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A STORY OF KISSES.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

THE merit of Christianity as a system, and the value of "belief" as a factor, consists, not in any creed or intellectual equivalent for feeling, but in the feeling itself.

"Faith" is either a function of fact, or it is of folly, when manifestly it is not faith at all, but credulity—a vastly different matter.

The real faith is not dependent at all upon that symbol or form of statement which produces it. The value of the message has no necessary connexion with the moral merit of the messenger.

Christianity is the power it is, and has been, and will continue to be, because it more nearly expresses abstract truth than any other expression known to mankind. It is capable, by the beauty and pathos of its sublime myth, of attracting more minds than the myths of all other theologies combined.

It may not be literally true, but so marvellous is the fascination of the story that even those who might be disposed to discredit it, if they allowed themselves to think, will deliberately decline investigation, fearful that their ideal might be shattered.

The ideal may be a mirage in life's desert; but never yet was there a mirage without a reality somewhere beyond the visible horizon.

Faith is feeling focussed. It is a complete subordination of sense to a higher, completer, universal sentiment, in whose actual presence emotion becomes the equivalent of knowledge, where all things are made new.

This, in substance, was what I had to say in reply to a request for my opinion as to the truth of the Christian religion.

A large party, chiefly composed of young people, had gathered in the library at Stone, a country-seat on the Hudson, for the holidays, and, as such matters happen, the conversation had taken an accustomed turn. It came about naturally enough, though in a rather peculiar way: one of the guests was a Captain Clay Havisham, recently retired on account of wounds received in action with the Indians. Mrs. Andros's cook was a colored woman, and in her younger days had been a slave in the Havisham family, somewhere

in Kentucky. When "Aunty" found that her "young massa" was in the house, she, of course, wanted to see him.

The Captain's recollections of the old woman, who had been his nurse in childhood, were very vivid. He begged that she might be sent for. Mrs. Andros called a servant, and a few moments after Chloe appeared in the great front hall, fat, shaking all over "like a bowl full of jelly," and her broad black face beaming with joy.

Whether the Captain's unfeigned affection made him forgetful, or that he was too proud to seem to hide his real feelings, at all events he left the sliding doors wide open, and in full view of us all threw his arms around Aunt Chloe, and kissed her on the cheek.

That was all we witnessed of the interview. Mrs. Andros rose and softly closed the doors; but what we had seen was quite enough for comment of one sort or another among the guests. They were too high-bred to make these offensively or very openly, but I overheard one young woman—a Miss Rotherhythe, from Boston—remark in a whisper: "Strange, what an effect heredity and early education have upon certain minds"; while my cousin, Nanny Andros, said, in plainer terms and a trifle louder, that "it was just disgusting—I don't see how he could possibly do it."

My aunt, Mrs. Andros, tactfully and quietly turned the current of thought into a different channel, and, so diverted, the stream broadened out into the full tide of discussion.

Among so large a number, of course, there were many shades of opinion. One of the men was "agnostic," another advocated the "higher criticism," while Miss Rotherhythe, with a free flow of language and not a little ability, upheld the cause of what she considered "orthodoxy," or what she called the brotherhood of man.

This sort of thing is amusing to me, and yet there is a sadness about it. Inquiry and argument and opinion are all so entirely futile on the lines that the whole world seems united in holding as the only possible method of approaching truth.

Almost all had something to say; but Maggie Chal-loner, a sweet, pretty girl, daughter, by the way, of the agnostic gentleman, sat quietly, with her little sis-

ter Mary in her arms, both listening, but never saying a word.

"Come now, Maggie," said Cousin Nan, vivaciously; "you are such a pious little thing, you ought to know more than the rest of us; haven't you anything to say?"

Miss Challoner smiled and shook her head. "No," she answered, "I have nothing to say. I have no views at all, only—I try always to receive Christ as a little child."

In the silence that followed the door opened, Captain Havisham came in, and in a moment the library "buzzed and banged and clacked" again.

It was at this point that I was challenged, with the result I have given,—a result which gave rise to not a little further discussion: Mr. Challoner trying to draw me into an argument, while Miss Rotherhythe was very severe in her condemnation of my use of the word "myth," which she characterised as "positively infidel."

I hardly like to use the expression "pearls before swine," or to seem to say, "Stand aside! I am cleverer than thou"; but I must confess it was solely with a feeling of the hopelessness of words in such a company that I said no more.

Finding that I refused to "give up my fort of silence to a woman," Miss Rotherhythe turned her attention to Captain Havisham.

