

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

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and

The Idea of Evil

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妻の人軍 筆郎四國谷満

WIDOWED.

(After an oil painting by Kunishiro Mitsutani.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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AT THE BATTLE OF NAN-SHAN HILL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. SHAKU SOYEN.*

ALL that I can say is, "It beggars description!" Verily, it is the acme of brutality and recklessness conceived in this world of individualisation (*nâmarûpa*). Even the fight between the Asura and Sakrendra, the demons and the angels, witnessed by our Buddha, seems here to sink into insignificance.

As far as my unaided eye can see, nature around me is calm. The Tai-lien Bay to the left and the Kin-chou Bay to the right, both as tranquil as mirrors, and above us and over the Nan-Shan Hill, where directly in our front the Russian fortifications stand, the sky expands in majestic serenity. Nothing suggests the awful carnage which there is enacted. Guns roar, bombs burst, but we do not see whence they come, and their knell only offsets the solemnity of these peaceful surroundings. But when I look through a powerful field-glass, I behold the hillsides strewn with dead and wounded, and soldiers rush onward over these wretches, while the enemies on the hill are madly scrambling, stumbling, and falling. I shudder at the sight.

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Still more appalling is a visit to the battle-field after the fight. Yesterday, when I viewed Nan-Shan Hill from a distance, imagination lent enchantment to the spectacle, and at times the cannonade even impressed me with grandeur. But I am now confronting actualities,—actualities whose terror and horror can never be forgotten. From the top of yonder hill, where, under the calm summer sky, nature smiled in beauty, I could form no true conception of the tragedy, which, as I see now, took place here in unparalleled

* Translated by Teitaro Suzuki.

fury and madness. What a strange paradox is this contrast,—a most horrible catastrophe of human life happening in the most delightful surroundings! It makes me meditate again on the doctrine of our teacher.

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Buddhism provides us with two entrances through which we can reach the citadel of perfect truth. One is the gate of love (*karunâ*) and the other the gate of knowledge (*prajñâ*). The former leads us to the world of particulars and the latter to the realm of the absolute. By knowledge we aspire to reach the summit of spiritual enlightenment; by love we strive to rescue our fellow-creatures from misery and crime. View the vicissitudes of things from the unity and eternity of the religious standpoint, the Dhamadhatu, and everything is one, is on the same plane, and I learn to neglect the worldly distinction made between friend and foe, tragedy and comedy, war and peace, *samsâra* and *nirvâna*, passion (*kleṣa*) and enlightenment (*bodhi*). A philosophical calm pervades my soul and I feel the contentment of *Nirvâna*. For there is nothing as far as I can see, that does not reflect the glory of Buddha. Even in the midst of this transcendent universality, however, my heart aches with a pain, undefinable yet insuppressible. Love for all sentient beings asserts itself, and that frigid indifference of the intellect gives away.

And why was it necessary that the many horrors of this present war have come to pass? Why had those poor soldiers to sacrifice their lives? In every one of them a warm heart has been beating, and now they are all lying on the ground in piles, stiff and stark like logs.

O Mother Earth! All these my fellow-creatures, it is true, are made of the same stuff of which thou art made. But do not their lives partake of something not of the earth earthy, altogether unlike thyself, and, indeed, more than mere gross matter? Are theirs not precious human souls which can be engaged in the works of peace and enlightenment? Why art thou so gravely dumb, when thou art covered with things priceless that are being dissolved into their primitive elements?

In this world of particulars, the noblest and greatest thing one can achieve is to combat evil and bring it into complete subjection. The moral principle which guided the Buddha throughout his twelve years of preparation and in his forty-eight years of religious wanderings, and which pervades his whole doctrine, however varied it may be when practically applied, is nothing else than



THE RIGHT REV. SHAKU SOYEN.*

* The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, the Lord Abbot of Engakuji, Kamakura, is one of the most prominent Buddhist prelates of Japan. He visited Chicago during the World's Fair and was a conspicuous member among the foreign delegates to the Parliament of Religions. During the last summer he ac-

the subjugation of evil. To destroy the ninety-eight major and eighty-four thousand minor evils, that are constantly tormenting human souls on this earth, was the guiding thought of the Buddha. Therefore, every follower of the Buddha builds the great boat of love, launches it on the great ocean of birth and death, steers it with the great rudder of faith, and sails forth with a steadfast mind through the whirling tempest of egotistic desires and passions. No Buddhist will ever relax his energy, until every one of his fellow-creatures be safely carried over to the other shore of perfect bliss.

War is an evil and a great one, indeed. But war against evils must be unflinchingly prosecuted till we attain the final aim. In the present hostilities in which Japan has entered with great reluctance, she pursues no egotistic purpose, but seeks the subjugation of evils hostile to civilisation, peace, and enlightenment. She deliberated long before she took up arms, as she was well aware of the magnitude and gravity of the undertaking. But the firm conviction of the justice of her cause has endowed her with an indomitable courage, and she is determined to carry the struggle to the bitter end.

Here is the price we must pay for our ideals—a price paid in streams of blood and by the sacrifice of many thousands of living bodies. However determined may be our resolution to crush evils, our hearts tremble at the sight of this appalling scene.

Alas! How much dearer is the price still going to be? What enormous losses are we going to suffer through the evil thoughts of our enemy, not to speak of the many injuries which our poor enemy himself will have to endure? All these miserable soldiers, individually harmless and innocent of the present war, are doomed to a death not only unnatural, but even inhuman!

Indeed, were it not for the doctrine of love taught by the Buddha, which should elevate every individual creature to the realm of a pure spirituality, we would, in the face of the terrible calamities that now befall us, be left to utter destruction and without any consolation whatever. Were it not for the belief that the bloom of truly spiritual light will, out of these mutilated, disfigured, and decomposing corpses, return with renewed splendor, we would not be

accompanied the army stationed before Port Arthur, Manchuria, where he was attached to the staff of H. R. H. Prince Fushimi. Having returned to Japan, he has published the impressions received on the battle-field in an article entitled "At the Battle of Nan-Shan Hill," and it will be interesting to our readers to become acquainted with the attitude of a representative Buddhist priest as to his opinion concerning war, especially the present war with Russia. The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen belongs to the Zen sect which is one of the strictest and most orthodox churches of Japan.

THE STRUGGLE IN THE FAR EAST.

BY THE EDITOR.

JAPAN is now passing through a most critical period of its history, for the present war will decide whether Russia alone shall sway the destinies of Northern Asia, or whether she will have to retreat before the rising sun of Japan. Russia fights for the expansion of its empire, Japan for its independence, yea, for its very existence.

So far the Japanese have been victorious, and their triumphs are the more remarkable because Russia is the greater country with mightier resources. Moreover, the Russian troops are fighting with an unprecedented tenacity, and their generals, above all Kuropatkin and Stoessel, have shown uncommon boldness and foresight, so as to deserve our unlimited admiration. These brave Russian leaders have, again and again, after repeated defeats, and under the most trying circumstances, inspiring their troops with new courage,—a sure indication of their genuine generalship and the moral superiority of their characters.

The Japanese have begun the war with great reluctance and because they had no alternative left other than to fight or to submit; but they are determined to die rather than to yield. They know their fate if they lose, and they also know the prize if they win. They fight for their national existence, for their independence, for their honor, for their place in history; and one thing is sure; they have surprised the world by the valor of their men, the circumspection of their generals, the humaneness of their general behavior.

In spite of the Hague Tribunal, the present war was positively inevitable, for there is a conflict between the Russian and Japanese nationalities which could be decided by war only. Since Peter the Great's day the Russians have been anxious to reach the open sea somewhere, for they need it for the expanse of their commerce. They have harbors in the Black Sea and in the Baltic, but their navies are practically locked up in these inland seas, and Vladivo-

stok is ice-bound almost half the year. Further, the traditional policy of Russia is naturally a policy of expansion. Peter the Great's Testament indicates plainly Russia's aim to conquer Europe and Asia and take a commanding position among the nations of the earth. Patriotic Russians believe in it and Russian diplomats never lose sight of it. Indeed, part of the program (the conquest of Poland and of several countries in Inner Asia, as well as the extension of Russian influence on the Balkan peninsula,) has ac-



I. MARSHAL OYAMA WITH HIS STAFF PASSING THROUGH HAI CHENG.

tually been carried out, and there are many who believe that finally Russia will grow to the full size of her ideal, slowly but irresistibly and with comparative ease.

After the Chino-Japanese war, Russia protested against Japan's taking possession of Port Arthur; yet soon afterward she herself marched her troops into that Manchurian stronghold. Millions of rubles have been invested in fortifications and harbor im-

provements, and we can have no doubt that Russia, in spite of her assurances to the contrary, intended to keep Manchuria for good.



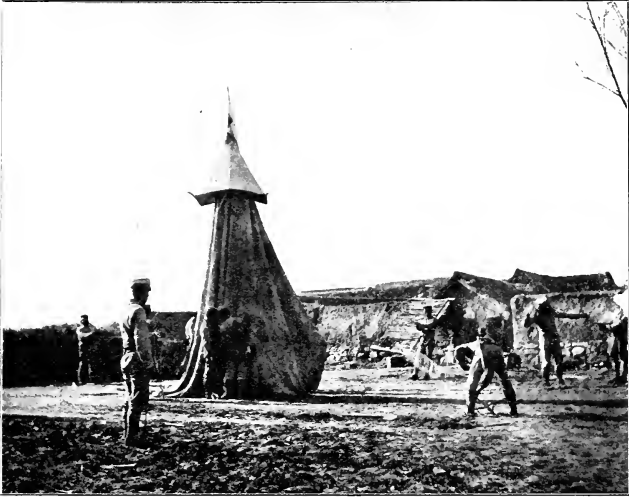
2. JAPANESE NINTH CAVALRY REGIMENT FORDING THE RIVER NEAR SHOU SHAN PAO.



3. JAPANESE INFANTRY READY TO CHARGE.

They are hidden behind Chinese corn and have thrown their overcoats aside.

Russian influence in Corea indicated that the Hermit Kingdom would be the next object of her expansion, and if Corea had be-



4. JAPANESE FIELD HOSPITAL NEAR SHOU SHAN PAO.



5. JAPANESE CANNON AFTER THE BATTLE.

come Russian the Russian sphere of influence would irresistibly have extended over Japan. Count Hans Von Königsmarck, a late military attaché of Germany to Japan, appreciates the significance of Corea in his interesting little book entitled *Japan and the Japanese*,* where he says on page 6: "The conquest of Corea means for Japan 'To be or not to be.'"

In a passage written before the beginning of the war, Count Königsmarck says (l. c. p. 250) on his arrival in Fusan, the Corean harbor: "Should Russia become master of this place, she would not only set limits to Japanese trade and commerce (in Corea) but could



6. TAKING POSSESSION OF THE LIAO YANG RAILWAY STATION.

also build up on this strategic point an abutment for a bridge to the Island Empire, thereby at least invalidating the independence of Japan.

"The English press represents this step of the Slav Goliath as immediately imminent, but in my opinion it will be reserved for a later future. At present, Russia is too much engaged with fortifying her interests in China, and so the friendship of Japan, which is after all a considerable factor in the Far East, will still be too valuable and should not be disturbed through a premature desire

* *Japan und die Japanesen*. Berlin: Allgem. Verein für d. Lit. 1904.



7. THE DEPOT OF LIAO YANG AS LEFT BY THE RUSSIANS.



8. BURNING PROVISIONS AT LIAO YANG DEPOT.

for a conquest of the peninsula of Korea. Russia should first gain a firm foothold in Manchuria, which done, she will be able to take possession of Korea without minding Japan."

The same writer, in speaking of Russia's plan of a "preliminary friendship with Japan in Japan," says (p. 185): "It is the delicate task of Russian diplomacy to veil as much as possible these seemingly inconsistent moves of Slavic world-policy and to sweeten the bitter anti-Japanese pills on the continent by sugar-cakes at Tokyo."

The island of Saghalin, once Japanese territory, was incorporated by the Russians in the midst of peace, and the Japanese gov-



9. DESTRUCTION OF AMMUNITION CARS AT THE LIAO YANG DEPOT. .

ernment had no other defence than to send a protest to the several powers. Should Japan have waited, until Russia was ready for taking possession of Nippon, in the same quiet way as she annexed Saghalin, or as she seized Port Arthur? In the face of the unmistakable policy of her formidable neighbor, she decided to force the issue before it might be too late.

The Japanese have so far been successful, and we cannot imagine that a nation that shows the same heroism as did the Greek at Thermopylæ and Salamis and the Prussians under Frederick the Great, can be blotted out from the map of the world. Moreover,

the noble spirit of a pure and stern patriotism pervades not only the army, not only the men that fight, but also those non-combatants who are left at home, also the wives and daughters and children. Our frontispiece represents the widow of a Japanese officer who has fallen in the war. The artist, Kunishiro Mitsutani, belongs to modern Japan. He is a pupil of the famous Koyama, and has studied in America and in Europe. He has abandoned the old Japanese style, and, following in the wake of his great master, may be considered a typical representative of modern Japanese art. And how well does he picture the spirit that animates his country. The



10. FIRST CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGE LEFT BEHIND BY THE RUSSIANS.

grief of the young widow is transfigured by the resigned composure plainly visible in the expression of her calm face. She carries on a tray, made of *hinoki* wood, unvarnished and without ornament, in order to express the simplicity so highly esteemed in Shintoism, her husband's cap and sword, apparently the same ones which he wore in battle, to deposit them as a reminiscence of her deceased lord, the father of her children, in the family shrine of her home. What love, what devotion, and yet at the same time, what determination is seen in her dignified features! It is typical of Japan,

whose attitude in her present ordeal elicits the sympathy of the world.

