

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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The Gods of the Egyptians

OR

Studies in Egyptian Mythology

BY

E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, M. A., Litt. D., D. Lit.

KEEPER OF THE EGYPTIAN AND ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



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SCHILLER AT WEIMAR.

BY W. LINDENSCHMIT.

[For explanation see p. 202.]

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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A TRIBUTE TO FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF HIS DEATH.

1805—MAY 9TH—1905

BY E. F. L. GAUSS.

“So feiert ihn, denn was dem Mann das Leben
Nur halb ertheilt, soll ganz die Nachwelt geben.”
Goethe in his epilogue to Schiller's
“Song of the Bell.”

There is a debt of sacred obligation
Before all others deep and great and vast
Devolved unto the present generation,
We cannot fully pay while life may last—
More binding than to others to this nation:
It is our debt unto the bygone past.
A part of this great debt we now are paying
While Schiller's genius we are portraying.

Full many a poet has the world delighted
By wit and wisdom, pleasing mind and heart,
By comfort to the sad whose lives were blighted,
By truths their higher teachings did impart,
By setting spirits free which were benighted—
By thoughts sublime and by consummate art!
But name ye one of loftier ideal
Than Schiller, yet his worth is no less real.

Born of the people, against want contending,
The world hath seen him moved by purest fire
As ever he his way was upward wending,

Saw him unto perfection's goal aspire,
 Towards the highest aim he e'er was bending
 Until the heights he gained, his soul's desire,
 Where only free the spirit grandly towers
 Assisted by divine creative powers.

The world saw him in youthful ardor glowing,
 As if it would his very soul devour,
 Yet even then his best he was bestowing
 In earnest effort, biding but his hour.
 Though in the "Robbers" still the flood be flowing
 In torrents wild and violent in power:
 It cleansed its bed of stagnant putrefaction
 And urged unsettled minds to healthful action.

Clear burns the flame when smoke is superseded.
 Thus Schiller's great and penetrating light
 Filled all the heaven's dome by naught impeded,
 Then paled the starry host before the sight:
 The most resplendent suns their glory ceded
 Unto his star immeasurably bright.
 Thus for a century it has been shining
 And never shall its lustre know declining.

Who follows Schiller's mighty flight surprising,
 His effort often chilled yet ever sure,
 Himself will with the poet's strength be rising
 To heights sublime above earth's barren moor;
 He will be free, degrading snares despising,
 His mind and heart and wishes will be pure.
 The poet's works the upward path are showing
 And all along the beacon-lights are glowing.

"Cabal and Love" to higher deeds is leading,
 To "Posa's" words we list, so wise and brave,
 We hear "Maria Stuart's" fervent pleading,
 We see the "Virgin Maid" her country save;
 We feel the era of man's freedom speeding:
 "Man is created free, though born a slave!"
 We look on "Wallenstein's" commanding station,
 And on the poet's art with admiration.

Thus he leads on unto his last creation,
His song of liberty, great "Wilhelm Tell,"
In which he shows the struggle of a nation,
And how of needs its cruel tyrant fell;
How freedom comes by noble concentration
Of all the virtues which all tumults quell,
His spirit shapened liberty's ideal,
And unto both we'll evermore be feal.

Thus celebrate we him, the Prince and Master,
The type of manhood and man's mental stay;
The shield and comforter in life's disaster,
The prophet of a brighter, lasting day,
And though the centuries fly fast and faster:
His spirit still is nigh and lives for aye,
And more and more posterity is giving
What he but half received while he was living.

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.¹

BY THE EDITOR.

MAY ninth, the centenary of Schiller's death, is approaching; and vast preparations are being made to honor the great German poet on the memorial day of the completion of his remarkable life.

Friedrich Schiller is not merely a great poet, he is great as a man, as a thinker, and as a leader in the progress of humanity. He is a disciple of Kant, but not his blind follower. He applies Kant's philosophy to practical life, but works it out in his own way. Especially in his religious convictions Schiller is far ahead of his time. He points out a way of conservative advance along the lines of liberty and reverence, and so the opposition in which he stands to the narrow dogmatism of his age, is not a lack of religion but the surest evidence of a deep religious spirit. It pervades all his works and makes him a prophet of the religion of the future, a priest on the altar of mankind, and a poet of the eternal ideals of life.

THE POET'S BIOGRAPHY.

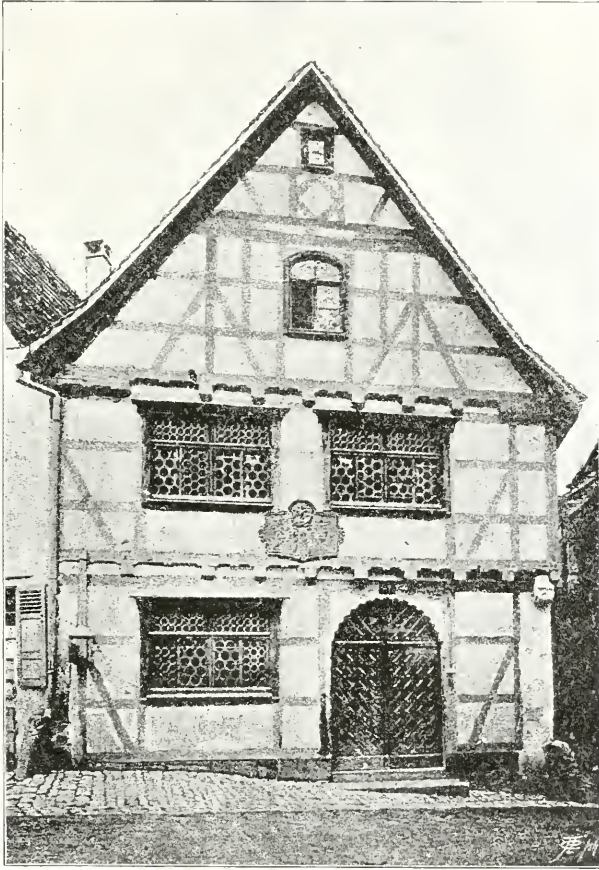
The great poet's father, Johann Kaspar Schiller, was born October 27, 1723, in Bittenfeld, near Waiblingen. He was the son of Johann Schiller, the mayor of the village, and his wife, Eva Maria, whose maiden name was Schatz.

Schiller's father was a military surgeon. He served both as soldier and as army physician, especially in Holland. After his marriage, in 1749, he settled in Marbach.

In 1753 he entered the Württemberg army and fought against Prussia in 1758. He was made lieutenant in 1759 (March 21) and captain in 1761 (August 17). His regiment was stationed part of the time in Ludwigsburg and part in Stuttgart, and in 1770 he

¹With one exception the translations are adapted from Bulwer-Lytton, Bowring, and Baskerville.

was given a company of his own. In 1785 he was transferred to the Solitude in charge of the garden. Here he devoted himself to arboriculture and wrote two works on that subject, in which he incorporated his experiences of twenty years active service as a gardener.² In 1794 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and died September 7, 1796.

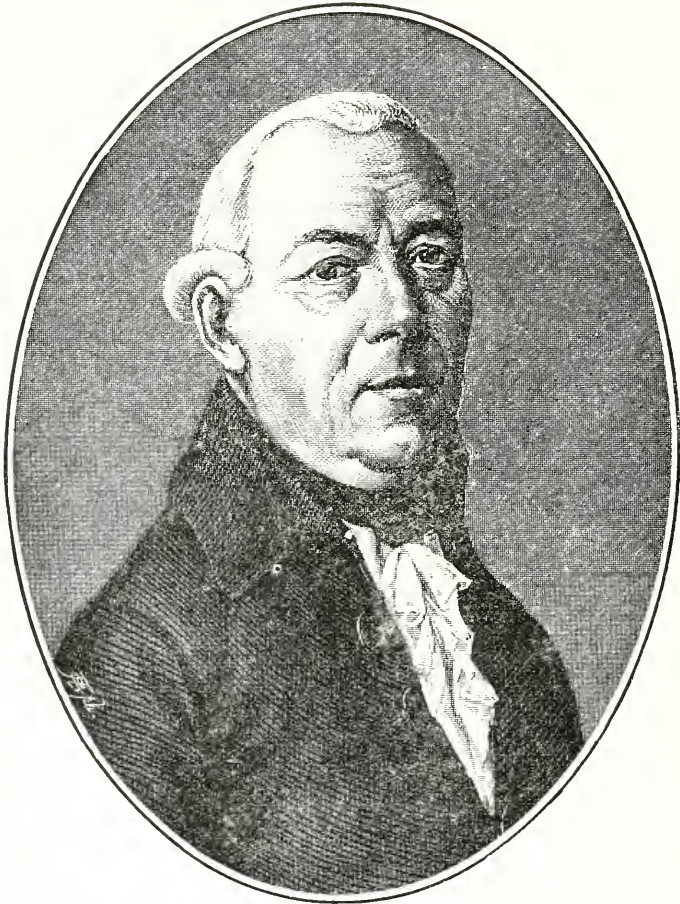


HOUSE OF SCHILLER'S BIRTH.

