developed through exercise as much as the muscles of the arm. It is as important that the child be trained in the perception of moral beauty as that he learn the multiplication table. The wise teacher knows how to respond to the mind's double need of arithmetic and a glowing ideal, and gives a lesson in practical ethics every time she hears that in algebra.

Love of truth comes to us in many ways. Some natures seem born with it. Such was Channing's, whose life reads like an idyl, with the picture it presents of a marvelous boyhood and unstained youth. So, too, to almost the same degree, was Emerson's. But to most of us love of truth comes as a result of hard experience, a refuge from ills and doubts that can find no other cure. It grows on us slowly, like an unfolding law that supports and bears us on from one point of progress to another.

Love of truth resolves itself, in the last analysis, into love of God—its source; taking the form of a complete surrender of self to the wide, beneficent forces that have brought the universe and self into being. The old motives of personal triumph and happiness enlarge to a desire for the universal good. In a word, love of truth

makes us co-workers with it, sharers in all its pains and benefits, pledged to the faithful performance of its high behests, and leaving us content at last with no meaner task or inspiration.

THE ETHICS OF ECONOMICS.

BY GEO. M. GOULD.

Part II.

[Extracts from an essay read before the Society for Ethical Culture, of Philadelphia, February 6, 1887.]

Every intelligent observer of the socialistic movement as it is shaping and rousing itself to action must see that it can lead to no solution, but only to two great classes standing opposed to each other in hate and perhaps deadly conflict. Whether successful or failures all strikes, as at present effected are really failures, will but rivet the laborer's chains firmer upon himself, and postpone the great day of his real emancipation. Property, which is the concrete utilizable lives of the workers, can be destroyed, and the workers will then be compelled to re-create the very things they have just wildly destroyed. On the walls of the Treppenhaus of the Berlin Museum stands Kaulbach's splendid painting of the battle of the Huns, wherein the spirits of the dead combatants rise from their slain bodies and renew the battle in the air. This conflict between capital and labor is a like but still stranger conflict. The striker, the engine-wrecker, the communist and the nihilist, pitiable children of hate and greed and injustice, are but fighting the spirits of their dead brothers who live, if they live at all, in the property their hands have manufactured. There is an awfulness of logic in the word nihilism. Out of very pity if for no other reason, it must be pitilessly crushed with Napoleonic thoroughness. But it must not be forgotten that such of the rich as are selfish, wasteful and tyrannical are the parents of the nihilist and communist. The wealthy man or woman of pleasure, living like a fungus on the labors of others without duties to his kind, is just as much a criminal and an enemy to society as the nihilist, and should be hunted down with the same pertinacious energy. Extinguish these and communism and nihilism will end with them. These are the people that create the enmity between capital and labor, whose interests are really common and who should work in the most active harmony. Because of this vital community of interest between capital and labor one cannot doubt that co-operation and profit-sharing is the wonder-working charm that alone will open the magic doors of future *prosperity for all* and beneficent *activity for all*. Through that little rift in our economic prison the eye catches glimpses of ever-widening vistas of peace and progress. Out of the strikes, boycotts, monopolies and frightful greed of the ugly present may, by the magic of this principle, arise a more beautiful and gracious future, just as a purple bloom of flower bursts from the heart of the hideous and barbed cactus.

Co-operation is of such bountiful promise because it tends to bring ethics into economics. All through the ages of history the economical question has been the inner soul of social and political life. The rulers and arbiters of human destiny have been they who controlled other men's labors and who gathered to their own uses the energies of their fellow-men. The tax-gatherer was always the king's right-hand man, and to the king's best servants were allotted the conquered lands and the fealties of dependent hordes. Religious power, royal power, feudal power,—whatever form you please, was powerful because it laid its firm grasp upon the muscle and brain-workers and controlled their lives and products for its individual aims and ideas. Through revolution and war, through endurance and martyrdom, through bravery and love, through all the myriad agencies of liberty-loving and justice-loving men, one after another of these usurpers has been struck down, till at last the Proteus disguised as priest, as king, as warrior, as legislator or as master was stripped of his masks and in this era of commercialism he is compelled to stand forth in his pristine nakedness as capitalist and "syndicist," a trader in hunger, a banker in men's lives. Co-operation, the new political economy, has now one crowning work to do: it must abolish, peacefully and legally, the slave-borrowing capitalist and inaugurate the new era in which wealth, position, ease, power, shall, if at all, be purchasable only by equivalence of service. This principle of the equivalence of service is the heart of the new forces reorganizing society. This it is underlies and gives significance to the stupid and heady blunderings of some of our labor organizations in their efforts to put their cause before the world. One puzzles his brain to see how the land-scheme of Henry George would remedy the sorry condition and fate of the want-bitten millions. Their disease is a far deeper one than land hunger. One marvels at the inexplicable stupidity of the Knights of Labor who do not recognize that they might so easily control the law-making power of the land, but who send millionaires to Congress and then wear out the patience of friend and foe with their insane doings. They are in a condition to demand anything and to enforce their demand by the ballot. They can restrict the inheritance of large fortunes; they can put a sliding-scale tax on incomes; they can control lawless railroad, telegraph and oil companies; they can wipe a sponge over the idiotic laws prohibitively taxing the importation of necessaries and raw materials; they can put an adamant wall before the money-lender; they can demand cheap and speedy trial by the law, they can keep some control over machinery and invention, they can furiously punish the vote-buyer and the vote-seller,—what can't they do? But they prefer to play the lunatic, till the indignant community strikes against their strikes and boycotts their boycott-system, and comes to

believe they have no real ground of complaint. But, however blindly and waywardly the laborer goes about it, it is morally certain that these throes are symptomatic of a deeper spirit of re-arranging justice in human affairs. At heart it is only service for service that is awkwardly demanded, and the startled capitalist deeply forefeels his sentence. He must learn to render service for service or his doom is sealed. Service for service in all financial relations of life is what we mean by the ethics of economics. At present a purple-gilled libertine, whose father has bequeathed him one or many million dollars, (and do you know how many millionaires there are?) controls the total energies and labor-products of hundreds of his fellow-men. Does he, as a rule, render them, or render society any equivalence of service?

Before this demand of equivalence of service the brutal opulence of to-day stands like Max, in *Der Freischütz*, before Robin. Robin, you remember, had given Max a charmed bullet and with it he immediately shoots an eagle and decks his hat with the feathers. Max wants more bullets like that one, and is astonished to hear one has them only at the price of his soul,—nay, that already his soul has been forfeited by his acceptance of the first one. "Did you believe this eagle was a gratuitous gift?" If there is any truth and validity in the moral law, if prophet, priest and martyr were not mad dupes, then, to gormandize before your starving brother, nay, rob him of his loaf, is to sell one's soul to Mephistopheles. So when justice rises and demands of the capitalists, "Did you think this was a gratuitous gift," the question bites with the irony of Fate. Perhaps while the stung conscience is burning, it seeks escape by asking you with a sneer, what you mean by this vague term, equivalence of service. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate. Definition of a moral feeling is difficult; to draw rules of conduct for the petty details of life from the great moral laws we all acknowledge, is yet more difficult. The law of the equivalence of service in financial relations is but a corollary of the instinct of justice in all our breasts. If it be often difficult of application and hard to say just what it is, it is not at all hard to say what it is *not*. The Ten Commandments are also corollaries of the law of justice, but their repetitive negations quickly gather cumulative definiteness and power. There may be discussion as to where legitimate reward ends and undue selfishness begins, but there can be none as to the palpable fact that everywhere throughout our modern life, political and social, undue selfishness has grown into ruthless greed, and that ruthless greed has entrenched itself behind permitted custom and legalized gluttony till only they who do not wish to see are blind. To me it seems plain the hideous injustice that keeps rich bribers and corruptionists out of prison; that makes stealing dignified if it be only

largely and finely done; that makes gambling honorable if with "futures" instead of with dice; that gives the necessities of a people over to the tender care of multifarious and nefarious "trusts" and "pools" and "syndicates" and monopolies; that fills our cities with clubs* and ennui and the insanities of extravagant luxury, whilst vice and hunger and envy glare at it all with growing appetite and growing power. Wherever extreme power and enjoyment of desirable things exists with no past, present or intended return of service, there the majority has the right, and must exercise it, of stepping in and barring the way with its omnipotent, "Thus far and no farther!" Power of bequest must be limited; incomes should be taxed, the greater the higher; mortgages of the future by debt should be restricted; usury, or high rates of interest punished; tariffs revised; misuse of political power exposed; monopolies crushed; pomp and luxurious waste made shameful instead of fashionable;—in a word, no person or set of people should be allowed by the law to lead lives of sloth and luxury and idleness whilst others are hopelessly doomed to want and a ceaseless brutalizing labor. It is the law, whether of permission or repression, custom or statute, that makes the two things possible and it is the law that may remedy both conditions. In place of *laissez faire* and "devil take the hindmost," put the sharp demand of a return service equal to enjoyment allowed, and like a transformation scene a new world will soon arise. No man has a right to do what he pleases with "his own." It is the present inequality of service between men that makes the satirists' whip hiss and snap like cutting wires about the backs of our social hypocrisies; it is this that makes the burning truths of poets and prophets sink like molten metal into the quivering flesh of our sins; it is this that throttles joy and bursts the rain of scalding tears over the cheeks of laughter. A few weeks ago a cable dispatch from London told how two sisters, 17 and 19 years of age, educated and comely, being able to get no more match boxes to make at a few pennies a day, tied themselves together and drowned themselves in the Thames. They left a letter in which were these appalling words: "Knowing hunger is stronger than virtue, and if we live we must yield, we have decided to die." It is said that there are in London 100,000 such girls who have concluded *not* to die. Is Malthus alone responsible for both facts? Of these girls' countrymen there are over 1,000, each with an annual income of from \$50,000 to millions, whilst more than 60,000 have an income above \$2,500. In this same London 250,000 working women are running a race with hunger and death upon 25 cents a day, whilst in St. Petersburg a less number make 10 cents a day by hard labor. There are in Paris 219,000 houses without

*"The Nero type of face grows more characteristic of the Clubman," says an acute observer.

a window, and in these houses 1,300,600 people exist. In the civilized world about 100,000 men and women find life does not pay interest on the investment and kill themselves. In the whole world millions annually die of hunger, whilst a vase sells for \$18,000, or a tulip-root for \$13,000. In the old political economy of supply and demand, *laissez faire* and "the iron law of wages," these things are inevitable. Under the new political economy of equivalence of service these things cannot be. It is said that an Italian, Bentivoglio, erected and endowed a hospital to which, having later fallen into want, he himself was refused admission. Much such a Bentivoglio is modern labor, as with dinner bucket it walks past the palatial splendors it has created to create yet others like them, but whose portals, being finished, are forever after closed to him. Upon examination it is easily seen that besides more general causes, the capitalist has acquired an unjust excess of power by three principal means:— by getting the community as a whole or as individuals in debt to him; by the protective tariff on labor-products and not on the laborer, and by the control of machinery.

As to debt, it is beyond belief, the extent to which communities are willing to discount the future. It is a common dishonor and a crying evil. The capitalist takes advantage of the insanity, and by reinvestment of his interest soon comes to own a mortgage on the commonwealth. The mere city and state debts of the United States amounted half a dozen years ago to nearly 1,000 million dollars, besides the national, the railroad and private debt amounting to many times as much. The national indebtedness alone of the civilized world is about 30,000 million dollars. The English people each year pay the English capitalists about 150 million dollars of interest money only on the national debt. Poor's Manual says that in the United States, in a certain three years the whole increase of railroad share capital, amounting to 1,000 million dollars, was watered capital; that is, was a lie and a theft at one stroke. All through our land, in every town, in every home, the capitalist by the iron law of interest lays his hand on a sadly large share of the products of men's exertions. With this in view, the communist pertinently asks, "If we have a community of debt, why not also a community of poverty?" As to the American protective tariff, it is the theme of the world's ridicule, a common shame of the taxed people and the bribed legislator. Every child can see if he will that to put a prohibitory tax on cheap goods and none on the hordes of workmen we invite here from other lands to cut the native workman's wages down lower and ever lower, can result only in impoverishing the workman, especially the agricultural majority, and enriching the manufacturing capitalist. It is a fine Mephistophelean dodge. Can two solemn protectionist philosophers meet in the public streets without winking at each other and bursting out in laughter, like the Roman

Augurs? I have read somewhere of an iron manufacturer of Pittsburgh, one of many, whose profits amount to \$5,000 a day. It is an astounding fact, that the farmers, who are the majority of all workmen, should submit to this Machiavelianism. It has been calculated that by this dexterous bit of legerdemain, the general public, whose interest it is to buy things cheap, has been in the last 20 years swindled out of several hundred million dollars annually. Neither is this all of the sorry tale; strikes always occur in the inflated or protected industries and overproduction is followed by crises of loss of capital, waste and suffering. Whoever has watched a wrecked mill-town go through its horrible history needs no "Cobden Club gold" to nauseate him with protection.

(To be concluded.)

SKEPTICISM A SELF-EVIDENT ERROR.

BY CLINTON COLLINS.

I don't think skepticism is an advanced stage of mind. It is not everybody that can be a skeptic. It takes a mind with some depth of feeling and thought ever to reach what would be called a stage of skepticism. But yet this skepticism when reached is in itself an immature state of mind, inasmuch as it itself is but a preliminary step to a fuller state of mind.

Everywhere you see men calling themselves skeptics with perhaps a touch of pride in the use of the term. Just as all men in the vanity of their youth or in the vanity of their nature like to think that in this or that certain formidable particular they are perhaps just a little bit worse than the ordinary run of men. Similarly men like to call themselves atheists and what not. Men who really have not the balance to think or argue very truly upon the subject.

Such a position once taken can be more or less supported by argument. Indeed there is no proposition which cannot be more or less favorably supported by argument, provided the premises in the arguments be carried far enough back. In all our knowledge, however simple it be, we must inevitably start with some hypotheses. So that any statement of fact, however consistent at present with our experiences and daily life, must have been originally derived from these first hypotheses. Man's understanding cannot ever prove satisfactorily to itself the existence of all material things which go to make up the external world without taking some hypotheses and making them dogmatical truths.

The very first principles of logic or reason must tell that no absolute conclusion can be drawn from premises which are themselves hypotheses. These hypotheses must first be taken upon faith as truths.

The only test then of the truth of any present statement must depend upon whether this present statement is consistent with these first hypotheses of life, making up in themselves what might be called a creed or faith.

There are no such things as absolute facts, or there is

no such thing to us as absolute knowledge unless these hypotheses are first admitted as facts comprising a creed or faith of mankind. We must call them absolute facts or admit ourselves but nullities, objects of fatality and delusion, atheists, agnostics and worse. Making these hypotheses fixed facts we then have a basis upon which to rear a magnificent structure containing all knowledge, beauty and hope. These first truths are facts only because we make them so. We, if we are *we* at all, must establish them as a basis, or ourselves fall. Having once established them as a basis, knowledge and reason thus becoming existent, skepticism cannot stand. No true reasoning then can be deduced in support of skepticism.

Let me briefly explain what I mean by these first truths or hypotheses which are indisputable simply because man as a conscious being exists. "I am, therefore God, beauty and goodness are," is an inevitable conclusion which is forced in upon my mind. This is an axiom or self-evident truth from which all understanding must take its origin. Then if God, beauty and goodness exist I have a basis laid not only for knowledge of material things, but for knowledge of all spiritual things, morality and right and wrong.

The skeptic who says that he knows nothing, can know nothing and hopes nothing—even in the very uttering of the words confounds, overthrows and subverts himself. In the mere use of the word *I*, he proclaims that he considers that he has consciousness, reason and understanding. The word *I* means a conscious, existing something and can mean nothing else. Because the skeptic is called upon to use this consciousness in believing something which must be mere faith to him, but a faith necessary for the very existence of that consciousness or understanding, because he is so called upon and fails to comply he is virtually placing his own feeble understanding upon the highest pedestal. So vain with the possession of so rich a gift as understanding, all else is forgotten in admiration of it.

Because this intelligence is not deducible from his own understanding as much as life has thus far developed it, therefore he cannot believe. Such a one I say places his own feeble conceit and understanding as the measure of all things. Worshiping practically, although perhaps not knowingly worshipping anything, himself, his reason, as all that is, God, beauty and goodness.

A man with such an insufficient creed, if he do not allow himself to be swept away by it, sooner or later must be driven from such a stand.

There must come to every man a time of dire speculation, doubt, hopelessness, even despair or remorse in which he, or this *I*, as he calls himself, cannot be comforted by his own feeble reason and understanding. He refuses to be reasoned with. Then it is that other conclusions must be forced in upon his mind. Then he cannot but say that his consciousness, which is he himself

so far as his cognizance goes, is itself dependent upon stronger and higher powers. All that he has with which to make his station, let him not use it in doubting what is his life, his only salvation.

The skeptic is able to take for a faith that he exists, or at least that enough of him to argue in favor of skepticism exists. This he is able to do through his own conceit. Being able to take anything upon faith is the difficult point. Let the skeptic's conceit but subvert itself and he finds it easy to adopt a true and wider faith.

IMMORTALITY.

Foiled by our fellow-men, depressed, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And patience in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down and we upborne!

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,
Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervors of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun!
And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

IDEALS.

BY GOWAN LEA.

Not for the deed that's done is this our praise;
Not to the word that's written bow we down;
'Tis something greater far that we would crown:
The highest work a higher thought can raise.

When life is painted in some noble phase,
And skillful art has merited renown,
The artist to himself will sadly own
How feebly he his soul's clear thought conveys.

The picture's but a symbol from his hand,
And symbolizes to *his* mind alone
The fullness of his fancy's brightest gleam:

Admiring crowds will gaze—an endless band,
And deem they follow out each thought and tone;
But hardly one will catch the artist's dream.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.—*Confucius.*

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the Herbarium.—*O. W. Holmes.*

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WHAT THE MONISTIC RELIGION IS TO ME.
A LETTER TO A HIGHLY ESTEEMED,
NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

In your letter to the present editor you express the desire to be informed as to our attitude and purpose before beginning work on your intended contributions. This seems desirable to us also, especially as it would enable you to clearly emphasize any difference from our views.

Our idea is that THE OPEN COURT shall definitely pronounce our religious opinion, and if this is erroneous, we wish to be refuted and we will publicly correct our errors.

I shall endeavor to explain the essential features of what to me is Religion, and what I believe will be very nearly so to you.

All that exists, ourselves included, forms a great interacting whole, the most satisfactory name for which to me is the "All." Our relation to the All is like that of a snow-crystal to the ocean—with the addition that the individualization of the form of man took place millions of years ago, and has gradually, by constant renewal, developed to its present form.

Civilized man is the highest phenomenon known to us of the great infinite All.

In accordance with the law of probabilities we must expect the further development of the human form to such a height, that it will bear a relation to the man of to-day that he now bears to the animal.

As I, like most others, received a dualistic religious education, the words "God" and "Universe"* are in my

*The same may be said about the words "matter" and "force," and also of "soul" and "body." We have no word which embraces both the concepts matter and force. We know that matter and force are always united and cannot under any circumstances be separated. Among the properties of a real object there are some, of which we are uncertain whether they are to be classed under

mind, the key to the ideas, the living memory structures, which are connected with these words. They must be awakened in my brain to produce therein an understanding and a consciousness of the expression "the All." Thus Universe and God are to me *abstractions* of the reality; they are complementary parts which together form the whole reality.

The "All" conveys a grander meaning to me than ever the word "God" did. The All is something more sublime than either God or the Universe,—taken separately.

Let us look at the starry heavens. We must assume that they are inhabited by living, thinking, feeling beings,—that is, a part of the invisible planets that revolve around the visible suns. But we infer also that many of them are inhabited by living beings, much higher in the scale than we human beings are.

Religion, I was taught, is the union between ourselves and God through God. Now, religion is to me my relation, my union, to the All,—the idea that I am a part, a phenomenon thereof, that I feel myself to be such, and that my actions are determined by ideas based on this fact.

What is the Ethics of this Religion?

The answer is: Act as the All has acted here on earth for millions of years, and as it continues to act.

We may infer that just as the All acts here on earth, it acts also in other parts of the universe.

For millions of years the great whole has been in action, gradually developing out of the simplest animal forms the civilized man with the ever richer soul-structure in his brain.

Whatever promotes this work is GOOD, whatever obstructs or retards it, is BAD.

If our family or our nation does not act in accordance with these Ethics they either come to a standstill, when they may become "perfect" or, "complete," but remain behind (as our relatives the animal species and those human races which no longer progress), or they perish entirely.

The reason why this progress is *good* is that the great All acts thus here on earth. That it is what in the ethical sense we call good.

As modern psychological investigations show that "to will" and "to act" are identical (see Ribot, *Diseases of the Will*) it seems to me that fundamentally the old religious dogma "that is *good* or *right* which is the will of God" is true, and *not* the theory of happiness and perfection.

I have explained in Nos. 1 and 16 of THE OPEN COURT my conception of the soul as a feeling mechanical

the head of matter or force. In order to speak to another person about the properties of a real object, or even to explain them to myself, I must use the words matter and force, or it would be necessary to make very long explanations which may for all that be misunderstood. But even these words, matter and force, by no means embrace all that constitutes a real thing.

structure in the brain. With Ribot, I believe *feeling* to be something that accompanies part of the mechanical action of the brain. Together with the "growing complex" of these mechanical structures and their activities simple feelings unite to complex feelings and thus form human consciousness.

I expect and hope that we and our posterity may have the good fortune constantly to make new acquisitions in the domain of knowledge. But the essential problem of religion is solved. Our relation to the All is, that we are an interacting part of the All in time and space, and that we "must" act as the All acts.

EDWARD C. HEGELER.

EVOLUTION AND IMMORTALITY.*

Evolution has come to be regarded more and more as a theory which sheds light on almost every subject, and it is also the theory of evolution which alone can explain the true meaning of Death and Immortality. Our favorite American poet says rightly:

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition."

And the truth of this assertion was admirably explained in the leading essay in Number 24 of *THE OPEN COURT* by Rudolph Weyler, who calls Death the "Process of Progress."

Immortality and Death! What a wonderful pair of twins! The one is decked with all the jewels and costly splendor of our imagination—the other with all its terrors—and yet, how much are they akin, how much both resemble each other; and is it not strange that by a closer comparison the one loses its fantastic mysteries of a super-sensible existence in dreamland, and the other loses its horrors and is changed from a frightful fiend into a friendly messenger of peace and rest, while both appear grander and loftier without their visionary garb and the additions of a childish imagination.

Evolution is the law of life and the law of growth. It is evolution which shows that corporeally we are constantly dying, and that every minute of our lives we are born anew. Therefore, evolution must explain the mystery of death as well as that of immortality, and we all feel darkly that there must be some foundation for the belief in immortality.

Mr. C. T. Stockwell in *The Evolution of Immortality*, gives his views of the problem. The book is attractively written and is full of poetic thought. It is rather an ode on immortality than an inquiry into the subject. The author proves his deep insight into the nature of life and death; he divines the oneness of the All and is enraptured with that idea. He sounds no uncertain note of a grand monistic conception of the world—but then, all

on a sudden, he turns back and relapses into the old dualistic views. The author "sees now," as the Apostle Paul says, "as through a glass darkly;" he only partly recognizes the beauty of monistic ideas, and cannot, as yet, renounce the old prejudices which perhaps have become too dear to him to be easily abandoned.

Mr. Stockwell speaks of our relation to the All, to *environment*, as he expresses himself: "By this term, in its largest sense, is meant the infinity of spiritual forces that press down upon and around every human being with the constancy of gravitation itself. In fact, from the standpoint of science to-day, all forces are spiritual forces, and the identity of law with God seems clear" (p. 5).

"The spiritual nature of man is, therefore, potential in, and emerges from, the physical; he is here undergoing a process of education and development—not 'probation and trial'" (p. 35).

The unity of the All of which the individuals are but parts, is poetically and forcibly (although not quite correctly) expressed in the following passage: "No mother is, in reality, so entirely a mother, in a strictly exact sense, as is popularly supposed. She receives a life, and for a time, nourishes it, modifies it somewhat and, when it comes into this world, environs it with her care, love, training, etc., then gives it back to itself and its author again, her work being done. Its real father is God; its real mother is Nature. Human parentage is merely a channel through which for a time an individual life courses its way." This is not quite correct, for the same may truly be said about the father; he does not impart life either, but both produce it by self-development and out of their own lives. They create a new life by blending their souls into one. It is no mere figure of speech when Faust speaks to Gretchen of uniting soul to soul.

The individual on the other hand is not lost in an aggregation of higher and more complex organisms; it can fully preserve its individuality in a greater unity and even in the whole totality of all life in the world. Our author says on page 40: "An aggregation does not destroy the individuality of the unit presence. In a brick block, for instance, the individuality of each separate brick is not destroyed by the aggregation or association which constitutes a new individuality—a block. A unit brick is not a unit block; and a unit block is more than a unit brick. But the larger unit does not destroy the smaller unit. Again, an aggregation of blocks may constitute another unit of a still superior kind—a city; but the individuality of blocks or bricks, is in no-wise interfered with. Each unit or individuality serves its purpose and performs its proper function. And so the unity and individuality of each cell in man is maintained." * * * "Complexity leads to a higher manifestation of life, or intelligence, * * * so that the difference between a monad and a man may be

* The publishers, Charles H. Kerr & Co., sent us an advance copy of Mr. C. T. Stockwell's pamphlet, *The Evolution of Immortality*. The little volume was read with great interest, and although we do not agree with the views presented therein, we thank the author sincerely for the pleasure his suggestive little book gave us.

accounted for upon the basis of the difference in the complexity of the organic structure of both."

And the idea of the life of the whole leads Mr. Stockwell to his view of immortality. "Can Deity die," he asks, "in the sense of becoming extinct? If so, then we can die. If He cannot die, how may we?"

Thus he says very beautifully about immortality (p. 36): "Immortality is not a question of time or space. It is measured rather by the terms of quantity and quality, and it is to be *in* us if anywhere."

Life and Death are to him *correlatives* (although he does not use this expression), both of which must be expressed by the term transformation. "Life is manifested by and through *transformation*, and this transforming process we call death; but it is really the condition of higher life. Look at nature all around and see if this be not so. As with the contained germ of an acorn which, properly conditioned, draws to itself and *selects* that which it requires for its growth, and in so doing breaks through and casts off its former sheath or body, so the character of man and, consequently, the nature of his immortality, is determined upon the principle of rejection and selection. * * * We must select and appropriate, like the oak, from the earth beneath us and from the upper air of the invisible and immaterial influences that emanate from the all-pervading and all-envirning "Over-Soul." * * * We are constantly being *transformed* from a lower to a higher life."

And on page 42:

"This, however, implies a continual dying, so called; a continual, incessant changing every day and every hour of our existence.

"Who thinks aught can begin to be which formerly was not,
Or that aught which is can perish and utterly decay;
Another truth I now unfold; no natural birth
Is there of mortal things, nor death's destruction final;
Nothing is there but a mingling, and then a separation of the mingled,

Which are called a birth and a death by ignorant mortals."

"Has it not always been so? Does not our conscious experience accord with this law? We all have had an existence in the embryological stage and have died to it, and been born from it, into an infantile world. As infants we have died, and have been born into the world of childhood. We have died as children and been born as youth. To the youthful stage we have died, and most of us find ourselves, at this moment, in that changeful period of our existence denominated mature physical life; while some of us have passed on to that stage called the evening of human existence. Birth and death, or 'a mingling, then separation of the mingled,' surely marks our entire conscious course from the beginning."

