

# The Open Court.

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## THE TIDINGS OF JOY.

THE Christmas gospel is a tidings of joy; but its joy is very different from the happiness that is so eagerly sought for by thousands and millions of wretched beings who tire themselves out by hunting shadows.

It is natural that only two religions have a festival of rejoicing in the birth of a child destined to be the saviour of the world; Buddhism, namely, and Christianity.

Buddhism and Christianity are the religions of resignation. They demand that we shall willingly and unhesitatingly take up our cross; that we shall not shirk tribulations, suffering, and least of all death; that we shall renounce all cravings for pleasure, sacrifice all desires of egotism, and in fact give up our very self, which is the source of all our unsatisfied yearnings.

Buddhism and Christianity, being religions of self-denial, have been called pessimistic world-conceptions. In a certain sense they are pessimistic, in another sense they are not. They ought to be called melioristic. Recognizing to its full extent the truth of pessimism, recognizing all the misery that exists in the world and the wretchedness of living creatures, the religions of self-denial are preached to show the path of salvation. In this sense Buddhism and Christianity are the religions of joy.

Says the Apostle: "Rejoice always!" and again he describes himself and his co-workers as the ambassadors of Christ: "As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Says Christ: "Rejoice and be exceeding glad!" and the angel said to the shepherds: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Wherever a religion of self-denial has been preached, it has always been a gospel of cheer, of gladness, of salvation. This seems to be contradictory, and yet it is natural.

The main idea of the religions of self-denial is a truth which, if lost, we should have to discover again. Similarly, if our knowledge of the law of gravitation were lost, we should have to discover it again. And if another than Newton had calculated its formula,

the formula would be exactly the same as it is now, whether it were expressed in Greek, or in English, or in Chinese.

Spiritual truth is no less rigorous than mathematical truth. Spiritual truth has to develop according to law no less than the flowers in the fields, no less than human civilization, the arts and the sciences. When the blossoms blow in springtide, it appears as if the earth had long been preparing and expecting this moment. Thus when Buddha was born, the Buddhistic gospels relate, that the angels sung, "This is the night the ages waited for."

Is it surprising that so wonderful a truth as that life is love, salvation is self-surrender, and joy is the sacrifice of all desire, has been clothed in myths and decked with miraculous legends? Is it surprising that great institutions were founded with ceremonies and rites in order to make comprehensible this spiritual truth to those who could not grasp it? And again, is it surprising that in all these institutions the truth is overgrown and hidden by the myth? The letter that killeth has prevailed over the spirit!

Science with ruthless criticism destroys the mythology which has so long prided itself as the truth. Yet science will never destroy the truth which has been the vitality in the germs from which sprang Buddhism as well as Christianity. And the religion of science, if it is to be a live power, must preach the same truth.

Science recognizes the struggle for life, but the religion of science brings peace. It brings the peace of soul that makes man one with that power which is the source of all life, one with that actuality which is the way, the truth, and the life; so that what appeared as a struggle for selfish ends, now becomes work, and work, whatever it be, pleasant or disagreeable, sowing or reaping, ruling or obeying, drudgery or the work of enthusiasm and love, is all transfigured by being conceived as the performance of duty.

The religion of science does not preach asceticism, when it demands self-denial and a radical surrender of egotism. On the contrary, like the good tidings of Bethlehem, it proclaims a religion of joy—not for those who are rich, but for all the world; first for the poor, yet also for the rich, if their hearts are fit to receive the gospel.

THE NATURE OF PERSONALITY ILLUSTRATED BY  
THE LIVES OF TWINS.\*

BY TH. RIBOT.

The principle of individuation is the organism; it is such without restriction, immediately through the organic sensations, but mediately through the emotional and intellectual states. In order to prove this let us examine what takes place in cases of twins.

In the first place, we must recall to mind that twins represent on the average of births about 1 in 70. The cases of triplets or quadruplets are very rare, not more than 1 in 5000, and 1 in 150,000 respectively; to mention instances of these would uselessly complicate our researches. Let us further remember, that twins are of two species. Either each of them is germinated from a distinct ovule, in which case they may be either of the same or of a different sex; or they may have issued from two germinative spots in the same ovule, and then they are enveloped within the same membrane and are invariably of the same sex. The latter instance alone yields two personalities that are strictly speaking twins.