We here present our readers with some original photographs, taken on the field of battle in and around Liao Yang.

Liao Yang is an ancient city and was once the capital of Corea, when the Hermit Kingdom was still the center of Asiatic culture, religious as well as secular. Both China and Japan owe many inventions and progressive movements to the ancient Coreans, but when the country began to decline, it became the object of frequent invasions from the Chinese, the Japanese and the Manchurians. Emperor T'ai Tsung, who governed China 627-650 A. D., the foun-



II. RUSSIAN CANNON CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE.

der of the Tang dynasty, invaded Corea and entered Liao Yang, extending his victorious march to the heights of Shou Shan Pao, i. e., "the fortress on the mountain," an almost impregnable site, which is the natural defence of the country toward the south.

When Corea's military power was weakened, Liao Yang ceased to be the residence of the kings of Corea, and Seoul was selected as the new capital. In the meantime the Manchu invaded the western frontiers of the country, and Liao Yang ceased to be a Korean city.

The commanding heights of Shou Shan Pao offered a good opportunity for a successful defence against the Japanese armies,

and Kuropatkin did not neglect this chance, but proposed to make here a decisive stand, hoping that the natural strength of the place would make it impossible for the Japanese to oust him from Liao Yang; but, owing to the superior artillery and an unparalleled valor of the Japanese troops, the Russians were outflanked and this impregnable position was taken. Thus, Liao Yang had to be aban-



12. HOKU SHAN TOWER.

A Buddhist temple over five hundred feet high.*

doned, and Kuropatkin was forced to retreat toward Mukden, destroying behind him his stores of ammunition and provisions.

*If our informant is not mistaken as to the height of the Hoku Shan tower at Liao Yang, this remarkable structure will have to be considered the highest religious building in the world. The tower of the cathedral of Ulm is 161 metres high; that of Cologne, 156; of Rouen, 149; St. Nicolai of Hamburg, 144.2; the cathedral of Strassburg, 143; St. Peters of Rome, 138.7; and St. Paul of London, only 111.03.

We have selected from the photographs at our disposal mainly those which will help us to form a vivid picture of the topography of the battle.

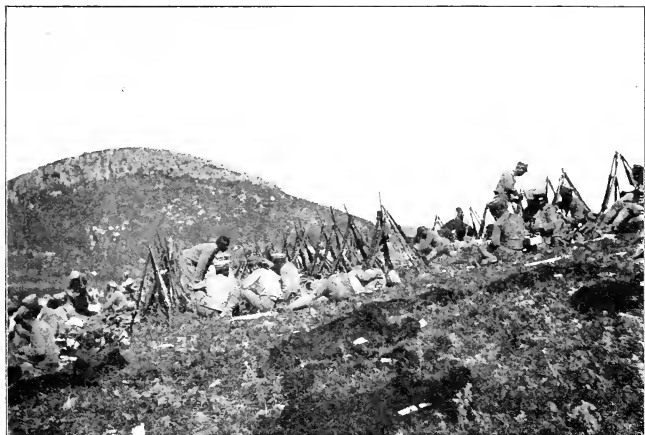
We see in the first picture Marshal Oyama with his staff passing through the main street of Hai Cheng. Before the Japanese begin their battles, they dispose of their troops as a skillful player would move the figures on a chess board, before he begins his attack. We see (in picture 2) the Japanese Ninth Regiment of Cavalry fording a little river to reach the place where its attack will be most effective. Infantry troops are moving through the fields



13. ARTILLERY AFTER THE BATTLE.

covered with *kao liang* (literally "high corn," which is as high as, or even higher than, the maize fields of Illinois. In picture 3, the Japanese soldiers are hidden behind the Chinese corn. They have thrown aside their overcoats to be unhampered in the charge. In the meantime, preparations are made in the rear of the army. A field hospital is quickly erected in the shape of a huge tent destined to give shelter to the wounded, who will soon need the accommodations of physicians and nurses.

The battle was bloody, but the victory was gained, and the cannon (in picture 5) exhibits how the material has been used to



14. JAPANESE INFANTRY AFTER THE BATTLE.



15. A JAPANESE POST BEFORE THE WALL OF LIAO YANG.

the utmost. How much more worn out must have been the men and horses!

Liao Yang being evacuated fell into the hands of the Japanese, who at once took possession of the railway station (picture 6). They find heaps of wheat and other provisions in burning piles while the ammunition which had been stored in railway cars and could not be moved, was exploded at the depot, which presents the sight of an unspeakable chaos. Nothing is left but wrecks and ruin.

At a distance we see a large tower. It is the Hoku Shan, a Buddhist temple, which is the most characteristic feature of the ancient Korean capital, and is over five hundred feet high, higher than many a building that has been reputed the highest in the world.

In the remaining pictures we see the soldiers resting after the battle on the top of Shou Shan Pao, and an outpost of the Japanese garrison quartered in the city of Liao Yang guarding the access to the wall and its entrances.

Our information from the headquarters of the Russian army is very meagre in comparison to communications received from the Japanese front. In fact it is limited to a humorous postal card



МУКДЕНЬ.
 This is the only hotel in Mukden and we only have four meals a day. Lately we have not had any champagne for breakfast and that's for gas only three times a day. War is indeed an awful awful thing. Good night!

which Mr. R. H. Little of Chicago lately sent to the Chicago Press Club.

In the meantime, while the war is still on, the cause of civilization is progressing, and one of the best fruits of the vicissitudes of the present campaign, which is actually beginning to ripen, would be a constitution for Russia.

THE JAPANESE FLORAL CALENDAR.

BY ERNEST W. CLEMENT, M. A.

XII. THE CAMELLIA.

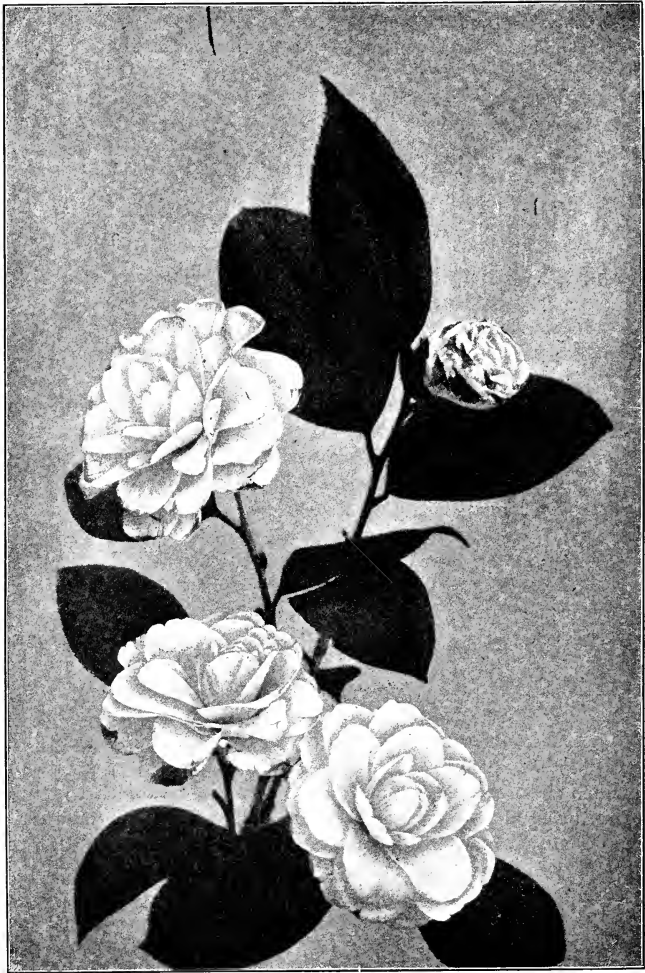
WE have selected for this month a flower of which there are two principal varieties, called in Japanese *sazankwa* and *tsubaki*. The Chinese ideograms used for the latter are the same as the first two ideograms of the former, and mean "mountain-tea," so that *sazankwa* means etymologically "wild tea flower." The tea-plant is scientifically classed as *camellia theifera*. The *tsubaki* does not generally bloom till January, but the *sazankwa* blossoms come in December.

Mr. Conder states the following about this flower: "There is a prejudice against the camellia on account of the fragility of the flower, which falls to pieces at the slightest touch; it is nevertheless much esteemed as being an evergreen." The famous Ogasawara mentions the following reasons for the high estimation in which the camellia should be held. It is recorded that, in the time of the gods, Sasanō no Mikoto and his spouse Inada Hime built a palace and as a token of unchanging fidelity for eight thousand years planted a camellia tree. This tree is said still to exist in the province of Idzumo and is called *Yachi yo no tsubaki*, or "the camellia tree of eight thousand years." Another reason assigned for the high estimation in which the tree is held is that the pestle in which the rice for the wedding-cake is ground is made of its wood. From the seeds a fine hair oil is made.

In the art of floral decoration, it is proper to combine the camellia with the narcissus; and the red kind ranks first.

The camellia, on account of its fragility, should not be used at weddings, but is appropriate for funerals.

The camellia is not a favorite subject in art or literature; therefore, we present this time no poem.



CAMELLIA BLOSSOMS.

CONCLUSION.

It ought to be evident, by this time, that the Japanese take a most thorough delight in their floral kingdom. Fully as much as in hero-worship do they indulge in "flower-worship." They truly worship nature in all her varied forms and hold communion with all her aspects. The Japanese love a flower *as a flower*.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

But, to a Japanese, simply as "nothing more" than a real flower, it would be full of beauty. The Japanese certainly find delight in even the simplest forms of natural beauty.

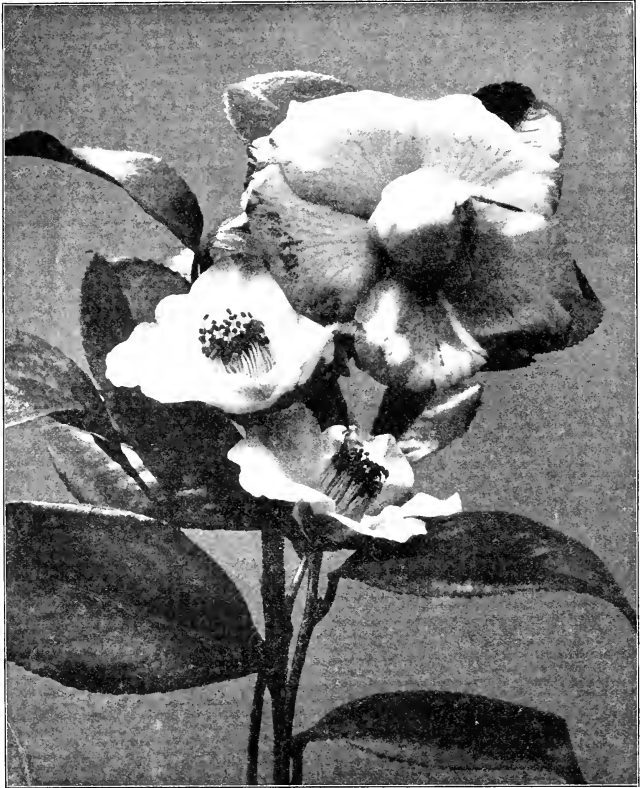
The subject of Japanese floriculture is extensive and exhausting. Japan is composed of gardens, "from the least to the greatest" in size; it is, in fact, itself an immense garden, a huge park, and a miniature paradise. Gardens, not only public but also private, abound. Even the poorest and humblest house is not without its little oasis of natural beauty, if it be no more than a single plant and blossom, or even only a twig. For the Japanese word *hana*, as we have said, is quite comprehensive in its meaning, and includes not only blossoms, but also stems and branches, and even stumps of blossomless trees and shrubs. A Japanese garden, therefore, may not contain a single blossom or scarcely a sprig of green. Some have nothing green at all, and consist entirely of rocks, and pebbles, and sand.

One such large garden had been designed with the distinct purpose of conveying the impression of "approaching the sea over a verge of dunes." The Japanese are the people who truly and keenly find "sermons in stones, books, in the running brooks, and good in everything."

The principal purpose, in fact, for a garden in Japan is realistic, naturalistic; it aims to imitate, and does not improve, actual landscapes. "It is, therefore, at once a picture and a poem; perhaps even more a poem than a picture." Sometimes, also, sermons may be attempted and abstract moral ideas, such as charity, faith, piety, content, calm, and connubial bliss, may be expressed in the beauties of nature.

Japan is a land of flowers, "a veritable garden of flowers"; but it maintains a nobility in floral as well as social institutions. There

are about a dozen *hana* which are reckoned among first-class; and even among these feudal lords there are gradations. Each has also its special meaning and use. The twelve *majores dii* of the Japanese



CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

floral kingdom are the cherry, chrysanthemum, cypress, bamboo, lotus, maple, rhodea, narcissus, peony, pine, plum, and wistaria.*

* Those who are especially interested in the subject of floral Japan should consult Piggott's *Garden of Japan* and Conder's *Theory of Flower Arrangement* and *Art of Landscape Gardening in Japan*, to which we have made frequent references.