He speaks of the identity with our children:

"Some of us, who are parents, have lost, irrevocably lost, our infants, our children, our youth and, it may be, our young men and maids. The Jameses

and Janes, the Johns and Marys, as we call them still, are not what they were. Neither are they to-day what they will be to-morrow, next year, ten years hence. Still we call them our children; or, in a deeper sense, ours. We scarcely notice that they are constantly dying, day by day, and, also, that they are constantly being born again. We are parents—not of stationary, mechanical existences, but of *processes* of being; parents—not of a single stage of existence, but of potentialities, and of potentialities that are constantly realizing, step by step, the unending possibilities of being. * * * They are not what they were. We are not as we were. They and we are *of* what we were. The line of *continuity* is not broken; it is simply extended, developed. The individuality is not lost; it, rather, has taken on larger proportions, become more individualized."

Mr. Stockwell speaks of the graafian cell and the nucleated bodies as an analogy for immortality. A cell develops in its interior one or several *nuclei* or kernels, which by and by grow to be cells. If the membrane of the original cell dies away and is cast off, the mother cell lives on in the young cells; they are really their mother cell. This is more than an analogy, this is immortality itself—an immortality possible through the continuity of life, which from the monad to the civilized man of to-day forms one unbroken chain. Mr. Stockwell explains on page 32 what he calls his analogy of the graafian cell:

"The graafian cell has a membranous external body and a nucleated inner body. The inner or nucleated body develops and is finally born from its internal environment—the graafian cell—into an existence independent of it. It is now called an ovum, and the follicular body that constituted its former external body dies and becomes entirely disorganized, the life-principle having been transferred to the ovum. The ovum, also, passes through almost identically the same or an analogous process of development in its organic evolution. Its nucleated or inner body develops into an embryo, and leaves, finally, its external body, the placenta, and comes forth into a new environment, this world of ours in which we now live. Now the laws of organic evolution must cease to apply further, or else this external body of ours has an inner or nucleated body that is being, at this moment, developed, and will ultimately pass out of this external body, that we see and know so well, into an existence as independent of it as we to-day are independent of our former placental bodies. There would seem to be left us but one of two inevitable conclusions: Either we pass on to a higher stage of organic evolution, independent of the present state, or the uniformity and continuity of nature's laws no longer have application and relation to us as individuals. Either we continue to live, or God's laws must seem to be mutable."

* * * "The body alone, having served its purpose, dies; but not until another and more highly organized substitute is prepared to take its place as the home of the life and spirit that is undying and immortal. The same life-principle prepares for itself another and higher mode of expression. It is a unity or continuity of life. There never has been, nor will there be, another life; it is the same life that has come down through the past, appears in this phase of its expression, and shall pass on into other and higher forms of material organization."

The continuity of life in this world is so plainly demonstrated, the immanence of immortality is so clearly proved, that we should say the author of these passages must have shaken off all antiquated ideas of a transcendent immortality as taught by the old dualistic philosophies and theologies. And yet! The same author, on p. 17, gives expression to the following dualistic views, quite at variance with the above quoted monistic passages:

"Whatever the deeper law of unity may be that runs throughout the universe of phenomena, there seems to be, as an antecedent of such phenomena, a duality. In tracing the history of all phenomena we soon come to apparent duality—spirit and matter. And this duality, or apparent duality, that stands back of *organized* matter is represented in the universe of organisms, and seems to stand back of the *reproduction* of organisms."

Perhaps the source of this error is the author's over-estimation of self-consciousness,—of which he says: "Self-consciousness is *spirit birth*, and the individual, from the point of attaining self-consciousness, *is* an immortal being."

Mr. Stockwell overlooks the fact that consciousness is only a very small part of our existence, and even a very unstable and precarious one, and that consciousness—interrupted every night by a state of unconscious slumber—is the result of a very complicated mechanism of our cerebral system, which sometimes under certain conditions accompanies certain activities of the brain. How can such an unstable process and product of our organic life be the cause of our immortality? It is just our consciousness and the egotism of a perpetual (as if petrified) separate existence which must be excluded from our idea of immortality. If a man, because he is self-conscious, is believed to be eternally a separate entity, this is the very basis of dualism. Granted this duality of the ego on the one side and of the rest of the universe on the other side—dualism will be seen everywhere. And this dualism will pervert and change the simplest things into the oddest and most mysterious entities. Everything becomes a duality. Body, soul, matter, force, are rather supposed to be compositions or combinations than perfect unities. And everything, besides being itself, becomes something supersensible or extramundane.

About matter, for instance, Mr. Stockwell says: "Matter *per se*—that is, matter separated from, or independent of, its properties—is not apprehensible to physical sense." Such matter separated from, or independent of, its properties does not exist at all. Material things are the sum total of their properties. Further on Mr. Stockwell says: "The real would seem to be a noumenon, that which *sub-stands*—stands under or back of—phenomena." If we look upon the phenomena of nature as real in themselves we need no assumption of a noumenon which "sub-stands phenomena" and makes them real.

Kant's expression noumenon means "thought"; it is the present passive participle of *νοειν* to think. Kant held that we experience and are cognizant of the phenomena of nature by sensation. The things into which our mind combines them are our own creations, are products of our thought. They are noumena.

The ideas Soul, World, God are not concrete realities as are natural phenomena, they are ideas, or thoughts, products of our own reasoning. Whether they exist outside of our minds he does not say, but he does say that we must think them, and from the standpoint of his *Critique of Practical Reason* he argues that we may fairly assume their existence. But the philosopher should always bear in mind that they are noumena; viz., thoughts.*

Mr. Stockwell, retaining the old dualistic view, naturally retains the "life-principle" which long since has been discarded by physiologists. He says, page 18: "The two channels are, on the one hand, that of matter, while the other is that of life or spirit; and it is in the latter, the spiritual, that our true personality is to be found. The life-principle or spirit always remains potentially or in essence the same, while the forms and combinations of matter—the body—by which the life-principle expresses itself, are constantly changing. It is never any two hours, or even two minutes, absolutely the same. As a suit of clothes is to the body, so is the body to the individuality or ego; and it should 'have consideration only as a phenomenon which suits wants.'

*The reader's attention is here called to the fact that the word *noumenon* is wrongly defined in our dictionaries. Webster says: "*Nou'-me-non* [Gr. *νοούμενον*, the thing perceived, p. pr. pass. of *νοειν*, to perceive, *νοεω*, the mind.] (*Metaph.*) The of itself unknown and unknowable rational object, or *thing in itself*, which is distinguished from the *phenomenon* in which it occurs to apprehension, and by which it is interpreted and understood:—so used in the philosophy of Kant and his followers." By the by, *νοούμενον* is a misprint for *νοούμενον*. Accordingly the pronunciation *no-oo'-me-non* is preferable to Webster's pronunciation *nou'-me-non*. The latter is commonly used, but the former is the only correct pronunciation."

Webster inverts the logical order of ideas: Phenomena perceived as sensations are real, while the things which we *conceive* are *conceptions* of our minds; *ergo*, Kant says: things in themselves are noumena,—viz., thoughts, creations of our mind. Especially the ideas "world, soul, God" are first of all *ideas*;—call them whatever you like, abstracts, generalizations or thoughts, it means about the same as what Kant called *noumena*.

'Body has its proper consideration when measured simply as a tool is viewed.' Changing and changeable forms of matter *per se* cannot constitute personality."

The dualism in Mr. Stockwell's views is plainly expressed in this passage. Our person as it appears in our body is, according to him, only a tool, or a suit of clothes of our spiritual noumenon which he thinks is our real self. From the standpoint of monism it is the changing and changeable forms of matter which indeed constitute personality.

The difference between one brain and another is not one of matter but of form. And evolution is not a process which produces matter, but changes the form of matter. Evolution is a development of form. It is the importance of form which is overlooked by the one-sided materialists just as much as by the one-sided spiritualists. Form is the most important feature of life, and life's secrets cannot be understood except by a proper recognition of the importance of form. In form we find the key to the mystery of mind and spirit. The spirituality of the world is its form. And this explains why personality is constituted by changing and changeable forms of human organisms.

It is Mr. Stockwell's dualism which also infects his view of motion. He says (p. 28): "Where motion is found there must be *will* behind it; where will is, there also intelligence is. And so there must be behind, or in, this universe of infinite motion an Infinite Will, an Infinite Intelligence, an *Infinite Life*. * * * The universe of matter may be said to be God, if we remember that the *Universe per se is an Infinite organism*, having an *Ego*, and that the ego is the real of any organism; the *thing itself* behind phenomena."

Is the case not just the reverse? *Motion* is not, as Mr. Stockwell imagines, a species of the genus *will*. Will is a passing into action, which in a living organism is produced, as we learned in the scholarly essay of the last number by Schneider, through *reflex motion*, and action is one kind of motion. Motion is the more generic and will the more specific term. Where there is will there is motion; but all motion is by no means necessarily will.

And now we come to one of the most important fallacies which is derived from dualistic principles. Mr. Stockwell says: "Evolution implies an involution. An infolding must, in the very nature of things, precede an unfolding."

The term evolution in the sense of being an evolving of something that existed before is a misconception. Evolution is the progressive change from lower to higher or from simpler to more complicated and richer forms. Matter cannot be created, nor can it be destroyed. But form can be produced and it also can be destroyed.

Evolution is possible because of the continuance and transference of form through inheritance and education

from generation to generation, and this continuance, this preservation and further development of form in future generations is the truth in the idea of immortality.

Growth and development of live organisms are not an e-volution of a former in-volution. The idea that the egg contains a small chicken which merely increases in size has long since been superseded,—as more recent investigations prove that the embryonic development passes through several radical changes of form, which are as much unlike the child at the moment of its birth as is a fish or a reptile to an adult human being.

The fact is, that by a change of form some entirely new thing can be created, which never existed before. If a sculptor moulds a statue, the statue is no evolution of the marble. It never existed before—you may say it existed potentially in the brain of the sculptor. True, but the idea of the statue is a combination of many forms which he saw before, and if the expression is allowable that it existed potentially, we may just as well declare that *all* non-existent things, if they are but possible, exist potentially.

If evolution were only the e-volution of an involution, it were better for us not to evolve, and it were a great pity that some one made this involution which thus necessitated the re-evolving. The dualistic conception of evolution places perfection at the beginning of all development, while according to the monistic view, perfection is its end and aim which lies before us as an ideal constantly showing a new vista of further progress. Accordingly, absolute perfection is impossible, the path of progress is unlimited and the possibility of evolution infinite.

P. C.

DETERMINISM VERSUS INDETERMINISM.

AN ANSWER TO PROF. WILLIAM JAMES.

BY PROF. GEORG VON GIZYCKI.

"The greatest difficulties in the consideration of the subject of liberty and necessity, have arisen from ambiguities in the use of terms."—*Priestley*.

"La question de la liberté est la plus intéressante que nous puissions examiner." Thus Voltaire began a dissertation upon this subject, which exactly a century and a half ago, he sent to the "Salomon du Nord," his royal friend, *Fédéric*; and now as then, this great and much debated question possesses an irresistible magnetism, as may be seen by the large number of pamphlets annually published on "Freedom and Necessity." Some years ago a well-known German professor, upon being asked by a student whether he might choose the "Relutation of Indeterminism" as a subject for his thesis, replied "*Quis dubitat?*" and requested him to choose another subject. Apparently he was a stranger to the views of his own colleagues. Recently no less eminent a man than the excellent psychologist, Prof. William James, of Harvard, took up the cudgels in behalf of indeterminism, in a brilliant lecture, delivered March 13, 1884, before

the "Harvard Divinity School," and published in the *Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine* for September, 1884. I should like to discuss some points of this lecture in THE OPEN COURT and shall preface what I have to say with a few general remarks.

We regard the law of causality—the law which tells us that nothing happens without a cause, that all changes and conditions are but the inevitable result of preceding changes and conditions,—as the commonest law of nature. What right have we to do this? What justifies the assumption that what has once occurred under certain conditions will always occur under similar conditions? We have a material and a logical reason for the same. If this "law" is really a *law of nature*, if it is a fact and not merely imagination, it must be the expression of natural facts—and the facts justify the law.

Scientific investigation has always met with uniformity in nature,—never with anarchy and miracles; and from the observations of the past—a past which once was a future—we conclude what we may expect in the future. But this conviction that what has heretofore occurred at certain places under certain conditions, will always and everywhere occur under similar conditions—this conviction of the "eternity and ubiquity" of the natural laws, as it has been termed, includes infinitely more than actual observation warrants. How are we to justify this "more"?

The justification is entirely logical: it is simply based on the law of thought that everything is equal to itself. Things have certain qualities; they are something, not nothing: and according to these qualities they act and are acted upon;—they act according to what they are, not according to what they are not. But all that I can say of things, all the qualities I might mention, their entire existence of which I might speak is, in truth, their effect. When I speak of a *certain thing*, I mean something that has a certain effect, and bears a certain relation to other things. If I say then, that a certain thing, as long as it does not change—as long, then, as it is this certain thing—will always act similarly under similar conditions, I say no more than that this certain thing, as long as it does not change, will be this certain thing. It may often be very difficult and even impossible to decide whether or not a thing has changed, or whether one thing is like another or not; but, *if* this is the case, *if* a thing has not changed, it must under similar conditions always act as it did before, and if a thing is exactly like another, it must under similar conditions act just like the other.

If I have once observed that dry gunpowder will explode as soon as it comes in contact with a flame, I know that under like conditions it must necessarily always explode. Why *necessarily*, why *must*? Is this "necessity," this "must" something in the things themselves? Are things subject to a fate? Is the powder forced to

explode under certain circumstances? Not at all. The powder does so entirely of its own accord; it is its very nature to act so. The *necessity*, the *must* is not a condition of the things and events, but it marks the condition of the mind which conceives of them. To be necessarily so means, to follow from some cause. It is necessarily so—there is some reason for its being so; it is impossible—there is some reason for its not being so. "This or the other *must* be so." Whoever says this has a reason for his assertion: it must be so, for these are the facts. Causes are acknowledgments, the premises of the conclusions originally based upon them. If I have the two sentences: What once occurs under certain conditions will always occur under like conditions; and, the powder exploded under such and such conditions; I therefrom obtain the logical conclusion that powder will always explode under like conditions, and this conclusion is a necessary result of the premises. *Necessary* always implies coercion, but in this case it is not the things that suffer coercion, but the mind that thinks about them. The mind is forced to acknowledge the conclusion if the premises are given; it must do so; it cannot help it. But the things and events themselves either are or are not, and when I call them "necessary," it is not in an objective but in a subjective sense—an expression of my knowledge regarding them. The *necessity* is not in the object but in the subject.

If I say: This rolling ball will *necessarily* strike yonder point: or, it *must* strike it, it is *impossible* that it should not; I am but saying that I am positive of it, that I have sufficient reasons for the assertion. If I say: There *can be no* organic existence on the moon, it simply means that my knowledge of the composition of the moon warrants the assertion.

If any one tells me of a person whom I know thoroughly and whose character I adore, that he has been guilty of a despicable action, I will immediately say: That is *impossible*—meaning that I have all-sufficient reason to be convinced that he has not committed the action. I do not mean that he could not have done it had he wished to; but I mean that I know him to be a man who will never have such a desire. The impossibility does not then here imply a physical hindrance (such as being tied, and therefore unable to act), but the most positive conviction, the absence of all doubt.

The necessity, in this sense, and the negative necessity, the impossibility, the *must* are in the mind, not in the things themselves, and this is equally true of their opposites, the *accidental* and the *possible*.

It is possible, it may be, that he still lives; or, it is possible that it may rain to-morrow; or, it is possible that he will do so and so, means, I do not know and have no reason to assume the contrary.

"Accident" actually means without a cause. In this sense almost all scientists agree; no change in nature is

accidental. But it may also mean—unintentional. "It was an unlucky accident that a ball struck him while he was promenading near the shooting-gallery," means that there was no intention either on the part of the shooter or on that of the wounded man to bring about this result. The combination of two circumstances is called accidental when they have no causal connection, while at the same time each circumstance has its respective cause. If, for instance, a brick falling from the roof strikes a ball that the wind is rolling along, we call it an accident. Very often, however, what we call "accident" is only due to our ignorance. If I call it an accident that a dollar thrown into the air falls "heads up," it simply means that I *do not know* beforehand how it will fall.

Much confusion has often arisen from not observing the dual meaning of such words as "necessary," "impossible," "can," "cannot," "be able," etc., and using them, as it were, in their physical instead of in their logical sense. If I say: "Even to the best man it is *possible* to commit an evil deed," "he *can* do it," and if I say, "For the good man it is not *possible* to commit an evil deed," "he *can* never do it." I use the words "can" and "possible" in two entirely different senses—I describe two entirely different ideas with the same word.

The first sentence simply means that even the best man can, *if he wishes to*, commit an evil deed; the second means that the good man *never has* this desire; it is not in his nature to have it; it would be a *contradiction* to say that he possesses this desire.

The scientifically disciplined mind does not generally admit such a thing as an absolute accident—lawlessness in nature. It does not doubt that all natural phenomena, even those in which there appears to be neither rule nor reason, such as the changes of wind and weather, are, in reality, governed by the strictest laws. All scientific investigation is based on this assumption which experience daily justifies more and more. It is certain that all changes in nature are governed by laws, and that if we knew these laws we could positively predict all changes, as the astronomer even now, by his knowledge of the laws which regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies, can predict eclipses of the sun and moon. Though similar predictions are not yet possible in other departments of nature, we do not think that this is due to any irregularity in the phenomena in those departments, but rather to our ignorance of the laws that govern them.

Now, are the phenomena of the human consciousness, and more particularly the actions of the human will, effects of causes? Are they, too, imperative phenomena which, under the same conditions, will always appear in exactly the same manner, and which can, therefore, with a knowledge of the conditions, be predicted with certainty? It is a fact that the belief in the uniformity of law in the human will has been developed

simultaneously with the belief in the uniformity of law in the processes of nature. Before Galileo's day nature was not supposed to act in accordance with laws; even Aristotle ascribed all processes of nature to pure accident; the founder of modern English ethics, Thomas Hobbes, who was more influenced by Galileo than by any one else, was the first to propound the scientific theory of the conformity to law of the actions of the human will.

The question, whether the actions of the will are phenomena which act in conformity to a law, admits of only two answers—*yes* and *no*.

The philosophic theory which holds that they do, has been called *determinism*; that which says they do not, is known as *indeterminism*.

The determinist assumes, as Kant says: "If we could penetrate into the secrets of all the phenomena of the human will, there would not be a single action that we could not predict with certainty, or which we would not recognize as a necessary consequence of the preceding conditions." "We should be able to predict all the future actions of a man as accurately as we can an eclipse of the sun or moon." (Kant, *Critique of Practical Reason*.)

To think about human actions, means, it appears, to assume a law controlling them; to deny this law is to cease actually to think. Just as every being is at every moment a certain being, so every man is, at every moment a certain man,—he possesses certain qualities which determine his actions, and if these qualities do not change, his actions will not, under the same external conditions, change either. If they did, he would be acting according to what he is not. If we cannot assume that like causes produce like effects, all conditions being similar, we must cease to think, for all thought is based on this assumption.

Prof. James says that indeterminism assumes that "of two alternative futures we now conceive, both now may be really possible, and the one only become impossible at the very moment when the other excludes it by becoming real itself.") The question at issue between determinism and indeterminism "relates solely to the existence of possibilities, in the strict sense of the term, as things that *may*, but *need* not, be. Both sides admit that a volition, for instance, has occurred. The indeterminists say another volition might have occurred in its place; the determinists swear that nothing could possibly have occurred in its place. Now can *Science* be called in to tell us which of these two point-blank contradictors of each other is right? Science professes to draw no conclusions but such as are based on matters of fact, things that have actually happened. But how can any amount of assurance that anything actually happened give us the least grain of information as to whether another thing might or might not have happened in its place?

Facts can only prove facts. With things that are possibilities and not facts, they have no concern. If we have no other evidence than the evidence of existing facts, the possibility question must remain a mystery never to be cleared up. And the truth is that facts practically have hardly anything to do with making us either determinists or indeterminists. * * * What divides us into possibility men and anti-possibility men is different faiths or postulates,—postulates of rationality. To this man the world seems more rational with possibilities in it, to that man, more rational with possibilities excluded." The determinist is quite right in saying that the indeterminist assumes an accident; but accident is "a purely negative and relative term, giving us no information about that of which it is predicted, except that it happens to be disconnected with something else,—not controlled, secured or necessitated by other things in advance of its own, actual presence." "As this point is the most subtle point of the whole lecture, and at the same time the point on which all the rest hinges," adds Prof. James, "I want to beg you to pay special attention to it. What I say is that it tells us nothing about what a thing may be in itself to call it chance. It may be a bad thing, it may be a good thing."

If this method of reasoning carried weight with it, it would prove that not only human actions, but all processes of nature are accidental. Not only the changes of wind and weather would be accidental "in the strict sense of the term," but an eclipse of the sun,—the death of a man whose head has been cut off, would be equally accidental.

How does it happen that, with very rare exceptions, no scientist assumes any processes in the material world to be accidental? It would seem, then, that science—the science of nature and that of thought after all "has some concern" with the settlement of the vexed question.

The man whose head was cut off died, it is true. But, we are told, mere facts do not decide the question of possibilities: with the assumption that it was *impossible* for the man to live after being beheaded, the facts and science have "no concern." Well, we others think that science has, in fact, very much concern with the settlement of such questions; for the assumption that like causes produce like effects is the very basis of science. To the determinist "the world seems more rational with possibilities excluded." Certainly, if by possibilities, *accidents* are meant, as is here the case. A world containing "possibilities" would, to the degree in which these possibilities exist, set at naught the practical exercise of reason—for in that case we could no longer believe that like causes produce like effects. And if the world contained a great many "possibilities," the exercise of the reason would soon become *non est*, for reasonable and reasoning beings would cease to exist. Such a world would be chaos, "in the strict sense of the term."

If our author, instead of speaking of a "mystery never to be cleared up," had (to use Baconian language) begun with the *words after the rational method of mathematicians*, and had told us what is really understood by the "possible" or that which may be—whether it is anything but our own ignorance and the absence of a cause for the assumption of the contrary of that which is regarded as "possible"—as when we say: it is *possible* that this leaf, blown by the wind, will fly to yonder spot, it *may* alight there, but it *may* also alight elsewhere.

"It tells us nothing about what a thing may be in itself to call it chance—it may be a bad thing, it may be a good thing"? Very well. But that is just the trouble. It is always a very *bad thing* to be quite uncertain regarding the future, not to know whether "a good thing" or "a bad thing" may happen. To call things accidental, is to ignore science, to do away with faith.

"A favorite argument against free will," Prof. James continues, "is that, if it be true, a man's murderer may as probably be his best friend as his worst enemy, a mother as likely to strangle as to suckle her first-born, and all of us as ready to jump from fourth-story windows as to go out of front doors, etc. Users of this argument* should properly be excluded from debate till they learn what the real question is. 'Free will' does not say that everything that is physically conceivable is also morally possible. It merely says that of alternatives that really *tempt* our will, more than one is really possible. Of course, the alternatives that really *tempt* our will are vastly fewer than the physical possibilities we can coldly fancy. Persons really tempted often do murder their best friend, mothers do strangle their first-born, people do jump out of fourth-story windows, etc."

It does not seem as if this explanation were quite in accordance with the general statements regarding "possibilities," made by the author; and it does not seem as if even now the indeterminists—although they have become more modest in the course of years—would all be satisfied with this definition of "free will."

Of "alternatives that really tempt our will" then, "more than one is really possible." By these "alternatives" the author evidently means: various imagined actions, which call forth a wish for their realization. For instance, he says: "People do jump out of fourth-story windows." Let us assume then, that a man, who has been brought to despair by an unfortunate love affair, determines to end his misery by voluntarily seeking death, and jumps from the window of the fourth floor; he is found bruised and crushed, but the surgeon's art succeeds in restoring him to life. Before he determined to commit suicide, his will was, indeed, tried by various alternatives: the natural love of life was still great within him, the thought of destruction, of self-

*Cf. John Fiske, *Cosmic Philosophy*, Part II. Chap. XVII. Vol. 2, p. 181 (first edition).

destruction was terrible to him; but more terrible still was the thought of living on, and the thought that he could at once end all his misery was very sweet. And when he had decided upon suicide, he hesitated whether to shoot or poison himself or to jump from the window. What does it mean, then, to say that another alternative than the one actually chosen was "really possible"? If the man now thinks back upon that act caused by despair, which he in all probability sincerely repents, does his consciousness tell him that he could have acted otherwise? It tells him nothing of the kind; it can only speak of the now actually existing conditions. Neither does his memory tell him so. It can only speak of what has really occurred, not of what might have been. Neither consciousness nor memory, but only reason can say anything of possibilities. If the man says to himself, I might have acted differently, he generally means: I could have acted differently had I willed it. But if he asks himself: Could I possibly have willed otherwise at the time? could a different act of the will have been possible? what will his reason reply? Perhaps this: I would not have committed the action *if* I had thought about it then as I do now, but I did not think so. I would not have committed it, *if* the thought that time would heal my wound had been present to me, but it was not. I would not have committed it *if* I had considered suicide as positively despicable, but I did not then consider it so. I would not have jumped from the window *if* I had not considered that the safest method of destruction; at the time I thought it was. The fact of my choosing to die and not to live, is a proof that I preferred death, *i. e.*, the motive which determined me to commit suicide was stronger than the love of life; and to say that I could have chosen life, even though I preferred death, is a contradiction. I know that if the circumstances which influenced the action could exist once more I should act in precisely the same manner; but they can never exist again: for even were I again placed in a similar condition, the state of my mind would not be the same: other thoughts and other feelings would influence me.

Let us suppose that the action has not yet occurred, but is simply a matter of thought and intention, what does it mean if we say: not only the choice of death, but that of life is now really possible? Perhaps it means: both actions are entirely dependent upon the will of the subject; but it may also mean: I do not know, or the person under temptation does not himself know how he will act—there is no reason to take one course or the other for granted. But, should it be said: it is a mere accident, there is no cause for a man choosing death instead of life—surely *common sense*, which the indeterminists make so large a factor in their arguments, will object.

If I choose between various actions that are possible and of which one is *right*, I must necessarily believe, it

is said, that I *can* choose it, no matter how strong opposing motives may be, or how often I may have already succumbed to temptation; difficulty and impossibility are fundamentally two entirely different ideas. Here, again, physical freedom seems to be understood. If I consider an action my duty, that I ought to do it, that it would be wrong not to, I certainly think that it is something which I *can* do if I want to; if I am lame I do not consider it my duty to succor a drowning man, for I cannot do so, even though I may wish to. *Ultra posse nemo obligatur*. "Strongly opposing motives and the habit of contradiction may make an action difficult, but not impossible." That is very true; for a man can commit an action, regardless of opposing motives, if he *wills* to do so: an action is not impossible if a man can do it; and it is not said that he cannot commit an action if it depends upon his will. The assertion that a man cannot execute a certain act of the will is not applicable, as it makes it appear that he cannot do it, even though he wills it; while the very fact of his willing it proves its possibility—the very thing in question. Not to be able to will, although one wills, is simply a paradox. But will he do the right action, if the motives not to do it are stronger than the motives to do it? Will he want to do it, if his will is not to do it? "If the motive to do right," as has been said, "is too weak in me, still I cannot upon mature reflection regard this fact as a sensible reason not to do right." Certainly not! It is not a "sensible reason" not to do right; but it is nevertheless the *cause* of it. A "sensible reason not to do right" does not exist.