Schiller's mother, Elisabetha Dorothea, was the daughter of Friedrich Kodweis, the baker in Marbach and owner of the Lion inn. She was married to the poet's father on July 22, 1749, and died April 29, 1802. Schiller had five sisters of whom two died early

² *Gedanken über die Baumzucht im Grossen* (1793), and *Die Baumzucht im Grossen nach zwanzigjähriger Erfahrung im Kleinen* (1795).

and three reached the age of maturity. The eldest, Elisabetha Christophina Friederika, (commonly called *Fine* at home,) was born at Marbach, September 4, 1757, and married June 22, 1786, to the poet's friend, the librarian Wilhelm Friedrich Hermann Reinwald of Meiningen. She died at Meiningen, August 31, 1847.



SCHILLER'S FATHER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Of the two younger sisters, Luise Dorothea Katharina was born January 23, 1766, at Lorch. She was married October 20, 1799, to Johann Gottlieb Frankh, a clergyman and teacher of Möckmühl, who was born December 20, 1760, and died September 14, 1836.

Schiller's youngest sister, born September 8, 1777, at the Solitüde, was baptized Karoline Christiane, but always called Namette or Nane. She died unmarried March 23, 1796.

The poet was born November 10, 1759, at Marbach. In baptism he received the name Johann Christoph Friedrich. When he



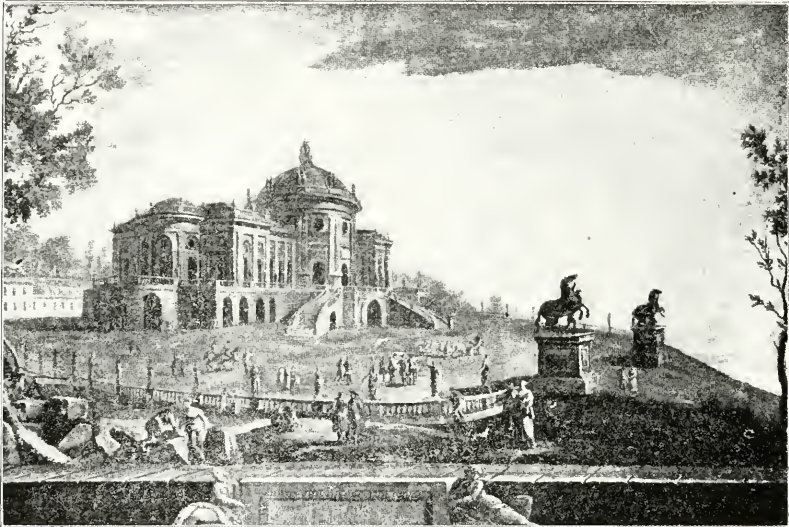
SCHILLER'S MOTHER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

was three years old the family moved to Ludwigsburg (1762) and two years later (1764) to Lorch. Here Schiller received his first instruction from Pastor Moser who was immortalized in the venerable character of the same name that figures in the poet's first great drama "The Robbers."

From 1766 to 1772, Schiller attended the Latin school at Ludwigsburg and at that age he cherished the ambition of studying theology. The Christian spirit of his thoughts is reflected in a tragedy which he conceived at the time under the title "The Christians."

In the beginning of the year 1773, Schiller entered the military school at Solitude, which was transferred in 1775 to Stuttgart and was enlarged by the addition of a medical faculty. Here he selected medicine as his specialty, but the spirit of the military academy was



CHATEAU SOLITUDE NEAR STUTTGART.

(After a painting by Viktor Heideloff.)

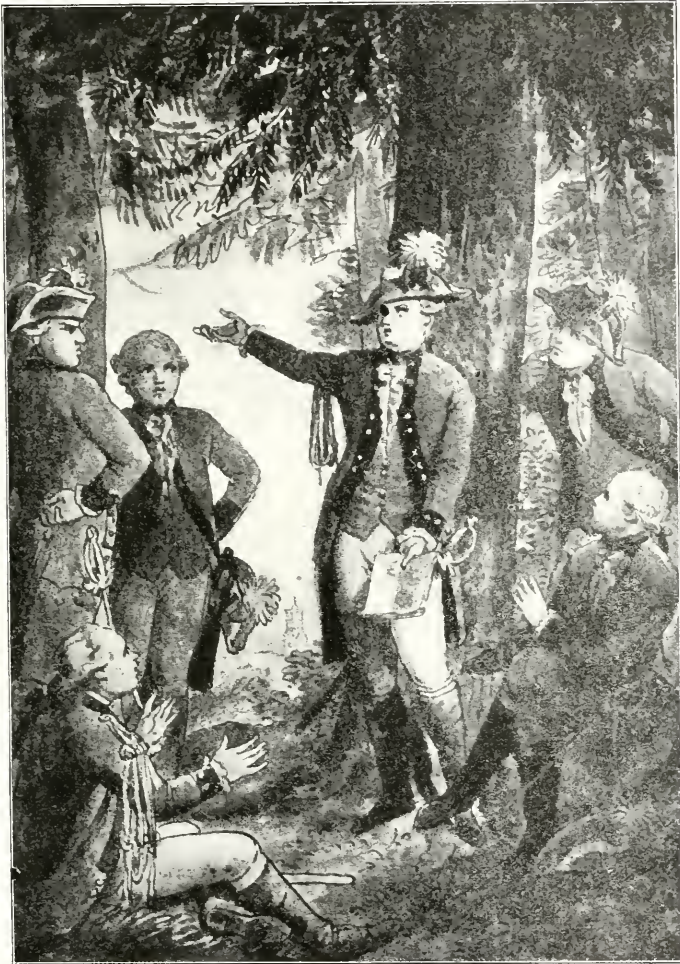
not congenial to him and if he had had his own way he would have left it.

While in Stuttgart, Schiller roomed at the house of a captain's widow, Frau Laura Vischer, to whom he addressed some of his still boyish lyrics expressing his first disappointments in love. The poems to Minna, Wilhelmina Andr ea, are perhaps an advance in taste and sentiment, but these early effusions possess merely historical value.

In 1780 (in the middle of December) he was appointed physician and surgeon to a regiment of grenadiers at Stuttgart. Here he made the acquaintance of Frau Henriette von Wolzogen, who

was the mother of Wilhelm von Wolzogen, his chum at the military academy.