The art of flower arrangement in Japan is a great accomplishment, and the theory of it is quite complex. The basal idea is simple, for the Japanese do not believe in such a massing of various colors and of different flowers, branches, grasses, etc., as is needed



CAMELLIA JAPONICA (EIGHT-FOLD)

to delight our artistic senses. One who has succeeded in developing within him the Japanese esthetic ideas cannot help feeling that what is called here a "bouquet" is generally "a vulgar murdering of flowers, an outrage upon the color-sense, a brutality, an abomina-

tion." The most artistic American could scarcely appreciate, as much as even the lowest Japanese, the beauty of a solitary spray of blossoms or even of a solitary branch or twig without a single blossom.

The whole theory of Japanese flower arrangement depends

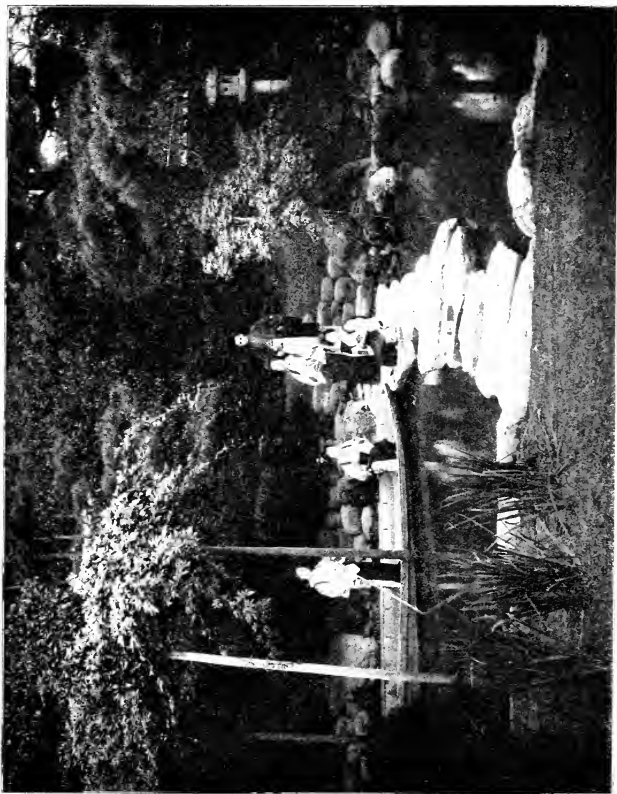


NANTEN (*NANDINA DOMESTICA*).

This plant is frequently used in winter for flower arrangement, when there are scarcely any *hanas* available.

upon the "language of line" rather than upon mass or color. Upon this simple base a rigid and complex system has been established, which has been carefully and thoroughly studied and analysed by a foreign architect, an Englishman, in the employ of the Japanese

Government. It will serve to give some idea of the magnitude and complexity of the subject to state that Mr. Conder's explanation thereof covers a hundred pages of the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*.* He has discussed and illustrated by numerous



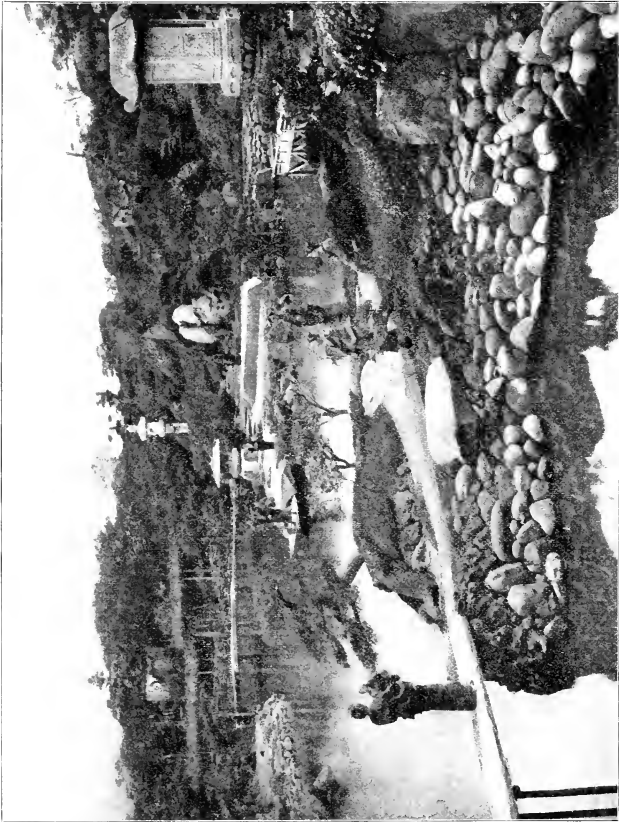
THE GARDEN OF AN ARISTOCRATIC JAPANESE FAMILY.

drawings the proper and improper combinations, the language of flowers, and other interesting matters.

This art of arranging flowers was considered by the Japanese

* He has also expanded this into an elegant book called *The Floral Art of Japan*.

as an "elegant accomplishment," and was an important item in the education of women of rank. But it appertained also to men of rank and of culture who might have retired from active life to the leisure of literary and esthetic pursuits. It has been stated that



A PRIVATE GARDEN.

those who engaged in this "fine art" would possess the following ten virtues:

"The privilege of associating with superiors; ease and dignity before men of rank; a serene disposition and forgetfulness of cares;

amusement in solitude; familiarity with the nature of plants and trees; the respect of mankind; constant gentleness of character; healthiness of mind and body; a religious spirit; self-abnegation and restraint."

In this monthly calendar of Floral Japan, we have not attempted to include all the flowers as in a botanical catalogue; we have merely made a selection of certain typical *hana*, to represent the floral year. But we must surely make at least mention of the fête-days (*en-nichi*), which are really flower-fairs, held once, twice, or thrice a month, according to circumstances, chiefly in the evening. The roadways are lined with flower-sellers and dealers in various other articles, which are displayed either on mats, or on carts, or in booths hastily constructed. On these occasions it is possible, after parleying with the seller,* to buy flowers for a very reasonable sum.

And now we may be able to appreciate how much the floral kingdom of Japan means to the Japanese. Huish has well expressed it as follows: "Flowers are associated with every act of a Japanese's life: they herald his birth, they are his daily companions, they accompany him to the grave; and after that they serve as a link between him and those he has left,—for his relatives and friends do not rest satisfied with piling up his coffin with floral tributes, they show their remembrance by offerings for long years afterwards." †

*The first price is exorbitant and proverbial: "Charge like a florist at a festival."

† In the very interesting chapter on "Flora and Flower Festivals" in his book entitled *Japan and its Art*."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF GERMAN LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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IT is not very many years ago that Arno Holz, a German iconoclast, in matters artistic, came forward with the bold assertion that art equals nature *minus* x. The formula was hailed for a time as the final definition of the artistic instinct of modern German. That it was nothing of the kind was proved by the short-lived sway of naturalism. The artistic instinct of the German people rose in revolt and, following the usual course of all revolts, it put forward an antithetical definition: Art equals nature *plus* x. But art and the creations of art cannot be laced in the straight-jackets of definitions. Neither can literary criticism submit to the foolish demand that it define in advance the nature of that artistic impulse which dominates a particular work of literature or a whole period of literary activity. It is altogether probable that some doctrinaires will shake their heads in solemn protest when a writer attempts to set forth the philosophical significance of certain literary creations for modern life, and persistently refuses to define the x of modern life into relation with which this literature is brought. The democratic impulses of American life, for example, are not definable, and if they were it would be a superfluous task to seek enlightenment through the study of literature. Precisely because these impulses are difficult of formulation as concepts, and precisely because they are imperfectly transmuted into national character, social usages and conventions, religious creeds and organizations, civic statutes and institutions, economic values, or public taste and public opinion of any kind—precisely for this reason we turn to art, and in particular to literature, for some better understanding of the essential dynamic of contemporary life.

For more than a century civilization has been consciously democratic and the belief that all progress is essentially democratic has been the greatest civilizing agency of the last hundred years. But when we are asked to define "democracy," we are asked to define the undefinable, the very *x* of modern life. Democratic institutions and ideals we may define, for they are definite manifestations of the *Kratos* of the demos. But these manifestations only confine our consciousness to fixed forms and inflexible concepts. The dynamic of social life is not limited to these. If this were the case, the problems that seem so stupendous today would find quick solution. The "will" of the people, which is democracy, is not the sum of the individual wills of all its members, or the average conduct of these members, or the ideals of enthusiasts, or the passions of the mob. The moral, religious, and esthetic temper of an age is something that secretly controls individual opinion, individual feeling, and individual taste, as it controls the passions of the mob, but it eludes definition. And because this temper eludes definition, and always has eluded definition when definition is most desired, every age has longed for the artistic vision of its secret individuality in order that this individuality might express itself more completely in ideals and conduct.

Is it, then, altogether unworthy of a critic to turn to the literature of past or present with the avowed purpose of seeking enlightenment concerning the vital impulses of modern civilization? Or is it not the noblest function of literary criticism to emphasize, and call attention to, the significance of artistic conceptions as interpretative of the undefined impulse the social dynamic, of our day? Very recently the laboring men of a certain section of our country were told by our greatest academician that the true reward of labor is the joy of creating. When we reflect that one hundred years ago, Goethe set himself the task to depict the joy of activity as the only worthy reward of life, we surely have sufficient warrant for contending that the sympathetic study of literature may profit a man who is seriously concerned with the pressing problems of national and social progress. With some such purpose as this, the present paper ventures to review the fundamental aspirations of German poets in that period of German life when the cry for a definition of democracy was first raised in the German lands.

When Klopstock published the first canto of his "Messias" in 1748, he unwittingly became the German champion of a new art of poetry. Incontinently he brushed aside the worthless trash which had passed for poetry because it was coated with a poetic veneer.

This was only the wholesome effect of his great epic of the Redemption. It was not the new issue which this poem created. We of the twentieth century may regard the saying as trite that knowledge implies ignorance, and ignorance knowledge. We accept the fact that the individual is forever confronted by two worlds: the world of known experience and the world of unknown experience. No two individuals live in exactly the same world of the known, for the known world of every individual is in some measure an unknown world to every other individual. Communication and comparison combine these individually known worlds into a collectively known world. Modern education has seen its mission in acquainting the individual with the world of the collectively known, and modern science—to use a comprehensive term—has striven to enlarge the common store of the known. These observations would, however, have seemed anything but trite in the first decades of the eighteenth century.

In the history of European civilization the last five decades of the eighteenth century have become known as the Age of Enlightenment, not because knowledge was disseminated far and wide, but because these axioms were then discovered. At the time when Klopstock conceived his epic, the dawn was just breaking. The previous ages were dark for the reason that between the pitifully small worlds of the individually known and the vast world of the individually unknown, no sufficiently realizable world of the collectively known existed. The consciousness of the known was therefore overshadowed by the mysteries of the unknown. No proper relation could exist between the scientific consciousness and religious mystification. In the history of civilization, the dominance of religious mystification in individuals has always produced, through communication and comparison, a common religious world as a refuge from the over-powering awe of the unknown. The dogma of the Church was a refuge of this kind. It transformed the unknown of the understanding into a revealed known, and created a common world of positive religious experience out of innumerable individual worlds of negative experience. Human knowledge was bound to encroach on this world of revelation, individually at first, then collectively. In the eighteenth century the accretion of known facts began to make itself felt, and gave aid and comfort to the scientific consciousness. The world of science expanded and overlapped the fixed world of dogma. The relative truth of science challenged the absolute truth of revelation. Collective knowledge, unsystematized though it was, began to emphasize the consciousness of the

known, and by that act to offset the undue mystification of the unknown. It was the first assertion of rationalism. Out of this assertion sprang the effort to combine the world of common religious experience (revelation) with a world of common intellectual experience, and this effort was the distinctively new feature of the art of Klopstock. Since his day German poets have wrestled with the problem which he suggested. Two worlds in one—how shall art solve this problem? And can art supply the missing world in which Man shall abide, conscious alike of the known and the unknown, conscious, indeed, of no distinction between known and unknown?

Klopstock very naturally approached the problem without any theories concerning the known and the unknown. As a child of his day he was actuated by the impulse to make the world of revelation as real as the world of understanding. He felt vaguely the challenge which one world has for the other, and he ventured to transmute the world of revelation into a poetic world of experience that he might silence this challenge:

“Aber, o That, die allein der Allbarmherzige kennt,
 Darf aus dunkler Ferne sich auch dir nahen die Dichtkunst?
 Weihe sie, Geist Schöpfer, vor dem ich hier stille anbe,
 Führe sie mir, als deine Nachahmerin, voller Entzückung,
 Voll unsterblicher Kraft, in verklärter Schönheit, entgegen!
 Rüste mit deinem Feuer sie, du, der die Tiefen der Gottheit
 Schaut, und den Menschen, aus Staube gemacht, zum Tempel sich heiligt!
 Rein sei das Herz! So darf ich, obwohl mit der bebenden Stimme
 Eines Sterblichen, doch den Gottversöhner besingen,
 Und die furchtbare Bahn mit verzieh'nem Straucheln durchlaufen.”