Leaving aside animals, we shall abide by man and take the problem in all its complexity. It is evident, that since the physical and moral state of the parents is the same for both of the twin individuals, a cause of difference has thus been removed at the very moment of procreation. As their development has for a starting-point the materials of the same fecundated ovule, there will exist a great probability of extraordinary likeness in the physical constitution, and consequently, according to our thesis, in their mental constitution also. Let us now glance at the facts that are in our favor; and afterwards consider objections and exceptions.

The perfect resemblance of twins is a matter of common observation. Since remote antiquity this topic has furnished subject-matter to the humorous poets, and later it has more than once been used by modern novelists. But writers have generally limited themselves to external resemblances, resulting from stature, form, face, voice, etc. But, there are other much deeper resemblances. Even long ago physicians had observed that most twins also present extraordinary agreement of tastes, aptitudes, faculties, even of fates. Recently Mr. Galton has made an inquiry on this subject, issuing lists of questions, to which about eighty answers were returned, thirty-five with the addition of minute details. Mr. Galton's aim, however, was totally different from our own. Through his researches upon heredity, he wished to determine by a new method the respective parts played

by nature and education; but among his material is much that is of profit to us.\*

Mr. Galton reports a number of anecdotes similar to those which have been long current: a sister taking two music-lessons daily, in order to leave her twin-sister at liberty; the perplexities of a certain college-janitor, who, when a twin came to see his brother, did not know which of the two he ought to allow to depart, etc. Others evince a persistent resemblance under circumstances scarcely favorable to preserve it. "A. was again coming home from India, on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin brother B. had come up from his quarters to receive A., and their old mother was very nervous. One morning A. rushed in saying, 'Oh! mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, B., it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am!' and it was a little time before A. could persuade her that he was the real man."

But that which relates to mental organization has a still greater interest for us. "One point which shows the highest degree of resemblance between twins," says Galton, "is the similitarity in the association of their ideas. No less than eleven out of the thirty-five cases testify to this. They on the same occasion make the same remarks, begin singing the same song at the same moment, and so on: or one would commence a sentence, and the other would finish it. An observant friend graphically-described to me the effect produced on her by two such twins whom she had met casually. She said: 'Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike, and together, and said the same things, and seemed just like one person.' One of the most curious anecdotes that I have received concerning this similitarity of ideas, was that one twin, A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne glasses which caught his attention as a surprise for his brother B; while at the same time B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern, as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins."

The nature and evolution of physical and mental maladies will also furnish very convincing facts. The latter only may interest psychology, but the former reveal a similarity in the innermost constitution of the two organisms which sight cannot discover in the form of external resemblances.

"I have attended professionally," says Trousseau, "a case of twin-brothers so marvellously like each other, that I was unable to distinguish between them unless I saw them side by side. This physical resemblance extended still further; they had an even still more remarkable pathological resemblance. One

\*Translated from the French (*Diseases of Personality* Chap. 1. 4.) by 170.

\*They will be found under the title "History of Twins" in his book *Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development* (pp. 216-242), London: Macmillan, 1885.

of them, whom I saw in Paris, when he happened to be suffering from rheumatic ophthalmia, said to me: 'At this very moment my brother must be suffering like me.' And as I strongly protested against such an idea, a few days later he showed me a letter that he had just received from his brother, then at Vienna, and who wrote: 'I have got my ophthalmia, you must have yours.' However strange this may appear, the fact nevertheless remains incontestable. It was not a circumstance related to me, but an actual fact that came within my own experience, and during my practice I have witnessed other remarkable cases of this kind.\* Galton furnishes several examples of which we will cite only the following: "Two twin-brothers, quite alike, warmly attached to each other, and having identical tastes, had both obtained government clerkships. They kept house together; one of them sickened of Bright's disease and died of it; the other sickened of the same disease and died seven months later."

