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A DRAMATIC POEM BY IBSEN.

BY EDNAH D. CHENEY.

(CONCLUDED.)

NOTHING can exceed the pathos of the fourth act where the mother mourns for her child on Christmas Eve, and the stern father checks her grief, which is unsuited to the Holy time. He describes to her the terrible storm he has encountered on the water, but she reminds him that it is harder to sit alone at home sleepless and without occupation :

" Think on me, who cannot forget
And should not remember."

Then he tells her how the pain often overcomes him and he longs to throw himself on God's heart as a little child, and Agnes cries

" Oh ! see the Father, not the Lord."

But he tells her that his place in the world is the hard struggle to bring men to the knowledge of his stern law.

" But thou canst go to him,
Look into the Father's eyes
Dare, when hard thy bosom aches,
Weary, rest thee in his arms."

And he says she brings this glory and peace to him.

Agnes pours out her longing dreams of her child who is cold without her embrace in his lonely grave. Brandt says it is only the body of her child that lies there, but with saddest moaning she replies :

" Oh ! you mock at my sad weeping,
At my sorrow in your hardness,
What you coldly name his body
Ever to me is my child."

She pleads for help, for loving pity, all is too great for her, and the Church oppresses her. He is shocked at her words, but she cannot explain them.

" Voices come from out the distance,
Come and go, one scarcely marks them,
So I feel it all alone
That our church too small has grown."

Brandt takes her words as a literal inspiration calling him to his task of enlarging the church, and blesses her for the guide and help she is to him. Agnes falls into his mood and promises to dry her tears and work with him. She says the house too must be adorned for Christmas, that if God looks into the room, He shall see that they accept the sorrow He has sent. Brandt tenderly prays for her that his own heart's blood may be drained to spare her. They are interrupted in this exquisite interchange of sympathy by the Steward. A long conversation follows which is

full of the keenest satire. In contrast to Brandt's earnest, if visionary spiritual purposes, are the worldly respectable and reasonable plans of the Steward, who accepts poverty as a necessary evil not without its benefits to society, but which requires to be dammed up in institutions. He will build a poor-house, a hospital, a pest-house, and beside it a grand communal festal hall.

Brandt says :

" Ah, Steward, you build like the Deuce,
But it seems to me you overlook one thing,"
STEWARD. " The Madhouse ?"

The Steward explains his plans, and asks the priest to help him with his influence, but Brandt tells him he too will build a large church.

" Why have you ever seen this one full ?"

asks the practical Steward.

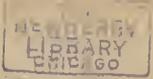
" There is not room enough for one poor soul
To lift itself to God."

That is proof enough that we need a mad-house, mutters the Steward to himself, but when he learns that Brandt proposes to build the church with his own inheritance, he is entirely reconciled, and proposes that " we carry out the scheme together."

The Steward says he must go and look after his vagabonds, and explains that he means a band of Gipsies who have come into town, and that Gerd the crazy maiden, is the child of the discarded lover of Brandt's mother, and a woman belonging to this troop. Brandt asks if this soul cannot be saved, but the Steward seems to consider it alike improbable and unimportant. This conversation and the painful fact of Gerd's birth, bring to Brandt terrible questionings of God and Fate and Prayer, and the agony of the child's death comes back to him until he calls aloud :

" Oh ! Agnes bring light to the blind,
Light, light, Oh ! let it appear."

Agnes comes in with the Christmas lights, and then recalls how a year ago the little one stretched out his hands to them in delight. She then turns to the grave, looking towards it from the window. Brandt bids her close the shutters and dry her tears. He tells her that sacrifice is not complete unless she gives up memory, tears, all that is of the past. Nay, even her heart's blood is in vain if given in tears and not in joy. At last Agnes says :



" Now opens to me like a deep abyss,
The word of Scripture whose ground
I never seized before."
BRANDT. " What word ?"
AGNES. " Who sees God, dies."
BRANDT. (Throwing his arms around her.)
" Oh ! close
Thine eyes ! Hide thyself ! See him not !"

As he leaves her alone, she moans out her thoughts in broken sentences, whose tenderness and pathos, the struggle of mother love and obedience to a revered husband, touch the very depths of feeling. At last she goes to the drawers and looks at her child's clothes. Her husband comes back and speaks (lightly).

