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From the Curran Portrait

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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SHELLEY—AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS

BY J. V. NASH

THE fact that Percy Bysshe Shelley was born in the year 1792, during the height of the French Revolution, furnishes a key to much of his philosophy. It was more than a coincidence that in this same year Thomas Paine published his *Rights of Man*, fled England to avoid arrest, and reached Paris, where he took a seat in the Revolutionary Convention as a delegate for Calais. There he was soon to begin writing his *Age of Reason*. Both of these books, the one political and the other religious, no doubt exercised a marked influence upon young Shelley's restless spirit.

The seeds of revolt, too, scattered in the air by the winds of the Revolution, crossed the channel and at an early date fell upon fertile ground in the soul of Shelley, for he was by nature highly imaginative, receptive to novel ideas, and rebellious toward all forms of outer authority and tradition. The radicalism let loose by the Revolution impregnated his mind during the most susceptible years of youth, when it was in the most plastic state. These influences greatly strengthened the natural bent of his character. The motto of the Revolution—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—became his social creed.

Already at Eton School, which he entered at the age of twelve, he had acquired a reputation as a radical. He was dubbed an *Atheist,* a title which he adopted and gloried in. When he went up to Oxford in 1810, he fell in with congenial companions who encouraged and applauded his revolutionary tendencies. While at Oxford, Shelley published anonymously a pamphlet "On the Necessity of Atheism," attacking the Bible and Revelation, copies of which he sent to all the leading bishops and officials, challenging them to a discussion of the subject.

This pamphlet naturally horrified those into whose hands it fell, and the college authorities quickly identified Shelley as the author. The story is told that he was called into the presence of the principal

of his college, who, in stern tones, delivered an ultimatum to the rash young iconoclast: "Mr. Shelley," said he, "unless you provide yourself with a God of some kind before Monday morning I must ask you to leave Oxford." Monday morning came, but Shelley had no deity to display to the outraged principal; so he left Oxford.

Shelley's defiance of authority and convention we see exhibited in his private life as well as in his writings. The former, the details of which it is impossible to go into here, was a continued protest against the long-established conventionalities and tabus of the social system into which he was born. Among the most spirited of his prose writings is his defense of freedom of the press, in the letter to Lord Ellenborough, a terrific philippic denouncing the imprisonment of the bookseller Eaton, who had been thrown into jail for selling copies of Paine's *Age of Reason*.

"Whence," he asks, "is any right derived, but that which power confers, for persecution? Do you think to convert Mr. Eaton to your religion by embittering his existence? You might force him by torture to profess your tenets, but he could not believe them, except you should make them credible, which perhaps exceeds your power. Do you think to please the God you worship by this exhibition of your zeal? If so, the demon to whom some nations offer human hecatombs is less barbarous than the deity of civilized society. . . . When the Apostles went abroad to convert the nations, were they enjoined to stab and poison all who disbelieved the divinity of Christ's mission?

"The time," he went on to say, "is rapidly approaching—I hope that you, my Lord, may live to behold its arrival—when the Mahometan, the Jew, the Christian, the Deist, and the Atheist will live together in one community, equally sharing the benefits which arise from its association, and united in the bonds of charity and brotherly love."

In his poetry, Shelley catches more truly than any other poet the spirit of the new age which was ushered in by the French Revolution,—the era of free inquiry and untrammeled criticism which has continued down to our own day. He was the incarnation of the Romantic spirit. As the herald of the modern world of thought, such a distinguished literary critic as W. M. Rossetti ranks Shelley higher than Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, or even Victor Hugo, who he thinks comes next to Shelley in this respect. He says that Shelley excels all the others in his idealism, in the music of his poetry, and in the force of his message—its grip upon the reader, its passion, and the permanence of its impression.

In 1817 Shelley published *The Revolt of Islam*. In this work

he displays a passionate devotion to mankind, crushed under the weight of custom, oppression, and superstition, and he preaches a bloodless revolution.

Two years later, when only twenty-seven, he produced his great masterpiece, *Prometheus Unbound*, which was written amid the ruins of ancient Rome. In Prometheus he represents the human mind bound to a deity which it has itself created, and to which it has given up its own sovereign powers. This god of heaven chains and torments Prometheus and enslaves mankind. Prometheus protests against the tyranny of the heavenly oppressor, and finally Jupiter is annihilated by Demogorgon (Eternity). Prometheus is unbound, rejoins his companion, Nature, and goes on to progress and perfection.

The age in which Shelley lived furnished much fuel, certainly, for the fire of his denunciation. As Mather says:

"He hated shams with 'the hate of hates,' and his eye was as quick to discern, and his heart to despise, as his tongue was to scathe them. Looking at the religion of his age, he saw its hypocrisies: priests whose lives traversed their creed, and professors who damned others for disbelieving what they themselves believed in only by rote. Looking at the political life of his age, he saw its corruptness and cruelty; statesmen who retained power by lies and craft, and used it for their own selfish ends. Looking at the social life of his age, he saw its artificiality and insincerity: men and women, married by law, hating one another, and, while true to the bond of the altar, false, awfully false to the bond of devotion and love. All this maddened Shelley, and prompted him to the utterance of much which stung and embittered the smug insincerity of his age."

And so, it is not surprising to find Shelley denouncing the established religion of his day in such fiery lines as these:

"They have three words—God, Hell, and Heaven.
A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for his rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood;
Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes;
And heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power."

And then he cries:

"Religion! . . . prolific fiend,
Who peoplest earth with demons, hell with men,
And heaven with slaves!"

Far in advance of his age, and long before social reform or socialism had become questions of the hour, Shelley attacked the existing economic order:

> "Men of England, wherefore plough
> For the lords who lay you low?
> Wherefore weave with toil and care
> The rich robes your tyrants wear?
>
> "Wherefore feed and clothe and save,
> From the cradle to the grave,
> Those ungrateful drones who would
> Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?
>
> . . . . .
>
> "The seed ye sow another reaps;
> The wealth ye find another keeps;
> The robes ye weave another wears;
> The arms ye forge another bears.
>
> "Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
> Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
> Weave robes—let not the idle wear;
> Forge arms, in your defense to bear."

Shelley's religion—for he had one—centered round the ideas of humanity, nature, and freedom. Man was his deity, and nature was the bride of man, while the goal he sought was freedom—illimitable freedom for self-realization in every form.

Although he scorned and despised all the established religions of his day, his soul was filled with a deep yearning for the Infinite. "After the revolt of his youth, and when the wild fires had burned down to steady flame, he turned from the chaos and contradiction of the world without to the complex heart in his own breast."

He looked out upon Nature, and sought to personify her forces, just as did the early Greeks, but with a difference. He has been described as "the Pilgrim of Nature," forever wandering in search of a secret shrine, in the recesses of some forest, in the ocean depths, or in the heart of some distant star, where beauty found itself perfectly imaged. In the poem "Alastor," we find expression of this intense spiritual yearning.

"No one can read his poems with any degree of intelligence, without wondering at the strange beings—demigods and personified creatures—with which he fills his world; and no one can read his life without discovering that these demigods and personified creatures were not so much beings in whom he believed, as creations of his ever-changing feelings after someone, or some thing, in whom he would fain believe."

All through his poetry, in fact, we find ourselves in an enchanted realm, filled with presences suggested by objects of our world, but which have higher and mystic meanings. Take, for instance, the following passages:

"Through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there.
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair; they all
Sweep onward.

. . . . .

"These are the immortal hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee."

The mystic meaning of such passages is not difficult to discern. We see the charioteers of two kinds, some looking backward in dread, and others eagerly looking forward, as they rush onward with burning eyes and hair streaming like a comet's tail. "There are the immortal hours,"—immortal hours bearing man ever onward to his destiny. The charioteers looking backward are in dread of the evil past, the wicked deeds which would overtake them, while those looking forward symbolize Hope in pursuit of its heavenly prize.

In personifying the powers of Nature, it might be thought that Shelley was simply paganizing them—an old trick; but the truth is that Shelley's personifications are not fleshy men and women like the pagan gods and goddesses but ethereal abstractions in which he imprisoned for the moment his elusive spiritual visions.

In his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," he feels the presence of a great Unseen Power in the world:

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen, among us, visiting
This various world with his inconsistent wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower."

May there not lie concealed in these lines the possible germ of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven?*

Many students of Shelley classify him as a pantheist, and the pantheistic note certainly sounds clearly in the long paean of his

verse. But pantheism did not satisfy the inner craving of his nature, any more than did sheer paganism. There is another chord, strung to the minor key of yearning, upon which Apollo's finger now and again trembles. He was searching for a great Spirit with which he fain would have communion, a Spirit which knew his inmost heart, and in which he could see the perfect fulfillment of every ideal and every aspiration.

Shelley, although he died at the early age of thirty, and at the time of his death had but few readers (Stopford Brooke believes that there were scarcely fifty) was destined tremendously to affect the thought, not only of England, but of all English speaking lands. A "Shelley Society" came into being to spread his teachings, and to thousands today his philosophy is a source of true religious inspiration. Already he is ranked by many as second only to Shakespeare among the greatest of our poets.

Even Francis Thompson, orthodox Roman Catholic that he was, must needs ransack the resources of human speech in which to hymn the praises of his poetic deity. His *Essay on Shelley,* is generally conceded to be the most marvelous tribute ever paid by one poet to another. It is one of the extraordinary ironies of history that the Essay should have seen the light of day through the columns of that most papal of Roman Catholic journals, *The Dublin Review.*

As a Catholic, Thompson naturally felt constrained to indite an apologia for his idol's heterodoxy. May not Shelley's yearnings for the Infinite, he asks, have been a blind groping toward the True Faith? Let those answer who can.[1]

In Shelley, Thompson sees an "enchanted child," a child such as the present effete, self-conscious, and blasé age could not engender. "An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children," he laments, "cannot produce a Shelley. For both as poet and man he was essentially a child."

Surely there was never a more truly inspired interpretation of an immortal poet than that which shines forth in these glorious lines of Thompson's "Essay":

"He dabbles his fingers in the dayfall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases

[1] Father Carroll, in the preface to his Gaelic translation of the Rubaiyat, makes a somewhat similar claim on behalf of Omar. Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll may yet find places in the calendar of saints.

the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred willful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

"This it was which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley to be the poet of Prometheus Unbound, for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet. This childlike quality assimilated him to the childlike peoples among whom mythologies have their rise. Those Nature myths which, according to many, are the basis of all mythology, are likewise the very basis of Shelley's poetry. The lark that is the gossip of heaven, the winds that pluck the grey from the beards of the billows, the clouds that are snorted from the sea's broad nostril, all the elemental spirits of Nature, take from his verse perpetual incarnation and reincarnation, pass in a thousand glorious transmigrations through the radiant forms of his imagery."

To Thompson, Shelley was, in a deeper and truer sense than even Wordsworth, "the veritable poet of Nature."

All lifeless and prosaic things were changed to glowing beauty in the magic alembic of his genius.

"The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest-sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtle oxygen of his mind. The most wrinkled Aeson of an abstruseness leaps rosy out of his bubbling genius. In a more intensified signification than it is probable that Shakespeare dreamed of, Shelley gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

Shelley's whole philosophy was at heart a spiritual one. He was the prophet of the free and untrammeled spirit. He demanded that all men and women should have true opportunity for the realization and expression of the highest possibilities of their natures, and to attain this goal they must be released from crippling and paralyzing bonds, whether political, economic, or religious.

Over the gulf of one hundred years, his message comes thrilling to us with all the freshness and vigor of immortal youth,—a challenge to dare, to do, and to become, with faces turned to the Dawn.

NODIER'S FANTASTICISM

BY MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN

FRENCH Romanticism is indebted to its schoolmaster for its fantastic element. The group of young men who gathered around Charles Nodier (1780-1844) Sunday evenings in his salon at the Arsenal (1824-7) to carry out under his leadership the literary revolution called Romanticism followed their host to his holding in the country of fantasy.[1] This writer fathered the Fantastic in French fiction. Nodier was a fanatic *fantaisiste*. He was obsessed with the phantasmagoric world. Reality was to him, as to Hoffmann, but a pretext for the flight of his imagination. This cultivated and learned man of letters, this editor and librarian, this bibliographer and lexicographer, this grammarian and historian, this botanist and entomologist, this traveler and man of affairs lived in a world of dreams. Nodier had a very complex character. He was at once sceptical and superstitious, heretic and mystic, revolutionary and royalist. This investigator and innovator felt an affinity for the frantic and fantastic.[2] He had an infatuation for the accidental and exceptional, for the fabulous and monstrous, for the mysterious and miraculous. Our writer was passionately fond of fairy-tales and ghost-stories, of Eastern legends and Western myths. As a boy he read fantastic stories with such relish that he was willing, as he tells us himself, to give ten years of his life for the Fantastic.

Nodier's first novel, *le Peintre de Saltzbourg* (1803), already showed its author's preoccupation with the supernatural and suprasensual. His introduction to Taylor's collection of prints, *les Voyages pittoresques et romantiques dans l'ancienne France* (1820ff.), expressed the enthusiasm for national antiquities to which Nodier gradually rose. This marked the beginning of our writer's patriotic piety for the historic past of his country. His patriotism found a very beautiful expression in his story, *la Neuvaine de la chandeleur*

[1] Cf. M. Schenk, *la Part de Charles Nodier dans la formation des idées romantiques de V. Hugo jusqu'à la Préface de Cromwell* (1914), p. 104.

[2] Cf. Michel Salomon, *Charles Nodier et le groupe romantique d'après des documents inédits* (1908), p. 276.

(1839). Nodier may with right be considered the pioneer of French folk-lorists. He was an untiring collector of medieval legends and popular beliefs. Nodier may be credited, together with Chateaubriand, with the restoration of medievalism in modern arts and letters. His essay, *Du fantastic en littérature* (1830), is an apotheosis of the Middle Ages, which he calls the Golden Age of the Fantastic.

In this essay, our writer sketches the progress of the Fantastic through the ages. According to his point of view, it is the fantastic element which has been at all times the highest inspiration of the poet. Nodier fully realizes the difficulty of restoring this element in the literature of a period which has long ago abandoned its belief in the Supernatural. As a necessary condition for the resurrection of the Fantastic in the literature of his sceptical contemporaries, he therefore demands a suspension of disbelief on the part of both the writer and the reader. In order to obtain the reader's momentary suspension of incredulity, the writer must tell his story in such a way as not to arouse any doubt as to his own belief in its truth.

Nodier was *naïf* enough to think that he could reawaken in modern times the medieval faith in the marvellous and miraculous. Nevertheless, this *merveilleux naïf* was a step further than Chateaubriand's *merveilleux chrétien* toward the resurrection of the Supernatural in modern arts and letters. In contrast to Chateaubriand, our writer fully understood that the Supernatural was not merely material for stylistic embellishment. The aim of the supernatural element in art was to call forth in the reader that sort of emotion which could not be imparted by the world of realities.