We must nevertheless anticipate certain objections. There are twins of the same sex, who are dissimilar, and although statistics do not tell us in what proportion true twins (issues of the same ovule) present these differences, it is sufficient if it takes place only in a single case to be worthy of a particular discussion. The eggs of all animals possess the same anatomical structure, and chemical analysis can only reveal in them a few infinitesimal inequalities; still, the one produces a sponge, the other a man. This apparent resemblance, accordingly, must hide profound differences, although it escapes our most subtle means of investigation. Do they arise from the nature of the molecular movements, as certain authors think? We may suppose anything we please, on condition that we perfectly understand that the egg itself is already a complex thing, and that any two individuals emerging from it, strictly speaking, cannot be similar. Our perplexity only arises from our ignorance of the processes according to which the primitive elements group themselves in order to constitute each individual, and in consequence, of the physical and psychic differences which thence result. Some of Galton's correspondents have reported the curious fact of certain twins who were "complementary to each other." "There is," writes the mother of the twins, "a sort of reciprocal interchangeable likeness in expression that often gave to each the effect of being more like his brother than himself."—"A fact struck all our school contemporaries (writes a senior wrangler of Cambridge) that my brother and I were complementary, so to speak, in point of ability and disposition. He was contemplative, poetical, and literary to a remarkable degree. I was practical, mathematical, and linguistic. Between us we should have made a very

decent sort of a man." (Pp. 224 and 240.) The physical and mental capital seems to have been divided between them not by equality but by equivalence.

If the reader carefully considers how complex the psychic organization is in man; how improbable it is, by the very reason of this complexity, that two persons should be the repetition of each other, although twins approach it to an astonishing degree, the reader, as I maintain, will irresistibly be induced to think, that a single perfectly verified fact of this kind proves more than even ten exceptions, and that the moral resemblance is but the correlative of the physical resemblance. If by an impossible hypothesis any two men were created in such a manner that their respective organisms were identical as to constitution; that their hereditary influences were rigorously alike; if, by a still greater impossibility, both received the same physical and moral impressions at the same moment, there would not be any other difference between them than that of their position in space.

In closing this article, I feel somewhat ashamed of having accumulated so many data and proofs to establish a truth so evident to my eyes as the proposition: As the organism, so the personality. I should have hesitated greatly to do it, if it had not been too easy to show, that this truth has been forgotten and disregarded rather than denied; and that writers have almost always been contented to mention it under the vague law of the influence of the physical over the moral nature.

The facts that up to this point have been studied cannot alone lead to a conclusion: they only pave the way for it. They have shown that, reduced to its last elements, physical personality presupposes the properties of living matter, and their co-ordination; that, in the same manner as the body is only the organized and co-ordinated sum of all the elements that constitute it, so also the physical personality is only the organized and co-ordinated sum of the same elements as psychic factors. They express their nature and agencies, but nothing more. The normal state, the teratological cases, the resemblance of twins have proved it. The aberrations of the physical personality, or as M. Bertrand ingeniously calls them,\* "the hallucinations of the sense of the body" contribute an additional amount of evidence.

#### HAPPINESS.†

BY COUNT LEO N. TOLSTOI.

IN the Government of Ufim once lived a Baschkir called Iljas. He sprang from poor ancestors, and his father died when Iljas had been married scarcely a year. Iljas's property then consisted of seven mares, two cows, and twenty sheep. But Iljas, like a good

\* *De l'aperception du corps humain par la conscience*, p. 269, et seqq.

† From the *Gegenwart*, by L.

\* Trousseau, *Clinique Médicale*, Vol. I, p. 253. "Leçon sur l'asthme."

husbandman, knew how to increase his possessions. He was at work from morning to night with his wife, rose earlier and went later to rest than others, and became richer every year. Thirty-five years was Iljas thus active and acquired for himself great wealth.

At last Iljas possessed 200 horses, 150 head of oxen, and 1200 sheep. He kept hinds who guarded his herds, and maid-servants who milked the mares and cows and prepared kumis, butter, and cheese. Of all things Iljas had abundance, and he was envied everywhere around. "A happy man, this Iljas," said the people, "he has abundance of everything. He need not wish to die." Distinguished people sought Iljas's acquaintance and considered it an honor to associate with him. From great distances guests came to him, and Iljas received all hospitably, and entertained every one with sherbet and liquor. Whoever came found at all times kumis, and tea, and sherbet, and mutton at Iljas's board. Scarcely were guests arrived, than at once a sheep was dressed or even two, and if guests appeared in greater number probably a mare also would be slaughtered.