" Before, behind, above, below,
Always about the one grave."

She takes up the little garments one by one, and they recall the memory of the child in his happy plays. The door opens and a woman in rags, bearing an almost naked child on her arm, enters. It is impossible to condense this scene, every word of which is full of the deepest feeling. The half crazed reckless gipsy and the sorrowing tender saint are strongly contrasted and yet both are true to life. Brandt calls upon Agnes to see her duty and to give the dead child's clothes to this needy sister's baby. She shrinks from it as a sacrilege, yet obeys, and piece by piece gives up the little treasures, but hides in her bosom the little hood which was on his head when she wiped the death-damp from his brow. But Brandt and conscience are relentless and she gives up all. An ecstasy seizes her and she sees the image of her glorified child. Death is the only end of such a struggle, and she welcomes it, but Brandt is overwhelmed at the prospect of losing her. She paints the impossibility of life for her, and bids him choose whether he will hold her here or let her go to the fullness of life. He yields up his will and resigns her to rest. The scene closes with the words :

" Heart, hold fast unto the end,
Victory lies in hardest Duty,
Be thy sacrifice thy choice,
For the lost endures for ever."

FIFTH ACT.

A year and a half later, the new church is built and ready for dedication. The people are decorating it, and a shield with the Pastor's name is to be put up in his honor. While the Schoolmaster and Sacristan are disputing over puzzles, the sound of the organ is heard. It is the Pastor playing, and the men say, "It is as if he wept for wife and child."

When Brandt appears, the people flock around him, and the Provost greets him in laudatory congratulation, but his heart is heavy with unrest and anguish. As they praise the noble temple he says :

" We have got a new lie in place of the old one."

The Provost tells him of the satisfaction of the people in the church, of the golden cup to be presented to him,

and of the cross of knighthood that is to be presented to him. The Provost makes him brilliant offers if he will serve the church, and Brandt's soul is rent with distress at the entire dissonance between his own ideal and the people's thought of the church. He sees that he must give up the church as he has every other thing that he has held dear.

Einar, the former lover of Agnes, now appears, clothed in black and looking wan and meagre, and stops at the sight of Brandt. He announces that he is a ransomed and chosen one of Jesus, and tells how he has been redeemed from a love of pleasure by passing through a long and suffering illness. Since he was cured and saved, he has wandered through the land, first as an apostle of temperance, and now as a missionary. When Brandt asks him if he would not inquire for Agnes he shows great indifference, only asking to know in what frame of mind she died, and when Brandt replies "Trusting only in God," he brutally answers "She is damned."

The Steward comes to tell Brandt that the procession is waiting for him to move, but he refuses to join it. At last he speaks to the people, and tells them how he had believed that he could show them the true God. He had thought that their church was too narrow, and he could enlarge it, but

" Despairing now I ask
What of space is large enough
For the ' All or Nothing ' ?"

As he describes in startling words his impression of the vanity of their church service, and the shallowness of those who take part in it, the Steward and the Provost each see the other's likeness in his picture, but not their own.

The Provost cries :

" Hear him not, he is no Christian,
And his faith is not the true one."

In his answer is the line so characteristic of his strong feeling of individuality.

" Only one soul can believe."

The people are excited by his words and exclaim :

" A light appears to us,
To live and to serve God are one."

" Away," cries Brandt as he locks the church door, " here is not God's house. I will no longer be a Pastor. No hand shall take this key from me." He throws it into the lake.

He calls upon the people to follow him to freedom while the Steward cries :

" Halt ! read the Riot act."

The crowd press about him and take him on their shoulders. The Steward and Provost try to recall the people reminding them of their homes, their wives and children, but the excitement increases.

