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SHAKESPEARE ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

A STUDY FROM "THE TEMPEST."

BY WM. SCHUYLER.

From a study of Shakespeare we may learn much of the world of human beings, for the great dramatist not only saw clearly the facts of life but also the truth behind the facts, and embodied these truths in that marvellous series of characters, which as he himself said, "hold the mirror up to nature." To be sure no two persons get exactly the same ideas from his work, but neither do they get the same ideas from the world about them. From the reading of a book we take little more than what we bring to it; except that often the half-formed ideas, arising from the solution of our minds in experience, are crystallised by the addition of the fully-formed thought of a master mind which acts as a sort of *nucleus*, while these newly-formed ideas of ours become in turn *nuclei* for further crystallisation.

I shall not then try to give even what I think was Shakespeare's own meaning, but merely some of the thoughts which shaped themselves in my mind while studying the play of "The Tempest," with special reference to the characters of Prospero and Caliban.

Commentators are generally agreed in considering Prospero as one of the finest types of humanity; noble, cultured, virtuous, and beneficent. Caliban is described as really *infra-human*. One writer calls him "part man, part demon, part brute, each being drawn somewhat out of itself by combination with the others, and the union of all preventing him from being either." Another compares his mind to a dark cave "into which the light of knowledge falling, neither illuminates nor warms it, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapors generated there."

But Caliban is rather intensely human, with all the capacity for good and evil that humanity possesses. Is there anyone of us, who, in his inmost nature, is not part man, part demon, part brute? As Walt Whitman says:

"You felons on trial in courts,
You convicts in prison cells,—you sentenced assassins chained and handcuffed with iron;
Who am I, too, that I am not on trial or in prison?
Me ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are not chained with iron, or my ankles with iron?"

And Swedenborg states that "the highest angels acknowledge a kinship with the lowest devils." This is the very essence of humanity, nay, even of human liberty. Without the possibility of being demon or brute there were no freedom of choice; without freedom, no responsibility. We would be mere machines for doing good. But goodness consists in regulating and directing the demon and the brute by the higher man within us. And out of this struggle springs the progress of humanity, a progress impossible under other conditions.

Caliban is then human, very human; but it is an almost dumb humanity which is striving to find expression through his heavy faculties. The difference between the slave Caliban and the master Prospero is not a difference of quality but a difference of degree. Evolution has proceeded but a few halting steps with Caliban, it has made gigantic strides with Prospero. Caliban's mind is scarcely awakened, Prospero's intellect is highly developed. Caliban is almost on a par with the natural forces about him, seems subject to them, while Prospero is the accomplished master of all natural and even supernatural powers. They stand at the opposite ends of the scale of intellectual progress. And in the relations of these two beings, Shakespeare has plainly shown forth the direst tragedy which has darkened the history of mankind; that tragedy which began with the first steps of the march of progress—the enslavement of those of lower development by those who have reached a higher stage—the domination of parents over children, of man over woman, of stronger races over the weaker, giving rise to the institutions of chattel slavery, serfdom, and wage slavery. Whenever we have human beings of different degrees of development existing side by side we find Prospero and Caliban. Generation after generation the world has resounded with the groans and curses of the ignorant toilers who wear out their lives in the service of the more intelligent, and it has echoed with the curses and threats of the masters who are holding down their weaker brethren. For the more highly developed of mankind are not necessarily the morally better, although they may be the intellectually stronger.

This is set forth very clearly by Shakespeare in the following scene; Prospero is calling Caliban:

"What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak. . . .
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!"

What wonder that after such language, Caliban answers with curses like these:

"As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!"

To this the virtuous and enlightened Prospero replies in very much the same tone as many a Christian employer of our days uses to his grumbling workmen:

"For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them."

These are no idle words. Prospero has the power to carry out his threats and uses it, just as the modern employers make their recalcitrant Calibans suffer "cramps" and "side-stitches" of hunger, and, if not "pinches," then bruises from the clubs of policemen or bullet-wounds from the rifles of "pinkertons."