Of children Iljas had two sons and a daughter, all of whom were married. When Iljas was poor, his sons worked with him and themselves looked after the herds; but when he had become rich, they took things easy and gave themselves up to drink. The elder was killed in a fray, and the younger, who had married a proud woman, wished no longer to be subject to his father, so that Iljas was obliged to establish him in separate housekeeping. He gave him a house, and cattle, and everything that was necessary, and thereby diminished his own wealth considerably.

Soon afterwards Iljas's flocks of sheep were attacked by a pestilence which swept away many of the animals. Then came a year of drought, the hay did not thrive, and numerous oxen perished in the course of the winter. Then the Kirghis stole Iljas's best horses from the pasture, whereby his property was grievously damaged. Continually deeper and deeper sank Iljas downwards, whereby his power diminished year by year. And when Iljas was nearly seventy years old he was obliged to sell his furs and carpets, his saddle and cart; then, finally, came his oxen, and one fine day Iljas possessed nothing more. Ere he was aware, everything was gone, and he was compelled in his old age with his wife to enter the service of strange people. Nothing remained to him but the clothes on his back, his furred coat, his cap, his shoes, and his helpmate Schamschemagi who had also grown old. His son, whom he had started in life, had removed into a far country, his daughter was dead, and there was no one from whom the old people could find help.

Then a neighbor, Muchamedschach by name, com-

miserated the aged couple. Neither poor nor rich, Muchamedschach lived plainly and was an excellent man. He thought how once Iljas had been a good neighbor to him, and said therefore compassionately to him: "Come, you and your wife can live with me. In the summer, you can so far as your strength allows, work in the vegetable-fields, and in winter feed the cattle, while Schamschemagi can milk the mares and prepare kumis. I will feed and clothe you, and if there is anything else you need, only mention it and I will give it to you."

Iljas thanked his neighbor and went to with his wife among Muchamedschach's domestics. At first they felt it hard, but soon became accustomed to their new state; they lived contented and worked according to their strength. The master of the house found it to his interest to maintain such workers, since the old people had once themselves been housekeepers and understood the work. When Muchamedschach saw them at work, he deplored in his heart that people who had once stood so high had been compelled to fall so low.

One day it happened that a guest from a distance came to Muchamedschach, a matchmaker who proposed for his daughter. The Mollah also came with him. Muchamedschach told Iljas to kill a sheep; Iljas obeyed the command, made ready the sheep, and served it up for the guests. The guests ate of the flesh, drank tea with it, and then addressed themselves to the kumis. The host and the guests sat on down pillows and carpets, drunk kumis out of bowls and gossiped, while Iljas vigorously performed his work in house and courtyard.

As he passed by the door, Muchamedschach perceived him and said to one of the guests: "Did you see the old man there, who just now passed before the door?"

"I saw him," replied the guest, "what is there peculiar about him?"

"The peculiarity about him is, that this old man was once the richest man in our neighborhood. He is called Iljas—perhaps you have heard of him."

"Certainly," replied the guest, "the recollection of him is still fresh among us."

"Well, you see, nothing more is now left to him; he lives with me as a servant and his wife with him; she milks the mares in the stable."

Then the guest wondered in himself, chuckled, and shaking his head said: "Ah, there one sees how fortune turns like a wheel: some it raises on high, others it casts down. The old man grieves very much for his fortune, I guess."

"Who can know! He lives quietly and peacefully, and works industriously," answered the host Muchamedschach.

"Could we not speak with him?" asked the guest.  
 "Might I freely question him about his life?"

"Ask him, if you wish," replied the host. Then he called loudly outside the door:

"Babaj (which in Baschkirisch means 'grandfather') come here, and drink kumis with us and call your old woman also."

Iljas came with his wife, saluted the guest and the host, repeated a prayer, and squatted near the door on the stones. But Schamschemagi went behind the curtain and sat herself near the hostess.

