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THE EXPERIMENTAL METHOD APPLIED TO PERSONALITY.*

BY TH. RIBOT.

II.

UP to this point we have treated the question from its negative side. To what positive hypothesis as to the nature of the personality are we led by a consideration of morbid cases? Let us first eliminate the hypothesis of a transcendental entity, incompatible with pathology, and which, besides, explains nothing.

Let us set aside, moreover, the hypothesis which makes of the ego "a bundle of sensations," or of states of consciousness, as is frequently repeated after Hume. This is to be influenced by appearances, to take a group of signs for a real thing, or more precisely, to take effects for their cause. And again, if, as we maintain, consciousness is only an indicatory phenomenon, it cannot be a constitutive state.

We must advance still further, to that consensus of the organism, namely, of which the conscious ego is only the psychological expression. Has this hypothesis more solidity than the other two? Objectively, as well as subjectively, the characteristic trait of personality is that continuity in time, that permanence which we call identity. This has been denied to the organism, upon the strength of arguments too well known to need repeating here; but it is strange that it should not have been perceived, that all arguments pleaded in favor of a transcendental principle are really applicable to the organism, and that all reasons that can be advanced against the organism are applicable to a transcendental principle. The remark that every superior organism is one in its complexity is as old, at least, as the Hippocratic writings, and since Bichat no one attributes this unity to a mysterious vital principle; yet certain people make a great stir about this whirlwind or continuous molecular renovation which constitutes life, and ask, "Where is the identity?" As a matter of fact, however, everybody believes in this identity of the organism and affirms it. But, identity is not immobility. If, as some scientists think, life resides less in the chemical substance of the protoplasm than in the movements with which the particles of this substance are animated, identity would

be a "combination of movements" or a "form of movement," and this continuous molecular renovation itself would be subordinated to conditions more profound. Without dilating upon the subject, it must be evident to any unprejudiced mind that the organism has its identity. And from this point, what simpler or more natural hypothesis than that of perceiving in conscious identity the internal manifestation of the external identity which is in the organism? "If any one chooses to assure me that not a single particle of my body is what it was thirty years ago, and that its form has entirely changed since then; that it is absurd, therefore, to speak of its identity; and that it is absolutely necessary to suppose it to be inhabited by an immaterial entity which holds fast the personal identity amidst the shifting changes and chances of structure:—I answer him that other people who have known me from my youth upwards, but have not my self-conscious certainty of identity, are, nevertheless, as much convinced of it as I am, and would be equally sure of it even if, deeming me the greatest liar in the world, they did not believe a word of my subjective testimony; that they are equally convinced of the personal identity of their dogs and horses whose self-conscious testimony goes for nothing in the matter; and lastly, that admitting an immaterial substance in me, it must be admitted to have gone through so many changes, that I am not sure the least immaterial particle of it is what it was thirty years ago; that with the best intention in the world, therefore, I see not the least need of, nor get the least benefit from, the assumed and seemingly superfluous entity."*

It is, however, upon this physical basis of the organism, that rests, according to our thesis, what is called the unity of the ego, that is to say, the solidarity which connects the states of consciousness. The unity of the ego is that of a complexus, and it is only through a metaphysical illusion that the ideal and fictitious unity of the mathematical point has been attributed to it. It does not consist in the act of a supposed simple "essence," but in a co-ordination of the nerve-centres, which, themselves, represent a co-ordination of the functions of the organism. Undoubtedly we are here within the sphere of hypothesis, but at least, it is not of a supernatural character.

* Translated from the French (*Diseases of Personality* Chap. II. 1.) by

Let us take man in the fœtal state, before the birth of any psychic life, leaving aside any hereditary inclinations, already impressed upon him in any manner whatever, and which, at a subsequent time, will manifest themselves. At some period of the fœtal state, at least during the last few weeks of it, some kind of sense of the body must have been produced, consisting in a vague feeling of well-being or discomfort. No matter how confused we may suppose it to be, it implies certain modifications in the nerve-centres, as far as compatible with their rudimentary state. When to these simple, vital organic sensations there are added sensations from an external cause (objective or not) they also necessarily produce a modification in the nerve-centres. But they will not be inscribed upon a *tabula rasa*; the web of the psychic life has already been woven, and this web is the general sensibility, the vital feeling, which, vague as it may be at this period, definitively constitutes almost the whole sum of consciousness. The bond of the states of consciousness among themselves now reveals its origin. The first sensation (if there be one in an isolated state) does not come unexpectedly, like an aerolite in a desert; at its first entrance it is connected with others, with those states that constitute the sense of body, and which are simply the psychic expression of the organism. Translated into physiological terms, this means that the modifications of the nervous system that represent materially the sensations and desires which follow the first elements of the higher psychic life, attach themselves to the previous modifications that are the material representatives of the vital and organic sensations; and by this means there are established relations between these nervous elements; so that from the very outset the complex unity of the ego has its conditions of existence in this general consciousness of the organism, which, though so frequently overlooked, serves as the support of all the rest. Thus, finally, upon the unity of the organism everything depends, and when passing also from the embryonic state, the psychic life is formed, the mind may be compared to some gorgeous piece of tapestry, in which the warp has completely disappeared, at one place beneath a faint design, at another beneath a thick embroidery in high relief; the psychologist who restricts himself to internal observation, perceives only the patterns and embroidery and is lost in conjectures and guesses as to what lies hidden beneath; if he would but consent to change his position and to look at it from behind, he would save himself many useless inductions, and would know more about it.