The scene changes to a mountain region with rain. Brandt followed by the crowd climbs upwards. But

soon the people begin to murmur. They remember sick friends, they are faint and footsore and they call for a miracle. They press Brandt with questions as to the length of the way, the reward that is to be given to them, and he thus replies:

"How long the strife shall last?
It lasts until the end of Life,
Till every sacrifice you've made,
Till from the bond you are made free,
Until you will, without reserve,
Till every doubt is gone
And nought divides from, 'All or Nothing.'
And your sacrifice? All the Gods
You put in place of God Eternal,
Your shining, golden, slavish chains,
With your weak, soft beds of Sloth.
The prize of victory? Unity of will,
The force of faith, the purity of soul,
The joy that penetrates your heart,
That sacrifices all, endures through all;
About your brow the crown of thorns,
See such the prize that shall be yours."

As the crowd begin to weaken and hesitate, the Provost comes and entreats them to return to his loving care. They still waver in their choice between the promises of the Provost and the admonitions of Brandt, when the wary Steward comes in and promises them that if they follow him, they shall all be rich before night. A school of herring is on the coast and they can all have their share. This is an irresistible temptation to Norwegian hearts, and the Provost says it is the finger of God pointing the way by miracle. All turn against Brandt, calling him a bad son, and father, and husband, and finally driving him up the mountain with stones. As they look after Brandt up the mountain they see that Gerd alone follows him, and they mock at the prophet with only one mad fool in his train.

Brandt stands alone in the icy waste and looks around. He reviews his whole life, and his heart longs intensely for the human love and joy he has lost. A shape comes to him, and in Agnes's name promises him, that all his dear ones shall be restored to him if he will resign his faith, and give up his three words "All or Nothing." He struggles with the temptation, feeling that to resist it he must give up everything, life, love, joy, even God's help. But he remembers that he does not suffer for himself alone.

BRANDT. "Not for my reward I suffered,
Not for my own victory struggled."

THE SHAPE. "Vainly seek you light to bring
To men gasping in the pit."

BRANDT. "Even one can many lighten."

THE SHAPE. "Never will you reach your end."

BRANDT. "One strong will urge on many."

THE SHAPE. "Think that out of Paradise,
Angry God drove the man.

A deep deep chasm then he opened,
Think not thou canst overleap it."

BRANDT. "Well, still Hope and longing are left to us."

The shape disappears amid loud crashing, the clouds come over the place and a voice is heard,

"Die, the world does not want thee."

Gerd comes in with her gun and asks which way the evil spirit has gone. She says she will shoot the fiend with a silver shot.

She then looks on Brandt with wonder, marking his lameness and the drops of warm blood on his brow, and at last recognizes the marks of the cross and the crown of thorns, and asks if she shall greet him as the Savior and fall at his feet and pray. He refuses her homage, protesting his unworthiness, and she asks him if he knows where he stands. She tells him, he is on the Svartetind.

He cries "Svartetind—Ice-church—?"

GERD. "Yes. At last thou hast come. Art thou there?"

BRANDT. "Thousand miles away!"

He longs after the South, after the sunshine, the church-like peace of the heart, the fullness of life, and bursts into tears. He calls on Jesus but says he always slides away from him, like a word he has not found. Gerd tells him how he blesses her, and wonders that he weeps who never wept before.

His despair is loosened, the ice-king breaks.

BRANDT. "I can go before the Father,
I can weep, and kneel, and pray."

Gerd shoots and hits the bad spirit.

The shot brings down the avalanche which buries Brandt and from the ruin he cries,

"Tell me God in my Death struggle
Is not sufficient for salvation—
Man's will—quantum satis—?"

The avalanche buries him up and fills the whole valley, and a voice is heard amid the crashing thunder,

"HE is *deus caritatis*."

Such meagre outline gives only a dim idea of the dramatic impersonation of this poem, but scarce a hint of the rich poetic beauty of its scenery, of the rapidly changing, flashing, dancing, crashing play of its cadences, still less of the crowd of thoughts and images that fill it. Its satire on existing men and institutions is keen as a knife blade, yet with the same realism that we find in his plays the world is shown before our eyes, and we are left pretty much to ourselves to extract the lesson from the picture. How calm and sensible is the Steward, how fatherly and kind the Provost, and how guileless the Schoolmaster. How well they know the world and understand how transient are the mad delusions of the people. Yet how the light of Brandt's inward fire shows them up. The shallow artist, who in the first trial prefers the safety of his life to the generous impulses of the maiden's soul, becomes the type of the vulgar religionist, who preaches religion and temperance through the land, and damns the soul which only trusts in God and not in his shibboleth of Faith.

