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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CREED OR CONVICTION.

BY C. GOLDSBOROUGH ANDERSON.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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SCHILLER'S RELIGION.

BY W. H. CARRUTH.

IN view of the great changes which have taken place since Schiller's death, both in religious thought and in the average standpoint of the professional exponents of religion, a review of the judgments of Schiller in this respect seems called for, and this the more since it is reasonable to assume that no new material is now likely to come to light either from the pen of Schiller himself or from those of his competent contemporaries.

The labels "rationalist," "skeptic," "atheist," "deist," "infidel," which were once applied so freely and so indiscriminately to any one who differed in religious opinion from those who applied the labels, have changed their meaning or lost much of their reproach, and need to be examined and readjusted, if not thrown into the waste-basket altogether.

In the eighteenth century the doctrine "orthodoxy is my -doxy" went so far as to deny the name of religion to any but the Christian and ancient Hebrew faiths; indeed the more zealous members of the two great camps of Christendom inclined to deny the name to each other, to Protestantism and Catholicism as the case might be. Christianity was religion: all other beliefs were "superstitions," "paganism," and their adherents "infidels." At the same time it was quite common to confuse under the one common name of religion three more or less distinct things: theology, or the *theories about religion;* the Church, or the *outward forms and institutions of religion;* and the personal life and walk of the individual, his relation to God. Indeed it was rather the first two of these which were commonly meant when religion was under discussion.

In his *German Culture and Christianity,* London, 1882, Joseph

Gostwick says apologetically of Schiller: "As regards his unbelief, he must be classed with the more respectable rationalists." And of his middle life he says: "The poet, naturally a proud man, learned to look down with contempt on everything that in his boyhood had been believed." And as a sort of final judgment: "When the saying is once more repeated that for Schiller independent culture takes the place of religion, the truth of the conclusion is obvious, though it may require some qualification." This qualification is found in the statement at the end of the chapter on Schiller, that "there may be found passages in his later prose writings to support our opinion that near the close of his life he was led to think with reverence of religion." This judgment of Gostwick's may stand as a fair sample of the conservative view of Schiller's religion, and this by one who is partial to the poet and would fain count him as a fellow-believer.

On the other hand, there have not been wanting genial and charitable enthusiasts who have claimed Schiller as inherently a good Christian. Schlurick, for instance, in his *Schiller und die Bibel* says: "But his heart was richly impregnated with the spirit of the Bible and of Christianity." And Roscher, in his *Geistliche Gedanken eines Nationalökonoms,* expresses the opinion that Schiller "needed only to have his eyes opened (*bedurfte nur eines kleinen Starstiches*) in order to quickly become a very good Christian." It is hardly worth while to mention those suspicious orthodox of an older day who accused Schiller of a secret leaning toward Catholicism, or even of actual entrance into the mother Church, basing their suspicions, of course, on the poet's serious and reverent treatment of the Catholic rites in *Maria Stuart* and *Die Jungfrau von Orleans.*

Judgments of this sort once become current and conventional maintain themselves often for considerable periods among people who would by no means formulate them on their own account. Thus the orthodox opinion of the eighteenth century concerning Schiller's religion prevailed to some extent throughout the nineteenth century and is accepted to-day by those who are not disposed to re-examine the judgments of the past.

It is important to bear in mind, in considering Schiller's utterances on the subject of religion, that he himself was in some measure a victim of this religious astigmatism, or, if not, that he used the word religion frequently in the same partial senses as did his contemporaries, in order to be understood by them.

Moreover, we must ourselves learn to distinguish between the

poet's theological speculations, his sympathetic imaginings, and his deep convictions, which are to be judged chiefly by his life. So greatly has the religious climate of the present time changed, that the life seems now to be regarded as almost the only religious manifestation worth considering, if we may judge from certain recent biographies of Schiller, which abstain from all reference to the poet's religion distinctly as such.

Some light is thrown upon the religious development of Friedrich Schiller by the religious conditions surrounding his youth. His father and mother were sincerely pious adherents of the official Lutheran Church. They do not seem to have taken any interest in matters of doctrine. On the contrary, their religion was a simple matter of obeying the laws, worshiping their God, and observing the rites of the Church. In this simple religion they reared their children. The fact that they early destined Friedrich for the pulpit is not so much a proof that they were exceptionally devoted to the spread of the Gospel as that they approved of the ministry as a safe and useful calling. Young Friedrich's precocious predilection for improvising pulpits out of chairs and preaching at his playmates is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he knew his parents' wish in the matter.

Under the influence of Pastor Moser, a truly zealous and benignant soul, it may well be that Schiller's piety sent down some roots into his youthful mind. But at the age of eleven he was brought under the instruction of the shallow and bigoted Zilling, whose insistence on the incomprehensible elements of the catechism undoubtedly sowed the seeds of dissent in the breast of the child he was preparing for confirmation. The unfavorable impression caused by this official representative of religion was supported in a positive way by the reading of Herder, Lessing, Rousseau, Mendelssohn, and Garve's comments on Ferguson.

These philosophical writers were the strongest influence upon Schiller's thought from his fifteenth to his twentieth year. But there is no reason to believe that the change to more liberal views was accompanied by any deep spiritual convulsions, such as those through which religious dissenters in Scotland or New England passed a generation later. *Die Räuber* and *Resignation* show clearly that he felt painfully the breach with the faith of his childhood. But if ever he passed through a spiritual "slough of despond" it was in the years 1783 to 1787, when his doubts were newest and strongest and at the same time his outward circumstances most depressing. Yet Schiller's enthusiastic and sanguine temperament

seems to have prevented his ever sinking into the depths of "the everlasting Nay," or at least his tarrying there any length of time. This was also due to the fact that the dogmas which he found himself obliged to surrender had never been deeply insisted on at home, or by those he loved, as necessary to salvation.

The sources for a judgment of Schiller's religious convictions must be: (1) The declarations of his contemporaries; (2) his own writings; (3) his life.

Of these the second and third are of vastly greater validity and importance than the first. Moreover, the utterances of really competent persons regarding Schiller's distinctly religious views and convictions are singularly scant, so far as I have been able to investigate, excepting for his youth, when in the nature of the case they are much less significant.

Of utterances by others regarding his religion, decidedly the most distinct is that of Karoline von Wolzogen, in her Life of Schiller:

> "The universal significance of Christianity, the pure and holy personality of its founder, the infinite profundity of Nature filled him with reverence, which became more and more deep and sincere toward the end of his life. Truth and love were the religion of his heart, its result the striving after the purest things of earth and after the infinite and eternal—the true life of his spirit—which, despite its short stay on earth, left in all souls that could appreciate the higher life the conviction that few were ever nobler or had exercised a richer and more enduring activity than he."

This might serve as a summary of all that we can accumulate from Schiller's own utterances. Next to this stands the testimony of the one man best fitted to judge calmly and well, Goethe: "This Christ-spirit (*Tendenz*) was innate in Schiller. He touched nothing common without ennobling it"—to Zelter (9, XI) 1830. This is really better than the two beautiful lines of the *Epilog zum Lied von der Glocke:*

> "Denn hinter ihm, in wesenlosem Scheine
> Lag, was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine."

This utterance of Goethe's is a double tribute, and the fuller of meaning for Schiller because Goethe was not wont to recognize or to pay tribute to the Christ-ideal.

As against these judgments of two of the most competent contemporaries I know of practically no opposite opinion based upon personal acquaintance with the man, but only such as arose in the criticism of Schiller's works, such for instance as Stolberg's review

of *Die Götter Griechenlands* in the *Deutsches Museum*, wherein he charges Schiller with blasphemy. But we are as competent as any one to form an opinion on the poet's published works, and hence we need not consider these charges.

In attempting to judge of Schiller's religion from his published and written words we shall group these under (1) letters; (2) essays and histories; (3) lyrics and ballads; (4) dramas and prose fiction. Translations may clearly be left out of account.

Utterances found in the first two of these groups may reasonably be taken at their face value, subject to a few minor deductions to be mentioned later. Lyrics and gnomic verse are much more surely the genuine expression of the poet's thought than ballads. In the ballad, especially when it is of a narrative or even dramatic character, we must hesitate to identify the sentiments of the personages with those of the poet himself. Finally, for the dramas and narrative fiction of the rules of interpretation must vary somewhat with the individual piece. In general, it may be safe to attribute to the poet the sentiments of the nobler personages—those who are plainly the poet's favorites, Karl Moor, Luise, Posa, Max Piccolomini, Maria Stuart, Paulet, Johanna—and to hold him guiltless of the sentiments expressed by the villains, such as Franz Moor, von Walther, Philipp, Gessler, and others. But in the case of commonplace and colorless characters, and those made up of good and evil, such as Fiesko, Don Karlos, Wallenstein, and the brothers in *Die Braut von Messina*, it is questionable whether we are justified in attributing any of their sentiments to the poet himself,—certainly not if these sentiments are clearly in conflict with sentiments expressed by the poet when writing *in propria persona*.

In saying this I do not ignore the fact that a man may harbor and even express conflicting sentiments. But we may trust the more permanent quality of those set down deliberately in letters and essays and histories. The evidence of the dramas is good when confirmatory of these testimonies, doubtful when it conflicts with them.

RELIGION.

On the subject of religion in general, apart from the special form of it which prevailed in his environment, Schiller has many serious thoughts, showing that he recognized it as one of the fundamental human institutions.

In a letter to Göschen, the publisher, 1792, touching a proposed history of the Reformation, he says: "I should be very sorry to

neglect this splendid opportunity to influence the whole nation in its conception of religion and to bring about by this single book perhaps a profound revolution in matters of belief."

In the Letters to the Duke of Augustenburg on Aesthetic Education it seems at times as though Schiller dreamed that the cult of beauty was to displace religion. But it seems to me that he aims rather at ennobling religion by the cult of beauty than at substituting the one for the other. "Just as the madman in lucid intervals subjects himself voluntarily to bonds,—so we are under obligation when free from the assaults of passion to bind ourselves by religion and æsthetic culture....I have deliberately put religion and taste into the same class here, because both have the merit of serving as a substitute for true virtue....Religion is to the sensual man (the man governed by his senses) what taste is to the refined man—taste is for every-day life, religion is for extreme needs. We must cling to one of these two supports, if not better to both, so long as we are not gods." Very much the same thing is said in a letter to Goethe about *Wilhelm Meister*, 1796. Perhaps the same notion of religion, as dominated by taste, is in his mind when in a letter to Goethe, 1803, about the approaching visit of Madame de Staël, he says, "But it will be a hard matter to portray our religion to her in French phrases."

But that he did not intend to separate his cult of beauty from the religion of his time is shown in a letter to Zelter, 1804, regarding a proposed Academy of Art: "Few feel that it is high time to do something for art, but it is possible to show everybody that the condition of religion cannot remain as it is. And since people are ashamed to have religion themselves and want to pass for emancipated *(aufgeklärt)*, we must be very glad if we can aid religion through art. Berlin first lighted the torch of a rational religious freedom in the dark days of superstition. Now in the days of unbelief a different glory is to be won without sacrificing the first: let Berlin now add warmth to light and ennoble Protestantism, of which she is destined to be the metropolis."

In the essay on *Die Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet*, 1784, occur a number of reflections on the subject of the service of the stage to religion, incidentally revealing the poet's views of religion in general. "To the greater portion of mankind religion is nothing if we take away its symbols, its problems, if we destroy its pictures of heaven and hell, and yet these are mere pictures of the imagination, riddles without solution, scarecrows and baits from the distance....Even before Nathan the Jew and

Saladin the Saracen put us to shame and preached to us the divine doctrine that our devotion to God is not dependent on our notions about God, the stage had planted humanity and gentleness in our hearts."

From the essay *Vom Erhabenen* I take the following: "The divinity, then, represented as a power which is, indeed, able to cancel our existence, but which, while this existence is ours, can exercise no control over the processes of our reason, is dynamically sublime—and only that religion which gives us such a conception of the divinity bears the stamp of sublimity."

Of the more precise nature of his own religion Schiller did not write much, save touching special doctrines and concrete applications. (See, however, p. 334.) Aside from the passages already quoted a few passages from the dramas show that it was to his mind a profound and elemental interest of all living creatures. It is interesting to recall that Schiller wrote *Die Räuber*, according to his own Preface, "to overthrow vice and to avenge religion, morality and civil laws upon their enemies." The dramas are indeed full of the elements of religion. *Don Karlos* is dominated by God's providence and *Wilhelm Tell* by His justice. Ferdinand, in *Kabale und Liebe*, says: "If we can no longer serve God in a temple, the night will come with her inspiring awe, the moon with her changes will preach repentance, and a worshipful church of stars will join us in prayer." Wallenstein exclaims: "There is religion in the instincts of animals, and even the savage will not drink with the victim into whose breast he is about to thrust his knife." And Max says, also in *Wallenstein's Tod*: "O even the fair, sweet promptings of hospitality and of loyal friendship are to the heart a sacred religion." This suggests an expression in a letter to Charlotte von Lengefeld, 1787: "I shall build me an altar here where I can turn my face toward Rudolstadt, for there is my religion and my prophet."

Perhaps the best attempt to state his principles briefly is found in a letter to Erhard, 1795, although he does not call it a summary of his religion: "Ardent for the idea of humanity, kind and humane toward individual men, and indifferent to the race as a whole as I find it—that is my motto."

GOD.