* * *

We might discuss the same thesis under the form of a criticism of Hume. The ego is not, as he maintained, a mere bundle of perceptions. Without inter-

posing the teaching of physiology but confining ourselves to ideological analysis, we observe a serious omission—that of the *relations* between the primitive states. A relation is an element of a vague nature, difficult to determine, because it does not exist by itself. It is nevertheless, something more than and different from the two states by which it is limited. In Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* there is an ingenious study (which has been too little noticed) of these elements of psychic life, with certain hypotheses regarding their material conditions. Prof. W. James has quite recently treated of this question.* He compares the irregular course of our consciousness to the transit of a bird that alternately flies and perches. The resting-places are occupied by relatively stable sensations and images; the places passed in flight are represented by thoughts of relations between the points of rest: the latter—the “transitive portions”—are almost always forgotten. It seems to us that this is another form of our thesis, that of the continuity of the psychic phenomena, by virtue of a deep, hidden *substratum*, which must be sought in the organism. In truth, it would be a very precarious personality that had no other basis than consciousness, and this hypothesis is defective in the face of even the simplest facts; as, for example, to explain how after six or eight hours of profound sleep, I have no hesitation in recognizing my own identity. To place the essence of our personality in a mode of existence (consciousness) which vanishes during almost one third of our life is a singular solution.

We, accordingly, maintain here, as we have elsewhere in regard to memory, that we must not confound individuality in itself, as it actually exists in the nature of things, with individuality as it exists for itself, by virtue of consciousness (personality). The organic memory is the basis of all the highest forms of memory, which are only the products of its perfection. The organic individuality is the basis of all the highest forms of personality, which are only the products of its perfection. I shall repeat of personality as of memory, that consciousness completes and perfects it, but does not constitute it.

Although,—in order not to prolong these already protracted considerations,—I have strictly refrained from all digression, from criticism of adverse doctrines, and from the exposition of points of detail, I must, incidentally, point out a problem which naturally presents itself. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whether the consciousness of our personal identity rests on memory or *vice versa*. One says: It is evident that without memory I should only be a present existence incessantly renovated, which does

* Herbert Spencer, *Principles of Psychology*, Vol. 1, § 65. Prof. James in *Mind*, Jan. 1884, p. 1, and following. See also Huxley's *Hume*.

away with all, even the faintest possibility of identity. The other says: It is evident that without a feeling of identity that connects them reciprocally, and stamps upon them my own mark, my recollections are no longer my own; they are extraneous events. So then, is it the memory that produces the feeling of identity, or the feeling of identity that constitutes the memory? I answer: neither the one nor the other; both are *effects*, the cause of which must be sought in the organism; for, on the one hand, its objective identity reveals itself by that subjective condition which we call the feeling of personal identity; and, on the other hand, in it are registered the organic conditions of our recollections, and in it is to be found the basis of our conscious memory. The feeling of personal identity and the memory in the psychological sense, are, accordingly, effects of which neither one can be the cause of the other. Their common origin is in the organism, in which identity and organic registration (i. e., memory) are one. Here we encounter one of those incorrectly formulated problems, that frequently occur in connection with the hypothesis of a "consciousness-entity."

THE MIXING UP OF THINGS.

BY MRS. SUSAN CHANNING.

"It is the mixing up of things which is the great Bad". George Eliot in this phrase seems to us to have stated what is false *in toto*, since, as every well educated person knows, it is the mixing up of things which is the great Good. We must have the private darkness to know light. All consciousness depends upon the mixing up of things. A constant impression on the mind is the same as a blank. We are unconscious of the pressure of the air, and of the earth's movement, because they are unremitting and uniform. It is the change from one thing to another that awakens our sensibilities. A uniform condition is devoid of pleasure. The easiest posture after a time becomes irksome.

It was once thought a sign of exquisite taste to use one and the same material for walls, furniture, and hangings. This notion is now obsolete, for as uniformity of sensation produces no ideas, neither does uniformity of material produce beauty.

Beauty is the intermingling of things different and various into an harmonious and agreeable whole. This is true whether the materials be ideas, colors, or men and women.