"What do I think? Well, I can hardly say that I have thought much on the subject either way." Was he a Christian? Well, yes, he thought he was; not a member of any church, but he attended services; "more," said he, frankly, "because my mother likes to have me than for any especial fancy of my own. I think religion is,—well, just love; that's about it."

The Captain spoke hesitatingly and with a sort of indifference, as if the subject were either beyond him, or had little interest to him. He seemed to be almost dull. But a remark of Mr. Challoner drew him out.

"What do I think," said he, brightening instantly, "what do I think of the doctrine that all things are made new? Why, that's true. I know it's true because something happened to me once."

The Captain stopped suddenly, blushing like a girl.

"Oh! you must tell us what it was."

"A story. Is it a story?"

"No," said the Captain, "I won't call it a story, and it isn't much to tell. This is how it was: I was in the Indian country when the Nez Percés went off the reservation, on the war path as they say.

"I was sent with orders for Colonel Swigert of the 12th Colored Cavalry. Swigert's command was on the head waters of Little Butte river, a couple of hundred miles off. My chief could spare but one squadron. When we started there were just thirty-two—all told.

I was the only commissioned officer along; but O'Tool, my first sergeant, was an old Indian fighter. Besides, we didn't expect to run across any hostiles; we felt sure they were further down the valley. We did run across 'em, for all that—hundreds on their ponies, all rigged out in feathers and war paint, yelling and whooping. There was only one thing to do. We rode for the timber, and there made a stand—cut trees and piled rocks. This made a fair enough fort; but, to show how hot the firing was, by night they had killed the last of the horses, though this didn't matter so much;—we used their bodies to help make a breast-work.

"They kept us there for two whole days, charging up the hill every now and then, and we firing back with our repeating carbines.

"This was my first brush with the reds. I asked O'Tool what he thought; whether we were likely to pull through, and when he said we'd be in kingdom come inside of forty-eight hours, and Gray Wolf, the Arapahoe scout, thought so too, I may as well own up to being scared. But, scared or not, I loaded and emptied my Remington just the same. That's one merit to West Point: it trains a man not to feel afraid, or, if he is afraid, not to show it. It comes to about the same thing.

"Well, so it went. Two whole days those red devils kept it up. By the second night hardly one wasn't hit, some badly, and a dozen either killed or out of the fight.

"The worst of it was our canteens were empty. We had enough to eat, but for nearly two whole days not a drop of water. Besides that, hardly one of us had any sleep. The first night we had a little rest now and then, but this second the reds kept at it right along.

"They knew we must be getting short of ammunition and pretty well used up. It wasn't light yet, but the moon was nearly full when they charged again. This time Gray Wolf gave up. He wouldn't touch his piece, but sat on the ground,—wrapped his blanket about him, and sat there, rocking back and forth, and singing his death song.

"I kicked and cursed him for a coward; but he wouldn't budge. The savages swarmed up the slope, and I thought, sure enough, our time had come. It gets to be a bit creepy, you know, when you begin to think about keeping a charge of your revolver for your own brains.

"That was what we did,—O'Tool and I,—agreed to shoot one another rather than fall alive into the hands of the reds. The last survivors did that in the Fetterman affair, why not we?

"But, when we had given up all hope, not a hundred rounds left, just before morning the firing and

yells let up for a minute, and then, way down off the valley, we heard a bugle; only two or three notes, but that was enough.

"Every man went wild at once and shouted, 'hurrah! hurrah!' with all their might.

"'Blow your horn, Wentz,' said I to our little Dutch bugler; 'blow all you're worth. Let 'em know we're alive.'

"The little chap had been shot in the thigh, so he couldn't get on his feet, but he was pluck clear through. He grabbed his bugle, puffed his cheeks and rolled over on his back. My! how he did blow.

"Back came 'toot, toot, tooty te toot,' and a minute or two after we caught sight of a guidon fluttering, and the sun, just creeping up, on the sabres.

"The reds were quick, Jove, but it was fun to see the devils scrambling for their ponies. We laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks—laughed and cried together.

"Swigert's troops charged the reds, but troop M, Scott Moran's troop of the 12th Colored Cavalry, rode right up the slope. Glad? talk about being glad. By Jove, if you ever saw glad men we were that.

"O'Tool, who always said he hated niggers, just made for the first trooper that climbed over,—a big, black, grimy, grinning Congo buck, and hugged and kissed him, blubbering like a baby. The rest all did the same,—I among 'em. There was Scott Moran, classmate of mine at the academy; why, when he took a commission in a black regiment I thought he'd disgraced himself.