Klopstock's faith in the revealed unknown was not shaken. Though his poetry opened the door between revelation and the understanding, the poet stood on the further side of the threshold and let what he regarded as the light of revelation stream forth and illuminate the darkness of the small world of rational experience. But the door was opened! Others might not be content to gaze from the unknown into the known. The world of sense was illuminated by its own light also, and the more this light spread, the

“But from the dim far-away shall poetry dare to approach thee,
 Deed, which to no one is known but to God the All-merciful Father?
 Consecrate, Spirit Creative, the Muse, as in silence I worship,
 Lead her enraptured to me, Thy handmaid and Thy imitator,
 Filled with Thy power divine and in beauteous transfiguration!
 Thou who dost see to the depths of the Godhead, inspire her, Spirit,
 Thou who hast sanctified man, who is born of the dust, as Thy temple!
 Pure be the heart! And if pure, I may sing, I, a mortal, with trembling
 Voice of the Saviour-Redeemer, who reconciled man and his Maker,
 Finish the awful course, though I stumble in pardonable weakness.”

(From the introductory lines of “The Messiah.” Translation by J. F. C.)

more it lured poets to cross the threshold and put their art in its service.

The transition from the point of view of Klopstock to the final point of view of Lessing was so rapid that it left no worthy record in the literature of Germany. In the history of esthetics Moses Mendelssohn represented this transition, but he found no poet to do justice to his view that artistic insight should be both divinatory and cognitive. The rapid change of poetic base is accounted for by the fact that the process of education had been going on in secret for many decades. The habit of acquiescence in the paramount authority of revelation prevented poets from viewing the known in its own light, though it could not prevent the development of a realistic bent of mind and feeling. When the latter began to assert itself, established dogmas fell back on the infallibility of revelation. The relation of science to religion became more pointed, and differentiation of intellectual and religious experience was unavoidable. The emphasis suddenly shifted from the unknown to the known.

It is no detraction from the great service which Lessing did German literature, to admit that he confined art to the world of sense. A work of art was for him primarily an object of sense, beautiful because the quantity and quality of its stimulus are in exact accord with the sensation which the maker intends to produce, and this sensation approved by the understanding. To this extent Lessing was the founder of realistic art in German. The author of "Philotas," "Miss Sara Sampson," "Minna von Barnhelm," "Emilia Galotti," was frankly concerned only with empirical problems, and in "Nathan, der Weise" he even confined the range of morality to human conduct. Explicitly and implicitly he excluded all ideal categories:

"Es eifre jeder seiner unbestochnen,
 Von Vorurteilen freien Liebe nach!
 Es strebe von euch jeder um die Wette,
 Die Kraft des Steins in seinem Ring an Tag
 Zu legen! Komme dieser Kraft mit Sanftmut,
 Mit herzlicher Ergebenheit in Gott,
 Zu Hülfe! Und wenn sich dann der Steine Kräfte
 Bei euern Kindes-Kindeskindern äussern:
 So lad' ich über tausend tausend Jahre
 Sie wiederum vor diesen Stuhl. Da wird
 Ein weisrer Mann auf diesem Stuhle sitzen,
 Und sprechen."²

²"Therefore, let each one imitate this love;
 So, free from prejudice, let each one aim

If further confirmation of the attitude of Lessing were necessary, we might find it in the drama "Doctor Faust." The drama, if ever completed, is lost, but we know that its theme was delimitation and justification of rationalism. Faust is conceived of as a youth whom the passion for knowledge has kept free from the taint of all sensual passions. Satan holds council amid the ruins of a Gothic cathedral and decides to possess himself of the soul of Faust. If Faust can be tempted to seek a rational explanation of the primal causes of life, then his ruling passion will bring about his undoing. The lusts of life will entice him when its mysteries evade his understanding. But Satan is duped in his scheme. Faust is sunk in a deep sleep by his guardian angel and a phantom Faust is substituted in his place. Over this phantom Satan triumphs. In the midst of his triumph he hears the voice of the angel who now awakens Faust. The real Faust has dreamed what the phantom Faust has experienced. And these are the words of the angel to Satan: "Exult not! You have not triumphed over humanity and science: the noblest of passions was not implanted in Man by the Deity that it should lead to eternal doom: what you saw and what you think you now possess, was merely a phantom." The dream saves Faust. He gives up the attempt to explain the transcendental reality in terms of rational experience, and confines his search to temporal truths. And to these truths Lessing confined the artistic imagination.

Intentional ignoring of religious aspirations was the real cause of the revolution in German literature. It must not be assumed that Lessing denied the deep significance of these aspirations. On the contrary, he was convinced that their very existence proves the existence of a sublime reality. But he preached the gospel of empiricism and bade an age of almost senseless formalism turn back to the fountain-head of experience. Lessing held that the world of the understanding is our proper sphere. It is contained in the infinite as an inner concentric circle is contained in a greater circle. Every endeavor of art to pass from the inner to the outer circle can only distort the true relations of both circles. This was the exoteric doctrine of

To emulate his brethren in the strife
 To prove the virtues of his several ring.
 By offices of kindness and of love,
 And trust to God. And if in years to come,
 The virtues of the ring shall re-appear
 Among your children's children, then once more
 Come to the judgment-seat. A greater far
 Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."

(From Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." Translation by R. Dillon Boylan.)

those relationists who were best represented by Lessing. It had been better for German literature had Lessing found more willing followers. For Lessing demanded that art emanate from a consciousness of the collectively known.

But even Lessing was not content with this exoteric doctrine. His esoteric views prove how difficult it is to confine art to the world of sense. According to these esoteric views everything is knowable, even the world that transcends sense. There is no set of knowable facts beyond which lies another set of unknowable facts. From the known we are forever proceeding to the unknown; the circle of our vision is forever enlarging. Finite and infinite flow together and the universal is a perpetual unit. In the world of the understanding the world of eternal reason is continually revealed. What the power is that lets us see this revelation, Lessing did not state. It was left to Kant to define this power as a power greater than the understanding, the power to conceive ideas: the reason. This much, however, is evident, that these views of Lessing resulted from a complete reversal of the attitude of Klopstock.

Unhappily for German literature the constructive elements of Lessing's rationalism were overlooked. Nor could it well be otherwise. Two centuries earlier, the Reformation started in to cultivate a new field, a world of common rational experience. The task was too great. It withdrew its hand from the plow, forsook the field of its toil, and returned to the field of revealed experience. But in secret, men sought out the forsaken field, and in secret tilled each his own small domain. Ever larger grew the number of these toilers until their numbers and their work attracted public attention in the eighteenth century. Then the general Hegira began which we call Rationalism. Men who were content to inquire, and to record their inquiries in philosophical systems, found ample reward. Men who were cursed—for curse it was in those days—with the creative instinct of poetry, found a wilderness. They went forth to sing of the harvest and there was no harvest. They hoped to find a land of harmonious effort and adjusted energies, and they found a land of strange contradictions and unrelated forces. It should be remembered that Germany had no great center of civic and social life where the disgust at senseless forms could collect and vent itself in collective repudiation of secular and ecclesiastical authority. In Germany the individual stood—relatively speaking—alone. His heart-ache was not assuaged through close community and found no outlet through concerted activity. The poetry of those days rang with the cry of Faust:

“Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugeteilt ist,
 Will ich in meinem innern Selbst genießen,
 Mit meinem Geist das Höchste und Tiefste greifen,
 Ihr Wohl und Weh' auf meinen Busen häufen,
 Und so mein Selbst zu ihrem Selbst erweitern,
 Und wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zerscheitern.”

No common world of revelation, no common world of the understanding gave answer to this cry. Where then was a poet to seek the fair image of the Beautiful? Forced to rely on his private experience he became, in his estimation, a Titan. The day had come when “genius” was heralded as the modern Oedipus who could, and would, solve the riddle of the Sphinx. But the bewildering aspects of life grew more bewildering through the total absence of a common point of view and vainly the writers of the so-called Storm and Stress strove to fashion their experiences into a symmetrical world. Their art was baffled. Their passionate appeals to the imagination were unanswered. And in furious rebellion the longing of the soul stormed the skies. The phantom Faust of Lessing's drama became a Faust of flesh and blood in the works of the youthful Goethe, of Klinger, and of Müller. The dream changed to reality. Than this fact no other is more characteristic unless it be the preference which poets showed for the theme of brother-hate and fratricide. In this theme they concentrated their impressions of life. Through their futile quest for a solution they proved the folly of their art. Unable to decipher truths of causality, they spelled out the dreary fallacies of chance, and called them fate. Rationalistic art was gradually discredited and a step beyond rationalism became imperative. This step was taken by Schiller, Goethe, and the Romanticists.

The student who compares Schiller's “History of the Thirty Years' War” with the same author's “Wallenstein,” must feel that with the drama, he is entering a new world of artistic effort. The impetuous desire of the poet of “Die Räuber” to discover ideas in the world of phenomena, lies behind him. Hardly any of that old purpose is discernible which would explain a finite chaos by fixing the *terminus ad quem* of its infinite energies. Depressed below the plane of the loftier vision of reason, the circle of finite experience

“And all of life for all mankind created
 Shall be within my inmost being tested;
 The highest, lowest forms my soul shall borrow,
 Shall heap upon itself their bliss and sorrow,
 And thus my own sole self to all their selves expanded,
 I too, at last, shall with them all be stranded.”

(Goethe's “Faust,” Part I., scene 4. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

has dropped out of sight. The infinite alone remains, a limitless expanse of beauty which surrounds reason, and is itself Reason. This is the true sphere of art. Only in this sphere can Man realize the eternities. Here all limitations are gone:

“Froh des ungewohnten Schwebens
Fließt er aufwärts, und des Erdenlebens
Schweres Traumbild sinkt und sinkt und sinkt.
Des Olympus Harmonien empfangen
Den Verklärten in Kronions Saal,
Und die Göttin mit den Rosenwangen
Reicht ihm lächelnd den Pokal.”⁴

The years in which Schiller struggled with the “shapeless and endless” fate of Wallenstein, saw the formulation of his new artistic *credo*. Never has a more magnificent statement of philosophical and artistic idealism been formulated than in Schiller’s poem, “Das Ideal und das Leben,” the last stanza of which has just been quoted in part. There can be no doubt that Schiller proclaims here the supreme purpose of art to be, “making the ideal real.” His aim was analogous to that of Klopstock, only that an individual world of ideas was substituted for a common world of religion. In this world of ideas the artist must secure his revelation of eternal truths.

“Wenn im Leben noch des Kampfes Wage
Schwankt, erscheint hier der Sieg.”⁵

Nor can the artist create body. For these truths have no body. Body belongs to the world of sense. Eternal truths possess only form, and form is all the artist can create. The forms he shapes in marble, on canvass, or in speech and sounds, have no corporeal existence. They are flexible contours and the corporeal life they suggest is a figment of the soul. Ideas attain artistic reality through the semblance of corporeal form. Schiller called it *der schöne Schein*, “the illusion beautiful.”

“Nur der Körper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schicksal flechten:

“Behold him spring
Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,
And the dull matter that confined before
Sinks downward, downward, downward as a dream!
Olympian hymns receive the escaping soul,
And smiling Hebe, from the ambrosial stream,
Fills for a god the bowl.”

(From Schiller’s “The Ideal and Life.” Translation by Bulwer-Lytton.)

“If doubtful ever in the actual life,
Each contest—*here* a victory crowns the end.

(*Ibid.* Translation by Bulwer-Lytton.)

Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt.
 Die Gespielin seeliger Naturen.
 Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren,
 Göttlich unter Göttern die Gestalt.
 Wollt ihr hoch auf ihren Flügeln schweben.
 Werft die Angst des Irdischen von euch!
 Fliehet aus dem engen, dumpfen Leben
 In des Ideales Reich!"⁶⁶

Therefore the forms in which the imagination of the artist clothes truth seem temporal, and through their temporal seeming appear real. What we perceive is, however, an image of infinite reality.

"Nicht der Masse qualvoll abgerungen.
 Schlank und leicht, wie aus dem Nichts gesprungen.
 Steht das Bild vor dem entzückten Blick.
 Alle Zweifel, alle Kämpfe schweigen
 In des Sieges hoher Sicherheit:
 Ausgestossen hat es jeden Zeugen
 Menschlicher Bedürftigkeit."⁶⁷

Schiller saw the errors in which this exalted conception of the sublime might evolve the artist. Indeed, he appreciated the aberrations to which it had led and still might lead him. Before "Wallenstein" was completed, we read of his purpose to confine himself to "idealizing the realistic," a process which he considers by no means equivalent to "making the ideal real." Such a purpose, if seriously entertained, would not comport with the artistic creed laid down in the poem "Das Ideal und das Leben." The fact that Schiller contemplated it proves how little Schiller realized the extent of his surrender to the allurements of his creed. No special acumen is necessary to detect the process of "idealizing the realistic" in the first part of "Wallenstein," "Das Lager," or in the official life and

"Only Matter yieldeth to those powers
 Weaving this dark fate of ours;
 While above the reach of time and storm,
 Playmate of the Blessed Ones, up yonder
 She amid the fields of light, doth wander.
 Godlike 'mid the Gods, undying *Form*.
 Would you soar aloft on her strong pinion?
 Fling away all earthly care and strife!
 Fly to the Ideal's pure dominion
 From this dull and narrow life."