Which is the worse of these two cursing ones—the enlightened Prospero, or the ignorant Caliban? For the present bitter state of feeling in the labor world, which is the more to blame—employer or employee?

And Prospero is still further to blame. Caliban says:

"You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language."

And so it has always been. Every grade of development has its special vices, and those peoples who are lower in the scale of social development always absorb more readily the vices than the virtues of their lords. The vices of our modern civilisation are rapidly exterminating the remaining savage races of the world.

Yet this need not be, for there is no nature so dull, so savage, so imbruted as to be incapable of feeling kindness, and appreciating, in some degree at least, the dawning of higher things. Shakespeare was fully aware of this, and so he makes Caliban say:

"When thou camest first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!"

But the saddest part of the tragedy is that Prospero will not see this, and thinks that he is doing all this evil, inflicting all this suffering, for Caliban's good, that these pinchings, cramps, and side-stitches are the only things which will keep his slave in the

the right way. A number of his remarks show his sentiments:

"Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill!"

"But thy vile race,
Though thou did'st learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore was't thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who had'st deserved more than a prison."

"A devil, a horn devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost."

And so it is with our modern Prosperos, who, enjoying wealth, luxury, and intellectual recreation, puffed up with a sense of their own righteousness, refuse wilfully to try to understand the temptations that surround our Calibans, and so, instead of lessening their motives for evil doing, only increase them by adding bitterness and hatred.

We have heard a great deal lately from Stanley and some other explorers concerning the ferociousness of the African Calibans. According to their accounts the negroes were utterly unamenable to good influences—beating and shooting were the only things that would keep them in order. But among these same negroes Livingstone had once dwelt unhurt, and was known throughout the dark continent as "the good Doctor." It is not strange that when the tribes in the interior of Africa got news of the approach of Henry Stanley, being informed how he had treated other tribes, they were on their guard, and were prepared to give him a suitable reception. And so it is with the red-skinned Calibans of our own far West. We insist that they are utterly unable to live peacefully alongside of the whites, and so continue our brutal and savage policy, in spite of the knowledge that we should have of the Quakers of the last century, who had no trouble with the same Indians, simply because they treated them like human beings.

And so we often hear nowadays that laboring men are utterly unamenable to reason, that to try to arbitrate with them is folly, that they must be kept down by force in the form of Pinkerton's toughs, in spite of the historical fact that the past ages have borne witness to the gradual rise of the handicraftsman from slavery and irresponsibility to freedom and responsibility.

Yet at first sight Prospero seems to have some excuse. As he says:

"Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child."

To which Caliban replies lightly, having, in his half-awakened moral sense, no consciousness of the heinousness of his offense:

"O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
The isle with Calibans."

If Prospero is no saint, it does not follow that Caliban is an angel. We often hear speakers and writers expatiate on the virtues of the lower grades of humanity, as if they were sinned against though never themselves sinning. But they too are evil, just like their masters—only from the difference in circumstances their wrong-doing takes sometimes a different direction. No doubt Caliban had attempted a foul wrong according to the code of morality accepted by the civilised world; but, as with the most of his kind, his sin was one of ignorance, of natural desire, as yet not restrained by fully awakened reason. What then was the proper course for Prospero as the representative of enlightened civilisation? To have a loving patience, to try still further to awaken the mind of Caliban to rational morality, or to beat him back again into a hopeless brutishness by means of other brutishness directed by a superior intelligence?

Of course Prospero had great provocation, and the question may be asked, "Would not you yourself do the same thing under the same provocation?" To be sure anyone might, as we are all fallible human beings. But is the act of any individual or any number of individuals to be taken as the measure of what is right, and are the effects of angry passion to be considered in the discussion of absolute justice?

It is only lately that the Prosperos of New Orleans led a crowd of evil spirits to murder some dozen Sicilian Calibans, and, in the columns of *The Nation*, a "Southern Pastor" defended the lynching of negroes on the ground that one must "save our precious society and civilisation." And, whenever it seems likely that Caliban, in trying to assert himself, may possibly do some harm, we see our sanctimonious Prosperos out-caliban Caliban in their frantic efforts to "save society."