"I didn't think so when he rode up the hill that morning, and I never have thought so since. I tell you there's nothing like a thing of that kind to knock prejudice out of a man.

"That's what I mean by all things being made new. I've heard people talk about the brotherhood of man, but I've felt it."

"WHY LIVE A MORAL LIFE?"

A "RATIONALIST" SYMPOSIUM.

BY AMOS WATERS.

TRUE morality is only possible when conduct is based on cultivated intelligence. Matthew Arnold said conduct was three fourths of human life—we may allow to conscience the other fourth, which in truth is the greater part. When the soul of man has wrestled in the wilderness with the everlasting *Why* of all existence, and emerges into the crowded avenues of human duty, with perfect understanding deliberately choosing the straight and narrow path of holy rectitude, conduct transcends the policy of manners and soars into the shining region of morality.

Morality accounts for the yesterday, and provides for the morrow. If retrospect entail repentance, the future demands atonement. Herein Christianity was eloquently right—as, in truth, were all the profoundest religions. The yesterday of religious science is as full and vivid, and the morrow thereof as prolonged and actual, as the yesterday and the morrow of supernatural religion. But the problem, "Why Live a Moral Life?" demands of the monist, the agnostic, or the philosophers who inelegantly label themselves "Rationalists": *Why care to account for yesterday or to adorn the morrow?* In the extremely opportune symposium importantly featuring the *Agnostic Annual* for 1895, this problem is, more or less, competently handled by a group of, more or less, eminent gentlemen content to bear that banner of strange device named "Rationalism."

The unique variety of opinion in this Symposium is editorially charitable, but suspiciously vagrant in proximity to burlesque—if by "Rationalism" any definite temper of modern thought be intended. For example, Dr. Alfred Momerie—an elegant heretic of charming courage in the worldly Church of England—almost cynically confesses his incapacity for imagination without reward, i. e., for accepting the sovereign compulsion of nobility, usefulness, self-denial, and enthusiastic service, (in a single word, the necessity of duty,) apart from the serenely ignoble satisfaction of pleasing God, and being immortally comfortable hereafter. He thinks pessimism and sensuality inevitable—goodness unreasonable and quixotically weak—and "everything in the last resort vanity," unless there be a future life. Meaning thereby, mark you, not the immortality lofty and inspiringly proclaimed by the editor of *The Open Court*,—the immortality born of the wedded compact of purified religion and spiritualised science,—but the grossly enticing immortality that spells individual "pleasure," and writes the stupendously selfish promise in dazzling letters across the deep vaults of night. Most fatally and mischievously, this speculator in post-mortem scrip balances choice between two pleasurable impulses: between conscious self-gratulation beyond the grave, and—to the shame of "Rationalism" be it written—self-indulgence in the "certainties" of this life. Dr. Momerie disastrously confounds morality by identifying sin and pleasure—the vicious mistake of most theologians. The certainties of our human life are not the caprices of sin, but precious opportunities of opposing the best love within us to the basest temptations around us—for making some desert spot glow with ripened fruit to faltering wayfarers—for communing with the grand historic life of divine humanity, and adding at least one heroic note to its noblest harmonies. To the Rev. Dr. Momerie—cynical coquette with "Rationalism"—may be commended the words

of one greater than he—words that will be immortal prose when he and his generation have passed away :

“It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our own souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. . . . And so . . . if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within the reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of selfishness that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say,—‘It would have been better for me if I had never been born.’”—George Eliot’s *Romola*.

Why live a moral life? Even “Spiritualism” is inspired to answer the demand in the name of “Rationalism” by grace of Dr. A. R. Wallace, whose discussion is sufficiently and commonly sensible, but lacking the one thing needful—i. e., the positive genius of ethical instruction. Dr. Wallace writes of the “Spiritualist”:

“He dreads to give way to passion, or to falsehood, to selfishness, or to a life of mere luxurious enjoyment physically, because he knows that the natural and inevitable consequences of such a life are future misery. He will be deterred from crime by the knowledge that its unforeseen consequences may cause him ages of remorse.”

This answer for “Spiritualism” is the abject answer of calculating commercialism, ingeniously alert against the dangers of moral bankruptcy in the crystal cities of celestial fortune, beyond the sunset and sound of evening bell. “Spiritualism” thus answers for itself, but Dr. Wallace obligingly suggests the answer of “Rationalism”:

“The general answer I would now give to the question, ‘Why live a moral life?’ from the purely rationalistic point of view, is—first, that we shall thereby generally secure the good opinion of the world at large, and more especially of the society among which we live; and that this good opinion counts for much, both as a factor in our happiness and in our material success. Secondly, that, in the long run, morality pays best; that it conduces to health, to peace of mind, to social advancement; and, at the same time, avoids all those risks to which immoral conduct, especially if it goes so far as criminality, renders us liable.”