They handed Iljas a bowl of kumis. He bowed to the guest and to the host, drank a little, and placed the bowl aside. "Say now, grandfather," addressed the guest to him, "you must still be very sorrowful at heart, when you see us thus and think of your former life, how then you lived in good fortune and now live in indigence?"

Iljas smiled and said:

"If I were to tell you my opinion of fortune and misfortune, you would not believe me. Therefore rather ask my wife, she is a woman; what she has in her heart, she has also on her tongue. She will answer your question honestly and according to her best knowledge."

Then spoke the guest, as he turned towards the curtain:

"Well then, grandmother, do you tell me what you think about your former good fortune and your present indigence."

And Schamschemagi from behind the curtain began:

"Hear what I think about it: Fifty years lived I together with the old man; we sought happiness and found it not. Now, for a year past, nothing more is left to us, and we have to serve among strange people—now we have found true happiness and desire nothing different."

Then were the guests surprised, and the host wonderingly, rose up and flung the curtain back in order to see the old woman. But Schamschemagi stood there with folded hands looking at her husband, and the old man smiled at her. And once again she began:

"I speak in earnest and not in jest. For half a hundred years we sought happiness and did not find it, so long as we were rich. Now nothing is left to us, we live with menials, and have found such happiness that we do not want any other."

"And in what consists then your happiness?"

"That I will tell you. When we were rich we had not an hour of rest, we could not speak to each other, neither think of our souls, nor say a prayer to God—so many cares had we. If guests came to us, it was necessary to care for them, so that they might be entertained while they were present, in order that they

might not speak against us. Were the guests departed, it was necessary to look after the domestics, who live only to be lazy and to love tit bits, we had to keep our eyes open, that everything should not go to ruin, had to scold and sin. Then there is anxiety lest the wolf strangles the foals or the calves, lest thieves break into the herds and take away the horses. If one allows oneself to sleep, one is afraid that the sheep will crush the lambs; he gets up and goes to the stable in order to look after them. Scarcely has one composed oneself about the lambs, than he begins to be anxious anew, how fodder was to be provided. Thus quarrel and strife was frequently produced between me and my husband, he said 'It must be so,' I replied so and so, and there was discord and sin. Thus we lived from care to care, from sin to sin, and did not succeed in finding happiness."

"Well, and now?"

"Now we rise with God, always speak to each other in love and concord, have nothing to dispute about, nothing to be anxious about—beyond that we serve the householder well. We work, so far as strength allows, work with love, that the householder may have no loss, but profit. When we come, dinner is ready, supper is ready, and there is also kumis. Is it cold, some one takes fuel and makes a fire; also a furred-coat is at hand. We have time to talk with one another, time to think of our souls and to pray to God.—For fifty years have we sought happiness and it is now first come."

The guest began to laugh, but Iljas said: Do not laugh, brother, for this is not a jest, but human life. Once I also and my wife were so foolish as to deplore our lost wealth, but now God has revealed to us the truth, and not for our diversion, but for your prosperity do we proclaim it to you."

"That is very well said," spoke the Mollah. "The simple truth has Iljas spoken, as it is written in the Scripture."

Then the guest became meditative and ceased to laugh.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

AMONG the curious forms of hero-worship which prevail in Ireland, is the custom of taking the horses from the hero's carriage, and drawing him through the streets by man power instead of horse power. The idolators of Mr. Parnell performed this absurd ceremony in his honor on the occasion of his recent visit to Dublin; and when Mr. Davitt, a leader of the rival faction arrived, his worshippers did the same thing for him. The whole performance reminds us of Curran's experience when he made his great speech on the trial of Hamilton Rowan. His enthusiastic admirers took his horses from his carriage, and drew him in triumph from the Court house to his home. Speaking of the affair some time afterwards, when dining with some friends in London, Mr. Curran said: "That was the greatest honor I ever received, but—I never saw my horses again."