(Translation by J. S. Dwight. Revised.)

"The statue springs—not as with labor wrung
 From the hard block, but as from nothing sprung—
 Airy and light—the offspring of the soul!
 The pangs, the cares, the weary toil it cost
 Leave not a trace when once the work is done—
 The artist's human frailty merged and lost
 In art's great victory won.

(*Ibid.* Translation by Bulwer-Lytton.)

intrigue of the following parts—"Die Piccolomini" and "Wallensteins Tod." Nor is more than ordinary critical ability required to recognize in the Wallenstein of the drama an idealized image of that Wallenstein whose picture Schiller drew with such relentless pen in the fourth book of his "History of the Thirty Years' War." At the same time Max and Thekla are not idealizations of the realistic, but realizations of the ideal. They are images which Schiller, the philosopher, brought down to earth from those "blissful realms where pure forms abide." It is not a rash assertion that with these two figures the drama "Wallenstein" is sometimes more than the tragedy of a great historic epoch. It is the struggle of the soul of humanity to slough off its mortal coil, that struggle which Schiller pictured so finely in the imagery of ancient mythology in the next to the last stanza of "Das Ideal und das Leben." Through "Wallenstein" he aimed to set before our eyes the apotheosis of Man:

"Bis der Gott, des Irdischen entkleidet,
Flammend sich vom Menschen scheidet,
Und des Aethers leichte Lüfte trinkt."⁶⁶

We may turn to any of the great works that Schiller gave to the world in the last six years of his life, always we shall meet with the secret purpose to depress the problems of the finite world below the horizon and leave men in the bright radiance of the ideal. In the drama, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," Schiller probably went as far along the path of this artistic idealism as it is given any poet to go. In that drama the superlative conception of "the soul beautiful" was fashioned into the semblance of corporeal form in the figure of Joan of Arc. The personal misgivings of Schiller and the evidence of these in his poetic practice are inconsiderable when weighed against his aspirations. Schiller sought, and in a great measure found, his poetic inspiration in abstract thought. The manifestations of finite, or what we are wont to call real, life had only secondary value for the poet. He regarded them as the medium through which the imagination may produce the semblance of that which the reason alone sanctions as the archetype. In this faith he preached the gospel of the redemption of mankind in his "Letters on a Esthetic Education," and drew his magnificent picture of a future society.

Schiller has been placed so persistently at the side of his great

⁶⁶Until the god cast down his garb of clay
And rent in hallowing flames away
The mortal part from the divine—to soar
To the empyreal air!"

(*Ibid.* Translation by Bulwer-Lytton.)

friend, Goethe, that the popular mind has come to regard the activity of both as well nigh identical. Popular instinct has, however, felt the difference in the attitudes of these poets toward the great problem of modern art. Long before scholars proved that the ways of Schiller and Goethe were divergent, the great public suspected that the world of Schiller was not the world of Goethe. A similar suspicion haunted both poets in the early years of their friendship. The dispute between Schiller and Goethe over the archetype of plant-life—Goethe's *Urpflanze*—turned their own early suspicion into knowledge. Schiller called this archetype an "idea," Goethe defined it as an "experience." Schiller asserted that the archetype is a concept of the higher reason and anticipates as such the conclusions of the understanding. Goethe insisted that it is an image seen in organic forms and that it merely supplements the conclusions of the understanding.

Goethe could not thrust chaos aside and postulate an Elysean world where reason and instinct transfigure each other. He could not take the step that Schiller took. Had he attempted this he would have entered regions whither we shall be obliged to follow his contemporaries, the Romantics. The problem with which he wrestled in youthful impetuosity, was not the problem of good and evil. That was the problem which Schiller faced. Standing on the shoulders of Kant, Schiller could gaze forth into a moral universe. Goethe was not concerned with moral categories. The problem of his youth was the problem of matter and spirit. Nowhere in the poetry of Schiller is that note struck which quivers in the soul of Werther and makes the first monologue of Faust a symphony of human despair. "To drink surging joy of life from the foaming goblet of infinitude and to feel, though it be but for a moment, in my cramped bosom, the bliss of that Being who creates all things in and through Himself,"—those are words which the youthful Goethe, not Schiller, might utter. The same problem is propounded in the words of Faust to Wagner:

"Du bist dir nur des einen Triebes bewusst:
 O, lerne nie den andern kennen!
 Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust,
 Die eine will sich von der andern trennen;
 Die eine hält in derber Liebeslust
 Sich an die Welt mit klammernden Organen;
 Die andre hebt gewaltsam sich vom Dust
 Zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen."¹

¹"One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
 O, never seek to know the other!"

Goethe foresaw the doom to which this conflict leads. He pictured it in the story of Werther and described it in the words of Werther: "Round about me Heaven and Earth and their busily weaving forces: and I—I see only a monster forever devouring and forever ruminating." Goethe refused to let reason detach spirit from matter. Consistently he schooled himself in scientific reasoning. Spinoza, not Kant, was his guide. In the naturalism of Spinoza, Goethe found that which strengthened and united the two impulses of his being. He depressed the world of rational experience, and continued to dwell in this world with his understanding and with his imagination. In this Goethe took his step beyond rationalism. The world of material and temporal energies was always studied and regarded by him as the perpetual realization of a world of immaterial and eternal principles.

"So schaff' ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid."¹⁰⁰

This transcendentalism of Goethe substituted experience for ideas. His method was inductive, Schiller's was deductive. Addressing himself to the empirical thinkers of his day, Schiller wrote:

"Weil du liesest in ihr, was du selber in sie geschrieben:
Weil du in Gruppen für's Aug' ihre Erscheinungen reihst,
Deine Schnüre gezogen auf ihrem unendlichen Felde,
Wähnst du es fasse dein Geist ahnend die grosse Natur."¹⁰¹

With equal conviction Goethe addressed the Christian believers when he extolled the religion of science:

"Ihr Gläubigen! rühmt nur nicht euren Glauben
Als einzigen: wir glauben auch wie ihr:
Der Forscher lässt sich keineswegs berauben
Des Erbteils, aller Welt gegönnt—und mir."¹⁰²

Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
One with tenacious organs holds in love
And clinging lust the world in its embraces;
The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
Into the high ancestral spaces."

(Goethe's "Faust." Part I, scene 2. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

¹⁰⁴"Thus at Time's humming loom 'tis my hand prepares
The garment of Life which the Deity wears!"

(Goethe's "Faust." Part I, scene 1. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

¹⁰⁵"When thou decipher'st in nature the writing which thou hast inscribed
there,

When its phenomena thou castest in groups for thine eye,
When thou hast covered its infinite field with measuring tape-lines,
Dost thou imagine, thy mind really graspeth the All?"

(Translation by Paul Carus.)

¹⁰⁶"Ye faithful, do not claim that your confession
Be truth alone; for we have faith like you.

Goethe has often been condemned for his pertinacious realism. Many good men have thought of him as if the words of Robert Browning fitted his striving:

"Thou art shut
Out from the heaven of spirit, glut
Thy sense upon the world!"

It is not a condemnation that modern critics can uphold. The doom of the empirical thinker which Browning proclaims in these lines was anticipated by Goethe. Browning merely reiterates the thought that thrills in the words of Faust:

"Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!
Dann magst Du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!
Dann mag die Totenglocke schallen,
Dann bist Du Deines Dienstes frei,
Die Uhr mag stehn, die Zeiger fallen,
Es sei die Zeit für mich vorbei."¹³

The poet of "Faust" was a transcendental realist. The realities which he observed, imaged the type and this type strengthened his longing for an image of the eternal archetype. Bit by bit the understanding was related to the reason, matter to spirit. Goethe staked all his hopes on the revelation of the type through intimate experience, and all his faith on the analogy between the type and the divine. The record of a long life he could close with the lines:

"Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis:
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereignis:
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."¹⁴

Science can't be deprived of the possession
Belonging to the world and to me too."

(Translation by Paul Carus.)

¹³"When thus I hail the moment flying:
'Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare!
Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then time be finished unto me!"

(Goethe's "Faust." Part I., scene 4. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

¹⁴"All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:

Goethe had "experienced" womanhood as a type and he counted it the noblest experience of his life. He knew how much he owed to this experience. "Apples of gold in baskets of silver" he called it in his seventy-ninth year. No figure of speech could express more adequately his supreme faith in the redemptive power of an ever-enlarging and never completed revelation of the One type of all life than the metaphor "Das Ewig-Weibliche."

It is well known that Goethe was definitely committed to this transcendental realism through his first sojourn in Italy. There plant-life revealed to him the type and there his presuppositions in classic art were illuminated by new and original observations. He came to regard sculptures of ancient art as expressions of the human type, and they supplied, so he fondly believed, an experience analogous to his botanical type. That he was not wholly mistaken is proved by the statuesque beauty of "Iphigenie auf Tauris." Under the influence of French thought Goethe had sought to enlarge his conception of the typical, to pass from the individual to the social type. For a time it seemed to him as if his cherished hopes were to be realized. But the terrors of the French Revolution which followed the halcyon days of liberty, fraternity, equality, dashed his hopes of experiencing human society in its archetypal form. The French Revolution became a holocaust and its lapping flames consumed the image of the social type:

"So ist es also, wenn ein sehndend Hoffen
Dem höchsten Wunsch sich traulich zugerungen,
Erfüllungspforten findet Flügel offen:
Nun aber bricht aus jenen ewigen Gründen
Ein Flammenübermass, wir stehn betroffen:
Des Lebens Fackel wollten wir entzünden,
Ein Feuermeer verschlingt uns, welch ein Feuer!"¹⁵

Not until the last years of his life was Goethe privileged to experience some of that glory of the social type of which "Hermann

Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to Event:
The Indescribable,
Here it is done:
The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!"

(*Ibid.* Part II., Act V. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

¹⁵ "'Tis thus, when unto yearning hope's endeavor,
Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
The portals of fulfilment widely sever:
But if there burst from those eternal spaces
A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever;
For Life's pure torch we sought the shining traces,
And seas of fire—and what a fire!—surprise us."

(Goethe's "Faust." Part II., Act I. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

und Dorothea" was hardly more than the cold grey dawn. Goethe continued undaunted his analytic-synthetical observations of phenomena of nature. They confirmed his faith in an immaterial world, and brought him to the point at which the endless forms of organic life mirrored the archetype. He discontinued his analytic-synthetical observations of social phenomena. Here Goethe was daunted. Of moral relations he had much to say, of the evolution of morality, nothing. He could make nothing of the French Revolution, nothing of the German uprising against Napoleon, nothing of the incipient civic and industrial unrest. None of these facts was experienced by Goethe as evidence of growth or as change wrought from within. For at least two decades Goethe could not apply his own lines to the world of social activity:

"Was wär' ein Gott, der nur von aussen stiesse,
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse!
Ihm ziehmt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in Sich, Sich in Natur zu hegen,
So dass, was in Ihm lebt und webt und ist,
Nie Seine Kraft, nie Seinen Geist vermisst."¹⁶⁶

Every attempt of Goethe's to deal with the great problems of social morality, "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre" not excepted, impresses the reader with the conviction that Goethe had not found in the moral life of society manifestations of that God who dwells in the physical life of nature. Accordingly his conception of revolution was superficial, his treatment of national problems inadequate, and his remedy for social disquiet both superficial and inadequate. In every instance we encounter the preacher or the teacher, not the artist. The man who could so describe the evolution of plant-life that even Schiller acknowledged the beauty of his poem ("Die Metamorphose der Pflanzen") could not describe the evolution of moral forms. Goethe could not suffuse his didactic writings with the consciousness of his personal debt to society. His novel-study, "Die Wahlverwandtschaften," is the best evidence of this failure.

In one respect the divergence of Goethe and Schiller has a counterpart in the divergence of Browning and Coleridge. Goethe made ceaseless aspiration the glory of manhood, so did Brown-

¹⁶⁶What were a God that but from outside thrust,
The circling All at finger to adjust?
Nay! from within it He the world is moulding,
Nature in Him, Himself in Nature, folding,
So that what in Him lives and moves and is
At no time can His power or spirit miss."

(From Goethe's Poems: "God and the World." Translation by William Gibson.)

ing. Goethe and Browning were persuaded that moral being is not self-gratified through science, through art, through love. Through these the immortal aspirations of Man are stimulated and through these he ascends to God. That is the transcendental teaching of Goethe's "Faust." It is the keynote of Browning's poetry. Schiller, too, was a transcendentalist, as was Coleridge. A transcendental realist he was not, nor was Coleridge. Both were rational transcendentalists. In the terminology of Goethe and Browning reason was almost equivalent to that scientific imagination through which Man fulfills his destiny and returns to the Divine. When Goethe and Browning spoke of "reason," Schiller and Coleridge thought of "Reason." In the terminology of Schiller and Coleridge, Reason and the Divine were equipollent. The individual cannot possess Reason, though it may shine in him or he may move in its radiance.