"No matter how often I may have done wrong, and how strongly confirmed the habit may be, I know that it is still possible for me to do right henceforth." He who says this can hardly mean, by it, anything that is opposed to the law of the actions of the human will. He can scarcely mean to imply that there will be changes without any cause; he cannot mean that it will be possible for him to do right, even though the motives which impel him to do so are less strong than those to do wrong. He means to say: It is in my power to act otherwise; it only depends upon my will: I will be able to act otherwise if I wish to. Or perhaps he means: I consider it possible that I may, under like circumstances, have a different will in the future from that which I have hitherto had. I have no reason to assume that it will always be the same. A change of will may even seem probable to him. The evil consequences of his action are now apparent to him, or perhaps some experiences have given him cause to deeply regret his past wickedness; the strong motive which determined him to do evil now no longer exists, and he now vividly pictures a better life; it already seems a reality; and so he thinks that he will in future act differently; he makes the *resolution* to become better. But how often is this belief wrong, and how many a resolution is broken! "The way to hell is paved with

good resolutions." If he is again placed in a similar situation of temptation, the evil motive may again predominate, and the motive against it, the motive which prompted the resolution, becomes weak, and he will again do wrong. But, though resolutions are often broken, they are also often kept; the tendency to evil may be overcome by a stronger tendency to good. But which of the two will conquer is not a matter of accident; and sometimes our knowledge of a man's character is so accurate that we can predict almost with certainty whether or not he will keep a resolution once made. The decision depends upon the relation of the degrees of the motives: and everything that tends to strengthen the tendency to the good—and how innumerable are the circumstances which can strengthen it!—influences the decision in favor of the good. If we succeed in awakening or strengthening the nobler parts of man—and oftentimes the mere expression of our *faith* in the good in him is sufficient to do this—we may influence him to do right. Let us bring to his consciousness the distinction between the "difficulty" and the "impossibility" of an action, let us convince him that no external circumstances force him to do wrong, but that it depends entirely upon himself, upon his own will, that to *will* is to be able to; let us awaken in him the belief in himself by showing him the good that really is in him, let us call to his mind the happiness that will accompany right action; and we will do much toward winning him back to the good. He will return to the path of righteousness, not accidentally, not without cause, but because now there are new motives at work in him, or because the relative strength of his various motives has changed.

(To be concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

RELIGION AND THE OPEN COURT.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 14, 1887.

E. C. HEGELER, ESQ., *Dear Sir:*

I am an aged clergyman of the Church of England, but for the last two years have had no clerical duty. For the last twenty-seven years I have been Chairman of the Municipal Subcommittee of the Liverpool Museum.

With yourself, though we have never met, I have strong sympathy, which the paper on "The Religion of Humanity," in *THE OPEN COURT* of November 24th, has kindled into a brief expression of interest in your work.

Strange, that Mr. Coupland should have to travel so far for the publication of his noble views, and yet I doubt whether the *Nineteenth Century* or the *Contemporary* would venture to print them. Dean Stanley would have rejoiced in the "Religion of Humanity," but to him there has been no successor.

Grand men are some of the broad Churchmen now-a-days, but they are not theologians. They prefer to spend and be spent for their flocks and live in poor streets in the midst of them.

The marvel of the day seems to be the reception given to the revelation of Unity in Nature. Neither learned nor simple (for it has spread to the working classes in our large towns), seem

capable of entertaining the thought that anything good can come out of the Nazareth of evolution. The Professors—do they teach it like men heralding good news? I fear they would blush to give the slightest hint that there was anything to be joyful for in the announcement of the Devil's death, or rather that he had never existed, for that is the true meaning of the universality of order. Our own best friends—have they found any gladness of heart in evolution? Would they not stare at us for conjecturing that such a thing was possible? It is the crucifixion of the deliverer and best friend over again.

It cannot be said that Herbert Spencer or your Mr. Draper are pessimists, yet the effect of advanced science teaching is to scatter an epidemic characterized by a fervent hope that it is not true, with more or less of a conviction that it must be true after all.

This kind of wretched feeling is easily disseminated, just as the *Sturm und Drang* movement carried away half Germany in Goethe's days.

Poor Mill! poor Mill! What might it not have been to him to have been satisfied that there is no antagonism in Nature.

I do not fear the truth, but it is enough to drive one wild to find truth so unhappily perverted, and how gold can be turned into stone by scientists in dread of clericalism.

No, Nature is not cruel. It has been the work of a good part of my life to illustrate this truth. Forgive my garrulous pen. I know, or knew, many men of glorious name in your country: Agassiz, father and son; Prof. Henry Nuttall, Asa Gray, Dana, Unio, Lee, Leidy, Morse and others. * * *

Wishing you all success, I remain with much respect,

Yours ever,

HENRY H. HIGGINS.

To the Editor:

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 17, 1888.

I consider *THE OPEN COURT* the best philosophical and religious journal published. One that will not destroy religion, but give us a new religion based on ethics and science in place of the old Christian dogmas. You and Mr. Hegeler call this new religion "Monism," and say that it does for you what the old religion does for the believer. * * * I think there are too many "isms" now, but I hope that Monism will do more than other "isms" have done for mankind, and become the religion of humanity. I have found this same satisfaction in "Ethical Culture," or religion of morality (humanitarianism).

I have read your articles on "The Use of the Word Religion," in the *Freidenker*, and agree with you in every respect. The good in the old religion will always remain, and we cannot call it by any other name; there is no word in any language that expresses exactly what we mean by religion. Religion is our highest aspiration, and to live up to it gives satisfaction and strength when all else fails; it fills the wants of the heart, or soul, or conscience, or whatever you may call the "inner man," that feeling which says: Do right! or, You have done wrong!

The translations from the great German and French writers will be of interest, and will, no doubt, be welcomed by all the readers of *THE OPEN COURT*. May *THE OPEN COURT* give us a true scientific religion, and thereby become an educator of the human race, for moral education backed by science is the only salvation of mankind. * * * Yours,

G. H. SCHIEL.

INDIVIDUAL IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor.

NORFOLK, VA., January, 1888.

A copy of the *Christian Register*, published in Boston, Mass., and dated April 7th last, was sent to me some time ago by a friend who called my attention to twenty-three answers to the following questions, propounded by the editor of that paper to certain prominent scientific men of this country, viz.:

1st. Are there any facts in the possession of modern science which make it difficult to believe in the immortality of the personal consciousness?

2d. Is there anything in such discoveries to support or strengthen a belief in immortality?

3d. Or do you consider the question out of the pale of science altogether?

I find no fault with the answers given, but there are certain plain, natural facts bearing on the subject which I desire to present in a very simple way.

All sane men and women are at present *conscious* of a separate and independent existence. We enjoy the very idea and upon it base all our business and intercourse with one another. It is claimed that this consciousness of our own existence and individuality or this "personal consciousness," if you please, is immortal; that though now experienced and enjoyed only in connection with our corporeal bodies, it is capable of an existence independently of such body, and that when the corporeal bodies which we see and know shall suffer dissolution, our "personal consciousness," being immortal, will survive and continue forever. This is the immortality of the personal consciousness concerning which I understood the editor of the *Christian Register* to confine his inquiries.

In some of the answers sent to the *Register*, reference was made to the personal consciousness of the lower animal tribes; but since the introduction of that feature or phase of consciousness is likely to complicate the issue, I prefer to confine my inquiries strictly to that "consciousness" which *men* enjoy and which religion claims is without an end. Is it immortal as is assumed by the majority of religions? If so, can it be rationally established? That it *cannot be so established* is a conclusion which appears unavoidable to me and I reach it without the slightest desire to doubt or to believe other than the truth, whatever that may be. First let me ask what is the "personal consciousness?"

To my mind it is only that *condition* which we all *experience* when we are able to *recognize ourselves* as well as the *things which* and the *persons whom* we have *learned* to know.

To be conscious of ourselves is only to *know ourselves* and to be conscious of other things is but to know them. All that we know, and are therefore conscious of, we have *learned since* our *birth into the world*. Some men are *capable of learning and have learned* more than some others, and they are, therefore, conscious of more than others are conscious of.

Some again have seen more of the world by travel than some others have seen and are thus made conscious of things which we may *believe* exist *by hearing* of them through those who have traveled; but we, who have not seen such things for ourselves, cannot be fairly said to be conscious of them—we *believe* they exist and are only *conscious* of having heard of them. Our own personal existence or consciousness came not at our birth, even, for we *attained unto* this state of being through the very same processes of intellectual growth and development which have enabled us also to recognize the persons and the things which surround us. In other words, our "personal consciousness" is *composed of the things we have learned* and the things we *thus know inclusive* of our own *personal* existence. No man knew of himself before his birth and for quite a period afterwards *and*, as has been suggested before, no man has any consciousness of anything connected with himself *prior* to his birth. There can be no mistake, therefore, about the fact that our "personal consciousness" had a *beginning*, and that we experience it *only in connection with* this organized body *while* the processes of our voluntary brain organisms are uninterrupted by sleep or disease.

The human brain is simply that "congeries of nerve" matter peculiar to man. It is susceptible of receiving impressions through what we call the five senses, possesses the power to retain these

impressions and of *reflecting* them, for the edification of our kind, *by means of language*. Our observations teach us further that brutes, also, possess modes of communication with one another; but *their modes* we look upon as imperfect and inferior, just as we consider them imperfect and inferior to man in all other respects.

We claim the superiority of man upon facts patent to all, namely: that man has dominion over the beasts of the field and daily subjects them to his uses. But when we prove this we do not prove the immortality of anything, but prove only that as long as man *lives* and the lower animal lives, man hath power over him. Now, when the brute dies and the man dies, all the relations of sovereign and subject logically cease, and the predication of the *immortality* of man upon the simple fact that in life he was superior to the beast *in reason and resource* is purely arbitrary and unphilosophical. The physical organization which we call the body came *first*, our "personal consciousness" came afterwards.

This "personal consciousness" is a *natural* and proper *effect* wrought in the properly organized brain by contact with surrounding phenomena through the avenues of approach to the brain which, as I before said, we denominate the "five senses."

Personal consciousness is the most prominent fact connected with our existence. It is expressed in the features and the movements of every sane human being. Its manifestations in parent, nurse or other person come gradually to be observed by the growing child and *retroactively a like condition* is developed in the child itself. This capacity for the development of consciousness is inherent and latent, as all our talents are, and *consciousness* simply *awakes* or is gradually aroused by being *moved upon* by the forces of a *natural* surrounding. It is, thus, an attribute of our natures by inheritance and by natural development, and is transmitted for development in our children just as it was developed in us before them. In other words, "personal consciousness" is a property of the *living* body, and exists only as the fruit of the living body.

Destroy this tree and, so far as we can know, we as logically destroy its fruit as it is possible for us to destroy the fruit of anything else when we destroy that from which it emanates or that wherein it is *only known* to reside. Why then claim that the "personal consciousness" continues after the death of the body when, as I think I have shown, it is a property of the living body, of *more recent growth* and observed only in connection with the living body?

Personal consciousness is, in fact, the living body conscious of its own personality as distinguished from the dead body which can no longer be conscious of itself nor of anything else, so far as human observation and human reason can teach us. If we assert anything in this age as a fact, we are expected to prove it if the proof is demanded.

If tradition has handed us down the doctrine of the immortality of consciousness without handing us along with it the facts which prove it, and if we are unable to supply the proof ourselves, then we must treat this item of tradition as we treat many other things and decline to receive it even though it be the brightest flake of the world's fancy and flatters ever so much the vanity of mortal man.

The theory which points to the thoughts of a man which live after him as proof that conscious thought or the "real man" lives also, is, I submit, without any rational foundation whatever. Thought is the product of the living brain presented to us through the medium of *human language*, just as the human hand presents the pyramid to our view at the bidding of that organism which conceived and planned it.

The pyramid stands, while the hand that built it has been withered a thousand years and more. And so thought survives, though the fires of that wonderful workshop from which it eman-

ated have long since ceased to burn and naught but ashes now remain. The dead man's thoughts are only remembered and continued through those who live after him and by means of records which the ingenuity of the living manage to preserve, and not by virtue of anything which the dead man can do. Destroy these means of keeping a dead man's thoughts alive and they will perish just as effectually as their author has done. The other theory, too, which assumes the "immortality of consciousness" upon the hypothesis that we are unable to prove the contrary, is equally fallacious. If I should say "a man is passing on the opposite side of the street" and friends standing by me should deny it because they cannot see the man; if I should reply, "no, I cannot see him either, but he is there," most likely my sanity would at once be called in question. If the fact that neither my friends nor myself could see this hypothetical man is proof of anything at all, it proves that I was mistaken and that no such person was really there. If this is not correct reasoning, then testimony through the sense of sight proves nothing. To predicate the existence of a thing upon the declaration that you *cannot show it ceases to exist*, as some seem disposed to do, is equal to the proof of a fact by the fact that you cannot prove it. We employ no such absurd reasoning in relation to other propositions, why do it in relation to this?

If the *seeing* of things generally is proof that the things exist, then the failure to see them carries us *toward* the conclusion that they do not exist. Now when the "personal consciousness" is *known only in connection with the living body*; when we are unable to see this personally conscious entity after the body is dead, and when we are equally unable to establish its existence by evidence of any kind through *all the senses aided by every means known to science*, do we not stultify ourselves and trifle with our reason by insisting that such an undiscoverable entity does exist?

It so appears to me. Having submitted this subject of the "Immortality of the personal consciousness" in the form in which it presents itself to my view, I wish, in conclusion, only to add that whatever is truth will remain truth independently of theories whether new or old and without regard to our prejudices, whatever may be their origin.

To *pretend* to believe a thing which the mind cannot acquiesce in is hardly to be commended, and yet we are apt to foster this very thing by an intolerance of which we are often unaware when we practice it.

The truth for its own sake should be our motto, and I can conceive of no higher morality than this. C. BILLUPS.

THE CAUSE OF GRAVITATION.

To the Editor:

In a recent number of THE OPEN COURT (Vol. I, No. 20, November 10) is an article by George Stearns on the "Mystery of Gravity." Being one of the many scientists who do not see anything mysterious in Newton's law, I wish to state my own explanation of the cause of gravitation.

The law formulated by Newton is that "Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force directly as the masses of the two particles, and inversely as the square of the distance which separates them." Newton did not propose any explanation of gravitation, and expressly stated: "The reason of these properties of gravity I have not, as yet, been able to deduce, and I frame no hypotheses" (quoted after Stallo's *Modern Physics*). But, as Newton elsewhere expressed, action at a distance was repugnant to him.

The discovery by means of the spectroscope of interstellar and interplanetary matter, the cosmic dust theorized about by J. Mayer, Simens and Mathieu-Williams, and the problematic aether, all point out the continuity of matter through the universe. So that a medium for gravitation to take place through is thus

readily provided. But this continuity of matter alone does not at all explain the cause of attraction. For instance, the presence of air or water between a magnet and the piece of iron attracted by it, has not the least to do with such attraction.

That gravity is a force *a tergo*, like atmospheric pressure, as claimed by Le Sage in his hypothesis, is not at all probable, as most scientific men will conclude after taking into consideration the objections made to it in Stallo's. Motion from *push* is one of those anthropomorphisms which so often stand in the way of scientific discovery. Many modern physicists look upon motion as inherent in matter. Grove speaks of motion as the affection of ordinary matter, and Haeckel looks upon the atom of matter as being be-souled. If we do accept attraction as inherent in matter then we do not alter Newton's theory. Nor would we then claim action at a distance, since so-called space is known to be pervaded by rarefied matter. And yet this does not altogether explain gravitation.

We have in the kinetic theory of gases a hint towards the long-desired explanation of attraction—in the fact of the elasticity of matter (we quote from Stallo's *Modern Physics*, Chap. IV.): "In the light of this theory a gaseous body is a swarm of innumerable solid particles incessantly moving about with different velocities in rectilinear paths of all conceivable directions, the velocities and directions being changed by mutual encounters at intervals which are short in comparison with ordinary standards of duration, but indefinitely long as compared with the duration of the encounters. It is readily seen that these motions would soon come to an end if the particles were wholly inelastic, or imperfectly elastic." A gas being a condition of matter more simple than a solid, it explains why the properties of matter are thus made clearer in the case of gases.

If we suppose our solar system to have been primitively one solid mass of matter, and that that mass was shattered beyond the limits of the farthest planet by contact with some other celestial body in motion, we have the conditions required by the nebular theory of La Place for the formation of this world; and, matter stretched out of its previous greater density would, by means of its elasticity, gravitate back to its former condition, or tend towards it.

This is the hypothesis that I propose. It explains the primordial circulatory motion of the nebular hypothesis with which it entirely accords otherwise, and it postulates no more than the latter or than the theory of meteoric aggregation—the primitive encounter of at least two bodies.

Some weighty evidence is derived for it from the fact that, as the sun is supposed to be the residuum of one of these bodies, the planet Uranus seems the residuum of the other, moving as it does in a retrograde manner on its axis.

Besides extending to gravitation and to the nebular hypothesis, my hypothesis explains the law of the "dissipation of energy" in the continual narrowing of the orbits of the planets. The main objections to it are probably those to the La Placean theory. The objection of Babinet, sustained by Stallo, is overthrown by supposing that the nebula extended far beyond Neptune, and the other objection, arising from the fact that the inner satellite of Mars circulates around that planet in less time than it takes the planet itself to rotate on its axis, can be met in this manner. This undue rapidity of circulation might be the result of the contact of that satellite with a comet at some anterior period, or the satellite itself might be the extinct nucleus of some comet attracted and appropriated by Mars, when that comet was moving at a greater speed than that with which Mars rotates on its axis.

My theory also seems especially well adapted to explain the *modus agendi* of the organic forces, a discussion of which we will not presently enter.

ELY SHEFFORD.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF THE PSALMS. By *Henry Van Dyke, D. D.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book is written from the old theological platform. The author's views of God, prayer and salvation betray that he is not yet free from the supernaturalism of former centuries. Nevertheless Mr. Van Dyke deserves credit for being on the path of progress and we cannot but be hopeful for the religious development of our country when, in the preface of a book written by a clergyman, we read the following passage: "A desiccated Bible will have small power with anybody except the superstitious. We ought to be grateful that it did not fall down from heaven like the fabulous statue of Diana of the Ephesians; nor was it whispered into any man's ear by a pigeon after the fashion in which Mahomet said that he received the Koran; but God caused it to grow upon the earth, and to draw into itself all that was noblest and purest in many generations of our fellow-men. We ought to remember that there is not a book in it, and hardly a chapter, the threads of which are not interwoven with the actual experience of a human life. It is in this spirit that I have tried to write the story of some of the psalms. My desire has been to bring these ancient and sacred poems into close connection with the lives of the men who wrote them,—men of like passions, and sins, and trials, and hopes, and aspirations, with ourselves. To do this will not lessen our reverence for the psalms, and it may increase our love. For it will bring them home to us and give them the touch of reality."

HIGHER GROUND. By *Augustus Jacobson.* Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 1888.

We wish that this excellent little book might find its way to the desk of every capitalist, as well as to the cot of every laborer. It is full of thoughts and suggestions, which, in view of the numerous labor troubles that at present are constantly agitating the world, can be heeded none too soon. From our recent experience in the Civil War a timely warning is given that the most expensive method of settling the labor question would be by means of lawlessness and soldiers. There is no doubt but that sacrifices, and very great ones at that, will have to be made. Whether they will be made all at once, is questionable. But if the revolution, which must inevitably come, is to be a peaceable one, concessions must gradually be made by both parties.

Not that the author has discovered a universal panacea for the labor question, as his expressions sometimes lead us to infer he thinks. Far from it. The great merit of the book is that, as its title indicates, it points the way to "Higher Ground." In fact, we cannot but express our opinion that, considering what he intended, the author has sounded an entirely wrong note. He lays far too much stress on the benefits that would be derived from a universalization of manual training. Forty years ago the poorer classes in this country had not a tithe, not a hundredth part of the comforts they have to-day, and yet they were, all in all, very much more contented than at present. But with the increased opportunities in all direction, especially those afforded by the public schools, their intelligence has increased and they feel to-day more keenly than ever the disparity in the position between employe and employer.

To us it seems that the labor question is on the surface a struggle due to competition, which must be decided, as it were, in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest;—and at bottom it is due to moral obliquity which can be rectified only by moral regeneration. To afford every child, male and female, the advantages of manual training,—to accomplish which Mr. Jacobson devises a very ingenious scheme, the essential feature in which (we refer to his plan of graded taxation) was, we believe,

broached some ten years ago by Prof. Felix Adler in one of his lectures before the New York Society for Ethical Culture,—while, perhaps, developing the individual would not lessen competition; it would simply raise competition from a lower to a higher level.

If instead of manual training every individual could go through a course of moral training, if such a course could be devised,—not theoretical, but practical,—one that would fully prepare for just and right action in actual, practical life,—we feel confident that a step would have been taken which must ultimately do much to obviate the many impending difficulties between employer and employe.

We regret that lack of space prevents our entering into a more detailed discussion of the many interesting points the writer touches upon. Mr. Jacobson presents his thought very clearly and very tersely. We hope that he may some time apply himself with equal energy to pointing the way to still higher ground by endeavoring to construct a system of practical moral training.

The letter-press is excellent and the publishers have done all they could to present the author's work in attractive form. H. L.

MIND, the leading English Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, for January contains a variety of interesting matter. The first essay is by F. H. Bradley, on "Pleasure, Pain, Desire and Volition;" J. McK. Cottrell gives an account of the work done and results obtained in the Psychological Laboratory at Leipsic; T. Whittaker treats of "Individualism and State-Action;" D. G. Ritchie contributes a paper on the "Origin and Validity of Our Ideas." The discussions are on "Feeling or Indifference," by W. E. Johnson; "Mill's Natural Kinds," by F. and C. L. Franklin; "The Aim of Inductive Reasoning," by J. Solomon; and "Ethics and the Ideal," by W. L. Davidson. The leading critical notice is on F. Max Müller's "Science of Thought," by the Editor; J. Sally reviews S. Bryant's "Educational Ends;" W. E. Johnson criticises "A Short Introduction to the Study of Logic," by L. Johnstone; T. Whittaker reviews two foreign works, "*Essai sur le Libre Arbitre*," by G. L. Fonsegrine; and "*Die Willensfreiheit der Menschen*," by F. J. Mack. There is a very full list of notices of new books, both English and foreign. B. Barunquet contributes a sketch of the correspondence of Hegel, edited by his son, and recently published.

THE February number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is devoted to an exhibition of the better half of humanity in some of those avocations which modern society has thrown open to it. It is thoroughly a woman's number, and the selection of the contributions has been wise and varied. From the pen of Mrs. A. L. Wister we have an excellent and appreciative translation from the German of E. Werner, entitled the "Spell of Home." Mrs. Wister has lost none of the grace of adaptation. A sonnet from Helen Gray Cone, and poems by Sarah M. B. Piatt, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Edith M. Thomas follow. Amelie Rives shows herself in a new and interesting light in the "Man of the Golden Fillet," a striking story of ancient Athens. It is a faithful reproduction of the life and thought of classic Greece. A racy and entertaining sketch by Belva A. Lockwood, "My Efforts to Become a Lawyer," is a contribution from a member of the bar. The number well illustrates the activity of women in every sphere of thought.

THE February *Atlantic* might almost be called an exceptionally good number. In this issue the serial story by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, "The Second Son," is concluded. Charles Egbert Craddock adds several characteristic chapters to her "Despot of Broomsedge Cove." Among the prose articles those on the "Medea of Euripides," by William C. Lawton, and on "The Marriage Celebration in Europe," by Frank Gaylord Cook, are particularly valuable. George Parsons Lathrop contributes an

interesting critical article on "George Meredith," and James B. Perkins an essay on "Madame Necker." In this number the poetical contributions vie with the prose for first place. Especially noteworthy is "Endymion," a poem of five pages by James Russell Lowell, which he himself describes as "A Mystical Comment on Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love,'" and a delightful and appropriate little lyric by T. B. Aldrich, "No Songs in Winter."

THE *Keynote*, published at 12 East Fourteenth street, New York, is an illustrated monthly review devoted chiefly to music and the drama. There can be no doubt but that among periodicals of its kind it takes first rank. It is bright and newsy,—contains capable and dignified criticisms of the most important musical and dramatic events, interesting biographical sketches of prominent actors and musicians, and frequently publishes literary contributions of more permanent value. Such is the article, "The Elementary Principles of the Modern Opera and their Relation to the Greek Lyrical Drama," by G. B. Penny, in which the writer traces in a very interesting and scholarly manner, the evolution of the Wagner music drama from the old Greek play. A valuable feature of the *Keynote* is the supplement, which contains four pages of standard music by modern composers.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.*

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

CHAPTER IV.—*Concluded.*

The Doctor looked through the window into the dark court. Sleep and peace lay over the wide space; from a distance sounded the tread of the watchman who went his rounds through the homestead, and then the suppressed howl of the farm dog.

"Here we are," he said, at last, "two genuine adventurers in the enemy's fortress. Whether we shall carry anything away from it, is very doubtful," he continued, looking significantly at his friend, with a smile.

"It is doubtful," said the Professor, measuring the room with long strides.

"What is the matter with you, Felix?" asked Fritz, anxiously, after a pause; "you are very absent-minded, which is not usually your way."

The Professor stood still.

"I have nothing to tell you. I have strong but confused feelings, which I am trying to control. I fear I have this day received an impression against which a sensible man ought to guard himself. Ask me nothing further, Fritz," he continued, pressing his hand vehemently. "I do not feel unhappy."

Fritz, deeply troubled, placed himself on his bed, and looked for a boot-jack.

"How does our host please you?" he asked, in a low tone; and in order to appear unconcerned, tapping with his foot on the floor.

"A worthy man," answered the Professor, again stopping, "but his manner is different from what we are accustomed to."

"He is of old Saxon origin," the Doctor proceeded, "broad shoulders, giant height, open countenance, solidity in every movement. The children also are of the same

nature," he continued; "the daughter is somewhat of a Thusnelda."

"The similitude does not fit," rejoined the Professor, roughly, continuing his walk.

Fritz drew off the second boot in slightly discordant mood.

"How does the eldest boy please you? He has the bright hair of his sister."

"It cannot be compared," said the Professor, again laconically.

Fritz placed both boots before the bed, and himself upon it, and said with decision:

"I am ready to respect your humor, even when I cannot quite understand it; but I beg you to take into consideration that we have forced ourselves on their hospitality, and that we ought not to take advantage of it beyond to-morrow morning."

"Fritz," cried the Professor, with deep feeling, "you are my tender dear friend, have patience with me to-day." So saying, he turned round, and breaking the conversation, approached the window.

Fritz was almost beside himself with anxiety. This noble man, so confident in all he wrote, so full of deliberation, and so firm in decision, even with regard to the obscurest passages—and now some emotion was working in him which shook his whole being. How could this man be so disturbed? He could look back with majestic clearness on a past of many thousand years, and now he was standing at a window looking at a cow stable, and something like a sigh sounded through the room. And what was to come of it? These thoughts occupied incessantly the Doctor's mind.

Long did the Professor pace up and down the room; Fritz feigned to sleep, but was always peeping from under the bedclothes at his excited friend. At last the Professor extinguished the light and threw himself on his bed. Soon his deep breathing showed that beneficent nature had softened the pulses of that beating heart. But the Doctor's anxiety held its ground more pertinaciously. From time to time he raised his head from his pillow, searched for his spectacles on the nearest chair, without which he could not see the Professor, and spied through them at the other bed, again took off his spectacles, and lay down on the pillow with a gentle sigh. This act of friendship he repeated many times, till at last he fell into a deep sleep, shortly before the sparrows sang their morning song in the vine arbor.

CHAPTER V.

AMONG HERDS AND SHEAVES.

The friends on awakening heard the clock in the courtyard striking, the wagons rolling before the window, and the bells of the herds tinkling. For a moment they looked bewildered at the wall of the strange room, and through the window out on the sunny garden.

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While the Doctor wrote his memoranda and packed up his bundle, the Professor walked out. The daily work had long begun; the men with their teams were gone to the field; the Inspector hastened busily about the open barns; encircled by the dogs the bleating sheep thronged before the stable.

The landscape shone in the light of a cloudless sky. The mist hovered over the earth, subduing the clear light of the morning sun, blending it with a delicate grey. The houses and trees still cast long shadows, the coolness of the dewy night still lingered in shady places, and the light breeze fanned the cheeks of the learned man, now with the warmth of the early daylight, now with the refreshing breath of night.