In *The Open Court*, Nos. 156 and 158, Messrs. Rood and Wake, in their discussion "Away with Ogres and Fairies," touched on this subject. Mr. Rood objected to the mixing up of things, the unreal with the real. Mr. Wake allowed Ogres and Fairies a share in the education of a child. John Stuart Mill is the best

example we can recall of the utilitarian method of education. From the beginning he was taught "the truly true," and, as a consequence, at fourteen he had the acquirements of a man of twenty-five, and in the house of the great Bentham he took part in the discussions and felt quite at his ease. This apparently unnatural development of his mind in no way retarded his subsequent intellectual progress. As Prof. Minto says of Mill in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "No calculus can integrate the pulses of knowledge and thought that he has made to vibrate in the minds of his generation. He quickened thought upon every problem that he touched."

But from one good example it is not safe to deduce a principle. We recognise with Mr. Rood, that Ogres and Fairies are allowed too prominent a place in the early education of most children. Still, we believe that as Nature never makes a complete break with her past, neither should we in our educational methods.

There is a natural order of progress by which some things must precede others in the human mind. Myths and fairy-tales belong to the childhood of the race, therefore it seems natural that they should find a place in child-life. Comte maintains that the education of an individual to be rightly conducted must have a certain correspondence with the evolution of the race.

The old Roman and the Puritan sacrificed everything to the useful; they demanded that a child should employ every hour of his brief childhood and youth in storing up facts and preparing to be a good citizen and church member; the useful was their God, and in due time its offspring Mammon came to reign in its stead; culture which refines life, and art which ennobles luxury were neglected; they were so engaged in worshipping the golden calf and in securing the salvation of their souls in the next world, that they would allow no soul in this in the shape of art or literature. Hence we find the Italian and Puritan deficient in the passion of the heart. They have acuteness and quickness of perception and excel in irony and story telling. The Yankee in invention beats the world, and invention has done as much as science and poetry to civilize the world; but the inventions of America have been in the domain of utility, while in the higher branches of invention such as the telescope and musical instruments which carry us into the higher realms of thought and feeling we are notably deficient.

It is plain then that the useful can take care of itself, but the beautiful must be encouraged. The imagination and the sensibilities need to be cultivated as much as the understanding.

In an ever-changing world we must ever change our ways and methods, although the fundamental laws upon which our actions and plans rest, remain im-

mutable; for if anything could stand still, it would, as Emerson says, be crushed and dissipated by the torrent it resisted; and if it were a mind it would be crazed, as insane persons are those who hold fast to one thought, and do not flow with the course of nature.

In educating the young the example of the Egyptian cabinet-maker should be followed. As Dr. Von Falke in *Art in the House* expresses it:

"No one can study an Egyptian chair in the British Museum without being convinced that the workman who made it not only knew the peculiar properties of its wood, but also respected them, and thus constructed an object which, unless accidentally destroyed, would last for ages without splitting or falling to pieces. Knowing that wood would warp in drying, that dampness would affect it, and that its tendencies were to split and twist, he treated it so as to render its natural defects as harmless as possible. Instead of making his chair out of green wood, forcibly bent into abnormal curves, and combining as many units as possible in it, he took the wood as Nature had made it, seasoned it thoroughly, and used as few pieces as possible; simple in shape, construction, and decoration, it was, when finished, durable and useful as well as pleasing in effect."

Thus should a child's natural endowments be recognized and treated if we seek the best results.

The Greek and the Roman were brothers, yet how different their intellectual tastes and development; the Greek when he prayed, raised his eyes to heaven, the Roman veiled his head. The one contemplated and the other reflected. To Greek contemplation, love of beauty, and individual freedom, we owe a world of poetry and art, the like of which the world has not again to show.

To Roman reflection we owe the foundation of our legal system and laws. The Romans were the first people who obliged plaintiff and defendant to explain and embody in due and binding form the grounds of both demand and objection, and constructed the machinery to effect that end. We can therefore say with Mommsen, that to commend the Greek is not to condemn the Roman; for as we allow the oak to hold its own beside the rose, so we can comprehend the truth that the distinctive excellence of these two noblest organizations which antiquity has produced, have a necessary connection with their respective defects, and that in education the blending of the ideal and the practical produces the best results. History has shown that a people without a national epos is without great memories, incapable of high culture or political development, and that they never take a place among the leading races of the world, and that those that have occupied such a place have had their fictions

brimful of wondrous and fanciful creations. And this seems equally true of the individual, for a youth without ideals means a manhood without virtue.

The conditions that will increase the brain product of one man or one child will utterly destroy that of another.

Madame de Staël could find no food for her genius but in her beloved world, Paris. She said she preferred to live in its gutters than be in exile with the homage of whole continents at her feet. Wordsworth liked to dwell near mountains and lakes. Thoreau, in listening to the croaking of frogs in muddy ponds and every creeping and crawling thing, wrote his best; the face of man with his axe overthrew his rational mind. Mrs. Shelly in her preface to an edition of her husband's poems, writes: "Shelley composed best in listening to the carolling of birds, aloft in the azure sky of Italy, or marking the clouds as they sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames."