Nodier's fantasticism may be defined as *le merveilleux germanique et celtique.* It comprises the lives of the saints, medieval traditions, popular superstitions, Germanic myths and Celtic legends. It embraces all the inhabitants of the extra-human realm: angels and saints, demons and ghosts, dragons and dwarfs, fairies and elves, sylphs and salamanders, goblins and griffins, vampires and valkyrs. Nodier himself, with his kind heart, delighted mostly in elfland and fairyland. Our author loved especially to tell stories of benevolent spirits but his appeal to the popular belief in angels and saints could easily be extended to the malevolent spirits. This is just what has happened, and diabolism has become an integral part of Nodier's fantasticism. As a matter of fact, the temptations of the devils surpass in number the interventions of the saints. Diabolical legends will be found even in the works of Nodier himself. A few of his stories deal with apparitions, sorcerers and devils.

Nodier's *Tablettes romantiques* (1823) contain the legend of Mont Saint-Michel. This mountain on the Norman coast is the eternal monument to the victorious leader of the hosts of Heaven in the war against the rebel angel. In his *Légendes populaires de la France*, collected and published in 1842, our writer included the legend, "le Château de Robert le Diable."[3] Now Robert the Devil, the son of a duke and duchess of Normandy, was born, according to the confession of his mother, in answer to prayers addressed to the Devil. In another version of the story, the devil himself was Robert's father. However, when Robert learned of his diabolical descent, he turned from his father to God. During his courageous defense of Rome against the besieging Saracens, an angel bestowed upon our penitent celestial weapons with which he was given power to rout his enemies. Richard sans Peur, about whom this book also contains a legend, was another son of Satan. He, too, joined the cause of the good God upon learning of his infernal origin.

Nodier was among the contributors to *le Tiroir du Diable* (c. 1842) and *le Diable à Paris* (1845-6), collections of *tableaux parisiennes*. Our writer is also credited with the story, *le Violon du Diable* (1849), but its authorship is very doubtful. His *Infernalia* (1822) is wholly a diabolical book, as the title well implies. It contains anecdotes, brief novels, novelettes and short stories on ghosts, specters, demons and vampires.[4]

Nodier repeatedly occupied himself with vampirism. The belief that a departed spirit returns to earth to feed on the blood of the living is very current among the Slavonic peoples. The word "vampire" itself is of Russian origin.[5] In 1820 Nodier published a novel,

[3] The story first appeared in *la Foudre* for the year 1821. On the legend of Robert the Devil see Edelstand Du Méril, "De lalégende de Robert-le-Diable," in *Revue contemporaine*, t. XIV (1854), pp. 25-61 (also in *Etudes sur quelques points d'archéologie et d'histoire littéraire*, Paris, 1862); Karl Borinski, "Eine ältere deutsche Bearbeitung von Robert le Diable," in *Germania*, Bd. XXXVII (1892) and "Zur Legende von Robert dem Teufel," in *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie und Sprachwissenschaft*, Bd. XIX (1899), S. 77-87; E. Benezé, *Orendel, Wilhelm von Orense und Robert der Teufel*, Halle, 1897; H. Tardel, *Die Sage von Robert der Teufel in neueren deutschen Dichtungen und in Meyerbeers Oper.*, Berlin, 1900.

[4] Nodier's authorship of this book is very doubtful. It is not listed in the bibliography of this writer, as it appears in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* for 1844, pp. 809-29. *Infernalia* has not been within the reach of the present writer.

[5] On vampirism the reader is referred to the following books: Wilhelm Mannhardt, "Ueber Vampirism," *Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie*, Bd. IV (1857); Dudley Wright, *Vampires and Vampirism*, London, 1914; Stefan Hoch, *Die Vampyrensagen und ihre Verwertung in deutscher Literaturgeschichte*, Berlin, 1900.

Lord Ruthwen, ou les Vampires, and a melodrama, *le Vampire*, which is an adaptation of the novel.[6]

Vampirism also forms the subject of *Smarra, ou les démons de la nuit*, published the following year, the most admired and the most characteristic of Nodier's stories. This tale of Thessalonian superstition, written in the manner of the sorceries and diableries of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, swarms with demons of all sorts. The night, according to the belief of the early Christian poets, is full of demons. Smarra, a ghoul, who drinks men's blood, is the familiar spirit of a witch, who delights in filching men's hearts. On their nocturnal revels, the evil spirit and his mistress are accompanied by a thousand demons of the night: "stunted women with a drunken look in their eyes; red and violet serpents with fire-spitting mouths; lizards, who, from out of a lake of mud and blood show faces similar to those of living human beings; heads recently detached from the trunk by the soldier's axe but fixing their eyes upon me and running away skipping on reptilian feet."

Nodier aimed at a reconciliation of Classicism with Romanticism in *Smarra*, as may be seen from the famous verse by Chénier, which our writer placed as a motto at the head of the story. He also wished to pour new wine in old bottles. But in this book a new influence is already making itself felt. Nodier has now fallen under the fatal fascination of Germany. In his essay, *Du fantastic en littérature*, our writer hails Germany as the last retreat of the fantastic element in modern times. "Germany," he asserts, "is richer in this form of creations than any other country in the world." It is in his opinion "the favorite domain of the Fantastic." Nodier is chiefly responsible for the advent of Germanism in French Romanticism.[7] He acquired

[6] Nodier's authorship of the novel, which is an adaptation of Byron's story, is doubtful. The son of our author protested to the publisher for putting his father's name on the title-page and maintained that his father had brought out the novel without writing it.

[7] For a discussion of the German influence on French Romanticism, cf. E. Falconet, "De l'influence de la littérature allemande sur la littérature française," *Revue du Midi*, t. VI (1834); H. Leuthold, "Einfluss der deutschen Literatur auf die neuere französische Lyrik," *Süddeutsche Zeitung* of 14-15 October, 1859; J. Breitinger, *Die Vermittler des deutschen Geistes in Frankreich*, Zürich, 1876; Stephan Born, *Die romantische Schule in Deutschland und in Frankreich*, *Heidelberg*, 1879 (= *Sammlung von Vorträgen*, II, 4, S. 97-124); O. Weddigen, *Geischichte der Einwirkungen der deutschen Literatur auf die Literaturen der übrigen europäischen Kulturvölker*, Leipzig, 1882; Raoul Rosières, "la littérature allemande en France de 1750 à 1880," *Revue politique et littéraire*, 3 série, 3e année (1883), No. 11, pp. 328-34 (also in *Recherches sur la poésie contemporaine*, Paris, 1896); Th. Süpfle, *Geschichte des deutschen Kultureinflusses auf Frankreich*, Gotta, 1886-90; F. Meissner, *Der Einfluss des deutschen Geistes auf die französische Literatur des* 19 *Jahrhunderts bis* 1870, Leipzig, 1893; Virgile Rossel, *Histoire des relations littéraires entre la France et*

his admiration for Germany through his personal contact with Mme. de Staël. German folk-lore and legend appealed strongly to our writer's fantastic spirit. Fantastic supernaturalism was the main characteristic of Romanticism in Germany; and it is from this country that it was imported into France. But it did not long remain a foreign importation. We must always bear in mind that whatever was introduced in France from abroad during the Romantic period received the national imprint of that country.

Nodier was especially attracted to a kindred spirit among the Romantic writers of Germany, Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann (1776-1822). Our writer was a fervent admirer of this genial German author whom he resembled in his expression of fantastic revery, psychologic mystery, and eery enchantment. Hoffmann, more than any other German author, had fervent followers and devoted disciples in France. His influence on French Romanticism far exceeded even that of Goethe. Hoffmann had a special attraction for the French Romantics. He obtained the admiration of such men as Balzac, Gautier, Nerval and Musset. His stories were repeatedly rendered into French during the second quarter of the past century[8] and greatly affected the fiction of that period. It is no exaggeration to say that Hoffmann directed French Romanticism during the thirties.[9] To get an idea of the effects produced by this German

l'Allemagne, Paris, 1897; Joseph Texte, "Influence allemande dans le romantisme français," *Revue des deux mondes,* t. CCCLVI (1897), pp. 607-33 (also in *Etudes de littérature européenne,* Paris, 1898) and "les Origines de l'influence allemande dans la littérature française du XIXe siècle," in *Revue de l'histoire littéraire de France,* t. V (1898), pp. 1-53; Marcellin Pradels, *le Romantisme français et le romantisme allemand*, Biarritz, 1907; Auguste Dupouy, *France et Allemagne,* Paris, 1913; L. Reynaud, *l'Influence allemande en France au XVIIIe et au XIXe siècle*, Paris, 1922.

[8] Translations of Hoffmann appeared in France by Delatouche (1823), Caben (1829), Loève-Veimars (1829-37), Toussenel (1830), Egmont (1834), Christian (1842), Marmier (1843), Champfleury (1856), and La Bedollière (1861). A complete list of French translations of Hoffmann's tales will be found in Antoine Laporte's *Bibliographie contemporaine,* t. VII (1890).

[9] An excellent study on Hoffmann's influence in France has been written by Marcel Breuillac, "Hoffmann en France. Etude de littérature comparée," in *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, t. XIII (1906), pp. 427-57 and t. XIV (1907), pp. 74-105. See also Gustave Thurau, "E. T. A. Hoffmann's Erzäblungen in Frankreich," in *Festschrift zum 70. Geburtstage Oskar Schades* (Königsberg, 1896) and "Ein deutscher Fantastiker in Frankreich" in *Europa* for the year 1874, S. 522-3. J. H. Retinger, in his Paris dissertation, *le Conte phantastique dans le Romantisme* (1908), also stresses Hoffmann's influence on the French Romantic School. But in influencing the literature of France, Hoffmann was but repaying his debt to that country. He himself owed much to Jacques Cazotte's *le Diable amoureux* (1772); cf. Georg Ellinger, *E. Th. A. Hoffmann* (1894), p. 36; Louis P. Betz, *Studien z. vgl. Literaturgeschichte d. neueren Zeit* (1902), S. 38; *Revue d'histoire litt. de la France*, t. XIII (1906), p. 451; Dupouy, *France et Allemagne* (1913), p. 101, H. Matthey, *Essai sur le merveilleux dans la littérature française* (1915), p. 245 note. On the Super-

writer on the Romantic School in France, it suffices to read Jules Janin's preface to his *Contes fantastiques et contes littéraires* (1832) or Gautier's preface to Marmier's translation of Hoffmann (1843). The French Romantics called him "the most original, the most passionate, but the most bizarre genius of our epoch." Bizarre, indeed, he was, this Hoffmann, this architect, engraver, painter, musician, actor and novelist, who turned night into day, consumed an enormous quantity of tobacco and alcohol and composed some of the strangest stories to be found in the literature of the world. He was considered by his contemporaries as a descendant of the Devil and is known to this day as "Devil-Hoffmann." Through this German writer, Romanticism sold itself to Satan in other countries as well as in his own. Hoffmann held a firm belief in Beelzebub. "The Devil," he would often say, "will put his hoof into everything, how good soever it is in the outset." He so feared the fiend that he would often awaken his wife in the night and ask her to keep watch with him. This influence of Hoffmann on our author, already evident in *Smarra*, becomes much greater in his later works.

Goethe was next to Hoffmann the German writer who most deeply affected the writings of Nodier. It is beyond our scope to show in this paper the influence of *Werther* on *le Peintre de Saltzbourg*. What concerns us in this connection is the effect produced by *Faust* on our writer. This poem, especially in its diabolical aspect, strongly influenced French imagination.[10] Nodier also admired *Faust*, and prepared in 1828, in collaboration with Antony Béraud, a prose adaptation of the poem for the stage. In his essay, *Des types en littérature* (1830), he mentions Faust and Mephistopheles among the admirable characters in literature.

L'AMOUR ET LE GRIMOIRE (1832)

This story, originally called *le Nouveau Faust et la Nouvelle Marguerite, ou Comment je me suis donné au Diable*, is a burlesque of *Faust*. In it, Nodier brings down Goethe's lofty poem to the level of a very ordinary bourgeois affair. It is a pseudo-supernatural story and belongs to what is generally called explained Supernatural-

natural in Hoffmann's writings the reader is referred to J. Havemann's essay, "Das Wunderbare in E. Th. A. Hoffmanns Dichtungen" in *Deutsche Heimat, Blätter f. Litteratur und Volkstum*, 6 Jg. (1903), I. Tl. Heft 3 S. 65-74, to Margis's aritcle on our writer in *Zeitschrift f. angewandte Psychologie* for the year 1911, and to Olga Raydt's dissertation, *Das Dämonische als Stilform in den lit. Werken E. Th. A. Hoffmanns* (1912).

[10]On Goethe's influence in France, cf. F. Baldensperger, *Goethe en France: étude de littérature comparée* (Paris, 1904, 2e éd., 1920).

ism. This type of the Supernatural was the main characteristic of the English Gothic Novel at the end of the eighteenth century.

Maxime, who tells the story in the first person, summons Satan and offers his soul to the Devil on condition that the latter bring to his room at midnight a certain Marguerite to whom the young man has taken a passing fancy. Satan, however, turns a deaf ear and refuses to submit to the beck and call of a mere school-boy who has by chance gotten hold of a grimoire (book of conjurations). By a curious coincidence, the girl appears in his room without the aid of the Devil. A friend of our young man, who has succeeded in persuading Marguerite to elope with him, has sent her up to the room of her would-be seducer there to await in hiding the morning mail-coach. Maxime's anxiety not to betray a trusting friend shows that he is too good a man to sell his soul to Satan.

LE COMBE DE L'HOMME MORT (1840)

In this story, based on a sixteenth century legend of a bargain with Beelzebub, Goethe's influence is less significant. On the eve of All Saint's Day in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-one, the Devil seized a man riding along the road and bore him off thirty leagues to a narrow valley in the Jura mountains. This man had murdered an old hermit in order to obtain his wealth, after having won his confidence through hypocritical piety, and when trapped by the villagers and threatened with death, he sold his soul to the Devil in exchange for a thirty years' respite. The contract was written in Satan's scrawl on a slip.of paper stained with blood and marked with five big black finger nails like a royal seal.

The man was as eager for knowledge as for wealth. After having escaped punishment through the aid of the Devil, he studied at the Universities of Metz and Strasbourg, sat at the feet of the famous sorcerer Cornelius and obtained his doctorate in four faculties. His reputation as a scholar spread far and wide and he was called to fill a chair at the University of Heidelberg. Men and women came from the four corners of the continent to study under this professor. Satan himself, attracted by this scholar's reputation, enrolled as one of his students. Our professor soon was elected rector of the celebrated university. He possessed fame and fortune and never thought of his pact with the Devil. But Satan has a better memory than even the rector of the University of Heidelberg. At the expiration of the term, the Devil was at hand to claim fulfill-

ment of the terms of the contract. As the rector rode along the highway, pleased with himself and the world, the Devil appeared, snatched him up and brought him to the spot of the murder. When the rector ascertained his whereabouts, he was assailed by unpleasant memories. An old woman, urged on by the Evil One, helped along the poor professor's memory by a full and detailed recital of the events which had occurred thirty years before and which gave the valley its name—the Valley of the Dead Man. As he finally rushed out, anxious to disappear in the dark of the night, the Devil followed him and wrung his neck.