One of the most touching exhibitions of pathos is the sorrow of a newspaper when a banker fails, sorrow for the banker, not for the depositors. The gloom of his grief throws a misty, tearful fog over all the particulars, and there seems to be a defect in our civilization when such a speculating genius, such a lavish borrower, such a luxurious consumer can fail; and for such a ridiculous and insufficient reason as "Want of Capital," and prosy matter of fact like that. With what eloquent art, sympathy for the victim of "monetary stringency," is turned into doleful moralizing over the Secretary of the Treasury; and in ponderous editorial appears the wail of the stock market, "Why doesn't he come to the help of poor bankers? Why doesn't he stimulate Wall Street by purchasing bonds, or silver, or cotton, or corn, or something? Why doesn't he trade old lamps for new ones, or new lamps for old ones? Why doesn't he deposit the public taxes with impecunious bankers in "sufficient quantities" to enable them to speculate with the money, and thus grease the wheels of business? Then comes a bit of solemn reproof to industry for tightening the money market, by withdrawing "confidence," and even money from speculative bankers, who have no money of their own. It is a reprehensible thing when industry withdraws its "confidence" from speculation, and balloons burst.

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According to the opinion of Gen. Miles, whose opinion ought to be worth something, the Indian trouble in the North West, is like a great many other troubles in this world, a question of "rations." A hungry Indian is not much better than a hungry white man; and the problem seems to be this: Is it cheaper to feed than to fight him? This is a mercenary view of it, neither wise nor kind, but even as a matter of economy, it is cheaper to feed the Indian than to fight him, to say nothing of the humanity and justice of the plan. If, as Gen. Miles declares, the Indian has been "starved into fighting," we ought to send him corn instead of lead. It is a question of duty; and if the Indians have been cheated out of the food to which they are entitled by treaty or otherwise, we ought to remove the cause of complaint, and also the officials who have done the cheating. No doubt there is money for some people in an Indian war, but there is little glory in it for a great government.

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Among the fantasies of the recent Kansas ballot-boxing was the election to Congress of an unsophisticated son of the prairie, who has already achieved a national reputation as the "sockless statesman." Like the immortal Chollop, he is "a child of nature, whose bright home is in the settin' sun," a "typical American" who despises the effeminacy of socks or stockings; and probably of boots or shoes, though as to these, the returns are not all in. It is fair to presume, however, that a "sockless" statesman must be shoeless also; or at least, that he would not stoop to anything more civilized than moccasins. As might be expected, the sockless statesman goes by the name of "Jerry," an unpretending, familiar, democratic name, which it is well for a candidate to have, especially in the West. Jerry anything is always a very hard man to beat. A statesman in moccasins must have the rest of his clothes to correspond; leggings, for instance, a buckskin coat, and a hat made from the skin of a loon or a coon. How proud we shall all be, those of us who delight in the fascinating tales of Cooper, to see the reincarnation of dear old Leatherstocking sitting in the halls of Congress.

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It seems, after all, that a principle was concealed in the moccasins of the "sockless statesman," and that his repudiation of socks is not a whimsicality, but a sacrifice, freely made for the sake of his political convictions. This is only just now made public, and it might never have been found out at all, were it not re-

vealed in the spirited letter quoted below. Naturally enough, the eccentricity of the Honorable Member, threatens the hosiery trade with serious disaster, because if a member of Congress can go "sockless," other people can, and the example may work mischief. Having this view of it, and with the hope of beguiling the Hon. Member into the habit of wearing socks, a New Jersey manufacturer sent him a very elegant assortment of silk, woolen, and cotton hosiery, but with Roman courage he resisted the temptation, and sent the enervating luxuries back, accompanied by this letter, "Sir: Our forefathers refused to drink tea because it was taxed 3 per cent., and held a tea party in Boston for the purpose of getting rid of the stuff. I have just finished figuring up the tax upon those stockings, and I find that it amounts to 76 per cent. I will wear no socks until the tax is taken off."

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When a man resolves to go without socks on principle, the logical end of his resolution is that he must go without all other things that come within the principle, and therefore the "sockless statesman" will be compelled to sit in the halls of Congress dressed in the garb of Leatherstocking, because all store clothes are taxed as high as hosiery, or higher. There is only one alternative; the Hon. Member may own a few sheep, and by the aid of his wife, he may be able to appear in Washington arrayed in home-spun woolen clothes; otherwise he must clothe himself in deer skin. And how does he manage to get along without ploughs, or axes, or wagons, or harness, or nails, or crockery, or coal, or blankets, or needles and thread, or any other article necessary for his house, or his farm? He may baffle death, but not the tariff. He may evade the taxes on shoes and stockings, and coats, but a home-spun plough is beyond the skill of the women folks, and so is a home-spun wagon.