But what shall we say of the central person, of the great thought of this poem, of Brandt himself? As

an artistic creation it is most wonderful that he holds our belief, our respect, our sympathy, even when he seems most stern and relentless to poor human nature, and crushes down the sweetest, tenderest feelings of his wife's heart.

Did he not know that

"Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor ought that dignifies humanity."

Yet while Agnes loved him, revered him, obeyed him even to the destruction of her child and her life, she never feared him, she keeps her own soul unenslaved and she dares to tell him that "he is harder than God," and there is a lesson of Love he has not learned.

"All or Nothing" is his creed, but he has not yet found the 'All.' He believes in a Power, a Ruler, a merciless Judge. He has not yet learned to believe in Life itself, in the holiness of all the daily joys and loves of human nature, in the underlying goodness which by the ministrations of human life slowly works out all good through errors, weakness, sins, and follies. His motto "All or Nothing" serves well that arch fiend Impatience, which is the chief source of Sin. He chooses his Faith, he wills to accept it, to renounce all for it, to make everything and everybody bend to it. He cuts a path to God with a sharp sword, no matter whose heart it pierces, he does not live in God's world, seek to know him and draw ever nearer to him through all his manifestations, and "gently slide into his providence."

It is Agnes who does this, who meets the need of the hour whether by courage, or patience, or endurance, or in the last extremity, by the willing acceptance of death. She still leads him on and saves him from the icy chill of his own Faith.

While Ibsen in his social dramas has usually treated the priests of the churches with cool contempt, this poem shows that he does so from no superficial ignorance of the mighty influence of religion in human life. His representative man is a great man, a lover, a hero, a saint, a type and not an unworthy one, of that great class of religionists to be found in every age and every faith, who maintain their allegiance to an accepted idea through all trials, and who have furnished the noble army of confessors and martyrs who bear witness to the nobility and truth of human nature. Brandt is a failure, but he is of that class of failures of which Emerson has said "that hitherto they are our highest success." Such failures are mile-stones on the road to the universal good.

If Brandt has not found a solution of his life questions that satisfies either himself or us, at least he holds fast to his search, and will not rest in any poor makeshift that puts on the semblance of religion, only

to win the world for his own. Einar and the Provost have this kind of success.

It would take long study and thought to fathom the one and the many meanings of this poem. It is in form a true work of art; for the beauty of the language, the fascination of the action, the exquisite truth of its characters so charm and hold you, that as in the world itself, you are tempted to rest in enjoyment of them and only after repeated search do the whole treasures of thought reveal themselves.

This is true even as we read it in a foreign language which is not the writer's original one, so that we have neither the facility of our mother tongue nor the force of an original speech. How much greater must be its charm to those who can receive it as it came from his pen. It is said that Ibsen's works have led to much study of Norwegian in England, it would seem worth while to learn it to read this one book in the original.

Written as it was before Ibsen's great social dramas, it throws light upon them and shows how deep is the affirmation which underlies his affirmations, and how strong is the reverence which prompts his iconoclasm.

God has "let loose a great thinker on our planet," no wonder that the busy world are afraid of him.

PERIODICITY AND FOOD.

BY E. F. POWELL.

THE whole subject of periodicity is exceedingly interesting. A careful study of our own functions will show that we do nothing without some relation to exact periods of action. We not only hunger and desire, sleep and wake at regular intervals; but the circulation and respiration, and all unconscious functions, obey established rhythmic times. Passing into society we are discovered to be under such laws of periodicity, that we have rhythmic social beats of pessimism and optimism. Financial expansion and contraction, with crises, come about with regularity. There are also laws that govern our migratory and predatory instincts. We move Westward at about a given rate. Negroes must migrate when the time comes, if permitted. They will inevitably decrease in proportion on the Atlantic Coast, and increase on the Pacific in marked degree.

"Nature" tells us that countless swarms of rats periodically make their appearance in the bush country of certain districts of New Zealand. They come in periods of four years. The Norway rats move in periodical migrations that lead them to pour on a given track in countless numbers into rivers and so perish by millions.