The Devil cannot kill a man unless the latter has entered into a pact with him and has forsworn God, as may be inferred from the counsel given to Job by his well-meaning wife. The Devil has no interest in a man's body. If he kills a man, it is only to obtain his soul. "When the term [of a devil-pact] is over," Victor Hugo tells us in *Notre-Dame de Paris* (1831), "the Devil destroys the body in taking the soul, just as a monkey cracks the shell to eat the nut."

The conception of Satan as a university student is reminiscent of Wilhelm Hauff's *Mémoirs des Satan* (1828).[11]

The Devil retains in this story some elements of his former avatar as a hearth spirit. He is described as small of stature, with thick locks of flaming red hair, which almost cover his face, a face pale and yellow like the wax of an old candle and furrowed by wrinkled lines, little red eyes, more sparkling than red-hot coals, a huge mouth with innumerable teeth as pointed as pins and as white as ivory, and with hands long and lean, so transparent that the flame, over which he warms them, shines through them as if they were of horn. The Devil is dressed in a doublet and breeches of scarlet red and wears on the top of his head a woolen cap of the same color. It is this conventional costume that our Devil has in common with Goethe's Mephistopheles.

[11] One of the most interesting episodes of this book has been included, in an English translation, in the present writer's *Devil Stories* (New York, 1921).

FEAR

BY DR. A. CORALNIK

ALL unexpected and quite accidentally, we came upon an old, an eternal wall. We have been striking this wall from time to time ever since we are here, as far back as human memory can reach. This wall is: fear. No other feeling do we try so hard to ignore, to hide, to deny—and no other emotion is so overwhelming, as fear. We do not want to admit it—but everyone can see it, hear it. Gather together all our courage as we may—there is still a quivering gleam in our eyes, an imperceptible trembling around the lips—It is fear. An American physician, Doctor Rusby, has discovered somewhere in the wilds of South America, among the Indian tribes, a certain herb which banishes fear. The herb is prepared with much ceremonial. No women are allowed to be present. And the man who drinks the preparation is first seized with a great horror, but a little later he acquires such power, so much courage, that he is free from all fear, all sense of danger leaves him. He throws himself into battle like a lion. He loses fear, and falls into a deep sleep. He awakes and again fear is upon him.

It is possible that somebody will bring to us this herb; will make it attainable to the whole world. Druggists will cook herbs, people will drink it, drink and lose their fear.

And then?

Among Anderson's fairy-tales there is one about a man who lost his heart. He cut from his breast the piece of quivering heart and put into its place a heart of crystal. And he was content. He felt nothing, feared nothing, and hoped for nothing. He grew rich and powerful, because he was stronger than the rest. In a world of hearts—beating, trembling and sensitive—the only one without a heart. Only—he felt cold. He missed the beating, the hammering, the restlessness, that "Merriment unlimited, and sadness unto death." He lacked the sense of craving after something. It is good to be

on a mountain. The view is wide, the air pure, you see so much—you are away from the rest of the world. There is wisdom on the mountain, but it is cold and lonesome. See? What is there to see? Look from the Eifel Tower upon the seething, beautiful, enchanting Paris—and all you will see is lines, black dashes, and tiny ants moving between them. What good is such a Paris? Wisdom? Of what use is wisdom in a world where all is made clear? The more transparent a lense is, the less can be seen through it. The most beautiful world is seen through a ray-breaking crystal. The best picture is a false one.

It would afford a wonderful theme for a new Anderson: the man who lost fear. Through an herb like that of the Indians in South America, or through some other, less pharmacal means: through philosophy. Do we not have such a philosophic herb? For thousands of years we have had it. Everyone can obtain it—as much as he wants. It is the Stoic philosophy, which teaches, "Fear nothing, no harm can befall you. The worst of all is death—and death is not terrible. The most dreaded thing is pain, but pain has no power on the human spirit." This was the teaching of Zeno, thus Epictetus, the Greek slave, the suffering, limping, beaten, comforted himself and his fellow creatures, comforted us, the future generaations.

There is comfort in religion. "Are you afraid, say your prayers" mothers tell their children. This simple advice contains a deep philosophy. The mention of God, the thought of Him, this leaning against a world mystery—this alone drives away fear, and quiets, comforts, soothes.

We have all these, and yet, it avails us not. I do not know what is fear, nobody knows. The psychologists who tried to solve this problem, only describe it, they do not explain it. Darwin, Angelo Mosso, William James, and all the other investigators of the fear emotion, have tried to trace it to purely physiological causes, or to heredity. One turns pale, is covered with a cold sweat—when one is afraid. That is, says Darwin, because primitive man, or the beasts, threw themselves into battle with bowed head. The bowing of the head, the quick motion, have driven the blood from the head, and that is why we, the grandchildren, who no longer fight, still turn pale and tremble.

It is only an hypothesis, and that a questionable one. But one thing is true: all fear is connected with a desire to run, to escape somewhere, away from the danger to a place of safety. Take a man

lying alone on his bed at night. Something pains him. He does not know what it is, but he imagines: it might be a dangerous disease. He might have to undergo an operation, maybe he will have to suffer pain, perhaps death is lurking in wait for him. And he tosses about on his bed, sits up, has a desire to run away somewhere —and falls back hopeless. He knows there is no place for him to run, cannot escape. And that is the real agony, the bitter cup of fear. Let some one come at that moment and tell this man: This or that is your ailment, and so and so will cure you—and immediately fear leaves him. The man knows—he is no longer afraid. Nobody fears that which is, what he can see; it is that which is not, either not yet or no longer, which frightens us. The dead are stronger than the living, that which is to be, more powerful than that which is. In the numerous books issued during the war, one finds almost invariably the same motive: the soldier loses all fear when he stands face to face with the enemy. Only a moment ago he shook like a leaf, could not face the common danger: tomorrow it will happen; tomorrow he will go on to the field of battle; tomorrow he may be blown to pieces by a bomb; a bullet may pierce his heart, a bayonet may cut into his flesh, and a deathly horror takes possession of him. He would flee were he not afraid of being caught and courtmartialed. But here is the next day: He stands on the field of battle, bombs explode all around him, the cannons thunder, a command is heard: To the Bayonets!—and the same soldier forgets fear and makes for the enemy falling or conquering. A moment ago—he was a mere worm that curled and wriggled with fear; a moment later he is again afraid—of that which he himself has just done—but between these two moments he is a lion. He has stood before reality. And reality is never terrible.

And in this lies the whole secret of the creative power of fear. It creates the place to which to escape. It seeks a refuge, and thereby extends the boundaries of being (existence). "Fear has created the Gods," said Lucrecius Carus, the poet philosopher of Rome. The religious thinkers of Christendom have contested this interpretation of the religious sentiment. Religion is not fear—said they—religion is love. God is the creature of love, not of fright.

But in this, as in many other things, the Christian thinkers shut their eyes in order not to see the truth, surrendered under the hypnotism of the word—rejecting what is beyond the word. They did not realize that the great fear, "the Awe of God"—in whatever form—is the first wisdom—the beginning of all thought. He who

fears nothing cannot think, because he does not know that anything exists beyond the present, the passing moment. Fear is the bond between the darkness and the light, between yesterday and today—and tomorrow. Fear means, conquering what is here and seeking what is beyond. Primitive man fears the animals and he runs to where he thinks they cannot get him. Or, if he cannot run away, he makes peace with them, conquers them, uses them for his own purposes. Man fears pain, he tries to find a way to avoid it, and science comes into being. He fears the unknown—and the result is poetry.

Swinburne once said of William Blake, that under the cloak of every phenomenon he felt the tremor of secret powers, and often he saw the cloak rent by thunder and lightning. Everyone familiar with the poetry of Blake, whoever remembers the peculiar pictures he painted around his poems, knows the poetry of fear. But he also knows the world of fancy. Cool people, peacefully constituted, have no imagination, and their life is poor, without beauty. Only he who sees and feels infinities knows fear. "The immensity of the infinite frightens me," complained Pascal—and this is what has made Pascal one of the profoundest thinkers, both scientifically and morally, that Europe has produced.

And the further civilization advances, the deeper grows the fear sentiment emotion. Primitive man has little to lose. The Buddhist, who has renounced everything, who seeks suffering and pain, is anxious to lose, because he craves Nirvana. Only he who has given to his life a meaning and a purpose, knows there is cause for fear. And here is where the two extremes meet: primitive man and the new, super-civilized being. In both the instinct for life is keen and powerful; the difference between the two is only in the consciousness. Primitive man fears and does not know what or how to overcome it; civilized man knows where fear is lurking—and the way of escape. It is easy to renounce it—that is what the Stoics did—but that does not bring one very far. One may renounce pain—attempt to conquer it with will-power. Balzac somewhere describes a man who tried to conquer pain—by going out to meet it. He put a drill into his tooth. He did conquer pain—but life along with it. He died with the drill in his mouth. The world has not accepted the no-fear doctrine. either in the form of Stoicism or in the Christian form of non-resistance. The healthy life instinct has rejected it. The only philosophy it has accepted, consciously or unconsciously, is that of the Ecclesiasts: "We cannot add anything nor take away from those things which God has created that He may be feared."

The ethical world,—not merely that of man to man, but also the one of man to himself—rests on fear, for that is the only incentive for action, for activity, for energy, for seeking after something. Fear of pain, fear of solitude, of crowding, of distance—all forms of culture spring from it.

And I question whether the world, intoxicated by the South American herb and free from all fear, would be any happier. Life would perhaps be easier—but it would also be more monotonous, poor, less beautiful. The gates would close on heaven and on hell—there would be only black lines and ants . . . a world without gods—and without the will to wander, to run away, to rescue or be rescued. A transparent world—without colors and without illusions.

THE BHAGAVAD GITA, OR SONG OF THE BLESSED ONE

CHAPTER I

BY FRANKLIN EDGERTON

TO MOST good Vishnuites, the Bhagavad Gītā is what the New Testament is to good Christians. It is their chief devotional book. In it many millions of Hindus have for centuries found their principal source of religious inspiration.

In form, it consists mainly of a long dialog, which is almost a monolog. The principal speaker is Krishna, who in his human aspect is merely one of the secondary heroes of the Mahābhārata, the great Hindu epic. But, according to the Gītā itself, he is in truth a manifestation of the Supreme Deity in human form. Hence the name—the Song (*gītā*) of the Blessed One or the Lord (*Bhagavad*). The other speaker in the dialog is Arjuna, one of the five sons of Pāndu who are the principal heroes of the Mahābhārata. The conversation between Arjuna and Krishna is supposed to take place just before the battle which is the main theme of the great epic. Krishna is acting as Arjuna's charioteer. Arjuna sees in the ranks of the opposing army a large number of his own kinsmen and intimate friends. He is horror-stricken at the thought of fighting against them, and forthwith lays down his weapons, saying he would rather be killed than kill them. Krishna replies, justifying the fight on various grounds, the chief of which is that man's real self or soul is immortal and independent of the body; it "neither kills nor is killed"; it has no part in either the actions or the sufferings of the body. In response to further questions by Arjuna, he gradually develops views of life and destiny as a whole, which it is the purpose of this book to explain. In the course of the exposition he declares himself to be the Supreme Godhead, and reveals to Arjuna, as a special act of grace, a vision of his mystic supernal form. All this appar-

ently goes on while the two armies stand drawn up in battle array, waiting to attack each other. This dramatic absurdity need not concern us seriously. It is clear that the Bhagavad Gītā was not a part of the original epic narrative. It was probably composed, and certainly inserted in its present position, by a later interpolator.[1] To be sure, he must have had in mind the dramatic situation in which he has placed the Gītā, for he repeatedly makes reference to it. But these references are purely formal and external; they do not concern the essentials of the work. We must think of the Gītā primarily as a unit, complete in itself, without reference to its surroundings. Its author, or whoever placed it in its present position, was interested chiefly in the religious doctrines to be set forth, not in external dramatic forms.

This is not to say that the author was lacking in artistic power. He was, on the contrary, a poet of no mean capacity. Indeed, we must think of his work as a poem: a religious, devotional poem. Its appeal is to the emotions rather than to the intellect. It follows that in order to understand the Gītā one must have a certain capacity for understanding its poetic, emotional point of view. One must be able and willing to adopt the poet's attitude: to feel with him. I say, to feel with him: not necessarily to think with him. It is possible to understand and enjoy sympathetically a poetic expression of an emotional attitude without sharing the poet's intellectual opinions. Philosophically speaking, the attitude of the Gītā is mystical. A mystic would probably prefer to say that it appeals to the mystic intuition, rather than to the emotions, as I put it. That is a question of terms, or perhaps better of philosophic outlook. My mystic critic would at any rate agree that it does not appeal to the reasoning faculty of the mind. The "opinions" which it presupposes or sets forth are not so much "opinions" in the intellectual sense as emotional—or, let us say if you like, intuitional—points of view. They are not supported by logic; they are simply proclaimed, as immediately perceived by the soul, or revealed by the grace of God. It is not my purpose to discuss their validity. That would indeed be futile. To the mystic they are above reason, to the rationalist below

[1] Such interpolations are numerous in the Mahābhārata; so numerous that we may fairly regard them as a regular habit. The great epic early attained such prestige among the Hindus that later authors were eager to win immortality for their works by framing them in so distinguished a setting. The author of the Bhagavad Gītā merely followed a custom which was not only common, but seemed to the Hindu mind entirely natural and innocent. The Hindus of ancient times had little notion of what we consider the rights of authorship. To their minds any literary composition belonged to the world, not to its author.

it; to both they are disconnected with it. Either you accept them immediately, without argument, or you do not. Argument will not move you in either case. But even a convinced rationalist, if he has some power of poetic appreciation, can follow much of the Gītā's presentation with sympathy, the sort of sympathy which would be inspired in him by any exalted poetry. The Gītā is poetic not only in formal expression, but in the ideas expressed. In both respects it may claim the attention of all but those who are so dominated by their opinions that they cannot appreciate noble ideas nobly expressed when they have a different intellectual background.

The poetic inspiration found in many of the Gītā's thoughts[2] can hardly be fully appreciated unless they are presented in a poetic form. We are fortunate in having a beautiful English rendering by Sir Edwin Arnold, from which those who cannot read Sanskrit may get, on the whole, a good idea of the living spirit of the poem. It takes a poet to reproduce poetry. Arnold was a poet, and a very gifted one. My own function is that of an analytic commentator; a more humble function, but one which has its uses, particularly in the case of a work that was produced in a place and at a time so remote from us.

This remoteness in time and scene makes exceptionally important one of the critic's duties: that of making clear the historical setting of his author. As every author, even the most inspired of poets and prophets, is a product of his environment, so we cannot understand the Bhagavad Gītā without knowing something of the ideas which flourished in its native land, during and before its time. It was composed in India, in Sanskrit, the ancient sacred and literary language of Brahmanic civilization. We do not know its author's name (indeed, almost all the early literature of India is anonymous). Nor can we date it with any accuracy; all that we can say is that it was probably composed before the beginning of our era, but not more than a few centuries before it. We do know this: it was preceded by a long literary and intellectual activity, covering perhaps a thousand years, and reaching back to the hymns of the Rig Veda itself, the oldest monument of Hindu literature. And the Gītā's thoughts are rooted in those of this older literature. It was born out of the same intellectual environment; it expresses largely the same ideas, often in the same or similar language. It quotes from older works a number of stanzas and parts of stanzas. There are few important

[2] Not all of them; it must be confessed that the Gītā is frequently commonplace in both thought and expression.

ideas expressed in the Gītā which cannot be paralleled from more ancient works. Its originality of thought consists mainly in a difference of emphasis, in a fuller development of some inherited ideas, and in some significant omissions of ideas which were found in its sources.