Though the young poet was only twenty-two years old, he finished "The Robbers," a stirring and impressive tragedy which

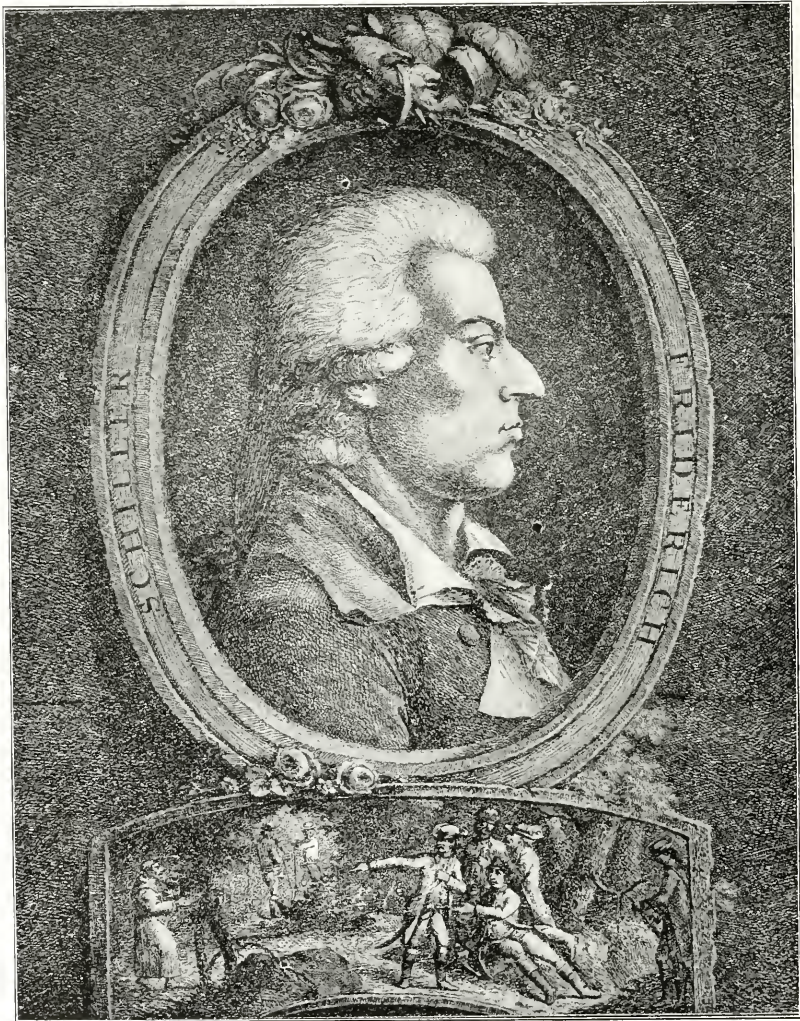


SCHILLER READING "THE ROBBERS" TO HIS FELLOW STUDENTS
IN THE BOPSER WOODS.

was presented for the first time at Mannheim, January 13, 1782. In April of the same year he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine.

On May 25, Schiller left the garrison at Stuttgart without leave,

in order to visit director Dalberg of the Mannheim stage. Upon his return he was punished with fourteen days imprisonment, and



SCHILLER AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY F. KIRSCHNER.

(Made in 1782-83.)

The picture underneath the portrait is a representation of a scene from "The Robbers."

when complaints had been made with reference to some objectionable passage in "The Robbers," Karl Eugen, Duke of Württem-

berg, forbade him to pursue further his literary work, and ordered him strictly to cut off all connection with foreign countries (*Ausland*), referring to his visit at Mannheim in the neighboring duchy.



SCHILLER IN HIS TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

The critical incident in Schiller's life was his flight to Mannheim in the night of September 17, 1782,³ in company with his

³ Some authorities date this event on the night of September 22-23.

friend Streicher, a musician. Conditions in Stuttgart had become intolerable, and he felt that unless he surrendered all his ambitions and ideals, he was obliged to take the risk of cutting loose from his home and his duke, who still ruled in the old-fashioned paternal way which involved too much interference with personal liberty.

However, Schiller was greatly disappointed in his immediate expectations. When he arrived at Mannheim, Dalberg received him kindly and invited him to read his new drama "Fiesko" before the actors of his company. Unfortunately Schiller spoke the broad Swabian dialect and read scene after scene in an unabated pathetic



SILHOUETTE OF SCHILLER.
(Oldest portrait extant, probably
1772-73.)



JOHANNA JUSTINE SEGEDIN.
"Gustel von Blasewitz" in "Wallenstein's Camp."

monotone which made the context unintelligible. The curiosity with which the actors had received the young poet changed to indifference, and a general inattention resulted in the discontinuance of the recital. Many of those present doubted whether the young stranger was really the poet Schiller, and Dalberg himself was disappointed. But after Schiller had left, the director read the manuscript over and discerned that the fault had been in the reading and not in the drama itself. So he sent again for the author, who had become disheartened, and reassured him without, however, making definite arrangements.

In his extremity, the poet found some relief through the interest which a Mannheim publisher, Herr Schwan, took in the manuscript of "Fiesko." To him Schiller sold the right of publication for eleven *louis d'or*—just sufficient to pay his bill at the inn and for his immediate needs.



FRAU HENRIETTE VON WOLZOGEN.
(From an anonymous painting.)

Schiller left for Frankfort in October of the same year (1782). He returned to Stuttgart *incognito*, for he was in danger of arrest because of his desertion, and lived nearby in Oggersheim under the name of Dr. Schmidt. Here he recast "Fiesko" and worked out "Luise Millerin," the plan of which had been conceived at Mannheim.

Being practically homeless, Schiller was cheered by an invitation tendered him by Frau von Wolzogen, offering him an asylum on her estate at Bauerbach, to which place he traveled in December under the name of Dr. Ritter. This estimable woman remained Schiller's motherly friend to the end of her life, August 5, 1788.

It was while he was staying at Bauerbach that he made the



CHARLOTTE VON WOLZOGEN.
Afterwards Frau von Lilienstern.
(From an anonymous painting.)

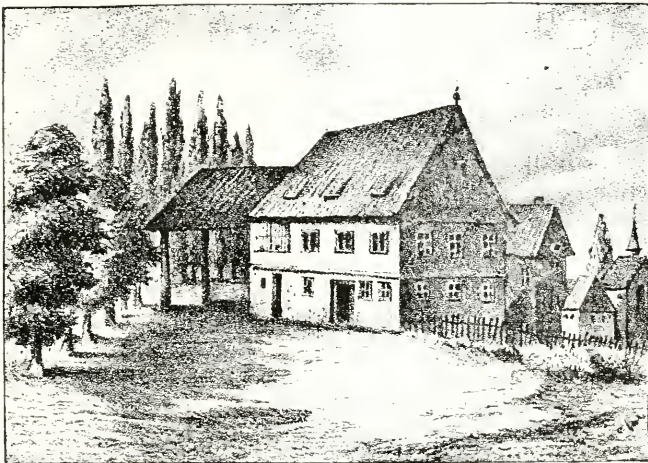
acquaintance of Reinwald, the librarian at Meiningen who was later to become his brother-in-law. While there, he completed his drama "Luise Millerin" and began "Don Carlos."

During this same period Schiller conceived a warm attachment

for the daughter of his hostess, Charlotte von Wolzogen, of whom he speaks as a "most beautiful, innocent, tender, and impressionable soul, fresh from the hands of the Creator," but we find that as early as 1784 he had surrendered all thought of marriage with her. She was married four years later to August Franz Friedrich von Lilienstern, councillor at Hildburghausen, where she died September 20, 1794.

July 27, 1783, Schiller returned to Mannheim and accepted Dalberg's appointment as theatrical poet of the stage at Mannheim, promising to furnish "Fiesko," "Luise Millerin," and some additional plays.

Simultaneous with his sojourn at Mannheim is Schiller's interest for his publisher's daughter, Margareta Schwan, who later



SCHILLER'S RESIDENCE AT BAUERBACH.

on, July 16, 1793, became the wife of Karl Friedrich Treffz, a lawyer of Heilbronn.

At Mannheim, in 1784, Schiller met also Charlotte von Lengefeld, who was destined to become his wife; but his first acquaintance with her was so superficial that at the time it produced no deep effect upon his mind.

Although he was financially hard pressed, Schiller had now reached the zenith of his renown as a dramatic poet. On January 11, "Fiesko" was produced, and March 9, "Love and Intrigue" (*Kabale und Liebe*). In May he made the acquaintance of Frau Charlotte von Kalb who was visiting in Mannheim.

In order to popularize his ideas of dramatic poetry he originated a literary magazine, the *Rheinische Thalia*. Having traveled to Darmstadt, he met Karl August, Duke of Weimar, the wellknown patron and friend of Goethe, to whom he read the beginning of "Don Carlos," in recognition of which he received the title "Councilor."

In 1785 Schiller left Mannheim and took up his residence in Saxony, where he stayed partly in Leipsic and Gohlis, partly in Dresden as a guest of the Körner family with whom he had been previously in correspondence.



CHARLOTTE VON SCHILLER.
Probably 1784.



MARGARETA SCHWAN.
Afterwards Frau Treffz.
(From a miniature.)

The old councilor, Christian Gottfried Körner, was born July 2, 1756, at Leipsic. He studied jurisprudence in Göttingen and Leipsic and had been solicitor in the Consistory at Leipsic and Dresden. In 1790 he was transferred to the Court of Appeals, and in 1815 was called to Berlin on the State Council in the department of Church government.