If this be the final word of “Rationalism”—the announcement of a protagonist to wistful pilgrims—then should we long anew for the authentic thunders of the olden gods. “The good opinion of the world at large,” forsooth—what cared the martyrs and redeemers of humanity for the “good opinion of the world”? Over the stormy seas of heroic record there are names that

shine like brilliant stars, and burn like stars the brighter, the darker the night they crown. And remembering Jesus, and Savonarola, and Bruno, and many another, we are shamed by the timorous counsels of a modern day—the butterfly flittings toward the “good opinion of the world.” Nay, more, in every epoch of disintegration public opinion was ever the cataract that roared toward the brink and plunged into abyssmal ruin. “‘Morality pays best’?”—but it is precisely the profitable success that often submerges the soul in damnation. The morality of truth-speaking does not always “pay best.” The cult of the jumping cat “pays” better. In politics, honesty is the flouted policy—it “pays” better to bend the supple knee and slide with the multitude. In art, and in literature, the morality that is eloquent for ideals and opulent with valiant inspirations, often asks for bread in vain and falls into a neglected grave. Servility to popular idols “pays” better. In religion, the morality of impassioned sincerity is sometimes stoned or crucified—the crowd returns to worship what it spurned, but the dead martyr is incurious to the homage of praying hands. And so in science, and so in all or almost all communal intricacies of moral effort—the godward road is reminiscent of gibbeted bones, and blood, and lonely tears. and, to accept the lowest level of argument, if you base the desire for morality on the promise of personal gain and popularity, you stifle every hope of reform and bribe the individual conscience to lethargy or reasoned treachery.

The famous “Author of *Supernatural Religion*” also asserts the theory of enlightened selfishness, but fortunately asserts it as the beginning, and not the final basis of goodness. In the love of approbation, he remotely perceives the genesis of the altruistic sentiment—he traces the highest morality from embryonic self-esteem, to “an almost instinctive preference for what is noble and refined . . . and an almost equally instinctive aversion to what is base and degraded.” We have, he worthily insists, “come to love ‘goodness’ for its own sake, just as we love beauty of line and color, independent of any idea of utility. We have attained a natural and instinctive preference for what is good and noble in conduct, irrespective of self-interest, just as we have risen to an instinctive appreciation of fine music and delicate perfume.” And he voices the primordial sorrow of the race, when he crystallises the pathos and the passion of it in one sentence of lurid lament:

“We have eaten, to some purpose, of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and realised the truth that, finally, the one is sweet and the other bitter.”

Is not this the truth of all ages for the race?—even as, also, of individuals who reproduce the tragic fable of Eden, and the spiritual evolution beyond the flam-

ing sword in the span of their own travail? Wherefore, this strenuous iconoclast renounces his scepticism, and ardently believes that "a moral life, without much conscious debate, will generally be led, and must be led, in accordance with principles of universal application." And James Allanson Picton coincides with the view that, in the best conduct, "there is no consciousness of motive at all." Mr. Picton is a philosopher who "went into materialism and came out at the other end," and almost lost his philosophy in the bad company and late hours of the British House of Commons; and there are echoes of parochialism in his section of the Symposium. We shudder with comic dismay when he finds ethical illustrations in trade unionism and strikes. But his vindicated sanction for rationalist morality is supremely excellent. There is hell enough in a guilty conscience, and heaven enough in sincerity and truth, to inspire *loyalty* to character—devotion to the infinite whole of which man is a fraternal fraction. So he opines: and Ludwig Büchner, Leslie Stephen, Max Müller, F. J. Gould, and others, ring the changes of this fascinating Symposium in similar chimes. But in the picturesque variety of conclusion, we recognise the impossibility of conceiving outside the churches, any one sanction of universal appeal—and, if the sanction be difficult to harmonise, the standard is necessarily liable to anarchic speculation.