It is equally true, though less important for our purposes, that the Bhagavad Gītā itself has had an enormous influence on later Hindu religious literature. It has even had some influence on European and American literature of the last century, during which it became known to the western world. To mention one instance: a verse found in the Gītā was imitated by Emerson in the first verse of his poem on "Brahma":

> If the red slayer think he slays,
> Or if the slain think he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Compare Bhagavad Gītā 2, 19 (Arnold's translation):

> He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
> He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
> Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!

To be sure, this stanza is not original with the Gītā; it is quoted from the Katha Upanishad. It is more likely, however, that Emerson got it from the Gītā than from the less well-known Upanishad text. But the later influence of the Gītā lies outside the scope of this volume. I shall content myself with setting forth the thoughts of the Gītā and their origins.

Especially close is the connection between the Bhagavad Gītā and the class of works called Upanishads. These are the earliest extensive treatises dealing with philosophical subjects in India. About a dozen of them, at least, are older than the Gītā, whose author knew and quoted several. The Gītā itself is sometimes regarded as an Upanishad, and has quite as good a right to the title as many later works that are so called.[3] All the works properly called Upanishads have this, and only this, in common, that they contain mainly speculations on some or all of the following topics: the nature of the universe, its origin, purpose, and guiding principle; the nature of man, his physical and mental and spiritual constitution, his duty,

[3] The word *upanishad* may be translated "secret, mystic doctrine"; it is a title that is often claimed by all sorts of works, some of which hardly deserve to be called philosophical in any sense.

his destiny, and his relation to the rest of the universe, particularly to the guiding principle thereof, whether conceived personally or impersonally. Now, these are precisely the questions with which the Bhagavad Gītā is concerned. The answers attempted vary greatly, not only in different Upanishads, but often in adjoining parts of the same Upanishad. This also is true of the Gītā, and is eminently characteristic of the literature to which it and the Upanishads belong. We often hear of a "system" of the Upanishads. In my opinion there is no such thing. Nor is there "system" of thought in the Bhagavad Gītā, in the sense of a unitary, logically coherent, and exclusive structure of philosophic thought. He who looks for such a thing in any work of this period will be disappointed. Or, worse yet, he may be tempted to apply Procrustean methods, and by excisions or strained interpretations to force into a unified mold the thoughts of a writer who never dreamed of the necessity or desirability of such unity. The Upanishads and the Bhagavad Gītā contain starts toward various *systems;* but none of them contains a single *system,* except possibly in the sense that one idea may be made more prominent than its rivals in an individual work or part of a work. Still less can we speak of a single system as taught by the Upanishads as a whole.

The very concept of a philosophic "system" did not exist in India in the time of the early Upanishads and the Gītā. In later times the Hindus produced various systems of philosophy, which are quite comparable with what we are accustomed to understand by that term. These systems all grew, at least in large measure, out of the older ideas found in the Upanishads. Each of the later thinkers chose out of the richness of Upanishadic thought such elements as pleased him, and constructed his logically coherent system on that basis. Thus, the Upanishads, broadly speaking, are the prime source of all the rival philosophies of later India. But they themselves are more modest. They do not claim to have succeeded in bringing under one rubric the absolute and complete truth about man and the universe. If they seem at times to make such claims, these statements are to be understood as tentative, not final; and often they are contradicted by an adjoining passage in which a very different view-point finds expression. This may seem to us naive. But I think it would be truer, as well as more charitable, to regard it as a sign of intellectual modesty, combined with an honest and burning eagerness for truth. Again and again an Upanishadic thinker arrives at an intellectual *aperçu* so lofty, so noble, that we might

well forgive him for resting content with it. Instead, he abandons it, as it seems without hesitation and without regret, and straightway tries another approach to the same eternal problems. Some ideas recur more frequently than others; but no formula ever gives entire and permanent satisfaction to these restless thinkers. Is this to their discredit?

Thus there grew up in Upanishadic circles not one but a group of attempts to solve the "riddles of the universe." The Bhagavad Gītā, we have seen, belongs to these circles intellectually, and many, if not most, of its ideas are derived from the older Upanishads. More important than this is the fact that it shares with them the trait of intellectual fluidity or tentativeness to which I have just referred. Unlike most of the later Hindu philosophic works, which also derive from the Upanishads but which select and systematize their materials, the Gītā is content to present various rival formulas, admitting at least a provisional validity to them all. To be sure, it has its favorites. But we can usually find in its own text expressions which, in strict logic, contradict its most cardinal doctrines. From the non-logical, mystical view-point of the Gītā this is no particular disadvantage. Rationalistic logic simply does not apply to its problems.

In one other respect there is an important difference of fundamental attitude between the Bhagavad Gītā and most western philosophic thought. All Hindu philosophy has a practical aim. It seeks the truth, but not the truth for its own sake. It is truth as a means of human salvation that is its object. In other words, all Hindu philosophy is religious in basis. To the Hindu mind, "the truth shall make you free." Otherwise there is no virtue in it. This is quite as true of the later systems as of the early and less systematic speculations. To all of them knowledge is a means to an end. This attitude has its roots in a still more primitive conception, which appears clearly in the beginnings of Vedic philosophy and is still very much alive in the early Upanishads: the conception of the magic power of knowledge. To the early Hindus, as to mankind in early stages of development the world over, "knowledge is power" in a very direct sense. Whatever you know you control, directly, and by virtue of your knowledge. The primitive magician gets his neighbors, animal, human, or supernatural, into his power, by acquiring knowledge of them. So the early Vedic thinkers sought to control the most fundamental and universal powers by *knowing* them. This idea most Hindus of classical times never quite outgrew. The

Sanskrit word *vidyā*, "knowledge," means also "magic." Let westerners not be scornful of this. Down to quite modern times the same idea prevailed in Europe. In Robert Greene's play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, produced in England at the end of the sixteenth century, we find it in full force. Roger Bacon, the greatest of medieval English Scholars, is there represented simply as a mighty magician, and a contest of scholarship between him and a rival German scholar resolves itself into a mere test of their powers in necromancy. In short, knowledge meant primarily magic power. No doubt Roger Bacon himself knew better. But he was an exceptional man, intellectually far in advance of his time. The more advanced Hindu thinkers, also, kept their speculations free from magic, at least in its cruder forms. Even such a comparatively early work as the Bhagavad Gītā has no traces of the magical use of knowledge for the attainment of trivial, wordly ends, though many such traces are still found in the Upanishads, its immediate predecessors. To this extent it marks an advance over them, and stands on essentially the same footing with the best of the later systematic philosophies. But the Bhagavad Gītā and the later systems agree with the early Upanishadic thinkers in their practical attitude towards speculation. They all seek the truth, not because of its abstract interest, but because in some sense or other they think that a realization of the truth about man's place in the universe and his destiny will solve all man's problems; free him from all the troubles of life; in short, bring him to the *summum bonum*, whatever they conceive that to be. Just as different thinkers differ as to what that truth is, so they also differ in their definitions of salvation or of the *summum bonum*, and of the best practical means of attaining it. Indeed, as we have seen, the early thinkers, including the author of the Gītā, frequently differ with themselves on such points. But they all agree in this fundamental attitude towards the objects of speculation. They are primarily religious rather than philosophical. And the historic origin of their attitude, in primitive ideas about the magic power of knowledge, has left a trace which I think was never fully effaced, although it was undoubtedly transcended and transfigured.

CHAPTER II

The Origins of Hindu Speculation

The records of Hindu religious thought, as of Hindu literature in general, begin with the Rig Veda. This is a collection consisting mostly of hymns of praise and prayer to a group of deities who are primarily personified powers of nature—sun, fire, wind, sky, and the like—with the addition of some gods whose original nature is obscure. The religion represented by the Rig Veda, however, is by no means a simple or primitive nature-worship. Before the dawn of history it had developed into a ritualistic cult, a complicated system of sacrifices, the performance of which was the class privilege of a guild of priests. In the hands of this priestly class the sacrificial cult became more and more elaborate, and occupied more and more the center of the stage. At first merely a means of gratification and propitiation of the gods, the sacrifice gradually became an end in itself, and finally, in the period succeeding the hymns of the Rig Veda, the gods became supernumeraries. The now all-important sacrifices no longer persuaded, but compelled them to do what the sacrificer desired; or else, at times, the sacrifice produced the desired result immediately, without any participation whatsoever on the part of the gods. The gods are even spoken of themselves as offering sacrifices; and it is said that they owe their divine position, or their very existence, to the sacrifice. This extreme glorification of the ritual performance appears in the period of the Brāhmanas, theological text-books whose purpose is to expound the mystic meaning of the various rites. They are later in date than the Rig-Vedic hymns; and their religion, a pure and quasi-magical ritualism, is the apotheosis, or the *reductio ad absurdum*, of the ritualistic nature-worship of the hymns.

Even in Rig-Vedic times the priestly ritual was so elaborate, and so expensive, that in the nature of things only rich men, mainly princes, could engage in it. It was therefore not only a hieratic but an aristocratic cult. The real religion of the great mass of the people was different. We find it portrayed best in the Atharva Veda. This is a collection of hymns, or rather magic charms, in-

tended to accompany a vast mass of simpler rites and ceremonies which were not connected with the hieratic cult of the Rig Veda. Almost every conceivable human need and aspiration is represented by these popular performances. Their religious basis may be described as primitive animism, and their method of operation as simple magic. That is, they conceive all creatures, things, powers, and even abstract principles, as animated by "spirits," which they seek to control by incantations and magic rites. They know also the higher gods of the Rig Vedic pantheon, and likewise other gods which perhaps belonged at the start to aboriginal, non-"Aryan" tribes ("Aryan" is the name which the Vedic Hindus apply to themselves). But they invoke these gods after the manner of magicmongers, much as medieval European incantations invoke the persons of the Trinity and Christian saints in connection with magic practices to heal a broken bone or to bring rain for the crops.

Later Hindu thought developed primarily out of the hieratic, Rig-Vedic religion; but it contains also quite a dash of lower, more popular beliefs. The separation of the two elements is by no means always easy. The truth seems to be that the speculations out of which the later forms of thought developed were carried on mainly by priests, adherents of the hieratic ritual religion. Almost all the intellectual leaders of the community belonged to the priestly class. But they were naturally—almost inevitably—influenced more or less by the popular religion which surrounded them. Indeed, there was no opposition between the two types of religion, nor such a sharp cleavage as our description may suggest. The followers of the hieratic cult also engaged in many practices that belonged to the more popular religion. This accounts for the constant infiltration of ideas from the "lower" sphere into the "higher," which we see going on at all periods. At times it is hard to decide whether a given new development is due to the intrusion of popular ideas, or to internal evolution within the sphere of the priestly religion itself.

For we can clearly see the growth of certain new ideas within the Rig Veda itself. Out of the older ritualistic nature-worship, with its indefinite plurality of gods, arises in many Rig-Vedic hymns a new attitude, a sort of mitigated polytheism, to which has been given the name of *henotheism.* By this is meant a religious point of view which, when dealing for the moment with any particular god, seems to feel it as an insult to his dignity to admit the competition of other deities. And so, either the particular god of the moment is made to absorb all the others, who are declared to be

manifestations of him; or else, he is given attributes which in strict logic could only be given to a sole monotheistic deity. Thus various Vedic gods are each at different times declared to be the creator, preserver, and animator of the universe, the sole ruler of all creatures, human and divine, and so on. Such hymns, considered separately, seem clearly to imply monotheism; but all that they really imply is a ritualistic henotheism. As each god comes upon the stage in the procession of rites, he is impartially granted this increasingly extravagant praise, until everything that could be said of all the gods collectively is said of each of them in turn, individually. We see that Vedic henotheism is rooted in the hieratic ritual, without which so strange a religious attitude could hardly have developed.

Indeed, it was not long before some advanced thinkers saw that such things as the creation of the world and the rulership over it could really be predicated only of one Personality. The question then arose, how to name and define that One? We might have expected that some one of the old gods would be erected into a truly monotheistic deity. But, perhaps because none of them seemed sufficiently superior to his fellows, perhaps for some other reason, this was not done. Instead, in a few late hymns of the Rig Veda we find various tentative efforts to establish a new deity in this supreme position. Different names are given to him: "the Lord of Creatures" (Prajāpati), "the All-maker" (Vishvakarman), and the like. As these names show, the new concept is rather abstract, and no longer ritualistic. Yet it is still personal. It is a *God* who creates, supports, and rules the world; a kind of Yahweh or Allah; not an impersonal First Cause. It is an attempt at monotheism, not yet monism.

These starts toward monotheism remained abortive, in the sense that they did not, at least directly, result in the establishment of a monotheistic religion comparable to that of the Hebrew people. Many centuries were to pass before such religions gained any strong foothold in India; and the connection between them and these early suggestions is very remote and tenuous. The later religions owe their strength largely to other elements of more popular origin. Yet sporadic and more or less tentative suggestions of the sort continued to be made.

More striking, and more significant for the later development of Hindu philosophy, is a movement towards *monism* which appears, along with the monotheistic movement, even in the Rig Veda itself, though only tentatively and very rarely. One or two Rig-Vedic hymns attempt to formulate the One in strictly impersonal, non-

theistic terms. Among these I must mention the one hundred and twenty-ninth hymn of the tenth book of the Rig Veda, which to my mind is a very remarkable production, considering its time and place. This "hymn" (for so we can hardly help calling it, since it is found in the "hymn-book" of the Rig Veda) also seeks to explain the universe as evolving out of One; but its One is no longer a god. It knows no Yahweh or Allah, any more than the ritualistic Indra or Varuna. It definitely brushes aside all gods, not indeed denying their existence, but declaring that they are all of late and secondary origin; they know nothing of the beginnings of things. The First Principle of this hymn is "That One" (*tad ekam*). It is of neuter gender, as it were lest some theologian should get hold of it and insist on falling down and worshiping it. It is not only impersonal and non-theistic, but absolutely uncharacterizable and indescribable, without qualities or attributes, even negative ones. It was "neither existent nor non-existent." To seek to know it is hopeless; in the last two verses of the hymn (there are only seven in all) the author relapses into a philosophic scepticism which remains characteristic of Hindu higher thought in certain moods. While the later Upanishads often try to describe the One all-inclusively, by saying that it is *everything*, that it contains all possible and conceivable characteristics; still in their deepest moments they too prefer the negative statement *neti, neti*[4]—"it is not (this), it is not (that)." To apply to it any description is to limit and bound that which is limitless and boundless. It cannot be conceived; it cannot be known.