From the letters of the poet's school years we learn that his belief in God and a future life is strong, and that these are the chief articles of his creed. To Boigeol, a schoolmate, who had accused

him of "feeling God only in poetry," which Schiller understood to be a charge of insincerity, he writes resenting the imputation, saying that he has found "a higher friend, who will never fail me," to compensate for the loss of Boigeol. This friend has "commanded me to love you to all eternity," which he will accordingly do, though for the present he proposes to "cut" him. To Captain von Hoven, on the death of his son, Schiller's comrade, the poet writes consolatory phrases about "an eternally wise decree that controls our days" and his hopes of another life, concluding: "These are not conned commonplaces, but the true and genuine feelings of my heart."

From many similar expressions at intervals through his life, I select one from the year 1796, addressed to his father on the recovery of his mother: "In such events I recognize a good Providence that rules over us and my heart is most deeply stirred by it. May Heaven preserve you and deal with us all much better than we can at present hope!" Perhaps there is some ground for regarding such expressions as this as *pro forma,*—not hypocritical, but such as must be used to convey the desired impression to the parents. But if there is one confidence which seems to be unclouded in Schiller's soul, and which has a thousand supports in his poems and dramas, it is the belief in a kind and ruling Providence.

The most explicit of Schiller's utterances on this head are found in his various prose writings, notably in the Julius-Raphael Letters. The *Theosophie des Julius,* 1783-7 which indeed Julius (Schiller) confesses has been somewhat undermined by Raphael (Körner), is a sort of confession of faith, suffused with Spinozist, Platonic pantheism. "The universe is a thought of God;....it is the function of thinking beings to find again in this present whole the original sketch (the image of God)"...."Harmony, truth, system, beauty, excellence give me pleasure because they put me into the active condition of their inventor, because they betray to me the presence of a reasoning and feeling being and give me a hint of my relation to this being."...."Every coming spring yields me a commentary and clue to the whole riddle of death and refutes my anxious fears of an eternal sleep....And so I understand the immanence of God."

"All the perfections of the universe are united in God. God and Nature are two quantities which are precisely equal....Nature is an infinitely subdivided God. As in a prism a beam of white light is split up into seven darker beams, so the divine Ego has split himself up into numberless feeling substances. And as seven darker

rays may combine again into one clear beam, so from the reunion of all these substances a divine being would emerge....The attraction of the elements brought about the physical form of Nature. The attraction of spirits....would needs finally put an end to that separation, or bring forth God. Such an attraction is Love.... So Love is the ladder by which we mount to likeness with God."

Later, in 1793, in the essay *Vom Erhabenen*, we find the following: "The divinity, conceived in all its omniscience, which pierces all the windings of the human heart, in its holiness, which tolerates no impure desire, and in its might, which controls our physical existence, is a fearful conception and can therefore become a sublime conception. We can have no physical guarantee against the operations of this power because it is equally impossible for us to evade or to resist it. Therefore there remains only moral certainty, which we base upon the justice of this being and upon our own innocence."

Still later, 1797, in the well known poem, *Die Worte des Glaubens*, he expresses the same faith in a supreme ruler of the universe, while we find also several confident utterances from an earlier period in the hymn *An die Freude* (1785) and in some passages of *Die Künstler* (1789).

In the dramas the thought of God as the genius of justice recurs most frequently. Thus in *Die Räuber*, especially in the mouth of Pastor Moser, "The thought of God rouses a fearful neighbor, whose name is 'judge.' "

It is a matter of course that such personages as Maria Stuart, Thekla, Johanna, Stauffacher, and Tell should express a firm and constant belief in the support of Providence. If their utterances were all we had to judge by we might question their value as evidence for Schiller's own views. But inasmuch as they are in harmony with his views expressed elsewhere, and in view of the quantity and quality of them,* they deserve consideration. Especially in *Wilhelm Tell* are the expressions of faith in the justice of God noteworthy. "There lives a God to punish and avenge." "Oh, the decrees of God are surely just!" "Then I believe God would not let you fall, but show his favor to the righteous cause." "But God is everywhere when justice calls, and all we stand beneath His sheltering sky."

Something is fairly to be inferred from the absence in these

* See a complete collection of these evidences in my paper, *The Religion of Friedrich Schiller*, in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XIX, 4.

dramas of certain features of Christian doctrine, such as the trinity, atonement, etc.

CHRISTIANITY.

In considering Schiller's attitude toward Christianity it will be necessary to distinguish between pure Christianity—the life and precepts of Christ—and historical Christianity—the organized Church and the hierarchy. Of the first Schiller had a high opinion. In a letter to Goethe, 1795, he says: "It seems to me that too little has yet been said about the peculiar character of the Christian religion and of Christian religious fervor;....that it has not yet been fully expressed what this religion may be to a sensitive soul, or rather what a sensitive soul can make of it." And later in the same letter: "I find in the Christian religion the potentiality of all that is noblest and best; and the various manifestations of it in life seem to me to be so repellant and foolish merely because they are a blundering exposition of this highest. If we look for the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, the one that distinguishes it from all other monotheistic religions, we find that it lies precisely in the suspension of the law, or of the Kantian imperative, in the place of which Christianity wishes to see established a voluntary and loving consent. It is, therefore, in its pure form a manifestation of beautiful morality, or of the incarnation of the Holy, and in this sense the only æsthetic religion."

In spite of this declaration, Schiller wrote almost no poems inspired by any distinctively Christian sentiment. One exception is *Die Johanniter.*

In Schiller's inaugural address as professor of history in Jena, *Was heisst und zu welchem Ende studiert man Universalgeschichte?* are several strong expressions and implications regarding Christianity, though it may be claimed that public policy dictated them in view of the exceptional occasion. But there is little room to doubt that Schiller was sincere in his high regard for the ideal Christianity. "Even our religion, distorted as it is by the faithless hands that have transmitted it to us, who can fail to recognize in it the ennobling influence of the better philosophy?" "In order that we might meet here as Christians, it was necessary that this religion be prepared by innumerable revolutions." "The Christian religion has such a manifold relation to the present condition of the world that its appearance is the most important fact in the history of the world. But neither in the time when it appeared nor in the

people among whom it originated is there to be found, from lack of sources, a satisfactory explanation of its appearance."

Sentiments of devout Christianity and Catholicism in the mouth of Johanna or of Maria Stuart are of course no evidence that Schiller held the same point of view, and need not be cited. Yet, the scantiness of doctrinal utterances from even such characters has a certain negative value in interpreting the poet.

But when we turn to expressions of disapproval of the organized Church, expressions which might easily be mistaken for Christianity *per se*, we find an abundance of material, the distrust of the hierarchy not being limited to any particular confession. A letter to Hans von Wolzogen, 1783, refers to the misfortunes of an ex-Catholic priest, "a living example of how much mischief the priests can do." In a letter to Körner, 1787, regarding Herder's sermon, which he had just heard: "But I must confess to you frankly that no preaching appeals to me. Sermons are for the common man. The intellectual man who defends them is either narrow, a visionary or a hypocrite." A number of letters contain gentle raillery upon his own or his friends' lack of Christianity. "For a long time the steady decline of true Christianity in the Lengefeld family has lain upon my Christian heart like a hundred pound weight." His work on *Der Geisterseher* "has almost unsettled my Christianity, which as you know not all the powers of hell have been able to shake." "You (Charlotte and Karoline) are beginning with the belief in sympathy and will end by becoming Christians. I shudder at the prospect." To Niethammer: "Heaven grant that no Würtemberg pulpit take you from us prematurely. That would not be calculated to reconcile me to Christianity (*dem lieben Christentum*), which, *inter nos*, has so little more to lose with me" (1791). To Körner, 1793: "But I doubt very much whether Kant has done well to support the Christian religion with philosophical arguments. All that can be expected from the well known character of the defenders of (the Christian) religion is that they will accept the support but reject the philosophical reasoning, and Kant will have accomplished nothing but to have patched up the crumbling structure of folly."

In the essay *Die Schaubühne als moralische Anstalt betrachtet*, occurs this passage at the same time praising pure Christianity and condemning the abuse of it by the hierarchy: "The religion of Christ was the warcry when America was depopulated. Damiens and Ravaillac murdered to glorify the religion of Christ, and Charles IX in Paris fired upon the fleeing Huguenots. But who would dream of charging up to the gentlest of all religions an out

rage which the rudest animalism would solemnly abjure!" From the *Abfall der Niederlande* a number of passages attest the same attitude. "Charles V, who in this great religious division had taken the side which a despot could not fail to take." "The clergy had always been a support of the royal power, and could not be otherwise. Their golden age always coincided with the servitude of the human mind, and like royalty we see them derive their harvest from stupidity and sensuality."

Unwarranted concern was aroused by *Die Götter Griechenlands*. It is a comparison of ideal Greek religion with a distorted conception of Christianity—the Christianity of asceticism (see the letter to Körner on this subject).

Of the dramas *Die Räuber* alone contains similar attacks on the organized Church, although it is professedly written in defence of true religion.

IMMORTALITY.

On the various details of the popular creeds Schiller scarcely touches at all. Indeed one might well derive from his silence a fair notion of the non-essentials in religion. Only on the subject of immortality do we find abundant utterance. In the main this utterance implies or distinctly expresses a belief in, or a hope for, personal immortality. In some cases there is a distinct doubt of this, or the expression of a different ideal of immortal life.

In his earlier letters, as that to Captain von Hoven on the death of the latter's son, the attempt to comfort makes a belief in immortality almost perfunctory. On the other hand, in letters to W. von Wolzogen regardng his mother's death and in others regarding his own and his mother's ill health there is a notable absence of allusion to a future life. On the death of his father the only expression on this head is rather non-committal: "It is well with him." To W. von Humboldt on the death of the latter's son he writes: "I know of no consolation but that which time will bring."

While the poem *Resignation* contains the most magnificent denial of immortality to be found anywhere in literature, other writings of about the same time strike the opposite chord. For instance:

> "Life's counterfeit, by Hope, the fair deceiver,
> Embalmed with Death to lie!
> Time's bloodless mummy, niched in tombs forever,
> Which the crazed fancy of delirious fever
> Calls Immortality!

"Death has been silent for six thousand years;
Nor from the grave one corpse to living ears
Of the Requiter told."

On the other hand, certain lines from the *Theosophie des Julius*, the hymn *An die Freude*, and *Die Klage der Ceres* are worthy of consideration.

Several earlier poems, *Eine Leichenphantasie* and *Elegie auf den Tod eines Jünglings*, are very pronounced in their definite belief in resurrection, but are perhaps not so valid as later utterances. Of later poems among the finest (for there are many) is the familiar passage from *Das Lied von der Glocke*. And still more positive is the tone of the whole poem, *Die Hoffnung*.

Here and there occurs an expression with a less certain note, as in the inaugural address: "To every person with talents there is open a path to immortality—I mean to the true immortality, in which the deed lives and hastens onward even though the name of the performer be left behind." And with this goes the famous distich on *Immortality*:

"Fearest thou death, and wishest forever to live?
Live in the Whole, it will last when thou long art dust."

The dramas are full of beautiful passages bearing a belief in personal immortality.

PRAYER.

It is clear from a letter to Körner, 1788, that Schiller did not indulge in formal prayer: "If I could pray I would include you in my prayers." And this notwithstanding such expressions as the following: "Tell my mother that I sympathize deeply with her in her sufferings and am sending my best wishes to Heaven for her." But if we raise the question of the true meaning and value of prayer, who shall set himself up to judge against such devout thoughts as this?

THE BIBLE.

While in *Die Räuber* Schiller professes indignation against those who assail the noble simplicity of the Scriptures, in a letter to Goethe, 1787, he says: "I must confess that I approach these records with such a lack of faith on all historical points that your doubts regarding a single point seem to me to be very reasonable. To me the Bible only is true where it is naïve; in all the rest, which is written with actual consciousness, I suspect a purpose and a later

origin." While this is far from the standpoint of modern criticism, it leaves no doubt that Schiller did not accept the Bible as an exceptionally inspired or infallible book.

CREED.

If we look for condensed expressions of Schiller's faith, aside from those already incidentally quoted, we may well consider these: "I confess frankly, I believe in the actuality of unselfish love. I am lost if there is no such thing; I surrender God, immortalty, and virtue. I have no longer any evidence for these hopes if I cease to believe in love."—From the *Theosophie des Julius.* And from a letter to Körner, 1787: "I have but one norm for morality, and that, I believe, the severest: Is the act which I am about to perform good or bad for the world if it should become universal." This is but a modification of Kant's familiar rule, and, after all, but an abstract formulation of the Golden Rule of Jesus.

Finally the famous and somewhat hackneyed *Die Worte des Glaubens*, in which the "three words," or essentials of Schiller's faith, are Liberty, Virtue, and God. The final stanza makes the appeal:

> "Hold fast these three words of belief, and about
> From lip unto lip, full of thought, let them flee;
> They take not their birth from the being without,
> But a voice from within will their oracle be;
> And never in man will all true worth be o'er
> Till in these three words he believes no more."

Julian Schmidt in *Schiller und seine Zeitgenossen*, expresses doubts of the sincerity of Schiller's sentiments in the *Theosophie des Julius*, finding there only beautiful pictures, more poetic imagination than overwhelming love of truth. Thus Schmidt repeats the reproach made to the youthful poet by his schoolmate Boigeol (page 327). But it seems to me that this criticism suffers from a painful misconception of the inherent nature of religion. A theosophy is a philosophy of the universe, and it is not yet religion. It may be a very important basis of religion, or again it may merely be abstracted from religion, but it is not itself religion. As Matthew Arnold defined religion to be "morality touched with emotion," so from another side of the same subject, one may define religion as theosophy touched with emotion. Emotion is at least an essential factor of religion.