He walked about the buildings and the farmyard in order to acquaint himself with the place, of which henceforth he was to have mingled recollections in his soul. The persons who dwelt here had with some hesitation disclosed their life to him, and much in this simple pastoral existence appeared to him pleasing and desirable. Everywhere he could easily see what influences produced activity and energy. The tasks for each one and the duties for every day grew in the soil of the farm and the surrounding country. Their views of life and of the world were all in accordance with their surroundings. He felt keenly how worthily and happily men can live whose own being is so firmly interwoven with nature and the primitive necessities of man. But for himself his life was regulated by other influences, was actuated by the thousand impressions of ancient and modern times, and not unfrequently by the forms and circumstances of the distant past. For a man's life-work is more to him than the passing labor of the day, and all that he has done continues to work within as a living reality. The naturalist, whose desire for rare plants urges him up the steep height from which he can hardly find his way back; the soldier, whose recollection of the excitement of old battles impels him into new combats—these are both led by the power of thoughts which have been excited in them by their past lives; and naturally so. Man is not the slave of that which he has experienced, if he is not debased by it; his will is free, he chooses as he likes, and casts off what he does not care to preserve; but the forms and ideas which have entered into his soul work on and guide him unceasingly; he has often to guard himself against their mastery, but in a thousand cases he joyfully follows their gentle guidance. All that was and all that is continues far beyond his mere earthly existence in every new being into which it penetrates. It may influence millions, for ages,—ennobling, elevating or degrading individuals and nations. Thus the spirits of the past, the forces of nature, even our own actions and thoughts become an inalienable, component part of the soul, influencing our lives. Thus the learned man smiled as he thought how the strange,

old reminiscences of thousands of years had brought him among these country people, and how different was the mind and judgment of the man who ruled here, owing to the difference of occupation.

Amid these thoughts the lowing of the cattle sounded agreeably from the stalls. Looking up, he saw a number of maids carrying full milk-pails to the dairy. Behind them went Ilse, in a simple morning dress; her fair hair shone in the sun like spun gold, and her step was brisk and vigorous like the early morn. The Professor felt shy about approaching her; his eyes followed her thoughtfully; she also was one of the forms which henceforth was to live within him, the ideal of his dreams—perhaps of his wishes. For how long? and how powerfully? He did not realize that his Roman emperors would be active in answering this question within the next hour.

The proprietor came across the farm-yard and, greeting the Professor, invited him to take a short walk into the fields. As the two walked together—both able men, and yet so different in face and figure, in mind and manners—many would have noted the contrast with deep interest, and Ilse not last among them. But any one who had not the eyes of a treasure-seeker or exorcist could not perceive how different were the invisible retinues of tiny spirits that flitted round the temples and shoulders of both,—comparable to swarms of countless birds or bees. The spirits that attended the farmer were in homely working garb, blue blouses and fluttering bandanas, among them a few forms in the indefinite robes of Faith, Hope and Charity. On the other hand, round the Professor swarmed an invisible throng of foreign phantoms with togas and antique helmets, in purple robes and Greek chlamys, also athletes—some with bundles of rods and winged hats. The little retinue of the proprietor flew incessantly over the fields and back again; the swarm round the Professor remained steadily by him. At last the proprietor stopped at one particular field; he looked at it with great delight, and mentioned that he had here succeeded by deep ploughing in growing green lupins, then newly introduced into cultivation. The Professor seemed surprised; among his spirit retinue there arose a confused stir; one of the small antique spirits flew to the nearest clod of earth and fastened thereto a delicate web which it had spun from the head of the Professor. Meanwhile the Professor told his companion how deep ploughing for green lupins had been the custom of the Romans, and how rejoiced he was that now after more than a thousand years this old discovery had been brought to light again in our farming. They then spoke of the change in agriculture, and the Professor mentioned how striking it was that three hundred years after the beginning of our era, the corn exchanges at the harbors of the Black Sea and Asia Minor were so similar to those of Hamburg and

London in modern days, while at present other agricultural produce was principally cultivated there in the East. Finally, he told him of a grain tariff which was imposed by a Roman emperor, and that unfortunately the price of wheat and barley, the two products on which then depended other prices and duties, were effaced from the stone tablet that had been preserved. And he explained why this loss was so much to be lamented. Now the heart of the host began to expand, and he assured the Professor that it need not be lamented, for the lost value might be fixed from the price of the remaining produce of the straw and husk, because all agricultural produce taken as a whole had a firm and ancient relative value. He gave this relation of their productive value in figures, and the Professor discovered with joyful astonishment that they agreed with the tariff of his old Emperor Diocletian.

While the men were carrying on this desultory conversation, a mischievous wide-awake spirit, probably the Emperor Diocletian himself, flew from the Professor, made his way through the peasant spirits of the Proprietor, placed himself in his purple robe on the head of the master, stamped with his little feet on his skull, and impressed the farmer with the belief that the Professor was a sensible and worthy man, who might give him further information on the value and price of agricultural produce. It also pleased the proprietor well that he could give the learned man instruction in his own branches.

When, at the end of an hour, the two wanderers returned to the house, the proprietor stopped at the door and said with some solemnity to the Professor, "When I brought you here yesterday, I little knew whom I had with me. It grieves me that I greeted so inhospitably a man like you. Your acquaintance has become a pleasure to me; it is rare to meet with a person with whom one can speak on various subjects as one can with you. As you are traveling for recreation, pray be pleased to pass some time with us simple folk—the longer the better. It is indeed not a season when a country host can make the house agreeable to his guests, so you must be content. If you wish to work, and require books, you may have them brought here; and pray observe whether the Romans had winter barley which was lighter than ours. Do me the honor by accepting my invitation." So saying, he cordially extended his hand to his guest. The Professor's countenance beamed with delight; he eagerly clasped the hand of his friendly host. "If you are willing to keep me and my friend some days longer, I accept your invitation with all my heart. I must tell you that the insight into a new circle of human interests is most valuable to me, but still more so the kindness with which you have treated us."

"Settled!" exclaimed the proprietor, cheerfully; "now we will call your friend."

The Doctor opened his door. When the Proprietor warmly repeated the invitation to him, he looked for a moment earnestly at his friend, and when the latter gave him a friendly nod, he also accepted for the few days which were still free before the promised visit to his relatives. Thus it happened that the Emperor Diocletian, fifteen hundred years after he had involuntarily left the world, exercised his tyrannical power over the Professor and Proprietor. Whether there were other ancient powers actively working in secret, is not ascertained.

Ilse listened silently to her father's information that the gentlemen would be his guests some time longer, but her look fell so bright and warm on the strangers that they rejoiced in being welcomed by her also.

From this hour they were introduced into the household as old acquaintances, and both, though they had never lived in the country, felt it indispensable, and as if they had returned to a home in which years before they had once bustled about. It was a busy life there, and yet, even when work was most pressing and earnest, there was a cheerful repose about it. Without much ado they all worked in unison. The daylight was the supreme patron, who, at its rise, called to work, and when extinguished gave rest to weary limbs; the laborers looked up to the sky to measure their hours of work, and the sun and the clouds influenced their frame of mind, sometimes inducing comfort and sometimes anxiety. Slowly and gently, as nature draws the blossoms out of the earth and matures the fruits, did the feelings of these men grow into blossoms and fruits. In peaceful relations the workers passed their lives. Small impressions, such as a few kind words or a friendly look, sufficed to entwine a firm bond round these various natures—a bond woven with invisible threads; but which attained a strength sufficient to last through a whole life.

The friends also felt the influence of the peace, daily activity, and small events of the country. Only when they looked toward the old house and thought of the hope which had led them hither, did something of the disquiet come over them which children feel when expecting a Christmas-box; and the quiet work of their fancy threw a brilliant light over all that belonged to the house, even down to the barking Nero, who, as early as the second day, expressed by the vehement wagging of his tail, his wish to be taken into their fellowship at table.

The Doctor did not fail to remark how strongly his friend was attracted by this quiet life, and with what tact he adapted himself to the inhabitants of the house. The proprietor, before he rode to the distant part of the farm, brought him some agricultural books, and spoke to him of the different varieties of grain, and the Professor answered him as modestly as a young gentleman in top boots, and immersed himself forthwith earnestly

in these new interests. Also between Ilse and the Professor there was an evident understanding, the cause of which occasioned the Doctor some disquiet. When the Professor spoke to her, it was with deep respect, both in voice and look, and Ilse always turned by preference to him, and was quietly but incessantly endeavoring to give him pleasure. When at table he picked up her handkerchief, he handed it to her with a respectful bow as to a princess. When she handed him his cup he looked as happy as if he had discovered the secret meaning of some difficult passage in an author. Then in the evening, when he sat with the father in the garden and Ilse came behind them from the house, his countenance brightened up, though he had not yet seen her. When she distributed to the children their supper, and was obliged to scold little Franz because he was naughty, the Professor suddenly looked as dismal as if he himself were a boy whom the displeasure of his sister was to improve. These observations set the Doctor thinking.

Furthermore, when, shortly after the sturdy Hans proposed to the Doctor to play a friendly game of blind-man's-buff, Fritz assumed, as a matter of course, that the Professor would in the meantime converse with the father in the arbor, and he never dreamed of asking anything so extravagant of his learned friend as to join in the game. How astonished then was he when Ilse, having folded the handkerchief, approached the Professor, requested him to be blinded first, and he, the Professor, looked quite happy at the idea, offered his head gently—like a lamb to the sacrifice—to be covered, and allowed himself to be led by Ilse into the midst of the circle of the little rompers. Noisily did the swarm circle round the Professor; the impudent children pulled him by the flaps of his coat, even Ilse contrived to lay hold of a button and draw him gently by it. This put him in a state of excitement; he felt about with his hands, and minded no attacks of the assaulting children, only seeking to seize the fair offender; and when he did not succeed, he kept poking about with his sticks and groping like the blind singer Demodokus to catch a Phæacian. Now, at last, he hit exactly upon Ilse, but she passed the end of the stick to her sister, and Clara whistled on it, but he exclaimed, "Fraülein Ilse!" She was delighted that he had guessed wrong, and he looked much puzzled.

Other games followed, in all of which the Professor showed such dexterity that the children were quite enchanted, though Franz called out indignantly that he did not strike Ilse hard enough when he had the knotted handkerchief. Ilse, however, took the handkerchief, and, much to his astonishment and delight, struck him heartily over the shoulders.

The Doctor joined in the sports, and looked with pleasure at the movements of the wild maidens in the games; and when Ilse stood by a tree and laid hold of a

branch with her hand in order to support herself—with her glowing face wreathed by the leaves of the nut-tree, she looked so lovely and happy that the Doctor was also enchanted.

In such a bacchanalian mood it was not to be wondered at that the Professor at last called upon Hans to run a race twice around the square. Amidst the shouts of the children Hans lost the race, as he himself maintained because he had the inner side of the square, but the others entirely rejected this excuse. When the runners again came to the arbor, Ilse handed to the Professor his great coat, which she had meanwhile fetched from the coat-rack in the hall. "It is late, you must not take cold while with us." It was not at all late, but he put on the coat at once, buttoned it up from top to bottom, and, with a look of satisfaction, shook his opponent Hans by the shoulder. Afterwards they all sat down again in the arbor, in order to cool themselves. Here, at the vociferous demands of the little ones, a thaler was passed round while a song was sung, and the more particular part of the family loudly declared that the thaler had twice fallen to the ground between Ilse and the Professor, because they had not passed it firmly enough into each other's hands. By this game the love of song was awakened among the young people, and great and small sang together as loud as they could, such songs as had become familiar to them—"On the Cool Banks of the Saal," "Song of the Cloak," and the catch of "The Bells of Capernaum." After that Ilse and Clara, at the request of the Doctor, sang a folk-song, very simple and unadorned, and perhaps on that account the melancholy style touched the heart, so that after the song all were quiet, and the strangers appeared much moved till the Proprietor called upon the guests to contribute their share. The Professor, recovering from his emotion, began immediately to sing, in a rich-toned bass, "Here I sit in a Cool Cellar," so that the boys in their enthusiasm drank up the remains of their glasses of milk and clinked them on the table. Again the company broke out into a chorus; they began the dear old song, "Of the Fatherland," so far as they knew the verses, and in conclusion they attempted "Lützow's Wild Chase." The Doctor, as an experienced chorus-singer, carried the melody beautifully through the most difficult passages, and the refrain sounded wonderfully in the calm evening air; the tones passed along the vine arbor and wall, and over the top of the fruit trees up to the thicket of the nearest hill, and came back from thence as an echo.

After this masterpiece the children's party broke up, and they were unwillingly taken by Ilse to the house, but the men continued in conversation a little longer; they had laughed and sung together, and became confidential. The Proprietor spoke of his early days, how he had tried his luck here and there, and at last had

established himself firmly in this place. The struggle of daily life had been weary and toilsome; he gladly called it to mind at this hour, and spoke of it with the good sense of an energetic man.

Thus passed the second day on the estate—under sun and stars, amongst the sheaves and herds.

The following morning the Professor was awaked by the loud noise of the feathered farm-yard family; the cock flew upon a stone under the window of the visitor's room, and sounded his morning clarion imperiously,—the hens and young chickens stood in a circle round him, and endeavored to practice the same art; in between the sparrows chirruped loud, then the doves flew up and cooed their song, at last there came a number of ducks and began quacking a second chorus. The Professor found it necessary to rise, and the Doctor called out querulously from his bed: "That comes from yesterday's sing-song; now we hear the effect of all the associated farm-yard musicians." But in this he was in error, the little flock of the farm-yard sung only from official zeal to announce that a stormy day might be expected.

When the Professor went into the open air, the morning light still glowed like fire in the heavens, and the first rays of light shimmered over the fields in broken and trembling waves. The ground was dry, no dew-drops hung on leaf or turf. The air also was sultry, and the heads of the flowers drooped languidly on their stalks. Had a second sun appeared in the night? But the clear piping of the yellow thrush sounded from the top of an old cherry tree incessantly. The old gardener, Jacob, looked at the tree, shaking his head: "I thought that the rogue had gone away, he has made too much havoc among the cherries, and now he is giving us information before he leaves; something is coming to-day."

Else, as she came from the dairy, said: "The cows are unquiet, they low and push against one another."

The sun rose red out of heavy vapor—the laborers in the field felt a weariness in their limbs, and continually stopped in their work to dry their faces. The shepherd was to-day discontented with his flock; the wethers were bent upon gamboling instead of eating, they bucked against one another, and the young ones frisked and danced about as if they were drawn by wires. Disorder and wilfulness could not be restrained; the dog circled round the excited animals incessantly with his tail between his legs.

The sun rose higher in the cloudless heavens—the day became hotter—a light vapor rose from the earth which made the distance indistinct; the sparrows flew restlessly about the tops of the trees, the swallows skimmed along the ground and circled round the men. The friends went to their room; here also they felt the exhausting sultriness; the Doctor, who was making a plan of the house, laid down his pencil. The Professor

was reading about agriculture and the rearing of cattle, but he often looked from his book up to the sky, opened the window and closed it again. The dinner was quieter than usual, the host looked serious, and his staff hardly allowed themselves time to empty their plates.

"We shall have trouble to-day," said the master of the house to his daughter, on rising. "I will ride to the outskirts; if I am not back before the storm, look after the house and farm."

(To be continued.)

By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart.—*Fancourt.*

Two-thirds of life are spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting.—*Souvestre.*

Tombs are the clothes of the dead: a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.—*Fuller.*

Intellectual progress, separated from moral progress, gives a fearful result: a being possessing nothing but brains.—*A. de Gasparin.*

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Most painters have painted themselves. So have most poets; not so plainly, not so palpably, indeed, and confessedly, but still more assiduously. Some have done nothing else.—*A. W. Hare.*

The fool maintains an error with the assurance of a man who can never be mistaken: the sensible man defends a truth with the circumspection of a man who may be mistaken.—*De Brinx.*

He who allows his happiness to depend too much on reason, who submits his pleasures to examination, and desires enjoyments only of the most refined nature, too often ends by not having any at all.—*Chamfort.*

If as much care were taken to perpetuate a race of fine men as is done to prevent the mixture of ignoble blood in horses and dogs, the genealogy of every one would be written on his face and displayed in his manners.—*Voltaire.*

We would direct the attention of our readers to the two letters—"THE OPEN COURT AND RELIGION"—published under the head of "Correspondence." The one comes from a minister of the Church of England in Liverpool, the other from a liberal in St. Louis—both personally unknown to us. Our object in publishing these letters is to show that even such extremes—the most orthodox on the one hand, and the most radical on the other—find in THE OPEN COURT common ground on which they can meet.

The Open Court.

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THOUGHT, THE PARENT OF ORIGINALITY.

BY MARY E. COLE.

"Each age must write its own books. * * * Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books."—*Emerson*.

He who accepts a theory, or a truth, full-fledged all worked out in detail, from the brain of another, loses very much, even though he may comprehend the thing perfectly and grasp it wholly. When man works out his own problems he puts into the old truth (for truth is never new) that which gives it fresh life and vigor. He reclothes it with that fine something which is a part of his own being. The truths underlying the Christian religion, and the Platonic philosophy, were, before Christ or Plato; for truth, like law, was, is, and ever will be. But these minds, grasping the germinal truths, moulded them into form and gave them palpable existence. The glory to Jesus and Plato is, the weaving of their spirit in and through these truths, making them luminous to the world. Just this touch of individuality is the secret of all creative work, and is what we call genius. The sculptor's ideal, the artist's spirit, the fires of divine revelation it is, which makes the marble speak, the canvas glow, the music thrill and poetry stir. The difference between artistic and inartistic work is the difference in individual power and insight. This it is which gives permanence and tenacity to all art creation and is seen in the simplest forms of material workmanship, to man's highest conception of law, and order in the universe or God. Genius is always accompanied by his twin brother—*independent individuality*—and these two are linked with a third, *marvellous courage*. The genius who announces absolute truth is usually fortified by a moral courage as wonderful as the creative faculty itself. Genius is not given to all men, but to each is given a talent, and it is a sacred duty for each one to use this talent and to think and act for himself, for he is not an integral, but a part of the whole brotherhood of humanity, a link in the endless chain of being. Whether this thought be helpful and luminous to others, gathering its followers and lending its radiance, or remains within the quiet limits of one's own soul as guide and light, matters not, we have been true to ourselves and true to a great ethical principle. Anything short of this individual effort is either stolen, borrowed or imitated. A

modern writer says: "The true original genius does not kick out of the traces of the universe, but heroically carries it forward; not imitating the old, but transforming into it the new, wherein lies just his originality."

St. Augustine says: "Christianity has existed since time or the world began. Christ coming gave to the principles he advocated the name it now bears." To accept crystallized truth without knowing anything about the wonderful process of crystallization may be a mental pleasure, but is lacking in that keener, finer joy which one may experience who has himself traced each step in the crystallization. All may have a simple appreciation of the general phenomena of the sun, moon and stars, but how grand is the conception of the universe! Man should use his brain chemicals, reason and analysis, to disintegrate the atoms of truth or thought, and then build up for himself; then the final synthesis will have a fullness, a roundness, a clearness that stamps at once the original thinker from the mere imitator.

To arrive at truth we should begin by slaying the dragons, the negatives as they arise successively in the mind; when this labor has been accomplished, and there are no more dragons to slay, the mind will be filled with a radiant sunshine of affirmative. Then are we truly placed. Then have we truly found ourselves. If we leave the mind unsettled, chaotic, we not only destroy the pleasure an unwavering affirmative gives, but we destroy its efficacy as a guiding principle of life; which is the chief object of all truth or knowledge. The healthiest attitude of the mind is one of questioning. There are many questions which in their nature cannot be answered with entire satisfaction, these have been most truly named—the great "unknowables." Here we reach our limitations, but until we have reached this wall we should never rest until we have sounded with our plummet every question that arises for us. Whether this plumb-line be long or short, it is our most sacred duty and blessed privilege to use it.

The perceptive genius, or man of talent, may be a brilliant, shining light, but he has no permanency, excepting as he becomes identified with some idea of another. He is the Prophet that bears the word to the people. Perception is often mistaken for creation. What we have an undoubted right to is this: We may see, and adore; and far better still if we catch something of the divine aspiration and fervor which has made this

creation possible; if we be induced to "go and do likewise," this art creation has spoken its best lesson to us. Inspiration to effort is the lesson all true art teaches. This is not a discouraging view; it simply recognizes individual limitations and capacities, and without such intelligent recognition no true work can be accomplished. We may accept crystallizations of thought in the same spirit that we accept a work of plastic art. It is ours to emulate and enjoy, but if we receive from it only a passing gratification, which may be coldly intellectual or warmly sensuous, then that thought has not spoken its best word to us. What is the highest word spoken to us by all art products? It is this: If we are drawn towards the artist's ideal; if we apprehend the meaning and content of the work, and if we feel this so strongly that we shall turn from it with longing and desire to attain also to some ideal — not necessarily to this particular expression of an ideal, but to some one; if we are touched by the fires of the artist's aspiration, and desire to emulate his achievements, and are touched so sincerely, so fervently, so deeply that we are induced to press forward with new energy, new zeal, new resolve, new activity into some field of labor peculiarly our own, then, and not until then, has this thought, or this art creation, spoken to us from its highest to our highest. What we may call the appreciative genius, while not the highest, differs greatly from the commonplace, and to these original genius owes much; it is to these that the seer-few speak. It is they who carry down the ages the word or work of the masters. "There are leaders and followers," and it is to this large class of appreciative "followers" that we owe tradition. Tradition is born of perception and appreciation, and to tradition we owe history. Genius alone could not make history, though it is the source of all history. There is a vast gulf between a man of talent and the commonplace; for the latter cannot even experience vicariously the inspiration, or aspiration, of another. These are unimaginative, sluggish, dull, unthinking; they are the "passive souls,"—who dwell not even in the Inferno, but remain in Limbo, "who by not doing, not by doing lost." All great minds have been free and original thinkers. All men who have given new impulses and movements to the world-spirit. "In the spiritual order, as in the physical, to live is to change; to cease to change is to cease to live." To verify this truth we have only to glance backward over the past and recall the noble Socrates of old, the patient Galileo, the mighty Luther, the steadfast Giordano Bruno, the belligerent Savonarola, and all the long line of martyrs that have yielded up their lives for their thought.

It is not strange that the world's Christs have been given supernatural births, for each has stood among the common masses of humanity around him, as a solitary mountain upon a vast plain, and so out of the general order

of the universe do they seem that in ignorance and superstition mankind have resorted to the supernatural to account for their existence, and these seers, conscious of the divinity of the truths they bear, accept metaphorically what is meant literally. This acting upon the minds of their followers, coupled with the worship inherent in human nature, which rejoices in finding an incarnation of its ideals, clothe these saviors in garments woven wholly of the imagination, and their words, only dimly or partially understood, are given a meaning far different from that intended. When Christ said: "I and my Father are one," he did not mean it in the literal sense, but in the sense of the divinity of truth, in which all mankind are one with the Father, when they comprehend His Divine purpose and obey His Divine commands. After eighteen centuries of Christian precepts, humanity has not yet risen even to the just conception of Christ's teachings, much less to living these truths. It has taken eighteen centuries for mankind to gather the kernel and spirit of Christ's teachings and to fully realize the one grand central truth He came to proclaim, namely, the Divine human and the human Divinity.

Why Christ, the child of simple, loving parents, born in quiet Nazareth town, should have seen, comprehended and solved not only the problems of life around Him, but gave us those universal principles which hold the essence of ethical life for all time, is an interesting question, and is not answered by any theory of immaculate conception or supernatural birth. Why he carried the world's sorrow and pathos, in his heart was bowed with the weight of its sin, yearned over it with a deep and tender love, and gladly yielded up His life for this love; why His brooding spirit should have seen, as no eye had ever before seen with such sun-lit clearness, such supernatural wisdom, such radiant far-reaching vision, must ever fill us with wonder and admiration. But this one truth is apparent in the life of Christ as of others. Had Christ followed the traditions of His race, had He walked in the familiar and beaten paths of His ancestors, had He been wedded to the forms and ceremonies of His people, or had yielded Himself unthinkingly to His environment, had not torn Himself away from the temptation to glide smoothly with the popular tide, He would never have so stirred the waters of life anew for mankind. Why Dante, "the articulate voice of ten silent centuries," should speak those clarion notes that still echo down the centuries and shall be heard through long ages to come; why this somber-visaged, far-seeing genius beheld the soul's journey and epitomized it in that matchless allegory where all, if they will but look, may see the reflex of themselves, is answered, partly at least, by the fact that he thought long and deeply and independently upon the problems of life and death, sin and the judgment, and took no other man's view of life, political, social or moral.

To each individual is given some task to perform, some problem to solve, which, if he rightly and bravely enunciate, first making clear to his own mind, will leave the world brighter and better for his having been. The true attitude of mind, and the only one in which man can do noble and efficient work, is absolute freedom of thought. This is what our age persistently demands and what freedom means. It is what our age is working out in its practical and spiritual affairs, and is being demonstrated every day in intellectual, political and social life. This freedom of thought will not in the future, as it has so often in the past, mean banishment, revilement, martyrdom and death. True freedom will be tolerant, broad, all-embracing, all-benevolent, all-loving, discarding nothing in the past which has helped mankind in its progress, and hailing with outstretched arms all that is new, true and beautiful.

THE POETS OF LIBERTY AND LABOR.

BY WHEELBARROW

GERALD MASSEY.

For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.—*Robert Burns.*

In these little tributes I speak only of those who are poets to me. What rank they occupy in literature is a question too profound for my limited learning, and so I do not trouble myself with it. I know nothing about the laws of taste nor the rules of criticism. I suppose that Gerald Massey does not rank among the poets at all; at least I never see or hear anything of him in such reading and preaching as comes to me. And yet by the sympathy of a common fate and a common suffering, his verses weave themselves around me like a spell, and that spell is poetry to me. I am not at all ashamed to say that Massey is to me one of the great poets, although the confession may bring upon me the ridicule of cultivated men. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, are not poets to me, except in those odd places, here and there, where my mind is strong enough to understand them, and where their spirit is able to purify and lift up mine.

If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be.

Gerald Massey is a genius, twisted, gnarled and stunted by hunger and cold, and that premature toil which never should be laid upon a child. Although his crippled wings have kept him near the ground, his notes are true, and drawn from nature's own dear heart. What songs he might have sung had he been permitted to soar like England's bonny skylark up to the gates of heaven! He sings in a minor key, for his hymns are plaintive and sad. They have struggled into life out of poverty. That they are sometimes angry and bitter is not to be wondered at. As he said himself at a later

day: "Those verses do not adequately express what I think and feel now; yet they express what I thought and felt then, and what thousands besides me have thought and felt, and what thousands still think and feel." He was only a boy when he wrote "The Three Voices," and without any education how was he to put a nice polish on his work, especially in the everlasting moaning and droning of that infernal mill. The people who despise this passionate rally may think it very inartistic and crude, but to the men who, like Massey, are grinding their lives away in shops and mills and factories, it has all the inspiration of poetry, and it *is* poetry. Here is the second of "The Three Voices."

Another voice comes from the millions that bend,
Tearfully, tearfully, tearfully!
From hearts which the scourges of slavery rend,
Fearfully, fearfully, fearfully!
From many a worn noble spirit that breaks,
In the world's solemn shadows adown in Life's
valleys,
From mine, forge and loom, trumpet-tongued it awakes,
On the soul wherein Liberty rallies:
Work, work, work!
Yoke-fellows listen,
Till earnest eyes glisten:
'Tis the voice of the Present. It bids us, my brothers,
Be Freeman; and then for the freedom of others,
Work, work, work!
For the many, a holocaust long to the few,
O work while ye may!
O work while 'tis day!
And cling to each other united and true,
Work, work, work!