But the ancient Hindu thinkers could never resign themselves to this scepticism. Even if cold reason showed them at times that they could not, in the nature of things, know the Unknowable, still their restless speculation kept returning to the struggle again and again, from ever varied points of attack. In the Rig Veda itself, in one of its latest hymns (10.90), appears the first trace of a strain of monistic thought which is of the greatest importance for later Hindu philosophy: the universe is conceived as parallel in nature to the human personality. The First Principle in this hymn is called Purusha, that is, "Man" or "Person." From the several parts of this cosmic Person are derived, by a still rather crude process of evolution, all existing things. The significance of this lies in its anticipation of the Upanishadic idea of the identity of the human soul (later called *ātman,* literally "self," as a rule) with the universal principle.

[4] Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad 3.9.26, and in other places.

Other, later Vedic texts, especially the Atharva Veda, also contain speculative materials. They are extremely varied in character; they testify to the restlessness and tentativeness which we have seen as a characteristic of all early Hindu thought. At times they seem monotheistic in tendency. The "Lord of Creatures," Prajāpati, of the Rig Veda, appears again and again, as a kind of demiurge; and other names are invented for the same or a similar figure, such as the "Establisher," Dhātar, or the "Arranger," Vidhātar, or "He that is in the Highest," Parameshthin. But never does such a figure attain anything like the definite dignity which we associate with a genuine monotheistic deity. And more often the thought centers around less personal, more abstract entities, either physical or metaphysical, or more or less both at once. The sun, especially under the mystic name of Rohita, "the Ruddy One," enjoys a momentary glory in several Atharva-Vedic charms, which invest him with the functions of a cosmic principle. Or the world is developed out of water; we are reminded of Thales, the first of the Greek philosophers. The wind, conceived as the most subtle of physical elements and as the "life-breath" (*prāna*) of the universe, plays at times a like role, and by being compared with man's life-breath it contributes to the development of the cosmic "Person" (Purusha) of the Rig Veda into the later Atman or Soul (of man) as the Supreme One. The word *ātman* itself seems actually to be used in this way in one or two late verses of the Atharva Veda.[5] The power of Time (*kāla*), or of Desire (*kāma*)—a sort of cosmic Will, reminding us of Schopenhauer—is elsewhere conceived as the force behind the evolution of the universe. Or, still more abstractly, the world-all is derived from a hardly defined "Support," that is, a "Fundamental Principle" (*skambha*), on which everything rests. These and other shadowy figures flit across the stage of later Vedic speculation. Individually, few of them have enough definiteness or importance to merit much attention. But in the mass they are of the greatest value for one who would follow the development of Hindu thought as a whole.

Especially important is the eminently *practical* spirit which animates all this speculation. As we saw in the first chapter, metaphysical truth *per se* and for its own sake is not its object. Earnest and often profound though these thinkers are, they never lose sight for long of their practical aim, which is to control, by virtue of their superior knowledge, the cosmic forces which they study. That, I think, is why so many of their speculations are imbedded in the

[5] 10.8.43, 44.

Atharva Veda, a book of magic spells, which to our minds would seem the most inappropriate place possible.

It might seem to follow from this that the speculative activity of this period belonged to the popular sphere represented by the religion of the Atharva Veda, more than to the ritualistic cult that was the heir of the Rig Veda. But I think there is evidence to the contrary. However appropriate to the spirit of the popular religion it seemed in some respects, this activity was carried on mainly by the priests of the hieratic ritual. And this fact, which for various reasons seems to me indubitable, finds a striking concrete expression in a philosophic concept produced in this period which deserves special consideration.

Among all the varied formulations of the First and Supreme Principle, none recurs more constantly throughout the later Vedic texts than the *brahman*. The oldest meaning of this word seems to be "sacred utterance," or concretely "hymn" or "incantation." It is applied both to the ritual hymns of the Rig Veda and to the magic charms of the Atharva Veda. Any holy, mystic utterance is *brahman*. This is the regular, if not the exclusive, meaning which the word has in the Rig Veda. But from the point of view of those times, this definition implies far more than it would suggest to our minds. The spoken word had a mysterious, supernatural power; it contained within itself the essence of the thing expressed. To "know the *name*" of anything was to control a thing. The *word* means wisdom, knowledge; and knowledge, as we have seen, was (magic) power. So *brahman*, the "holy word," soon came to mean the mystic power inherent in the holy word.

But to the later Vedic ritualists, this holy word was the direct expression and embodiment of the ritual religion, and as such a cosmic power of the first magnitude. The ritual religion, and hence its verbal expression, the *brahman*, was omnipotent. All human desires and aspirations were accessible to him who mastered it. All other cosmic forces, even the greatest of natural and supernatural powers, were dependent upon it. The gods themselves, originally the beneficiaries of the cult, became its helpless mechanical agents, or were left out of account altogether as useless middlemen. The cult was the direct controlling force of the universe. And the *brahman* was the spirit, the expression, of the cult; nay, it *was* the cult, mystically speaking, because the word and the thing were one; he who knew the word, knew and controlled the thing. Therefore, he who knew the *brahman* knew and controlled the whole universe.

It is no wonder, then, that in the later Vedic texts (not yet in the Rig Veda) we find the *brahman* frequently mentioned as the primal principle[6] and as the ruling and guiding spirit of the universe. It is a thoroughly ritualistic concept, inconceivable except as an outgrowth of the theories of the ritualistic cult, but very simple and as it were self-evident from the point of view of the ritualists. The overwhelming prominence and importance of the *brahman* in later Vedic speculation seems, therefore, a striking proof of the fact that this speculation was at least in large part a product of ritualistic, priestly circles. If it shows a magic tinge suggestive of the popular rites and incantations, this simply means that the priests were also men, children of their times, and imbued with the ideas which prevailed among their people.

Not content with attempts to identify the One, the Vedic thinkers also try to define His, or Its, relation to the empiric world. Here again their suggestions are many and varied. Often the One is a sort of demiurge, a Creator, Father, First Cause. Such theistic expressions may be used of impersonal, monistic names for the One as well as of more personal, quasi-monotheistic ones. The One is compared to a carpenter or a smith; he joins or smelts the world into being. Or his act is like an act of generation; he begets all beings. Still more interestingly, his creative activity is compared to a sacrifice, a ritual performance, or to prayer, or religious fervor (*dhī*, *tapas*). This obviously ritualistic imagery appears even in the Rig Veda itself, in several of its philosophic hymns. In the Purusha hymn, already referred to, the universe is derived from the sacrifice of the cosmic Person, the Purusha; the figure is of the dismemberment of a sacrificial animal; from each of the members of the cosmic Purusha evolved a part of the existing world. The performers of this cosmogonic sacrifice are "the gods,"—inconsistently, of course, for the gods have already been declared to be secondary to the Purusha, who transcends all existing things. In later Vedic times we repeatedly meet with expressions suggesting such ritualistic lines of thought. They confirm our feeling that we are moving in hieratic circles.

We see from what has just been said of the Purusha hymn that the One—here the Purusha, the cosmic "Person" or "Man"—may be thought of as the material source (*causa materialis*) as well as the creator (*causa efficiens*) of the world. All evolves out of it, or

[6] "There is nothing more ancient or higher than this *brahman*," Shatapatha Brāhmana, 10.3.5.11.

is a part of it; but frequently, as in the Purusha hymn, it is *more* than all empiric existence; it transcends all things, which form, or derive from, but a part of it. Again, it is often spoken of as the ruler, controller, or lord of all. Or, it is the foundation, fundament, upon which all is based, which supports all. Still more significant are passages which speak of the One as subtly pervading all, as air or ether or space (*ākāsha*) pervades the physical universe, and animating all, as the breath of life (*prāna*) is thought of as both pervading and animating the human body.

Such ideas as the last mentioned lead to a deepening and spiritualizing of the concept of a parallelism between man, the microcosm, and the universe, the macrocosm, which as we have seen dates from late Rig-Vedic times. In the Purusha hymn of the Rig Veda we find a crude evolution of various parts of the physical universe from the parts of the physical body of the cosmic "Man." But in the later Vedic texts the feeling grows that man's nature is not accounted for by dissecting his physical body—and, correspondingly, that there must be something more in the universe than the sum total of its physical elements. What is that "something more" in man? Is it the "life-breath" or "life-breaths" (*prāna*), which seem to be in and through various parts of the human body and to be the principle of man's life (since they leave the body at death)? So many Vedic thinkers believed. What, then, is the corresponding "life-breath" of the universe? Obviously the wind, say some. Others think of it as the *ākāsha*, "ether," or "space." But even these are too physical, too material. On the human side, too, it begins to be evident that the "life-breath," like its cosmic counterpart the wind, is in reality physical. Surely the essential Man must be something else. What, then? Flittingly, here and there, it is suggested that it may be man's "desire" or "will" (*kāma*), or his "mind" (*manas*), or something else of a more or less psychological nature. But already in the Atharva Veda, and with increasing frequency later, we find as an expression for the real, essential part of Man the word *ātman* used. *Atman* means simply "self"; it is used familiarly as a reflective pronoun, like the German *sich*. One could hardly get a more abstract term for that which is left when everything unessential is deducted from man, and which is at the same time the principle of his life, the living soul that pervades his being. And, carrying on the parallelism, we presently find mention of the *ātman*, self or soul, of the universe. The texts do not content themselves with that; they continue to speculate as to what that "soul" of the universe is. But

these speculations tend to become more and more free from purely physical elements. Increasing partiality is shown for such metaphysical expressions as "the existent," or "that which is" (*sat*),[7] or again "the non-existent" (*asat*); in the Rig-Vedic hymn 10.129 we were told that in the beginning there was "neither existent nor non-existent," but later we find both "the existent" and "the non-existent" used as expressions for the first principle. But perhaps the favorite formula in later Vedic times for the soul of the universe is the originally ritualistic one of the *brahman.*

This parallelism between the "self" of man and the "self" of the universe is still only a parallelism, not yet an identity. But we are now on the eve of the last and the boldest step, which it remained for the thinkers of the early Upanishads to take: that of declaring that the soul of man *is* the soul of the universe.

[7] Compare the Greek τὸ ὄν or τὸ ὄντως ὄν, "that which (really) is," and, for a less exact parallel, the Kantian *Ding an sich.*

COLERIDGE, OPIUM, AND THEOLOGY

BY DUDLEY WRIGHT

THE geographical distribution of religions has been expounded by more than one writer, whilst a physical basis, resulting from health or illness of individuals, has not escaped attention. In the instance of Coleridge, there is an example of the last category, combined with an illustration of the influence of drugs.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge presumably adopted Unitarian or Socinian views when a student at Cambridge. The by-laws of Christ's Hospital, which he entered in 1782, the same year as Charles Lamb, although Lamb's senior by three years, demanded baptized membership of the Church of England as a passport for admission, as did the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, or, in the case of the Universities, subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, which amounted to practically the same condition. We know from a letter which the father of Charles Lloyd wrote to his son, Robert, that Coleridge was educated "for a clergyman, but for conscience sake declined that office." In May, 1793, William Frend, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, was tried in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for having given utterance to Liberal views in politics and Unitarian opinions in theology. Coleridge, then an undergraduate, and, in everything but mathematics, the earnest disciple of Frend, made himself dangerously conspicuous at that trial. Gunning, in his *Reminiscences,* relates an incident in connection therewith which does not show Coleridge in a very favorable light. The Senior Proctor had marked a man in the front row of the gallery who was particularly distinguishing himself by applauding. This was Coleridge, who, perceiving that the Proctor had noticed him and was making his way towards the gallery, turned round to the person who was standing behind him and made an offer of changing places, which was gladly accepted by the unsuspecting man. Coleridge immediately withdrew and, mixing with the crowd, escaped suspicion. Although the other

man was enabled to prove his innocence, this conduct on the part of Coleridge was severely censured by the undergraduates, as it was quite clear that, to escape punishment himself, he would have subjected an innocent man to rustication or expulsion. Gunning, however, omits to mention that Coleridge afterwards made confession to the Proctor and was forgiven.

Coleridge left Cambridge in 1794, without proceeding to a degree and, in the following year, he delivered a course of theological lectures at Bristol on "Revealed Religion, its Corruptions and its Political Views," which proved very successful. Whether, and how far, he was influenced by Priestley's *Discourses on Revealed Religion*, published in 1794, cannot be ascertained, but the following is the prospectus of Coleridge's course:

> These Lectures are intended for two classes of men—Christians and Infidels: for the former that they may be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them; for the latter that they may not determine against Christianity, or arguments applicable to its corruptions only.
>
> The subjects of the first lecture are: The Origin of Evil. The Necessity of Revelation deduced from the Nature of Man. An Examination and Defence of the Mosaic Dispensation.
>
> Second: The Sects of Philosophy and the Popular Superstitions of the Gentile World, from the earliest times to the birth of Christ.
>
> Third: Concerning the time of the appearance of Christ. Internal Evidences of Christianity. External Evidences of Christianity.
>
> Fourth: The External Evidences of Christianity continued. Answers to Popular and Philosophical Objections.
>
> Fifth: The Corruptions of Christianity not dangerous. Political application.
>
> Sixth: The grand political views of Christianity—far beyond every Religion and even Sects of Philosophy. The friend of Civil Freedom. The probable state of Societies and Government if all men were Christians.
>
> Tickets to be had at Mr. Cottle, Bookseller.

It was certainly a very bold syllabus and, apart from the cursory treatment necessitated by the limited duration of public lectures, it seems hardly possible for justice to have been done to such important questions by a student fresh from the University and of only twenty-two years of age. Emboldened by the success which attended this effort, Coleridge gave a course of lectures on political subjects in Bristol later on in the same year.

About this time, Coleridge seems to have made the acquaintance of Dr. J. Prior Estlin, a renowned Unitarian minister at Bristol, who is believed to have exercised considerable influence over Coleridge. A correspondence between the twain began in January, 1796, and continued until April, 1814, when an estrangement took place. This severance of friendship could not have been the outcome of any change in Coleridge's theological views, which, as will be seen, had taken place some years previously, but, in all probability, was, as Henry A. Bright (who collated and published the letters through the Philo-Biblon Society), suggests, "owing less to divergence in their opinions than to the fact that Coleridge's growing habit of opium taking, joined to an absolute recklessness in incurring debts and in failing to fulfil his obligations had, at this time, entirely alienated Doctor Estlin's sympathy and respect."

From the platform Coleridge went to the pulpit, and, although afterwards more successful, his first attempts at preaching do not appear to have been very brilliant. Cottle heard his first and second sermons and has left on record a very vivid description of them in his *Reminiscences.* Coleridge had no chance of a pulpit in Bristol, in consequence of his very pronounced political utterances at the lectures he had delivered, but an invitation was sent to him to preach a trial sermon at Bath, where a vacancy was about to occur. Coleridge, however, caused annoyance at the outset by refusing to don the customary pulpit gown and he appeared before the congregation wearing a blue coat and a white waistcoat. There were only a very few people in the congregation and the number diminished considerably before the discourse, which was on the iniquity of the Corn Laws, was brought to a conclusion. It was practically the same lecture he had delivered not long before at Bristol, and which had caused much debate and contention. He preached again in the afternoon, selecting again a political subject—the Hair Powder Tax, and this also was a repetition of a Bristol lecture. There were seventeen people in the chapel when he began, but only two or three had the patience to remain throughout the discourse. When he had lectured on this subject only a few days previously he kept the audience in good feeling by the happy combination of wit, humor, and argument. Cottle came to the conclusion that Coleridge had mistaken his calling and he says that his personal regard for him was too genuine to entertain the wish of ever again seeing him in the pulpit. Coleridge, however, seems quickly to have become an acceptable preacher and Hazlitt gives an interesting account of his extraordi-

nary powers of extempore speech in the pulpit and, shortly after the incident just recorded, Coleridge wrote to Dr. Prior Estlin:

> I preached yesterday morning from Hebrews iv. 1 and 2. 'Twas my *chef d'oeuvre*. I think of writing it down and publishing it with two other sermons, one on the character of Christ, and another on his universal reign, from Isaiah xlv. 22, 3. I should like you to hear me preach them. I lament that my political notoriety prevents me relieving you occasionally at Bristol.

