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THE UNITY OF THE SOUL.

THE main difference that obtains between the old and the new psychology concerns the unity of the soul. The old psychology considers the soul as an indivisible being whose centre is found in the ego. This ego-entity is said to be the subject of the psychical states; it is the subject in the original sense of the word; i. e. that which underlies. The soul, according to this view, is not the feelings and the thoughts which ensoul a human being, but it is a mysterious something which is in possession of feelings and thoughts, and the nature of the mysterious something, of the underlying subject, is unknown to us.

Modern psychology does not consider the soul as an indivisible being. The soul is not an ego-entity, a subject, that has feelings and ideas. But these feelings and ideas are actual parts of the soul. A man's soul is the totality of his feelings, of his thoughts, of his ideals.

This view may easily and wrongly be interpreted as if the soul were simply a heap of feelings, as if no unity existed and as if the ideas dwelling together in one and the same brain were like a bag of peas, which have no connection, no bond of union, among themselves. This is not so. The feelings, ideas, and ideals in a man form indeed a unity—only this unity is a hierarchical system, it is a unity of arrangement and does not mean that the soul is an indivisible unit or a kind of psychic atom. This truth can most clearly be expressed by contrasting the two views in two German words: The soul is not an *Einheit*, but an *Einheitlichkeit*; not a *unit*, but a *unification*.

And the unity of the soul produced by unification is by no means an indifferent quality. The unity of the soul, I feel almost constrained to say, is the soul of the soul. The way in which certain ideas are combined in a unity constitutes the most individual and most remarkable and also the most characteristic feature of a personality. Also the energy of nerve-action, the vigor with which the different ideas respond to their stimuli is of incalculable importance.

Suppose we could put together the soul of a man from a given number of ideas as we put together a mosaic from a given number of colored stones. The stones and their colors, their brightness, their shape and the variety of their colors are of importance, but the pat-

tern will after all make the picture of the mosaic. The same ideas are put into the minds of thirty or forty children in one and the same class-room, but how differently do their minds develop! Even children of the same parents who live in the same surroundings and under the same conditions, receiving the same instruction and having before their eyes the same examples, will develop quite distinct and divergent individualities. The very same thoughts in two different minds do not necessarily produce a sameness of soul. In one mind everything may be methodically arranged, so that on the proper occasion the proper thoughts turn up at once and all the ideas form a system, so that order reigns everywhere. Again in another mind there may be the very same thought-material, yet order is lacking, confusion prevails, everything stands topsy-turvy as if the brain were an old lumber-room in which things have been set aside without any plan of consideration.

It is wonderful how rich the possibilities of soul-patterns, so to speak, are! We cannot say that this one and this one only is the true ideal soul, for, provided that those indispensable soul-structures which constitute the humanity of a man are not lacking, we may have and indeed we do have, an unlimited variety of personalities, the beauties of each being peculiar to themselves.

People often show a tendency to classify the personalities of great men in higher and lower classes asking such questions as these: Who was greater Shakespeare or Goethe? Plato or Aristotle? Bismarck or Moltke? The answer is, we cannot measure the greatness of mind by a scale so as to have the great men of thought and action classified by degrees as number one, two, three, etc.

The soul of man, being the organisation of his ideas, is too subtle a substance,—indeed we should not even call it so for it is form and not substance—the soul of man is too subtle to be weighed or measured, and the worth of a noble soul is so peculiar, so unique that, irrespective of its shortcomings which we must expect even great men to have, we can compare one soul with other souls only in order to set them off by contrast and to appreciate their qualities by contrast, but we must recognise that each soul possesses a special charm of its own, each soul is an individuality

which as such is not classifiable as higher or lower, better or worse than other individualities.

Individuality being a natural and also a most valuable feature of a man's soul, it is our duty to respect individuality. Every man has a right to be individual provided the traits of his individuality do not come in conflict with the rights of his fellow-beings. And the application of this right in educational affairs is greater still. We are bound to respect the individualities of children also. Parents, educators, and teachers have to observe and study the characters of the souls entrusted to their care. They have to prune and guide the growth of individualities wherever whims and vagaries arise, yet they should do so with due discrimination and with a becoming respect for the individuality of the growing minds.

COMPETITION AND PROGRESS.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

THE June *Arena*, in an article on "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes," shows the wickedness of "squandering wealth in ostentation and luxury," while so many suffer unrelieved. The writer must have forgotten how many sermons have been preached about Dives and Lazarus, for he asserts that the Church "has never made war upon this giant sin"; and he would not have said that "It has never been opposed by legislation," if he had ever read the sumptuary laws, which have been passed by many rulers, including those of Massachusetts Bay. He is aware that the evil he denounces existed in ancient India and Egypt; but this very fact ought to make us unwilling to say, as he does, that "the fault lies in our social system of struggle and rivalry," for this system scarcely existed in ancient India or Egypt. There was very little rivalry or competition among the great mass of the people, for everything was so arranged as to enable the privileged few to keep all the luxuries, and most of the comforts and ornaments, to themselves; and the same was notoriously the case in the Dark Ages, as well as in France before the revolution. It is not because there is too much competition in Russia that the peasants are so much worse off than the princes, and that there are so few members of the middle class.