The parallelism of transcendental thought in Schiller and Coleridge, in Goethe and Browning, did not, and could not, lead to a similar parallelism of esthetic temper. The temper of Browning was as different from the temper of Goethe, the temper of Schiller from the temper of Coleridge, as the conditions under which the English poets lived were different from the environments of their German predecessors. Catholic the temper of Goethe and Schiller certainly was, democratic it, as certainly was not. The temper of Browning and Coleridge was democratic, and perhaps for that very reason less catholic. Browning and Coleridge paid the penalty exacted by English conditions; Goethe and Schiller the penalty exacted by German conditions. The democracy of England was insular not catholic, the catholicity of Germany was academic and not democratic. The sympathies of Browning and Coleridge were post-revolutionary, the sympathies of Goethe and Schiller were pre-revolutionary. The efforts of the latter two to put the individual in touch with the universal, the temporal in relation to the eternal, were essentially evasions of democratic "experience" and democratic "idealism." Doubtless the catholic temper of each enabled him to see visions of the future that were unseen by those who plunged into the turmoil of readjustment. Doubtless, too, each set standards of individual morality and individual emancipation that exerted, and always will exert, a benign influence. And yet, these standards satisfied neither the generation that was nor the generations that followed, except in moments of threatening despair or of rising exaltation. It is a great thing to stay and support life at its extremes. It is, perhaps, a greater thing to walk with it hand in

hand, participate in its trials, and find the abiding joy of its ordinary demesnes.

Abstract thinkers and "world-removed" scholars may possibly span an aerial bridge from the lofty heights of Goethe to the equally lofty heights of Schiller. The world that lies between will interest them little. What they cannot avoid seeing in their sublimated passage, they will most likely measure only by the altitude of its *termini*. Between Goethe and Schiller lie the vast stretches of every-day experience and every-day ideas, where human beings must move. Needless to say that few have climbed the higher levels of the poetry of Schiller or Goethe for a view over the plane of their daily endeavor, without being forced to retrace their steps and to plod through the democratic flat-lands before reaching the higher places of the other. A whole century has not changed the situation. Goethe and Schiller have never towered like twin mountains before the spiritual eye of the masses. Those to whom Goethe beckoned have turned their backs on Schiller, and those whom Schiller inspired have dreaded to approach Goethe. Germans have admired Goethe and they have admired Schiller. Their admiration has been like unto the admiration we accord heroes, men who—however much they may inspire us—seem somehow of a different mold than we, and independent of the forces to which we know ourselves subject. We feel that we and they have little in common, and that their greatness is not essential to our well-being. And if we emulate them at all, it is either slavishly, with the secret consciousness that we are untrue to ourselves, or selfishly, with the desire to lift our individuality into a position no less commanding than theirs. Heroic personality, which—after all else is said—was the aim of Goethe and Schiller, as it is the characteristic glory of their poetry, condemned each to stand isolated from the other in the eyes of his people.

In a very qualified sense, both Goethe and Schiller were mystics. A recent expounder of mysticism (W. R. Inge in his "Hampton Lectures," 1899) distinguishes two great types of mystics: "those who try to rise through the visible to the invisible, through nature to God, who find in earthly beauty the truest symbol of the heavenly, and in the imagination—the image-making faculty—a raft whereon we may navigate the shoreless ocean of the Infinite, and those who distrust all sensuous representations as tending 'to nourish appetites which we ought to starve,' who look upon this earth as a place of banishment, upon material things as a veil which hides God's face from us and who bid us 'flee away from hence as quickly as may be' to seek 'yonder' in the realm of ideas, the heart's true

home." The poetry of Goethe is unquestionably representative of the first type, that of Schiller as unquestionably of the second. Yet few of us think of Goethe or Schiller as mystics, and most scholars would reject the thought with scorn and derision. Nevertheless, the term mystic, as defined in the words of Mr. Inge, applies to both these poets. Moreover it has the merit, when so applied, of pointing out clearly the oppositeness of the poetry of each, and the opposition of both to the cut and dried rationalism of their day. The definition is, however, of no avail when we seek to understand the forward movement of Romanticism. It supplies us with no criterion by which we may distinguish between the mysticism of these great classicists and the mysticism of the Romanticists.

Whatever else we may think of the German Romanticists, they were assuredly as different from Goethe and Schiller in their attitude toward the problems of spirit and matter, of good and evil, as Wordsworth and Shelley were different from Browning and Coleridge. In the domain of morals they were transcendental realists, in the domain of metaphysics they were rational transcendentalists. By the method of Goethe they weened to answer the question of good and evil, by the method of Schiller to solve the problem of spirit and matter. In no two poets of Romantic mysticism were the two methods fairly balanced, and in no two were they employed with equal ingenuity or with equal integrity of purpose. And yet—though the creative work of these writers proved the folly of their methods—it must be conceded that these same Romanticists were the first to point German art, notably poetry, to new fields. They were the first—and this statement takes due account of their virulent opposition to the empirical thinkers of rationalism—they were the first to draw the legitimate conclusion of the esoteric doctrine of Lessing and to proclaim boldly the principle of modern art, which Herder had suggested. They placed the individual in the center of an indivisible universe, and there, in common with all his fellows he sees truths greater than his individual ideals because he perceives life with the insight of collective reason. It is true that German Romanticists counted no Wordsworth among their number. But the impassioned contemplation of Wordsworth was theirs, not so highly developed, or so perfectly blended of understanding and imagination, of receptivity and creative energy, of brooding thought and spiritual emotion; but theirs it was, rudimentary in its development, rudimentary also in its nature. In the charred soil of an old civilization over which the fires of revolution had swept, the Romanticists planted their "blue flower," and though they left the field bar-

ren to the eye, the "blue flower" was there, the first sign of a new life in the planes. We must not look for the massive spirituality of Wordsworth in the erratic contemplation of the German Romantists. Tentative in its being, their spirituality was attenuated in its expression.

Ludwig Tieck has been placed by German scholars in the lead of the literary movement designated by the term Romanticism. The position of literary leader—though it was claimed by Friedrich Schlegel and his older brother August Wilhelm Schlegel—may well be accorded him. Poetic leadership belongs not to Tieck nor to either Schlegel. This leadership belongs to Friedrich von Hardenberg, better known by his pen-name, Novalis. In the poetry of Novalis we find for the first time the principle of modern art spontaneously asserting itself. What matter that the followers of Novalis were few and that even these few were led—like the knights of King Arthur by Merlin—into the wilderness of speculative mysticism. Novalis was groping for something which he felt to be true and which, moreover, was true. He once made the assertion that "the ego is a plurality." The statement was certainly vague enough to delight the heart of any mystic. It differed, however, from similar vague assertions of poetic principles which other Romantists of his day put forward, in one essential point: it was a statement of his poetic attitude and not a formulation of a poetic theory. The vagueness of this poetic attitude accounts for the use which Novalis made of the symbols of the Roman Catholic Church. He employed these symbols to express, and perchance make more distinct to himself, his dim consciousness of fellowship with the religious aspirations of other men. In doing so he did not humble himself at the shrine of the Roman Catholic dogma. Romantic theorists, like the Schlegels, ended in that manner. Novalis has, indeed, been accused of Romanism by careless writers, as if Romanism were an all sufficient impeachment of the Romantic principle of art. But even if the accusation were true, one might as well hope to impeach the poetry of Wordsworth because it came in touch with the Oxford High Church movement in England! If English poets resorted to the symbols of ecclesiasticism to further their poetic conception of spiritual fellowship, was a similar expedient less excusable in Germany? Or was it not more excusable in a country where communal life was far more artificial than in England? And was not a Schiller forced into a similar use? In truth, if there were that in the checkered and unstable lives of these German Romantists which now bespeaks or should bespeak favorable consideration of their artistic principle, it

was the flight for refuge to the Mother Church, the only organism in which they could hope to feel the impulse of plural being. For if the principle which underlies the poetry of Novalis and the theories of the other Romanticists, be traced to its last hiding place in the curiously formed, and more often deformed, structure which it wrought, it will appear to be something like this: the individual soul can become fully conscious of itself only as it communes with other souls, and can express itself fully only when it expresses the spiritual experience of all men.

In his unfinished novel, "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," Novalis sends his hero forth in quest of peace of soul. Somewhere there blooms for him the "blue flower." In moments of intimate communion with men, in moments of self-forgetful sympathy, in moments of that second sight which envisages nature with the eyes of others, his eyes catch a glimpse of this wondrous flower in the misty distance. In his selfish desire to find and possess it, he forgets all else, and hastens to pluck the flower. But—the flower has vanished. No one else has seen it, no one has heard of it, this flower that is the bloom of spiritual fellowship perfected. Shall one not say that this was a new thought for German poetry, and was recognized as new by the poets? To a populace that knew not the meaning of civic democracy Novalis sang of a new spiritual democracy. There was at that time no sodality of temporal interests, and no sodality of religious interests. Governments and theologies were equally of the past. Germany was an agglomeration of individuals. How should a poet glorify the non-existent? How quicken the unconceived and, at that time, inconceivable, social ideal? Is it strange that the artistic impulse of Novalis led him—who desired to be of life as much as in life—back to the primitive ideal of a Catholic Church which Marsilio of Padua called the "universitas credentium" to distinguish it from the "universitas civium?" Novalis should receive all credit for the first tentative putting forward of the ideal of a spiritual democracy. It was a distinct gain for German poetry, offset, it is true, by the fact that there was no "universitas civium" to restrain the new poetry of the "universitas credentium." No law of secular gravitation held it to the earth and its only reality became the super-rational world.

For all that, the principle which controlled the poetry of Novalis and the theorizing of the other Romanticists was as justifiable as it was new. To know and feel himself not as an isolated being, but as a member of a democracy, that is the first great requisite of artistic conceiving which the poet must fulfill. If the artist would depict

life in all its fullness as a conceivable reality, he must see it with the eyes of humanity and feel in it the pulse-beat of humanity. The complex soul of humanity must in him be as *one*. That is the meaning of the words, "The ego is a plurality." The Romanticists regretted the passing of the Middle Ages because they believed—mistakenly it is true—that Catholicism reflected the spiritual unity of mediæval society. They clamored for such a unity to inspire modern artist. A new "allgemeine Weltanschauung" they called it. In the heyday of their hopes they prophesied the coming of the time when the diffusion of scientific education would bring about a common interpretation of the relation of Man to the Universe. In this catholic democracy artists would discover the statue of the veiled Goddess of Sais, and tear off the veil. Then beauty, in immaculate form, would again disclose eternal verities. Nor did the Romanticists hesitate to draw the logical conclusion of their principle of the plural soul. They maintained that some day art might no longer be a necessity, and this for the reason that communal life would become truly catholic in temper and organization. The individual soul would then touch the great complex soul of humanity at every point, and no longer crave the mediation of art. Life would supply the experience of plurality, life itself become a work of art, and thereby render meaningless the fictitious visions of the few.

Meanwhile the passion for a vision of beauty filled the hearts of these would-be disciples of the new truth, and the heart of Novalis more than that of another. He stood alone, and very much alone. Unlike Wordsworth he was not swayed by sentiments that only he can have who has communed with social life before he communes with nature. And just here began that fatal schism between theory and practice, between artistic inspiration and artistic experience, which is the central theme of the story of German poetry in the nineteenth century. Lacking the necessary basis in their social experience for the structure of their social art, the Romanticists impatiently ventured to put theory into practice. Contemplation of non-self became contemplation of a vague universal self, not contemplation of a potential social self or even of definite individual "selves." The line of demarcation between conscious and unconscious life vanished. Nature has a soul as well as Man—so ran the Romantic argument—and the calm of its singular plurality will silence the cry of our souls lost amid the unrelated fractions of humanity. "The grandiose simultaneousness" of Nature attracted the Romanticists, and fascinated them. Society offered no compensating attraction. Like Euphorion in Goethe's "Faust," they disdained

all laws of social gravitation and, like Euphorion, they ended with a wail for beauty:

“Lass mich im düstern Reich,
Mutter, mich nicht allein.”¹⁷

Novalis was the impassioned mystic of this school of theoretical mystics. He attempted the descent to the “Mothers,” and undertook the journey into regions that know not space or time, without the key that Mephistopheles presses into the hand of Faust. The faculty of thinking in the concrete (*gegenständliches Denken*) was not acquired, and Novalis could not act on the sage advice of Mephistopheles to Faust:

“Wie Wolkenzüge schlingt sich das Getreibe,
Den Schlüssel schwinge, halte sie vom Leibe.”¹⁸

The Romantic transmutation of matter into spirit was adventured through elimination of characteristic forms. By a similar process Schiller had reached his moral archetype. He put aside characteristic moral forms. But it should be noted that the Romantics were not here concerned with the problem of Schiller. It was the problem of Goethe, and Goethe experienced his spiritual type by careful and sympathetic observation of the characteristic forms of matter. Strikingly significant of this Romantic adaptation of the method of Schiller to the aims of Goethe, is the fact that Novalis could only feel the spiritual unity of existence, and could feel it only when daylight vanished and darkness obscured the outlines of individual forms. “Away sped the splendor of Earth and with it my sadness,” he sang in the third of his “Hymns to the Night.” “In a new unfathomable world all my heaviness of heart was absorbed. Thou fervor of Night, thou slumber of Heaven, camest over me. Gently the landscape soared upward, and o’er the landscape hovered my unfettered, my newly born spirit.” He who has tasted this bliss—Novalis continues in the next Hymn—“verily, he will not return to the busy life of the world, to the land that is haunted by light with eternal restlessness.” Twilight—Night—Death, is the crescendo movement of the poetry of Novalis. Death does away forever with all characteristic forms; Death is the glorious night of

¹⁷“Leave me here in the gloomy Veil,
Mother, not thus alone!”