Apparently the Unitarian views of Coleridge were not deep-rooted, for Cottle says that, in February, 1798, he "held, though loosely, the doctrines of Socinus." But when, about this time, Mr. Rowe, the Unitarian minister of Shrewsbury, settled in Bristol, Coleridge was strongly recommended to offer himself for the vacant pastorate. He had preached at Nottingham, Taunton, and elsewhere, and had met with a very favorable reception. He accordingly decided to become a candidate for the Shrewsbury vacancy and went there on probation. There he met William Hazlitt, with whose parents he lodged during his stay in the Salopian capital. Shortly before this, however, Thomas Poole had introduced Coleridge to the Wedgwoods and the two brothers, Thomas and Josiah, had formed a high opinion of his talents and assumed an interest in his welfare. They came to the conclusion that if Coleridge accepted the Shrewsbury appointment, which was offered definitely to him, and which his Bristol and Shrewsbury friends were urging him to accept, his services to literature would be lost. They, therefore, offered him instead an allowance of £100 a year. After a short consideration, Coleridge declined the brothers' offer, but when they increased that offer to £150 he immediately accepted it, giving his reasons in detail in a letter to Dr. Prior Estlin. He seems, however, almost immediately to have regretted his decision or to have retained a hankering after the pulpit, for on 18th February, 1798, he wrote, in a postscript to Cottle:

> This week I purpose offering myself to the Bridgewater Socinian congregation as assistant minister without any salary, directly or indirectly; but of this say not a word to anyone, unless you see Mr. Estlin.

In the same month, a letter was written by Theophilus Lindsey to a friend at Shrewsbury, in which occurs the passage:

> You cannot well conceive how much you have raised my opinion of Mr. Coleridge by your account of him. Such shining lights, so virtuous and disinterested, will contribute to redeem the age we live in from being so destitute of apostolic zeal.

Coleridge was always of a restless disposition, but the year 1803 marks the beginning of a distinct deterioration in his character. It was in that year he became addicted to the use of a quack medicine known as the "Kendal Black Drop," into the constitution of which opium or laudanum seems to have entered. The use of the concoction seems to have produced a temporary relief from suffering, but it was, in reality, the beginning of a slavery. E. H. Coleridge thinks he must have resorted occasionally to opiates, before 1796 even, at the latter end of which year he wrote to Poole that he was taking twenty-five drops of laudanum every five hours. In an unpublished letter to his brother George, dated 21st November, 1791, he says: "Opium never used to have any disagreeable effects on me," but by the spring of 1801 he had become more or less a regular drug-taker. In 1802 he justified or found excuses for the habit in a letter to his wife and, according to this letter, he indulged in the habit with the knowledge and approval of T. Wedgwood. For a time, however, he substituted ether for opium and laudanum, though he regarded opium as less pernicious than beer, wine, spirits, or any fermented liquor. At a much later date, he, in his own words, recalled "with a bitter smile, a laugh of gall and bitterness, this period of unsuspecting delusion." Nor was he able to escape from the maelstrom until a time when, he said, "the current was already beyond my strength to stem." It was only with the assistance of others that some measure of liberation from the servitude was gained and the effect upon his mental and moral powers was as inimical as upon the physical. His conduct previously had been somewhat erratic, but not inconsistent with genius, and, whatever changes or development might be observable, could be traced to his reading and the application, after consideration, more or less mature. As, however, his passion for drugs developed into an obsession, the more violent became the changes in his opinions and expressions until they culminated in the most extravagant Evangelicalism, and that of an unfavorable type, because it is invariably, as it was in the case of Coleridge, accompanied by intolerance. He seems also to have become destitute, save for occasional lucid intervals, of the qualities of affection and courtesy, often towards his friends, all of whom, with the exception, perhaps, of his brother-in-law, Southey, were willing and anxious to remain in that category. The story of his decline and fall has been told in detail in the many biographies that have been written. It was related at a later period in deep shame and penitence by Coleridge himself.

The turn of the tide is first observed, so far as published documents are concerned, in December, 1802, in a letter written to Dr. Prior Estlin, where he describes the Quakers and the Unitarians as the only Christians, altogether pure from idolatry, although he goes on to doubt whether the Unitarians are entirely free from guilt in that respect, since "even the worship of the one God becomes idolatry, in my convictions, when, instead of the Eternal and Omnipresent, in whom we live and move and have our being, we set up a distinct Jehovah, tricked out in anthropomorphic attributes of time." But, although he approved entirely and accepted the *religion* of the Quakers, he denounced the *sect* and their own notions of their own religion.

His slavery to opium and laudanum became more and more a reality and, in 1807, he conveyed, in a personal interview, the impression that he had given up all hope of ever liberating himself from the bondage. He condemned the publication by De Quincey of his *Confessions of an Opium Eater,* urging that he had never aggravated the act of indulgence by publication of the fact.

It was in the same year that Coleridge told Cottle that "he had renounced all his Unitarian sentiments, that he considered Unitarianism as a heresy of the worst description, attempting in vain to reconcile sin and holiness, the world and heaven, opposing the whole spirit of the Bible, and subversive of all that truly constituted Christianity." At that interview, says Cottle, he professed his deepest conviction of the truth of Revelation, of the Fall of Man, of the Divinity (presumably he meant Deity) of Christ, and of redemption alone through his blood. Cottle, who was himself a pronounced Evangelical, said that to hear those sentiments so explicitly avowed gave him unspeakable pleasure and formed a new, unexpected, and stronger bond of union. At that time, however, Cottle did not know of Coleridge's addiction to opium. He did not learn the fact until seven years later, which is somewhat strange, seeing that it was known to all the other friends of Coleridge, and Cottle was intimate with him from 1795 to 1796, and again in 1807, as stated above. In a letter to Cottle, also in 1807, Coleridge wrote that Socinianism, which was misnamed Unitarianism, was not only not Christianity, since it did not *religiate*, or bind anew, and he rejoiced to have escaped from its sophistries.

Coleridge's change of opinions does not seem to have improved his manners, according to an incident which is better given in Cottle's own words:

> At this time I was invited to meet Mr. Coleridge with a zealous Unitarian minister. It was natural to conclude that such uncongenial, and, at the same time, such inflammable materials would soon ignite. The subject of Unitarianism having been introduced soon after dinner, the minister avowed his sentiments, in language that was construed into a challenge, when Mr. Coleridge advanced to the charge by saying, "Sir, you give up so much that the little you retain of Christianity is not worth keeping." We looked in vain for a reply. After a manifest internal conflict, the Unitarian minister prudently allowed the gauntlet to remain undisturbed. Wine, he thought more pleasant than controversy.

Such conduct on the part of Coleridge would be considered by many as a breach of good manners. Later, he behaved in a similar way to Emerson. When the great American essayist visited him in 1833, Coleridge at once burst into a declaration on the folly and ignorance of Unitarianism and its high unreasonableness, nor was he the least perturbed when Emerson felt bound to tell him that he was born and bred a Unitarian, a fact that was, of course, known to Coleridge. De Quincey tells us that Coleridge said it had cost him a painful effort, but not a moment's hesitation, to abjure his Unitarianism, from the circumstance that he had among the Unitarians many friends, to some of whom he was greatly indebted for great kindness. In particular, he mentioned Dr. Prior Estlin of Bristol. The cleavage in his relationships with Doctor Estlin did not take place until seven years after Coleridge had publicly abjured Unitarianism.

It must be related, to the credit of Coleridge, that he made many attempts, though with varying and always temporary success, to escape from the thraldom of drug-taking. On 3rd December, 1808, he wrote to Doctor Estlin detailing the attempts he had made to break off the habit and stating that he had reduced the dose to one-sixth part of what formerly he took. Then he continued:

> I have no immediate motive to detail to you the tenets in which we differ. Indeed, the difference is not so great as you have been led to suppose and is rather philosophical than theological. I believe the Father of all to be the only object of adoration or prayer. The Calvinistic tenet of a *vicarious* satisfaction I reject not without some horror and though I believe that the redemption by Christ implies more than what the Unitarians understand by the phrase, yet I use it rather as a X, Y, Z, an unknown quantity, than as words to which I pretend to annex clear notions. I believe that in the salvation of man a spiritual process *sui generis* is required, a spiritual aid and agency, the

> nature of which I am wholly ignorant of, as a *cause*, and only perfectly apprehend it from its necessity and its facts.

This letter read in conjunction with his communication to Cottle and his intercourse with the unnamed Unitarian minister causes one to wonder whether, after all, the assertion of some of his biographers that Coleridge was "all things to all men," was not correct.

In 1810, Coleridge again succumbed to the domination of opium. He joined his wife and children at Keswick, remaining there for about five months, with a resultant restoration, said his wife, of good health, spirits, and humor. Relapse followed relapse, however, until 1813, by which time he had fallen into a deplorable mental, physical, and financial condition, which lasted until 1816, when he placed himself voluntarily under the care of Doctor Gillman at Highgate.

The break with Doctor Estlin came in 1813 and was directly the outcome of a lecture Coleridge delivered at Bristol at a time when his health was utterly broken and his nerves shattered. A numerous audience attended the lecture, in the course of which, Coleridge, in a reference to *Paradise Regained,* said that Milton had clearly represented Satan as a "sceptical Socinian." The offence was aggravated in a letter to Cottle when he said that Satan's faith somewhat exceeded that of the Socinians.

Remorse and despondency followed, as happen invariably after severe indulgence in opium, and, in December, 1813, Coleridge wrote to Joseph Wade of Bristol, asking him to request the prayers of Mr. Roberts, a Nonconformist minister of the same city, " for my infirm and wicked heart; that Christ may mediate to the Father to lead me to Christ, and give me a *living* instead of a *reasoning* faith." His last letter, written in an apologetic strain, to Doctor Estlin, is dated 9th April, 1814. Whether answered or not is unknown, but there does not appear to have been any resumption of friendship or communication, and three years later Doctor Estlin passed away. In the same year (1814, 26th June), Coleridge wrote to Joseph Wade:

> In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! *and unnatural cruelty to my poor children!*—self-contempt for my repeated promises—breach, nay, too often actual falsehood.

Coleridge maintained his bitter invective against Unitarianism to the end. Writing in March, 1832, two years before the final scene in his life, to Miss Lawrence, he described God, as imagined by the

Unitarians, to be a sort of law-giving God of gravitation, to whom prayer would be as idle as to the law of gravity. Yet in a letter to Doctor Estlin on 7th December, 1802, he rejoiced in the numerous congregations of Deists, whom he had heard, existed in America, for, he said, "surely religious Deism is infinitely nearer the religion of our Savior than the gross idolatory of Popery, or the more decorous, but not less genuine idolatry of a vast number of Protestants."

There is much to be said in extenuation of Coleridge's addiction to opium, from which he was never wholly emancipated. Neither idleness nor sensual indulgence, but disease, drove him to the habit. The post-mortem examination of his remains revealed the fact that he suffered from a complaint which, as was afterwards demonstrated in an article in the *Lancet,* explained both his indolence and opium habit, and his enfeeblement of will may be attributed to this physical defect.

CRIMINALITY AMONG THE JEWISH YOUTH

BY HAROLD BERMAN

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago, certain, if not most all, sections of the city of New York, were infested by gangs. The lower East Side, at about the time when the Russo-Polish immigrants came to settle in it in considerable numbers, as well as some other sections of the city—mostly of the water-front outposts or their vicinage—bristled with gangs of roughs, aggregations of youths of varying degrees of criminality and evil behavior, their misdeeds varying from the mere petty acts of hoodlumism and rowdiness, the disturbance of the peace—especially around the time of political campaigns and election days—to acts of robbery and occasional, if more or less rare, murder. Each section of the big city at the time spoken of boasted its own gangs; gangs that were characteristically its own, each one boasting a more-or-less locally or city-wide renowned leader, known for some distinctive characteristic or for certain acts of violence committed by him at some time or other in his career, either previous or subsequent to his assumption of the crown of leadership.

These gangs were exclusively Irish in their composition, both as to leadership as well as to their rank and file. To any one who is at all conversant with the city of New York, as it was constituted in those not so distant days, or to the one who will take the trouble of looking up the records of the police and the higher courts of the period with their rosters of arraignments and convictions, or who will glance through the files of New York City's newspapers of the same period, this contention will become a self-evident fact.

The very thought of looking for Jewish names in the ranks of the professional rowdy and the criminal of that day was as ludicrous as the thought of Antediluvian monsters stalking the sidewalks of Twentieth Century Broadway. For one thing, the Jew, whether of

the older or the younger generation, was but a recent arrival to these shores. He had just come, in his greatest numbers that is, from the teeming Ghettoes of the great Empire of the Czars, and was thoroughly docile and tractable, law-abiding and glad enough to be left alone. He still carried deeply craven in his inner being, and seared into his very soul, the memories of the persecutions that he and his had been subject to in his old home and hence was glad enough to be left alone. Indeed, he greatly feared these gangs and gangsters whether they operated individually or collectively, and the terror that their proximity struck into his heart was not the least one of the trials that he was called upon to endure during the early days of his sojourn in a strange land, adding not a little to the terrors of his already sorely tried existence.

Of late days, however, we are witnessing a phenomenon that is not only new and surprising as far as it appertains to the Jew's comparatively recent sojourn in this land, but marks a new departure in the race's entire millenial history. The reference here is to the outbreak of gangsterism in New York's Ghetto, as has been so sadly and repeatedly exemplified within very recent years. This is indeed a phenomenon that is not to be accounted for on the ordinary and hackneyed grounds upon which we usually base our theories and draw our deductions as to youthful delinquency and moral lapses.

A deeper probing into the soul of the people affected by this new evil, a painstaking study into its innate psychology, as well as the tragedy, or rather, the series of tragedies, through which it passed within recent years; the flames that have seared its flesh and tested its stamina—all these are the indispensable pre-requisites of him who would sit in judgment upon a people at a most critical period in its history.

For, to understand the full and tragic significance of this new evil—and that it is new no one can gainsay—it is but necessary to recall the fact that but a brief while ago, as history is reckoned, the premeditated murder of a human being was an act utterly inconceivable to the Jewish mind. The Ghettoes of the world, real and metaphorical, were singularly free from deeds of violence. As a matter of course, we are treating here of deeds of violence that have their origin and are prompted by individual and subjective motives, and not of those that are the product of organized, commercialized and impersonal traffic such as we behold so recurrently and shockingly in our city of New York at the present day with its organized murder-gangs that murder for hire or a fee stipulated in advance. This

latter species of misdeed was even beyond the comprehension of the Jewish youth at any time in the nation's history. Crimes like these were entirely foreign to the Jewish structure of mind, to the Jew's innate moral sentiments, to his psychology, his inbred habits, his outlooks and racial characteristics.