That class has increased its numbers and improved its condition immensely during the present century; and the diffusion of the comforts of life has been so general as to make even the least fortunate members of the community much better off than ever before. I have already asked in vain, see No. 176, for any facts to show that this is not the case; but the reader may find it worth while to take up Weeden's "Economic and Social History of New England," and see how Boston mechanics were obliged two hundred and fifty

years ago to spend a day's wages to buy a pair of stockings, a pound of sugar, a peck of apples, a yard of cloth, or half a bushel of corn. The chief difference, however, between our present social system and that which prevailed formerly and still survives in some less fortunate lands, is the ease with which even the poorest man can work his way up to a place among the rich and powerful. Nothing is so characteristically modern and American as the rapidity with which a fortune is made; and the maker is much more willing to help other men rise out of poverty, than if he had inherited his wealth. A great law of nature, sadly counteracted hitherto by artificial regulations in the interest of privileged classes, is now in full operation. We all know how the struggle for existence has caused flowers to take the place of flowerless plants, and the reign of reptiles to give place to the reign of man. The races best fitted to exist became permanent; and unfit races passed away. Among the members of any race some have always been better able than others to adapt themselves to circumstances, and therefore to develop themselves more fully. The same law which enabled men to take the place of reptiles, and civilised nations to become the successors of savage tribes, is continually raising the position of industrious, intelligent, and thrifty people above that of their less useful associates. The tailor's shop, where the best and cheapest coats are made, keeps growing until it becomes the largest in the city; the factory which turns out the best bargains enlarges the number of operatives; and the men at the head of these establishments have many workers under them and great business influence. The doctor who cures the most patients, and the artist who paints the best pictures become leaders in their professions; and this is the case in all callings and trades. It is to the universal benefit of our community that the management of business interests is placed in the ablest hands by the same process of natural selection which closed the reign of reptiles upon earth. Not only leading but subordinate positions in a business establishment must be properly filled, or it will not hold its own against rivals. Competency is best tested by competition; and this is what might be expected from the fact that both words come from the same roots.

Competition promotes the competent to more comfortable positions as well as more influential ones. Those who do best the work which is most difficult get the highest pay; if they could not, the work would go undone; and no work is paid for unless it is considered necessary. The manager of a railroad gets higher pay than the brakemen, because it is harder to fill his place. A brakeman must do his work faithfully in order to improve his position, or even keep it; and thus competition makes his own interest guaran-

tee safety to the passengers. A railroad which gave no brakeman a chance of promotion, and discharged none who needed work, would soon turn its cars into slaughter-houses. The shop-keeper's profits depend on the number of customers; and this ensures them much fairer treatment than they would otherwise get. The farmer works to the utmost of his strength, because he wants to make all he can of his farm. Competition brings out the best work of which men are capable, and thus maintains a high prosperity, in which all of us have some share.

Competition is more intense than ever before; but its advantages are more freely open to all members of the community; and its rivalries are attended with much less of angry strife than was formerly the case. Once it was sword to sword; but now it is brain to brain; and thus the greatest intensity of competition is accompanied by the highest and broadest mental activity. Where we find keen competition, there we find sound knowledge; and there, too, we find political liberty and enlightened philanthropy. To talk as wildly as some do against competition is really working for a restoration of mediæval or Egyptian darkness. If the present social system is all wrong, the creation of mankind was a blunder at best. Those who believe in progress ought to encourage competition.

RELIGIOUS PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

BY EDNAH D. CHENEY.

ONE cannot spend two months in Italy without feeling a deep interest in the present condition and future development of this country, so dear to us from its historic associations, and so delightful from the treasures of art and literature, from the beautiful scenery, and the rich human life which it contains. Next to one's own native land, it is the best beloved of all the nations, by the poetic and imaginative traveller. It has passed through so many changes, has sunk so low in suffering and almost in despair, and still it rises again so bravely, with a never dying faith in itself and in the cause of liberty and truth, that we cannot refuse to it, our confidence, that it will accomplish the mighty task to which it is now devoting itself so heroically, in building up again a commonwealth founded on high principles of right and equality. Leaving aside the many important political questions which occupy the friends of Italy of to-day, I would like to consider as far as my slight opportunities have enabled me to do, the religious question and ask: "How is Italy to throw off the incubus of a dead ecclesiastical organisation, and where is she to find the new religious life which is to keep her people holy and loving, and full of faith and peace?"