We all might say to each person who should ask us the best method of mixing up things in a child's education, or in life, what Socrates replied to Xenophon when asked to tell him a good that was always a good. "If you ask me what is good for an inflammation in the eye, or what is good for a fever, I can tell you, but, a good that is always a good, I know none such."

CURRENT TOPICS.

SOME time ago, a writer in the *North American Review* propounded this interesting question, "Are we a nation of rascals?" He maintained the affirmative side of it with provoking success, and he may now devote himself to the next conundrum on the programme, Are we a nation of mammonites and toadies? Do we acknowledge God because he is patronised by a motto on the silver dollar? Or is the dollar itself the God of the motto? Must Jenkins be forever the presiding genius of the American press, crowding out of its columns matter of "great pith and moment" to make room for a description of Mrs. Ormolu's gown, and Miss McFlimsey's gloves? Not at the World's Fair, except in its gate-money features, but at Vanity Fair, must we look to see "the very age and spirit of the time, his form and pressure."

* * *

I was led into those reflections by reading in the morning papers, their tinselled and bespangled stories of the holiday festivities in Chicago, and I wonder how Jenkins managed to learn so much about gowns, and their miraculous trimmings in French, or whatever the language is. A glass of beer in the kitchen was enough to stimulate his menial pen to a description of Mrs. Carnelian's "gown of black velvet trimmed with point lace and diamond ornaments," but nothing less than the bribe of a glass of wine could induce him to humiliate Mrs. Carnelian for the gratification of Mrs. Amethyst Ruby, by proclaiming to "Society" that Mrs. Ruby wore "an imported black velvet gown en traine, trimmed with lace and jewels." The inference to be drawn from this invidious description is that Mrs. Carnelian's black velvet gown was not "imported," that it was a common American affair, made perhaps by a dressmaker instead of a "mcdiste." This is quite a serious matter, when we bear in mind that "Society" is often shaken to its foundations by lighter and more frivolous ques

tions. There is as much curiosity in the higher circles to know whether a gown is native or foreign as there is in some other circles to know whether the load of furniture going to Thompson's across the street, was bought on monthly payments or was paid for all at once. And, by the way, how did Jenkins find out that Mrs. Ruby's velvet was "imported"? Did Mrs. Ruby tell him so, or did he learn it from the housemaid?

* * *

In Vanity Fair everything is "high," and consequently it was inspiring to see among the holiday blessings, a description of a high-toned wedding celebrated at "high noon." There were some plebeian weddings going on at the same time, but they were "low noon" imitations, of little value. Exalting as all this was, it was far below the giddy height to which I soared on reading that "Mr. and Mrs. Velvet, and Miss Velvetine Velvet gave a High Tea at seven o'clock." Curious to solve the mystery and meaning of a "high tea," I inquired of an acquaintance who had "been there" what it meant, and he told me that a "high tea" was an entertainment where the guests had a high old time. Well, I have no objection to that, but I can hardly think of any literary debasement more servile than describing women's gowns, and their trimmings of "barbaric pearl and gold"; their silk, satin, tulle, and mousseline de soie, whatever that is, with the impressive emphasis "décolleté," a very vulgar word, the exclusive property of the rich.

* * *

It is melancholy enough to behold a proud citizen of the American republic devoting his literary talents to the glorification of women's gowns, but what shall we say of his inferior colleague describing with rapture the gowns of old men. And yet one of the "great dailies" devoted a whole column last Sunday morning to a full, true, and particular account of the texture, quality, price, and cut of a gown, just made for an elderly gentleman named Brown, recently appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. With reverent gush the reporter tells us that while the Chief Justice is arrayed in "black Chinese satin," his associates are "robed in silk," but whether that is Chinese or American he does not say. With due solemnity he informs his eager countrymen that "Justice Brown's gown will be made of wide straight widths, three and a quarter yards wide at the bottom and reaching down to the ankles." With grateful appreciation we learn also that "the gown has a narrow hem around the bottom, and a straight one down the front"; and what is of more importance, that, "at the top is a yoke which is short on the shoulders and forms a deep scallop at the back," and lest we might imagine a silk lining made of calico, it is impressed upon us that, "this yoke has a silk lining between the outside and inner one of silk." Thus, in tedious detail for a column, winding up with a glow of poetry, in which this gown appears as an "artistic creation," for which Mr. Justice Brown will pay "a hundred dollar bill." We are also told that this phenomenon in silk will repose when off duty "on peg numbered 9." By a curious oversight, the result of pure shiftlessness, the reporter has left us in a state of bewilderment and perplexity by neglecting to say whether or not this gown is "décolleté." Some day, some Justice of the Supreme Court will bloom into a strong presidential candidate, by refusing to turn himself into a Westminster Hall image clothed in the ridiculous antiquity of a silk gown.