(Goethe’s “Faust.” Part II., Act III. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

¹⁸“There whirls the press, like cloud on clouds unfolding;
Then with stretched arm swing high the key thou’rt holding.”
(*Ibid.* Act I. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)

Eternity, the dream of the soul. In Death we taste the ineffable bliss of our spiritual plurality. Singing of this bliss, Novalis closed the "Hymns to the Night":

"Hinunter zu der süßen Braut,
Zu Jesus, dem Geliebten!
Getrost! die Abenddämmerung graut
Den Liebenden, Betrübten.
Ein Traum bricht unsre Banden los,
Und senkt uns in des Vaters Schoss."¹⁹

To this conception of matter and spirit the Romantic conception of good and evil formed a curious contrast. With a tenacity that seems almost perverse, every member of the School sought the moral type in characteristic forms. Novalis was not much concerned with this phase of the Romantic doctrine. For him the problem of morality was overshadowed by the problem of spirituality. Within the shadows of his spiritual world one may, however, discern the outlines of his moral society, as when he sings in "Astralis," the introductory poem to Part II of "Heinrich von Ofterdingen":

"Der Liebe Reich ist aufgethan,
Die Fabel fängt zu spinnen an.
Das Urspiel jeder Natur beginnt,
Auf kräftige Worte jedes sinnt,
Und so das Grosse Weltgemüt
Ueberall sich regt und unendlich blüht.
Alles muss in einander greifen,
Eines durch das andere gedeihn und reifen:
Jedes in allen dar sich stellt,
Indem es sich mit ihnen vermischt
Und gierig in ihre Tiefen fällt,
Sein *eigentümliches* Wesen erfrischt,
Und tausend neue Gedanken erhält."²⁰

¹⁹"Adown to my Betrothed I wend,
To Jesus, my Belovèd.
Take heart! the evening shades descend
On lovers, sadly provèd.
A dream unfetters us to rest,
And lays us on our Father's breast."

(Translation by J. F. C.)

²⁰"Love's realm beginneth to reveal,
And busy Fable plies her wheel.
To its olden play each nature returns,
And a mighty spell in each one burns;
And so the soul of the world doth hover,
And move through all, and bloom forever.
For each other all must strive,
One through the other must ripen and thrive;
Each is shadowed forth in all.

One of Novalis's "Fragments" reads as follows: "The excellence of representative democracy is undeniable. Model Man is not natural. He is a poet's dream. What remains? Composition of artistic manhood. The best men of the nation complement each other. In this society is born a new social spirit. Its decrees are emanations of this spirit—and the ideal ruler is realized."

For Tieck and the Brothers Schlegel the problem of good and evil was of greater importance. But even to these poets it did not occur that ideal categories were necessary. To their way of thinking the moral type was an experience. If we can experience the evolution of morality, so they thought, then we may know the divine type, and no categorical imperatives can take the place of this experience. Hence every individual has unlimited license to live as his impulses direct. For only in the sum total of freely developing and freely developed individualities can the ultimate, or the primal, type be revealed. That this argument presupposed conditions of social life from which German society was far removed, is apparent. Theoretically, anarchy may be considered the most highly developed manifestation of democracy, and it may even be that the social millenium shall consist in the realization of this ideal. Practically, the anarchical theory of Romanticism disintegrated and debased society. No more convincing proof of this could be adduced than the total absence of moral fibre in Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinde" and in the life of the author of this "Dame Lucifer." Once more the destructive schism between principle and experience is to be noted. The principle of moral evolution was sound, but this principle was not the basis of social morality in Germany. Therefore it bred unsound conditions, and prostituted art. Its soundness is appreciated by us when we remember that it asserted the emancipation of women from the overlordship of men. In America that assertion has not only found its champions, it has become a social axiom. Here it has been fathered by prevailing democratic conditions and sentiments. In Germany it was so entirely novel and so thoroughly at variance with the aristocratic standards of society that its champions were regarded as revolutionist. To this day the acceptance of the principle as a social axiom is problematical. We cannot question the philosophical soundness of this Romantic emancipation. We cannot question even some of its practical results. How much intellectual power and grace it set

While itself with them is blending,
And eagerly into their depths doth fall,
Its own peculiar essence mending,
And myriad thoughts to life doth call."

(Translation by F. S. Stallknecht.)

free in those early days, is well known. Rahel von Ense, Dorothea Schlegel, Caroline Schelling, Sophie Schlegel, Caroline von Günderode, Bettina von Arnim, are names suggestive of the very acme of intellectual refinement. But if the Romantic principle was responsible for this refinement, it was also guilty of moral anamorphosis. Few of these names there are that do not suggest moral inertia every whit as much as mental refinement. The manner in which some of these women were treated by their temporary consorts has not been criticised too harshly by George Brandes: "Far from raising the women who gave themselves to them and followed them, they dragged them down, took from them their highest interests and sympathies, and gave them small and mean ones in exchange. . . . They treated the great women given them by the gods as they did the great ideas which were their own heritage: they took from them the noble, liberal-minded social and political enthusiasm by which they were naturally characterized, and made them, first Romantic and literary, then remorseful, and finally Catholic."

By these fruits the Romanticists have been judged. But the tree is not always to be condemned because it brings forth poor fruit. Uncongenial climate will blight the fairest promise. And the social atmosphere of Germany was ill-adapted to assist the Romantic principle of growth and fruitage. There was a fair promise in the principle of the plural soul. The promise was not kept. No Romantic poet of the older school applied to natural, or to moral, forms any other test than the test of his private personality. Into nature or into human life each one projected his isolated subjectivity, convinced that his methods of treating nature and human life made this subjectivity universal. The mystic was complete. Where the two phases of transcendentalism met in a mind so singularly pure as Novalis's, mysticism attained its most enraptured and enchanting expression. Where this rich purity was supplanted by worldliness, rapture lost its ecstasy and enchantment its thrill. Only a willful critic can break the staff over the poetry of Novalis and the later poetry of Tieck. No critic can, however, assert with truth that this poetry, even at its best, was representative of the artistic principle which the Romanticists proclaimed. The nineteenth century has not protested against the Romantic principle. It has protested against conditions that made the artistic application of the principle seem so often like veritable juggling with the impatient demands of the human soul. And this protest has voiced itself in the poetry of the century.

Franz Ziegler, one of the keenest observers of the intellectual and social life of the Germans in the nineteenth century, asserts boldly that Rationalism, Classicism, and Romanticism agree in their fundamental tendencies. He declares that the tendency common to all three was individualistic, and that every one of these Rationalists, Classicists, and Romanticists strove for a "beautiful and harmonious personality." If Ziegler means no more than this, he is right, but right only because he states a truism. Such striving characterizes every human being worthy of the name. It is as essential to democratic as it is to aristocratic ideals and institutions. It is as dominant in your representative man, as it is in your hero. However, Ziegler implies more, namely, Rationalists, Classicists and Romanticists regarded the individual as an isolated unit. In their philosophy the individual stood not so much in life, as apart from life. Instead of being informed by life, he informs himself of life. This information becomes the stuff which he models into ideas, and these ideas he transfers back to life. He treats life as though it were unconscious action which his ideas galvanize into conscious activity. This type of individuality—which, by the way, Ziegler seems to regard as the only possible type, and which he would have us accept as the ideal also of the Romanticists—was portrayed by Goethe in "Wilhelm Meister." Carlyle, of all English writers, subjected it to the most sympathetic analysis in his "Heroes and Hero Worship." "Force, force, everywhere force," Carlyle writes; "we a mysterious force in the centre of that." Carlyle's hero is the man who centralizes this force in his personality. Evidently this is Ziegler's view of the fundamental philosophy of Rationalism, Classicism, and Romanticism. It must be admitted that German critics generally entertain the same view. They identify philosophic personality, poetic personality, and human personality; and these were surely identical in German Romanticism. They measure the entire significance of Romanticism by one standard, and that standard is heroic individuality as the union of these diverse personalities. That beautiful and harmonious personality can develop in any other way seems not to have occurred to them. Ziegler closes his review of nineteenth century progress in German with the hope that the ideal of Goethe may be accepted by Germans in the century to come. Such a hope is characteristically German. Characteristically human it is not. Personality is conceivably representative. It is not necessarily heroic. Emerson's "Representative Man" puts the individual in the very heart of life where he is informed by life. Such an individual does not regard life as unconscious action,

but as conscious activity, as ideas. The duty and the privilege of the representative man is not the composition of ideas out of the mass, but the detection and clearer definition of ideas that are in the mass. That his private stature is thereby ennobled, is happily true. That he becomes heroic either in his own estimation, in the estimation of others, or by philosophical deduction, is certainly not true. He remains representative, a leader, but a democratic leader. That Emerson did not do justice to Goethe by treating him as a representative man, does not disprove the value or reality of the type. It was one of the restrictions on Emerson's mind that he could not appreciate the heroic type, the type of concentrated individuality. In Germany the principle of representative manhood was for the first time put forward by the Romanticists as the fundamental principle of art. Through the wayward theorizing of the Romanticists runs one thoroughly sane refrain: Poets must be representative. In no other way can modern poetry fulfill its mission. Surely, that is the crux in the problem of democratic art. In spite of this view, the Romanticists were not able to make their poetry democratic. Their search for ideas inherent in life produced results which controverted the sanity of their principle, because they sought these ideas in that portion of life which is "force" to men, in unconscious nature. Conditions made it difficult to discover ideas where ideas are most truly found—in intimate communion with contemporary society. And the transmutation of matter into spirit tempted them to compose ideas where ideas can only be found by the transcendental idealist. That was their fate. Yet they led the movement which gathered headway in the nineteenth century in art as well as in affairs of daily life. And for poetry in Germany and elsewhere, that movement has as its goal: the poet a representative leader, the creator of an artistic reality in which the ideas of his age are fused into a vision of the future. That vision may encompass temporal realities, it may also reveal eternal verities. It may show us the ideals and forms that are taking shape as social character, it may also reveal the import of that unknown something in which we all share and in which we attain to the most satisfying consciousness of self—social or democratic individuality. German Classicism and German Romanticism could not define this unknown, but they proved its potentiality, and since that day the consciousness of this potentiality has been responsible for the mighty issues that have been raised in every field of human experience. Without such issues civilisation would be at a standstill, with them it may seem a hopeless chaos, but is in reality a

process of unwearied striving. Those who see only the superficial tendencies of modern society may well ponder the lines of Goethe :

“Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.”²¹

(Goethe's "Faust." Part II., Act V. Translation by Bayard Taylor.)
These lines apply as much to society as to the individual, and it was Goethe who suggested this application.

²¹“Whoever aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOLSTOY ON THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

The Hammersmark Publishing Co. of Chicago has published Leo Tolstoy's article, entitled "Bethink Yourselves," which first appeared in the London *Times*. It has been suppressed in Russia, and its author has been denounced as unpatriotic.

Count Tolstoy is certainly serious in his endeavor to understand the spirit of Christianity, and though the Synod of the Greek Catholic Church has excommunicated him, he still considers himself a Christian. He says:

"Two thousand years ago John the Baptist and then Jesus said to men: 'The time is fulfilled and the Kingdom of God is at hand (*μετανοειτε*), bethink yourselves and believe in the Gospel (Mark i. 15), and if you do not bethink yourselves you will all perish' (Luke xiii. 5) .

"But men did not listen to them and the destruction they foretold is already near at hand. And we men of our time cannot but see it. We are already perishing and, therefore, we cannot leave unheeded that—old-in-time, but for us new—means of salvation."

Thus he makes the word of Christ, "bethink yourselves," the subject of his letter and chooses it as its title. He begins his meditations with these words:

"Again war. Again sufferings, necessary to nobody, utterly uncalled for; again fraud, again the universal stupefaction and brutalisation of men

"Men who are separated from each other by thousands of miles, hundreds of thousands of such men (on the one hand—Buddhists, whose law forbids the killing not only of men but of animals; on the other hand—Christians, professing the law of brotherhood and love), like wild beasts on land and on sea are seeking out each other in order to kill, torture and mutilate each other in the most cruel way. What can this be? Is it a dream or a reality? Something is taking place which should not, cannot be; one longs to believe that it is a dream and to awake from it. But no, it is not a dream, it is a dreadful reality!"

Count Tolstoy does not believe in government by force and even appears to sacrifice his patriotism. He knows only his religious duties, and the Russian Empire is to him a vast conglomeration of different territories. He says:

"If there be a God, He will not ask me when I die (which may happen at any moment) whether I retained Chi-Nam-Po with its timber stores, or Port Arthur, or even that conglomeration which is called the Russian Empire,

which He did not confide to my care, but He will ask me what I have done with that life which He put at my disposal—did I use it for the purpose for which it was predestined, and under the conditions for fulfilling which it was intrusted to me? Have I fulfilled His law?"