The part which religion, organised institutions of religion even, has played in human history is too im-

portant to be set aside, and we cannot but feel a deep interest in the question, whether new institutions can be founded which will have the good effects, without the evils of the past? Professor Villari, the present Minister of Public Instruction in Italy said fourteen years ago, "Religion is dead in Italy."* He also speaks of the passionate enthusiasm for the country which produced on the men who accomplished the regeneration of Italy, the same effect of inspiring them with courage, devotion, self-sacrifice, and unflinching faith in the right, which religion did on men of former times. But that too is no more, the calmer times of work and reconstruction require the same noble patriotism, but they do not call forth the fervor of passionate inspiration which men felt in the hour of battle and of triumph. And yet if religion is extinct in Italy, the new era is still confronted by a gigantic ecclesiastical hierarchy, which has not lost the will and the purpose, and I fear not the power, at least to block the wheels of progress if it cannot turn them back entirely. The Catholic Church still stands like a colossal sphinx at the wayside, crying out "Guess my secret or I will devour you." Must we not learn what has given this and other organised churches their tremendous hold upon men, and apply the power for good instead of for evil, before we can wholly conquer this foe of freedom and truth?

To the Italian statesman of to-day the Catholic church is not an abstract theological faith, it is a concrete organised inveterate enemy which he must fight, and must put under his feet before he can carry out his great schemes for human welfare. And here he labors under a great practical difficulty, for the very principles for which he is contending prevent his using those measures of attack and defense which the Papal church has not hesitated to employ on its own behalf. The state exists to secure freedom of speech, freedom of religious thought and expression, the sacred rights of the individual conscience, the equality of every man before the law. The church is the unscrupulous opponent of every one of these principles, and yet she claims their shelter against any infringement of her privileges. For instance, the measure of Crispi which forbids the appointment of any Catholic priest on the committees of administration of charitable funds, seems a very arbitrary step, and yet it is enforced and claimed to be absolutely necessary to prevent the arbitrary exercise of authority on the part of the higher order of priests over the lower, and the misuse and misappropriation of funds.

If religion is dead in Italy, is the influence of the priesthood and the superstition rooted in the minds of the people a mere empty shell or is it still a living

* I am obliged to quote entirely from memory, as I am writing in a little mountain town—without books at command.

force? This question pressed itself constantly on my mind, and although I would not lay much stress on the hasty observation of a tourist, I could not feel sure that in the thirteen years which had passed since I was last in Italy there was any weakening of its hold upon the minds of the people. There was an intensity of eagerness in the crowds who pressed around the shrine of St. Anthony at Padua, which did not look like mere formal service, and the churches seemed as thronged as in former days. The little children scarce able to speak muttered prayers and knelt and crossed themselves, and one saw how much influence such early training would have upon their after life. And yet I believe that much which looks so significant to the onlooker is but routine, and the influence of long habit, and that the active thoughtful mind of Italy is pretty effectually weaned from its attachment to the Papal church.

I heard but one sermon, and that might have been an old fashioned conservative Unitarian sermon on the evidences of Christianity. It was in Genoa, and the subject seemed to us most appropriate, for it was on the confusion of tongues at Babel. The argument was that the Scriptural account was proved by the recent theories of scientists, that a primitive language had existed, which had become changed into the multiplicity of idioms which now distract the world. The speaker quoted Max Müller and Cardinal Wiseman, but dropped several stiches in the links of his argument, which nobody had the privilege of picking up. It seemed entirely over the heads of his audience, and only one or two strangers appeared to listen intently, as we did.

But a more interesting question still is not only what forces can be brought to bear against the external and dangerous power of the church, but what living forces are coming into play, to have that influence over human life which the Roman church has had in the past? Is Protestantism doing anything? or can it do anything for Italy? I can only answer from my own observation that I have seen very little trace of its influence. There are certain evangelical missions and Anglo-American churches which may help individuals but have very little effect on the general community. The ancient sect of Waldenses have organised churches and devoted followers in Florence and Rome and doubtless elsewhere. The members engage in charitable work—but they have no power, as one of their ministers once confessed to me, to influence the active skeptical minds of young Italy. It is from no ecclesiastical organisations at present existing, that I can hope for a renewal of true religious life in Italy.

Italy is now studying the great problems of social life and trying to organise a commonwealth on the broad principles of Humanity. I believe that it is

from a renewed sense of the sacredness of human relations, that a feeling of Universal, Eternal destinies is to come into their life. "First that which is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual." I cannot pause in Venice beside one of the fountains by which the new aqueduct from the hills on "Terra Firma" is supplying pure water freely to the poor of the city, instead of the poisonous fluid which they formerly drank, without thinking that this is a true baptism of water for the people. Rome, regenerated into cleanliness, seems to me a sign of an approach to godliness, and all the care and love which the noblest men of Italy are giving to the poor unfortunate classes seems to me "a doing it unto the least of these my little ones," that brings them near to the spirit of the teacher of Nazareth, however little they may do it in his name.