"It is pusillanimity which produces squinting views of morality,"¹ and it is precisely the pusillanimous aspect of mentality that inspires mankind to misgiving, and kindles the smouldering fear into a blaze of brilliant discussion, such as the Symposium under review. We project our own terrors into the order of nature; forgetting that our feeble theories cannot affect the reign of the moral law that demands conformity as peremptorily as do the irresistible forces we name physical. To break one law of nature is impossible; to blindly ignore one is to be broken on the wheel. The impulses of the moral law include reaction; an epoch of sensual madness is succeeded by another of fanatical austerity; an individual season of swinish indulgence is followed by another of wintry regret, or frenzied repentance; unless the psycho-physical providences of natural law efface the erring organism. In the *Asclepiad* for December, 1893, Dr. B. W. Richardson individualised a pregnantly suggestive theory of mental science, of which more is likely to be heard. To briefly summarise: Each man has two brains in his skull, so distinct and separate that two different men might own them. The duality of the human mind is made up of good and evil; none of these twin-brains are exactly balanced; the good brain or the evil brain may pre-

dominate; the evil brain may be worn by excitement and the impressions of the good brain rise victorious; or a strong and earnest external nature may arrest the action of the evil brain, compel or inspire it to obedience, and arouse the activities of the good brain. Literally and physically, the subject is "born again" by an exact scientific process; he is converted to goodness—although this process may be applied in the aid of the grossest superstition. Sudden changes of character, may be due to oscillations in the domination of one half of the head over the other—or change may be impossible in that one of the brains has half gone to water.

Now, the twin-brain theory was originally propounded by Sir Henry Holland, and afterwards advocated by Dr. Brown-Sequard, but these applied the theory to phenomena of dual consciousness and responsibility. A mass of vividly interesting observations have accumulated around the theory during the last twenty years, all complicating the problem of moral responsibility and reminding us of Huxley's illustration of "the prince-bishop, who swore as a prince and not as a bishop. 'But, your highness, if the prince is damned, what will become of the bishop?' said the peasant." If, however, the exposition of Dr. B. W. Richardson be entirely provable, it marks a most hopeful advance of moral science toward the salvation of the race. The pygmies of mere propriety have masqueraded morality as a shrew, to insult the graves of dead genius; the greatness of Goethe and Byron and many another of the immortals has been detracted by dung-hill dancers. This is a phase of that "pusillanimity" in ethics, protested against by Dr. Carus in his incidental rebuke of the censors of Goethe. Such ignoble feuds would be shamed, and the historic vision enlarged and liberalised—nay, more, living truants from convention might be restored, if the physiological and the psychological evidences agree in the provisions of the two-brain theory of good and evil.

Wherefore, "Why live a moral life?" seems obvious in affirmative answer, whether or not there was ever a yesterday, whether or not there will ever be a morrow, whether there be one God or no God, three Gods or thirty thousand. Each individual will discover an idiosyncratic attraction for obedience to the absolute sovereignty of the moral law; many individuals will differ in the interpretation of intricate emergencies; death and sorrow and the shadows of the night will eternally haunt the pilgrims of time; but the wisdom gathered from the ages gone by is imperishable;—and in the light of that wisdom the soul of man will be constrained toward goodness because it is duty.

¹*Homilies of Science*, by Dr. Paul Carus, p. 275.

HAPPINESS.

BY MATTIE MINER-M'CASLIN.

STARTING upon the path of life—

The path where all must onward press,
A youth pursued with eager steps
A snow-white dove called Happiness.

He ever and anon would stretch
His hand to grasp its plumage bright,
But still it would elude his touch,
And seemed to mock him in its flight.

The morn is changing into noon,
His raven locks are streaked with grey
The eventide is coming soon,
And now the white dove seems to say :

"Night comes apace, when morn shall rise
Upon another day so fair,
My home will be in Paradise ;
Hast thou a pass to enter there ?"

Just then a beggar caught his skirt
In supplication, and he turned
And saw the man was lame and blind,
His heart in tender pity yearned.

He fed the beggar from his store,
And as the tottering footsteps led
He looked aloft, and there behold,
The white bird fluttered round his head !

He ceased to think about the dove
And paused to let the cripple rest,
Just as he did this deed of love
The white dove nestled in his breast.

It thrilled him with a sudden joy,
And lo ! he saw before his eyes
The beggar to an angel changed
Within the gate of Paradise.

Pursued for sake of self alone
True happiness must ever flee
But *Love* will give thee back thy own—
Thy guest and bosom-friend 'twill be.

SCIENCE AND REFORM.

COUNT LESSEPS.