It is well known that Schiller exercised a great influence upon the Councilor's son, Karl Theodor Körner, the young poet, (born September 23, 1791,) whose promising career was cut short in the

War of Liberation where he died on the field of battle at Gadebusch, August 20, 1813.

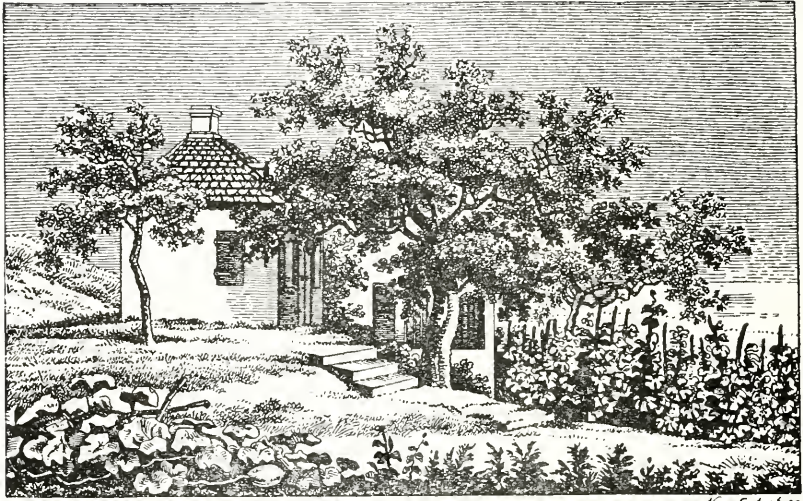
Schiller now began to consider seriously how he could settle in life and earn a living. He planned to resume his practice as a physician. He stayed in Gohlis where he wrote his "Hymn to Joy" for the *Thalia* and further scenes of "Don Carlos." September 12 he took up his residence in the little vintage house of the Körner estate



CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED KÖRNER.

in the outskirts of Dresden, and in October he moved into town where he lived with his friend Huber at the home of the Fleischmann family opposite the Körner residence.

From Gohlis he proposed for the hand of Margareta Schwan, but her father refused without consulting his daughter's wishes on the plea that her character was not suited to Schiller.



PAVILLION IN KÖRNER'S VINTAGE AT LOSCHWITZ, NEAR DRESDEN.



SCHILLER'S HOME IN GOHLIS NEAR LEIPSIK.
 (This is not the house in which he wrote the "Hymn to Joy.")

In 1786 Schiller began to study along historical lines. He became acquainted at this time with Henriette von Arnim.

In July 1787 he visited Weimar. Goethe happened to be ab-



SCHILLER IN 1786.

(Painted by Anton Graff, and engraved by J. G. Müller in 1794.)

sent, but he met Herder and renewed his acquaintance with Frau von Kalb.

He continued to pursue his historical studies, preparing a work on the Dutch Rebellion, and about this time he wrote "The Gods of Greece."

He met Goethe for the first time at Rudolstadt on September 9. On his frequent visits to that little city he became more intimately



CHARLOTTE VON KALB.

(Painted in 1785 by F. Tischbein. Original in her home Chateau Waltershausen in Thuringia.)

acquainted with the Lengefeld family to whom he had been introduced by his friend Wilhelm von Wolzogen. Mr. Lengefeld was the forester of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, and his two daughters,

Karoline and Charlotte, were distinguished for their grace and intellect.

At the request of Goethe, Schiller was appointed professor of history at the University of Jena, May 11, 1789, with an annual salary of two hundred thalers. His first lecture was on the subject, "What means universal history, and to what purpose do we study it?"



KAROLINE VON LENGEFELD.
Afterwards Frau von Wolzogen.
(Enlarged from an ivory miniature.)

On December 22, 1789, Schiller became engaged to Charlotte von Lengefeld (born November 22, 1766), and they were married on February 22 of the following year.

Charlotte's elder sister Karoline (born February 3, 1763,) had been Schiller's good friend and adviser. In 1780 she was married to Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig von Beulwitz, a member of the



CHARLOTTE SCHILLER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt Council; but later, having been divorced from him in 1794, she was happily married to Wilhelm von Wolzogen, Schiller's life-long friend.

During the summer of 1790, Schiller lectured on the theory of tragedy and on the history of the Thirty Years' War.

In February 1791 he had a serious illness; in March he began the study of Kant; in April he retired to Rudolstadt as a convalescent; in May he had a relapse which was so severe as to cause



FRIEDRICH DUKE OF SCHLESWIG.

(After a painting by Graff.)

a rumor of his death (June 12). He spent June in Karlsbad whence he moved to Erfurt.

Karl August bestowed a donation upon him, while Duke Friedrich of Schleswig and Count Schimmelmann, the Premier of Denmark, granted him small annual pensions.

In 1792 he visited Dresden again and received the honorary citizenship of the French Republic under the name "Sieur Gille." On September 14, 1793, while he and his wife were visiting his old home at Ludwigsburg, a son was born to them whom they named Karl Friedrich Ludwig.

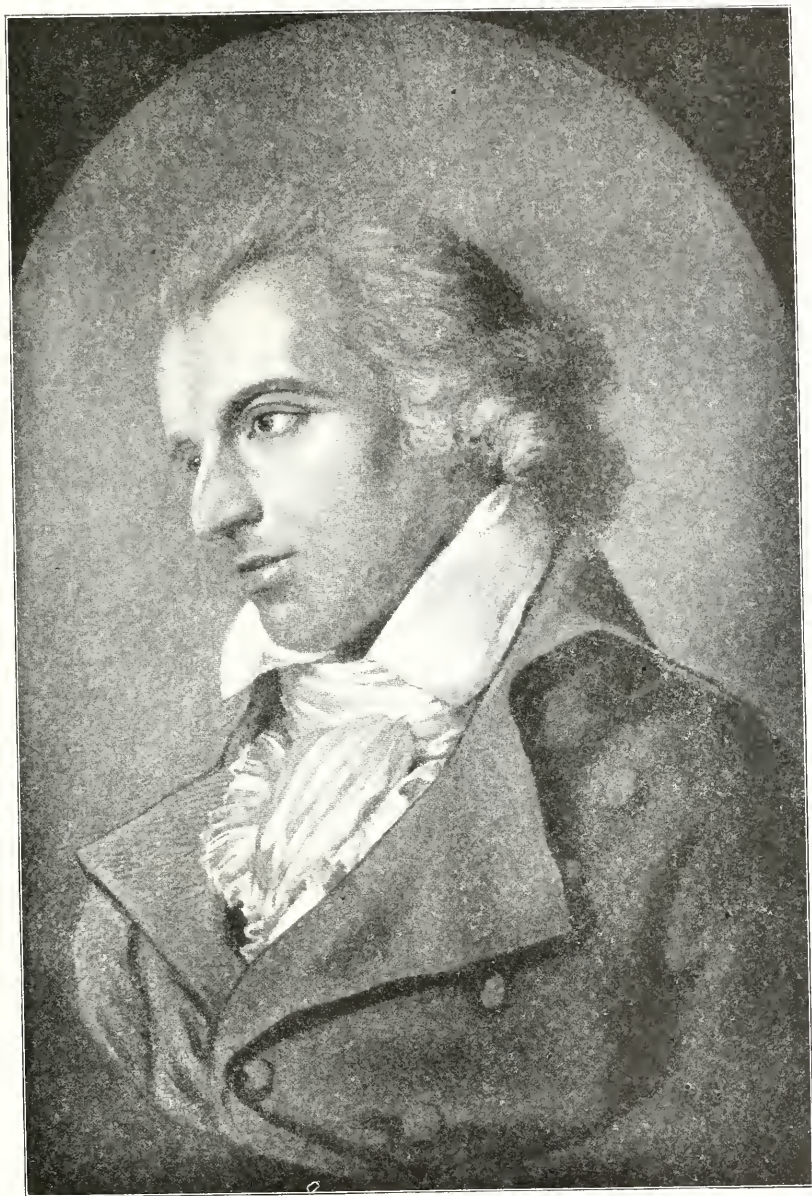


ERNST HEINRICH COUNT SCHIMMELMANN.