All these things lead up to the possibility of the home, and the true consecration of family life, where the spirit of true religion is born. When hunger drives the laborer to sell his children to the wandering hand organist, or send them out on the streets to beg; when the house is a dark black hole into which God's sunlight never enters, and the food only stills the cravings of hunger, but does not nourish the body—can we hope that the family hearthstone will be a sacred altar, where love and happiness will make glad and grateful hearts? The family ties so often ruthlessly broken by the church—must become holy and tender, and only in freedom can they be so.

Most necessary too is it, that woman should be elevated to a position of equal respect and honor with men. There can be no true home life, no home religion where the mother is not honored and respected. The present degree of recognition of the need of higher education for women, and the fact that all the universities are open to them, although their conditions have not yet borne their full fruition, show how faith in woman lives in the new *religious* mind of Italy. The worship of the Madonna will become respect for the mother, adoration of the Christ child, tender care and reverence for the young.

Yet all this it may be said is at best only morals, and physical welfare. It will not lead men's minds above the things that are temporal, to the things that are spiritual, will not open to them a life beyond this life, will not give them comfort in the inevitable sorrows which the wisest regulation of earthly life cannot ward off.

True, but is it not the ground out of which the finest flowers of Religion will spring? Can we doubt that a nation so thoughtful, so imaginative, living in a world of reality, surrounded by all that is glorious in nature, in History, in Art, a nation which idolises Dante, and loves Mazzini, and honors Savonarola,

will feel the yearning after the spiritual truth and religious affections which made the substance of these men's lives?

Go to the men who have been led through the wilderness by their passionate enthusiasm for their country, and who have experienced all the tyranny of the old church, with worn out dogmas, or futile imitations of old forms, and they will have no welcome for you; but if you set all these aside, and looking at life as they are earnestly looking at it with longing to raise their nation into true welfare, you go to them with such religion as made Channing and Parker and Garrison and Emerson the Saints and Heroes of our own war of emancipation, I believe you would find a welcome and a response in the hearts of these broad minded liberal men who can find no place in any of the organised churches.

As I wandered through the many beautiful buildings of the old church, I could not help pleasing myself with the thought of how they might be consecrated anew to this free religion of Humanity.

The old Duomo at Florence, whose foundations Dante watched over, where Savonarola preached, and Michel Angelo listened. What a congregation would fill it to listen to the words of a new prophet, and how it would echo to the songs of a happy and free people!

The Spanish Chapel should be a school of philosophy. I thought how serenely Alcott would have sat upon the platform with Emerson and Harris on either hand, and while discoursing on the eternal themes, have felt the presence of the noble figures on the walls as truly as those of the audience before him. In the Medici Chapel we would discourse of Art, and how many beautiful cloistered gardens seemed just fitted for "kindergarten" for the little children who need not lose a tender reverence for the past while they sing their happy songs of innocence and freedom. At Basel we visited the Cathedral, now a protestant church. Some workmen were engaged in repairing it, and at first unconscious of our presence they were singing their workmen's songs.

It seemed to me a beautiful prophesy of the church of the future, when the voice of the people shall be heard in the church, when labor shall be justly recognised as true worship, and practical service and Religion shall go hand in hand.

One Rome the capital of the world has fallen, another the Capital of Papal Christianity is crumbling to pieces—the third Rome if it becomes the capital of a free and enlightened people whose religion is based on the Faith "that the service of man is the service of God"—may be the heir of all their greatness—yet not a curse but a blessing to the world.

In speaking thus strongly of the obstacles which the Papal church puts in the way of the social regen-

eration of Italy, I do not mean to ignore the services it has rendered in the past, or the goodness of the many men who in the past or the present have honored its communion—but only to look at its present position from the standpoint of the men who have effected the regeneration of Italy.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE is no longer any doubt that the English welcome to the German Emperor was a political demonstration, and a spectacular Declaration of peace. The Declaration of war against Germany, imminent since the Franco-Russian alliance, must now be indefinitely postponed. Making due allowance for the mob enthusiasm excited by the blare of trumpets and the glare of royalty, there was behind all that theatrical pomp and show a tender of good-will to Germany from all classes of the English people. That the emperor deserved his welcome is apparent from the admirable speech delivered by him at Guildhall, a speech which has raised him greatly in the estimation of the world. It has been said of him that he speaks too much, and that he says rash and foolish things. There is a measure of truth in that, but the fault of kings in general is that they speak too little; and then, what little they say is false. It is also charged as a political fault of the German Emperor that he says what he means, and that his word can be depended on; that when he proclaims peace he means peace, and not war. In this he presents a diplomatic contrast to the Emperor Napoleon the Third, whose protestations of peace used to make Europe uneasy because their sinister meaning was war. When in 1870 he declared war against Prussia he proclaimed as an excuse for it that his object was "to conquer a lasting peace." He kept his word for once, and conquered a peace that has lasted twenty years, a peace that promises to be more lasting still.