But the question arises—can we make law-abiding citizens of our Calibans by violating the laws which we ourselves have made? Can we expect the lower classes to rise to a higher morality, when we are doing all we can to keep them from bettering their condition and coming into their inheritance? As Caliban says:

"This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me."

And again:

"I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest o' the island."

Come with me into the slums owned by our saintly Prosperos where our Calibans are "styed" and kept brutal. You will not have far to go—only a few blocks to the back streets and alleys near our palaces of business and pleasure. Everywhere we shall find Calibans of all colors, of all stages of degradation—or

rather of elevation—each one like us with unknown possibilities of good and evil; for in every man is the potentiality of the human race. We shall find them struggling, cursing, fighting in liquor-dens and disreputable dives, which pay a goodly rent to the Prosperos of our day. Everywhere we shall see them tormented by the mischievous spirits controlled by the Prosperos' magic. We shall see them dogged by rascally detectives, far worse morally than the Calibans, but whose claim to more consideration lies in the fact that they are employed by the Prosperos. We shall see them clubbed and dragged to jail by brutal policemen, penned in the "holdover," whether innocent or guilty, by still more brutal jailors, prosecuted by a city attorney and condemned by a judge, both of whom hold their offices by pandering to favored crime and vice—for great is the power of the "political pull." Of course these Calibans break our laws—why should they not? Let me ask you, my reader, with how many municipal ordinances and state statutes are you acquainted? If you will investigate you will find that a great number of arrests are on account of ignorance of our complicated legislation.

And when in the power of these spirits employed by the Prosperos how are the Calibans treated? The moneyed man, or he whose friends have money or a political pull, may commit equal offenses, and if arrested at all be dismissed freely, or at most with a slight fine—being bailed out during the interval between arrest and trial. The Caliban is clubbed by a policeman if he utters a word of protest, "jugged in the holdover," judged after a minute's investigation, sent to the work-house, and, when liberated, is ever after a suspected being. Do you wonder that he curses the "law that is agin the poor man"?

But our righteous Prospero will not look into Caliban's mind and try to divine his feelings—the slave is too disgusting. His highly-bred daughter Miranda naturally says with a shudder:

"'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on."

And Prospero would gladly eliminate Caliban altogether from his existence, if he could get along without him; but as it is

"We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us."

And therefore, in order to have the Calibans ever the more readily "in offices that profit us," in order to force them to perform the heavy, dirty, and disgusting labor, disdained by all highly developed mortals, our own Prosperos in many ways strive to hold the Calibans in utter subjection. By means of "pluck me stores," which keep the workmen always in debt, by means of black lists and combines of employers, by means of

the laws, which render it easy for a rich man, through continuances and appeals to higher courts to avoid paying debts due to poor men, by means of private armies of wicked spirits called "pinkertons," conjured up by the magic power of wealth, they sty the Calibans upon a rock while they keep them from "the rest of the island"; that being kept in ignorance of the higher things of this life, they may not desire them, and so, perhaps, become determined to possess them.

But though kept down by Prospero's superior powers, Caliban is always ready to revolt. His curses tend to become threats; his threats, deeds. Yet he needs a leader, not being himself sufficiently developed to take the initiative. And Shakespeare, with his unerring insight, sends the expected leader—Stephano, the unscrupulous drunkard, with his follower, the tipsy coward Trinculo. The scenes in which they appear are in Shakespeare's most humorous vein; yet there is in them a sad undercurrent, for they throw still more light on the tragedy of our own Calibans. Stephano, the drunken butler, although a low-lived character, is more highly developed than Caliban, who, feeling Stephano's superiority, accepts him as master as soon as he sees that he means kindly by him. Once more, after a long interval of suffering, Caliban is treated humanely, and what is still better, with no patronising condescension. He receives what he longs for more than kindness—fellowship; Stephano lets him drink out of his own bottle. What is more desirable to a hungry human soul, no matter how low in the scale of evolution, than fellowship,—especially when it is cemented by "celestial liquor"?