There is a personal bond of sympathy between Massey and me arising partly from acquaintanceship, and partly from other accidents. Once when I was about nineteen years old I went from London down into Lancashire. I had a job of work at a place called Prescott, a short distance out from Liverpool. I had to make the trip on foot, for I couldn't afford the luxury of riding. I walked forty miles the first day, and rested that night at a little town called Tring, in Hertfordshire. I was on the road before daylight next morning, for I wanted to make another forty miles before night. It was a chill, drizzly morning in November, and just as I started I met a lot of shivering, hungry children going to their work at the silk factory. Among these poor blights was Gerald Massey. At least I have always pictured him amongst them. He was born in Tring, and worked as a child in that silk factory, and I shall always think that he was among those children that I met that morning. That was Massey's childhood, if it be not sacrilege to call such misery by that beautiful name. "I had no childhood," he writes. "Having had to earn my own dear bread, by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood, from eight years old, I never knew what childhood meant. Ever since I can remember I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow." In hopeless mill-slavery he sung:

Still all the day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

When Massey was writing his beautiful poem "Lady Laura," the memory of his infant sufferings in the silk-mill wrung from his soul a cry of anguish so like a curse that we tremble at the sound of it with a sort of guilty fear lest it may fall upon us. We wonder whether we have done anything to deserve it, and whether we are partners in that or any kindred wrong:

Pleasantly rings the chime that calls to the Bridal Hall or Kirk;
But the devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the child to work.

"Come, little children, the mill-bell rings," and drowsily they run,
Little old men and women and human worms who have spun
The life of infancy into silk, and fed child, mother and wife,
The factory's smoke of torment with the fuel of human life.
O weird white faces, and weary bones, and whether they hurry
or crawl,

You know them by the factory-stamp, they wear it one and all.

A few bursts of lyric melody that trill among the domestic affections like the canary bird's music at home; some martial and patriotic poems ringing like the bugle-call at Balaklava; some amorous wooing of freedom all aflame with desire for the exaltation of labor; some bursts of joy and sorrow mingling in the spring-time of his life, as April days are sometimes made of little bits of sunshine and much rain; and then his poetic strength gave way. His intense genius was exhausted in the first ecstasy of freedom, like some ambitious tree that spends its life-time vigor in one exuberant fruitage, and is barren evermore. For twenty years Massey has done nothing great in poetry. He has written books, indeed, but his harp is dumb, and it is too late now to awaken its chords again.

The revolutionary storm that swept over Europe in 1848 found in Massey its poet laureate. He was then a youth of nineteen, small, weak, but brave and ready to fight, somewhat revengeful under a sense of social injustice, exultant in the noise of falling thrones, and hopeful that, at last, the people were coming into power. When the reaction came and all was lost, he still believed that the blood of the vanquished had not been shed in vain, and that out of it would grow a harvest of better laws, and victory at last. He believed that the men of the barricades would be avenged, and that in a more triumphant day their memory would be glorified in a Marseillaise hymn rolling far beyond the boundaries of France, clear over Germany, England, and all the lands of Europe. Here is something that reads like one of the hymns of Körner:

They rose in Freedom's rare sunrise,
Like giants roused from wine;
And in their hearts and in their eyes
The God leapt up divine!
Their souls flashed out as naked swords,
Unsheathed for fiery fate!

Strength went like battle with their words—
The men of Forty-eight
Hurrah!

For the men of Forty-eight.
Some in a bloody burial sleep,
Like Greeks to glory gone,
But in their steps avengers leap,
With their proof armor on;
And hearts beat high with dauntless trust
To triumph soon or late,
Though they be mouldering down in dust—
Brave men of Forty-eight!
Hurrah!

For the men of Forty-eight.

Is it kind in our mother nature to make such high-strung souls as that of Gerald Massey? To be sure they enjoy the brightness of life more keenly than the rest of us, but they suffer more intensely in the cold and darkness of it. In his pain Massey sought sympathy in the spirit world, and found it; at least he told me so. I believe that Spiritualism is unreal, a trick which some of our faculties play upon the others, an unfair advantage which the imagination takes of our desire for communion with something better than ourselves. But how can I speak for him? He has told me of happy meetings with his dead wife, not in dreams, but in wakeful day, and when she has counseled with him face to face. He has told me of the happiness that comes to him in his sad moments when he hears the bright voice of his dead child calling him "Papa," and feels the palpable weight of her as she climbs upon his knee. I can readily believe him, for the soul that could suffer so keenly at her loss might have power to bring her back. In all the poetry springing out of domestic bereavement there is nothing that I know of so like a flood of tears as "The Ballad of Babe Christabel." Here is a bit of it

With her white hands claspt she sleepeth; heart is husht and lips
are cold;

Death shrouds up ner heaven of beauty, and a weary way I go,
Like the sheep without a shepherd on the wintry Norland wold,
With the face of day shut out by blinding snow.

And in the kindred poem, "The Mother's Idol Broken," the same grief-strains break out of his heart and flow in a deep current that purifies human life, if it does not spiritualize it. There are whole pages of this poem, and all the verses of it are diamonds of equal brilliancy. He doesn't see Death taking his child away, but only some spirits calling for it.

Our rose was but in blossom;
Our life was but in Spring,
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing:

"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews impearled;"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

* * * * *

This is a curl of our poor "Splendid's" hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—

A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!
Our one thing left with her dear life in it.

The domestic poems of Massey brighten every home, and glorify wives and mothers. Some of them in home-grandeur almost rival those of Robert Burns. Here is a bit of one that might aspire to the society of "John Anderson, my Jo," which is claiming a good deal:

Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
And timid as trembling dove;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnisht our feast of love;
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
And she was a poor man's wife!
O! little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
Could dare in the battle of life.

There is no humor in Massey; at least, none that I have ever found. His poems are all passion, burning, vehement passion, crowded with gorgeous imagery, so crowded, indeed, as often to obstruct their sweet melodious flow. He is a fervent Englishman. His political anger was never turned against the mother-land. It smote only the oppressors who had ravished the scepter out of her hand and made it an instrument of wrong. In the gloomy days of the Crimean war, his heart beat high for England, and his verses thrilled with the old heroic fire. How this bit makes the pulses throb:

I had a gallant brother, loved at home, and dear to me—
I have a mourning mother, winsome wife, and children three—
He lies with Balaklava's dead. But let the old land call,
We would give our living remnant, we would follow one and all!

I had a brother in the "Light Brigade" in the Crimean war, and maybe that's another tie between Gerald Massey and me. I join in his song to England:

The old nursing mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in her Saxon tree;
Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Through her mists, to the Sun and the Sea.
Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
Or a star in a dark cloud set;
Ye may blazon her shame—ye may leap at her name—
But there's life in the Old Land yet.

In the democracy of Gerald Massey the "higher classes" are the people who work for a living, the "lower classes" are the idlers who live on the sweat of others. The old chivalry is abolished, and the chivalry of labor takes its place. Knighthood can only be won in the field of usefulness and toil. Here is a song worthy to be the anthem of the Knights of Labor all over the world:

Uprouse ye now, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand.
We are but few, toil-tried and true,
Yet hearts beat high to dare and do.
And who would not a champion be
In labor's lordlier chivalry?
O! there are hearts that ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory.
Eyes full of heart-break with us plead,
And watchers weep and martyrs bleed.

O! who would not a champion be
In labor's lordlier chivalry?

Work, brothers mine; work hand and brain;
We'll win the Golden Age again.
And Love's Millennial morn shall rise
In happy hearts and blessed eyes.
Hurrah! hurrah! true knights are we
In labor's lordlier chivalry.

THE ETHICS OF ECONOMICS.

BY GEO. M. GOULD.

Part III.

[Extracts from an essay read before the Society for Ethical Culture, of Philadelphia, February 6, 1887.]

They who define and believe in civilization as a superfluity of creature-comforts for some and a dearth of them for the many, should consider the role that coal plays in our life. A man has been legally executed in England for daring to dig and burn it; to-day we are burning in twenty-four hours the products of a thousand years of plant and sun-life of the carboniferous age (at the same time the bulk of the peasants of France keep warm during the winter by housing with their cattle). At the present time an ocean steamer burns in her life the coal formed on 700 acres in 2,000 years. However great the supply, it cannot last forever. At the present rate the motto of our time might be paraphrased as, *After us the ice-age*, so rapidly are we exhausting the stored heat of the earth. In 100 years the source of England's supremacy, her coal supply, will be exhausted. In twenty years the steam power of the world has risen from eleven millions to thirty millions horse-power, an increase of over 150 per cent. Freight is moved across oceans at the rate of half an ounce of coal per ton per mile, and across continents at the rate of two ounces per ton per mile, 94 per cent. of which is wasted, too.

It is said that the work now done by machinery in England would require 800,000,000 men, if done by hand; 160,000 people are now required to manufacture the cotton cloth of the United States, if made by hand it would take 16,000,000; a well-written bible cost \$3,300 in the thirteenth century, whilst a well-printed one can now be bought for a few cents. These are but passing illustrations of the immense increase of wealth, and the means of the increase, that has taken place in recent times. It scarcely needs the remark that machinery is owned by the large capitalist, who, by endowing the machine with the qualities of the skilled workman, has reduced the number of such workmen in his employ; has become largely independent of all but a few "feeders," and who can thus glut the market with cloth whilst the half clothed at his gates, if they cannot buy, may stare at the comforting sign: "No hands wanted."

Now, it needs no very profound wisdom, only clear, common sense, to see how co-operation and profit-sharing, based, as it must be, upon the principle of reward according to service, may do away with these evils just

enumerated; it will be by the magical efficacy of making the wage-worker also the capitalist. To however humble a degree he becomes so, he becomes at once a mariner safe from the Scylla of slave-holding, or, as I have called it, slave-borrowing, and safe from the Charybdis of communism. It may be asserted that that society is the safest, the strongest, the best, which contains the greatest number of capitalists who are at the same time laborers with muscle and with mind. The ideal citizen of a republic is the wealth-owner and muscle-worker in one. Even to-day the capitalist would find, does find, profit-sharing a money-making policy. But if society be divided into two classes, the owners and the workers, with only the bridge of envy and hatred between them, your republic will speedily become a despotism or an anarchy. But by the conservative or capitalistic press, and by the radical and labor press, the existence in our midst of a body of mercenary soldiers like Pinkerton's is considered a menace to liberty and a return to mediæval barbarism. All are, therefore, agreed that it is a national disgrace.

But it must not for a moment be allowed that the principle of equivalence has only a one-sided effect. The hardness of the lesson is not alone to selfish wealth-owners, but also to the powerless, the imprudent, the needy. If the ideal in one aspect levels down, in another and equally important one it is seen to level up.

Firstly.—It interdicts the rating of all service in terms of simple muscle work, of brute force, of mere hours' duration of labor. The communist forgets that the good of work is service, and that the good of the product is its serviceableness. One man's service for a day may be actually worth that of a thousand others. Men are born with widely varying capacities and powers and as human nature is constructed, they will not give those exceptional talents without exceptional reward. If they do so, it is something akin to what the old theologians called grace. To *compel* one to do this would be beyond reason and a sad thing for the laborer himself. If you will try to calculate the money value of the life of Bessemer in terms of common labor, you will need a startling array of figures.

Secondly.—This principle, applied, will show the poor the value of property, what it is, how made, how kept. The communist sees most plainly the injustice and resultant wretchedness of misused wealth; he fails to see the good of its beneficent uses; such uses as Philadelphians can never forget, however, with the names of Girard, Childs and Drexel enshrined as they are before all eyes. The communist is naturally incapable of recognizing that without leisure there would be nothing but brutality and toil; that stored labor—capital—is necessary for forefending future misfortune; that all that gives possibility of progress and a better civilization lies in financial economy and prudence. If Newton and

Darwin had had to earn their daily bread we should not have had—Newton and Darwin.

Thirdly.—The wage-worker is prone, the communist is bound, to believe the instabilities of wealth much more stable facts and more-enduring realities than they are. Wealth is but the spirit of the worker incarnate in material values. But spirit is, from of old, an evanescent somewhat, not to be long tied to one spot. All is flux and change. The capital of the richest nation is never greater than two or three years of its production, and the world is always within one year of starvation.

Fourthly.—The laborer forgets that war costs money and that as he, and he alone, *makes* money, he at last and his brothers, present or to come, must bear the expense of war. A brutalized populace is the pliant tool of official militarism, and national jealousies and hatreds will not sooner be subdued than when economic laws are driven into the heads of the people with the golden arguments of self-interest. To-day over 4,000,000 of men are permanently set apart in the so-called civilized world to kill each other, whilst 14,000,000 more are held in readiness to reinforce these. The expense, the small recognized, or government, expense of all this is about one thousand million dollars a year. Think of this, think of the forts and the custom-houses that line our ocean shores, and it will be seen that the mass of the people do not understand the *a, b, c* of financial wisdom. As the blood carries to all the tissues of the body the nutrient lymph and corpuscles, so should the oceans of the globe be held as the free circulating medium, with steam as the heart or driving force of the cosmical organism, and the telegraph as the nerves. Health is conditioned upon free interchange. But the analogy would be nonsense if one organ of the body should set up a warfare against another and build about itself forts, and prohibitory tariffs and the exclusiveness of a narrow selfishness. Death would be inevitable. This comparison is not fanciful. Sociology but repeats biology at every turn.

Lastly.—Co-operation will develop the spirit of thrift and frugality, which is the profound need of the laborer. Rousseau truly said that we have no right to despise the rich till we are prudent and thrifty. The profits of the capitalists of the United States are estimated at about \$500,000,000 annually; but if each citizen saved five cents a day—and how few could not do that in this land!—the total amount saved would reach one thousand millions, twice the savings of the envied rich. There are few worse spendthrifts than many working-men. Count Rumford gave 1,200 people a wholesome, satisfying dinner at an expense of one cent each. In 10 grains of rice there is a working power of $7\frac{1}{2}$ foot-pounds; in 10 grains of lean beef, costing two or three times as much, there is but $2\frac{3}{4}$ foot-pounds of such power. Yet, if you hint such economical lessons to the

wage-worker, his pride is wounded. So powerful is the influence of the rich man's example that the poor man flatters himself in imitating.

Time forbids a reference to the splendid political and patriotic uses and lessons co-operation must certainly teach the worker, and in the same way we cannot refer to the most enchanting of all its possible lessons, its intellectual and spiritual ones; but, with experience, it may be reasonably hoped that even the workman may come to see in some vital sense that the life is more than the meat; that the physical is but the porch and portico of the metaphysical; that the immaterial lends to the material all its value; that "the visible universe is but God's disguise by which we must not be deceived." "It is only by money that we obtain what cannot be had for money, and only by it that we can avoid what it brings."

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To them whose labor and ingenuity upbears the world, this law of the equivalence of service comes with a manifold message of promise and demand. If it promises release from unjust and unnecessary ill, it demands a Promethean patience and a relearning of many of life's most elementary lessons and duties.

To the rich and to the prosperous this law comes with the demand that wealth and leisure be held as a public trust. Humanity cried to the old feudal nobles: *Noblesse oblige*; the nobles laughed at the suggestion, denied the obligation and loaded down "the beast with a thousand heads" with such shameless loads that the gathered wrath of centuries broke into the French Revolution. Humanity again is calling to her modern rulers, the rich, with the same cry, the same cry—at first in appeal, then in demand, and—shall it be lastly in the thunders of revolution? *Richesse oblige!* Did you think this gift was gratuitous? Humanity says to those who have leisure: It is not your money only that is wanted, it is your sympathy; not your money alone but your time; not your charity but your *Χάρις*; not the results of your greed but the stoppage of its working; not the eagle's feather but—*your soul*. You have built yourself a palace for the sake of pride, display and your bodies' ease, and you have built it out of men's wants and woes; its gargoyles and caryatides are their anguished spirits caught in the stones they quarried and fitted; the plushes and upholsterings of its furnishing are scarlet with the blood of their murdered time. You have built yourself a fine nest, but, like that Indian bird that at night impales all over and about its own a thousand glow-worms, so you have covered yours with the glowing hearts of men who wore life out in ministering to your luxurious tastes, and in massing together the title deeds of your power. *Richesse oblige!* Are ye as deaf as the French *noblesse*?

To woman especially this law comes with a wealth of significance. It is said that 100,000 roses were

required to make one ounce of the perfume used by Persian Kings. How many lives of men are required to minister to the wanton waste of some frail flower of Fashion? White hands do not hurt? Nay, perhaps their hurt is deeper than any other. Luxury, that is the poison of republics and societies, is certainly largely her work. As, in opening expositions of industries, her white hand is with a fatal suggestiveness chosen to start the far-away whirl of complicated and powerful machinery, so, in fact, largely for the satisfaction of her ease and furious desires is daily renewed the ceaseless hum of our life's economic forces. The Stewarts and Wanamakers are the telegraph wires through whom flash the messages of her orders to the engines and the muscles of this and all lands. Under the law of the equivalence of service there shall not be unearned luxury.

To those monsters of a luxurious society, the spendthrift, the debauchee, the bribed legislator, the gambler, *et hoc genus omne*, this law shall come with the fierce fury of withering flame. In France there is a strange industry called leech-farming. Large, gloomy ponds are filled with these horrid beasts, which lie silently there in wait for their expected prey. Into these ponds are regularly driven forlorn and worn-out animals, which are immediately covered with the slimy creatures. These cling with the fury of desire till, superfluously sated with blood, the ensanguined water covers both themselves and the quivering flanks of their exhausted victims. Just so do those great leech-farmers Fashion, Luxury, Ennui, and Opulent Pomp drive their victims, innocent shop and sewing girls, the aspiring, self-respecting poor, the ignorant, the weak, the humble, into the maws of its blood-sucking parasites.

* * * * *

Moreover, it is not alone for service done that often no reward is now allowed by our social conditions, but there is great wrong in service unpermitted. In a better time, if it arrive, stifled genius and latent talent shall find opportunity for their service instead of being buried in the swamp of necessity and brutalizing toil. In the very lowest strata of woe-poisoned and hungry life are seeds of character and spiritual growth that shall now never grow or blossom to their inherent dignity or beauty. In some six ounces of mud Darwin found a multitude of seeds and raised therefrom as many as 537 distinct plants. So we are certain the Darwin of the new Sociology shall also find numberless germs of character in the despised and neglected refuse of industrial slavery awaiting but the happy disenthralment of actual freedom and opportunity to blossom into exquisite growths.

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Character alone abides. All men are to be judged by the uses they put things to. The workman's work goes from him, carrying no necessary moral task. The

finished weaving may be used to cover a criminal or a saint. The next voyage of the *Mayflower*, after carrying the Pilgrim Fathers, was to carry a cargo of slaves. The instrument is the blind slave of the user, and the thing we call civilization is at last only an instrument, the merest tool, though a tremendous one. If, therefore, in building it we have not also built within our children's breasts a moral sense, and a love of justice, rest assured we are but building a future Roman world for future Neros, Caligulas and Messalinas.

"And what if Trade sow cities
Like shells along the shore;
And thatch with towns the prairie broad
With railways ironed o'er;
They are but sailing foam-hells
Along Thought's causing stream,
And take their shape and sun-color
From Him that sends the dream."

LANGUAGE.

BY E. P. POWELL.

Part II.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

The range of animal language is far greater than is generally conceived. Concentrated at first at the poles of the cell, and later at the extreme ends of the bodies of creatures of complex organization, language tended more and more to the use of sounds. After the escape of life from the water the use of a voice became almost universal, from the rough croak of a frog to the song of a thrush. The range of expression widened grandly in the quadrupeds and the birds. Necessarily incomprehensible by us, it is certain that every note, and every modification of a note, carries meaning between fowls and birds. The student of nature comprehends that the morning songs of birds with which they greet the break of day in summer, is a wholly integral affair, differing from their evening songs as well as from the notes uttered during love-making, and during the work of nest-building. There are also distinct shower-songs welcoming the refreshings of nature. There are songs of victory, songs of love, and equally the notes of querulous dissatisfaction, as well as cries of anger and pain. These notes evidently are understood, not merely within the limits of a single species, but the robin comprehends his neighbors. This is certain, because not seldom the tribes make common cause of joy or of battle. By common consent the robin has the earliest hour of dawn for his roundelay—other birds either keeping silent or following in an undertone. After his song is ended the cat-bird begins, and takes the hour mainly to himself—wherever he is an undisturbed dweller.

My horse I find instantly comprehends a sound of caution, one of reproach, another for speed, and one of approbation. The dog is specially capable in this direction; but still greater is the power of the cat, a power

seldom allowed by us to show itself. I have no doubt that a cat really gets the drift of what we say to her, and at times our full meaning. "In the way of language," says *Popular Science*, "monkeys manifest their passions, fears, desires, by cries and gestures emphasized by significant accents. The alphabets of some of the Melanesian races are not much richer. Some monkeys have a noisy and explosive laughter analogous to ours." Abbott insists that birds not only sing but talk; and that their song bears the same relation to speech as our own. "Crows have twenty-seven distinct cries or utterances, each readily distinguishable from the others." These utterances, as in all birds, are only expressed when the bird is occupied—showing that birds sing from pleasure and talk from necessity. He adds concerning fishes, "I have been led to believe that certain sounds made by fishes are really vocal efforts, and that their utterance is for the purpose of expressing an idea."

All animals can talk if you but deign to learn their language—not ask their tongues to crook to yours. Tones are speech—not artificial words that bear your language as a barrow wheels your corn.

But we must not neglect the fact that desire to communicate, before its vent in vocalization, not only developed in a remarkable range of gesture-language, but emotion expressed itself in colors and changes of color. We shall make a mistake if we attribute the coloring of birds, insects and animals too largely to the survival of those that best imitated or most resembled surrounding objects. Colors are a gamut, expressing pride, love, anger, fear, and every possible emotion. They arise in the first instance from desire and effort at expression, and are direct and immediate. As such they are language. They become in large degree hereditary, and their display automatic. Birds in love have a love color; in anger they have the anger color. Mimicry, incidental or intentional, applies color to purposes of safety; but there is little probability that any color ever arose from a purpose at concealment.

It is more and more clear to an intelligent observer that language is absolutely universal wherever there is sensation. All life more or less is inter-communicative. Animals in our company, if dealt with as capable of development, soon adapt their sounds to our requirements. I have owned a horse that could call me with distinct sounds of caution, and others of affection, and still others indicating more abstruse ideas to my accustomed ear. On one occasion she distinctly informed me of trouble in the stables—calling to me when one hundred rods away, and expressing the utmost satisfaction when I reached the yard. The cows had broken down a door and let loose some calves.

Are we not equally certain that some animals, if they had the third convolution and the genial tubercle, would now develop speech, and that right rapidly? I never feel

so sad as when standing beside my noble, large-brained horse. By all possible means he endeavors to communicate with me. Marvelously well he succeeds too, but his language is yet one of gestures and simple sounds. Assent, disapproval, joy, antipathy, desire and ambition, as well as personal affection, are in the range of the horse's language. Imagine with what speed this creature would progress if ever the genial tubercle were possible. However, man's position was secured not by means of language alone, but by means of freed hands and an erect posture. The limits to language correlate to the limits in the power of tool-making. The horse needs no extended speech without hands to increase his relation to things.

OUR SPECIAL INHERITANCE.

In 1874 Prof. E. D. Cope, our eminent biologist and paleontologist said, "when we find the common ancestor of all the hoofed mammals we shall find it to be pentadactyle, plantigrade, bunodont; that is, five-toed, a walker on the flat foot, and possessed of tubercular molar teeth." In 1881 he announced that such a type was actually in our possession,—a type that abounded in North America during the early eocene era, five or more millions of years ago. To this typical group, called condylarthra, he traced the lemurs or half apes, which stand as parents of the true apes; and from whom biology traces, as most probable, the branch that developed manward, while the diverging apes were arrested in development short of a free hand and a frontal brain. Later deductions and reconstruction show that to the condylarthra can be traced the origin of the herbivorous and carnivorous mammals of the miocene and recent eras, including the horse, hog, antelope, elephant, rhinoceros; the lion, tiger, wolf and bear. In other words, in a common ancestral type of the eocene converge all these hoofed mammals; and from that, now discovered, fossil type, by diverging lines they moved out toward the forms now existing. These lines of divergence are, many of them, quite completely reconstructed from our discoveries in fossils,—as in the case of the horse, of which we have the one-toed, the two-toed, the three-toed, and the four-toed, with the fifth rudimentary. It has appeared to me that this affinity of the hoofed mammals is not purely structural. The energy of nature moves ever on lines of desire. The primal desire of food led to the habit of one creature devouring another. The struggle for existence is a struggle to eat, and not to be eaten. This, in the condylarthra family, ultimated in some taking to their toes for safety; others to teeth and claws; others to horns and heels. The least able, otherwise, took to climbing. This was a movement toward a free hand. The hand led to tools. Tools increased property, and concentrated energy on the effort to converse. Language became

more and more, in that line, vocally articulated. But the co-related stocks of this family must have, all of them, been possessed not only of family structural traits, but psychological traits or affinities. To investigate these will not be altogether difficult. A little study will show that this entire condylarthra family have a kinship of gesture and vocal languages; and that it is still possible for us to comprehend each other; as it is not possible outside of such lines of descent. My horse modulates her tones with almost human inflection. In the sheep fold I hear from all sides *ba ba*, while near by the calves are crying *ma ma*. I am at least surprised to find that babes also begin life with *ba ba*, and *ma ma*. My boy does not at first call me *pa pa*, but *ba ba*. Even after his sounds have become cerebral he continues for some time these inherited utterances. Through a large range of mammals this elemental speech is common. The lower races of savages cry *mama, mama*, when terrified or suffering. They are babes grown up. On the other hand the hog family, and the bear, have only a guttural range of sounds, combined with a click. Primitive races are characterized by this very guttural click. The Hottentots get their name from it; and Miss Bird says of the Ainos, that their language is peculiar for a perpetual clicking, and for a soft and plaintive *m*.

It is very clear that the study of language carries us far back of primitive man,—indeed that with primitive man, in his language of sounds and signs, we are also studying the great mammal world below. This line of study is full of possible rich results. We have, I do not doubt, still psychological affinities with the whole mammal group, and these are expressed in language. At the same time we have common hatred and horror for creatures of unaffiliated types; expressed also in our language.

Judging by the simpler races it is probable that the first forms of articulation were more or less musical;—consisting in the main of imitations of sounds commonly heard. Certain it is that the primitive languages do not lack in rhythm. The vocal organs of the Negritic stock are possessed of more melody than articulation. The languages of genuine savages must be distinguished from those of primitive races, such as the Aino and Dravidic, as being the products of degeneration.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPEECH IN THE BABE.

Exceedingly interesting is the process of language development in a babe. No study in anthropology is more fertile. The babe's first cries are purely instinctive and therefore purely animal. Its consonants are *m* and *b*, labials and liquids,—used with the open vowels. It does not use the genial tubercle; nor for many weeks the frontal brain. Its second list of sounds move farther back, and are *g, goo*, gutturals of the simplest sort. This *g* sound with its natural associate *l*, becomes the well-known basis of all primitive languages,—the clicking or

glicking of Ainos and Hottentots. Next observe the babe as it watches your mouth and laughs at your cooing, and your baby-talk. It finally sets its own articulating organs in motion, and imitates you. The consequence soon is simple use of the frontal brain, and the genial tubercle. The *goo goo* is followed by *eh eh* and *che che*; and soon after by modulation. These are not only the first use of truly human organs, but the first cerebrated sounds, as distinct from instinctive and inherited utterances. The steps toward a highly complex cerebrated language are thereafter rapidly taken.