What is the secret of this periodicity? The problem is very complicated we may be sure. The author of "Our Heredity from God" tells us that there is in

human evolution a great deal of what may be termed periodicity. Ideas and lines of thought run their courses in given periods. Religions have from the outset had a period of about five hundred years. Brahmanism began its career about 2000 B. C. The next religious reform of Manu in Southern Asia, Tschow in Eastern Asia, and Moses in Western Asia, was about 1500 B. C. The song and psalm era of David and Homer was about 1000 B. C. The great reform era under Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, was 500 B. C. Then after Jesus the same writer notes the establishment of the Papacy, the culmination of the Hierarchy and the Reformation, as also occurring at intervals of five hundred years. "As we near the twentieth century, it seems certain that we are approaching the culmination and establishment of the age of reason as the age of faith. Nature steadily moves on intelligent lines. It is not a bundle of haps, but at all times all nature operates for definite ends."

A very simple illustration of periodicity is the emergence of the locusts from underground life once in thirteen or seventeen years. The emergence of the common May bug once in three years affords an easier study of the subject. The grub of this beetle, is this fall in the ground preparing for its perfect or winged flight next Spring. It takes three years to complete the cycle of its life. Now let us see what this periodic development brings with it. The grubs are eating our strawberry and grass roots in vast numbers just at present. The soil is full of this family. In May they will emerge. But each third year the moles are as sure to come in immense numbers to feed on the grubs. Their burrows plough the sides of our sunny hillocks and heave up the soil like sponge. Here are two periodic occurrences hinged on each other; and possibly one explains the other. The mole's migration is governed by the recurrence of its food.

It is quite possible that all migrations of animals have some such relation to food. Observers have failed to put facts together and discover, what is doubtless true, that in all cases the migration of animals is coincident with the occurrence of some sort of periodical food supply. We see this illustrated in the case of birds. The worm-eaters appear in the north, early in the spring; the bug and larvae-eaters later, and the seed-eaters not until midsummer when seeds begin to ripen. They return southward with similar discrimination. The rice bird of the Carolinas has gone through two periodical changes of location before eating in the swamp lands his farinaceous diet. He has even changed plumage in accordance with his food and home.

Birds have not only their annual migrations but those of larger cycles. Those which, like the robin, feed on earth-worms and berries, come to us in about

the same numbers each year; but those that feed on periodically appearing insects, come in largely increased numbers when such food is abundant.

I am confident from what data we have that further research will show that the secret of migration is in all cases an instinct, established to meet a special supply of food. The beetles and locusts that live in the ground for a number of years and emerge for a short period, may be said to create by their course of life-development, a law that governs the movements of moles and mice. The appearance of large numbers of the latter, establishes the periodic reappearance in certain localities of owls and hawks. I am not so certain what leads to the waves of squirrel life that ebb and flow, but am quite sure it has an explanation in accordance with the above hypothesis and facts.

All animals are migratory; and if the evolution hypothesis is correct, we should expect man to inherit from such ancestry a similar migratory habit. In fact all primitive races were migratory. The establishment of permanent homes came in only with the latest races, the agricultural. At the very last ploughs and cultivated fields created a necessity for fixed homes. The Aryan, when he became a land-tiller, began to build towns and cities. The hunting races never ceased to be swayed to and fro by food. Fixed homes would have ended in starvation and degeneration. The only way to keep up the *elan* and vitality of a tribe of North American Indians, is to allow them to move about. An Indian reservation is an abomination, unless the occupants take up agriculture. The degeneration will be rapid.

Shepherd races are governed by a supply of food for their animals, and only indirectly for themselves; so the regularity of migration begins in them to be broken up.

But as soon as civilization progresses far enough to permit us easy transit, we recur to our instinct for migrating; in other forms to be sure, but for all that it is migration. There is now a great swing of the population to the North in summer, and another to the South in winter. In this case the law of food supply is eliminated; for the same easy transit brings us our food without our seeking it. But that which is always the inferior motive in animal migration, that is climate, becomes with us the superior and controlling motive. The same process of civilization that relieves us of the necessity of going to food, renders us less and less adapted physically to endure climatic changes. So it comes about that, whilst losing the instinct in its original purport we retain it in another.