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For some time the German Emperor has been regarded as a wayward, wilful youth, suddenly seated on the tall pinnacle of Imperial power, and giddy with the premature elevation; a soldier ambitious of military glory, and willing to inflict war upon Europe for the sake of martial renown. It begins to appear that this opinion of him was erroneous, and a suspicion is growing up that he is in reality a statesman, a politician under good moral discipline, partly self-imposed, and partly laid upon him by his father and his grandfather. Only such a statesman could have made the Guildhall speech; and outside the *Dreibund* as within it, his words must appeal to the approving consciences of men. "My aim is," he said, "above all, the maintenance of peace." This from a man who commands the greatest army in the world, a sovereign whose military prerogative is itself a temptation to indulge in war. "Peace alone," he continued, "can give the confidence necessary to healthy development of science, art, and trade." It has been said by one of his critics that this was an artful appeal to the mercantile English, who have long been addicted to the ignoble pursuits of manufacturing and trade. The reproach is borrowed from Napoleon the First, who despised the English as "a nation of shop-keepers"; but after all, "science, art, and trade" are essential elements of moral greatness; and the emperor William was right when he said that peace is necessary for their healthy development. He was also right when he said, "Only so long as peace reigns are we at liberty to bestow earnest thought upon the great problems the solution of which in fairness and equity I consider the most prominent duty of our time." No doubt he would rather see his army employed in "science, art, and trade," than keeping an everlasting watch on the Rhine, but so long as that watch is necessary to be kept, the German army must remain as Moltke made it.

Speaking of war reminds me that the sovereign state of Illinois has declared war; not against England yet, but by way of a beginning, against the English sparrow; whether by reason that he is a sparrow, or because he is English, is not quite clear. The patriot politicians, who for several years past have been twisting the tail of the British lion with rather poor success, now propose to get revenge by putting salt upon the tail of the English sparrow; and by solemn legislative enactment they have declared war against him. All the little boys in the state have been invited to enlist in the army of extermination, and the pay of these young soldiers is fixed at two cents a head for every sparrow killed. The indictment against this English immigrant is of many counts. It is charged among other crimes that he is pugnacious, greedy, and a thief; that he is a disagreeable neighbor with whom respectable birds will not associate; that he lives on a vegetable diet instead of living like other birds on such animal food as worms, and bugs, and grubs; that he does not dress well, nor sing well; that in short he is a disorderly vagrant, not good for anything; not even good to eat. This last bad quality is his chief protection, for though gentle as the dove, melodious as the mocking bird, and dressed like the parrot, if he were good to eat neither his virtues nor his voice nor his fine clothes would be able to save him from the frying pan. The English sparrow may be a mischievous nuisance and a bad bird, but if he really is English he will not be easily conquered. In order to vanquish him it will be necessary to raise the price upon his head from two cents to two dollars at least; and it is very likely that he will come victorious out of the contest even then.

* * *

The death of Hannibal Hamlin has conjured up a controversy which rages through the old politicians like a fever; and about a hundred and fifty confidential friends of Mr. Lincoln's administration are telling us through the newspapers "what Mr. Lincoln said to me, Sir, at the time, Sir," somewhat after the manner of the Club snob described by Thackeray as telling in pompous tones, "what Peel said to me about it and what I said to Peel." Those quarreling historians, calling each other pet names in the Billingsgate fashion, pretend that they cannot understand how Mr. Lincoln could possibly have said one thing to Smith, and a different thing to Jones. In other words, how in 1864 he could have been in favor of Hannibal Hamlin for Vice President, and of Andrew Johnson too. Mr. Lincoln may have been kind and courteous and even complimentary to Mr. Hamlin, but that he did not want him on the ticket with him is proven by the fact that Hamlin was not put on the ticket, while Johnson was. The convention was Mr. Lincoln's property, and nobody could have been nominated for Vice President who was not known to be Mr. Lincoln's own special and particular candidate. The result is proof conclusive that Johnson was Mr. Lincoln's choice; and the reason was that according to political appearances Johnson could obtain more votes for Abraham Lincoln than Hannibal Hamlin could. The patriotic reason is well enough, as an apology for dropping Mr. Hamlin, and it reads well, "a Union democrat from the South upon the ticket would give it more of a national, and less of a sectional character, and might prevent England and France from recognising the Confederacy." That this reason is purely ornamental is evident, because had it been applied to the presidential office where it would have had its greatest force, Mr. Lincoln would have rejected it at once as an argument applicable only to the Vice President.