We have to bear in mind that the babe organically follows historic evolution, and is an epitome of past progress. So also in his speech he moves on and over the pathway of the past, and reviews it all. An intelligent child expresses approbation and disapprobation by the same sounds that are used by adult monkeys. The savage hardly uses cerebrated sounds at all. The refinement of languages has ever consisted in eliminating the animal inheritance. The child's use of gestures is also inherited. He does not need to learn to use his hands; only to secure muscular strength to direct them. His play is at first purely animal frolic, rejoicing in shouts and shrieks that later he does not find necessary to his enjoyment. His laughing and crying can only be understood as language; as they surely are also in adults. The evolution of laughter would be a delightful branch of our topic, but a theme too much by itself. It is enough to note in passing that not only do animals laugh, but they smile. Laughter is even not uncommon among fowls. I have owned a cock that had a most distinct cackination.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

The same power that evolved organs of language,—and finally of articulation,—is still operative. It is not simply an increased vocabulary and happier inflections that we have been securing, but organic power of utterance. The flexibility which enables an English orator to modulate his voice to the keys of pathos, and to thrill us with energy, and drive us to action with verbal lash, or heat our passions with fire of eloquence, the savage does not comprehend. The Esquimaux are impassive to almost all emotions. The North American Indian tribes, with few exceptions, were impassive to all emotions but revenge and sensuality. The Chinese can endure surgical operations on the eyeball without being tied. With higher emotional power comes a highly modulated language. The Greek spoke to the sound of a flute. Daniel O'Connell made his audiences yell and weep. I have seen three thousand refined people stirred to a pitch of profane and frenzied wrath. The power of language is tremendous. It is incomparably the greatest power known to man. It has grown with civilization; civilization has waited on language.

The future inevitably must refine, and exalt, and add new organic power to speech, as it will add to the vocabulated forms of speech. The diversity of human languages has depended on the structural inabilities of diverse races. A Greek could no more pronounce modern Welsh than a Hottentot could imitate Demosthenes. But civilization having passed into internationalism, is rendering possible a commonalty of speech in a period not vastly remote. The tendency of commercial intercourse is to enfeeble our peculiarities and strengthen our humanities. Volapuk is a forerunner of a language of articulations in which all surviving races will be able to converse. The richness and power of a human language when once reached must inconceivably surpass the experimental languages of the present and past, as the English tongue is richer and fuller than Latin and Greek. Its onward flow in the way of an accumulating vocabulary will also be proportionately grander.

CAN ARTICULATION BECOME AN INSTINCT?

So far as a fixed gamut of modulations is concerned it already is an instinct. The babe's first cries are charged with distinct purpose quite as much as its prompt searching for the mammæ. These cries, as we have seen, are part of the common language stock of the tertiary mammals. Nor as we have also seen can we count it as anything but language that moves the babe to smile and laugh. It is its effort to communicate intelligently, and is instinctive; that is, it is an inherited purposive method. It is evidently a differentiation of vocalization; a branch of language diverging in part from the use of the throat to the use of the facial muscles. In one direction the effort to express pleasure or pain moved off to the facial contortions, in another it contrived a use of the throat and mouth that ended in articulation. Sign-language or hand-language the babe is for the most part incapable of through feebleness of muscles; but it reverts to the animal method of using its feet in emotive efforts. As soon as the hands come under control of the unconscious brain they become expressive—before the conscious brain has assumed control. So the savage is gifted not only with sign-power, but power to interpret signs. Tribes wholly unacquainted, and with languages wholly diverse, readily communicate by signs. Hand-language thus is clearly an instinct as well as laughter and vocalization. Shall we ever go further, or can we go further and inherit a germinal vocabulary as a robin inherits a set of notes, a song? There seems to be some reason for supposing Saxon races instinctively apprehend the contents of Saxon words, as Latin races more readily catch the full purport of Latin words. The continual determination of nature to pack away her conscious efforts into unconscious, and to drop rational purposiveness into instinctive necessity cannot be too

clearly comprehended. We know that every one of our at present automatic functions was at one period of evolution under will control; such as nutrition, the action of the heart and of the lungs. These originated in conscious effort, and were sustained by conscious, until in later forms of life they have passed over to the role of unconscious action, no longer needing rational supervision nor even effort. Such is the unchanging propensity of nature—a work once well done, a problem worked out is left to automatism, while vital energy is pushed forward to new specializations. This is abundantly true of language. There is an unconscious gesture-language. Our laughing and weeping are spontaneities. Equally so is our use of fundamental sounds. There is even, as we have seen, a language-making instinct. The drift is toward a deeper inheritance of this sort—a more gifted articulation. On the other hand, civilization tends to the lengthening and enfeeblement of infancy. The instinct to walk as well as to talk is greatest in the children of savages. Cerebral action is delayed and instinct longer in control. This is due in some degree to the pampered conditions of mothers under civilization—the extreme of which has been probably reached, and a reaction established. It is at least not improbable that as the intellectual storage accumulates, enabling our boys at ten to master problems that would hopelessly stagger an adult savage, so there will be an accumulated storage of the unconscious power of expression.

IS ARTICULATION THE END?

Language is therefore the energy of sensation concentrated mainly at the poles of the body,—ending in organic specialization. That evolution might have created conditions of communication of a different sort is certain—of a higher sort than vocalization is probable. That it may open channels of a higher sort of expression is possible. The evolving infinite life has not solved all its problems! There are involved in our physical methods certain psychical liberties that from their very freedom are not definable. Yet, we move in the main, and advisedly in the grooves of limitization. It must not be forgotten that all organs as specializations of energy are limitations of general primitive sensation. The exercise of sensation as general disorganizes; the exercise of specialized sensation tends to higher organization. It is strictly true that an organ of sense is a restriction of general power to a special given method. The eye limits vision within 450 billions and 850 billions of vibrations to the second. All organic structure followed functional purposive effort. That which, as desire, through effort, evolved articulating organs has so far made man definable as the articulate speaking animal. To undo or reverse this method would undo man. On the present line of evolution articulation must therefore be the end of specialized effort.

IS THOUGHT POSSIBLE WITHOUT LANGUAGE?

From the evolution standpoint alone is there a possible and concise answer. Clearly language and thought have always been coincident and correlative. But thought and words identical! It is impossible to conceive so monstrous a perversion of facts. The supposition involves the denial of all thought before 10,000 years ago. Thought or purposiveness in life is thus swept out from by far the greater part of the history of life. This done you have no possible basis left for the demonstration of supreme mind and purpose, as manifest in nature. You have left a monstrous extra-natural miracle,—a chance in nature;—thought and language, reason and purposive order, are grafted suddenly on thoughtlessness. The proposition does not merely deny the God in nature, but it leaves a babe, by an irrational process, working out a rational result. When he utters his first articulate word he thinks. But when he uses the vast vocabulary of inherited language he has no thought. One babe begins to think at six months, another not till the end of two years. The proposition is unworthy the name of science, because it makes no attempt to use facts, but to overlook and flout them. But if you deny that the birth of thought and language are a supernatural gift, you cannot escape the other form of the dilemma that a genial tubercle creates thought,—or the possibility of thought as well as language. You make then thought to be purely materialistic, depending on organic conditions. Without the genial tubercle no thought; with the genial tubercle thought,—a proposition that no one can be found to defend. The true proposition being: Without the genial tubercle no articulate speech; with it articulation;—but thought present forever in all living nature. Articulation is the final inter-communication of relationship that exists between all atoms. It is organized language, as language is exalted physical yearning, or attraction and repulsion.

QUESTIONINGS.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

Daisies in the summer meadow,
Fern leaves in the woodland shadow—
Why they grow and why they blow,
Know'st thou why?

Nay, not I!

Dreams of happy days and places,
Visions of fond hearts and faces—
Why they come and why they roam,
Know'st thou why?

Nay, not I!

Wouldst thou stay the flowers from blooming?
Wouldst thou stay thy heart from roaming
Where the beams of love-lit dreams
Charm the eye?
Nay, not I!

The Open Court.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1888.

ANARCHISM AND SOCIALISM.*

"To understand all, means to forgive all," says Madame de Staël, and I add, to forgive all does not yet mean to approve all.

The anarchists of Chicago were condemned to death because they committed—or if they actually did not commit, they certainly favored—a crime by which they expected to realize their ideal of a human society in which liberty, equality and fraternity should be established.

Such a crime certainly is not like other crimes which spring from egotistic motives. It is the crime of an error, and even of a grand and beautiful error; it is the vain hope of a noble dream such as was dreamt by the greatest, the purest, the most virtuous man that lived upon earth.

A similar crime was committed about three centuries ago by the Inquisitors of Spain. During the reign of Philip II. it is estimated that about two million people died for their heresy, tortured or burned to death as an *auto da fé*—an act of faith—as it was styled. And the men who condemned and executed the poor victims were not, as may be supposed, monsters of cruelty and crime, but simple-minded, pure-hearted and sincere Christians. Their faith in God and the church was unlimited, and their chief motive, it cannot be doubted, was to save their fellow-creatures from eternal punishment. Thomas de Torquemada, Inquisitor-General of Spain, was irreproachable in his character; and yet he was just like our poor Chicago anarchists,—he was guilty of the

*A gentleman writes from New York: "Please send me one or, if possible, several of your articles against the anarchists which are mentioned at the end of the Statement of the late editors." I herewith publish the only essay I wrote on the social problem, since I came West. I showed the manuscript to a friend of the late editors when, during a visit at Mr. Hegeler's, he called on me at my residence in La Salle. I mentioned incidentally that the article had *not* been sent to Chicago for publication in THE OPEN COURT.

same crime. He attempted by terrorism to establish a dream of the past, while *they* tried to release with dynamite a dream of the future.

Let me recall Robespierre, who was similarly a model of civic virtue, and who, with the help of the guillotine, rigorously wanted to make his fellow-citizens as virtuous as himself. Whether our hapless anarchists of Chicago were as pure as Torquemada and Robespierre, I cannot tell—however, I doubt it very much. I believe that their noble motives have been sullied by the envy they felt toward their better-situated fellow-beings more than they were elevated by the sympathy with their poorer and more helpless, downtrodden companions. If low motives entered the hearts of the anarchists, the hateful crime which they either committed or favored, would have a still more distasteful aspect; but if in their souls they had been purer than Torquemada and similar idealists, if they had been guiltless like angels from heaven, they would by no means have been less dangerous.

It is well known that in human society, ever since historic records were made, there have been almost incessant disturbances. In Athens the revolution in the time of Solon, in Rome the quarrels of the patricians and plebeians, in mediæval townships the struggles of the guilds, the demands of the *tiers état* of France,—all bear the same character, and are essentially due to what we now call the social problem.

The social problem is caused by the struggle for existence and means to men who take a practical view of life, and who countenance reality and have an eye to their own interests, either to retain or to gain the upper hand,—while the idealist dreams of regulating human affairs by establishing harmony and justice. Consequently the evolution of human society has been a constantly renewed struggle chiefly of two parties, each of them fighting for their own egotistic interests, but both constantly influenced by the dreams, theories and hopes of idealists, most of whom were crushed and sacrificed as martyrs of their cause.

Attempts to realize communism have often been made, but heretofore have always proved failures. Early Christianity was nothing more or less than socialism. To the rich man in the gospel who from his youth had observed all the commandments, Christ said: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me." In the *Acts* we read that the first Christians lived in a state of communism: "The multitude of them who believed were of one heart and one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own: but they had all things common." To give up all their private property for the benefit of all was apparently one of the chief conditions

for joining their congregation. How rigorous they were on this point we learn from the story of Ananias and Sapphira, who both died because they had secretly kept part of the price which they had received for a "sold possession" and made a wrong statement concerning the sum actually paid.

How impracticable such communism is, had to be realized by the first Christians. Their congregation was soon visited with severe poverty, as we learn from the epistles of St. Paul, who collected money for the aid of the poor brethren of Jerusalem. Finally the Jewish Christians disappeared entirely, and if St. Paul had not transplanted the Christian faith into Greece and Rome, prudently abandoning its communistic tendency, who can tell whether Christianity might not have been blotted out from history?

In modern times America has repeatedly been the arena of socialistic enterprises. Some of them prospered a little longer than others, but all of them failed in the end. I do not think that there was any founder of such a communistic colony who did not live long enough to see the ruins of his temporarily realized dream. Such was the fate of Fourier, who founded a community in Texas, and of Cabet, whose settlement was situated in the State of Illinois. Their fantastic schemes, though they did credit to their enthusiasm, seem by their realization and final failure to prove the infeasibility of their projects.

Anarchism and socialism have a common ideal, *i. e.*, that of establishing a just division of the proceeds of labor, although they differ in their methods and plans how to obtain this end. They are in a similar opposition as are our political parties, the Democrats and Republicans.

The Democrats as well as the Republicans, so far as they are not vile politicians but partisans of conviction, both aim at the welfare of the citizens of this country. The Democrats expect best to realize this ideal by giving as much independence as possible to the single State, the county, the township and the single individual. The Republicans, on the other hand, first want to strengthen the Republic and its government; this, they believe, will be beneficial to even its humblest citizen. Thus the one party represents a centrifugal, the other a centripetal power, and both in their unison as well as in their struggles shaped the Constitution of the United States,—although, I may mention incidentally, that a century ago their names were not the same. Our present Republicans, the centripetal party, were named the Federalists, while their opponents were styled either Anti-Federalists or Republicans.

Now, anarchism is a plan for realizing the ideal of human welfare by means of radical liberty. The anarchists say: "Let there be no government at all, no law of any kind; let every individual be his own king and

make his own laws." Socialism approaches the same ideal from the opposite direction. Let society be all and own all; every individual should be only an employe of the community. Society being in possession of all means of labor, industrial as well as agricultural, thus being the only capitalist, should appoint its single members to do this or that work, just as it may be needed, or as the committee of labor may deem fit.

Anarchism wants to abolish tyranny and establish liberty. It proposes to do so by dissolving order and law. Socialism wants to destroy monopoly and establish equality. Their methods lead to an entire abolition of liberty and to an introduction of tyranny which would presumably prove worse than the worst monopolies.

Anarchistic and socialistic ideas, unsound as they may appear if pushed beyond due limits to their extremes, are nevertheless worthy of closer attention. We should be able to appreciate them; and if we understand them we may be inclined to grant forgiveness to such criminals, and at the same time comprehend the reason why their plans cannot be approved.

Social improvements by legal means, through which not single classes but all citizens should be benefited, were proposed by men of great philosophical insight, such as Hugo Grotius, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Spinoza, Rousseau, Montesquieu, Kant and Adam Smith. Most of their propositions have been realized. Political equality, representative government, independence of the judiciary, universal suffrage are now almost in all civilized countries counted among the natural rights of man. In spite of all social progress, made through the efforts of such men, the cause of social misery was not removed, and the cure of humanity seemed to require more radical means. So the task devolved on the anarchists and socialists proper.

The chief representative of anarchism is Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809-1865), a compositor by trade, but a man of a good, though an autodidactic education. He had studied the works of Kant and Hegel. In his first book Proudhon attempted to answer the question: *Qu'est ce que la propriété?* And the answer was: "Property is theft!" which became the watchword of socialism and still more so of the wildest communism. Proudhon himself was very unlike the wild demagogues of the communism of later and the present days. He was a peaceful thinker and radically opposed to any use of force or terrorism. In his works he showed his best reasoning power negatively in criticising the faults of the present systems. And from this point of view his chief work, *Système des contradictions économiques ou Philosophie de la misère*, is still deserving of notice. The positive result of Proudhon's studies did not amount to much. The greatest value of his books is their close and trenchant examination of the present conditions of society.

Karl Marx is supposed to have laid the scientific basis of socialism. His work, *Capital and Labor*, shows how the iron law of wages necessarily tends to a minimum. The average earnings of a laborer will always be just high enough to keep him and his family alive, because in a well populated country he has to sell his labor for any price, or else he must starve, while capital may amass fortunes from the proceeds of underpaid labor. Marx's critique of the present system is very strong and keen, but he is unable to state how things may be improved. Knowing the weakness of his reasoning, he carefully avoided making positive statements how society should be adjusted according to his theories.

His most ingenious disciple was Ferdinand Lassalle, who introduced socialism into politics and was the head of the Social Democratic party in the Prussian Parliament. In a congress of all the different socialistic parties at Gotha, it was resolved, that as labor is the source of all wealth, the means of labor should belong in common to the laborers. Thus the iron law of wages may be broken. In the place of modern state government they propose to have "Socialistic Produce Societies" resting on a universal and secret, but obligatory suffrage. Laws should be established to fix a normal work-day as well as the rate of wages. Child-labor and Sunday-labor should be prohibited, the sick and disabled provided for, etc.

At present, many professors occupying chairs of political economy in Germany, are in favor of a socialism which consists chiefly in proposals to alleviate or improve the conditions of working people. They are called Chair-Socialists (*Kathedersocialisten*); the most prominent of them are Schoenberg, Adolf Wagner, Schmoller, Brentano, Julius Eckardt and Adolf Held. Also the Iron Chancellor is to be mentioned as cherishing socialistic views. He once confessed that it afforded him great pleasure to converse with Lassalle, although both were political adversaries. Bismarck's socialistic plan, which he wanted to introduce by act of Parliament, in which, however, he failed, is generally called state socialism, and proposes to provide for the laborer in cases of sickness and old age.

Of late a new attempt to solve the social problem has been made by a keen American thinker, Mr. Henry George, whose chief work, *Progress and Poverty*, I must suppose, is well known to the American public. According to Henry George all taxation should be on land up to its rental value irrespective of improvements. The present system of taxes, he declares, weighs heavily on labor, while land taxation would not do so. Henry George explains in eloquent language how such a system would prevent the monopolization of land property, which he considers the mother monopoly of all monopolies, and how it would tend to raise wages with-

out doing injustice to the owners of capital.* Thus Henry George is a socialist only with regard to land—in all other respects he accepts the principle of a radical liberalism, such as was pronounced by the French physiocratic school in the word *laissez faire*. The books of Henry George have the great advantage over those of his predecessors in that he is no mere negative critic, but propounds positive propositions.

In summing up these remarks, I should say that socialism and anarchism are the *two poles* of our social development. Either of them would lead society to destruction, and we must hope that the ecliptic line of the path which human development will take, may be balanced equally and not too far from the equator in the middle of both.

THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF IDEAS.†

Lichtenberg's expression, "It thinks," is poetically explained in Gustav Freitag's *Lost Manuscript*, where, on page 739 in No. xxv. of THE OPEN COURT, he describes the proprietor of Bielstein and Professor Werner taking a walk through the fields. Similar to the spirits fluttering about are our thoughts. Some of them are very old ideas which have come down to us from our ancestors or from the Romans and the Greeks. The ideas of the one man enter the brain of the other; and the ideas which they exchange are perhaps as old as the time of Diocletian, or even older. The two men who speak with each other are, as we say, thinking; they think and speak. But it is more correct to say that ideas flash up in the brain and are communicated by the light-winged sound of words. These ideas find response in the crowd of ideas of the other man's brain. They awaken the desire for a further intercourse of ideas, or, as we say, they excite mutual sympathy and good-will.

These ideas are the vital elements of man's intellectual life. The ideas live on and outlast many generations; some are immortal, some find their way into books and perhaps lie concealed therein for centuries. If some one discovers and plants them again in the living brain of man they awaken to new, active life, as the Greek literature rose from the dead in the Renaissance.

The law of the conservation of matter and energy holds good in the intellectual realm also. We imagine that *we* think these ideas; but they are imparted to us and we impart them to others. Even the original thinker, the genius who creates new ideas, the poet, the

*Land taxation seems to me the most just, and also the most practicable system, but it would be a mistake to consider it as a panacea for all labor troubles.

†Written in answer to the following letter:
DR. CARUS, EDITOR THE OPEN COURT:

Feb. 8, 1888.

Dear Sir—Will you please explain at length the views hinted at in the short article, "It Thinks," and also give us more of your "Monism," as stated in your article on Ribot. It is good.

Truly yours,

JAMES Y. SEYMOUR.

Hyde Park, Ill.

discoverer, the scientist, are merely trysting places for ideas. In the mechanism of the brain two or several ideas unite and create a new idea which may revolutionize the world.

This view does not degrade, but elevates the individual as a representative of the intellectual evolution of the world. Those who, following egotistic instincts, make the individual welfare of their transient selves the purpose of their lives, will be among men the most miserable indeed. In history the value of a man's life must be gauged by the dominant idea with which he identifies his ego or to which he raises and elevates himself.

The man who lives for and who devotes all his efforts to an idea, sanctifies himself. This is the means by which we are enabled to grow beyond the narrow limit of ourselves and to live in the whole. When we are gone, the ideas remain. We die, but our better self, our ideas, can be immortal.

P. C.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

The editor of THE OPEN COURT received from Mr. John Chappellsmith, in England, a letter which contained the following passages:

"It will be good to advance a monistic conception of the universe from a German and Anglo-German point of view. It is ten years since Max Mueller translated Noiré's conception in a paper in *The Contemporary Review* under the title of 'The Origin of Reason,'* which is now forgotten or ignored. In it Schopenhauer exclaims: 'What has philosophy to do with evolution or becoming? It ought to try to understand existence? What is existence? Pope answers: One stupendous whole,

'Which lives throughout, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

"The *summum genus* of the All is the sum of all that is, all that has been, and all that will be. The Unity of Existence must be distinguished from the Order of Existence. History does not furnish evidence of any break in the boundless continuity of Nature; the Order may be broken, since that is made by man; and what man makes, he can destroy. It is to be regretted that friend Underwood cannot accept Max Mueller's monism. In his article on monism, page 377 THE OPEN COURT, he objects to Mueller's statement that, as the two concepts, matter and spirit, are merged into the 'Logos,' and now are inseparable, and have no sense by themselves, they belong to the higher system of idealism. Why in a system of monistic realism?

"Can a system of monistic realism be other than idealistic? Huxley said last year, if he had to choose

either materialism or spiritualism, he should elect the latter; but he rejects both, as materialism is only spiritualism turned upside down, and he might as well accept idealism at once. The concepts of matter, life and mind, require, as they appear to me, a thorough catharsis; they are in a sadly deranged state. Objective science does not exist. All science is subjective. Nature does not know and cannot teach anything. My dogma.

"It is worth while noting that (on page 473, THE OPEN COURT) Max Mueller says to Galton: 'I wonder you do not see that I have been always an evolutionist or Darwinian. What is language but a constant becoming? What is thought but an *Ewiges Werden*, meaning an eternal becoming?'

"I conclude by making my conception clear. No matter but from pre-existing matter; no life but from pre-existing life; no brute mind but from pre-existing brute mind; no human mind but from pre-existing human mind.* As the brute mind cannot, and only the human mind can, form conceptions of the universe, all knowledge of it must be idealistic.

Yours, truly,

JOHN CHAPPELLSMITH."

The Atlanta Philosophic Society, of Atlanta, Georgia, has recently been organized by some of the ablest men of that city. At the first regular meeting of the society Dr. J. W. Lee read and discussed part of Spencer's *First Principles*.

In the next number of THE OPEN COURT we shall publish a concise summary of the Cope-Montgomery discussion.

OBITUARY.—Professor Karl Theodor Bayerhofer died on Friday, February 6th, at his home, near Monroe, Wisconsin. Professor Bayerhofer's name belongs to history. He exercised a decisive influence on the philosophical development of Germany and was one of the political martyrs of 1848. We intend to give a review of his career in a future number.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He must lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. Bailey.

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!

—R. Browning.

* We agree with Mr. Chappellsmith when he says: "No matter but from pre-existing matter; no life but from pre-existing life." When he declares, "No human mind but from pre-existing human mind," we agree in so far as the animal mind contains the germ of the human mind. Evolution, as we have explained in our editorial of No. XXV, page 720, is not an e-volving of something which existed before in an involved state; it is a development from simpler to more complex and richer, from lower to higher forms. There is no break in the continuity of life. No gap exists between the so-called inorganic and the organic matter, and also the evolution from the monad to man is one unbroken chain.

* Noiré's article, "The Origin of Reason," is one of the most important essays ever written on the fundamental problem of philosophical inquiry. It appeared first in the *Gegenwart* and, at Mr. Hegeler's request, an excellent translation was made for *The Index* by Fred. May Holland.

DETERMINISM VERSUS INDETERMINISM.

AN ANSWER TO PROF. WILLIAM JAMES.

BY PROF. GEORG VON GIZYCKI.

Part II.

Prof. James thinks "that from a strict theoretical point of view the question (of determinism and indeterminism) is insoluble." But there is, in his opinion, a practical solution in favor of indeterminism, for it is an indispensable basis of ethics; "remorses and regrets" presuppose "that the past could have been different." "What sense can there be in condemning ourselves for taking the wrong way, unless we need have done nothing of the sort, unless the right way was open to us as well?" "I cannot understand regret without the admission of real, genuine possibilities in the world." To the present writer it appears, on the contrary, that ethics is based on determinism, and indeterminism radically destroys all ethic.

If indeterminism were true, we could not have confidence in any one, people would all be equally untrustworthy, for according to that theory no one possesses any personal characteristics which determine his actions; but in every one's inmost nature there is an absolutely unreliable element—the so-called "free will"—and we can therefore never predict any one's actions with certainty. The law of cause and effect is not supposed to affect this field, is not supposed to hold good here: we must not expect certain actions from certain men, nor judge of men by their actions. The faith of man in man, the foundation of all social organizations would then be folly. If he could not depend upon others, neither could he have confidence in himself. He may possess a strong sense of duty, but unfortunately, he also possesses a "free will" (*i. e.*, unaccountable freaks of will) which acts without motives and in opposition to all motives, so is equally powerful in opposing either the good or the evil motive; it may, without cause, accidentally lead us to do right, and it may also accidentally lead us to do wrong.

"The defender of free will," says Prof. Riehl, in his *Philosophical Criticism*, "does not know how fatal would be the possession of that faculty which he ascribes to human beings. What appears to him a blessing, would, in reality be an evil, more baneful than any real evil which can befall a human being. If nothing determined the will, and the will did not determine itself by outer influences, neither could it be determined by pity, duty, or the thought of the right. * * * Every one would tremble to think what his very next action might be. How could he depend upon the strength of his character or the soundness of his principles if these did not control the will and necessitate certain actions?"

If the truth of indeterminism be taken for granted, it would be an idle conceit to suppose that there is any

moral difference in people—in fact, that virtue and sin exist at all; all ethics would be a vain illusion.

If we are to believe the indeterminist, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, *A* and *non-A* are equally possible to the human will in every case. Wherein, then, lies the difference between the good and the evil will? We can no longer recognize the tree by its fruits, for what were supposed to be its fruits are, in reality, not its fruits at all. If we call one man a good man, and another a rogue, it implies a certain regularity and definiteness in the actions of their wills, it assumes certain characteristics in the two individuals—which assumption would be out of the question did we presuppose an equal possibility of *A* and *non-A*. Is it not the greatest praise we can bestow upon any one to say of him that he is utterly incapable of dishonorable action? Do we not consider it an insult to be thought capable of a mean action? Did the "common sense of man" ever assume that every man is capable of allowing himself to be bribed, every girl of becoming lewd?