The subject is full of interest and invites investigation.

THE OUGHT AND THE MUST.

BY JOHN MADDOCK.

Dr. CARUS, in his book on the ethical problem, truthfully states that "ethics must have a basis to rest upon." What is true of everything else in the universe is true of ethics—there is a foundation for ethics. As there is but one basis for all things from the standpoint of monism, moral fruit has the same basis as material fruit. If the tree is good, its fruit is good. But the basis of the fruit is not the tree; neither is the basis of morals the man. The basis of both is that subtle power which resides in every atom, in every form. Both are rooted in the "All." Morals are not acquired, they are evolved; and to affirm to this truth is to establish the doctrine of Monism upon a scientific basis.

The conflicting ideas which are expressed upon the ethical subject are caused by not reasoning from the right premise. Philosophers have reasoned from the tree instead of the root. All things in nature are the results of certain combinations. Material fruit is the result of the combined influences of the rain, the earth, the sun, and the specific nature of the tree. All these have their roots in natural law. Moral fruit is the result of the combined influences of the Church, the State, and the intelligence and power of the individual; and all these have their roots in natural law—in the "All," they all proceed from one. There are different influences exerted in and upon men, but they are maintained by the same power, so that no man can boast of his morality any more than the vine can boast of its grapes. "Ought" is not the word from the standpoint of evolution and monism; whatever degree of moral quality is in a man, he *must* express it according to the combination of organism and environment.

There is no alternative; the laws of nature make no mistakes. With the basis of fire and gunpowder we have nothing to do, but we can play a part in the combination of an explosion when some circumstance demands it. So of ethics; we have nothing to do with the basis, but we become a part of the combination for moral evolution when we are consigned by natural law to our specific places. We do not bear the root, but the root bears us. The hands of the clock do not move the works, but the works move the hands. From the standpoint of evolution and monism, we stand in the same relation to the "All," as the hands do to the works of a clock.

Monism and evolution must not be confounded by separating man from the universe, and giving him self-determining power. This may do for religion, but it will not do for science. By religion man has been condemned; by science he is justified. Ethical societies are not possible [except] when a number of

persons desire to organize for the purpose of creating an environment in which they will enjoy themselves the most, and influence one another to "live justly and walk uprightly." The best people, therefore, will be found there. Instead of artificial morality—the product of the whip and threat of religion—there will be real, natural morality according to the principles of science.

The basis of an ethical society is a number of good people, and the basis of good people is the powerful "All" which reigns in all things. As a safe cannot be unlocked until the right combination is found, so ethical societies will not be in a flourishing condition until the natural combination is complete. There must be affirmation; due credit must be given to the power in the universal "All." Scientific affirmation must take the place of the superstitious.

THE OUGHT AND THE MUST.

SCIENCE knows of no arbitrariness in nature; science meets with dire necessity everywhere. Indeed, science is possible only in so far as the laws of nature are irrefragable and immutable.

The scientist who makes the facts of human morality the object of his investigation, can make no exception. He also must recognize the rigidity of law in the actions of man, and if he does not, he is no scientist.

Suppose there were no law in human action, but arbitrary irregularity, so that the same motives affecting the same character under exactly the same circumstances need not result (as from the standpoint of science we must assume that they do) in a definite action, or the inhibition of an action, but might produce results entirely undeterminable even to an omniscient spectator who knew every secret spring, every cog and wheel in the soul-mechanism of man: Suppose there existed any freedom of will in the sense of such an arbitrariness (a view which is generally called indeterminism): in that case, there would be no science of morality; ethics as a science would be an impossibility. But if science is true and if monism, the unitary conception of the world is true, man's activity can form no exception in the great household of nature. Man also must be considered as a part of nature, and man's activity, his moral actions no less than his immoral actions, as strictly determined by law.

Mr. Maddock (taking his standpoint on the ground of science, which is strict determinism,) is perfectly justified in declaring that "we do not bear the root, but the root bears us. The hands of the clock do not move the works, but the works the hands."

Accepting the principle of determinism as correct, must we at the same time accept Mr. Maddock's con-

clusion that "*ought* is not the word . . . ; whatever degree of moral quality is in a man, he *must* express it according to the combination of organism and environment."