In one way I regard Schiller's poems as a better evidence for

his religion than all his philosophical letters and disquisitions, and for this very reason: in the poems we find his philosophical speculations touched with emotion, and this very fact proves that they were sincere, this fact makes them religious.

While Schiller sometimes speaks with suspicion or even with hostility of "religion," it is quite easy to see in such cases that he has in mind the hierarchy or some certain outward religious organization. His famous epigram,

> "What my religion? Of those that thou namest none;
> The reason thou askest? 'Tis easy: Because I've religion,"

shows how keenly the poet distinguished between the spirit and the form of religion.

Religion was for Schiller: the longing and the striving for harmony with the spirit and tendency of the universe. This essence of all religion he embraced with a fervor and a deep reverence not exceeded by the most pronounced devotees of any sect.

From Schiller's letters and his various essays and histories alone we may then derive his views on the elements of religion and the various phases of religion as follows:

Schiller rejected practically the whole theological system of the Church as he understood it, and, very explicitly:

All impeachments of the law-full-ness of the Universe, including Special Revelation, the inspiration and peculiar authority of the Bible, the exceptional divinity of Jesus, his miraculous origin and deeds, and especial providences.

He distrusted religious organizations of all kinds, fearing their tendency to fetter the human spirit, whereas he found the very life of the spirit to consist in the liberty to discover and assimilate the will of God. Hence he avoided and to some extent antagonized the hierarchy, the clergy, public worship, and all rites and ceremonies.

And from these sources, supported by the evidence of his poems and dramas, we find that his religious sentiment, far from being simply negative, was deep and reverent and sincere. The one simple couplet, *Mein Glaube*, shows why he stood apart from the religious organizations of his day. And while the poet's reverent spirit shunned the formulation of a credo, the foregoing extracts from his writings afford ample basis for declaring that he held the following beliefs in a more or less positive way:

He believed steadfastly, with no more hesitation and intermission than many a patriarch and saint, in one All-good, All-

wise, All-knowing, Loving Power, immanent in the Universe, and especially in man.

He believed in Virtue supremely and trusted the Inner Voice, its monitor, holding virtue to be the harmonious adaptation of the individual's will to the will of God as revealed in the laws and history of the universe and in the heart of man.

He believed with a strong faith in Immortality, wavering sometimes as to the persistence of the individual consciousness, and rejecting all attempts to locate and condition the future state.

He believed in the Brotherhood of man, and trusted man as the image of God on earth.

He recognized the greatness of Jesus of Nazareth and revered his ethics and his life.

He recognized the immense service to mankind of the Christian religion.

He was intensely reverent toward all that was good and beautiful, and worshiped sincerely in his own way, which was, indeed, not the way of the Church.

But for one who was so inherently religious in the very fibre and marrow of his being, the atempts to demonstrate his religion seem bare and dead. It is a case of the letter that killeth.

Schiller had a true feeling in his youth when he believed himself called to preach. And in fact he did not forsake the calling, but chose only a wider and freer pulpit than the Church at that time afforded him. Every one who approached Schiller closely in life or in his writings was impressed with this sense of his priestly and prophetic character, using the words in their best sense. So true is this, that one of the chief criticisms of Schiller's work, on the part of those who hold that the artist must love beauty for beauty's sake alone, has been this tendency to preach.

For my own part, the beauty of outward Nature, the beauty of truth, and the beauty of holiness seem to me but varying manifestations of the one Beauty. A complete religion will ignore none of them, though apparently it will dwell more and more on the beauty of virtue. The supreme poet will ever be near to the priest, and I cannot find their alliance a reproach to either.

From the standpoint of the enlightened thought of the twentieth century Schiller was without question a deeply religious man, and all of his writings no less than his life bear testimony to the fact.

SOME OLD TIME CONJURERS.

BY HENRY RIDGELY EVANS.

I LOVE to read about the old-time conjurers, the contemporaries of Robert-Houdin, or his immediate successors. Literature on the subject is very sparse indeed. In his memoirs, Houdin gives us a few thumbnail sketches of his rivals in the mystic art, and then dismisses them with a kindly, *Vale*. He has something to say about Bosco's personal appearance and performances, but makes no mention of the romantic incidents in the great magician's career. I shall try in this paper to sketch the lives of some of these men, basing my information on rare *brochures* contained in the Ellison Library, and from information picked up by Mr. Harry Houdini in Europe. The great encyclopedic dictionary of Larousse—a monument of French erudition—contains something about Philippe, Robin and Comte. Mr. Ellis Stanyon, a conjurer of London, and author of several valuable little treatises on magic, has kindly furnished me with interesting data; the files of old newspapers in the British Museum, and the Library of Congress have also been drawn upon. Let us begin with

COMTE.

Louis Apollinaire Comte was a magician of great skill, a mimic and ventriloquist. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, June 22, 1788, and died at Rueil, France, November 25, 1859. On one occasion he was denounced by some superstitious Swiss peasants as a sorcerer, set upon and beaten with clubs, and was about to be thrown into a lime kiln. His ventriloquial powers saved his life. He caused demoniacal voices to proceed from the kiln, whereupon his tormenters fled from the spot in affright, imagining that they were addressed by the Powers of Darkness.

When summoned to appear before Louis XVIII, at the palace of the Tuilleries, Comte arranged a clever mystification to amuse

his royal patron. During the course of the entertainment he requested the king to select a card from a pack. By his address, he caused the monarch to draw the king of hearts. Placing the card in a pistol, Comte fired it at a bouquet of flowers on a table, declaring that the pasteboard would appear in the bouquet. Immediately, a bust of the king was seen among the flowers.

"What does this mean?" said Louis XVIII, with a sarcastic smile. "I fancy, sir, your trick has not ended as you stated."

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," Comte replied, with a profound bow. "I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear in that bouquet of flowers, and I appeal to all Frenchmen whether that bust does not represent *the king of all hearts.*"

The experiment was applauded to the echo by those present. The *Royal Journal* of the 20th of December, 1814, thus describes the affair:

"The whole audience exclaimed in reply to M. Comte, 'We recognize him—it is he—the king of all hearts! the beloved of the French—of the whole universe—Louis XVIII, the august great-grandson of Henri Quatre?'

"The king, much affected by these warm acclamations, complimented M. Comte on his skill.

" 'It would be a pity,' he said to him, 'to order such a talented sorcerer to be burnt alive. You have caused us too much pleasure for us to cause you pain. Live many years, for yourself in the first place, and then for us.' "

Comte was an adept at the art of flattery. Perhaps all the while, he and the fickle courtiers of the Tuilleries were secretly laughing at the poor old Bourbon king, the scion of a race that had all but ruined France, and were wishing back from Elba that Thunderbolt of War—Napoleon the Great.

Comte was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by Louis Philippe.

PHILIPPE.

Philippe Talon was born at Alais, near Nimes (France). He carried on the trade of confectioner first in Paris, afterwards in Aberdeen, Scotland. Failing to make a success of the sugar business, he adopted conjuring as a profession, and was remarkably successful. He was assisted by a young Scotchman named Macalister, who on the stage appeared as a negro, "Domingo." Macalister, a clever mechanic, invented many of the best things in Philippe's rep-

ertoire. From some Chinese jugglers, Philippe learned the goldfish trick and the Chinese rings. With these capital experiments added to his programme, he repaired to Paris, in 1841, and made a great hit. Habited like a Chinaman, he performed them in a scene called "A festival of a Palace in Nankin." The fish trick he ostentatiously named "Neptune's Basins, or the Gold Fish." The bowls of water containing the fish he produced from shawls while standing

HENRY ROBIN.

on a low table. He followed this with a production of rabbits, pigeons, ducks, chickens, etc.

ROBIN.

Robin, the celebrated prestidigitateur, was born in Holland about 1805, and died in Paris in 1874. His little theatre on the Boulevard du Temple was the scene of some of the finest exhibitions of conjuring. Robin was a man of considerable attainments in the

science of optics. He revived Robertson's ghost show with immense success, adding to it the latest effects, such as Pepper's illusions. When the Davenport Brothers, pretended spiritualists, came to Paris, Robin duplicated all their tricks at his theatre. He did much to discredit the charlatans. About 1869 he gave up his theatre, and became the proprietor of a hotel on the Boulevard Mazas. For several years he conducted a journal called the *Almanach illustré de Cagliostro*. He is the author of two works on magic: *Histoire des spectres vivants et impalpables,* and *Secrets de la physique amusante,* Paris, 1864.

BOSCO.

I look again into the magic mirror of the past. Who is this portly figure enveloped in a be-frogged military cloak? He has the mobile visage of an Italian. There is an air of pomposity about him. His eyes are bold and piercing. He has something of the appearance of a Russian nobleman, or general under the Empire. Ah, that is the renowned Bosco, the conjurer!

Bartolomeo Bosco had an adventurous career. He was born in Turin, Italy, January 11, 1793. He came of a noble family of Peidmont. At the age of nineteen he was one of the victims caught in the meshes of the great military drag-net of Napoleon I, that fisher for men. In other words, he became "food for powder" in the Russian campaign of the Emperor of France. He was a fusilier in the 11th infantry of the line. At the battle of Borodino, in an encounter with Cossacks, Bosco was badly wounded in the side by a lance, and fell upon the ground. A son of the Cossack lancer who had wounded him, dismounted and began to rifle his pockets. Like all soldiers on a campaign, Bosco carried his fortune with him. It did not amount to very much: a watch, a keepsake from a sweetheart, a few gold pieces, a tobacco pouch, etc. Fearing to receive the *coup de grace* from his enemy, he pretended to be dead. But on realizing that if he were robbed of his money he would be left destitute in the world, he put his abilities as a conjurer to work and dexterously picked the Cossack's pocket of a well-filled purse. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. The Russian, grumbling, perhaps, at the paucity of his ill-gotten plunder, finally mounted his horse and rode away after his comrades, to discover later on that he had been *done* and by a corpse. Later in the day Bosco was picked up from the battlefield by the Russian medical corps, and his wounds treated. He was sent a captive to Siberia, near the town of Tobolsk. His talent for *escamotage* served him well. The long winter evenings of his captiv-

ity when the snow lay deep upon the earth, and the wind howled about the prison walls, were spent by him either amusing his jailors or his fellow-soldiers. He sometimes gave exhibitions of his skill before the high officials of the place, thereby picking up considerable money. He spent his earnings generously upon his poorer brethren.

BOSCO.

(From a rare engraving in the possession of Dr. Saram R. Ellison, New York City.)

Finally, in April, 1814, he was released. He returned to Italy, to the great delight of his friends, and became a professional conjurer. Bosco was a wonderful performer of the cup-and-ball trick. He also possessed great skill with cards and coins. He traveled all over

Europe. He gave an exhibition before Marie Louise, the widow of Napoleon I, on the 27th of April, 1836. His sonorous, bizarre name has become a byword in France for deception, whether in conjuring or politics. The statesman Thiers was called the "Bosco of the Tribune." Many of Bartolomeo Bosco's imitators assumed his cognomen. At the present day there is a French magician touring the music halls of Europe, who calls himself Bosco. The original Bosco, like Alexander Herrmann, was in the habit of advertising himself by giving impromptu exhibitions of his skill in cafés, stage coaches, hotels, etc. He was wonderfully clever at this. A Parisian newspaper thus announced one of his entertainments: "The famous Bosco, who can conjure away a house as easily as a nutmeg, is about to give his performances at Paris, in which some miraculous tricks will be executed." This illusion to the nutmeg has reference to the magician's cup-and-ball trick; nutmegs frequently being used instead of cork balls. Houdin describes Bosco's stage as follows:

"I entered the little theatre and took my seat. According to the idea I had formed of a magician's laboratory, I expected to find myself before a curtain whose large folds, when withdrawn, would display before my dazzled eyes a brilliant stage ornamented with apparatus worthy of the celebrity announced; but my illusions on this subject soon faded away.

"A curtain had been considered superfluous, and the stage was open. Before me was a long three-storied sideboard, entirely covered with black serge. This lugubrious buffet was adorned with a number of wax candles, among which glistened the apparatus. At the topmost point of this strange *étagère* was a death's-head, much surprised, I have no doubt, at finding itself at such a festival, and it quite produced the effect of a funeral service.

"In front of the stage, and near the spectators, was a table covered by a brown cloth, reaching to the ground, on which five brass cups were symmetrically arranged. Finally, above this table hung a copper ball, which strangely excited my curiosity.

"For the life of me I could not imagine what this was for, so I determined to wait till Bosco came to explain it. The silvery sound of a small bell put an end to my reverie, and Bosco appeared upon the stage.

"The artiste wore a little black velvet jacket, fastened round the waist by a leathern belt of the same color. His sleeves were excessively short, and displayed a handsome arm. He had on loose black trousers, ornamented at the bottom with a ruche of lace, and a large

white collar round his neck. This strange attire bore considerable resemblance to the classical costume of the Scapins in our plays.

"After making a majestic bow to his audience, the celebrated conjurer walked silently and with measured steps up to the famous copper ball. After convincing himself it was solidly hung, he took up his wand, which he wiped with a white handkerchief, as if to re-

HOUDINI AT THE GRAVE OF BOSCO.

(From a photograph in the possession of Dr. Saram R. Ellison, New York City.)

move any foreign influence; then, with imperturbable gravity, he struck the ball thrice with it, pronouncing, amid the most solemn silence, this imperious sentence: *Spiriti mei infernali, obedite.*

"I, like a simpleton, scarce breathed in my expectation of some

miraculous result, but it was only an innocent pleasantry, a simple introduction to the performance with the cups."