Yet the state of war exists and the question is no longer whether or not war is defensible, but what is to be done now when the enemies attack us.

"Love your enemies and ye will have none," is said in the teaching of the twelve apostles. This answer is not merely words, as those may imagine who are accustomed to think that the recommendation of love to one's enemies is something hyperbolical and signifies not that which is expressed, but something else. This answer is the indication of a very clear and definite activity, and of its consequences.

"To love one's enemies—the Japanese, the Chinese, those yellow peoples toward whom benighted men are now endeavoring to excite our hatred—to love them means not to kill them for the purpose of having the right of poisoning them with opium, as did the English; not to kill them in order to seize their land, as was done by the French, the Russians, and the Germans; not to bury them alive in punishment for injuring roads, not to tie them together by their hair, not to drown them in their river Amur, as did the Russians."

The most graphic parts of the letter are the stories which Tolstoy tells of his personal impressions. He says:

"Yesterday I met a reservist soldier accompanied by his mother and wife. All three were riding in a cart; he had a drop too much; his wife's face was swollen with tears. He turned to me:

"Good-bye to thee! Lyof Nikolaevitch, off to the Far East."

"Well, art thou going to fight?"

"Well, some one has to fight!"

"No one need fight!"

"He reflected for a moment. 'But what is one to do, where can one escape?'

"I saw that he had understood me, had understood that the work to which he was being sent was an evil work.

"Where can one escape?' That is the precise expression of that mental condition, which in the official and journalistic world is translated into the words, 'For the Faith, the Czar, and the Fatherland.' Those who, abandoning their hungry families, go to suffering, to death, say as they feel: 'Where can one escape?' Whereas those who sit in safety in their luxurious palaces say that all Russian men are ready to sacrifice their lives for their adored monarch, and for the glory and greatness of Russia.

"Yesterday, from a peasant I know, I received two letters, one after the other.

"This is the first:

"Dear Lyof Nikolaevitch—Well, to-day I have received my official announcement of my call to service, to-morrow I must present myself at the headquarters. That is all. And after that—to the Far East to meet the Japanese bullets.

"About my own and my household's grief, I will not tell you; it is not you who will fail to understand all the horror of my position and the horrors of war, all this you have long ago painfully realised, and you under-

stand it all. How I have longed to visit you, to have a talk with you. I had written to you a long letter, in which I had described the torments of my soul; but I had not had time to copy it when I received my summons. What is my wife to do now with her four children? As an old man, of course, you cannot do anything yourself for my folks, but you might ask some of your friends in their leisure to visit my orphaned family. I beg you earnestly that if my wife proves unable to bear the agony of her helplessness with her burden of children, and makes up her mind to go to you for help and counsel you will receive and console her. Although she does not know you personally, she believes in your word, and that means much.

"I was not able to resist the summons, but I say beforehand that through me not one Japanese family shall be orphaned. My God! how dreadful is all this—how distressing and painful to abandon all by which one lives, and in which one is concerned."

"The second letter is as follows:

"'Kindest Lyof Nikolaevitch—Only one day of actual service has passed, and I have already lived through an eternity of most desperate torments. From 8 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening we have been crowded and knocked about to and fro in the barracks yard, like a herd of cattle, the comedy of medical examination was three times repeated, and those who had reported themselves ill did not receive even ten minutes' attention before they were marked "satisfactory." When we, these two thousand satisfactory individuals, were driven from the military commander to the Barracks, along the road spread out for almost a verst stood a crowd of relatives, mothers, and wives, with infants in arms, and if you had only heard and seen how they clasped their fathers, husbands, sons, and hanging round their necks wailed hopelessly! Generally I behave in a reserved way and can restrain my feelings, but I could not hold out, and I also wept.' (In journalistic language this same is expressed thus: 'The upheaval of patriotic feelings is immense.')

"Where is the standard that can measure all this immensity of woe now spreading itself over almost one-third of the world? And we, we are now that food for cannon, which in the near future will be offered as a sacrifice to the god of vengeance and horror.

"I cannot manage to establish my inner balance. Oh! how I execrate myself for this double-mindedness which prevents my serving one Master and God."

"This man does not yet sufficiently believe that what destroys the body is not dreadful, but that which destroys both the body and the soul, therefore he cannot refuse to go, yet while leaving his own family he promises beforehand that through him not one Japanese family shall be orphaned; he believes in the chief law of God, the law of all religions—to act toward others as one wishes others to act toward oneself. Of such men more or less consciously recognising this law, there are in our time, not in the Christian world alone, but in the Buddhistic, Mahomedan, Confucian, and Brahminic world, not only thousands but millions.

"There exist true heroes, not those who are now feted because, having wished to kill others, they were not killed themselves, but true heroes who are now confined in prisons and in the province of Yakoutsk for having categorically refused to enter the ranks of murderers, and who have preferred mar-

tyrdom to this departure from the law of Jesus. There are also such as he who writes to me, who go, but will not kill. But also that majority which goes without thinking, and endeavors not to think of what it is doing, still in the depth of its soul, does not already feel that it is doing an evil deed by obeying authorities who tear men from labor and from their families, and send them to needless slaughter of men, repugnant to their souls and their faith; and they go only because they are so entangled on all sides that—'Where can one escape?'

"Meanwhile those who remain at home not only feel this but know and express it. Yesterday in the high road I met some peasants returning from Toula. One of them was reading a leaflet as he was walking by the side of his cart.

"I asked, 'What is that? a telegram?'

"This is yesterday's, but here is one of to-day.'

"He took another out of his pocket. We stopped. I read it.

"You should have seen what took place yesterday at the station,' he said. 'It was dreadful.'

"Wives, children, more than a thousand of them, weeping. They surrounded the train, but were allowed no further. Strangers wept, looking on. One woman from Toula gasped and fell down dead; five children. They have since been placed in various institutions, but the father was driven away all the same.... What do we want with this Manchuria, or whatever it is called? There is sufficient land here. And what a lot of people and of property has been destroyed.'

THE RIGHT OF NEUTRALS.

In the many complications of the present war between Russia and Japan, we see one glimpse of light that promises progress. The protest of the neutral powers to suffer no encroachment upon their interests establishes a precedent that may be of far-reaching importance in the future. Formerly it was a matter of course that the rights of neutrals were not respected by the belligerents. Whatever seemed to them to promote the interests of the enemy was declared contraband, and the rights of other nations were trodden under foot and only respected if they had no bearing whatever upon the war. Belligerents assumed privileges toward all neutral powers weaker than themselves, which, if the same principles were applied in private life, could never be tolerated; and they behaved with a sovereign contempt for the lives, liberties, and property of neutrals, which, we hope, will be regarded a disgrace in the ages to come. Even now they claim the right of search of neutral vessels, and it is suffered even by Great Britain and the United States.

Suppose that two of my neighbors were at odds and that I, being neutral, had dealings with both of them as also with other parties not concerned in their quarrel. Would these hostile neighbors be allowed to stop me or members of my household on the street, search our pockets to see whether we carried letters or anything that might belong or be of use to the opposite party? Who in private life would not resent such behavior? Yet in international politics we still allow belligerents to search neutral vessels on the open seas, and to confiscate what in the style of war is called contraband, to

take these vessels as good prizes or to sink them, and treat captain and crew like criminals.

Great Britain would most assuredly not have brooked any violence of this kind on the hand of either belligerent had they not wisely seen that at any time the tables might be turned and an occasion might arise when they would claim the same right to be practised on other neutral powers. The British Empire is built upon the control of the seas and so they would rather sacrifice under present circumstances a few ships and connive with a search of their vessels on the high seas. England's leniency is best understood if we consider her policy toward neutrals in the Napoleonic wars as evidenced in the bombardment of Copenhagen.

Though the right of neutrals has not been fully recognised it has made a considerable advance, and the time may come soon when the neutrals will claim that their flag should unconditionally be respected, and that they should remain at liberty to carry on their legitimate business without let or hindrance of either belligerent party, whether or not their trading may be to the interest of either or both, or neither of the belligerents. An exception would have to be made only in case of an actual and effective blockade in the waters and territory of the theater of the war itself. Yea, the time may come when the neutral powers will make claims for damages incurred through the war, for why should I suffer if two of my neighbors quarrel and, if they inflict thereby nay damage on me, am I not entitled to ask the guilty parties for an indemnity? In civil law there would be no question that a disturber of the public peace would be held liable and would have to pay the bill for all injuries inflicted.

If the neutral powers once began to assert their rights and if they were strong enough to enforce their just claims, a new factor tending to peace would enter into the history of warfare which would add a very good reason for arbitration.

BOOK NOTICES AND NOTES.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company of New York have published a collection of the best known church hymns under the title *The Standard Hymnal, for General Use*, edited by C. C. Converse, LL. D. It contains "those older popular hymns which present public use evidences to be of special present desirableness. It also comprises newer hymns which, because of their present and rapidly widening popularity, seem to have the promise of equally extensive public favor and use. As a whole it contains hymns suitable for the church, Sunday-school, prayer meeting, Christian Endeavor meeting, etc." The editor, well known in musical circles as the composer of the hymn "What a friend we have in Jesus," has been guided in its preparation by his knowledge of good congregational customs as well as by the equally good taste for the best in old and new music.

An effort at spelling reform is made by Robert Stein of the United States Geological Survey. In *An International Phonetic Conference*, reprint from the *Pedagogical Seminary*, December, 1903, he proposes the following eight rules: (1) Find out how many sounds there are in each language; (2) Provide an equal number of letters, no more, no less; (3) Express identical

sounds by identical signs, similar sounds by similar signs; (4) Use no diacritical marks; (5) None but the Roman alphabet can at present be made universal; (6) Break with existing usage as little as possible; (7) Small script is the only form needed; (8) So far as compatible with the above principles, let the letters express the relationships of the sounds.

From some unknown friend in Japan we have received the pictures of General Fukushima and Baron Kodama, of which the former was not in our



GENERAL FUKUSHIMA, THE POET-WARRIOR.

possession when we published the article on "Japanese Leaders" in the August number of *The Open Court*. Kodama is second chief of the general staff and the first assistant of Field Marshall Oyama. He is one of the most prominent generals and strategists of the Japanese army. Another picture

of Baron Kodama appears on page 640 of the August *Open Court*, but the present picture is especially interesting because it shows the fine profile of his face which is decidedly un-Japanese, but so far as we know there is no European blood in his veins.



BARON KODAMA.

Major-General Fukushima is a poet of patriotic songs some of which we have published in the August number of *The Open Court*, pp. 471-4, in both the original Japanese and an English translation.

Prof. E. P. Evans, an American of life long residence in Munich, Bavaria, writes with reference to some articles that have appeared of late in *The Open Court*, as follows: "I must confess that Russian icons do not appear to me to have played a significant part in the history of civilisation, except to

hinder it. Even from an artistic point of view they are of no more value than any other gross and pernicious superstition. All idolatry has given a certain direction to art and produced certain artistic creations, but the evolution of art would have taken a higher and nobler form without it. Truth is of some importance even in creations of the imagination. I had recently a series of conversations with a Russian nobleman of high position, who gave a dreadful picture of political corruption in Russia. The officials outdo our 'bosses' in thievery."

Americans will naturally look upon the separation of Church and State, which is now taking place in France, as highly desirable in the interest of both parties, and the Church will in the long run be the greater beneficiary. The Vatican ought to consider the dignity which the Roman Church possesses in the United States where we have a free Church in free State. The more religion is based on the voluntary good will of the people the stronger it will be, although its devotees may be limited in numbers. Certain it is that a separation of Church and State will do away with the most serious causes of animosity now rightly prevailing against the Church in France as well as other countries with large contingents of Roman Catholic inhabitants.

The news that the Marquise des Monstiers Merinville, formerly Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, the founder of the Roman Catholic university at Washington, has become a Protestant, comes as a surprise to the Roman Catholics of this country. To a newspaper man of Rome the Marquise answered: "Yes, it is true that I have left the Roman Catholic Church. Since I have been living in Europe my eyes have been opened to what that Church really is and to its anything but sanctity."

Rarely there has been a more enthusiastic devotee for the Roman Catholic faith than Miss Caldwell, and her sister, now the widow of Baron von Sedlitz, German diplomat and a personal friend of Emperor William, has also turned Protestant. The two sisters have sacrificed much of their inherited fortune for the best of the Church, especially the Marquise des Monstiers, who was anxious to supply the scientific basis for the education of Roman Catholics and thus to give standing to the Roman Church in the New World. And indeed, the institution which has thus been established has become and will forever remain a blessing to the members of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, for it has been conducted in a liberal spirit, and its rector as well as many of its professors are men of scientific training and ability.

Judging from a personal recollection which the writer of these lines has, having met the two Misses Caldwell some time ago in New York, and knowing the intensity and the serious spirit of their religious convictions, we must assume that the disillusionment of the Marquise is not a mere whim, but is based on the experience of many years, during which she has been under the patronage and guidance of Roman Catholic prelates.

The poem "Stonehenge," which appeared in the November number of *The Open Court*, is by Miss Voltairine de Cleyre of Philadelphia. The author's name was omitted by mistake, and this seems to be due to the fact that it did not appear in the manuscript.

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