* * *

While the reporters of the Chicago press, like a lot of man-milliners, could condescend to describe with lady's-maid particularity, the dresses worn by the women at the New Year's parties, dances, receptions, and high-teas of the Plutocracy, they could not rise to the magnanimity of noticing the "low tea" given by the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. at the Honore building on Dearborn Street. Here was gathered a rare company of literally

the "best citizens," a thousand men who thirty years ago flung their buoyant youth and vigorous manhood freely into the fire and smoke of battle for the salvation of the republic. They spent the day in patriotic festival, in listening to speeches racy of the American soil, in exchanging battle memories, and in singing the songs of nationality and liberty. All this was too low-toned and genuine, to receive recognition from the "great and enterprising" papers of Chicago. Those men were not thus treated in 1861, but the *ó* is upside down; it is now 1891 Anno Domini, and much of the American spirit of 1861 is also upside down.

* * *

I sometimes wonder whether the fame of Columbus is to rest at last on the discovery of America, or upon that other popular fable which describes the manner in which he caused the egg to stand on end. The Columbian Exposition has brought the egg story into prominence again; and in order that it may not entirely divert public attention from the main object of the World's Fair; and as an act of justice to the memory of Columbus himself, I think it is time to give the story an eternal rest. The fable runs, that the problem of standing an egg on end having been submitted as a puzzle to Columbus, he solved it instantly by tapping the egg on the table, and breaking the end of it just enough to make a flat basis on which it stood firm, without a quiver. According to the legend, the philosophers who thought to confound the great mathematician by such a simple question, accepted the solution as correct, acknowledged themselves defeated, and if there was a bet on it, as I suppose there was, gave up the money. It is not a grateful duty to abolish popular myths, but this, like so many better ones must go.

* * *

Evidently, the Columbian egg story is a fiction, because if true, Columbus must have been a clumsy juggler, and the breaking of the egg a confession of defeat, an acknowledgement that the problem could not be solved without violating its first implied condition, namely, that the egg uninjured, should stand alone and unsupported on a level surface. Breaking the egg, so far from solving the problem was an evasion of its terms, like untying the Gordian Knot by cutting it into pieces, which was not untying it at all. Columbus might just as well have stuck the egg upright into the salt upon the table, and called that a solution of the puzzle. To make an egg stand upright on a plane surface is not a difficult feat; I have known how to do it for more years than I care to mention, but I have not revealed the secret, fearing that unprincipled men might use it for betting purposes, and win great fortunes with it; but in the *Chicago Tribune* of the 3rd, I find the ancient fiction served up again for the benefit of a correspondent, who being in possession of a print of Hogarth's picture of Columbus and the egg, wanted to know the meaning and the moral of the picture. Rather than endure this any longer I will now give the Columbian secret away.

* * *

One day when I was a boy at school we had for a reading lesson the story of Columbus and the egg, just as it was told in the *Tribune* of the 3rd. In my class was a little Irish boy about my own age, whose name was Jerry Grady; and when school was out for noon, Jerry said to me "Did ye mind that sthory about Columbus and the egg? Sure that's not the way the thrick was done at all, at all. Come wid me and I'll show ye how Columbus done it." Now it so happened that Jerry's mother kept chickens, and when we reached the house he had no trouble in finding a fresh egg. First putting a clean plate on the table, Jerry took the egg, and shook it violently for some seconds, or until the yolk and the white were thoroughly mixed, like a compound of milk and water. Then after holding the egg upright on the plate until the mixture inside of it had settled quietly into the broad base of it, he withdrew his hand and left the egg standing upright and alone. "There",

said he, "that's the way Columbus done it"; and I have no doubt it was, for I have often done it myself that way, and any body else can do it. My object in correcting this bit of history, is to set Columbus right before the world, and to rescue him from the suspicion that he was ignorant of the easy, scientific, and purely mechanical solution of the egg problem. The reason why an egg will not stand on end is, that its contents are not balanced either in weight or place, but after they are thoroughly mixed, the egg will easily recognize its own centre of gravity, and stand upright, like a toy soldier which is made on the same principle.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF IMMORTALITY.

To the Editor of The Open Court :

REFERRING to the comments of Mr. W. Ingham on Immortality in No. 160 of your issue, the following suggestions are submitted as pertinent.