After many wanderings Bartolomeo Bosco laid down his magic wand forever in Dresden, March 2, 1862; he lies buried in a cemetery just outside of that city. Mr. Harry Houdini, the American conjurer, discovered his grave on October 23, 1903. Upon the tombstone is carved the insignia of Bosco's profession—a cup-and-ball, and a wand. They are surmounted by a wreath of laurel. Says Mr. Houdini: "I found the head of the wand missing. Looking into the tall grass nearby I found the broken tip." This he presented to Dr. Saram R. Ellison, of New York. Bosco's tombstone bears the following inscription: *Ice répose le célebre Bartolomeo Bosco: Ne à Turin le 11 Janvier 1793; decede à Dresden, le 2 Mars, 1862.*

ANDERSON.

One of the most celebrated English magicians was John Henry Anderson, the far-famed "Wizard of the North." He was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Early in 1840 he came to London, and made a hit at the Strand Theatre with his gun trick and other illusions. Besides being a conjurer, Anderson was a clever actor, and often appeared in melodrama. He displayed a great collection of apparatus, which he described as "a most gorgeous and costly apparatus of solid silver, the mysterious mechanical construction of which is upon a secret principle, hitherto unknown in Europe." He claimed to have been the inventor of the gun trick, but this was not so, as Torrini and others exhibited it on the Continent in the latter part of the 18th century. All that Anderson did was to invent his own peculiar method of working the illusion. "The extraordinary mystery of the trick," he said, "is not effected by the aid of any accomplice, or by inserting a tube in the muzzle of the gun, or by other conceivable devices (as the public frequently, and in some instances, correctly imagine), but any gentleman may really load the gun in the usual manner, inserting, himself, *a marked real leaden ball!* The gun being then fired off at the Wizard, he will instantly produce and exhibit the same bullet in his hand." The bullet, however, was not a genuine leaden ball, but one composed of an amalgam of tin foil and quicksilver, which is as heavy as lead, but is broken into bits and dispersed in firing. He once played at a private engagement at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, before the Czar Nicholas and a brilliant audience of Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses. His exhibition of second sight was a remarkable one.

He was asked by the Czar to describe the watch he had in his pocket. To the profound astonishment of the Emperor, Anderson announced that it was encircled with one hundred and twenty brilliants around its face, and a portrait on enamel of the Emperor Paul at the back. He also said that the watch carried by the Empress did not go, which was a fact, it being a very old one, a relic of Peter

Yours Respectfully
J. H. Anderson

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the Great. It was only worn as an ornament. The wizard never claimed supernatural powers. He undoubtedly obtained his information about the chronometers from some member of the Czar's household, and worked upon the imagination and credulity of the spectators.

Anderson was a tremendous advertiser. One of his posters was a caricature imitation of the famous painting, "Napoleon's

Return from Elba." It was of gigantic size. Houdin describes it and other advertising schemes as follows:

"In the foreground Anderson was seen affecting the attitude of the great man; above his head fluttered an enormous banner, bearing the words 'The Wonder of the World,' while, behind him, and somewhat lost in the shade, the Emperor of Russia and several other monarchs stood in a respectful posture. As in the original picture, the fanatic admirers of the Wizard embraced his knees, while an immense crowd received him triumphantly. In the distance could be seen the equestrian statue of the Iron Duke, who, hat in hand, bowed before him, the Great Wizard; and, lastly, the very dome of St. Paul's bent towards him most humbly.

"At the bottom was the inscription,

"RETURN OF THE NAPOLEON OF NECROMANCY.'

"Regarded seriously, this picture would be found a puff in very bad taste; but, as a caricature, it is excessively comic. Besides, it had the double result of making the London public laugh, and bringing a great number of shillings into the skillful puffer's pockets.

"When Anderson is about to leave a town where he has exhausted all his resources, and has nothing more to hope, he still contrives to make one more enormous haul.

"He orders from the first jeweller in the town a silver vase, worth twenty or twenty-five pounds; he hires, for one evening only, the largest theatre or room in the town, and announces that in the Wizard's parting performance the spectators will compete to make the best pun.

"The silver vase is to be the prize of the victor.

"A jury is chosen among the chief people of the town to dedecide with the public on the merits of each pun.

"It is agreed that they will applaud if they think a pun good; they will say nothing to a passable one, but groan at a bad one.

"The room is always crowded, for people come less to see the performance, which they know by heart, than to display their wit publicly. Each makes his jest, and receives a greeting more or less favorable; and, lastly, the vase is decreed to the cleverest among them.

"Any other than Anderson would be satisfied with the enormous receipts his performance produces; but the Great Wizard of the North has not finished yet. Before the audience leaves the house he states that a short-hand writer had been hired by him to

take down all the puns, and that they will be published as a Miscellany.

"As each spectator who has made a joke likes to see it in print, he purchases a copy of the book for a shilling. An idea of the number of these copies may be formed from the number of puns they contain. I have one of these books in my possession, printed in Glasgow in 1850, in which there are 1001 of these facetiæ."

Anderson died in 1865, having made and lost several fortunes.

Other conjurers of this period are Jacobs, Döbler, Frikell, Dr. Lynn, and the elder Herrmann. Frikell was born in 1818, at Scopio, a village of Finland. He performed entirely without apparatus, which was a decided novelty at that time. He gave his first entertainment in London in 1851.

STODARE.

Colonel Stodare is remarkable as the exhibitor of the far-famed Sphinx illusion, a masterpiece of its kind.

I summon now from the shades the spirit of Colonel Stodare. All hail, thou mystic with the military title! Colonel Stodare, however, never smelt powder, nor directed the manœuvres of a regiment of red-coats. His title was self-assumed, to bedazzle the English public. He never wielded any weapon save a wooden wand, tipped with ivory. But he did that to perfection. His real name was Alfred Inglis. Little or nothing is known of his early life and education. His first appearance was at the Egyptian Hall, London, on Easter Monday, April 17, 1865, when he introduced for the first time in England those celebrated illusions of Hindostan: the "Mango Tree" and the "Indian Basket." It was on the occasion of his 200th consecutive representation at the aforesaid hall that Stodare introduced the "Sphinx" trick, which at once attracted crowds. On Tuesday evening, November 21, 1865, he had the honor to appear before Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle on the occasion of the birthday of H. R. H. the Princess Royal, afterwards the Empress Frederick of Germany. Stodare died of consumption in 1866. He wrote two small treatises on magic: "The Art of Magic" (1865), and "Stodare's Fly-Notes" (1867).

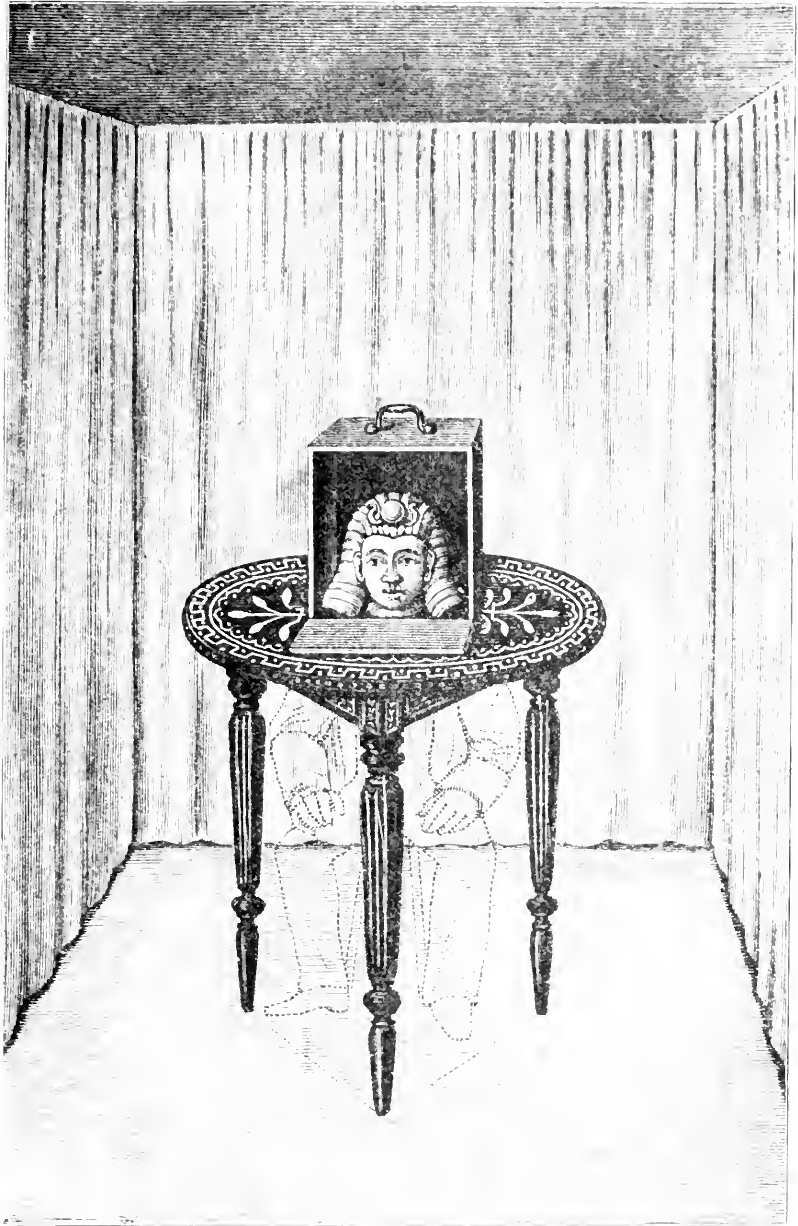
I come now to discuss his "Sphinx," which has formed the basis of nearly all tricks performed by the aid of looking glasses. Alfred Thompson, the well-known theatrical manager and raconteur, of London, some twenty years ago in the *New York Journal* related the history of the illusion, and how like an up-to-date Oedipus he penetrated its secret.

"I remember the first time I ever saw the curious ocular illusion known as the Sphinx Table. As I took an interest in all illusions which could be adapted to stage effects, and had heard from adepts that the new illusion was not only a marvel but absolutely undetectable, I attended the first performance of the resuscitated Sphinx, first performed at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, London, by a wizard calling himself Colonel Stodare. This clever trick was really invented by a young man named Thomas Tobin, who assisted Pep-

COLONEL STODARE.

per at the Polytechnic institution in Regent street, to whose genius the well-used ghost illusion also owed its invention.

"I was well in front and not too near, and after the usual rabbits had disappeared out of hats and become watches and the various pocket handkerchiefs had been turned into bouquets of flowers, the novelty was introduced as a climax and the sight-seeing public had a wonder to exercise its mind on for months to come. On



THE SPHINX ILLUSION.

(From the English edition of Hoffmann's *Magic*. London, 1877.)

the stage not far from the footlights was a three-legged table on the top of which was spread a small velvet cover with a border of gold fringe hanging over four inches. No room for a drawer beneath the table and clear space under and between the legs as far as the back of the stage. Simply three attenuated legs and a flat top covered with velvet. On a side table near the proscenium stood a handsome plush-covered box about a foot square. The lid, unlocked by Stodare, was opened on the side facing the spectators. In the box was seen the head of the Sphinx; a life-size head of a handsome Egyptian wearing the typical striped head-piece, and a collarette round the severed neck; for there was nothing but a head on a short neck in the box. The eyes were closed and the long eye-lashes fell on the cheek, which glowed with vital blood. Closing the lid for a moment, Stodare carried the box, by a handle on either side, from the table to the three-legged table and set it down in the center.

"Now understand, there was a simple unadulterated table without drawer or places of concealment. You could see beneath it and note the hangings on the wall beyond. The thickness of the table with the bottom of the box upon it could not have been two inches in all. Stodare reopened the box, which had never quitted our sight, and as the lid fell forward the Sphinx, still there, slept the sleep of thousands of years—but only to wake at the voice of the wizard. The splendid, calm, majestic eyes opened at command. I had no doubt, even before the lips opened and the voice spoke in measured, rythmic tones, that the head was human and not made of wax; but the more I looked and the more I calculated, the farther was I from a solution of the first mystery I had witnessed since I commenced the study of modern magic.

"The whole apparatus was in full light, not only of gas, but of a calcium directed on to the wondrous face while the box was open. Until the close of the exhibition I sat there dumbfounded and positively unable to answer the Sphinx enigma before me. Just before the conclusion I happened to rise in my seat, so certain I felt that some unexpected detail might disclose the whole secret to me; and in a moment the whole illusion was swept away. I saw where the body was concealed. I knew the trick and I went away perfectly happy at being the only one in London, besides the inventors, who could have reproduced the marvelous sorcery elsewhere. And the whole affair was given away for lack of a silk handkerchief. As I stood up, my eye caught, hovering between two of the table legs,

the marks of two fingers, such marks as may be often seen on a mirror when the light falls at a certain angle upon it.

"Those two finger marks, though close to the carpet, gave me the key to the riddle of the Sphinx. In my mental photograph I saw the confederate kneeling behind the table, his head passing through superposed apertures, one in the top of the table, the other in the bottom of the box. The figure was concealed from view by two mirrors of pure silver plated-glass, set at such an angle as to reflect either side of the room (on the stage) in such a way that what to the eye was evidently the back of the same room seen beneath and beyond the table, was really only a reproduction of those sides visible in the mirrors between the legs of the table.

"This Sphinx was the sensation of London for weeks following, and having occasion to go to Paris a few days later, I offered the secret to Robert Houdin's successor, Hamilton, who, however, refused my terms until he knew the trick. This delay of his was much regretted by him, for some other speculator produced the secret some three months later and made a colossal sensation in Paris with his 'Decapitè Parlant.'