* * *

The secret history of the Baltimore convention of 1864 will never be written, but in explanation of some apparent contradictions in Mr. Lincoln's action at the time the *Chicago Tribune* says, "he was not without guile." This does not mean guile in general, which would be a serious blemish in the character, but only that

special and particular guile which it is thought that every politician must have if he expects to do a successful business. There are times in the career of every aspiring statesman when he must either show his hand or hide it; and he hides it, with guile. That any man can reach the presidency or any other high position dependent upon votes, without having guile and using it is hardly possible now. Of course a man may have too much of it, as for instance Wolsey, the great Cardinal Prime Minister, of whom Queen Katherine said, "he was ever double both in his words and meaning." I once had a little patronage of my own to give away; it was not much, only the humble place of ganger, but there was keen competition for the job, and, as in most contests of the kind, there were two "leading candidates." They had circulated petitions about the town, and each petition had a yard of names on it. An official of high rank, aspiring for higher honors, and wishing to make friends all round, signed the two rival petitions, and then wrote me a private letter in behalf of a third man. Now the politician who did that was of most admirable character in private life, a judge of the higher courts, and a truthful, honest man; yet in his political walk and conversation he did not hesitate to practice a little kind hearted and amiable duplicity. This "guile" explains the phenomenon that often puzzles candidates, the difference between the number of votes promised them, and the number of votes they get.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND ENERGY.

CONCLUDING REMARKS OF THE DISCUSSION.

To the Editor of The Open Court :

I AGREE most fully with Mr. Harrison Ellis in his lament over the ambiguities of language as applied to metaphysical, psychological or philosophical questions. In theology the ambiguity is still more marked, and is doubtless useful—to theologians. I fear, however, that with the sincerest wish for the use of terms, applicable in one sense and one sense only such as we find in the physical sciences, the metaphysician and the philosopher will find it impossible to coin exact terms for the infinitely difficult science of mind. In the physical sciences we can see, feel, hear, weigh, measure; one or other of these various modes of examination are at our command. In the sciences dealing with the human mind we have nothing tangible, nothing (except in the new physical psychology) which can be submitted to the tests used in the physical sciences. Each philosopher is compelled to rely on what he perceives in his own mind; or if he endeavors to enter into the workings of the minds of other persons, he is dealing with separate worlds far more inaccessible to exact tests than the faintest nebulae revealed by our telescopes. Nor does the difficulty end here. It was supposed until lately, that we could at least understand what was passing through our own minds; that we could understand something of the mechanism of our own separate microcosm. Now we know that we are conscious of but a fraction of what is passing through our own minds, and that we are only at the beginning of our studies as to what "consciousness" or "mind" really is.

I am willing, anxious, to agree upon any definition Mr. Ellis likes of "feeling" or "sentience," as distinguished from "consciousness." A threefold division seems imperative to begin with; we want a word for the feelings which prompt the actions of the brainless frog and of the leg attached to an injured spine; a word for the feelings which prompt the actions of the lower animals, from the amoeba, up to the dog, trained elephant, and chimpanzee (can one term include all these ?); and another word for the feelings which prompt the actions of man, from the lowest savage up to the mental processes of Shakespeare or Newton. It seems to

me that any man who prepares to define all these "feelings" exactly, and put each under a separate heading, may go into his task with a light heart, as Monsieur Ollivier went into the Franco-German war, but is likely to come out of it as Monsieur Ollivier did.

Suppose however that we take "feeling" (as the simplest word for the simplest process) as a definition of that which prompts the actions of the brainless frog and the leg attached to an injured spine. We have work enough for a lifetime if we try to form some clear definite idea of what this lowest psychological manifestation may be. We can study, what I have provisionally called "feeling," throughout the whole sub-kingdom of Vertebrates from the frog up to man, where the brain or spinal cord have been injured; and we can study it in the other sub-kingdoms *ad libitum*,—and limit it, if we can. We now want a name for something higher than the feelings which prompt the actions of the brainless frog, and for these psychical manifestations I will adopt the term "sentience." Under which of these terms shall we include those Sea-urchins* which a writer in *Nature* has recently described. These Sea-urchins had been placed on their backs in order to watch the curious process by which these animals turn upon their mouth surface. One Sea-urchin, however, had been left exposed to the sunshine too long; it was weak and could not rise. The comrades of the injured animal came to its rescue, and placed themselves in the respective positions from which they could most effectually raise and turn it over. I think these Echinoidea were conscious of their comrade's position, and deliberately took the best means to remedy it, as human beings would have done under similar circumstances. We have no means, it must be remembered, of judging psychical processes except by watching their results, and I, for one, will never consent to call a similar action a process of reasoning in man, and of automatism in a lower animal, just because one is a human being and the other a Sea-urchin. A volume could easily be filled with the account of psychical processes observable in the lower animals, which would be called rational if observed in human beings.†