The case in favor of immortality in some form has enlisted the persistent and very utmost strivings of that line of culture which we represent, for over two thousand years. On the other hand, the case against that doctrine goes almost absolutely un-urged. Moreover, the case in general, so far as our line of culture is concerned, has always been tried before a jury prejudiced in the very strongest way towards finding a verdict in the affirmative. Every recourse of fact and argument that could be made to yield any plausible support of an affirmative conclusion has been worked to the utmost. Yet in spite of all this it is very very true, as Edwin Arnold says, that "man has not as yet been able to persuade himself that he is immortal." In proof of this no better evidence can be conceived than the perennial reiteration of efforts on behalf of the doctrine when no one assails it. The considerations that militate against the ordinary conceptions of immortality are such as intrude themselves unbidden and unwelcome upon the free course of cogitation and operate in virtue of a candor that cannot be utterly suppressed. I doubt not, that to many minds the most cogent argument against the doctrine is the perception which candor forces that the arguments advanced on its behalf dissolve at the first touch of criticism. They endure because no one wishes to criticise them and fit from tongue to tongue or from pen to pen without contradiction and also without force except to special individual cases. Those who are competent to criticise with effect the current conceptions in regard to another life have ever been fearful of overshooting their mark. They have always had at least a subconscious glimmer of the truth that this belief however fallacious with respect to the forms into which it has been cast is a salutary one, and represents a verity which man can ill afford to ignore. What this verity is we are as yet quite unprepared to recognize and it is probable that we will remain so for much time to come. We realize too inadequately the constitution and order of Nature and our own nature as a factor therein to favor that view of our destiny which merely natural law is fit to display and which rightly comprehended is fit to satisfy all our worthy aspirations. We are even misled in regard to our very proclivities in this matter. If we could so far lay aside our inveterate habits of dealing with this subject as to realize and rightly value the promises we so inconsiderately make to ourselves, we would see that the same, as a future life, are simply monstrous and a life not worth the living. "More life, and fuller, that we want," not more existence, nor a somewhat that is other than—however fulfilled—the very kind of life that we now spend. Let those who are apt to beguile themselves with the prejudice that death as an eternal sleep is naturally and universally the king of terrors to mankind bethink themselves of

the disciples of another line of human culture than ours, and a constituency far more numerous, who yearn and strive for annihilation in precisely the same mood that we hunger after persistent life. Nay let them even reflect on the annals of suicide and what that great fact implies. Let those who assent to the traditional religious conception of future life realize what the supposition of hell, however stated, makes absolutely necessary in the conception of the heaven they promise themselves.

It is only by fatuously refusing to think, that any one can for an instant desire such a heaven. Utterly sordid and callous monstrosities in feeling might perhaps suppose themselves happy there, but not beings with human ties, human love, or human compassion. The case needs only to be realized to know that hell with all its abominations would be far less abominable than that abomination of desolation that heaven must become in order to harbor happiness in the presence of hell. And yet the very inducement for a future life is mainly the salvation it affords for those dear human affections which give to life its only worthy value. But what is the separation of simple death to that supposed separation which happens in heaven for one and misery in hell for a loved one necessarily involves.

And let those who promise themselves they conceive not what of good in a supernatural (i. e. unnatural) future life, ponder on the conditions necessary to be fulfilled in order to make such a life worth the living.

Mother Nature is far kinder to us than we are apt to acknowledge.

FRANCIS C. RUSSELL.

SCIENCE AND ZOÖPHILY.

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

MR. CONWAY reminds me of that French king who could so ill brook contradiction, that when he asked a too obsequious courtier what was the time, he received the reply "The time is whatever your Majesty pleases." Mr. Conway admits that he made several mistakes in his article in your columns on "St. Anthony's Day." I considered that these errors called for contradiction, and judging from my personal knowledge of Mr. Conway, I gave him credit for the desire that a scientific no less than a religious argument should be accurately presented to the public. For a criticism which I wrote on Mr. Conway's utterances in the kindest spirit and without the smallest idea of offence, he accuses me in his letter in your paper of November 27th of "animus towards" him, of want of veracity and all sorts of things, very reprehensible in intelligent disputants. But this very letter of accusation against my truthfulness justifies the gravamen of my charge. I said, and I repeat it, that I had heard Mr. Conway defend the atrocities of the scientists who torture living animals for purposes of research. He declares this to be "false witness." Yet four lines further he proceeds to say "that it (Vivisection) should be allowed only under jealous restrictions to specialists of capacity engaged in definite research." But it is these very "specialists of capacity" against whom the Anti-Vivisection crusade is directed, it is by such "specialists," "artists in Vivisections," that the most horrible atrocities imaginable are daily performed. It was the specialist Mantegazza who crucified dogs with hundreds of nails to see what effect such treatment would have on the production of the three degrees of pain, which he himself in his "Fisiologia del dolore" classifies as "intense," "cruel," and "most atrocious" agony. It was such a "specialist" as Dr. Klein who told the Royal Commission of the House of Lords that he had "no regard at all" for the sufferings of the animals used in the physiological laboratory—*Blue Book* (3,540). It was Professor Rutherford who, as reported in *The British Medical Journal*, quoted in Mr. Reid's speech in the House of Commons April 4th, 1883, performed—without anesthetics—on the bile ducts of 31 dogs a long course of terribly cruel experiments, using the drug termed by Lord Tennyson "the hellish wooral,"