"In the same year I introduced the illusion for the first time on the stage in the celebrated spectacle of 'Babil and Bijou' at Covent Garden Theatre. In the ballet of 'The Seasons' Mlle. Henriette Dor, one of the most poetical dancers ever seen, appeared as the White Rose, and I designed a large rose bud on its stalk, which, coming up through the bed of summer flowers, blossomed wide until from its open petals the beautiful Dor rose up, apparently materializing as she issued from the calix on the stalk. The ballet was so arranged in groups around three sides (not in front) as to aid the deception by their adjusted reflection in the mirrors.

"Practically it was the same trick—two mirrors at a right angle and a trap door. This curious trick was never improved on. It was added to and altered at the Polytechnic, where, among other adaptations of the same principle, was shown an animated tableau of Sir Joshua Reynold's famous cherubs. Three cherubs' heads appeared in a moonlit sky, floating, and sang in sweet child voices the verses of an anthem.

"Curiously enough I met the original Sphinx not three years ago in the person of a business manager who had been Stodare's agent, and only three months back one of those very cherubs in Mr. Fred Solomon, the comedian, who was then a chorister at the Chapel Royal, and who was threatened with all sorts of tortures if he let the cat or the cherub out of the bag."

Stodare's powers as a ventriloquist enhanced the effect of his Sphinx trick. In carrying the closed box which contained the Sphinx, from the table to the footlights, he was enabled by his ventriloquial powers to apparently cause the head to speak. Finally, on opening the box, the head was found to have disappeared altogether, a heap of ashes having taken its place. The story told about the ancient head and the *mise-en-scène* of the trick were well calculated to impress the spectators and inspire them with awe.

The inventor of the Sphinx, Mr. Tobin, sold the secret to M. Tabrich, of Paris, the proprietor of a wax-works exhibition on the Boulevard de la Madeline. Tabrich called his collection of figures the *Musée Français.* Impressed with the success of Madam Tussand's "Chamber of Horrors," in connection with her wax-work exhibition, in London, Tabrich transformed the "Talking Head" into the "Decapitated Speaking," and surrounded it with a *mise-en-scène* calculated to strike terror in the mind of the observer. Underneath his museum was a damp and mouldy cellar, which he fitted up for the exhibition. The visitor was conducted down a stairway, dimly lighted by a couple of antique lamps suspended from the vaulted roof. When he reached the bottom he was suddenly confronted with a group of wax figures, representing a scene under the Inquisition. Every detail of a torture chamber was given, such as is described by Hugo in his *Notre Dame de Paris.* The cowled emissaries of the Holy Office were depicted in the act of putting a wretched victim to the torture. The light from a flambeau, held by one of the figures, illumined the ghastly scene. In this uncertain light everything was horribly majestic. Pushing onward and turning to the right, "the spectator passed through a dimly-lighted corridor, and found himself in front of a balustrade, breast-high, which extended across the entrance of a narrow recess. In the middle of this gloomy cellar, the floor of which was carpeted with musty straw, was seen a table, on which rested a human head, leaning slightly to one side, and apparently asleep. On being addressed by the exhibitor the head raised itself, opened its eyes, and related its own history, including the details of its decapitation, after which it replied, in various languages, to questions put by those present."

One day a party of young men, presumably medical students, out for a lark, and having imbibed a little too freely of *vin ordinaire* or *cognac,* began shooting pellets at the head in order to test whether it had entirely lost all sensation. The Decapitated One, in his wrath, abused them soundly, in an argot that savored more of modern Paris than the days of the Inquisition. This affair got noised

abroad, and gay young boulevardiers made up regular parties to go and shoot bread pellets at the head; this amusement they called "pop-gun practice." Some of these pellets, not so well *bred* (pardon the pun) as others, struck certain portions of the table, which were apparently *open*, but from which they rebounded, clearly indicating that the supposed vacant space was really a sheet of looking-glass. Mr. Tabrich then put a close-meshed wire grating between the spectators and their victim, but alas, the secret of the Inquisition was disclosed, and the palmy days of the *Musée Français* were over. Says Houdin: "The cause of Mr. Tabrich's failure was the same that brought disaster to the Brothers Davenport. Too great confidence in the Parisian public led both parties to offer what, after all, were but ingenious conjuring tricks, as supernatural phenomena."

BLITZ.

Signor Antonio Blitz was born June 21, 1810, in a little village of Moravia. At an early age he picked up, unknown to anyone, "a few adroit tricks from certain gypsies, who visited his native town." He began to exhibit these feats for the amusement of himself and friends. He made his professional debut at Hamburg when but thirteen years of age, and was known to the public as the "mysterious boy." His first appearance in this country was at the Music Hall, Broadway, New York. He had many imitators. Not less than thirteen people traveled the United States using his name, circulating a verbatim copy of his handbill and advertisement —"not only assuming to be the *original* Blitz, but in many instances claiming to be a son or nephew." "I have been," says Blitz, in his memoirs, *Fifty Years in the Magic Circle*, (Hartford, Conn., 1871), "in constant receipt of bills of their contracting, for, not content with taking my name, they have not even honor enough to pay their debts." The thirteen imposters exhibited under the following and other names:

Signor Blitz.
Signor Blitz, Jr.
Signor Blitz, The Original.
Signor Blitz's Son.
Signor Blitz's Nephew.
Signor Blitz, The Wonderful.
Signor Blitz, The Great.
Signor Blitz, The Unrivalled.
Signor Blitz, The Mysterious.

Signor Blitz, By Purchase.

Signor Blitz, The Great Original.

Blitz was not only a magician, but a ventriloquist and trainer of birds. He relates an amusing encounter with the great but eccentric genius, the Italian violinist, Paganini, whose romantic life is known to all lovers of music. The adventure took place in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, where Paganini was giving concerts. Says Blitz: "He, (Paganini) was tall and awkward looking, cadaverous in features, ungainly in form, with long black hair, said to be very wealthy, and characterized as extremely penurious. No instance was ever known of his contributing a penny to the distressed, or to a benevolent institution. One morning I called and found him quietly seated in his room alone. After conversing with him a short time I noticed his violin case lying upon the table, when suddenly the cry of a child issued from therein.

Facsimile Reproduction of the Programme of Signor Blitz

Mrs. Thornhill.

In announcing HER BENEFIT to the Ladies, & Gentlemen of Hanley, Burslem Stoke, & the Potteries in General has the Pleasure to inform them that,

SIGNOR BLITZ,

Has Kindly offered his WONDERFUL PERFORMANCES (For this Night only) in Aid of the receipt of that Evening. He will go through some 20 tricks of ART & Magic which has not yet been performed by him since his appearance in this part of the country. He will also on this occasion Introduce the CELEBRATED GUN TRICK, any Gentleman being allowed to bring their own FOWLING PIECE, Powder, & BALL & to fire at any part of his Body

The Licensed,

Pottery Theatre. (SWAN INN) Hanley.

On Tuesday Evening, Aug. 10th. 1830.

The Performance this Evening will commence with

SIGNOR BLITZ,

FROM MORAVIA

Professor of

MECHANISM & METAMORPHORIST,

FROM THE THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON,

THAUMATURGICS;

And Many other Performances too numerous to insert.

In the Course of the Evening, SIGNOR BLITZ, Will Command any Article to

Fly at the Rate of 500. Miles a Minute!

The SIGNOR WILL ALSO

Perform With Three Hands!

The Tricks with

A Bushel of Rice, The Magnetic Die.

The Diving Bell: & Learned Half-Crowns.

To conclude with the

Gun Trick & the Dancing of five Dinner Plates,

A Dance by Miss Thornhill.

After which will be brought forward the interesting Melo-Drama, called

CLARI,

The Maid of Milan.

Duke Vivaldi ——— Mr Wood.

Rolamo—Mr Bowes. Jocoso——Mr. C Thornhill. Nicolo——Mr Fisher

Geronio—Mr Thornhill. Nimpedo——Mr, Skerrett Page——Mr. Wallace

Clari (the Maid of Milan)———Miss M Thornhill

CHARACRTERS in the EPISODE.

Nobleman ——— Mr, Beattie, Pelgrino ——— Mr Fisher,

Fidalma ——— Mrs, Wood Vespina ——— Miss Thornhill

Wife ——— Mrs Thornhill, Leoda ——— Mrs Wood,

Tickets may be had of Mr, C Thornhill, at Mrs Greases Well Street at the Inn.

To begin at half past 7 o' Clock Positively Pit 2s, Gal. 1s.

THE BAND WILL ATTEND IN UNIFORM,

PLAY BILL.

(From the collection of Mr. Ellis Stanyon, London, England.)

"'Who is that?' said Paganini, quickly looking around.

"'It is *me*, with the babe,' answered a womanly voice.

"'My God! what is this?' inquired the astonished violinist.

"'You well know,' plaintively answered the woman, at the same time the infant again commenced crying.

"'We know you are a bad woman,' vehemently declared the excited man.

"'And did you not make me so, you old Italian fiddler?'

"After this there was apparently a commotion in the box, when Paganini became alarmed and was about to leave the room when I unmasked myself and explained that he had been a victim to the vagaries of ventriloquism; which, on hearing, delighted him prodigiously, and grasping me by the hand he exclaimed, 'Bravo, Signor! —bravo!'"

ALEXANDER.

Alexander Heimbürger was born December 4, 1819, in Germany. He performed under the *nom de theatre* of Herr Alexander. He toured Europe, North and South America with great success for a number of years, and retired to his native land with a large fortune. He is at present residing at Münster, an old man of eighty-four, with snow-white hair and beard, and bent over with age. He was long supposed to be dead by the fraternity of magicians, but Mr. H. Houdini, in his tour of Germany in 1903, discovered that he still lived, and his whereabouts. Alexander had many strange stories to relate of his adventures in America and other places. He was personally acquainted with Houdin, Frikell, Bosco, Anderson, Blitz, the original Bamburg of Amsterdam, etc. He performed several times at the White House before President Polk, and hobnobbed with Henry Clay, Webster and Calhoun. With letters from Polk he visited Brazil, and was admitted into the most aristocratic circles. On leaving New York in 1847 he was presented with a heavy gold medal, cast in the United States Mint at Washington. This medal has his portrait on one side, and on the reverse the following inscription:

"Presented to Herr Alexander as a token of esteem from his friends. New York, 1847."

Mr. Houdini writes as follows about the old magician (*Mahatma*, June, 1903): "He was a welcome guest at the Palace of the King of Brazil. He showed me letters to him from King Pedro II and his wife, dated Brazil, 1850. After an absence of ten years from his native country he returned, and married. He is blessed with six children, two sons and four daughters. One is in New York at the present time. While in New York, Alexander was approached by an illusionist named Orzini, who had a cabinet mystery. He was in hard circumstances and came to Alexander for assistance. The genial German gave him ten dollars. Orzini secured an engagement at the Park Theatre, but alas, only played one night, as his art did not suit, so he was closed after his first performance. Said Alexander to me, and the statement caused me in-

finite surprise: 'This Orzini was the man who threw the bomb at Napoleon III in Paris, trying to kill the Emperor, but was himself killed; also blowing up several bystanders, and wounding the horses of Napoleon's carriage. The reporters discovered that Orzini had just arrived from America, and in his lodgings they found some kind of a mysterious glass house, which must have been the Illu-

ALEXANDER HEIMBÜRGER.

sion Cabinet. In this affair Napoleon escaped with his life and a few scratches.' "

This is a strange story. I am of the opinion that Herr Alexander is laboring under a mistake in trying to identify the illusionist Orzini with the celebrated revolutionist Orsini. In the first place, there is the different spelling of the names—*Orzini* and *Orsini*; but Mr. Houdini may have incorrectly reported Alexander in this respect. There is no record of Orsini having come to the

United States. Again, he was not killed in the attempted assassination of Napoleon III, in the rue Lepelletier, Paris, January 14, 1858. He was captured and suffered imprisonment, and was guillotined March 13, 1858. While in prison he wrote his memoirs.

Herr Alexander is the author of a work entitled *Der Moderne Zauberer* ("The Modern Magician").

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

DR. I. K. FUNK'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

AS a people we are measured by the books we read and what we think of them. Dr. I. K. Funk's big book of over 500 pages, on "The Widow's Mite" and the "Spirit" of Henry Ward Beecher, has measured a great mass of readers to be far back of this age of science—which is not wonderful; but has it not done *the same* for a large part of our leading university professors and educators?—a fact, if it be one, of the greatest importance.

The book tells of two little ancient coins, one black and genuine, and the other light and dubious, supposed to have been like those of the widow's "mites" mentioned in Mark and Luke. They were borrowed by Funk and Wagnalls to be used in the *Standard Dictionary* and then returned. The spurious one was used by mistake, but both were then put in the safe in an envelope. Dr. Funk ordered the genuine one to be returned to its owner, Professor West, a neighbor and friend of Henry Ward Beecher, and principal of a young ladies' seminary on "The Heights." Nine years after this, and after the death of Professor West and Mr. Beecher, Dr. Funk was attending spiritualistic séances in Brooklyn. At one of them the mediumess suddenly gave a message to the Doctor, purporting to be from the "spirit" of Henry Ward Beecher, requiring of him the immediate return of this borrowed genuine black coin to its owner. The Doctor answered that it had been returned years ago. The spirit replied that it had not; but the medium could not learn to whom or where it should be returned. Upon search the envelope with both coins in it was found in the safe where they had been placed, presumably, nine years before.