How could it ever believe a character to be virtuous without assuming the possibility of *positive* predictions regarding its actions? Has it not always considered the virtue of a man greater, the more pronounced his perseverance in the good—the more unflinching the prediction of his right action may be? Has it not always admired Luther, who said: "Here I am, I *cannot* do otherwise?" And has "common sense" ever replied to the question: "If the outer circumstances of a person are exactly the same as in a former case, and if he himself is the same—has grown neither better nor worse—how will he act then," otherwise than "in precisely the same manner?" If the indeterminist were right, human actions would have no moral significance, for we could then not possibly judge the character or know the motives by the actions. Suppose a man obliged to act in an issue of great moral importance. He will experience conflicting motives of self-love, of good intentions and of duty. His sense of duty being the strongest motive in him, at length conquers, and his actions are, therefore, moral actions. Now, the indeterminist asserts that, under precisely the same internal and external conditions, the man could have acted otherwise. We therefore ask: *Why* did he act as he did, and not *otherwise*? How is it that he, under these external conditions, did his duty while others in his position would have ignored it? He did so, we are told, because he wished to, because it was his free will to do so! Yes, but *why* did he wish to, *why* did his free will determine him to do right? What caused him to come to the conclusion he reached and no other? If you give a cause, a determining motive, his actions become those of a determinist; but if you deny, as, in the position you take, you must do, that he was determined by a motive, his actions become purely accidental; the choice of the good was not for the

sake of the good; so it was morally worthless. A choice without motives, without reason or wisdom, without goodness or justice, a choice of mere accident—such is the “freedom of the will” of the indeterminist. The actions are, as it were, floating about in the air, they have nothing to do with the character. “Actions,” says Hume, “are, by their very nature, temporary and perishing, and where they proceed not from some cause in the character and disposition of the person who performed them, they can neither redound to his honor, if good, nor infamy, if evil. The actions themselves may be blamable; they may be contrary to all the rules of morality and religion, but the person is not responsible for them; and as they proceeded from nothing in him that is durable and constant, and leave nothing of that nature behind them, ’tis impossible he can, upon their account, become the object of punishment or vengeance. According to the principle, therefore, which denies necessity, and consequently causes, a man is as pure and untainted after having committed the most horrid crime as at the first moment of his birth, nor is his character any way concerned in his actions; since they are not derived from it, and the wickedness of the one can never be used as a proof of the depravity of the other”. (“Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding,” Essay VIII., *Of Liberty and Necessity*).

Self-reproach and pangs of conscience are irreconcilable with indeterminism. The pangs of conscience—a feeling which appears in every variety, from a slight sensation of regret, to a genuine martyrdom of the soul, oftentimes inducing suicide—is a feeling of pain which we experience in view of our own wrong actions or deficiencies. It is a feeling of dissatisfaction with ourselves, which appears whenever our memories recall to us some past action repellent to our present sense of duty. If the action happens to interfere with some present interest, such as love, or a reasonable self-interest, the feeling of pain is proportionately greater. This remorse of conscience can exist only when our actions were dependant upon the will, *i. e.*, when we had the choice of doing them or leaving them undone, had we wished—if the action really was *wrong*. No criticism, no reproach, no self-reproach can be ours, if, because we are fettered or lamed we do not rush to the succor of a drowning man.

Remorse generally implies the wish and the futile yearning that, what was, might not have been. Of course, this wish is unreasonable, because impossible to fulfil. “To wish that something had not happened,” says Schopenhauer, “is a foolish self-torture; for it is wishing for something absolutely impossible, and it is as senseless as the wish that the sun might rise in the west.” But in what he adds, he is much mistaken: “Just because all that happens, great and small, is necessarily so, it is altogether useless to think about how

trivial and accidental the causes were, and how easily they might have been different ones: this is simply imaginary; for they were as unavoidable and acted as powerfully as those which made the sun rise in the east.”

It is by no means “useless” to think about how trivial the causes were which brought about an event, or kept it off, provided the causes are such as we can influence, such as we can bring about, or avoid, if we wish to. That such thoughts are not useless, may perhaps be proved by his manner upon the very next occasion, when similar circumstances recur, for he may now, as a result of his former experience and remorse, endeavor to bring about or to avoid the causes which led to them. And though the wish to undo the past is senseless, the desire to avoid the evil consequences of a past action, and as far as possible to right the wrong, is very reasonable and moral. If a man says to himself in his remorse: “I could have acted otherwise, I would not have needed to act as I did,” he is quite right, provided he means to imply (as he generally does) that he could have acted differently if he had but *willed* to. There was no external cause to prevent his doing so, and perhaps he will therefore upon the very next occasion, under the same external temptations, act differently—simply in consequence of the wholesome after-effects of remorse. But if a man imagines that, under the same external and internal conditions, in the same frame of mind, with the same thoughts and feelings, without any new thought to influence him, without any change in the relative degree of his feelings at the time, he could have acted otherwise, he is greatly in error; and he generally admits it after seriously considering his actions. This delusion is due to the fact that he can no longer realize the mental condition he was in at the time, the motives and their relative degree; he places himself in his former position, and in his present frame of mind his past actions seem to him inconceivable—for he would now act otherwise. The thought that (under the same internal and external conditions we could have acted differently, is a mistake; but the will, the resolution to act otherwise in future,—a will oftentimes resulting from suffering and remorse,—can be realized; and it will be realized if it is strong enough.

In considering remorse we must distinguish between its relations to the past, to the present and to the future. Its first thought is of the past, of a wrong we have committed; it is a retaliative or retributive feeling. But if a man possesses the positive conviction that he is now no longer capable of the action of which he repents,—if he is sure that in this respect his character is secure from criticism,—his feeling of dissatisfaction about the action, if it exists at all, will be much less strong than it would be were he obliged to tell himself that the action, whose

unworthiness he now sees, is a result of his present character,—that he is as wicked now as he was then. But remorse also has an influence upon the future. It is a “subjective punishment,” and as such it acts as a corrective and preventive: as a corrective in so far as it leads to good resolutions (and not all are broken, for oft “Godly sorrows worketh repentance to salvation”); as a preventive in so far as the fear that they may some day be obliged to reproach themselves and to forfeit their peace of mind and their self-respect, is sufficient with many to detain them from doing wrong.

The admission that an action, under all existing internal and external conditions, was *necessary*, must do away, says the indeterminist, with shame, remorse and pangs of conscience. But he neglected to prove the assertion, or even to make it probable. If a man sees that his disposition was such as to unavoidably entail sinful actions, this will be the strongest inducement to condemn his moral nature, to feel pained on account of it and to make every effort to improve his character. But if any one really adopted the view of the indeterminist, he certainly would no longer know what it is to feel conscience-stricken; for his action would then, according to his convictions, not be the inevitable results of his character or of his motives; he would no longer be able to judge of himself by his actions, but he would know that the action had its origin elsewhere than in his character, *i. e.*, in a “free will” which might lead to good or evil action, no matter whether his character be evil or good; or, rather, he would be certain that there is no such thing as character, and therefore one cannot feel pained about one’s character. The action was accidental; it is past; it has no connection with actions in the future; why should he then concern himself about it?

Prof. James endeavors to prove that the determinist is in a sad dilemma; he must either abandon all moral judgments or consign himself to pessimism.

The above considerations would make it appear that the one horn of the dilemma is purely imaginary. Now let us examine the reasons which Prof. James has for confounding determinism and pessimism. He tells of a horrible murder which was committed in Brockton, and continues: “If this Brockton murder was called for by the rest of the universe, if it had to come at its preappointed hour, and if nothing else would have been consistent with the sense of the whole, what are we to think of the universe? Are we stubbornly to stick to our judgment of regret, and say, though it *couldn’t* be, yet it *would* have been a better universe with something different from this Brockton murder in it? That, of course, seems the natural and spontaneous thing for us to do. And yet it is nothing short of deliberately espousing a kind of pessimism. The judgment of regret calls the murder bad. Calling a thing bad means, if it means anything at all, that the thing *ought*

not to be, that something else ought to be in its stead. Determinism, in denying that anything else *can* be in its stead virtually defines the universe as a place in which what ought to be is impossible—in other words, as an organism whose constitution is afflicted with an incurable flaw. The pessimism of a Schopenhauer says no more than this—that the murder is a symptom, and that it is a vicious symptom because it belongs to a vicious whole, which cannot express its nature otherwise than by bringing forth just such a symptom as that at this particular spot. * * * Remark how inevitably the question of determinism and indeterminism slides us into the question of optimism and pessimism; or, as our fathers called it, the question of evil. The theological form of all these disputes is the simplest and the deepest, the form from which there is the least escape.”

In answer to this we could say that “the pessimism of a Schopenhauer”—and, in fact, all pessimism—does not consist in admitting the reality and causation of evil in this world, in admitting that the world really is not perfect; but it is rather the conviction that the existence of the world itself is an evil, that it would be better if it did not exist. Now, if the amount of good in the world greatly exceeds the evil—and Prof. James did not deny this assumption—the existence of the world would, after all, be a good, no matter how little accidental the existing evil may be.

But let us assume that the evil is accidental. Will this assumption make optimists of us? Does it make the evil less *real* to call it an accident? Mr. James Sully has written a comprehensive and admirable work on pessimism; but he had not the faintest idea that it would be so easy to confute—that the *deus ex machina* accident sufficed “to whitewash the devil, to disinfect the universe.” A theodicy holding the theory of accident seems to be almost a jest, and it will certainly not be any more successful than previous attempts to explain away evil. Certainly the jest is a very old one—being, in fact, the father of the causeless (“free”) will; which “free will” appears to have been invented only to relieve the Creator of all responsibility for the sins of His creatures. The connection between God and the crimes of men had to be severed. God, we are told, *made everything very good*. The two first human beings, too, were originally good, and in addition to all their other perfections they were endowed with a free will. This free will they abused, and tempted by the serpent, the subtlest of all animals, they ate of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, that their eyes might be opened and they would become like God, knowing what was good and what was evil. Thus sin came into the world, and by the fall of Adam and Eve all their descendants became sinful.

But this is an explanation which may do very well for children, who are satisfied with words and fairy

tales, but it will not do for thinking beings. God either created Adam or He did not create him. We are told He did. Well, then, God created him as something, with all his qualities, from which his actions inevitably proceeded. To say that He created him with the power of acting without cause, is to say that He created him and did not create him—He made him, but made him nothing; He gave him an *existence* without the *wherefore* (an *existence* without *essence*); in short, it is a jumble of words without sense. But even supposing that there is some sense in the words, would the explanation be of any avail? No, none whatever. The causeless will would play the part which, according to Shaftesbury's conception, Prometheus played among the ancients, his duty being to relieve Zeus of his responsibility for the wickedness of mankind.

"Why had mankind originally so much folly and perverseness? * * * Prometheus was the cause. The plastic artist, with his unlucky hand, solved all. 'Twas *his* contrivance, they said, and *he* was to answer for it. * * * They fairly made Jove a stander-by. He resolved, it seems, to be neuter, and see what would come of this notable experiment."

"Excellent account," Shaftesbury exclaims, "to satisfy the heathen vulgar! But how, think you, would a *philosopher* digest this? For the gods, he would say presently, either could have hindered Prometheus's creation, or they could not. If they could, they were answerable for the consequences; if they could not, they were no longer gods, being thus limited and controlled, and whether *Prometheus* were a name for *chance*, destiny, a plastic nature, or an evil demon, whatever was designed by it, 'twas still the same breach of omnipotence." (Lord Shaftesbury, *The Moralists*, I. 2, p. 20 et seq.) And the *Philosopher of Sans-souci* wrote to Voltaire on the 27th February, 1738: "*Ni le franc arbitre ni la fatalité absolue ne disculpent pas la Divinité de sa participation au crime: car que Dieu nous donne la liberté de mal faire, ou qu'il nous pousse immédiatement au crime, cela revient à peu près au même; il n'y a que du plus ou du moins. Remontez à l'origine du mal, vous ne pourrez que l'attribuer à Dieu.*"

The omniscient God must have known before how His creature would act; He must have known that from his very nature he would do evil; He must have known what use he would make of his accidental will-power. If then, He made him as He did; if He endowed him with an accidental will-power, He *willed* that he should act as he *did* act, and therefore *He* is the responsible one. "If prescience and omnipotence are conceded," says Luther, "it naturally follows as an inevitable consequence, that neither our creation nor our life, *nor anything we do*, is due to ourselves, but all to the omnipotence of God." (Quoted by Schopenhauer, *Freedom of the Will*, p. 68.) Nothing happens in opposition to

His will, and His entire will is carried out. "Whatever the Lord please, that He did in heaven and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places." (Psalm cxxxv. 6.) "With God nothing shall be impossible." (St. Luke, i. 37.) "For he spake, and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast." (Psalm xxxiii. 9.)

People who have refrained from thinking upon the subject of religion, fearing that seeking for truth might enrage the God of truth, have said that the Almighty and Omniscient is not responsible for evil, because He only *permits* it. To such people Job has replied: "Will ye speak wickedly for God? and talk deceitfully for him? Will ye accept his person?" (xiii. 7-8.) Will ye, we add, confuse our ethical ideas to please the God of justice? If, instead of the "Almighty" and "Omniscient," the "heavenly Father," a man, a human father were the responsible one, these people would scarcely advance such excuses, and our earthly judges, at any rate, would pronounce them invalid. If a human being is the culprit, the theologian will say with Hobbes: "I can see no difference between the *will* to do something and the permission to do it, if he who permits it can prevent it, and knows that it will be done if he does not prevent it." If a father knew beforehand, as proved by witnesses, that his child, should it go into the machine shop of his factory, would go too near the wheels and might be injured and perhaps killed, still lets it go, although it was in his power to prevent it, and the child be killed, every one would say that he had intended the injury or the death of the child, and he would be held responsible; he would meet with the punishment of the law, even if he were only accused of carelessness (*culpa*) and not of intentional wrong (*dolus*).

Section 222 of the German *Criminal Code* says: "Whoever, by carelessness, causes the death of any man, will be punished with imprisonment, not exceeding three years. If the accused was, by his trade, calling, or profession in duty bound to pay the attention which he neglected, the time of imprisonment may be raised to five years."

Theology, by posing as the defender of optimism à la Leibnitz, is but too easily brought into open conflict with ethics; and such "optimism means apathy of the moral sense, demoralization of man by God," as Mr. Holland says in his interesting article about M. Guyau, "New Views of Religion and Ethics," in *THE OPEN COURT*, October 17, 1887, p. 519. "The evil facts must be explained as seeming," if this optimism would hold good, moral distinctions must be done away with, and we must say with the "three witches": *Foul is fair*.

Professor James says, the determinist must regard the universe as a "vicious whole." The present writer is a determinist, but he considers this opinion entirely unfounded. Nature, in general, it seems to him, cannot be held responsible; for it is not a personal, *willing*

being. Moral judgment can be pronounced upon only a part of nature; it can be pronounced upon conscious beings, but not upon unconscious things,—it may criticise human actions, but not the purely animal processes. There is evil, then, in the human world, but in none but that; and Rousseau is right in saying: “*Homme, ne cherche plus l'auteur du mal, cet auteur c'est toi-même.*” Evil is not an insoluble problem, any more than good is an insoluble problem. It became such only when people tried to conciliate it with the existence of an all-beneficent and omnipotent creator of the world; and contradictions, of course, cannot be conciliated; but, at bottom, contradictions are not problems, they are simply—*contradictions*. The existence of evil in the world is devoid of an object, for it is not wanted. It is nothing mysterious, or, at least, it is not any more mysterious than any other reality. Evil, *i. e.*, the evil in the will, which aims at the injury of our fellow-beings, certainly has its root in the general character of the universe; but this will is so constituted, that evil cannot endure; and in it, moreover, is also the root of good, which combats and conquers evil.

If Professor James says “that the murder is a symptom, and that it is a vicious symptom because it belongs to a vicious whole,” that “regret for the murder must transform itself, if we are determinists and wise, into a larger regret; it is absurd to regret the murder alone”—he is perfectly right. But the “vicious whole” “which determinism regrets” is not the universe, but the society in which the murder occurred.

What causes men to become criminals?

Evil propensities, a poor education, evil associations, want and misery—these are the fountains of crime. No man becomes a criminal by accident. Whose fault is it that the children are born in poverty and misery, are brought up poorly and in evil surroundings? Who is responsible for all the misery existing in society? “Society” is responsible—that is, the fellow-citizens of the miserable. “Criminals,” says Maudsley in his excellent work, *Responsibility in Mental Disease*, “are as much manufactured articles as steam-engines and calico-printing machines, only the processes of organic manufactory are so complicated that we are not able to pursue them.” Crimes are proofs not only of individual vice, but also of the evils of social customs; they are a proof that a social organization which permits, or rather necessitates them, is not what it ought to be. And whose fault is it? Or let us rather ask, is any one, who is a member of this society, exempt from all blame? At all events there are not many who are. Henrik Ibsen says: “We are never entirely free from responsibility and blame in the society in which we move.” Who is at fault? “Every one,” Corne replies, “even the purest and most virtuous; because all, more or less, as by a fatality, share in the sins and barbarous cravings of their time.”

Well, criticising social organizations, and admitting the incomplete condition of social circumstances, is not, necessarily, being a pessimist. The determinist is not an enemy to society, but the optimist is; for if *whatever is, is right*, there is no inducement to reform, no inducement to progress, no inducement to combat the (according to the optimist—only *apparent*) evils.

It would seem, then, that the second assertion, that determinism leads to pessimism, is also unfounded.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PRACTICAL JUSTIFICATION OF TRADE-UNION METHODS.

To the Editor:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Jan. 21, 1888.

“Wheelbarrow’s” misunderstanding and misstatement of my review of December 22 necessitates in defence a few further remarks.

The writer admitted that trade-unions were monopolies; that they are selfish, and that they restricted apprenticeship, but because he admits these things as facts, it does not prove that he teaches “Do others, or they will do you.” Mr. Wheelbarrow is shocked when I claim that all men will seek their own interests, regardless of the interests of others; but if he is shocked at facts, he is welcome to his consoling creed which terms everything not in harmony with *laissez faire* principles tyranny. He thought that “intelligence” was a misprint for “ignorance” in the sentence which reads: “When skilled workmen combine to prevent competition, it is merely a typical illustration of the manner in which intelligence ever seeks the protection of its own interests, regardless of the interests of others.” He adds that “this is obviously incorrect.” “Wheelbarrow” may believe the above sentence to be incorrect, but it will require more than an assertion to make it so. The fundamental law of human nature, and consequently of political economy, is that all men will, under all circumstances, seek their greatest gain. Whether this applies to all classes or to a few is not to the point. Doubtless there are exceptions to this rule, but experience has demonstrated any general exception to be unreliable. The selfishness of men, then, being a fact, and their acts being the result of selfishness, we must recognize them as such, whether or not it is in accordance with our abstract ideas of right and justice. In a wider sense, however, all trade-unions may be said to have the welfare of all others at heart, but their own is certainly the stronger. Their right to restrict apprenticeship, and use of coercive measures, may be regarded by others as unwarranted, but let those who criticise so bitterly put themselves in the same situation as these tradesmen. They are coerced by their employers and must coerce and use restrictive measures in return. High-flown notions of justice and right are well enough to entertain in the background regarding trade-unionism, but in stern reality is one of another color.

“Wheelbarrow” observes that the “Typographical Union has no more right to withhold from any boy the art of earning bread than it has to cut off his finger and thus disable him from setting type.” The question of right, as viewed from a practical standpoint, may be easily disposed of. However much we may believe in the disinterestedness of men’s actions, and in the moral sense of right, it still remains a fact that man acts upon the same principle as the rest of nature, that “might makes right.” Man pretends to do different to the rest of nature, but it is only a pretense. Of course there is a difference of method graded by intelligence, but the highest and most civilized institutions of this land are founded upon the principle that “might makes right.” The rights of trade-unions to restrict apprentices is only limited

by their power to carry out such restriction. The restriction of apprentices is founded upon a desire for protection by destroying competition. As the government protects the manufacturers from competition and allows the workingmen to protect themselves from competition through methods of their own, their rules and regulations may not be of the most refined kind, but they are the only ones they can render practical at the present time. The writer would welcome more attractive methods in trade-unionism, but when they are now impracticable, as far as application is concerned, they might as well not exist.

HARRY C. LONG.

A QUESTION FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor: MILWAUKEE, WIS., Feb. 6, 1888.

In your article on the "Unknowable," Vol. I, No. 23, on page 658, you say "Causality is the law of identity in change, which means that wherever any change takes place the elementary particles of matter remain the same—their form only is changed by some transposition of their parts." Again on the same page you say: "A drop of mercury can just as well be used as an instance of infinitude as the universe. It can be divided into two halves, and each half is again divisible. It is divisible *ad infinitum*, because the division is a process which may be carried on as long as one pleases."

Now, if there are "elementary particles of matter," how can matter be "*divided ad infinitum*?"

There is a limit to the divisibility of matter, and that limit is the atom. If you admit the atoms then how can such admission be reconciled to the statement that "*matter is divisible ad infinitum*"?

If you deny the atom, then you should, in order to maintain your position, tell your subscribers what reasons you have for denying the atom—in short your reasons for your denial of the very foundation (atoms) of the science of modern physics or chemistry. Hoping you will speak of this through your paper,

I remain,

A SUBSCRIBER.

[It is by no means probable that what our chemists call elements—as iron, mercury, etc.—are elements in the strict sense of the word. Hydrogen, which has the lightest weight, is generally supposed to be the original element of which the other elements are composed, and it is noteworthy that the weight of hydrogen is the standard according to which the weight of all the other elements is expressed.

The atom of which the chemist speaks can hardly be disputed. Its existence is an hypothesis justified by many facts in the realm of chemistry and physics. But we must bear in mind that the atom of the chemist is not an atom in the philosophical sense. There is no reason why a chemical atom—viz., the ultimate unit in which different matters, the so-called elements, combine—should not, at least in theory, be just as divisible *ad infinitum* as is, for instance, a mathematical line. It is perhaps impracticable. But it is also impracticable to wander into the infinitude of the skies.

The atomic—or atomistic—theory, in the philosophical sense of the word, supposes that the world consists of ultimate units of matter which are discrete, indivisible and undecomposable. These units or atoms are held to be hard and inelastic bodies for if they were elastic they would consist of parts.

While the atom in the sense of the scientist, so far as it serves to explain the chemical law of multiples and other laws, must be considered as a well established fact, we consider the philosopher's atom as a chimerical idea which is untenable, or at least very improbable.

We shall publish in one of the next numbers of THE OPEN COURT an essay by J. G. Vogt, which will give more information on this subject than our space allows here.—EDITOR.]

A LETTER FROM A QUAKER.

TO THE OPEN COURT:

ABINGTON, PA., Jan. 23, 1888.

Friend Editor:—Judging from the title of the article, "Process of Progress," in the last OPEN COURT, and of its application to humanity, I anticipated reading it with edification and satisfaction; and its prelude, too, raised my expectations from its author's citations from Jesus, Paul, Longfellow, and Tennyson; so I expected something entirely different upon the subject of Immortality than the assignment of the human soul to the "loss of all identity," and of "rest, sweet rest," as being its final portion.

Our author reasoned well as to human progress from the cradle to the grave, but with the latter he stops and quotes 1 Cor. xv, 55, very unmeaningly, as though the Apostle had in his mind this life only, when he says with great emphasis, 1 Cor. xv, 19: "If in this life only we have hoped in the Anointed, we are the most miserable of all men."

Now, had friend Weyler reasoned well, he might have reasoned quite differently—might have reasoned from infinite intelligence to the immortality of the soul, for, as the former is demonstrable, so likewise is the latter. As there can be no commencement in the production of an effect, and as every effect must inhere in its cause, so must every issue from that which is infinite and eternal be of the same kind in likeness and degree. But infinite intelligence is eternally the same, and is therefore non-progressive and non-originate, and hence the likeness between infinite intelligence and finite intelligence is only in degree and similitude, and therefore finite intelligence is progressive and evolving. This being the relation between the infinite and the finite! And just here comes in the doctrine of Evolution, which proves that there has never been a commencement to an effect—infinite cause never having had a beginning! *Absolutely*, then, the All is non-original, and self-evolving, and self-sustaining, too, so that all progress and increase belongs entirely to the relative and to the finite; and being thus, it is absurd to speak of the commencement of an effect. So, likewise, it is absurd to speak of God, the All, as having originated anything, He being complete and entire in Himself!

Now, our friend Weyler, as I have said, traces man from the cradle to the grave, and there stops with "rest, sweet rest." But this can never be, if there is an eternal cause, which all men admit to be self-evident. The All being infinitely intelligent, and infinitely productive, too, as infinite cause *unceasingly producing!*—the All Father, to whom and from whom there is nothing distinct or external! And here I would inquire: "Does not All intelligence include finite intelligence? And is not finite intelligence a part of infinite intelligence?" Relatively, and in the germ, I grant; but, nevertheless, in the possibilities of progress and evolution, prospectively, forever and forever persisting and dwelling in its first great cause!

Finite intelligence, then, proceeds from and is evolved by infinite intelligence, and this evolution, increase, and *unfolding*, it is which constitutes our immortality, for distinct and separate from God there is no immortality!

Finite intelligence proceeds from and comes forth from infinite intelligence, and the law of its nature is increase, progress, and evolution—immortality; for immortality is but another word for evolution. And as we cannot think of progress or evolution as of something *ceasing to be* in and for a conscious intelligence—this being utterly unthinkable—then, it follows in right and correct thinking, and expression, too, that herein is "the process of progress"—even immortality and eternal life.

And of this heaven Whittier writes thus concerning its attainment: "*Long sought without, but found within.*" It is a question, as this great poet of the Inward Light truly says, of "*feeling*;" and the query arises: "Is the process of Evolution continual, and unceasingly taking place in us?" The *unfolding* of

Light—bringing Life and Immortality to Light through progress, increase, and overcoming; and herein imitating the good example of friend Weyler in quoting Scripture, I will also conclude with the quotation of a favorite text: "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

DAVID NEWPORT.

A LETTER FROM MR. B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BOSTON, Aug. 20, 1886.

DR. PAUL CARUS,
New York:

My Dear Friend—Yours of the 18th received. Your article is to appear in the next issue of *The Index* (August 26), and copies of that number shall be mailed to all addresses you have sent and to any others you may send before that date.

I read the article before sending it to the printer with much interest, making a few verbal changes which I know you would have approved had you been here. The article is very good. I am glad that you tell the truth so boldly in regard to American colleges and those who are graduated from them. I could write a chapter giving *my experiences* as an editor and lecturer, confirming and proving all you say on this point. Many a time I have been to "scholars profoundly versed in the languages" for information in regard to words, confessing *my* ignorance in my simplicity—and have found that my ignorance was paralleled only by their own; and have fallen back upon lexicons or found the information by consulting some unpretentious German. The other day I found that my barber out to Dorchester was thoroughly acquainted with German and French, could speak good English, and knew as much, if not more, of Latin, than myself.

I am sorry Dr. K. . . has never called upon me since you left I met him one day on the street when I invited him cordially to call on me almost any day and we would go out and dine together and have a chat, but I have never seen him since; what is the reason? I was much pleased with him, and am sorry that now, especially when I have more leisure than during the time you were here, I cannot again have the pleasure of seeing him.

Dr. M. * * I am sure will be much pleased to hear from you. I hope you will find time to read his able and admirable paper printed in *The Index* of August 12th and 19th. The papers have been sent you. I have your name now on our free list—but a *small return* for your able contributions—and the paper should reach you regularly.

I hope you are having a very pleasant time in New York and have made many good friends. New York is my own native city, and I am greatly attached to it. I was at Manhattan Beach a few Sundays ago, having met a gentleman there on business, but had to return Monday morning; I could not therefore stop and see my friends. I wrote you, I think, the other day from Bar Harbor, Me., where I passed a week and more very delightfully; I have returned much invigorated.

If Mrs. Underwood were here she would join me in best regards to you.

Let me know how you are getting on.

Sincerely yours,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

[Concerning the personal accusations of the late editors against me, I shall not "render evil for evil, or railing for railing." Libel may prejudice for a time, but will not stand. The readers of the pamphlet will say concerning its author: *Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane caveto.*

How the late editor thought of me formerly may be learned from the above letter.