Nature's laws are rigid. The crystal forms itself, if no disturbing influences interfere, with minutely exact regularity. And furthermore, every disturbing influence alters the formation of the crystal in exact agreement with law. This is no exception to the law, it is a confirmation of it. The evolution of feeling beings is also regulated by law. The development of the soul of mankind shows the same necessity of natural law as does the formation of a crystal, and every disturbing influence affects the growth of humanity with precisely the same regularity as in the lower domains of natural processes. Man has become a rational being of necessity—of the very same unavoidable necessity by which, for instance, the shape of the fixed stars and their planets becomes spheroidal.

Having become a rational being man can comprehend his situation, he can understand the laws of nature, and with the help of his knowledge of the laws of nature, he can forecast the result of processes that take place around him. The knowledge man acquires thus becomes the most important factor of his existence ; and the great advantages which accrue to man from making a more and more extensive use of knowledge, become a stimulus to develop strongly the tendency of obeying the rational advice which we can derive from experience. It is knowledge which discloses to man that in his individual existence he is only a part of a greater whole, and that he individually can live and prosper only when the community to which he belongs is in a state of health. The life of human society carries and nourishes the life of the individual ; the part derives its existence from the whole, as the single cells of our body are sustained so long as the whole organism is vigorous and healthy. Knowledge accordingly creates the *ought*, and the *ought* is nothing that supersedes or stands in contradiction to the *must* ; it is a comprehension of the *must*, and this comprehension finds expression in the ethical command of an *ought*. The formulation of the *ought* accordingly is in the course of nature the necessary result of comprehension becoming a factor in the further development of man.

The *must* of nature is not suspended by the *ought* ; yet it is utilised. The curse only that under unfavorable conditions attaches to the *must*, is taken away. Man as a rational being, learns to avoid the disturbing influences in the formation of his soul, and human society can attain to a higher perfection. The *ought* of ethics accordingly must be based upon the *must* of science. A careful investigation of the *is* will give us information about the *is to be*. The ethical teacher on the

ground of his comprehension of the *is to be*, formulates the stimulus working in the right and desirable direction in the moral command of the *ought*, and raises his warning voice to call attention to the evil consequences of any disturbing influences that may unfavorably affect the pure formation of the *is to be*.

It is in this sense that we declare, "Ethics must be based* on facts and must be applied to facts." The *ought* can be stated only on the ground of a careful consideration of the *must*. The *ought* stands not in contradiction to the *must*, but it expresses the *must* as the *is to be* in its purity, if the disturbing influences are avoided.

The preaching of the *ought* has become a factor in the development of mankind, and the better we understand its nature the more effective will the factor of ethical aspirations be.

Man's morals are not acquired, as Mr. Maddock says, they are evolved. It is true, that "from the standpoint of evolution and monism, we stand in the same relation to the All, as the hands do to the works of a clock." Yet the simile is insufficient in one respect. The hands produce no reaction upon the works ; they cannot regulate its movement. With reference to this ability, man must be compared to the regulator ; for man, although evolved in nature as a part of nature, does react upon the natural conditions under which he has been evolved. He modifies, not the order of nature, not the laws of nature, but the state of nature by which he is surrounded.

The moral *ought* is the regulator in the mechanism of the human soul ; and our ethical institutions, our schools and churches form the regulator in the clockwork of society.

The moral *ought* does as little demolish or overcome the principle of determinism as the regulator in a clock annihilates the irrefragability of mechanical laws.

Ethics demands obedience to the moral law, but this obedience is no servitude ; it is rather a liberation from the evils of immoral action. If in an impulse of anthropomorphism so natural to man, he represents the *must* of natural law as a stern ruler and an inexorable master, he will symbolize his ethical impulse in the idea of a Savior and a Redeemer who leads him out of the house of bondage into a state of freedom.