POLITICAL and educational reform never had a truer friend than Ferdinand de Lesseps. The "great engineer," as American papers persist in calling him, was a diplomat by education, and would have been awarded the highest prizes of the political arena, if his bold protests against the autocratic policy of Louis Napoleon, and the consequent hostility of the imperial government, had not impeded his professional progress. The Suez canal was only one of the numberless projects suggested by the wide range of his miscellaneous studies. He published several pamphlets on the plan of obviating the necessity of direct taxation by means of government land-reservations, the revenue to be applied to the municipal expenses of each community. In order to shorten the service of conscripts, he proposed to drill schoolboys in the rudiments of military education, and never ceased to urge the advantages of competitive athletics, as distinct from the compulsory contortion work of college gymnasiums. He also projected a universal language, to be "combined from the shortest terms and simplest grammatical forms of each idiom." His personal com-

placency in the Panama frauds has never been proved, and, indeed, never been seriously insinuated, beyond the charge of carelessness in trusting the management of the funds to unscrupulous speculators ; and the real cause of his transient unpopularity is well known to have been his refusal to join in the bowls of Anti-Prussian faction. He had no objection to raise the military organization of France to the maximum of efficiency, but maintained that the worst enemies of French prestige were not to be sought beyond the Rhine, but beyond the English channel. To the predestined failure of current political intrigues he also attributed the recent revival of Napoleon-worship. "Seeing nothing," he said, "but imbecility in gorgeous uniforms all around, the vision of the victor of Marengo in his gray battle-cloak naturally rises before their eyes." His verdict on the prospects of the Anti-Anarchist crusade was equally pertinent. "I foresee a better cure," he said ; "those gentlemen and their Communistic friends will before long get a chance to try their theories in practice, and the world will not be apt to forget the results of the experiment." He celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday in the enjoyment of all his mental and physical faculties, and the subsequent decline of his health is less due to the effects of old age than to the sorrow of enforced silence. Heinrich Heine defined the French Revolution as "an attempt to realise the ideal of equality, if not of liberty, by lopping off a few hundred thousand heads, that insisted on rising above the average level," but the study of such moral and physical giants as Chamisso and Count Lesseps suggests an occasional doubt in the benefit of the specific,—at least, from Thomas Carlyle's point of view that, "aristocracy being unavoidable, we might as well try to secure the supremacy of genuine aristocrats." Count Lesseps, as a surviving representative of an almost extinct type of French patriots, justifies a conjecture that for the true interests of their country, some of the heads, sacrificed to the equalisation plan, ought to have been abolished in a less radical manner.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

The Lesseps project of constructing a world's speech from the shortest terms of every ancient and modern language seems never to have passed the outline stage of its development, but would almost undoubtedly have been found an improvement on the Volapük nightmare of Parson Schleyer. The sudden collapse of the Schleyer fad has been ascribed to the capriciousness of a novelty-loving public, but its temporary success was really a much more astonishing proof of that caprice. As a world-language the chimera of the Swiss village pastor really combined all possible objections : agglutinative, unwieldy, and cacophonous to a preposterous degree, and it is to be feared that the time wasted on the study of the unpronounceable conglomerations will tend to prejudice the public against such better attempts at the solution of the problem as time and ingenuity will sooner or later be sure to evolve. The principle of the Lesseps plan will be a chief recommendation of a universally acceptable language and has certainly not been realised in any existing idiom—the monosyllables of the Chinese vernacular, with its involved syntax, being only an apparent exception. English comes a little nearer to the realisation of the ideal, but the adoption of the French and Spanish *se* in the place of the Saxon *himself* would be as sensible as the substitution of the Saxon *too* for the Spanish *demasiado*.

FORESTS AND CLIMATE.

The meteorological records of the last ten years have, on the whole, confirmed the belief that the climate of North America is undergoing a change similar to that effected in Europe by the destruction of the ancient woodlands which once covered the continent from Calabria to the Baltic. Our summers are getting dryer, and our winters warmer and rainier. There was a time when Italy, Spain, and Greece could dispense with irrigation, while the

rigors of a long winter made northern Germany fit only for bears and the hardest barbarians. All the old settlers of our southern Alleghanies agree that hard frosts are getting much rarer than formerly, when rivers, which now freeze only along the shore-cliffs, were bridged, year after year, by solid ice; but, on the other hand, the stock-farmers on the lowlands complain that their summer rains hardly suffice to fill the artificial ponds of pastures which once were watered by perennial springs.

SANITARY LEGISLATION.