P. CARUS.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

IN *The Health and Home Library* Dr. Hale writes in an essay on Ante-Natal Influences: "The highest and most wonderful operation of nature is the formation of a human being. The most intensely interesting object on earth is the human female, while the marvelous and subtle forces of reproduction are working out in her their immortal purposes. Motherhood is woman's crowning glory. The mother is the fountain of the world's greatness. Likewise of its feebleness and imbecility. To the true philanthropist, therefore, no study can be half so important as that of those laws of ante-natal influence, under whose operation the race either progresses or deteriorates. Nothing can be more important than a widely-diffused knowledge of these laws among women. There all true reformation must have its origin. The millennium is to be the product of a proper knowledge and obedience of nature's laws on generation and reproduction. The earth's future lies in the women of the present. The perfection of humanity has its starting point in pre-natal influences and education. Error here is error eternally. Wrong in this shall forever baffle the efforts of the moralist. A humanity whose origin has been vicious can never by any after regeneration be made virtuous. The germs of all character are laid in the subtle process of development during the pre-natal life. To woman, then, all character owes itself. Mothers expectant (and all women are such,) look well to your conditions and study intelligently and devoutly the laws of the stupendous functions which nature has honored you to perform. You will then be filled with a sublime reverence of motherhood, which even your instinctive love of offspring, untutored, fails to reach, and you will undertake its duties with a sense of joyous responsibility which otherwise were impossible because of ignorance of its moral grandeur."

THE colored plate in the February number of the *Art Amateur* is a very pretty simple head by Ellen Welby, and the frontispiece presents a design for a lamp-shade, consisting of young boys dancing with garlands in a circle. It is adapted from the border of a silver tureen, by L. Villemot, of Paris. The first article, "My Note Book," by Montezuma, is rather dreary reading, as it is mainly occupied with accounts of cheating and deceptions in pictures. M. Bouguereau gets his usual quota of little stabs. There is a notice of the Third Annual Exhibition of the Architectural League in New York. The most novel article is an account of Japanese sword guards, with good engravings of the most remarkable specimens. A sketch of Philip Rousseau, the animal painter, fitly introduces a dissertation on dogs, well illustrated by wood engravings from Landseer, Eugene Lambert, Lancon and De Peune. Lovers of Etchings will read with interest of the work of Moran and Buhot, lately exhibited in New York. The Atelier treats of Still Life Painting in oils, Carving of Wood Panels, Lamp Vases, Painting in Water Colors, Amateur Photography, and other interesting matters. Mrs. Wheeler opens *The Needle* with a lively talk about embroidery. Church embroidery gets its share of attention and is well illustrated. The illustrations of this number are of unusual merit.

WIDE AWAKE for February, replete with wisdom and entertainment for young folks, has come. The frontispiece is an etching of John Quincy Adams at the age of sixteen. It is followed by the accompanying article in Mrs. Upton's series, "Children of the White House." "About Rosa Bonheur," by Henry Bacon; "My Uncle Florimond," in its third instalment, by Sidney Luska, and Oliver Risley Seward's visit to the Great Wall of China, are of particular interest. Oscar Fay Adams occupies himself with "Esop." The "Story of an Ambuscade," by Paul H. Hayne, and "The Persian Fire Worshippers," by Mrs. Leonowens, are both good.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.*

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

CHAPTER V.—*Concluded.*

Again men and horses went to the field, but to-day they went unwillingly. The heat became unbearable, the afternoon sun fell scorchingly on their heads; rock and walls glowed with heat; a white cloud curtained the heavens, which visibly thickened and massed itself together. The ploughboys eagerly took the horses to the stables, the laborers hastened to unload the sheaves, and drove the wagons at a quick trot in order to shelter one more load under a roof.

The friends stood before the farm-gate and looked at the heavy clouds which were gathering upon the horizon. The yellow light of the sun struggled for a short time against the dark shadows; finally the last glare of light disappeared, and the earth lay darkened and mournful. Ilse approached them: "The time is come; about four o'clock the storm will rise. It seldom comes in the morning over the plains, but then it is always severe with us, for people say it is because it cannot break over the hilltops which you see from the garden; then it hangs long over our fields, and they say the thunder here is more violent than elsewhere."

The first burst of the wind howled over the house. "I must go through the farmyard to see that all is right," exclaimed Ilse, as she wrapped a handkerchief quickly round her head and hurried on, accompanied by the men, through the storm to the farm-building in which the fire-engine stood; she looked to see whether the door was open and whether there was water in the barrels; then she hastened forward to the stables while the straw whirled round her; she warned the servants once more with a cheerful call, rapidly spoke some words to the officials and returned to the house. She looked into the kitchen and opened the door of the children's room to see whether all of her brothers and sisters were assembled with the tutor. Lastly, she let in the dog, who was barking fearfully at the gate of the farmyard, and then returned to the friends, who, from the window of the sitting-room, were watching the fury of the elements. "The house is secured, as far as is possible for man; but we trust in a stronger protector," said Ilse.

The storm slowly approached, one dark mass rolling on after another, and under them, like a monstrous curtain, a pale veil of mist rose higher and higher; the thunder rolled at shorter intervals, threatening more wildly; the storm howled round the house; thick clouds of dust chased angrily about the walls; leaves and blades of straw flew about in wild dance.

"The lion roars," said Ilse, folding her hands. She bent her head for some minutes, then looked silently out of the window. "Father is at the outlying farm under

shelter," she began again, anticipating a question of the Professor.

It was, indeed, a violent storm that raged about the old house. Those who listened for the first time in this place, on the open height, alongside a ridge of hills, from which the rolling, tumultuous crash of the thunder resounded, felt that they had never experienced such power in nature before. While the thunder roared, the room suddenly became dark as night, and ever and again was this dismal twilight pierced by the flash of fiery serpents which passed over the farm.

There was noise in the children's room; the crying of the little ones could be heard. Ilse went to the door and opened it. "Come to me," she called out. The children ran in terrified, and pressed round their sister; the youngest clung to her dress. Ilse took the little child and placed it under the charge of the Professor, who was standing by her side. "Be quiet, and say your prayer softly," she said; "this is no time for weeping and complaining."

Suddenly came a light so blinding that it caused them to close their eyes—and a sharp concussion, ending in a discordant crash. When the Professor opened his eyes, by the light of another flash he saw Ilse standing by his side, her head turned toward him with a radiant look. He exclaimed, anxiously: "That has struck."

"Not in the farmyard," replied the maiden, unmoved.

Again a clap, and again a flash, and a clap, wilder, shorter, sharper. "It hovers over us," said Ilse, calmly, pressing the head of her little brother to her as if to protect him.

The Professor could not turn his eyes from the group in the middle of the room. The noble figure of the woman before him, erect, motionless, surrounded by the frightened brothers and sisters, the countenance raised, and a proud smile playing round the mouth. And she had, in a moment of uncontrollable feeling, confided one of these dear lives to his care; he stood in the hour of danger near her as one of hers. He firmly held the child, which clasped him in terror. They were short moments, but between the flash and the thunder-clap the glow in him blazed up into a bright flame. She who stood near him in the lightning, transfused with blinding light, she it was who had become necessary to his life.

Still longer did the thunder roar; the heavy rain beat against the window; it clattered and dashed round the house; the windows trembled under the raging outburst of the storm.

"It is over," said Ilse, gently. The children separated and ran to the window. "Up-stairs, Hans," cried the sister, and hastened with her brother out of the room to see whether the water had made its way in anywhere. The Professor looked thoughtfully toward the door

through which she had disappeared; but the Doctor, who meanwhile had been seated quietly on a chair, with his hands on his knees, shaking his head, began: "These phenomena of nature are against us. Since the lightning conductors have come into discredit, one has not even the comfort of thinking that such rods can preserve the old manuscript in safety against the attacks of the weather. This is a bad abode for our poor old manuscript, and it is truly a Christian duty to rescue the book as quickly as possible out of this thunder-trap. Now, can one, in future, with any tranquillity of mind, see a cloud in the heavens? We shall always think of what may happen here."

"The house has, however, hitherto held out," answered the Professor, laughing. "Let us leave the manuscript meanwhile to the good Power in whom the human beings here so firmly trust. See, already the sun's rays are breaking through the mist."

Half an hour later it was all past; the dark clouds still lay over the hills, and from the distance resounded the harmless thunder. Life began to stir again in the empty farmyard. First, the choir of ducks came forth in joyous peals from their hiding-place, cleaned their feathers, examined the puddles of water, and quacked along the ruts made by the wheels; then came the cock with his hens, cautiously treading, and picking the soaked seeds; the doves flew on to the projections of the window, with obeisances wished each other good fortune, and spread their feathers in the fresh sunlight. Nero bounded boldly out of the house, trotted through the farmyard, and barked in the air by way of challenge to frighten away the hostile clouds. Then the maids and laborers again stepped actively about the place, breathing the refreshing balsam of the moist air. The Inspector came and reported that the lightning had struck twice on the neighboring hill. The proprietor, thoroughly wet through, rode rapidly in, anxious to see whether his house and farm buildings were undamaged. He sprang gaily from his horse, and exclaimed: "It has been a soaking rain out there, but, God be praised, it has passed over. Such a storm has not been experienced here for years." The people listened also for awhile as the head ploughman related that he had seen a pillar of water, which hung like a great sack from heaven to earth, and that it hailed violently on the other side of the border. Then they entered the stable with great equanimity, and enjoyed the hour of rest which the bad weather had procured for them. While the proprietor was talking to his staff, the Doctor prepared to descend, with the boys and the tutor, into the valley, there to see the overflowing brook.

But the Professor and Ilse remained in the orchard, and the former was much astonished at the number of snails that now came out everywhere, trailing slowly over the path; and he took one after the other

and placed them carefully out of the way, but the senseless creatures always returned again to the firm gravel, expecting that the foot passengers were to get out of their way. They both examined the fruit trees to see how they had borne the storm. They were much broken, and their branches bent down. Much unripe fruit lay scattered on the grass. The Professor cautiously shook the branches, bending under the weight of rain, in order to free them from their burden; he fetched some poles to support an old apple tree which was in danger of breaking under the weight, and both laughed heartily when, in the course of his work, the water from the leaves ran in small streams down his hair and coat.

Ilse clasped her hands together, lamenting over the fall of so much fruit, but there was still much on the trees, and they might yet hope for a rich harvest. The Professor sympathized with her and advised her to dry the fallen fruit, and Ilse laughed again at this, because most of it was unripe. The Professor confided to her that he as a boy had helped his dear mother when she was arranging the fruit on the drying-board; for his parents had owned a large garden in the town in which his father was an official. Ilse listened with eager interest when he related further how he had lost his father as a boy, and how lovingly and wisely his mother had cared for him, how confidential his relations with her had been, and that her loss had been the greatest sorrow of his life. Then they walked up and down along the gravel walk, and in both of them an echo of the sorrows of past days intermingled with the cheerful mood of the present; just as in nature the movement of a violent storm leaves after it a gentle trembling, and the pure light of day sparkles on bower and blade like countless glittering precious stones.

Ilse opened a door which led from the lower part of the orchard into the open country, and standing still, said, hesitatingly: "I propose a walk into the village, in order to see how his Reverence, the Pastor, has borne the storm; will it please you to make the acquaintance of our dear friend?"

"I shall be delighted to accompany you," answered the Professor.

They walked along a damp footpath that wound its way through the length of the valley by the side of the churchyard. Near it lay a little village of closely-packed houses, in which dwelt most of the laborers on the estate. The first building below the church was the Pastor's house, with a wooden roof and small windows, differing little from the dwellings of the country people. Ilse opened the door, and an old maid-servant hastened toward her with a familiar greeting.

"Ah, Fräulein," she exclaimed, "we have had bad weather to-day. I thought the last day was approaching. The master stood constantly at the chamber win-

dow looking up to the castle and raising his hands in prayer for you. Now he is in the garden."

The guests entered through the back door into a small space between the gables and barns of the neighboring farmyard. A few low fruit trees stood among the flower-beds. The old gentleman, in a dark dressing-gown, stood by an espalier, working industriously.

"My dear child," he cried, looking up, and a smile of pleasure lighted up his kind face under his white hair, "I knew that you would come to-day."

He bowed to the stranger, and, after a few words of greeting, turned again to Ilse.

"Only think what a misfortune—the storm has broken our peach tree, the espalier is torn up and the branches are shivered; the damage is irreparable."

He bent down to his disabled tree, which he had just bound up with a bandage of tree gum and matting.

"It is the only peach tree here," he said, lamentingly, to the Professor; "they have none on the whole estate, nor any in the town. But I must not weary you with my little troubles," he continued, more cheerfully; "I pray you come with me into the house."

Ilse entered a side door near the house. "How is Flavia?" she inquired of the maid, who stood at the door, expecting the visit.

"She is lively," answered Susannah, "and the little one also."

"It is the dun cow and her young calf," explained the Pastor to the Professor, while Ilse entered the narrow courtyard with the maid. "I do not like people to call animals by Christian names, so I have recourse to our Latin."

Ilse returned. "It is time that the calf should be taken away; it is a useless feeder."

"I have also said that," interposed Susannah, "but his Reverence the Pastor will not agree to it."

"You are right, my dear child," answered the Pastor; "according to worldly wisdom it would be advisable to deliver the little calf to the butcher. But the calf sees the thing in quite another light, and it is a lively creature."

"But when one asks it anything one receives no answer," said Ilse, "and, therefore, it must be pleased with what we choose. Your Reverence must allow me to settle this with Susannah behind your back; meanwhile you shall have milk from our house."

The Pastor conducted them into his room; it was very small, whitewashed, and scantily furnished. There was an old writing-table, a black painted book-shelf with a small number of old books, a sofa and some chairs covered with colored chintz. "Here has been my Tusculum for forty years," said the Pastor, with satisfaction, to the Professor, who looked with surprise at the scanty furniture. "It would have been larger if the addition had been made; there were fine plans arranged, and my

worthy neighbor took much pains about it, but since my wife was carried out there"—he looked toward the churchyard on the height—"I will not hear of it any more."

The Professor looked out of the window. Forty years in this confined building, in the small valley between the churchyard, the huts, and the wood! He felt oppressed in spirit. "It appears that the community is poor; there are only a few fields among the hills, and how is it in winter?"

"Well, I am still able to foot it," answered the clergyman; "then I can visit my friends also, only the snow is sometimes troublesome. Once we were quite snowed up, and had to be dug out." He laughed pleasantly at the recollection. "It is not lonely when one has lived many years in a place. One has known the grandfathers, trained the fathers, taught the children, and here and there already a grandchild, and one sees how men rise from the earth and sink down into it again like the leaves of a tree. One observes that all is vanity and a short preparation for eternity. "Dear child," he said to Ilse, who now entered, "sit down with us; I have not seen your dear face for three days, and would not go up because I heard you had visitors. I have something here for you," taking a paper out of his desk; "it is poetry."

"You see the song of the Muses does not fail us," he continued, speaking to the Professor. "It is certainly humble, and in the bucolic style. But believe me, as one who knows his village, there are few new things under the sun; there is everything here in a small way that there is on a large scale in the rest of the world; the blacksmith is an eager politician, and the justice would gladly be a Dionysius of Syracuse. We have also the rich man of Scripture, and truly many Lazaruses—to which number this poet belongs; and our plasterer is a musician in winter—he does not play badly on the zither. But they are all too ambitious and not in harmony. Sometimes it is difficult to preserve good fellowship among them."

"He wishes to have his green wall again, as I interpret it," said Ilse, looking up from the paper.

"For seven years he has been lying in his room half-palsied with severe and incurable pains," explained the Pastor to his guest; "and he looks through a little hole of a window into the world at the clay-wall opposite and the men who can be seen passing; and the wall belongs to a neighbor, and my dear child trained a wild vine over it. But this year our neighbor—our rich man—has built upon it and torn away the foliage. This vexes the invalid, and it is difficult to help him, for now is not the time to plant a fresh one."

"But something must be devised," interposed Ilse. "I will speak to him about it; excuse me, I will not be long."

She left the room. "If you think fit," said the Pastor, addressing the guest mysteriously, "I will show you this wall; for I have thought much about the matter, but cannot devise anything." The Professor silently acquiesced. They walked along the village lane, and at the corner the Pastor took the arm of his companion. "Here lies the invalid," he began, in a low tone. "His weakness makes him rather deaf, but still we must tread gently, that he may not observe it, for that disturbs him."

The Professor saw a small sash-window open and Ilse standing before it, her back turned to them. While the Pastor was showing him the plastered wall and the height that was necessary for the trailing plant, he listened to the conversation at the window. Ilse spoke loudly and was answered from the bed by a shrill voice. He discovered with astonishment that they were not speaking of the vines.

"And the gentleman is of a good disposition?" asked the voice.

"He is a learned and good man," answered Ilse.

"And how long does he remain with you?"

"I know not," was Ilse's hesitating reply.

"He should remain altogether with you, for you love him," said the invalid.

"Ah, that we dare not hope, dear Benz. But this conversation will not help to give you a good prospect," continued Ilse. "I will speak to the neighbor; but nothing will grow between to-day and to-morrow. I thought that the gardener could nail a shelf under the window, and we will meanwhile place some plants from my room upon it."

"That will obstruct the view," answered the voice, discontentedly. "I could no longer see the swallows as they fly past, and little of the heads of the people who go by."

"That is true," replied Ilse; "but we will put the board so low that only the flowers shall peep through the window."

"What kind of flowers are they?" asked Benz.

"A myrtle," said Ilse.

"That does not blossom," answered Benz, surlily.

"But there are two roses blowing and a plant of heliotrope."

"I do not know what it is," interposed the invalid.

"It smells very sweet," said Ilse.

"Then let it come," assented Benz. "But I must also have some sweet basil."

"We will see whether it can be had," answered Ilse; "and the gardener shall also train some ivy round the window."

"That will be too dark for me," retorted the dissatisfied Benz.

"Never mind," said Ilse, decidedly; "we will try, and if it does not suit you, it can be altered."

To this the invalid agreed.

"But the gardener must not make me wait," he exclaimed; "I should like to have it to-morrow."

"Very well," said Ilse; "early in the morning."

"And you will show my verses to no one, not even to the strange gentleman; they are only for you."

"Nobody shall see them," said Ilse. "Call your daughter Anna, dear Benz."

As she prepared to depart, the Pastor gently drew his guest back.

"When the invalid has had such a conversation," he explained, "he is contented for the whole of the next day, and to-morrow he will again make some verses. Sometimes—between you and me—he writes a good deal of nonsense, but it is well meant, and for him it is the best pastime. The people in the village avoid passing under his window as much as possible. This is the hardest work in my office; for the people are obstinate in the superstition that illness and suffering originate from evil spirits; that they are inflicted from hatred, or as punishment for past wrong; and though I preach to them incessantly that all is only a trial for the other world, this teaching is too high for them, only the infirm believe it; but those who are hale and hearty stubbornly struggle against the truth and salvation."

The learned man turned his eyes up to the little window from which the invalid looked upon the plastered wall, and then again on the clerical gentleman who for forty years had preached the Holy Gospel in the valley. His heart was heavy and his eyes passed from the twilight of the deep vale to the hill-top, which still shone in the glad light of the evening sun. Then she returned to him, she who had descended to watch over the helpless and the poor; and when he ascended the height with her, it appeared to him as if they both emerged from gloomy earthly trouble into a lighter air; but the youthful figure and the beautiful, calm countenance near him, shining in the lingering evening light so wondrously—she seemed to resemble one of those messengers whom Jehovah sent to the tent of his faithful servant. He rejoiced when she laughed at the joyous bounding of the dog, who came barking toward them.

Thus passed another day, lighted up by the sun, and overshadowed by the clouds, amidst small events of daily life and quiet existence. When recorded by the pen it seems insignificant, but when a man lives in it, it sends his blood coursing energetically through his veins.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LEARNED LADY FROM THE COUNTRY.

It was Sunday, and the estate wore its festive garment. The barns in the farmyard were closed, the farm servants and maids walked about in their best attire, not like busy laborers, but with the comfortable leisure which is the poetry of a toilsome life to the Ger-

man peasant. The bells from the church tower called to service; Ilse, with her hymn book in her hand, went with her sister slowly down the rock, the maids and men followed in small groups. The proprietor passed this day in his study, in order to make up the accounts of the past week; but first he knocked at the door of his friends' room, and paid them a short morning visit.

"We have some guests to-day, the Crown Inspector Rollmaus and his wife; he is a good farmer; his wife would like to be a blue-stockings. Take care, she will press you hard."

As twelve o'clock struck, a carriage drawn by two well-fed brown horses stopped at the door; the children hastened to the window.

"The Crown Inspector's lady comes!" exclaimed the youngest, excitedly.

A stout man in a dark green coat descended from the carriage, followed by a little lady in black silk, with a sunshade and a large bandbox. The proprietor and Ilse met them at the door of the house with a smiling welcome, and conducted them to the family room. The gentleman had black hair and a round face, which, by exposure to the sun and air, had attained a permanent tint of reddish brown. He had also piercing eyes, and red nose and lips. When he learned the names of the two strangers he made a slight obeisance, but looked displeased that both these citizens appeared in pretentious dress-coats; and as he had a vague but strong aversion to all the useless authors and needy scholars who visited about the country in order to write books, or because they had no good residence of their own, he assumed toward both these gentlemen a sulky and suspicious demeanor. After a time the lady made her appearance; she had meanwhile, by the help of Ilse, put on her best cap, which had been taken out of the bandbox, a work of art, with two dark red roses. With her little sharp nose, she entered the room, rustling, curtsying and laughing, neat from head to foot. She passed rapidly from one to the other, kissed the girls, declared to the boys that they had grown much during the last week, and at last stopped, full of expectation, before the two strangers. The host presented them, and did not fail to add: "Two gentlemen from the University."

The little lady pricked up her ears, and her gray eyes sparkled.

"From the University!" she exclaimed; "what a surprise. These gentlemen are rare guests in our country. There is indeed little inducement to learned gentlemen to come among us, for materialism reigns here, and the circulating library at Rossau is certainly not in good hands, for we never have anything new. May I be allowed to ask what are the studies of these gentlemen, whether general science or any specialty?"

"My friend pursues general studies. I have a specialty besides the classics," replied the Professor;

"this gentleman studies the Indian as well as the ancient languages."

"Will you not have the kindness to be seated on the sofa?" interposed Ilse. Frau Rollmaus followed her reluctantly.

"Indian!" she exclaimed, seating herself and arranging her dress. "That is a rare language. They wear tufts of feathers and their dress is scanty, and their trousers, if one may mention them, hang down as is the case with so many pigeons, which also have long feathers to their legs. One sees them portrayed sometimes; in my Karl's picture-book of last Christmas there are a great many pictures of these wild men. They have barbarous customs, dear Ilse."

"But why has not Karl come with you?" inquired Ilse, in order to relieve the gentlemen from the discourse.

"It was only on account of returning in the dark; for the carriage has only two seats, and there would have been no room to pack in a third with Rollmaus, so Karl would have had to sit by the coachman, and the poor child would be so sleepy at night that I should have been afraid of his falling off. And then there are the lessons for to-morrow—for only think, I have persuaded Rollmaus to take a tutor for our children, as your dear father has done."

When the lady intimated the prospect of a return home after dark, the Doctor looked compassionately at his friend; but the Professor was listening so attentively to the conversation that he did not observe the commiseration. Ilse asked further questions, and Frau Rollmaus certainly always answered, but sometimes gave a longing look at the Doctor, whose connection with the Indians in Karl's picture-book appeared to her very instructive. Meanwhile, the two other gentlemen engaged in conversation concerning the qualities of a horse in the neighborhood, which was recommended for general use, so that the Doctor at last turned to the children and chatted with Clara and Louise.

After half an hour of quiet preparation, the maid-servant appeared at the door of the dining-room. The proprietor chivalrously offered his arm to Frau Rollmaus and escorted her to the table. The Professor conducted Ilse, and the Doctor wished to take her sister Clara, but she blushed and resisted till he gave his other arm to Louise and Rickchen, whereupon Franz laid hold of his coat-tails, and on the way whispered to him: "We have turkey to-day." But Herr Rollmaus, who thought conducting ladies a tiresome invention, brought up the rear alone, and greeted the farm officials, who were standing in the dining-room, with these words:

"Is all the corn in?"

"Of course it is," answered the Inspector.

Again all took their places according to rank and

dignity. Frau Rollmaus had the place of honor, and between her and Ilse sat the Professor.

It was not a quiet meal for the latter. Ilse was more silent than usual, but his neighbor plied him with learned questions. She obliged him to tell her the regulations of his University, and in what manner the students were taught. And the Professor informed her fully and did so good-humoredly. But he did not long succeed in protecting either himself or others against the feeling of annoyance which the conversation of Frau Rollmaus always occasioned.

"So you are a philosopher?" she said. "That is very interesting. I have also attempted philosophy; but the style is too incomprehensible. What is the object of philosophy?"

"It endeavors to instruct men in the life of their own spirit, and thus to strengthen and improve them," was the patient answer of the Professor to this perplexing question.

"The life of the spirit!" exclaimed Frau Rollmaus, excited; "but do you, then, believe that spirits can appear to men after death?"

"Can you mention any instances?" asked the Professor. "It would be interesting to all to hear them. Has anything of the kind happened hereabouts?"

"Not so much as regards spirits," replied Frau Rollmaus, looking at the proprietor doubtfully; "but of second-sight, and what is called sympathy. Only think, we once had a servant. She was not obliged to live out, but her parents wished to send her away from home for a time; for there was in the village a poor lad who was a great fiddler, who strolled round her house morning and evening, and when the girl could come, they sat together behind a bush—he playing on the fiddle and she listening. And she could not part from him. She was a nice girl, and would adapt herself to everything in the house, only she was always melancholy. The fiddler was impressed as a hussar, for which he was fitted because he was very courageous. After a year the cook came to me and said: 'Frau Rollmaus, I cannot stand it any longer, Hetty walks in her sleep. She gets out of bed and sings the song about a soldier whom a captain caused to be shot, because he was ordered to do so, and then she groans so that it would move a stone, and in the morning she knows nothing about her singing, but always continues to weep.' And this was the truth. I called her, and asked her seriously: 'What is the matter with you? I cannot bear this mysterious conduct, you are a riddle to me.' Whereupon she lamented much, and begged me not to think ill of her, as she was an honorable maiden; but she had seen an apparition. And then she told me the whole story. Gottlob had appeared at the door of her room in the night, quite haggard and sorrowful, and had said: 'Hetty, it is all over with me;

to-morrow it is my turn.' I tried to persuade the wench out of it, but her fears infected me. I wrote to an officer whose acquaintance Rollmaus had made in the chase, and asked whether it was nonsense, or whether it was due to the so-called second-sight. And he wrote back to me much astonished. It was a true case of second-sight, for on the same day the fiddler had fallen from his horse and had his leg broken, and lay in the hospital dying. Now, I pray you, was not that a natural phenomenon?"

"And what became of the poor people?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, as for them," answered Frau Rollmaus, "it all came right; for a comrade of the invalid, who had a sick mother, was from our village. I wrote to him requesting him to send me a letter every third day to report how the invalid was getting on, and added that I would repay him by sending his mother bacon and flour. Then he wrote, and the affair lasted many weeks. At last the fiddler was cured and came back; and both were white as a sheet when they met, and embraced each other before my eyes without any shyness; whereupon I spoke to the parents of the girl, which was of little avail. Then I spoke to Rollmaus, to whom our village inn belongs, and who was looking out for a good tenant. And that brought the history to an end, or, as one usually says, to the *commencement du pain*. Rollmaus was not satisfied with having a fiddler, because he thought them a frivolous race, but the people behave in an orderly way. Then, in the first place, I became sponsor, afterward Rollmaus. But there have been no more apparitions."

"That was very good and kind of you," exclaimed the Professor, energetically.

"We are all human beings," said Frau Rollmaus, apologetically.

"And I hope all good ones," replied the Professor. "Believe me, honored lady, though there are various views in philosophy and other branches of learning, and much contention over many points, and though one is apt to consider another ignorant; yet, with respect to what is called uprightness and benevolence, there has seldom been any difference of opinion, and every one delights in and esteems those in whom they find these qualities, and this is what I feel for you now, Frau Rollmaus."

This he said with much heartiness to the learned lady. On his other side he heard the gentle rustling of a dress, and when he turned to Ilse he met a look so full of humble gratitude that he could hardly preserve his composure.

(To be continued.)

Great truths are portions of the soul of man; great souls are portions of eternity.—Lowell.