Then too is Caliban led to see dimly in his half awakened mind that not only are equality and fraternity beautiful things, but also that one thing can make them possible, and that is freedom—liberty! He sees that only in freedom lies his salvation. His favorite song, taught him by Stephano, and for the repetition of which he asks, is

"Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free."

For even the dullest mind can see that there can be no progress toward higher things without the freedom of choosing in what direction to move. As was said years ago to the sophisticated Prosperos, who held that it was not safe to free the slaves *then* because they would not know how to use their freedom, "how can the slave ever learn to use freedom while he remains unfreed?" How can the blind man learn to distinguish colors while the film still shrouds his eyes?

And with this longing for freedom, Caliban has a dim insight of all the lovely things of which he can now only dream, but which would be both possible and actual in a state of "Liberty, Equality, and

Fraternity." In speaking of his dreams he becomes truly poetical:

"Be not afeared; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometime a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that when I waked,
I cried to dream again."

One of the most touching scenes in Zola's "Germinal," a book which depicts the modern Caliban most faithfully, is where the family of coal miners gather about Etienne Lantier, the labor agitator, and listen to his description of the good time coming when men will all be equal, and will not rob but love one another. Revenge for past injuries is forgotten, and the whole circle is entranced in an ecstatic dream of love for humanity—so beautiful, that when they wake, they "cry to dream again."

But while Caliban is right in his longing for freedom, it is his misfortune not to know what true freedom is. Like all others of low development, he thinks that because he has found a new master, who treats him somewhat better, and lets him have more liberty than Prospero did, he is now free; and so in a wild burst of ecstasy he sings:

"No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing at requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!"

So, exalted by this longing for freedom, and hampered by his ignorance of what freedom really is, he joins with the vulgar Stephano, and the coward Trinculo, and lays the plan to murder Prospero in requital for past injuries, and then to regain his rights to the island—that lost inheritance which the superior skill and intelligence of Prospero had taken from him.

Over and over again has history repeated Caliban's effort to throw off his yoke and kill Prospero. The Helot rebellions of Sparta, the Servile Wars of Rome, the Jacqueries, the Lollard uprisings, and Peasant Wars of the Middle Ages, the Reign of Terror a century ago, and the mobs and riots and dynamite plots of to-day, tell the story only too plainly. Sometimes there has been a gleam of temporary success, but always the final failure has been inevitable. For the leaders, if not blind fanatics, are, like Stephano and Trinculo, selfish demagogues; the strife for freedom is often by them converted into an ignoble scramble for the spoils. Shakespeare has well pictured this in the scene where Stephano and Trinculo, in spite of all Caliban's entreaties, waste precious time over the plunder hung upon a line by the cunning Prospero. For the Prosperos of this world are far-seeing and crafty, and by fomenting quarrels and disunion among

the Calibans, assisted by the spirits called up by their magic—and all know what magical power has the glitter of gold—put down the rebels as Shakespeare's hero did, and hold them still in slavery.

But each time the revolt grows more and more dangerous, for Caliban with the lapse of centuries, in spite of all efforts to keep him brutish, is growing more knowing. He not only knows how to curse, to threaten, to destroy, but he is at last beginning to know how to think. He is beginning to lose faith in his "dam's god Setebos," and in such leaders as Stephano, and is learning to trust in himself. As Shakespeare makes him say:

"What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool."

So each new revolt has been more potent than its predecessors because it has been more rational, and, deny it as we will, the roar of the coming torrent of revolution is now distinctly audible.

Must the ghastly prophecy of universal destruction come to pass, or, as set forth in the play, shall a sense of justice and a reformation on the part of Prospero work the same change in Caliban? What we most need is not a society for the education of the ignorant, but a society for the enlightenment of the educated. If the wise ones of this world will not open their eyes to their selfishness, injustice, and brutality, they will be met by the same on the part of the rapidly awakening Calibans, and in the ruin of our civilisation, in a downfall far worse than that of Rome, may be destroyed not only the bad but also the good that has been built up by the ages.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOLK-TALES.

BY L. J. VANCE.