(After a painting by Paulsen.)

In 1794, Schiller and Goethe began a lively correspondence which was continued until Schiller settled permanently in Weimar five years later.

The friendship between the two great poets was firmly cemented and they published together a periodical under the title *Horen*, the



SCHILLER IN STUTTGART, 1794.
(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Greek name for the Seasons. It was at this time, when attacks from minor literary writers upon the two great poets became especially virulent, that Schiller and Goethe decided to open a general warfare upon their enemies in a series of sarcastic distichs which they called "Xenions," having in mind similar couplets written by Martial under this title.

This was the happiest period of Schiller's life. He wrote "Ideals of Life," "The Walk," "The Lament of Ceres," etc.

July 11, 1796, his son Ernst Friedrich Wilhelm was born at Jena.



A SATIRE ON THE XENIONS.

[This interesting drawing appeared in 1797 in the pamphlet entitled, *Trogalien zur Verdauung der Xenien* (Dessert for Digesting the Xenions). It represents the Xenions under the leadership of Schiller and Goethe, tearing down the Pillar of Decency, Morality, and Justice, while the gate-keeper refuses them admittance. Harlequin bears their standard with the inscription "Schiller & Co." Goethe, as a fawn, holds up a ribbon on which is the word "Zodiac" (*Thierkreis*, i. e., the circle of emblematic animals in the sky). It is to signify that he inaugurates a return to brute principles. Schiller is dressed as a driver in riding-boots with a lash in one hand and a bottle in the other. Both portraits are independent of any known picture of the two great poets, and must have been made from life by a skilled artist.]

1796 to 1799 Schiller worked out his great trilogy "Wallenstein."

In 1797 to 1798 he composed ballads and philosophical poems,

October 5, 1799¹ his oldest daughter Karoline Henriette Luise was born.

Soon after the removal to Weimar, which took place December 1799, Schiller again fell sick and recovered slowly during the spring. In July he began to write "The Maid of Orleans." In 1800 he finished "Maria Stuart." He translated "Macbeth," which in his version was produced May 14, 1800. In the same year the first volume of his poems appeared.

In 1801 he completed "The Maid of Orleans" and began "The Bride of Messina."



SCHILLER'S SEAL AND COAT OF ARMS.

In 1802 he wrote his poem "Cassandra" and adapted Gozzi's "Turandot," which was produced at Weimar.

September 7, 1802, he was knighted by the Duke, the coat of arms being a unicorn rampant in blue and gold.

The "Bride of Messina" was completed in 1803. In April 1803 he wrote the "Count of Hapsburg"; in May the "Feast of Victory," and in August he began his work on "Wilhelm Tell."

In February 1804 he completed "Wilhelm Tell" and began a new play "Demetrius," which, however, was never finished.

¹ Authorities vary on the day of the month.

In July he caught a severe cold on a journey to Jena, where on the 25th of the month his daughter Emilie Henriette Luise was born. In December he began a translation of Racine's "Phædra," which remained incomplete. His cold became worse, and under disconnected continuance of his work his illness lingered with him, until he died suddenly May 9, 1805, at 5 P. M., at his home in Weimar. His wife survived him until July 9, 1826.

* * *

We conclude this sketch with a description of Schiller's personality, mainly following Professor Brimmer's notes on the subject which he collected from contemporary authorities.

Schiller was tall and almost lank. He measured 1.79 metres



SCHILLER'S SUMMER HOME AT JENA.
(From a drawing made by Goethe in 1819.)

in height, five centimetres more than Goethe. His bearing was always upright and betrayed the military training he had received in his early youth. His face was distinguished without being beautiful: the skin was delicate and covered with freckles; the mouth expressive; his lips were thin and the lower one somewhat protruding, which showed much energy when he was speaking; his chin was strong and full of character; his cheeks, however, were pale and somewhat sunken; his forehead was broad and evenly arched; his nose, prominent, but well-formed; his eyebrows were red and his eyes deep-set and of a dark gray color; his glance was firm and eagle-like. In discussion his eyes lighted up with enthu-

siasm, and his otherwise calm face seemed to indicate introspective thought, as if contemplating higher objects in his own soul. Yet when he looked at others it seemed to touch the very heart. His hair was blonde and almost yellow.

Schiller's voice was neither clear nor resonant but it was sympathetic, especially if he himself was in a state of emotion or tried to convince others. He spoke the Swabian dialect and was never



SCHILLER IN KARLSBAD.
(From a drawing made by his friend Reinhart
in 1791.)

* A HUMOROUS SKETCH OF
KÖRNER.
(Published by Schiller.)*

able to overcome it. Though his enunciation was poor, he loved to read his dramas and poems himself. He did not possess the art

* Schiller and other friends of Christian Gottfried Körner published a humorous booklet on his family life, which was presented to Councillor Körner on his thirtieth birthday, July 2, 1786. It bears the title "Avanturen des neuen Telemachs, oder Leben und Exfertionen Körners des descenten, consequenten, piquanten, u.s.f., von Hogarth in schönen illuminierten Kupfern abgefasst, und mit befriedigenden Erklärungen versehen von Winkelmann." It need hardly be said that the illustrations were not by Hogarth, and the present caricature, possibly drawn by Schiller himself, is a sample of the whole. The inscription, "I pay for all," refers to Körner's proverbial generosity.

of reciting, but his head and face were quite effective whenever he recited poetry. His forte was conversation. He understood very well how to interest people, and the flow of his words was almost uninterrupted, combining clearness of mind and a harmonious arrangement of ideas.



CHRISTOPHINE SCHILLER.

Afterwards Frau Reinwald.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

Whenever Schiller smiled it seemed to come from his very soul, and his laughter was as pleasant as a child's.

When at rest, his face always bore in later years a serious and even a suffering expression, due to his bodily ailments; but he sup-

pressed complaints and preserved in his entire conduct, in spite of the disease to which he fell a premature prey, an amiable serenity.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCHILLER'S POEMS AND LIFE.

*The Lay of the Bell.*⁵

During 1797 and 1798, Schiller wrote his famous poem "The Lay of the Bell," which is commonly regarded as the crown of his



LUISE SCHILLER.

Afterwards Frau Frankh.

(From a miniature in water-color.)

lyric poetry. In 1788, in his frequent trips to Rudolstadt, he had repeatedly visited a bell foundry, and on these occasions had stud-

⁵ For translation of the poem see page 308.

ied in detail the process of casting bells. The idea came to him to represent the entirety of human destiny in a description of this typical industry as it is woven into man's daily work. The poet introduces the master of the foundry addressing his journeymen and apprentices on the significance of their labor, and every transaction leads him to see in it some suggestion of a similar occurrence in



NANNETTE SCHILLER.

(After a painting by Ludovika Simanowitz.)

man's life. Thus Schiller unrolls before our eyes the birth of the child, the home in which the mother rules, the father's industry, the danger of fire, the romance of love, marriage, and death, the horrors of revolution, and the peaceful development of civilization under the united efforts of all members of society. So he concludes

his poem by making the bell ring out victorious notes of joy and peace.

To Americans "The Lay of the Bell" is especially noteworthy



"The proud boy bids the girl adieu."

because it suggested to Longfellow the plan of his poem "The Building of a Ship." The meter changes frequently, and each change is quite effective in describing the changed situation.

"The Lay of the Bell" has been a household poem in German homes, and great artists have illustrated its incidents in pictures which are known to Germans the world over. Especially familiar are two paintings of Müller, which represent the scenes so impres-



"Then as a stranger homeward lies."

sively described by Schiller when the boy first leaves his parents' house, and later when he returns almost a stranger and again meets the maiden whom he left behind as a girl.

Expectation.

One of Schiller's later poems, "Expectation," afforded the artist, C. Jaeger, a good opportunity to paint the poet's portrait



EXPECTATION.
(By C. Jaeger.)

in the midst of beautiful scenic surroundings. He is represented as seated in a garden awaiting with impatience the arrival of his love. The poem opens with the lines:

“Do I not hear the gate flying?
 Did not the latchet just fall?
 No, 'tis but the zephyr sighing
 Gently through the poplars tall.”