It shall also be remarked that, while we note a pronounced deleterious change in a certain, small fraction of the Jewish people—the criminal fraction—a change is at the same time also noticeable in the greater bulk of the people. This change consists of the fact that the acts of the criminal are no longer received with that wide-eyed and staggering feeling of surprise and astonishment of the earlier days, but rather with a certain amount of complacent matter-of-factness and fatalism, though not with any less of reprobation. In brief, it is accepted now as but one of the many—albeit the most deplorable—routine details of our common life and its environment; as something inherent, and quite inseparable from it, and as one of the concommitant adjuncts of life in this Land of the Free!

Now, as it is apparent that here must have been some dynamic and elemental force, operating relentlessly and thoroughly within the life of the people, strong enough to bring about this utter and sudden change in the psychology of a people numbering several millions of souls; this complete right-about-face in a people's habits, modes of thought and practice to which it clung so tenaciously for thousands of years; to uproot and almost completely destroy all of this within the brief space of a few years. Indeed, to the student of folk psychology and the social sciences this sad fact would provide a problem of the first magnitude, a puzzle hard indeed to solve.

Superficially, it would seem but an easy matter to invoke the theory of Heredity and, by the mumbling of a few threadbare phrases so dear to the heart of the Empiricist and the Generalizer, discover the underlying cause of this sad phenomenon. Working thus along hackneyed lines and with time-worn tools, it becomes an entirely simple matter. These outcasts, one would say, were simply the inheritors of a baleful tradition. They came of a tainted stock. Their fathers, and their fathers before them, had been afflicted with a criminal Psychosis; and these men have simply inherited the criminal tendencies of their degenerate, criminally-inclined fathers.

This would indeed offer a thoroughly efficacious solution of the phenomenon and dispose of it in easy style were it not for the countering facts in the case. For, as already stated, acts of violence of any kind, and murder in particular, where phenomena practically

unknown among Jews all through their long history—especially so since their dispersion among the nations nearly 2,000 years ago—hence, there could not possibly be any talk of heredity in these instances. Besides, it has been found that almost in all cases, and with very few exceptions, these professional criminals came out of good homes wherein the prevailing atmostphere was anything but criminal. The home in which the most of them spent their childhood and youth—in other words, the most impressionable and character-forming periods of their life—was one that was permeated by a spirit of old-fashioned and simple piety and honesty of living. It was a virtuous, if not always an intellectual atmosphere, and such as usually is found to be conducive to an honest and upright living. And there is no one more shocked and even puzzled by the tragic, and to them inexplicable, denouement in the life of their offspring than these very fathers and mothers who themselves are of undisputed as well as untarnished respectability!

We must search the generalities of the Jewish life in the big cities of America in order to find the genesis of this particular, and unique, phenomenon in the Jew's experience. We must probe the depths of our social, economic and religious life before we can uncover the source of this evil. And this is what one will find as the result of his labors.

Jewish life in America differs radically, if not organically, from the Jewish life the world-over. For, whereas Jewish life in all European and Asiatic lands is indigenous and native, in America it is extraneous and overwhelmingly exotic. While in the old world it is homogenous, bears a certain and well-defined physiognomy, has had time, for centuries past, to strike roots into the soil, has had time to organize itself, to create certain norms and standards, Jewish life in America is yet a thing amorphous, quite formless and entirely chaotic. It is yet in a state of flux and adaptability. It is a plant that had been violently torn up by the roots from the soil of its nativity and transplanted hurriedly to a new soil and climate; and, as is usual in all such cases where the plant and soil have not yet become entirely and inextricably identified with one another, it suffers overmuch from the caprices of the unkind elements.

We see in this instance the tragic exemplification of the age-long and recurrent battle between civilizations; the eternal spectacle of weaker and stronger cultures—strength sometimes denoting mere numbers—come to grips. These have occurred quite often in human history, and, mostly, with tragic results for the weaker race. An

individual being, or even a small group, may come face to face with a strange civilization and, by the innate power of adaption inherent in all of us, not only be no loser by the encounter but actually become the gainer in many ways through the ready adoption of the practices that are the product of other people's wisdom and experience. But it is different with entire nations or considerable bodies of people, and especially so in those instances where the contact, or penetration, has not been voluntary, nor a deliberate or gradual one.

The overthrow and submergence of the highly-civilized Greek State by the mere might of Roman Arms; the overthrow of the Saxon culture by the Normans, the intellectually rich Moorish Kingdom by the Spaniards—and the consequent degeneracy of the Moorish race—the demoralization of the American Indians following upon the abrupt and violent infiltration of the Whites are but a few, though poignant, examples of the workings of this law. Everywhere, the weaker has to yield to the strong not only physically but also culturally, and ere the day of final amalgamation arrives, the day when a synthesis of what is good in the teachings and practices of both peoples is made, there is bound to be a period of demoralization, as well as deterioration, among the members of the weaker race, and the weakest ones morally will suffer the most.

If one will go back a scant fifty years or so, he will find that the number of Jewish residents of the United States was entirely insignificant as compared to the total number of people living in the land. There were then a few thousand of the descendants of the Portuguese Jews, who arrived here in the days of Peter Stuyvesant and his Dutch and English Colonial successors, as well as the small number of the later-arriving German Jews. Their number was small as compared to the aggregate total of the population of the land. And they had had ample time and leisure, during the many years of their residence in the land to organize themselves in the social, economic as well as the religious sense. Their life, in all its variegated and diversified phases, functioned properly and normally, and they had no problems to cope with other than those faced by any other sect or faction of their fellow-Americans. They were already sufficiently and thoroughly acclimated, and the battles, if any, had been fought out in the long ago by their ancestors. Even these, were fortunate in that they had come into a society that was yet in the making and they were moulded with it, the forces that were acting upon the people at large also exerting their benign or other influence over them.

The real problem, however, developed at a much later day. The disturbances in Russia following the accession to the Throne of Alexander III in 1881, followed, in their turn, by the successive cruel edicts of his reign of fourteen years, brought the first great wave of Jews to these shores. The even more savage repressive policies of his successor, Nicholas II, and more especially the bloody pogroms of Jews that took place simultaneously in one hundred and thirty communities towards the end of 1905, following the grant of the so-called mock constitution, caused hundreds of thousands of Jews to rush pell-mell for safety, to flee to the only land that held out the prospect of physical safety, and the chance to earn an honest livelihood unmolested by any one.

This new settlement has not as yet struck its roots deep enough into the soil. It could not have done so in such a brief while, by all the laws governing human society, though what has been accomplished in the way of adaptation is nothing short of the marvelous. The mass of the people is still, ethically and sometimes also economically, hanging in the air. It is trying desperately to adapt itself to its new milieu. Into this effort of adaptation there obtrudes the inevitable and tragic break in the organism; the sad rift in harmony's lute and the occasional snapping of the strings.

Within the great Pale of Settlement of Russia and Poland of old, the Millenium-old Patriarchal order of life has prevailed to this very day, though in a more or less modified form. The bulk of the people were as yet entirely unaffected by the modern industrial system in vogue in most other European lands, and but very little more by the much-different mode of life of their non-Jewish neighbors. Their religious, social and political outlooks, were regulated by a three-thousand-year-old faith and social philosophy, in the exercise of which their temporal rulers interfered but little.

When these men and women—the fathers and mothers of the present generation, came to America they most naturally tried their utmost to continue their own traditional life; the life to which they have been accustomed since their own early childhood and the one that has been the heritage of their people since days immemorial. Their children, on the other hand, quickly become Americanized in thought, manners and action. This, no one will dispute, is a characteristic of the Jew widely noted and not infrequently marveled at. His adaptability is proverbial and almost magical. In a very few years, these children become overwhelmingly the product of the American public school, the American business world and absorb the

American social and economic usages. They go through the great leveling machine, or the great grinding hopper, to emerge as thoroughly different beings, for better or for worse. And then, the gulf, that had separated the two all along, becomes a chasm and is practically unbridgeable! The difference between parents and children in immigrant Jewish families is thus not that of the normal and entirely expected difference between the two generations observed in every other family—representing, in the main, a healthy process of evolution—but rather predicates a break; a violent wrenching and disruption. Hence, all the many cases of juvenile delinquency among the Jewish youth of the city of New York, the running of the gamut all the way from mere truancy and the infraction of minor laws, to that of assault, robbery and forgery and even sodomy and rape, as one can easily find by perusing the records of the Children's Courts of the city of New York, and doubtless the same holds true of many other big cities.[1]

Practically every immigrant Jewish home during its years of adjustment harbors a tragedy in miniature. When it is not a tragedy in the physical and the more elemental sense, it is yet a tragedy in the moral, or social, sense. The children generally look upon their elders as upon inferior beings. (It is significant that of the Jewish children committed to institutions in the city of New York, by far the greatest number are the native born children of foreign parentage.) As the children grow older, they display a certain amount of tolerance in their attitude towards their parents; an attitude of tolerance towards their supposed weaknesses. It is an attitude that speaks of stooping patronage towards a lower being, but seldom is one of genuine respect and honor. Every word uttered by the young, every one of their actions and deeds speaks loudly of this deep-seated sentiment. Zangwill, when writing of the London Ghetto—which is in many essentials, though on a much smaller scale, the exact double of its more robust New York sister—has correctly limned this type. The erstwhile Levi Jacobs, son of *Reb Shemuel*, becomes metamorphosed over night into Leonard James and boasts that he "has become a regular Englishman" because he has thrown away his Phylacteries and "breakfasts on bacon regularly." This

[1] It is interesting to note here that out of a total arraignment of 9,215 in the Children's Courts of the Greater City in 1922, 2,094 were Jewish, or 22.07 per cent, and of these, 60 were charged with assault, 7 with sodomy and rape, 47 with burglary, 3 with robbery, 35 with grand larceny, 49 with petty larceny 200 with disorderly conduct, while 3 were charged with the carrying or discharging of weapons. The geater number of these culprits were under nine years of age and native born, though of foreign-born parentage.

is the sign manual of the true Englishman to him; and so it is to most of the youth of the Ghetto.

Under such circumstances there cannot be much room for parental authority. At most, there can be mutual tolerance and but a vague sense of obedience on the part of the young towards their elders. And where there is a certain minimum amount of it rendered, it is done but perfunctorily and grudgingly.

Where there is no home life in its deeper and more significant connotation; where a family is practically headless and leaderless, the only result that we can anticipate is anarchy and mobism; a state of affairs that must inevitably lead to most tragic results. The marvel is not that there is so much lawlessness among the young Jews of America, but rather that there is so little of it.

In the final analysis, the gangster evil really belongs to the roster of the latter day Jewish persecutions in the benighted lands abroad and the sudden mass-precipitation of a people into a new Milieu. Its origin is to be found in the mediæval policies of the late rules of Russia and Roumania: policies that resulted in the precipitate uprooting of thousands of families, the disruption of a centuries-old life and its institutions, and the resultant hurtling of great numbers of refugees into a strange environment and among a strange people. Given time to acclimate and grow into the soil, this evil will disappear from their midst. It will be sloughed off even as many other native as well as acquired customs and habits have been sloughed off by them.

THE NATURE OF MAN

BY JOHN EDMOND HEARN

WHAT do we know about the nature of man? Very little, and mainly because man can not know himself. "We are unknown, we knowers, ourselves to ourselves," says Nietzsche, and he compares us to one who, "sunken in the seas of his own soul, in whose ear the clock has just thundered with all its force its twelve strokes of noon, suddenly wakes up, and asks himself, 'What has in point of fact just struck?' So do we at times rub afterward, as it were, our puzzled ears, and ask in complete astonishment and complete embarrassment, 'Through what have we in point of fact just lived?' further, 'Who are we in point of fact?' and count, *after they have struck,* all the twelve throbbing beats of the clock of our experience, of our life, of our being—ah!—and count wrong."

But where direct knowledge is denied us, we may make the best of indirect. No one ever saw a vitamin, but we do not deny the existence of the accessory food substance on that account. And really we know a great deal about them without knowing them. It is possible even, by appropriate manipulation, to secure vitamins in a fair state of purity; how far it is impossible to say, because there is no standard of comparison. Apart from a few of their physiological properties, our knowledge of them is largely negative. We may examine a mass of material and may find that it does not contain certain chemical elements although it contains vitamins. Then we conclude that vitamins do not contain the certain elements. But when we find that the mass does contain a certain element, we can not conclude that vitamins do contain it, for it may be present as an impurity, in the matter surrounding the vitamin but not in the vitamin.

It is not possible to apply chemical manipulation to man. We can not secure him in even a fair state of purity. And when certain things are alleged about man, it may be that they are true not of

man himself, not of pure man, but of impurities which cling to him.

But if it is impossible to develop a technique for purifying the creature, we may at any rate question some of the allegations about him and try to decide whether they apply really to him himself.

"To the eye of vulgar Logic," says Carlyle, "what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears breeches."

Is he omnivorous? The best diet for an animal of any species is that to which he is naturally adapted. His natural diet is that to which he was earliest accustomed, provided he has not passed through any evolutionary changes which make such a diet unsuitable at the present time.

Ovid, in describing the Golden Age of the Greeks, says that men fed on fruit, without meat.

As to man's ancestors, Elliot of Oxford, in his recent work on "Prehistoric Man," declares that "there was not, so far as we are aware, any carnivorous creature in the Eocene period."

Genus homo belongs to the order of Primates, which includes men, monkeys, and lemurs, and his natural or primitive diet is the same as that of his order—fruits, nuts, tender shoots and bulbs, which were found in the primitive home, the forest. It was after leaving the forest, according to United States Forester Graves, that man began to prey upon the animals of the plains.

Is man a biped? No; there is no room for doubt that primitive man walked on all fours, and many anatomists believe that he changed prematurely from the horizontal to the vertical position. Dr. J. K. Thompson says that the upright position causes the gravitation of the blood and waste products in the circulation to the abdomen and the lower limbs, this congestion bringing on disorders of various kinds. Most people, he thinks, would benefit by walking quadruped-fashion part of the time and by exercising in the horizontal position.

We need not discuss the bifurcated garments that most men wear, except to remark that Carlyle's definition rules out some men and most women, and we had thought that he used the term man in the generic sense.

But Carlyle, as you will remember, does not stop with his materialistic definition but gives a metaphysical one also: "To the eye of pure reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition."

This is not very enlightening. It is the identification of something we little know with something we know not at all.

It is a curious fact that men are offended at the correct definition of man. Man is an animal, but he sometimes hates to acknowledge it. "Every member and organ of his body has its counterpart or analog in the bodies of other animals," says W. H. Thompson. "The brain of the chimpanzee, as far as structure goes, presents us with not only every lobe but with every convolution of the human brain."

Korzybski, the author of "The Manhood of Humanity," seems to think that men are not animals. He divides life into three parts: plants, the chemistry-binders; animals, the space-binders; men, the time-binders. No one doubts that men have some qualities that lower animals lack, but to make a separate classification of men because they can fuse, in their minds, the past, present, and future into an eternal present tense seems hardly necessary, especially as it is not known whether an intelligent dog can perform that feat.