ACCORDING to an old time proverb "wisdom has alighted upon three things—the hand of the Chinese, the brain of the Frank, and the tongue of the Arab." This wise saw dates back to the time of the Crusades, when the Arabs impressed the European invaders as the most eloquent people in the world. Certainly, the Infidels were the most skillful *raconteurs* the pilgrims had ever listened to, and their stories the best they ever heard. What was more natural than these "good things" should have been carried away from the Holy Land? And so, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we find Eastern tales of different kinds diffused over all Europe, they were told and retold by knights, by monks, and by minstrels, who wandered from place to place. In those days, the Trouveur was the gossip, and at present, we can hardly understand how food and lodging would be given in return for his coarse stories. Thus, in the course of time, the tales which had entertained an Arabian audience in the sandy desert or around the camp-fire

were now repeated before a company of ladies and gentlemen in the castle. Oddly enough, "chestnuts" which had wrinkled the faces and shook the sides of grave sheiks were re-roasted by Northern fire-sides.

In this connection, brief reference may be made to one curious means through which Oriental fictions were diffused over Europe. It seems that it was the practice of mediæval preachers to interlard their sermons with popular stories. Most of these stories can now be traced to Eastern sources. In the introduction and notes to his learned and elaborate edition of "The Exempla of Jacques de Vitry," Prof. T. F. Crane has shown the importance of a single preacher for the diffusion of popular tales.* *The Liber de Donis* of Etienne de Bourbon was a large collection of stories specially designed for preacher's use. Later on, or about the close of the thirteenth century, some one compiled the "Gesta Romanorum"—that curious jumble of classical, Oriental, and Gothic fictions and legends, as Mr. W. A. Clouston well describes the work. Finally, Eastern tales of great antiquity re-appear, decorated and dressed up so that the original narrator would hardly recognise them, in the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, in the Fables of La Fontaine, and in the plays of Shakespeare.

Not alone has wisdom alighted upon the tongue of the Arab. Good sense and nonsense has loosened the tongue of the philosophic Hindu, of the pleasure-loving Persian, of the guileless Chinaman, of the simple-minded German peasant, of the garrulous Negro, and of the wild Indian. Clever story-tellers are born in all ages and among all races, and a good story receives as warm a welcome as in the tent of the wandering Arab.

That no people have a patent on, or monopoly of, popular tales may be seen from the amazing number of collections from all quarters of the globe. Within the last twenty years over one hundred volumes have been published containing the popular tales of Asia, Africa, Europe, South and North America. We find popular tales among the Zulus, Kaffirs, Bushmen, Eskimos, Tunis, Iroquois, Dakotahs, and other savage races. But the most surprising thing of all is that, we also find the same tales, more or less similar in character and in incident, among all sorts and conditions of peoples.

Hence, one of the chief problems in folk-lore is, whether popular tales originated independently in places thousands of miles apart, separated by rivers and seas, or whether such tales were invented at some one place, and thence spread through the race and over the world.

* *The Exempla*, or illustrative stories from the *Sermones vulgares* of Jacques de Vitry? Edited by Thomas Frederick Crane, M. D. Published for the Folk Lore Society, London. 1890.

The early students of comparative mythology, Grimm, Max Müller, Von Hahn, and Sir George Dasent, held that certain popular tales were originally a part of the myths of the Aryan people in their Central Asian home; that offshoots from the parent stock carried with them their folk-tales into Europe. Their theory, however, fails to explain the possession of these popular tales by non-Aryan peoples, and, above all, by savage tribes. The same objection is valid against the Benfey theory, which is, that popular tales, or rather the bulk of them, were invented in India, and that, within *historical* times, they were disseminated by literary channels all over the world. While one-half or more of popular European tales or jests can be traced to ancient Indian sources, it is only by a wide stretch of the imagination that one may believe that Indian folk-tales were diffused among savage peoples in such a manner as the Benfeyites would have us believe.