Result: General surprise! Was this at last *one* genuine, decisive "spirit test"? Every one at the Doctor's office who knew of the

coin supposed that it had been returned. The medium and all connected with the séance swore that they never knew or heard of any such occurrence before this Beecher message. Professor West's son and executor certified that he is as certain as he can be of any thing that passed in his father's mind, "that he, too, supposed that the coin had been returned." The coin was rare and of great value—some say worth $2,500.00.

Spiritualists claimed that the facts proved this message to be indubitable, and that Mr. Beecher's personal, living continuous consciousness, or spirit, was *a fact*. They even obtained another message, purporting to be from him, to the effect that he had sent this message about a trivial matter, because, from the nature of the facts, he saw that "the test" must be conclusive, and that he wished to open the portals to the earth from the spirit realm, from which he had most important matters to communicate. But notwithstanding the persistent efforts of Dr. Funk and of very many mediums all over the earth, those "most important matters" have wholly failed to appear. Finally even the mediums seemed to tire of their efforts, and this message was "received" from Mr. Beecher, who was bothered beyond celestial endurance: viz., "The widow's *mite* bother Dr. Funk to their heart's content for aught I care. I will have nothing more to do with the affair." Thus the Beecher wit came to his protection and relief; which, as Dr. Funk adds: "has at least something of the old Beecher ring in it."

Thus this "spirit" incident ends in nothing, as they all do, when it comes to anything of value or use. But far otherwise is the *revelation* of the consequences and moral of the story to those who think. Dr. Funk was at first under a great variety of doubts and bepuzzlement. This big book is his thrifty way of obtaining relief therefrom, and also fame, a good "ad.," and then too, "shekels"—worth far more than mites. Two of his experts intimate that it is also his "jest" and "practical joke," whereby his wit and humor also came to his relief—a view in which many a reader may concur, and to which finally the good Doctor may contribute a smile.

The gist of the book consists of a statement of the case, which was submitted to forty-two experts, chiefly professors of physics and psychics in our leading universities and colleges, commencing with the voluminous Professor James of Harvard. Then follow their answers, mostly in the Appendix. With all this we have an epitome of the best spiritualistic literature—trying to make this revelation and test seem probable, if not certain, as the work of the continuous Mr. Beecher.

The Doctor might have consulted others with other results: For instance, many an impartial counsellor-at-law would have given him the maxim of old Horace: *Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*—"Don't call in a God (or even a Beecher), unless the knot is worthy of such an untier." That is, the supernatural is never in order until the natural, relevant to the case, is all *known* and exhausted in vain. Thus, it was not natural or probable for a coin of that interest and value to be unreturned and lost without being talked over by West and Beecher in the circle of their curious friends, some of whom were largely spiritualistic. Some of the friends or visitors of this resident medium would almost certainly hear of the story, and the medium consciously or unconsciously get it from them. Then—she may have forgotten it during the nine years, and recalled it unconsciously in trance; as is well attested in similar cases, even of languages heard and afterwards repeated in trance, by those at other times ignorant of them. Then comes in explanation the possible fraud or collusion of some of the parties including the medium. Indeed all of the natural solutions suggested by Dr. Funk and others in the book are to be taken as—more probable than any "spirit" from another state of existence. This much the counsellor would say—resting upon the common rules of evidence and experience.

But Dr. Funk says, in effect, that all such supposing does not negative the *possibility* of "spirit" existence and communication. Well on this point he might and should have consulted an up-to-date biologist, as well as professors of physics and psychics. And since he wandered all over the world (including Japan) to find experts, why did he not include Professor Ernest Haeckel of Jena, or some like scientist, without *reserve* in behalf of scientific truth?

Professor Haeckel is by many regarded as the first scientist of our age in his department—the one in which this question properly comes. In his *Theses* sent to the Congress of Liberals held at St. Louis in October last, he gives, not his verdict, but that of up-to-date science on this very point in these words, viz.: "The soul of man has been recognised as the totality of brain functions. * * * This activity, of course, becomes extinct in death; and in our days it appears to be perfectly absurd to expect, nevertheless, a personal immortality of the soul." That is, the scientific and social immortality have become *one*, and they take the place of the "personal." Thus science says: "Not possible"! And this not as the opinion of one man or set of men, but the result of the facts of biology—commencing with the simplest protoplasm, and rising with all of its cellular

combinations through all vegetative and animal forms and convolutions to the brain of man, and the co-operation of human societies.

This *induction* from all of the facts is clinched, he would say, by the two bottom laws of science, that is, of the universe, viz.: The laws of "substance" or "correlation," and the law of "economy." By the first law, all mental activities and processes, including the "soul," are the sequent or concomitant correlates which are found to be the results and *equivalents* of preceding correlative changes occurring in protoplasmic organisms, and in those ONLY! By the law of economy, the fact that these "activities" are the results of protoplasmic changes and actions is conclusive that they are not, and cannot be, produced or exist in any *other* place or way. For every such activity is the result of *equivalent* correlations only; which cannot be changed without a *different* result; and which cannot cease without a ceasing of their activity at the same time.

After the death of Mr. Beecher there was, therefore, no possible spirit, soul, or consciousness of him extant, to bother or be bothered about this "widow's mite," or anything else. Any other supposition is not only untrue but "absurd." This "recognised" fact, as Professor Haeckel styles it, is now "the commonplace of science." Thus, for instance, it underlies all medical treatment of mental ailments, except by frauds, quacks and the uninformed. In one or the other of those unenviable classes must not those stand, who by words, *silence* or otherwise, admit or imply that Mr. Beecher's conscious spirit or soul was not *existent*, so as to have possibly made this pretended communication?

Now, Dr. Funk's book reveals this astonishing *fact*, viz.: Not a single one of the said jury of forty-two experts does other than to directly or implicitly or tacitly *admit* the *then* existence of Mr. Beecher's soul, and its consequent ability to communicate as claimed! But this fact is not only astonishing; it is exceedingly important. Do our universities and colleges exist for the purpose of "raying out darkness?" Was there not *one* great professor who knew enough and dared enough to tell Dr. Funk the plain truth—the commonplace and bedrock of science?

What kind of leaders and teachers are we to have for the next generation, when those who are "liberally educated" in this, accept only a practical suppression of the truth as to the most important matter that science has made known to a human being—the nature, origin, duty and future of himself? Let us all have the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For "in that only is there wisdom and safety," as old Goethe told us long ago.

Aside from their bearing upon the substance of Dr. Funk's book those arguments of "induction," "correlation" and "economy" are just now of extraordinary importance, for Professor Haeckel has seriously proposed to make them an important part of the basis upon which the freethinkers of every country should organize. I have never been able to answer those arguments, and never could find any one who could. If any such person exists, the occasion calls for him, and I believe *The Open Court* will be open to him.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

A REPLY TO MR. THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time ago, Dr. Isaac K. Funk, of the well-known publishing firm, submitted to us evidences of spirit communication concerning an ancient Hebrew coin called "the widow's mite," which had been used by Funk & Wagnalls for illustration in their *Standard Dictionary*. Dr. Funk was reminded of the coin in a spiritualistic *séance* of an unprofessional medium who spoke in the name of the late Henry Ward Beecher, claiming that it had never been returned to its owner. The medium's claim (or shall we say the claim of Mr. Beecher's spirit) was substantiated, for the coin was discovered in the safe of Funk & Wagnalls, where it had lain unheeded for nine years, and it was now duly returned to the owner or his heirs.

Dr. Funk submitted the case and its value as evidences of genuine spirit communication to a large number of scholars, scientists, experts, psychologists, etc., and then published the whole account, together with these opinions in a book called *The Widow's Mite*. The case was also referred at the time to the editor of *The Open Court*, but his reply was too uncompromising to recommend itself for publication. It admitted the strangeness of the occurrence, provided that there was neither error in the facts, nor fraud, but it declared that a cross-examination of the several persons involved would be indispensable, and this being excluded we had to abstain from giving a definite verdict on the merits of the case. The book now lies before us, but the evidence being still hedged in with "ifs" and "buts" we cannot regard it as convincing. Considering the unsatisfactory character of a negative verdict, we delayed our review and kept the book on our shelf without being able to sum up the case in

a statement which would do justice to Dr. Funk's zeal and circumspection, yet also point out the weak spot of his argumentation.

At this juncture Mr. Wakeman's article came to hand and forced the issue again upon our attention. His verdict is very direct and simple. Quoting Haeckel he denies the possibility of the occurrence, and hence refuses to consider the argument. There must be an error somewhere, and thus the case is disposed of.

Now we agree with Mr. Wakeman on the main point. We, too, believe that there must be an error somewhere; but we think it equally certain that there must be a truth in a theory which, in spite of its crudity, exercises an enormous influence over multitudes of people, among whom we encounter men of business sense like Dr. Funk, and scholars such as Hyslop and James. There is a deep seated natural longing for immortality and we believe that although untenable in the shape in which it is commonly held, it is based upon fact. There is an immortality of personal character—different though it may be from the popular conception.

Prof. Haeckel's argument that there is no immortality, is wrong and can easily be refuted. He declares that soul is a function of the brain: accordingly the soul is lost with the decomposition of the body.

Now, it is true that the soul is our thinking, feeling and willing. But we must bear in mind that the soul is not the brain, but the purpose we pursue in life and the meaning which our thoughts possess, both being represented in certain forms of brain operation. There is no thinking without brain, but the brain is only the material condition in which thinking is realised. The thoughts themselves are not material.

Let us use the analogy of a book. The book itself or rather the soul of the book consists of ideas which are expressed in the printed words. Ideas cannot be communicated without some sensory means and a material of some kind is needed as a substratum to render them somehow actual and to convey them. We can burn a book but we cannot burn the ideas expressed in it. If a poet writes a poem on a sheet of paper the writing may become illegible, but the poem need not be lost; it can be copied and it remains the selfsame poem.

The same is true of the soul of man. Soul is the meaning and purpose of some living substance. It is not the substance but that unsubstantial something which gives character to it and anyone who declares that it is non-existent because it is purely formal and relational, and not material, would be driven to the paradoxical conclusion that the non-existent is more important in the material world

than all the innumerable concrete material objects. The essential part of our own being is not the material aspect of our cerebral activity, but the contents of our thought, the purpose of our will, the leading motive of our sentiments, which factors in their bodily actualisation are of course always of a definite structure.

Now Professor Haeckel will not dispute this point, but he insists that this cerebral structure which is the physical aspect of the soul will be destroyed, and being destroyed the soul is lost and gone forever. But we claim the same kind of a brain constitutes the same kind of a soul; and that the reappearance of the same form of brain functions denotes the rebirth of the same soul. Professor Haeckel's arguments would be correct if identity of soul depended upon an identity of the bodily elements, but that is not so.

We ought to grant that we are dying at every minute and that a new soul is being born in place of the other, for our cerebral substance is decomposed in the very act of thinking and the particles that are now functioning are at once changed into waste matter and are discarded from our system. In a certain sense it is quite correct to say that life is a constant dying—*media in vita nos in morte sumus;*—but in another sense, and with no less truth, we can also say "there is no death; what seems so is transition."

It is well known that all the atoms of which our bodies are composed will change in the average within seven years. If the material elements and not the form in which they are grouped, be the essential part of our existence, we ought to consider ourselves new personalities as soon as the last atom of our former existence has passed away. The transition is slow and almost imperceptible, but it takes place none the less, and that after all we recognise our identity throughout all these changes is the best evidence that the material portion of our being is of secondary consideration.

Birth and death are the limits of individual existences, but we know perfectly well that we have not risen from nothingness and in the same way that we originated from prior conditions and are the continuation of former soul-life—so we are not annihilated in death and shall continue in the life of the generations to come.

Neither is birth an absolute beginning nor death an absolute finality. They are the limits of a series the character and form of which is determined by former lives, and our life is again determining the life of the future. Every individual is a link in the great chain of the whole life of mankind. The life of the individual is formed and in its turn is forming again, so as to produce a continuity in which the old forms of life are preserved, being modified

only by receiving new additions and being enriched with further details. Thus the soul of Christ is a living presence in all Christian souls, and Christ's promise is literally fulfilled when He says: "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." But in the same sense a father and a mother live on in their children, a teacher in his pupils, each one in the memory of his friends, martyrs and heroes in their cause, etc. And this immortality is not an illusion, nor a mere phrase, but a living power exercising a decisive influence upon the actions of mankind.

If Professor Haeckel were right, if the dissolution of the body ended all, constituting death a finality, we would not care what might occur when we are gone. The truth is that people are not indifferent to what will happen after their death. According to their different characters they endeavor to perpetuate their souls—and in this they succeed. Whatever a man does lives after him according to the nature of his deeds, and these deeds, the traces which they produce, the memories which they leave, the effects in which they are perpetuated, are nothing foreign to him, but in them dwells the quintessence of his soul. It is he himself.

Just as an inventor who has built up a factory to actualise his invention, is a living presence in every department of the plant, although bodily he may be absent, so the soul of man remains an efficient factor in life although he may be overtaken by death and rest from his labors.

Now, we grant Mr. Wakeman that from our standpoint a communication of a spirit through a medium in the way described by Mr. Funk should be considered an impossibility, but far from ridiculing Mr. Funk's attempted investigation I feel grateful to him for having ventured into the desert of vain speculations—only to find out the uselessness of his labors. He may not see the result himself as yet, but others do; and it is certainly necessary that all avenues of advance should be reconnoitered, even those which a sound scientific prevision condemns as hopeless. Those who undertake this thankless task are naturally enthusiasts and believers in the improbable. Their work is certainly not useless, for they call attention to the one-sidedness of the opposite view, and certainly deserve credit for the apagogic proof of an untenable position.