If we agree to take "consciousness" as our highest term, can we restrict its use entirely to human beings, or shall we find on examination that the most intelligent of the higher animals must be admitted? I am afraid exact terms which so admirably fit the physical sciences, can never preserve their exactitude when applied to that which can never be weighed or measured, and of which the aspect varies with the personal equation of each mind. I say "that which" and "of which," because Mr. Ellis asks me to reflect on my use of the word "energy," and I do not know what other word to use which shall include feeling, sentience, and consciousness. I do not expect other people to arrive at my own conclusion. Personally I believe some energy, which has its own laws, as electricity has its own laws, is the *motive* power in the phenomena of life and mind; and though intangible and imponderable is—so far as I know—as much a part of our physical universe as electricity. In the utterly unknown substance about which we can certainly predicate nothing, yet which we are forced to conclude exists, the "ether" through which light waves are transmitted, we have something analogous. If gravitation also cannot be transmitted from one body to another without contact, (and Sir Isaac Newton considered it was unthinkable that gravitation could act through empty space) then we have another mysterious substance about which we can predicate nothing, except that it cannot be the "ether," and yet the existence of which must be admitted. A few years ago I thought we were on the high road to know everything; now I feel we can observe phenomena only, and are surrounded by inscrutable, unfathomable mysteries. In the words of the authors of the "Unseen Universe,"‡ "the greater

the circle of light, the greater is the circumference of darkness; the mystery which has been driven before us looms in the darkness that surrounds this circle, growing more mysterious and more tremendous as the circumference is increased."

As to the "simple supreme ego" most assuredly I should prefer to think we all possessed some entity which could be so described, and that this "I" could survive the dissolution of the physical body, and be immortal. I derive no comfort whatever from the idea of becoming one with the Universe, or being received into the bosom of the All, or in any other theory which would deprive me of my personal self-conscious existence. So too, I think no belief is more comforting in a life which is unsatisfactory to most of us, than the belief in a personal Saviour, who has known the trials and sorrows of humanity; who can feel with all we feel; yet is God, and all powerful to save and help. Yet this belief I have had to give up utterly and completely; it is most dear to my heart, but to my head it is neither more nor less real than any other of those aspirations of the human mind known collectively as religion. In the same way I have found the hope of a personal self-conscious immortality become fainter and fainter, till it dwindles to vanishing point. The recent researches of the Psychological Society have led me to the conclusion that there may be an energy, a principle [I know not what to call it] which may survive the death of the body; but even should this survival be proven, I see nothing in it that is desirable. It would be one more disagreeable truth to be accepted, and no more.

Far am I from saying that we can even have the satisfaction of knowing what *is* truth; we can only have a provisional belief founded on the best evidence at our command. We are transitional beings, whose whole existence as a species will probably occur but an insignificant fraction of geological time. We are the 63rdizens of a second rate planet revolving round a small sun; we have no reason to be proud of what we have found out, considering what we are. But how exquisitely absurd it is to suppose that a creature so situated can ever hope to attain to a knowledge of more than an infinitesimal part of the great mystery of the Universe! I can not do otherwise than endeavor to answer Mr. Ellis's cordial letter, but I feel the uselessness of the discussion. The wisest and acutest minds have discussed certain questions for ages, and still hopelessly at variance; where, to employ a metaphor, one has objects discussed present themselves as black, through the medium of grey to white, according to the idiosyncrasy of the observer. I expect no agreement upon exact terms.

ALICE BODINGTON.

EMOTION AND SCIENCE.

The concluding remarks of Mrs. Alice Bodington in her discussion with Mr. Harrison Ellis are extremely interesting. They throw much light not only upon the development of the emotion which accompanies the thoughts. Mrs. Bodington's experience is no exception. It is typical, and I may be pardoned for taking the liberty of a few comments.

The subject under discussion was originally conceived by Mr. George H. Lewes and taken up by Mrs. Bodington's use of the word "energy" as a collective term for "feeling, sentience, and consciousness." This latter is simply a question of correct terminology. By "feeling and consciousness" we understand different degrees of subjective states of awareness, and not objective phenomena. Nerve-action is an objective phenomenon, and consciousness that is felt when a certain nerve-action takes place is a subjective phenomenon. The former is a discharge of energy, the latter is not energy but a state of awareness. No distinction has been made since Fechner and Wundt have stood the importance of modern psychology without.

* Echinoidea.

† See *The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*. Binet.