As a matter of fact, students of folk-lore are at a loss to decide how far popular tales may have been transmitted from people to people, or how far they originated out of the same condition of savage thought. What the Grimms claimed as rare *exceptions*—"the probability of a story's passing from one people to another, and firmly rooting itself in foreign soil"—is now supposed to be the rule. Or, as Mr. Lang puts it: "Wherever man, woman, or child can go, there a tale may go and find a new home. Any drifted and wandering canoe, any captured alien wife, any stolen slave passed from hand to hand in commerce or war, may carry a *Märchen*. These processes of transmission have been going on, practically, ever since man was man." When Mr. Lang comes to consider the resemblances of plot and arrangement in the popular tales of unrelated and widely-separated peoples, he confesses ignorance.

But is there no way of determining whether a folk-tale is of common origin, or whether it is of local origin? The latest, and, in most respects, the best answer to this question has been given by Dr. Franz Boas in his able paper on the "Dissemination of Tales among the Natives of North America," in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.* His methods are:

1) "Wherever a story which consists of the same combination of several elements is found in two regions, we must conclude that its occurrence in both is due to diffusion. The more complex the story is, the more this conclusion will be justified."

2) "Whenever we find a tale spread over a continuous area, we must assume that it spread over this territory from a single centre. If, besides this, we should know that it does not occur outside the limits of this territory, our conclusion will be considerably strengthened."

Dr. Boas has tested his method by taking a number of widely diffused Indian tales, and, by analysing

and comparing their "elements," or story incidents, he has been able to identify stories as common to Greenland and Oregon. He found also a close relation between the tales of the Algonquin and those of the Pacific coast, all of which goes to show that, the diffusion of tales has been as common and as widespread in North America as we have seen diffusion was in Europe.

What Dr. Boas calls the elements of a story, when combined, go to make up the "framework." By a shaking of what Mr. Lang aptly calls the mental kaleidoscope, a certain story-pattern is produced. The classification of folk-tales is based on similarity of pattern, plot, or action. Thus, by comparison, popular stories fall into well-defined classes, in which the action or leading idea is more or less the same, although the same stories may have different details and genuine local color. To illustrate: stories of the Cupid and Psyche type fall into one class; those of the Cinderella kind into another class; those of Thankful Beasts into a third; the Magical-Conflict cycle of stories into a fourth, and so on.

As the classification of popular stories is concerned with their framework or plot, so the philosophy of folk-tales—takes into account their "motive." The two studies overlap each other. Still, a complete classification of popular stories must be made before a true philosophy of folk-tales can be, or will be, evolved, but a complete analysis of popular stories must be obtained before classification is possible.

Mr. Ralston has classified folk-tales in mythological and non-mythological stories, the latter being divided into moral stories, jests, etc. Mythological stories, or rather the bulk of them, account for various natural phenomena. Their chief motive is to satisfy man's innate curiosity, and to explain things not within actual knowledge or experience. It may be a story of how men and animals were changed into stars; a Norse tale of "Why the Sea is Salt," or an Indian tale of "Why the Crow is Black." There is only a faint suspicion of a moral "element" in such stories. There is no conscious endeavor to convey a "lesson." Of course, in some stories the natural inference is, that wrong-doers will meet with punishment; but in other stories, cunning is represented as everywhere triumphant. Where the chief actor is a supernatural being, he may, or may not, work for righteousness, according as it would suit his purposes.

In the popular tales of the lower and more backward races, the chief characters are beasts, birds, or fishes. The hero of many Bushman tales is Cagu, the grasshopper; of West Indian Nursery Tales, Ananzi, the spider; of our Southern Negro tales, Brer Rabbit. Allied to these folk-tales are the celebrated Fables of the Hindus and of Æsop. "Fable," as Carlyle says,

* January, 1891, Vol. iv, p. 13.

"may be regarded as the first attempt of Instruction clothing itself in Fancy." And it is generally allowed that Fables were framed for the purpose of conveying some moral teaching. In the hands of Æsop, fable came to have a twofold purpose—amusement and instruction. As Phædrus, the translator and successor of Æsop, puts it :

"Duplex libelli dos est : quod risum monet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet."