Mr. Funk's hope may prove an illusion, but Mr. Wakeman will pardon us for saying that his venture of establishing a proof of immortality—albeit of a counterfeit soul—should not be branded as a "joke." I, myself, made investigations along the lines of the Society for Psychical Research in what now appears to me an immature

period of my life; but though I have surrendered the expectation of finding anything in that waste and sterile field, I deem it wise from time to time to study critically the work of others and see whether they have furnished the world with new facts that would necessitate a revision of our present views. Their views may be untenable from the standpoint of science, yet our own view may also stand in need of emendation, or at least modification.

As to Mr. Funk's book I can only say that I fail to be convinced by his arguments. I will grant that the proof would be fairly complete if there were not ample scope for doubt on many points where a cross-examination of the persons involved would throw new light upon the case. I feel convinced that though it will impress the believer favorably, it will never convert the scoffer; and whether the impartial reader standing between the two opposite positions will be affected, remains to be seen.

I have learned from the book to appreciate the power of the belief in immortality, prompting a business man to go out of his way and collect the minutiæ of so slender an evidence. This yearning for a personal immortality is as deep rooted as are the instincts of animals and I believe, as set forth above, it is well founded. Man feels that death does not end all, and so he expresses the truth of immortality in a mythical form, inventing the ideas of heaven and hell and representing the soul as a concrete being, built of some mysterious spiritual substance.

Upon the whole it is even better that man should believe in a mythical immortality than that he should deny the truth of the myth itself, for the idea is not without importance and exercises a practical influence upon our actions and our general attitude in life. We conclude, therefore, with the question: Is it better and wiser, or, even merely, more advisable that a man should always act as though the end of life were an absolute finality, or, on the contrary, should he so act as constantly to consider the part which his life and all the results of his life will play in the world when he is gone? I know that Professor Haeckel himself cares very much for the after effects of his life.

The period after death is certainly longer, as Antigone says, than the brief span of our earthly career.

> "For longer time, methinks, have I to please
> The dwellers in that world than those in this."

And yet the mere duration is less important than the dynamical aspect of our soul-life after death. There is reason enough to say that

if the idea of immortality deserves any consideration, it should furnish the ultimate tribunal before which all questions of importance should reach their final decision. Indeed, I can give no better rule for testing the correctness of moral actions than that a man in doubtful cases should ask himself: "How would you wish to have acted if your life were completed and you had passed away from the world below?" Anyone who is influenced by such a thought believes in fact in the immortality of the soul, though in his words he may flatly deny and ridicule it.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

BY YVES GUYOT.

THE present conflict between France and the Vatican, which is sure to end in the separation of Church and State, is one of the consequences of the Dreyfus affair. That long struggle showed that the Jesuits had got control of the French army, and that the clerical party was bent on transforming a liberal republic into a monarchy or Cæsarean republic. It further revealed the fact that this party was in a state of perpetual conspiracy against the present constitution of France. This condition of affairs was the cause of the drawing up and passage, in July, 1901, of the law whose purpose was to curb these religious orders, which were a danger to our republican institutions.

Thereupon, the Jesuits, who control the policy of the Vatican, thought they might bring about an uprising in France at the moment of the enforcement of this law. They did their best to turn the army from the path of duty. They strove to awaken rebellion among the pious and ignorant peasantry of Lower Brittany. But all their pernicious activity ended in producing exactly the contrary effect from that which they hoped for. The popular mind throughout France was disgusted with their tactics and alarmed at their aims. So much for interior results.

In its treatment of foreign affairs, French clericalism is always Anglophobist and anti-Italian. But here too they counted without their host. The visit of King Edward to France and that of President Loubet to London checked this clerical policy. The diplomatic attitude of England and France led up logically to a better understanding between France and Italy, for Italy rightly considers England her protector against the efforts of the Pope to recover his lost temporal power. So the Jesuits advised the Pope not to receive M. Loubet when he went to Rome to visit the King. They even thought that the President would not dare to go when he knew that

the Vatican would be shut against him, and they felt sure that this attitude of the Pope would discredit M. Loubet in the eyes of French Catholics. Pius X even went further than refusing to receive the President; he sent out to the various governments a circular communication which was as insulting to France as it was impolitic. Not a Catholic deputy in the French Chamber dared to defend the course of His Holiness, and M. Ribot, leader of the Moderate Republicans, did not hesitate to condemn it.

But this was not enough. The Vatican was not satisfied with obtruding on the international affairs of France. She must next meddle in the home religious matters. Suddenly the Pope refused the investiture of the bishops selected by the French Government in accordance with the Concordate. Pius X adopted the policy of Pius VII in his famous encounter with Napoleon I. This course caused considerable commotion in 1810, but did not disturb anybody in 1904. The papacy has lost ground in a century, and the European mind, especially in France, has made progress in religious things during the same period. Then the unwise Jesuit counselors pushed the poor Holy Father further on the wrong path. Pius, in direct violation of the Concordate, called the bishops to Rome, suspended them and revoked them. By so doing, His Holiness cut the link which held together the Papacy and the French Republic. Separation could only follow. By this act the Pope deprived the defenders of the Concordate of the old stock argument that religious peace was assured by the government having a controlling hand over the bishops. The moment that the Pope declared that the bishops were alone subject to him, from that moment the main reason for the existence of the Concordate disappeared. It was the beginning of the end, and the end will come this year. Before the Chambers adjourn next July, the bill of separation will have been voted, and on January 1, 1906, the new order of things will come into practice, thank heavens!

The predominant character of the French people in matters religious is indifference. So long as the Church is an official institution, there is a disposition among many to accept, at least outwardly, many of its practices and observances. But let the Church once become a private institution, and it will slowly but surely lose its followers and see its resources diminish. The separation means, therefore, an advance of the free thought tendency of the French nation. The deluded Pope may think otherwise; but it is not the first time that an Italian ecclesiastic has misunderstood modern France.

Paris, France, February, 1905.

FATHER HYACINTHE AND HIS WIFE.

ON the occasion of Father Hyacinthe Loyson's second visit to America in 1884, when he came for the purpose of laying before the American people his work of Catholic reform, a little pamphlet was prepared by his friends here giving some account of the life and work of himself and his wife. From this we gather a few of the most important facts concerning the lives of these truly remarkable people.

Father Hyacinthe was born at Orlean, France, in 1827, of a family distinguished on both sides for its piety. His father as Rector of the Academy of Pau held educational jurisdiction over a large part of France, and his mother came from a Savoy family of ancient nobility. When he was eighteen he was suddenly especially impressed with the words of a psalm heard in church, which have been the inspiration of his life-work: *ecce quam bonum et quam jocundum habitare fratres in unum*—"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The next year he entered the theological seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris and when twenty-four was ordained priest.

"He was named at once professor of theology and philosophy at the theological seminary at Avignon, then at Nantes, and afterwards canon of Troy and curate at the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris. Then little did he foresee that in a few years he was to be the famous preacher, attracting eager crowds of listeners at the great metropolitan cathedral. He soon found the life of the secular priest insufficient to satisfy his desire for a more devout and contemplative life, and when thirty-two years old (in 1859), the young priest entered the order of the barefooted Carmelite monks, and became afterwards the Abbot of Paris.... Père Hyacinthe soon became the most noted preacher of the Roman Catholic Church in France.... He was offered by the Emperor Napoleon III any vacant See in France, but then, as now, refused to be made bishop.

....During the five years from 1864 to 1868, Père Hyacinthe delivered his famous *conférences* at Notre Dame....These discourses exhibited a conservatism [against the innovations which actually

PÈRE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

took place in 1870] which did not fail to receive the denunciation of ultramontanism. The Vatican itself interfered, and the Pope

summoned the bold preacher to Rome in 1868. He was ordered to desist from speaking on any controversial point, and to confine himself exclusively to those subjects upon which all Roman Catholics were united in belief. He felt this restriction upon his preaching, and more and more became the object of distrust of the Ultramontane Party. He was again summoned to Rome for having spoken in too liberal terms at the Peace League, but the Pope received him with pleasant speech and sent him away with his blessing, for he was beloved by Pius IX."

His protest against the non-representation of the Greek and Anglican communions in the Council of the Vatican convoked in 1869, caused his immediate excommunication although he still maintained the friendliest relations with his order. His rupture with Rome was complete the next year when the papal infallibility was established and he joined the Old Catholics. A few years after, believing in the holiness of the sacrament of marriage, as well for the priest as laymen—on September 3, 1872, Father Hyacinthe sent a shock throughout the entire world by his marriage with Mrs. Emilie Meriman, of New York.

Mme. Loyson belongs to the old Puritan family of Butterfield, and her father was prominent in the educational development of the pioneer days of Ohio. She had an unusually ascetic temperament and at a very early age showed real literary ability. At eighteen she married Captain Meriman of Ohio and lived for several years in New York and Brooklyn. She felt restless and dissatisfied with Protestantism, and a year after her husband's death in 1867 united with the Roman Catholic Church. From the time of her visit to Rome in 1863 she had been greatly impressed by the ignorance of Roman women, and now set about founding a college for their higher education. In this she had the support of women of rank and influence in England and Russia; the Italian government offered her money; the City of Rome gave her the choice of a site; the Vatican expressed its approval, and she was offered financial aid and the title of countess if she would accept the Pope's patronage, but she courteously refused on the ground that as a citizen of the United States she was a republican and needed no title. However, her second marriage forced her to abandon the project.

"She has marked individuality, and has shown herself an extraordinary co-worker with her husband. She had, indeed, given much attention to theological reading and to the subject of Catholic reform before her marriage to Père Hyacinthe. . . . Not lingering here to speak of her intellectual, literary, and artistic talents, the reader

will be interested in the speech of Pius IX concerning her: 'She is a thousand times more dangerous than if she had remained a Protestant; she is an Old Catholic.'"

During the year following their marriage, a son, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, was born to Father Hyacinthe and his wife. This son is to-day one of the rising poets of France, and dramas that he has written have been performed on the stage with marked success.

MME. EMILIE HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Soon after his marriage, Father Hyacinthe was invited to Geneva where he successfully inaugurated the Old Catholic movement, but, when the state tried to make a cat's-paw of him, resigned and preached throughout Europe with immense success. In 1879, when the Republic had become firmly established, he opened an Old Catholic church in Paris, and services have been regularly main-

tained there ever since. The liturgy is in French, and clergymen from American and English churches often assist in officiating. He believes in the Episcopalian form of government and from the beginning of the movement asked for Episcopal oversight from the Anglican Church. By 1884 this Gallican church in Paris numbered over fourteen hundred members.

"Some of the difficulties against which Père Hyacinthe contended when preaching Catholic reform have been removed.... With a hostile government, an opposing press, but few friends, with the immense power of the Roman Church against him, and infidelity scoffing; with all this, it is not strange that Père Hyacinthe did not accomplish more—but that he stood! It was no small thing to contend boldly for these reforms: Repudiation of papal infallibility; claiming the right to have the Bible and the liturgy in the vernacular, and reading of the Bible by the laity; voluntary (instead of compulsory) confession; giving of the cup to the laity, and freedom of priest to marry."

As an orator, Father Hyacinthe has undeniably held equal rank with the foremost among living speakers, making a profound impression wherever he has preached his message of fraternity and goodwill. His voice and manner are especially pleasing, and his diction is perfect. To quote again from the above-mentioned pamphlet: "Guizot said that only two Frenchmen have spoken French in this century: Chateaubriand and Hyacinthe; and as to his character, he is loved by even those who differ with him. His modesty is real and his humility rare, and above all is his charity, which forbids him ever indulging in personalities—no invectives nor anathemas, only the loving gospel of Christ."

The noble and ambitious desire of Father Hyacinthe and Mme. Loyson is not only purification and unity within the Catholic Church, but brotherhood and mutual sympathetic appreciation among all monotheistic peoples, Jews, Moslems, and Christians.

A CAPRICE ON A MUSICAL THEME.

BY THE EDITOR.

MUSIC has reached its completion in Beethoven. A number of great composers have attained the same height, but no one as yet has risen above the master. The general rules of counterpoint and the standard as to the beauty of tone in both melody and harmony have been laid down, and unless we abandon entirely our gamut and whatever depends upon it, the development of music has reached its climax. It has attained to the full state of maturity as much as, for instance, the norms of plane geometry have been settled once for all in Euclid. There are composers on the same height with Beethoven who bring out the same classical type in different fields,—Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, etc., but they have not made new applications of the musical ideal which seems to be determined for all the ages to come.

Mankind, however, is anxious for innovations. New generations grow up bent on doing better than their predecessors, and when a certain perfection has been attained, the genius of the time ventures into unknown regions and tries to construct something quite original and novel. It was in this way that Wagner undertook to outdo Beethoven whom, however, he still recognized as his master, and no doubt he succeeded, at least so far as he actualized his ideal of having the word wedded to the tone. Though Beethoven's *Fidelio* remains grand not only in its music but also when we consider the subject-matter of his opera, we know very well how poor were the librettos which Mozart and others of his peers had to set to music. Wagner has done away with senseless texts forever by creating the tone-drama, which changes the opera into a dignified product of true art.

Richard Strauss is ensouled with a similar ambition. As Wagner set to music the philosophy of Schopenhauer which inspires his Nibelungen trilogy ending in the great Nirvana of the *Twilight of*

the Gods, so also Strauss has ventured on the presentation of philosophical subjects, and he has selected the world-conception of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Whatever good there is in Schopenhauer's philosophy, and we are far from denying him a high rank among modern thinkers, we cannot help considering his pessimism, which in misconstruing the Buddhist Nirvana greets non-existence as the ideal state, as a symptom of degeneration. When Wagner applies this theory to the Asa gods, whose leader Wotan sinks into nothingness with the hope that the world-process is now forever finished, we deem it a serious aberration, or at any rate incongruous with the character of the vigorous and life-loving Teutonic deities.