Herbert Spencer, in his *Principles of Human Happiness* proposes to limit the jurisdiction of our health-bureaus to unmitigated evils and to nuisances affecting the comfort alike of the willing and unwilling, such as smoking factories that poison the air, which ought to be freely enjoyed by the poorest of our fellow-citizens. If those fellow-men choose to pen themselves up in foul tenements he would leave them to bear the consequences of their folly. The philosopher choked by the fumes of a fat-rendering establishment across the way, does not suffer by his own fault: he has an unalienable claim to the common blessing of fresh air and a consequent right to sue his pestiferous neighbors for damages. But could that same principle not be applied to the superfluous noises which make existence a burden to thousands of city-dwellers? Men, with the exception of janitors and Second Adventists, have a right to the enjoyment of a night's rest and might justly sue the abettors of steam-whistle serenades and "twenty-four-hour factories." In Pittsburgh, Pa., there are districts where hundreds of families could attest that their children sit up in bed at night and cry, being awakened again and again by a rolling-mill clatter which one witness describes as a "rumpus worse than the Devil tumbling down a tin-roof." James Payn speaks about a Parisian association of self-helpers who mitigate another midnight grievance after a manner of their own, hundreds of barking curs having been found dead, after their owners had been warned by a brief note: "Your dog, Sir, is a nuisance, and unless you contrive to keep him quiet, I sentence him to death." Crowing roosters, that cannot distinguish moonlight from dawn, are not much better, and in the absence of legal resources, a lover of sound sleep would often be justified in perpetrating a practical parody on the Socratic advice of sacrificing a cock to Æsculapius.

ANOTHER FROST-CURE.

The value of cold air as a remedy is getting more and more generally recognised. Ice-air hospitals for the cure of yellow fever are springing up all over Spanish America, and Prof. Charles Podet, in a paper read before the Academy of Medicine, describes a whole system of "Frigo-Therapeutics." He proposes to cure catarrhs by the application of ice-air currents to the spine, and states that "having experimented with dogs, he found that on being exposed to a low temperature they became ravenously hungry. Being himself a sufferer from digestive troubles, he had forgotten what it is to have an appetite, so he descended into a refrigerating tank, the temperature being many degrees below zero. He was wrapped in a thick pelisse and other warm clothes. After four minutes he began to feel hungry. In eight minutes he came out of the tank with a painfully keen appetite. Several such experiments were made, and all meals that he took after a short stay in the refrigerator agreed with him. He found his dyspepsia cured after the tenth descent."

THE LAST STRAW.

The perils of a small disappointment, superadded to a long series of similar provocations, was strikingly illustrated by a recent suicide, in consequence of the apparent heartlessness of a railway-official, who had merely tried to enforce, or at least to explain, a perfectly equitable business-regulation. A victim of the Oklahoma boom returned from the Far West to the neighborhood of

his former home in western Ohio, and being unable to find work in any of the midway cities, concluded to economise his small means by walking a large part of the distance. His household goods, though sent by freight, had thus got ahead of him, and among the mail awaiting him at the terminus of his trip he found a freight-bill exceeding his available assets by at least ten dollars. It took him nearly a week to borrow half that amount, and rather than relinquish his claim to the cargo he sold an old watch and some articles of wearing apparel. The clerks in charge of the depot, however, informed him that there was another hitch in the programme: His household goods having been side-tracked nearly a month in the freight-yard, the western railway company would charge a compensation for the four weeks' use of their freight-car. The extra charges amounted to only four dollars, but the owner of the freight at once faced about, invested a quarter in a coil of rope and hung himself in a neighboring hilltop thicket.

MOB VERDICTS.

The authority of Judge Lynch—after all the last court of appeal—has often been shamefully abused for partisan purposes; but it must be admitted that the legal decisions of a mass-meeting are rarely altogether wrong. The high-handed acts of our western regulators were mostly due to the inadequacy of the regular legal establishments, but even in an over-governed country like continental Europe the *Vox populi* now and then assumes jurisdiction in the trial of an offender not amenable to the administrators of the ordinary laws. Ever since that lancet episode in the sick-room of the Czar, the American press reiterated the assertion that the alleged sufferer from Bright's disease was really dying a victim of medical malpractice. Few Russian papers would have risked even an allusion to these charges, but among other items of legitimate news they soon after reported the fact that, on receipt of the telegram from Livadia, announcing the death of the Czar, a mob had wrecked the Moscow residence of Court-physician Zacharin.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS. By the *Count Goblet d'Alviella*, Hibbert Lecturer in 1891. (Westminster: A. Constable & Co. 1894. Pp. 303.)