If we refer to the folk-tales of our Southern Negroes, we see that many a moral is "tacked on" at the end. Thus, says Daddy Sandy, in one of Mr. Jones's "Negro Myths," "de man wuh trus in esself, guine fail ; wile dem dat wait topper de Lord will hab perwission mek fur um." In the celebrated fable of the "Hare and the Tortoise" (variants of which are found in different parts of the world) the plain teaching is that, "the race is not always to the swift ; nor the battle to the strong." The framers of this class of folk-tales intended to convey lessons "drawn from the inferior creation." The greed and the avarice and the stupidity of animals are the leading ideas, while the incidents occupy a secondary place.

The philosophy of household tales, or *Märchen*, is a little different. In this class of folk-tales the injecting of a moral sentiment seldom adds to the point of the narrative, or to the pleasure of the audience. If the framers of *Märchen* wished to convey a moral lesson, their purpose is cleverly concealed in most cases. Their chief aim is action—is to hold the undivided attention of the listener. Yet, underlying the framework or setting of most household tales is a sentiment of some kind. Thus, in that large class of tales in which a woman or man is forbidden to open the door of a room, a closet, or a palace, Mr. Sidney Hartland regards the prohibition as the main idea,—and so it is in one way—but the real object is to enforce a practical lesson against undue curiosity. It is the bump of curiosity that awakens the interest in the prohibition.

The number of folk-tales that carry no sentiment, no motive of any kind is exceedingly large. According to Mr. Ralston, of the 200 household tales collected by the Grimms, as many as fifty are comic stories, pure and simple. On the other hand, Mr. Staniland Wake considers this too large a proportion, as some of the stories evidently are intended merely to amuse. Thus, he cites "The Rabbit's Bride," where a rabbit induces a girl to become his wife, and she runs away from his home leaving a straw figure in her place. So too, the stories of "Discreet Hans" are of the same character. While the story called the "Pack of Ragamuffins," he thinks, bids us beware of associating with vagabonds, if we wish to escape loss or suffering at their hands.

It is not necessary to examine the folk-tales which convey a lesson evolved from hard, every-day experience, from human customs, or from religious sanction. Directly or indirectly, certain bad traits of character are represented in folk-tales as bringing trouble to their possessors. Thus, disobedience, laziness, pride, and arrogance go before a fall. Thus, also, goodness, kindness and simplicity find a just reward.

Oddly enough, the motive of a large class of folk-tales turns on simple-mindedness, as Mr. Wake points out. Where this mental quality amounts to stupidity which is rewarded, the aphorism—a fool for luck—would apply. In the Norse-tales the stupid fellow is called "Boots," who is generally the youngest of (3) brothers. He succeeds after his brothers try and fail, and so gains the Princess and half the kingdom. The story of "The Feather Bird" in Grimm's collection is in the same line of sentiment. There, the youngest daughter is the fortunate one. The step-mother, who ill-uses an orphan girl, comes in for reprobation. In the Norse-tale of "The Two Step-Sisters," the spiteful daughter of the second wife is punished by the old witch.

In truth, the sentiments expressed in folk-tales are more or less the same, because human nature is the same. Many a pleasant discovery is in waiting for the scholar who will patiently gather these popular teachings, and combine them into a philosophy of folk-tales.

FUTURE LIFE.

Good people struggle through this life
Hoping for heavenly rest,
Where there shall be no toil or strife,
But all be calm and blest.

Where all the saints that enter in
Err not, nor ever could,
Being—in perfect lack of sin—
Machines for doing good.

But surely, such a scheme as this,
Mere goodness—nothing more,
Turns an eternity of bliss
To an eternal bore.

But may I in the future life
Still struggle hard to win
The victory amid the strife
Of righteousness with sin.

May I be free to choose the wrong,
Or spurn it with disdain,
To speed my upward way along,
In spite of lust and pain.

So shall this strife with wrong and ruth
Upward and endless be ;
For, to acquire eternal truth,
Requires eternity.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NOTES.

APPENDIX TO THIRD EDITION OF THE EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY.

By C. T. Stockwell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.