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A curious bit of tragi-comedy is reported from Scottdale, Pa., the H. C. Frick Coke Company having banked 255 ovens, whereby many workmen were thrown out of employment, retained the married men as far as practicable and discharged the single men. The company resolved to give the married men work for the whole winter if possible, and this premium on matrimony threatens to stampede the bachelors and drive them all into the ranks of the married men. "It is better to marry than burn" says the scripture, and these young men think it is better to marry than starve. Accordingly, they held a meeting a few days ago, at which it was resolved that all of them should get married before New Year's day, and that none should ask for a respite or reprieve. The dispatch informs us that this action "has caused a great flutter among the young women of the coke region"; but it does not say whether this is because they expect to be seized and married by force like the Sabine women, or for fear they may escape that fate. Under duress like that, it is better to burn than to marry.

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A desperate young malefactor has been convicted in Ohio of the crime of plagiarism. He was a competitor at one of the colleges for the first prize in oratory, and won it; whereupon the rival orators declared that the winning oration had a familiar twang, and they thought they had heard it somewhere. A search through the college library was therefore organized, and in one of the great speeches of Wendell Phillips, the prize piece was found, or, as the lawyers have it, "words to that effect," a piece having such a strong family likeness to it, that it might pass for a twin brother. Upon this discovery the "faculty," solemn as a coroner's jury, sat on the aspiring orator and brought in a verdict of "Plagiarism" against him, with a recommendation that he be held to answer without bail. The ambitious young Demosthenes denied the charge of willful plagiarism, but admitted that he had read the speech of Wendell Phillips, and might have "absorbed"

some of it, by the process of "unconscious cerebration." The excuse availed nothing, and the "laurels were torn from his brow." The lad is entitled to sympathy, because in a land where fine dinners are the prize of babble, the temptation to be an orator is great. Let punishment fall not upon the boy, but upon the "faculty" which deliberately, and premeditatedly directs the mental energies of youth away from work and learning, to the habit and dissipation of everlasting gab. M. M. TRUMBULL.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

DIFFERENT NEW TESTAMENT VIEWS OF JESUS. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Ann Arbor, Mich. Register Publishing Co., 1890.

The purpose of Mr. Crooker in this essay is to state the main facts respecting the subject referred to in the title, which reveals his state of mind in relation to it. The existence in the New Testament of at least three different views of Jesus is apparent to any unprejudiced student. Mr. Crooker proposes to treat in a forthcoming volume of the causes which contributed to the progressive idealization of Jesus. Ω.

INQUIRENDO ISLAND. By Hador Genove. New York. Twentieth Century Publishing Company, 1890.

The boat of the hero of this story, one John Cliff, is carried by a strong current to an unknown island, inhabited by the descendants of nine persons, men and women, who had reached it some centuries earlier from a shipwrecked vessel, by means of a raft. The man who constructed the raft was called "Numbers," and another member of the party, who was an ingenious artisan, had the name of "Angel." In a few generations the religious ideas transmitted orally from parents to children became mixed up with the story of the escape on the raft, and an old arithmetic book having been found on the seashore, it was thought to be the Bible, of which a tradition had been handed down. The details of the story which is intended for a satire on current views of religion are ingeniously worked out, but we doubt whether, without the assistance of the explanation given at the end of the book, the full force of the satire would be recognised. Ω.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Origin of the Plane-Trees.* By Lester F. Ward. The object of this pamphlet, which is reprinted from the *American Naturalist* of September 1890, is to derive the living species of Platanus from the fossil ones, and to point out the line of descent of the former, but not to show the origin of the genus itself. One of the distinctive links in the chain of evidence is the presence of basal lobes, which were recognised by Professor Jankó, the great authority on Platanus, but without any suspicion of its significance.