The lover's imagination interprets every noise into an evidence of his sweetheart's approach; but he continues to be disappointed until the sun sets, the moon rises, and he himself falls asleep, his expectation assuming the shape of a dream. At last the vision becomes a fact and his patience is rewarded:

“And as from the heavens descending,
 Appears the sweet moment of bliss,
 In silence her steps thither bending,
 She wakened her love with a kiss.”

Schiller at Weimar.

[For illustration see Frontispiece.]

The happiest time of Schiller's life was spent in the bosom of his family at Weimar, where he enjoyed the friendship of the greatest literary men of his age; and a scene incorporating all these features of his domestic bliss has been painted by Lindenschmit, explained as follows by Mr. Erwin Foerster in an *édition de luxe* of Schiller paintings:

“Some of his happiest hours he enjoyed at Weimar where he moved to in 1799, on every Wednesday afternoon, when he, surrounded by his friends, could read to them whatever news the Muse had presented him with. It is such a meeting Lindenschmit preferred as a subject for his composition. Above Schiller, Musæus is seen leaning over the balustrade. Carl August and Wilhelm v. Humboldt are approaching. Before them is a very attractive group of ladies. Corona Schroeter, the celebrated actress, is standing behind Frau von Laroche who had gained some renown in German literature, and whose acquaintance Schiller had already made when at Mannheim. On her left side Charlotte von Kalb is sitting, the reconciled friend of our poet;—a lady to whom he, during his first stay at Weimar, bore as tender a love as Goethe to Frau von Stein. This intimacy, however, was, undoubtedly to Schiller's advantage, interrupted by Charlotte von Lengefeld, who now, a kind hostess, is sitting at the table. Her head is lightly resting upon her arm; her eldest boy in her lap, whilst she looks with pride, mingled with tender care, upon her husband. Upon her shoulder is her sister leaning, Frau von Wolzogen, in whose mother-in-law's house at Bauerbach Schiller met with the first friendly reception since his escape from Stuttgart. There is still another friend at the table, in the foreground, Frau von Egloffstein, a companion as spirited as she was amiable. It is to her the poet seems particularly to address his words, since he valued her judgment very highly. Between Schiller's wife and Laroche, Körner, the father of Theodor, has found a seat. He came frequently from Dresden to see his dearest friend. Behind him Herder and Goethe are standing.”

SCHILLER, A PHILOSOPHICAL POET.

Again and again has the question been raised whether philosophical or scientific poetry is possible, and upon the whole it has been answered in the negative. I beg to differ from the commonly accepted view and would say that poetry may invade any domain without ceasing to be poetry. The main difficulty of philosophical and scientific poetry lies in the restriction of the subject to an extremely limited public and that is the reason why philosophical poetry does not find the all but universal recognition of love songs.

The possibility of philosophical poetry is best proved by the fact of its existence, but the truth is that the general public has not become acquainted with it or knows it only from hearsay. The large masses will never read, much less appreciate, philosophical poems.

Philosophical poetry is like classical music; few are the connoisseurs that can really judge of its merits. In a certain sense we may call Beethoven the philosopher among composers. His sonatas, though breathing all the freedom of art, exhibit a logical consistency which makes them appear like revelations of the law that is shaping the world; yet, since they are expressed in chords and tone-figures, his compositions appeal directly to sentiment, and their truth is felt even when not fully understood—a fact which considerably widens the audience of the music philosopher. We must not expect such a music philosopher to be as popular as a ragtime composer, and for the same reason poems of philosophical significance will naturally find few admirers.

Philosophical poetry flourished in Germany in the classical period when its intellectual horizon was decked with a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, such as Klopstock, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Haydn.

In order to forestall any possible misinterpretation, we must first of all explain what we understand by poetry. Poetry is certainly not limited to meter and rhyme, and philosophical poetry is most assuredly not simply rhymed philosophy. Poetry is sentiment expressed in words, and so anything that effects sentiment can become a fit subject of poetry.

A mathematical theorem and its demonstration are prose. But if the mathematician is overwhelmed with the grandeur and wondrous harmony of geometrical forms, of the importance and universal application of mathematical maxims, or, of the mysterious

simplicity of its manifold laws which are so self-evident and plain and at the same time so complicated and profound, he is touched by the poetry of his science: and if he but understands how to give expression to his feelings, the mathematician turns poet, drawing inspiration from the most abstract domain of scientific thought.

Why a mathematical or otherwise scientific poetry has not yet developed, is due simply to the fact that there are not enough mathematicians in the world to form an audience sufficiently large to make the man of poetical sentiments a real poet as the word is commonly understood: for the poet is made by the people, and public recognition is the true laurel wreath of any real poet laureate. Practically speaking, any one who has poetical sentiments is potentially a poet, and if he expresses his sentiments in words, he becomes in fact a poet to himself. However, a poet is known as one only when he voices such sentiments as will find an echo in the hearts of large multitudes that recognize in him the prophet who can find words for that which they themselves feel but vaguely. Thereby he becomes a poet in name as well as in fact.

Thus the main condition of a poet recognized in literature as great, depends not merely upon himself, but also upon the circumstances under which he writes. No poet can originate in a country where poetry is not appreciated. The poetical galaxy of the classical period of Germany was conditioned by the broad intellectual atmosphere which prevailed at that time, when the Teutons' fatherland was politically weak, but very strong intellectually, having its best intellect concentrated upon international and human ideals. It was an age of cosmopolitan aspirations.

We cannot understand Schiller's attitude in religion and philosophy without bearing in mind the influences which ancient Greece (and especially Plato) exercised upon his mind. His classical ideas, however, were matured through a study of Kant's philosophy, which taught him to distinguish clearly between the formal and the material, in that the formal, represented by the so-called Platonic ideas, is the most essential part of existence from which rise all our ideals, and which alone can lift us into a higher sphere of life.

The purely relational in life seems to be a mere nonentity and yet it is the most important part. It is called in Greek the causal or causative⁶ and is contrasted with the material.⁷

All our spiritual life depends upon the formal. Logic, arithmetic, yea, reason itself is nothing but a systematization of the

⁶ τὸ αἰτιώδες.

⁷ τὸ ἕλικόν.

purely formal aspect of things, and moral aspirations are but its application. Schiller was fully impressed with the significance of the domain of pure form, and so builds his philosophy upon the traditions of classical antiquity modified by Kantism. He sees the contrast between the ideal life, or as he calls it,

"Yonder region of pure forms,
Sunny land e'er free from storms."

and actual life on earth—material existence in which ideas are being realized in the actions of living bodies. The eternal ideals have found an appropriate representation in the mythology of Greece, while bodily existence is regarded as a vale of tears. It is peculiar to see how Schiller's view may be characterized at once as both Hellenic and as Buddhistic, and quotations will bear out these general characterizations.

In his famous poem "The Gods of Greece," he writes:

"Ye in the age gone by,
Who ruled the world—a world how lovely then!—
And guided the steps of happy men
In the light leading-strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh, how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

"Then the soft veil of dreams
Round Truth poetic witching Fancies wreathed;
Through all creation overflowed the streams
Of life—and things now senseless, felt and breathed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of Love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

"Where lifeless, fixed afar,
A flaming ball is to our senses given,
Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
Then lived the Dryads in yon forest trees;
Then o'er yon mountains did the Oread roam;
And from the urns of gentle Naiades
Welled the wave's siver foam.

"In the Elysian grove
The Shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the course the charioteer.

"More glorious than the meeds
 To Labor choosing Virtue's path sublime,
 The grand achievers of renowned deeds
 Up to the seats of Gods themselves could climb.

"Art thou, fair world, no more?
 Return, thou virgin-bloom, on Nature's face
 Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,
 Can we the footsteps of sweet Fable trace!
 The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
 Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft;
 And where the image with such warmth was rife,
 A shade alone is left!

"Cold, from the North, has gone
 Over the flowers the blast that killed their May;
 And, to enrich the worship of the One,
 A Universe of Gods must pass away.
 Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,
 But thee no more, Selene, there I see!
 And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps,
 No voice replies to me!

"Deaf to the joys she gives—
 Blind to the pomp of which she is possessed—
 Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives
 Around, and rules her—by our bliss unblessed—
 Dull to the art that colors and creates,
 Like the dead time-piece, godless NATURE creeps
 Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weight,
 The slavish motion keeps.