The fact that a third edition of Dr. Stockwell's book has been called for is the best proof of its being appreciated by the public. Taken by itself, however, the fact furnishes but slight evidence of scientific value, which must be judged of from a rational standpoint, and not by the agreement of certain conclusions with the prejudices of the popular mind. Whether positive proof, satisfactory to a sceptical mind, could ever be given of such a "future life," as the author conceives it to be, is doubtful. It seems to us that, at the best, it can never be more than a question of probability, unless it can be shown that the living organism contains a something which can live independently of the body it is associated with. That this is a true statement of the case is shown by the nature of the author's argument, which is based on the fact that all cells have an inner and an outer structure, a condition of existence which is found also in the human ovum. In the process of development, the cell dispenses with the external body when the internal body is ready to exist without it, these being the conditions of death and birth respectively. In like manner, the external body of the ovum grows into the placenta, the internal into the human embryo, and when the latter is "born," the former dies. Analogy, it is said, requires us to believe that an inner body is developed within the human organism, and that when it is ready for separate existence, the outer body will be got rid of by death, and the inner will be born into the next stage of life. The conclusion is that either man is to live on continuously beyond death, or Nature at this point deserts the method followed in all its earlier stages of development.

The appendix to the third edition of Dr. Stockwell's book is intended to meet certain objections to the pertinence of his analogy, chiefly in relation to the continuance of self-consciousness after death. We think the author is justified in arguing against his critics that as "consciousness of a certain form existed, or was evolved, during the past existence—the prenatal—and was brought with us into this without loss or immediate change," so the self-consciousness into which that consciousness has developed will pass on into the next stage of life—of course assuming that that there is any such further existence. Our difficulty is more fundamental, and is based on the fact that the ovum does not undergo the development into the placenta and the embryo, unless it is first fecundated by the male cell or spermatozoid. The result of this fecundation is the development of the embryo, and by analogy there can be no further formation of independent organic life except under similar conditions. But these conditions can be provided, in so far as we know, only by a further process of fecundation, the result of which will be the development of another embryo, so that the author's reasoning would seem to point to "immortality" of the species through offspring, and not of the individual through spiritual birth. But further, that reasoning is not consistent with the passing over of *memory* into the future life. The continuance of self-consciousness does not imply a remembrance of the experiences of the past, any more than in the present life we have a recollection of the experiences of our ancestors. That result is not, however, of great moment, from the author's point of view, as this leaves as little room for active personality as the philosophical religions of the ancient world. Thus it is said that in the future life *self-consciousness* rises to *selflessness*, in which "the self is sunk in the Divine Order, and a vital unity is voluntarily established and immovably fixed between the Creator and created, the Father and child." being a "harmonious merging of the true functional activity" of the individual in the Infinite Life!

The Rev. W. C. Pennywitt, late of the third Unitarian church of Chicago, now of Washington, D. C., will discuss in weekly meetings at the Emerson "Ought Club" the philosophy of Duty and the first principles in Ethics and Religion. Emerson is the ablest and strongest defender of transcendentalism. His transcendentalism is mainly ethical transcendentalism. He maintains that the mere idea of "ought" is beyond comprehension. Emerson says: "When man says 'I OUGHT'; when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed; then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom. Then he can worship and be enlarged by his worship, for he can never go behind this sentiment. In the sublimest flights of the soul, rectitude is never surmounted, love is never outgrown." The beauty of Emerson's language as well as the sublimity of his thoughts lend much strength to his transcendental ethics. We do not agree with Emerson, however much we sympathise with his aspirations. We believe that the ought and all ethical ideas can be clearly conceived and expressed without any mysticism. We prefer the clearness of thought to the charm of transcendental obscurity. Without accepting the hedonistic or utilitarian view of ethics we reject intuitionism and trust that morality is taught us by the facts of life. Ethics can be treated as a real science with exactness and with lucidity. The ethics of the dogmatic religions is mythological, the ethics of transcendentalism is agnostic, the ethics of the Religion of Science is positive.

The next *Monist* promises to be an exceedingly interesting number. It will contain articles by Prof. John Dewey of Ann Arbor, George John Romanes and B. Bosanquet, both of London, England, Albert H. Post, a Judge of the city of Bremen, the founder of ethnological jurisprudence, and others.

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