Doctor Crile's exceedingly useful description of man as an adaptive mechanism, as a sensitive being immersed in a hostile environment, applies not exclusively to man.

Paul Lafargue has shown that man can not be distinguished from other animals by the ability to entertain abstract ideas. The idea of number is the abstract idea par excellence, and a pigeon, if robbed of the second egg she lays, will lay a third, and a fourth and fifth if the eggs are taken as fast as she lays them. She will sit upon two eggs, not more nor less. She shares with man the abstract idea of number.

Of all the definitions of man, perhaps the Nietzschean characterization of him as the animal that can promise is the best: whence it may be said to follow that the ignoblest member of the species is the man who repudiates or forgets his promises.

The bare possession of the social sense does not distinguish man from the other animals. Even earthworms are social. And there are men who are not much more social than earthworms. On the higher levels, sociability becomes an esthetic affair; but even there the difference is in degree rather than in kind—a quantitative, not a qualitative, difference.

It is generally conceded that the possession of intelligence roughly divides mankind from the beasts, although a two-year-old dog is more intelligent than a two-year-old child. Recent experiments with scopolamin have shown that the intellect may be put to sleep without interfering with the speech center. A subject in this so-called twilight sleep may talk, but, when the drug works to suit the operator, the subject can not tell a lie. The reason for this is that the

intellect is necessary for deception. If man is the only intelligent creature, then he is the only liar. But even insects can play dead to deceive their enemies.

It is a peculiarly human idiosyncrasy that one man while listening to a recital of the woes of another has his attention focused on his own troubles and his friend's woes are seen dimly at the outer range of his vision. This has been observed so often of humans, and never of non-humans, that the probability is that it is a trait at least predominantly human.

Man is narrow-minded, but for all we know not more so than other animals. Among the various ways in which this narrow-mindedness is manifested is in the inability of a man to appreciate the worth of another man's work and interests. I was speaking to a friend about a fundamental problem in philosophy and of William James's contribution toward its solution. After listening quietly for a moment, my friend, smiling engagingly, said: "Which is about as important as the distinction between tweedledum and tweedledee."

Man is a religious animal. It is probable that pigs neither pray nor swear. Swearing is the expression, hardly of religion, but at any rate of religiosity.

Reverence for something greater than himself is a universal property of man. He may blaspheme God, he may despise intellect, but there is always something greater than himself which he reverences. Sometimes this shows in his complaints. He may complain that there is no justice in the world. Thereby he shows his deep reverence for justice. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps there is no justice in the world—in his world, which is made up of a grasping landlord, a penny-saving employer, and himself.

Schopenhauer admonished his students, when they met with any disagreeable trait in human nature, merely to make a note of it. It may not be true that all knowledge is useful: one's attitude toward knowledge is the important thing. The student of insects finds interest in every insect trait. The student of man should find interest in every human trait.

These traits, pleasant and unpleasant, may be divided into those of instinct and those of intelligence. But instinct is a sort of intelligence, and perhaps the differentiation should be between the traits which are under the control of the subconscious mind and those controlled by the conscious mind.

An act which has been repeated so often as to become a matter of unconscious habit may at first have been harmless to any one

and yet later it may become offensive. A man who smokes in the presence of those who dislike tobacco smoke (if such people still exist) may not realize that he is doing anything reprehensible; but he should get into communication with his conscious mind.

The observer of the traits of men will soon see that many men live a sort of automatic life, made up mostly of habit. It is the exceptional man who orders his own life, changing his habits at will, knowing that even a fairly good habit may become bad by losing connection with conscious intelligence.

It is presumably in the interest of the unexceptional that reformers of the present day are endeavoring to make self-control superfluous. It is conceivable that paternalism may go so far as to endanger the supremacy of man over the lower animals rather than to exalt the monofanatics to the position of missing link between man and superman. For "end on" evolution has been discredited. There is, according to modern ideas, to quote Dr. F. Wood Jones of the University of London, "no march of progress to perfection along a single line." It seems logical to presume, with Professor Dendy, that the successor of man will arise from "some unspecialized offshoot of the human race," rather than from a group of highly specialized reformers who constitute the very pinnacle of perfected humanity.

Aside from the question of man's successor, the improvement of the race will probably depend rather on the leading of the people to an appreciation of the inexorability of the natural laws applicable to all animal life, including our own, than on legislation.

Man's origin, from the point of view of biology, was lowly; but his destiny may be greater than we of the present dream. His origin, from the non-physical point of view, many people think was not lowly. They regard him as an emanation from the Most High (but evil itself is an emanation from God if the Plotinian doctrine is carried to its logical end), and think that his destiny can not be less great than his origin; that his progress is determined by his own aspiration, volition, and imagination; that he must visualize himself as a god in order to achieve his ineffable destiny.

Whatever the destiny of the human race, it will not have existed in vain if from it arises a greater than itself. And that greater one may be able to pass judgment on the nature of man.

THE SPHINX

BY SMITH W. CARPENTER

THE duty assigned by my club was a paper on the Message of the Sphinx. All day I had delved in books, seeking harmony with the spirit of that age. Late, I prepared to retire; I turned out the light; then, wooed by a blaze on the hearth, resumed my place before the fire. The flare lit up the pictures of old Egypt grouped around me: Thebes, Karnak, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx. I had read Aristotle's description of her unmutilated glory, and, as the embers died, I gazed upon the etching before me, and seemed to gain insight to the spirit of her conception.

No longer was I in my library. I stood in the moonlight on the velvety plain, undevastated by desert sand, in the presence of the Majesty of the Sphinx. The face was benign, full of peace and restfulness, expressive of eternity, impersonal, not man nor woman, yet both.

As I gazed, a voice out of the vastness spoke to me:

"Know thou, O son of an effete and mimic age, that I am Horus.

"Here, sixty centuries ago, was I worshiped by that race of intellectual giants at whose tombs and temples you gape in wondrous awe.

"This monument was their concept of my divine Self.

"This leonine body signified my strength, this face my beauty and beneficence.

"Centuries passed, as you reckon time; my priests became rich, themselves they served, me they forgot.

"Charms and indulgences they sold. Vice and selfishness distinguished their acts.

"The seal of My approval they set upon the oppressor of the widow and orphan. The poor were enslaved in My name.

"Then I withdrew my favor from them, and Egypt became a vagabond and outcast nation.

"Christian and Moslem vandals came and wrecked this, My image, and laughed.

"They knew not that I am the One Eternal God, their God, and the God of their fathers.

"All temples, all shrines, in all lands, at all times are Mine.

"All worship is Mine.

"My likeness I have hung in the sky.

"Mine laws I have writ in their innermost parts.

"Though they take the wings of the morning, and fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, behold, I am there.

"I am Amen-Ra, the Eternal One, the Solar Orb, the All-Wise, the All-Seeing, the All-Powerful.

"I dwell not in images made by hands.

"I am Num-Ra, the Father Almighty, the Alpha and the Omega.

"Infinite are my attributes, and as these have one by one been distinguished, men have named them, and out of this verbal distinguishment has come theological speculation and wrangling.

"Heaven was peopled with gods, and Hell was created for the perverted concepts of My power.

"And now, O weakling, behold man's viril concept of My glory, the pageant of his proudest worship.

"And learn that there is no new thing under the sun. As it was in the beginning, it is now, and evermore shall be."

The Voice has ceased, and I am conscious of vast numbers of people around, all prostrate upon the ground. Hundreds of priests and neophites, their loins covered with sackcloth bound with hair rope, and with ashes upon their heads, surround the altar in front of the great Sphinx. Beating their breasts and tearing their hair, they prostrate themselves before the altar, and mourn the death of their Lord and Savior.

Their wailings are taken up by the people, and agonized groans rend the air. The moan of the assemblage swells and dies in thunderous roars. I distinguish dancers upon the altar platform; I am conscious of a rhythmic cadence in those bursts of sound that grow into an agony of tune.

The dance of Death is being enacted.

Horns and instruments of percussion add to the volume of sound; each pulsating sound grows in awful terror until voice and instrument have achieved their ultimate. Doors are opened that the voices of infuriated animals may add to the melody of torture.

The central figure of all this orchestration of death is he who impersonates Osirus upon the cross. Many mirrors from afar illumine Him with reflected moonbeams. From the wounds in His hands and feet the blood is dripping. His face depicts the ecstacy of anguish, the agony of a dying god.

The God is dead. His body is removed from the cross, placed in a tomb, and the door is closed by a great stone.

A dancer now holds my fascinated attention as, with the poetry of motion, she portrays the death of her Son, the Savior of men. The despair, the hopeless agony of a world rest upon her.

Imperceptibly the music loses its terror; its motif changes. With the first dimming of the stars Hope returns. Wondrous love gleams from the face of the Mother of God.

She dances the dance of the Virgin Mother-expectant.

A faint glow is now in the east. Jeweled vestments have replaced the garb of mourning. Reed and stringed instruments have succeeded those of more strident tone. Swinging censors pour forth incense. A choir of boys now joins in rapturous symphony, and from a thousand feathered throats comes the lilt of morn.

As the sun's first ray illumines the gilded orb on the head of the Sphinx, the stone rolls away; the God comes forth; He kneels to greet His mother whose love is so vast that she wills to give her life for him. In that ecstacy of love she quaffs the lethal draught, and sinks at the feet of her risen Lord. The worshipers are sprinkled with the waters of redemption; they sign the cross upon their foreheads. A hymn to Isis, Mother of God, is faintly intoned.

A hush, and the voice of the High Priest proclaims:

"Rejoice, O sacred initiates! Rejoice, O people! His pains, His sufferings, His death have worked your salvation! Rejoice, O rejoice! Your Savior is risen!"

The shout of salutation passes from one to all, "Rejoice, O rejoice! Our Savior is risen!"

Baskets of wafers are brought before the Risen One. His hand is raised in blessing: "Take thou, and eat. This is My body broken for you."

He blesses the wine that is poured: "Take thou, and drink. This is My blood, shed for the remission of sin."

Between the verses caroled by a surpliced choir a voice intones:

"I believe in Ra, the Shining, Exalted, Omnipotent One; God of Gods, the Father Almighty, Creator and Ruler of Heaven and Earth.

"Divine Monad, First Principle, whence all things come.

"I believe in Osirus, his Only Begotten Son, our Lord, coeternal, coextensive, cosubstantial; who ever was, and is, and shall be.

"Divine Dyad whence all things come.

"Who was immaculately conceived, and born unto the Virgin Isis.

"Although born in a manger, He was of royal lineage, and His birth was foretold by many prodigies.

"Over the Evil One he triumphed, and in exile grew to man's estate.

"Many miracles proclaimed His divinity. The sick He healed, devils He cast out, the dead He raised.

"The eucharist He ordained, the rite of baptism He established, the Sacred Trinity He proclaimed.

"Innocent of transgression, He took our sins upon Him, was crucified and died upon the celestial cross.

"His body was mutilated and buried.

"The third day He arose from the dead.

"He ascended into Heaven, where he reigns all glorious.

"Before His judgment seat we must all appear when He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

"I believe in the Holy Spirit, divine Triad, First Principle, whence all things come.

"I believe in the remission of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting."

BOOK REVIEW

SINCE LEAVING HOME. By *Albert Wehde*. 575 pages; 54 illustrations from photographs. Chicago: Tremonia Publishing Company. $3.00.

Albert Wehde wrote his autobiography in prison. He was then fifty-three years old, and though his life had been highly adventurous, it had never before occurred to him that he had a story to tell the world. But in prison he found time to think, to get a perspective on his past, in its relation to the evolution of society as a whole, and to the United States, which had revealed itself to him as a nation vastly different from that extolled in the school books.

Military bands had played in the Chicago streets while Wehde was tried in Judge Landis' court; and Landis had sent Wehde to Leavenworth, a sacrifice to appease the mob. Though long an American citizen, Wehde was German-born, and he had endeavored in Asiatic waters to transport arms to East Indian revolutionists. All this was before the United States entered the war; yet Wehde was convicted.

There is no such thing as hard labor in prison, this man declares; prisoners suffer bodily and mentally for lack of tangible occupation; but Wehde kept fit, did not wreck himself with brooding. Because of his skill in photography, the officials placed him in the photographic laboratory, where pictures and fingerprints of convicted men are developed. Laboratory work encourages introspection, and Wehde found zest in reliving his early days, in reweighing values.

In his cell at night, he began writing of his venturings. Thus was born the book, *Since Leaving Home*, an undeniable contribution to our social history. At first glance, the volume is deceiving; the chapter heads breathe romance. And romance is in the narrative; but the text is sound, honest, and informative; the style artless, but glowing.

Wehde emigrated to the United States at sixteen, knowing no trade, blissfully confident that anybody willing to work could make a living anywhere. In St. Louis a stern grand-uncle turned him into the street, and he fell among thieves, but was saved from them. Then, while employed as translator for a newspaper at three dollars a week, he inspired the writing of the song, "Where Did You Get That Hat?" subsequently sung from coast to coast.

He and a cousin started down the Mississippi in a rowboat. Terrible days and nights followed, with mosquitoes, hunger and malaria scourging them. Near Arkansas City the cousin took the rowboat and deserted. Unconscious from fever, young Wehde was picked up by kindly Samaritans, and nursed back to health. In Texas he fought a duel with a bad man, and killed him. He acted

in medicine shows, rode freight trains, was imperilled by mobs, and finally stowed away on a steamer for Central America.

Years of wandering, danger, and hardship ensued. Wehde hunted gold and found it; was menaced by savages; became lost in the jungle and was haunted by the specter of another who had gone mad in a similar plight; was near death when his boat sank under him in shark-infested waters; fought in revolutions, was sentenced to die, and escaped.

When his people came to the States twenty-five years ago, Wehde joined them in Milwaukee, and settled down; attended school, qualified as a jewelry engraver, won art prizes. War's opening found him with a studio in Chicago. The call of the blood sounded, and he volunteered to serve the German cause. He was sent to the Far East, where he chartered a 100-ton schooner for munition-running to India, which under international law was then legal.

Here Wehde became the quarry of Allied ships, faced innumerable dangers, and at every turn was hampered by United States consular officers, who manifestly were favoring the British. Once when held in a harbor by a Japanese man-of-war, Wehde borrowed gasoline from that vessel (in exchange for a promise of vegetables), and made a 500-mile dash in a small motorboat to Manila, to obtain parts for the schooner's engine.

He will excite many a laugh with his recital of blunders by the Allies, especially the British and Japanese. In Japan, when buying transportation, he displayed a preposterous passport—signed by King Cole the First of the Kingdom of Missouri, and countersigned by Fiddlersthree, Secretary of State. This was accepted as an adequate voucher for Wehde's integrity.

One fine touch in Wehde's book is the dedication: "There were men I met along the way, in the jungle, on the rivers and the seas, who gave more than I can tell. They asked nothing for themselves except the chance to serve. They ventured into the uncharted places for a shining dream, and few came back. To them, and to those who follow them, this book is dedicated."

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* * * * *

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