"To-morrow to receive
 New life, she digs her proper grave to-day;
 And icy moons with weary sameness weave
 From their own light their fulness and decay.
 Home to the Poet's Land the Gods are flown,
 A later age in them small use discerns,
 For now the world, its leading-strings outgrown,
 On its own axle turns.

"Home! and with them are gone
 The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard;
 Life's Beauty and life's Melody:—alone
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless Word.
 Yet, rescued from Time's deluge, still they throng
 Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish;
 Ah, that which gains immortal life in Song,
 To mortal life must perish!"

Judging from the text of "The Gods of Greece" it would be inferred that Schiller is hostile to Christianity, but this is not the case. His love for Greek paganism only points out an aspect in the conception of the world, which orthodox Christianity in his time neglected. Schiller himself in a letter to Körner says with reference to "The Gods of Greece": "If I succeed in making out of the shortcomings of religion or ethics a beautiful and consistent whole, I have made a piece of art which is neither immoral nor impious, for the very reason that I took both, not as they are, but as they became after the forceful operation of their separation and new combination. The God whom I criticize in 'The Gods of Greece' is not the God of the philosophers nor the beneficent dream of the multitudes, but he is one abortion out of many erroneous misshapen conceptions. . . . The gods of Greece as I represent them are only the beautiful qualities of Greek mythology comprehended in one general idea."

There is a truth in the polytheism of Greece which, philosophically expressed, would identify the gods with the eternal types of being commonly called Platonic ideas. In this ideal realm there is no sorrow, no grief, no pain, because everything material as well as everything sensual is excluded. It is thus as much contrasted with bodily existence as the Buddhist Nirvana is to the Samsara, the domain of birth and death, the eternal round of existence, the wheel of being.

It is peculiar that as the great founder of Buddhism insisted that Nirvana could be obtained in this life, so Schiller claims that even mortal man can attain to divine serenity. He says:

"Wouldst thou here be like a deity,
In the realm of death be free,
Never seek to pluck its garden's fruit."

The condition of Nirvana according to Buddha is the attainment of enlightenment which involves in its practical application the surrender of all clinging to the pleasures of sense, and obviously Schiller's view is to all practical purposes the same. The mental enjoyment of the artist, of the scientist, will be unimpaired so long as egotistic passions are not roused. This world of material reality is intrinsically a world of struggle, unrest, and suffering. Schiller regards as grievously mistaken the well-intentioned idealist who believes that he can ever attain a final state of perfection, that he can realize the golden age on earth. The evils of life are not unlike the giant Antæus of the Greek myth. As soon as Herakles threw

this son of Earth to the ground he rose stronger than before, because at each contact he received new strength from his mother. Hence it was only possible for the hero to conquer him by lifting him high in the air and keeping him at a distance from the source of his strength. Finally, Schiller believes that there is no finality to our search for truth, although the true exists and there is an obvious difference between truth and untruth. Mankind can never have the fulness of truth in such a way that it can be formulated in the shape of a dogma. Whenever man has tried to do so, he soon held an empty formula while the spirit of the truth was lost. Thus the "three words of error" to Schiller are: belief in eternal peace, in which the good would no longer have to struggle; belief in the attainment of happiness, or an earthly reward of virtue; and a consummation of man's advance in the search for truth.

The idea that the realization of truth is rather a process than a dogma—a single statement summed up in a formula—and that much depends on the way in which we search for and reach the truth, is set forth in the impressive poem "The Veiled Image at Saïs," which was suggested to Schiller by a passage in Plutarch describing the statue of Isis in the temple of Saïs which bore the inscription reminding us of the definition of the name of Yahveh in the Old Testament: "I am who was and shall be."

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAÏS.

"A youth, athirst with hot desire for knowledge,
 To Saïs came, intent to explore the dark
 And hoarded wisdom of Egyptian priests.
 Through many a grade of mystery, hurrying on,
 Far, and more far, still pressed the inquiring soul,
 And scarce the Hierophant could cool or calm
 The studious fever of impatient toil.
 'What,' he exclaimed, 'is worth a part of Truth?
 What is my gain unless I gain the whole?
 Hath knowledge, then, a lesser or a more?
 Is this,—thy Truth,—like sensual gross enjoyment,
 A sum doled out to each in all degrees,
 Larger or smaller, multiplied or minished?
 Is not TRUTH *one* and indivisible?
 Take from the Harmony a single tone—
 A single tint take from the Iris bow,
 And lo! what once was all, is nothing—while
 Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone!"

"Now, while they thus conversed, they stood within
 A lonely temple, circle-shaped, and still;

And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
 Upon a veil'd and giant IMAGE fell:
 Amazed he turn'd unto his guide—'And what
 Beneath the veil stands shrouded yonder?'

'TRUTH.'

Answered the Priest.

'And do I, then, for Truth
 Strive, and alone? And is it now by this
 Thin ceremonial robe that Truth is hid?
 Wherefore?'

'That wherefore with the Goddess rests;
 "Till I"—thus saith the Goddess—"lift this veil,
 May it be raised by none of mortal-born!
 He who with guilty and unhallowed hand
 Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
 He," says the Goddess—

'Well?'

"HE—SHALL SEE TRUTH!"'

'A rare, strange oracle! And hast *thou* never
 Lifted the veil?'

'No! nor desired to raise!'

'What! nor desired? Were *I* shut out from Truth
 By this slight barrier'—'And Command divine,
 Broke on his speech the guide. 'Far weightier, son,
 This airy gauze than thy conjectures deem—
 Light to the touch—lead-heavy to the conscience!'

"The young man, thoughtful, turn'd him to his home,
 And the fierce fever of the Wish to Know
 Robb'd night of sleep. Upon his couch he roll'd;—
 At midnight rose resolved. Unto the shrine

"Timorously stole the involuntary step,
 And light the bound that scaled the holy wall.
 And damntless was the spring that bore within
 That circle's solemn dome the daring man.

"Now halts he where the lifeless silence sleeps
 In the embrace of mournful Solitude.
 Silence unstirred,—save by the hollow echo
 Answering his tread along mysterious vaults!
 High from the opening of the dome above,
 Came the wan shining of the silver moon.
 And, awful as some pale presiding god,
 Glistening adown the range of vaults obscure,
 In its long veil concealed the Image stood.

"With an unsteady step he onward passed,
 Already touched with violating hand
 The Holy—and recoil'd! A shudder thrilled

His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold by turns,
 And an invisible arm did seem to pluck him
 Back from the deed.—'O miserable man!
 What would'st thou?' (Thus within the inmost heart
 Murmured the warning whisper.) 'Wilt thou dare
 The All-hallowed to profane? "May mortal-born
 (So spake the oracle) not lift the veil
 Till I myself shall raise!" Yet said it not,
 The self-same oracle—"Who lifts the veil,
 HE shall see Truth?" Behind, be what there may,
 I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—'
 Loud rang his shouting voice—"Truth I'll behold!"
'HOLD!'

A lengthend echo, mocking, answered back!
 He spoke and raised the veil! And ask ye what
 Unto the gaze was there to him revealed?
 I know not, Pale and senseless, at the foot
 Of the dread statue of Egyptian Isis,
 The priests there found him at the dawn of day;
 But what he saw, or what did there befall,
 His lips disclosed not. Ever from his heart
 Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
 Deep anguish dug for him an early grave:
 'Woe—woe to him'—such were his warning words,
 Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
 'Woe—for she never shall delight him more!
 Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to TRUTH!"

As might be expected, Schiller's view of immortality is also idealized by Greek mythology. He hated the representation of death as a skeleton with all the terrors and repulsive horrors of decay. In "The Gods of Greece" he protests against the prevalent view of death, praising the Greek conception of the genius of the inverted torch and alluding to the Thracian legend of Orpheus which had become current in classical Greece, evincing the victory of music, the ideal, over the infernal powers.

"Before the bed of death
 No ghastly specter stood:—but from the porch
 Of the lip—one kiss inhaled the breath,
 And a mute Genius gently lowered his torch.
 The judgment balance of the realms below,
 A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held;
 The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
 Were moved and music-spelled."