This is a translation of a French book, which was published under a similar title at Paris in 1892. The author is called "the greatest living authority" on this subject by the writer of the Introduction, Sir George Birdwood; and those who have read *The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought* will expect to be deeply interested by this handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated volume. We are told, for instance, that the three-legged emblem of the Isle of Man was borrowed from Sicily, where it represented the form of the island much more accurately, and also that it was first used as a solar emblem in Lycia. The two symbols which receive most attention are the winged globe and that form of the cross which has its ends bent back at right angles, and is called the *gammadion* or *swastika*. The former symbol is said to show the influence of Egypt and Babylon, while the latter is characteristic of the Aryan civilisation which was predominant in Greece, but which left this trace of its presence in India, Scandinavia, and all the intervening lands. Thus the old world may be divided into two zones, each of which had its own peculiar sign. Migration of symbols has taken place continually; and it has usually been accompanied by change of meaning. Thus the cross was used in ancient Peru, to denote that meeting of the winds which brought rain; but this seems more likely to be a case of independent use than of migration.

F. M. H.

Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, Principal of University College, Bristol England, and by all odds the most philosophical of con-

temporaneous English biologists, has just published in the Contemporary Science Series *An Introduction to Comparative Psychology*. (London: Walter Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp., 332. Price, \$1.25.) We expect to give a detailed review of this work in *The Monist*, and shall only mention here that as an introduction to the study of general psychology it is unequalled. Professor Morgan has now in the press a second work, entitled *Psychology for Teachers*. He is also at work editing the second part of Mr. Romanes's *Darwin and After Darwin*, which was delayed by the illness and death of the last-named distinguished biologist.

Students of political science will be interested in the *Series of Constitutions* now issued by *The American Academy of Political and Social Science* (Philadelphia, Station B). They come as supplements to the *Annals of the Academy*, the latest being *The Constitution of the Kingdom of Italy*, translated and supplied with an Introduction and Notes by Dr. S. M. Lindsay and Dr. L. S. Rowe (pages, 44). The Constitutions of Mexico, Colombia, France, and Prussia, have also appeared. The prices of the books range from thirty-five to fifty cents. We should also not omit to notice, in this connexion, *A History of Political Economy* by Gustav Cohn, Professor in Göttingen, translated by Dr. Joseph Adna Hill, (142 pages, published by the same society) which in brief compass gives an excellent sketch of the history of economic science. Altogether, the Academy has undertaken a valuable work in this series of supplements.

B. Westermann & Co. (Lemcke and Buechner), 812 Broadway, New York, have just issued a *Catalogue Raisonné* of German literature, having for its subtitle, "Hints for Selecting the German Library of a Man of Culture." Mr. Lemcke has supplied a short preface to the Catalogue, emphasising the value of German literature and the necessity of its study. The editions catalogued range from the cheapest to the dearest; nor are the best English translations omitted. "Many a German," says Mr. Lemcke, "could find no better means for fully comprehending obscure passages in 'Faust,' for instance, than by comparing B. Taylor's English version with the original, or in Shakespeare, than by "keeping Schlegel's German rendering at hand."

In the *New Jerusalem in the World's Religious Congress of 1893* (Chicago, Western New-Church Union; pages 454; price \$2.00), the Rev. L. P. Mercer has thrown together a number of reports and addresses showing the part which the faith of the New Jerusalem took in the World's Parliament of Religions. It would seem, from Mr. Bonney's account of the genesis of the Congress that its inception and execution were due *exclusively* to Swedenborgian influences. The articles and addresses discuss every phase of Swedenborgianism, and the book is eminently well fitted to give the reader a just view of the tendency of the New-Church principles and doctrines.

Dr. George Bruce Halsted's latest performance in his chosen field is a translation, purporting to be from the Russian, of Prof. A. Vasiliev's commemorative address on Nicolái Ivánovich Lobachévsky, delivered at Kasán on October 22, 1893. Professor Vasiliev's address is a competent and exceedingly interesting review of the great Russian mathematician's achievements, life, and character, and Professor Halsted has put it into very readable English. (The Neomon: 2407 Guadalupe Street, Austin, Texas.)

Animal Rights Considered in Relation to Social Progress, is the title of Mr. Henry S. Salt's newest work, published under the auspices of the Humanitarian League. (Macmillan & Co. Pages, 176. Price, 75 cents.) The author seeks "to set the principle of animals' rights on a consistent and intelligible footing." An essay

on Vivisection, or, rather, against Vivisection, is appended to the book, together with a bibliography of the subject.

Roberts Bros., of Boston, publish a "tale of the life to come" under the title of *The Wedding Garment* (246 pages, price \$1.00), by Louis Pendleton. The "tale" is excessively anthropomorphic, and not very powerfully conceived. The author's conception of the future life is derived from Swedenborg.

THE MONIST

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