to prevent the agonised beasts from moving or shrieking. To license a highly educated man to commit acts of cruelty which would not be tolerated, even if they were possible, in a costermonger, is not less injurious to the society which permits than to the animals which suffer such things. I say that Mr. Conway is not consistent, not fair, when he charges the Bible and Christianity with neglecting to uphold the rights of animals, while he at the same time praises modern science in the person of Darwin for introducing a better moral sentiment in this respect; he must know that it is just these ardent followers of Darwin and the devotees of modern science who demand and practically obtain "a free Vivisection table." Mr. Conway charges me with bearing false witness against him when I said that I heard him in London defend Vivisection. Very well, here is my proof from the pages of the *Zoöphilist* of September, 1882:

"A sermon on 'The Vicarious Sufferings of Animals' was recently delivered by Mr. Moncreu Conway. The preacher eulogised the Buddhist treatment of animals and said, 'science is recovering the Oriental idea of religion as evolution is the equivalent of transmigration. Animals are our ancestors as well by moral as by physical likeness. Jumbo illustrates Darwin, and the gush of feeling over him belongs to the greatest advance of modern times. It would not have been possible till lately.' The speaker claimed that this advance was due to our improved acquaintance with the anatomy and physiology of the lower animals, that in fact the animals have to thank the vivisectors for their improved condition. 'But now science has to confront a Frankenstein (*sic!*) created by itself. We have become too emotional over animal pain. We must not let sentiment obstruct scientific investigation which St. Paul's words here protect—Romans viii., 22: 'For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now . . . waiting for . . . the redemption of the body,' or of the ill it is heir to.' Mr. Conway illustrated the benefits of experiments on animals by reference to Pasteur's method of preventing charbon, and then made the following astounding statements about digitalis—'Digitalis was formerly supposed to lower the action of the heart. In Edinburgh, 33 dogs were experimented on, and it was found that its action was the reverse of what had been supposed. The repeated relief to heart disease given by this drug in consequence of these experiments had practically ended the complaint and made life enjoyable to sufferers from cardiac affections. It was stated that the Secretary of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals spent 16 years as an honorable spy on the physiologists, and testified that he knew of no instance at all of wanton cruelty, and few of even carelessness—in most cases no more pain was inflicted than in vaccination. There are abuses in other countries, but none here. *Repeal this vexatious legislation against knowledge*, and then extend to all animals the protection you afford those required by science. Animals sacrificed to the gods were adorned with garlands of flowers not less tenderly than we treat those offered on the altars of science.'"

When Mr. Conway demanded the repeal of the English Act which places certain formal restrictions on the Vivisectionists I think I am justified in saying that he defended the atrocities of the Vivisectionists. It would have been more in accord with the spirit of the "Rules of Civility" if Mr. Conway had asked for the authority for my statement before charging me with falsehood. But your correspondent not only in his haste called one man a liar but rather scornfully and most unjustly assumes that the Editor of the *Zoöphilist* would refuse to insert his letter of October 1st. As a fact Mr. Conway's epistle duly appeared with an explanation from the editor in the *Zoöphilist* of November 1st. Your correspondent says the word "Zoöphilily" is not in his Webster—that is a matter which chiefly concerns the editors of that excellent work. It can be found in *Cassell's Encyclopedic Dictionary* and I may add that we have not "coined a name" for our movement in calling ourselves Zoöphilists. In Southey's "Doctor," Ch. ccxxviii we find "Our philosopher and Zoöphilist." Mr. Conway asks: "Who ever said that Christianity was an exploded superstition or anything like it?" He rather gratuitously answers himself in the words "probably nobody." His acquaintance with atheists and agnostics must be limited. In page 87 of his own book "The Earthward Pilgrimage," there is a sentence which comes very near to it. "England is the cemetery of Religions: Druidism, Odinism, Romanism, came from afar to find their graves here; and behold the feet of them which have buried those religions are at the door, and shall carry out also that which remains to frighten fools and

make hypocrites of the able, moulding no heart to simplicity and grandeur." Evidently the Orthodox Christians have not the monopoly of arrogance, dogmatism, and misrepresentation.

EDWARD BERDOE.

IN TOUCH.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

O BROTHER soul whose bands, begrimed with toil,
To mine extended Christian kinship claim,
No longer from the contact I recoil,
That we were strangers was our mutual blame!
No longer art thou as a sluggish foil
To all the hopes for thee our hearts would frame,
Or as a tool for false friends to embroil
In strife that brings but poverty and shame.

Look but around us; common men are waking
To academic truths, and prove them true!
Look but around us; common men are breaking
From custom's shackle to religion new!
Glib demagogues and prophets false are quaking;
Lo, men are thinking, Man shall have his due!

BOOK REVIEWS.