Freedom in the sense of arbitrary action undetermined by law has no sense. If freedom means anything, it means the victory of the rational stimulus over the irrational impulses, so that the curse of the *must* is changed into a blessing. The law, being comprehended, becomes a part of ourselves, and the man

* Mr. Maddock says : "The basis of an ethical society is a number of good people." We prefer to call a number of good people, viz., people whose intention is that of being good, the *elements* of an ethical society.

in whom the ought of ethics has become the supreme rule of action, which controls all his motives; the moral man alone is the truly free man. Being in harmony with the law, he ceases to be the slave of necessity. Ethics is manumission, and the ethical man feels himself not a serf but a child of nature, as Paul says in his letter to the Galatians:

"We are not the children of the bond woman, but of the free."

SONNET.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

AT THE ORGAN.

"[I have felt that many dreams and particular moments of my life I can as little erase from my memory as whole days of action and suffering.]"—TIECK, in *Casnoens*; or, *The Death of the Poet*.

GREY twilight faded into grimmest night.

Alone with death-like silence, musing there,

My meditation grew into a prayer.

Familiar chords I touched. Like flash of light,

A sound—as it had been an angel's flight—

Electrified my soul! Emotion rare

Thrilled all my being! "Poet-soul, O where?"

Cried I. "Invisible to human sight,

Enshrined in thine ethereal abode,

Communist thou with mortal? How or whence

This miracle? Aspiring unto thine,

Was my soul freed from galling earthly load?

O stooped thy heart of love to comfort mine?

What lent this moment its omnipotence?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

ERSTER NACHTRAG ZUR BIBLIOGRAPHIE DES MODERNEN HYPNOTISMUS. Von *Max Dessoir*. Berlin: 1890. pp. 44.

All interested in the subject of Hypnotism will be glad to see that Herr Dessoir has continued his admirable bibliography of the subject (published in 1888) in the present supplement. The latter carries the bibliography down to May 1890, and includes no less than three hundred and eighty-two titles, twenty-four of which come from America. The arrangement of the former bibliography is continued in this, and no pains seems to have been spared to maintain it as complete and convenient as possible. Notices of publications in this field may be sent to the author at Köthenerstr. 27 W. Berlin.

J. J.

THE PRISON QUESTION. By *Charles H. Reeve*. Chicago: Knight, & Leonard Co. 1880.

The object Mr. Reeve has in view is to show how society may protect itself against its disorderly elements, and check the rapid increase of the prison population. His suggestions are preceded by a review of the mental, social, and political conditions of the question, and of certain matters relating to crime, punishment, prisons, and the reformation of convicts. The position taken by the author in relation to the question he has set himself to solve is, that permanent reform is not possible until inquiry has been made into the causes which produce criminals, and into the means for the removal of such causes. Mr. Reeve has himself made an independent inquiry, and the conclusion he has arrived at is that "the conditions demand a system of education and training through some generations of teaching, tending to knowledge that will aid in the procreation of better mentality, in place of the offspring from indiscriminate indulgence within or without the marriage relations, which law and custom now permits, and

largely sanctions, too many of which are deformed, diseased, or deficient in mind and body." The idea of reformation should underlie all action of government in relation to criminals, but Mr. Reeve has little faith in the possibility of their reformation in the great majority of cases. His procedure is of a more radical nature, and is based on the well-established principle that prevention is better than cure. He would prevent the production of criminals, partly by a more rational mode of education than that which is pursued in the common schools, but chiefly by such a restraint on sexual conduct as would put a stop to the birth of undesirable members of society. He observes that "so long as society permits marriage to be regarded as an amusement, and divorce as a pastime, the evil-disposed will not be impressed with any idea of sanctity in marriage." That the law of marriage and divorce requires amendment in the direction pointed out by Mr. Reeve is true, but that such radical measures as he proposes would be adopted under present social conditions we cannot believe. Moreover, if adopted, they could not be enforced on such a scale as to have much practical value. It would require the incarceration of a large proportion of the present population to ensure the social "new birth," which our author would bring about. His views on the question of the treatment of prisoners is much more practical. The statement that "a convict must be regarded as a patient under treatment for a constitutional ailment, which can be cured only by means of a constitutional revolution, and the substitution of new physical and mental conditions," points out the direction towards which prison reform is tending. This subject is one of great social importance, and Mr. Reeve's book contains valuable suggestions in relation to it. Ω.

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Erster Nachtrag zur Bibliographie des Modernen Hypnotismus. MAX DESSOIR.