‡ *The Unseen Universe*, p. 182.

mind. Mr. Harrison Ellis has called our attention to George H. Lewes who explains this point with brilliant lucidity in the very first chapters of his great work "Problems of Life and Mind." As collateral reading on the same subject we may refer to Prof. W. Kingdom Clifford's essay on "The Nature of Things in Themselves" and to the Editorials in Nos. 153 and 154 of *The Open Court* (reprinted in "The Soul of Man," p. 1.)

Mrs. Bodington is a very fascinating writer whose little book "Studies in Evolution and Biology" and several articles on psychological subjects in different scientific journals have earned her a well-deserved reputation. Mrs. Bodington is extraordinarily well familiar with the most important recent investigations and yet we cannot say that she stands upon the advanced standpoint of modern psychology. Is this perhaps due to her neglect of observing some such distinctions made for well considered purposes by those who labored before us in the fields of psychical investigation? Perhaps. Certain it is that without definiteness of terms, there can be no clearness of thought and a lack of clearness of thought leads into the darkness of mysticism.

* * *

Mrs. Bodington, however, has another enemy to struggle with, different from the difficulties of terminological distinction. This enemy is within her own mind; I mean the emotion that accompanies her thoughts. No one of us is free from emotions; but some of us are more, others less emotional. It is not a fault to be of an emotional nature, least so in a lady, but our emotions very often hinder us in correct thinking.

In the last number of *The Monist* I have propounded my reasons why we cannot make the pursuit of happiness the basis of ethics. One of these reasons and perhaps the most decisive one, is that happiness is a subjective state and the basis of ethics is and ought to be of an objective character. Happiness is that emotional admixture which appears welcome and is agreeable. And what states Lincoln come? Those to which we have become accustomed by manner Ethics cannot be based upon the pursuit of happiness, pompousness give us information of those facts to which we have "feeling," and in the obedience of the rules which can be defined in the Bible way we have to find our happiness. As soon as we know Mr. ... the habits of obeying these rules we shall find the and a difficulty in obeying them as the drinker finds in taking alcohol could have.

and of ... does not depend upon the object which gives happy and ... the same thing may produce pleasurable sensations to he did not ... sensations to another. Happiness is a purely subjective state which is produced through habit. We can accustom ourselves to finding pleasure in dancing, in drinking, in eating, in smoking, in fishing or hunting, in riding on horseback, in Lincoln's ... in cheating, in gossiping or in quarreling, in proof ... love, in imagination and self-delusion or in truth, in reason was ... thought or in mysticism, in idleness or in work. One often more ... is comfort. Humanity has been taught for could. The ... man's inmost soul is an immortal ego-entity, and dropping Mr. ... a natural consequence has become so accustomed to the South ... happiness in this idea and is loth to give it up. The of a ... as humanity has got accustomed to the new from ... view it will find in it just as much comfort and ornamentation, or at least a nobler and higher comfort than in the dental office.

coln would ... who thinks that he is "on the highway to know every- to the Vice ... most likely very soon believe that he is surrounded by unfathomable mysteries. The Faust-like expectation

The ... leads inevitably to the despair of agnostic nescience. never ... his pessimistic mood:

tions in Mr. "Und sehe, dass wir nichts wissen können."

"he was not ... case is normal, and the frankness with which would ... herself affords us a valuable instance of the

law that also in the psychical world the pendulum will swing as high to the left as it swung before to the right.

Actual science is far from both extremes. The scientist never believes he is on the road of omniscience, nor is he frightened by the chimera of an absolute nescience. He studies the facts that come under his observations, formulates his problems, and if he be successful, solves them. Thus he learns at least something. Yet it is maintained that this something which a man can learn is infinitely little in comparison to all that of whose existence he not even dreams. And the authors of "The Unseen Universe" declare that the greater the circle of light, the greater is the circumference of darkness. Are they not like people who are afraid of their own shadow? Shall we put out the light of science because the more we know, the more we become conscious of the inexhaustible wealth of existence. The increase of the circumference of darkness is not an increase but a decrease of actual darkness; and let us not forget that the light of knowledge illuminates those places in which we want it. The sun shines upon our earth. Shall we weep that his rays do not reach to the planets of the remoter fixed stars? Shall we complain with the authors of "The Unseen Universe" that an electric light produces a greater circumference of darkness than a student's lamp? And is the luminary of the solar system for that reason more with darkness surrounded and mystery-looming than a dim candle?

Habit is so much at the bottom of what we consider as indispensable for our happiness that thinkers who have for any length of time grown accustomed to agnostic views imagine, everything that is grand and beautiful would pass away unless there were some inscrutable mystery in life. Darkness, then, becomes the element of their existence and they shun the light as if it were injurious. Now it is my opinion that we can just as well get accustomed to the truth as to errors, and I do not doubt that all our fears lest the truth be unpleasant, are unfounded.

P. C.

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