Unfortunately Richard Strauss' theme is more inadequate than Wagner's, for Nietzsche is one of the most erratic thinkers of modern times. Of the music itself, we do not venture to express an opinion because we have not been present at the performance of his *Thus spake Zarathushtra!* and we can judge only from hearsay, which, after all, is a very unreliable source of information upon which to base a judgment.

We do not deny that it would be possible to express in music, sentiments which characterize the tendencies of philosophical systems, but would prefer other themes than the vagaries of a transient meteor blazing up in a fiery eruption, to vanish as suddenly as it appeared. Would not, for instance, a new interpretation of evolution—an analogy to Haydn's *Creation*—have been a worthier theme?

After all, when we compare the product of the classical music of the past with the so-called music of the future, we have this striking difference: that the former yields with a few simple notes, melodies and harmonies which appear like a divine revelation, while the latter needs large orchestras to affect our ears with massive impressiveness, and the result is that we are stunned and overwhelmed rather than charmed or elevated.

Beethoven is still (at least to me) a philosopher in tones. His sonatas are pervaded by a logical order which is like unto a revelation of the harmony of the spheres. There is a consistency in the development of his motives as they pass through a series of variations such as is absent in the work of the more pretentious composers of modern days.

If mankind must needs have something new, why has there not yet appeared a composer whose endeavor would be to construct music based on absolutely correct mathematical relations? The development of our gamut is a matter of history. We divide the scale in-

regularly into seven intervals, or, if we consider the more regular chromatic scale, into twelve. Of these notes the octaves and the fifth alone are the result of arithmetically accurate relations, being in the ratio of 1 to 2. The third already involves an arbitrary element and so we have a choice between what is musically called the major and the minor, which are different in their musical effects. The notes between the fifth and the octave are divided in an approximately equal proportion.

Now we can very well imagine that we might have another kind of scale with different tone-relations. As a matter of fact the Chinese divided their scale into five notes, so that they have an hexate instead of our octave, and this results in a peculiarly plaintive music. Their instrumentation would be, approximately, as if a Western musician would limit himself to the black keys on the piano. Our ears have become accustomed, perhaps even by hereditary influence, to the octave system, and all our stringed and brass instruments are under the dominion of the piano interpretation of our scale. It is true that to a Chinese ear, our music is merely a medley of noises, as much as Chinese music is unmusical to the Western ear.

Now it would be very curious to try a construction of other musical systems and see whether a purely mathematical one would be possible, and, if so, what the result would be. If man must venture into innovations, why not try an absolutely new system of music, even if it were merely an attempt to see what can be done in these lines? It would at least be an interesting analogy to the metageometry of theoretical mathematics.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE THIRD COMMANDMENT."

To the Editor of The Open Court:

I read your article entitled "The Third Commandment" in the August issue, page 502, which is written to show that traditional interpretations of the Bibie are in some cases unwarranted.

This assertion is quite true, as every advanced Bible student can see. But the instance is not well chosen, for Professor Patton's interpretation of the Third Commandment, though ingenious, is very unpalatable. May we assume that it is here as the Talmud has it:

כי נים ושכיב רב אמר להא שמעתא

Apparently the master must have been fast asleep when he made that statement. I cannot understand how a learned man can advance such words. Indeed, this instance does not prove your true assertion at all. For, true that this commandment does not mean blasphemy, yet it means nothing else but perjury and verification of a falsehood by an oath, as can easily be proven as follows:

נשא means "to lift," "to take," "to utter words." נשא נפשו אל means "to desire," "to list," "to crave for something," e. g.,

ואליו הוא נשא את נפשו

Deuteron. xxiv. 15.

Moreover, we read in Psalms xxiv. 4:

נקי כפים ובר לבב אשר לא נשא לשוא נפשי ולא נשבע למרמה

It is obvious that this means an oath to verify a falsehood.

Mark the word נפשי according to the כתיב which is נפשו his soul, the meaning of the verse (*a*) would be: "He who had no desire for something which is a שוא" (think of נשא נפשו אל). But the Massorites seem to have preferred נפשי (on account of the parallel ולא נשבע למרמה) as we read: "My soul, my being"; and נפשי־יי, "the being of JHVH." The words are therefore rightly translated: "He who has not invoked the being of JHVH for a שוא and has never sworn to a מרמה." A man who wrongfully wishes for something and in order to attain his wrong desire would invoke the נפשי־יי to establish the truth of his claim, is here spoken of as a נשא נפשי־יי לשוא.

Finally I wish to remind you of Psalms xvi. 4, where we read:

ובל אשא את שמותם על שפתי

Thus our verse will read:

לא תשא (על שפתיך) את שם (נפש) יי אלהיך בשוא

קרא בשם, denotes "to appoint somebody out of many, e. g.,

ראה קראתי בשם בצלאל

(Exodus xxxi. 2.)

We grant that preaching was not instituted in the days of Abraham, but in the days of the narrator admonishing, teaching and preaching and pointing to the Great Name was not uncommon, and therefore the narrator tells us:

אז הוחל לקרא בשם יי

(Gen. iv. 26.)

At that period the calling out of the name of JHVH came into fashion; in the days of Enosh yet. And that Abraham built an altar,

ויקרא בשם יי

Further that Abraham proclaimed the name of JHVH, seventeen generations later is not so strange. What else would one expect of a man regarding whom the Lord says:

כי ידעתיו למען אשר יצוה את בניו ואת ביתו אחריו ושמרו דרך יי לעשות צדקה ומשפט.

(Gen. xviii. 19.)

What more does a modern preacher say?

That preaching the Zedakah and the Mispat commenced much later, must have been known to the narrator of Genesis, and so he uses the expression current in his time. Luther's translation is therefore quite commendable.

M. GELDZAELER.

TORONTO, ONT.

KAPPAMANAVAPUCCHA.

(From the Sutta-Nipata; put into verse by E. P. BUFFET.)

"Where the spreading floods are surging,"
  Venerable Kappa saith,
"All the race of men submerging—
  Deluge of decay and death—
Tell me, Sage, of some lone highland
  Still above the rising main;
Tell me, tell me of an island,
  Refuge from return of pain."

"Where the spreading floods are surging,
  Kappa," saith the Blessed One,
"All the race of men submerging,
  By decay and death undone,
I will name an isle of saving;
  Those who find it find the best;
Nothing holding, nothing craving,
  They have reached the perfect rest.

"This the Island of Nibbana;
  Here decay and death expire.
Happy that serene Samana,
  Lit by Truth's illuming fire.
He hath triumphed o'er samsara,
  Calm and thoughtful are his days.
Broken is the power of Mara,
  Unfrequented are his ways."

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

We publish in the present number an article on "France and the Vatican" by Yves Guyot, and we wish to state that the author is one of the leading public men of France. He spent three months in this country and is generally known for his sober judgment and wide political experience. It is natural for a Frenchman who is well acquainted with European institutions, to think that the Church will lose its power as soon as it becomes a private institution; but if he had devoted some attention to the development in the United States, he would probably change his opinion. Religion fulfils a definite need of the people, and in the measure that the different churches minister to this need they will prosper. We believe that the Roman Church, in spite of its many shortcomings, is well adapted to the conditions of a large number of the inhabitants of France, and so it is not impossible that it will be only more powerful after its separation from the State. Separation may mean independence and freedom. Whether or not the Church will lose its hold on the people, will depend entirely upon the Church government. It is true that the separation is forced upon the Vatican, but it stands entirely with the leaders of the Church whether the separation will be a triumph or a defeat.

EDITOR.

CREED OR CONVICTION.

Our frontispiece is from the painting by C. Goldsborough Anderson, an English portrait painter of considerable reputation though not yet forty years of age. He studied art at the London Academy schools, and has had exhibited at several prominent exhibitions besides the Royal Academy where his paintings appear regularly. He has painted about fifteen hundred portraits including large numbers of the English nobility, and presentation pictures of Cardinals Manning and Vaughan and the late Lord Salisbury.

The picture, *Creed or Conviction?* which we reproduce in the present number, appeared in the Doré Gallery in London, where it met with conspicuous success. The artist has painted the dying man similar to Darwin in type, to help to express the idea of intellect and breadth of view as opposed to the type of the High Church parson or Roman Catholic priest. The question is raised whether at the last awful moment the convictions of the scientist's life-time will be strong enough to oppose the priestly exhortations, and thus refuse his family the consolation that would make his last act one of hypocrisy. The figures are powerfully painted, and the conflicting emotions in the three faces that are visible are shown with rare artistic skill, and with a delicate perception of the finer shades of human feeling.

ERRATUM.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

In my article on "The Resurrection of Jesus"—printed in the April number—an error is made in a quotation. At the bottom of page 196 the quotation of Mark xvi. 8 should read: "And they went out, and fled from the tomb; for trembling and astonishment had come upon them: and they said nothing to any one; for they were afraid—." The statement that "they said nothing to any one," which was omitted in quoting, is the real ground for my comment (at the top of page 197) "that the writer has finished telling what they (the women) saw."

JOSEPH C. ALLEN.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY. A Series of Optimistic Essays on the Natural Laws of Human Society. By *Louis F. Post.* New York and Chicago: Moody Publishing Company. 1903. Pp. xxiii, 374.

The author of this book, Mr. Louis F. Post, is the editor of *The Public*, a weekly published in Chicago which is the main and only exponent of the single-tax party there. The book is inscribed to the memory of Henry George of whom the author was a personal friend and disciple. In the Introduction, Mr. Post characterises his book with the following words:

"The opening chapters deal with the ethics of democracy in their bearing upon expectations of human progress. The difference is here considered between spurious and genuine optimism—between that vulgar optimism which is after all nothing but reckless indifference to social wrong-doing or wicked love for it, and the wholesome and effective kind of optimism which abhors and condemns what is wrong and inculcates what is right.....

"Out of this application of democratic ethics to idividual life there naturally develops a consideration of democracy in business life. That in turn brings forward for examination a variety of economic tendencies and their governing politico-economic principles, through which the democratic ideal lights the way. With the economics of social life grasped, the problems of democratic government are easier to solve; and out of their solution there rises a conception of patriotism the thrill of which no man can know until he understands that the world is his country and all its inhabitants are his fellow citizens.

"The concluding chapter expresses what the preceding ones suggest, the truth that in the moral as in the material universe there is a great order, a great harmony, conformity to which leads mankind upward and onward.

"Out of that harmony the ethics of democracy are evolved. Along with its development the victories of democracy are won."

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS FAITH. Lectures by *Charles Carroll Everett;* edited by *Edward Hale.* New York: Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. xiii, 215.

Prof. Charles Carroll Everett was an unusual personality, beloved and admired not only by his students, but by his colleagues and by large numbers

outside of university circles. He was a favorite figure at Harvard, and when he died the wish was expressed to have some permanent record of his theological lectures. Accordingly the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School had recourse to notes taken by students, and committed to Prof. Edward Hale the task of giving the material final shape. Thus the book has become a memorial to Dr. Everett and will be welcomed by his many friends.

R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co. of Chicago are deservedly taking pride in a series of *Lakeside Classics*, one of which is being issued at the Lakeside Press each Christmas. This series appears as the protest of its practical publishers against the laborious methods and fanciful results of establishments of whatever merit, whose aim is to produce the unusual in any or every particular, rather than the useful.

Nothing more to the publishers' credit need be said than that they have succeeded in what they undertook, and that this is true the tasteful and artistic (though "machine-made") volume at hand bears silent testimony. According to the Preface of the first book, the series "aims to be readable rather than eccentric, plain rather than decorative, tasteful rather than unique, useful rather than useless; withal to hold the essence of the art of the old masters in book-making, and not to copy the mechanical shortcomings which they themselves strove so hard to overcome.... If in a modest way this volume conveys the idea that machine-made books are not a crime against art, and that books may be plain but good, and good though not costly, its mission has been accomplished."

No subject could be more appropriate to introduce the series than the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," for no person made more sincere and successful effort than the once poor printer boy to take the treasures of libraries from the custody of the few to put them within the appreciation of the many. The second volume, which appeared last Christmas, contains "Inaugural Addresses" from Washington's to Lincoln's, and these are edited by Mr. John Vance Cheney of the Newberry Library, Chicago.

C. Ropp & Sons of Chicago have published *Ropp's New Calculator* (in three styles, prices $1.50, $1.00, and $0.60) which ought to prove a wonderful labor-saving device. The comprehensiveness of the purpose it is to serve is indicated on the title-page where it is said to be a short-cut arithmetic containing an original and comprehensive system of tables; also the essence of arithmetic and mensuration condensed and simplified; it is to serve for practical use, handy review, and ready reference; and is designed for the use of merchants, bankers, farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, miners, and dealers in grain, stock, cotton, coal, lumber, feed, etc. On an introductory page the following information is given us: "In 1868 the author first computed a series of Grain Tables, which proved deficient. Ropp's *New* Calculator is the result of devising and improving system after system, of spending thousands of dollars in experimenting, of making millions of practical calculations, and of doing a vast amount of hard vigorous thinking during thirty-five years."

The tables which are the result of this painstaking effort are thoroughly new and remodeled. The greatest improvement is supposed to be in what is

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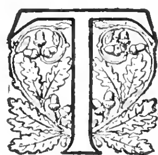

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