The first number of a new illustrated magazine, to be called the *Bacteriological World*, will appear on or before January 1, 1891. Its mission is to be "the general dissemination of knowledge on the subject of bacteriology in general, and pathological micrology in particular." A special feature of the magazine will be a plain and complete illustrated course in bacteriology, running through a series of numbers in lessons of three or four pages each, for the benefit of readers yet unacquainted with the subject. Special arrangements have been made for supplying information as to the latest observations and discoveries made in the most renowned European laboratories. The price will be three dollars per annum, or thirty cents for single numbers. Bacteriological World Publishing Co., Columbia, Mo.

We have received a copy of the Discourse before the *Rhode Island Historical Society*, at its Centennial Celebration of Rhode Island's adoption of the Federal Constitution, by General Horatio Rogers, President of the Society. The Discourse was intended to be a definitive and authoritative statement of the reasons which

prompted the State of Rhode Island "to hesitate with anxious deliberation, and afterwards freely and fully to abandon" its independent character and become "an integral part of an indissoluble nation." "The very liberality," says General Rogers, "of her cardinal principle and of her royal charter seems to have made her fearful of losing what of liberty she had gained; so the radicalism of her early days has reacted upon her, producing an intense conservatism." Rhode Island Providence Press.

*Report of the Calcutta Psycho-Religious Society for the year 1889.* As appears from the speech of Babu K. Chakravarti, the Secretary, this Society is a product of the general awakening to thought which followed the preaching of theosophy in India. Judging from the Report, and from the lectures by Mr. Chakravarti (given as appendices), the society is doing good work in studying the sacred literature of the ancient Hindus, particularly the *Tantras*, which treat of the attainment of superhuman power through the medium of spirits, and the *Yoga* philosophy. There is much in the latter that reminds us of the phenomena of modern hypnotism. The nature of Tantric worship may be judged of from the statement, that "there is not a subject now known in Europe and America in connection with Spiritualism which was not known before in India." One of the most interesting of its phenomena is that of the "spirit mirror," which is said to reflect "many incidents past and future, in a man's life." Mr. Chakravarti is making special investigations on this subject. Calcutta: A. C. Hajra.

A little pamphlet has come to our hands entitled *Ernste Gedanken*, written by M. Von Egidy, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Saxon Regiment of Husars, No. 18, Grossenhain Saxony. The author we are informed on most reliable authority, had on account of this pamphlet to resign his position in the army. And why? Are the opinions set forth such as would make a man unfit for being a military officer? Are they subversive of state or church institutions? Are they expressions of an irreligious spirit? On the contrary! They show a man who has the courage of his convictions, a man who with Hutten says, "Ich hab's gewagt!" They exhibit a man deeply moved by a religious conviction, which is such as would purify and revive the dead condition of the German State Churches. The pamphlet is a cry of religious despair because "the church in its present form, (viz., the Saxon State Church) does not fulfil its mission." Religion to Colonel Egidy is not the dogma of "Jesus Christ being a veritable God born of the father in Eternity." Religion and also Christianity is to him moral life. He says:

"Only he who kindles in himself the spark of love as a luminous flame, is warmed, is enlightened. The more strongly the flame burns in him, the more intimately, the more consciously walks he with his God; with every feeling of love God's being manifests itself more intelligibly in him; with every act of love is the God-idea more vigorous in him; always lighter, in always clearer, always more intelligible form appears the being of the all-embracing love before him, and he feels, 'that the love of God is infinite'; he feels it and now he has comprehended and experienced the Father, that he is of the 'like kind', that the same love lives in him—now he knows himself gladly a child of God.

"That is my conception of religion.—

"And Christianity? Christianity is religion, is my religion, is your religion, dear reader—is the religion, as the founder of which we regard Christ, to the extent that he has told us how we should receive and obey the ten commandments set forth by the mighty law-giver Moses. Moses has established the 'what' God wills by a law. Christ illuminated this 'what' with his enlightened knowledge of God's being—'God is love'—and preached to us the 'how' it should come to pass. 'You have heard; that to the ancients is said—But I say to you.' Therein lies no opposition but a fulfilment, and as far as this fulfilment verifies itself in mind and deed, is Christianity the most perfect religion."

We add no comment, but we express a deep regret that the reactionary spirit has grown so strong as even to persecute the pious and devout believer who dares to dissent and tries to put new life into the dead body of his church.

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