UPWARD STEPS OF SEVENTY YEARS. By *Giles B. Stebbins*. New York: United States Book Company.

The aim of this work is to give an idea of the growth of reforms, leading up to the anti-slavery movement, in which Mr. Stebbins has taken part, and it includes biographical sketches of many persons with whom during that period he came into contact. The final chapter "Religious Outlook—Coming Reforms" ends with a phrase which well expresses the mental attitude of the author—"the Past reappears, prophetic of a higher Future."

Ω.

ONE OF "BERRIAN'S" NOVELS. By *Mrs. C. H. Stone*. New York: Welch, Fracker Company, 1890.

No reader of Mr. Bellamy's socialistic romance requires to be told that "Berrian" is the novelist of the regenerated society described in "Looking Backwards." Mrs. Stone is evidently a firm supporter of the so-called Nationalist movement, as she sorrowfully dedicates her book to "all who believe 'competition' to be the only incentive to progress." It is intended as a protest against the idea that, when the purely physical has been "beaten back to its proper confines," the original foundation of love is to be finally eliminated. Just as little could this be done, as could in real life the "disorderly classes" be made good members of society by the system of training described by "Berrian."

Ω.

THE PATHWAY OF THE SPIRIT. By *John Hamlin Dewey*, M. D. New York: Frank F. Lovell & Company.

This book which is described as "a guide to Inspiration, Illumination, and Divine Realization on Earth," is the second volume of the *Christian Theosophy Series*. The first volume, entitled "The Way, the Truth, and the Life," was a Handbook of Christian Theosophy, Healing and Psychic Culture, giving "an outline study of man in the light of the Christ life and teaching," and the present pages are in continuation of the same elastic theme. Dr. Dewey believes in the ultimate certainty of an emancipated and perfected humanity on earth, and that its immediate realization is a divine possibility and provision.

BOOK NOTICES.

Concerning the Rules and the Applications of Reichert's Hæmometer, By Frederick Gaertner, A. M., M. D., etc. Pittsburg, Penna., U. S. A., 1890. This Hæmometer is a very ingenious apparatus for ascertaining the hæmoglobin in either a diseased or

a normal condition of the blood. The rules for its application are very elaborate, but not more so than the delicacy of the test requires.

Mr. Pedro V. Aspúsa, of Nos. 40 and 42 Broadway, New York, is the General Agent for the United States and Spanish America of two historical works, published in Spanish by his late father in 1877. One of the works, in fourteen volumes, is a compilation of 4599 documents relating to the history of a great part of Spanish America, from the discovery of the continent by Columbus down to 1830, the price of which is fifty dollars; the other work, in four volumes, consists of 258 biographies of prominent men of Spanish America during the war of Independence, published at ten dollars.

The Philadelphia Society for the Extension of University Teaching has published a Report by its Secretary, Mr. George Henderson, on the University Extension movement in England. Started about twenty years ago, this movement has now attained large proportions, and by the affiliation of local colleges and classes it bids fair to develop into "a scheme of higher education truly national in character." One of its primary aims is to encourage independent study, and this is carried out through Students Associations and The National Home Reading Union, which has taken the place of the original Home Reading Circles.

Mr. J. Mark Baldwin, Professor of Psychology at the University of Toronto, has communicated to *Science* the result of his observations upon his own child, extending over the greater part of the first year, "to examine more particularly into the time at which the child begins to show signs of marked preference for either hand." A distinct preference for the right hand in violent efforts in reaching became noticeable in the seventh and eighth months. At the thirteenth month the child was a confirmed right-hander. Professor Baldwin regards the preference as due to the feeling of stronger outward nervous pressure in the case of that hand. (*Science*, Oct. 31st, 1890.)

NOTES.

THE celebrated dramatic company from Munich, under the directorship of the Bavarian Royal Court Actor Max Hofpauer, are at present visiting the United States and will be appreciated by many. We are used not so much to artistic as to artificial acting. The characters represented are created artificially for a purpose, chiefly to amuse, rarely to instruct. This company portrays—nay mirrors—with the most accurate correctness real characters from actual life. So genuine is the representation that it does not take a great while before one imagines oneself to be right among the people represented. It has been said that realism upon the stage is not true art; that it is the mission of the latter to idealize rather than to reproduce life. Nothing could be more erroneous than this, as applied to dramatic art. It would be true indeed if the lower phases of life were represented, as is done by the realistic school of novelists of the present day. It is not done by these artists, nor by the authors they interpret. It is true they portray chiefly rural people, but they portray them in all their simplicity and genuine piety of heart, and in these people surely exist the ideal phases of life, which are not often found in the artificial life of the people in cities of to-day. Unfortunately we, in this country, even in the rural districts, know as a rule only city life. These representations ought to be largely attended, as their moral influence in their wholesome realism cannot be doubted.

E. T. L. G.

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