There is a connection between the living and the dead which is symbolized in plant life, and this simile is used in the New Testament by Paul (1 Cor. xv, 36) and also in the Gospel of St. John

(John xii. 24) where Jesus says: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." For this idea the author of the fourth Gospel and Paul are supposed to be indebted to Orphic mysteries. The resurrection of nature in spring symbolizes the continued soul life of man after death. This is also expressed in the great classical hymn to Demeter (or as she is called with her Latinized name, Ceres) a poem which has been retold by Schiller in his two poems "The Complaint of Ceres" and "The Eleusinian Festival." The significance of plant life is expressed as follows:⁸

"Is there naught of her—no token
And no pledge from her loved hand,
Proving love to be unbroken,
Howsoever far the land?
Can no loving bond be spread,
That will child to mother bind?
Can between the quick and dead
Hope no blest communion find?
No! not every bond is riven,
Separation not complete;
The eternal powers have given
Us a symbol language sweet.

"Spring's fair children pass away,
In the Northland's icy air;
Leaf and flower alike decay.
Leaving withered branches bare.
But I choose life's noblest glow
From Vertumnus's lavish horn;
As a gift to Styx below
Will I send the golden corn!
Sad in earth the seeds I lay
At thy heart, my child, to be
Mournful tokens which convey
My deep grief and love to thee!

"When the seasons' measured dances
Happy smiles of earth restore,
In the sun's reviving glances
What was dead will live once more!
Germs that perished to thine eyes
In the dreary lap of earth

Bloom again in gentler skies,
Brighter for the second birth!
While its roots in night repose;
Heaven will raise the stem above;
Thus the plant between them grows
Nursed by Styx's and Æther's love.

"Partly plants with Hades sleep,
Partly live in life's fair beams;
Heralds are they from the deep,
Messengers from solemn streams.
Like my child, the dismal tomb
Will them for a while retain;
But anon their tender bloom
Spring sends forth to light again,
Telling that where shadows meet,
Though so far from light above,
Hearts remain that faithful beat,
Hades doth not conquer love.

"Hail! ye children of the field,
Whom each coming year renews!
Your sweet cups shall richly yield
Heaven's purest nectar-dews.
Steeped in light's resplendent streams,
Hues that streak the Iris-bow
Deck your blossoms with the beams
Which in morning twilight glow.
Budding life of happy spring,
Yellow autumn's faded leaf,
Shall to hearts in sorrow bring
Symbols of my joy and grief."

In "The Eleusinian Festival" Schiller describes the Greek conception of human civilization as based upon a love of freedom

⁸"Complaint of Ceres." 7-11.

regulated by self-control and moral restraint. Having established agriculture and built the polity of communal life, Demeter says:

“Freedom’s love the beast inflames,
 And the God rules free in air,
 While the law of Nature tames
 Each wild lust that lingers there.
 Yet, when thus together thrown,
 Man with man must fain unite;
 And by his own worth alone
 Can he freedom gain, and might.”

We see that Schiller indeed was not merely a poet but a philosopher. His philosophy, however, agreed very little with the verbiage and cant of the schools that posed before the world as holding in their abstract philosophy the key to the explanation of the universe. Metaphysics, according to Kantian terminology, deals with purely formal notions of science, and the purely formal as Kant expresses it, is empty as such. Thus it allows us a survey over the sciences and the whole field of experience. It sums up generalizations, which, although in themselves mere tautologies, help us to arrange our scientific material in a systematic way. How ridiculous, then, is the metaphysician whose philosophy is a mere air castle and who forgets that it should serve the practical purpose of survey. Schiller satirizes wisecracks of this type in the following lines:

“How deep the world beneath me lies!
 My craft the loftiest of all
 Lifts me so high, so near the skies
 I scarce discern the people crawl.”

“Thus shouts Tom Roofer from his spire,
 Thus in his study speaks with weight
 Metaphysicus, the learned sire,
 That little man, so high, so great.

“That spire, my friend, proud and profound,
 Of what is’t built, and on what ground?
 How came you up? What more is’t worth,
 Than to look down upon the earth?”

In another poem of the same significance entitled “Philosophers,” Schiller ridicules those theorists who misunderstand the part their philosophies play in life, which is not to direct the world but to explain it. Philosophers need not worry about the universe for that will take care of itself, and until their wisdom can discover

a method of changing matters, the world will continue to run according to the old principles—it will still be swayed by hunger and love.

“To learn what gives to everything
The form which we survey,
The law by which th’Eternal King
Moves all creation’s ordered ring,
And keeps it in right sway—
Who answer gives without disguise,
He is the wisest of the wise,
The secret I’ll betray,
‘Ten is not twelve,’ I say.

“The snow is chill, the fire burns,
Men bipeds are; a fool
The sun up in the sky discerns:
This, man through sense-experience
learns
Without attending school!
But Metaphysics, I am told,
Declares that hot is never cold;
Dryness, not moist; and light
Is never dark but bright.

“Homer had writ his mighty song,
Heroes did danger scorn,
The good had done their duty, long
Before (and who shall say I’m
wrong?)
Philosophers were born!
Yet let but some great heart or
mind
Perform great deeds, some sage
will find
The reason why: He’ll show
That this thing could be so.

“Might claims its right. That’s
true always,
And weaklings strength o’erpowers.
He who cannot command obeys—
In short, there’s not too much to
praise
On this poor earth of ours.
But how things better might be
done,
If sages had this world begun,
Is plainly, you must own,
In moral systems shown.

“Man needs mankind, must be
confessed,
His labors to fulfill;
Must work, or with, or for, the rest.
‘Tis drops that swell the ocean’s
breast,
‘Tis water turns the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities,
In universities
Maxims are taught like these.

“Yet, since what grave professors
teach
The crowd is rarely knowing,
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
‘Tinkers the chain, and mends the
breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, philosophy, no doubt,
A better world will bring about.
Till then the world will move
By hunger and by love!”

SELECTIONS FROM SCHILLER’S POETRY.

My Creed.

“What my religion? I’ll tell you! There is none among all you may mention
Which I embrace.—And the cause? Truly, religion it is!”

Division of the Earth.

“‘Here, take the world!’ cried Jove from out his heaven
To mortals—‘Be you of this earth the heirs;

Free to your use the heritage is given;
Fraternally divide the shares.'

"Then every hand stretched eager in its greed,
And busy was the work with young and old;
The tiller settled upon glebe and mead,
The hunter chased through wood and wold.

"The merchant grip'd the store and locked the ware—
The abbot chose the juices of the vine—
The king barr'd up the bridge and thoroughfare,
And said, 'The tithes and tolls are mine!'

"And when the earth was thus divided, came
Too late the poet from afar, to see
That all had proffer'd and had seiz'd their claim—
'And is there naught,' he cried, 'for me?'

" 'Shall I, thy truest son, be yet of all
Thy children portionless alone?'
Thus went his cry, and Jove beheld him fall
A suppliant before his throne.

" 'If in the land of dreams thou wert abiding,'
Answered the God, 'why murmurest thou at me?
Where wast thou then, when earth they were dividing?'
'I was,' the poet said, 'with thee!'

" 'Upon thy glorious aspect dwelt my sight—
The harmony of heaven enthralled mine ear;
Pardon the soul that, with thy dazzling light
Enraptured, lost its portion here!'

" 'What's to be done?' said Zeus, 'The world is given,
Mart, chase, and harvest are no longer free;
But if thou wilt abide with me in heaven,
Whene'er thou com'st, 'twill open be to thee!'

Hymn to Joy.

"Joy divine, fair flame immortal,
Daughter of Elysium,
Mad with rapture, to the portal
Of thy holy fane we come!
Fashion's laws, indeed, may sever,
But thy magic joins again;
All mankind are brethren ever
'Neath thy mild and gentle reign.

CHORUS.

Welcome, all ye myriad creatures!
Brethren, take the kiss of love!

Yes, the starry realm above
Smile a father's kindly features!

"Joy, in Nature's wide dominion,
Mainspring of the whole is found:
And 'tis Joy that moves the pinion,
When the wheel of time goes round;
From the bud she lures the flower—
Suns from out their orbs of light;
Distant spheres obey her power,
Far beyond all mortal sight.

CHORUS.

As through Heaven's expanse so glorious
In their orbits suns roll on.
Brethren, thus your proud race run,
Glad as warriors all-victorious!

"To the Gods we ne'er can render
Praise for every good they grant:
Let us, with devotion tender,
Minister to grief and want.
Quench'd be hate and wrath for ever,
Pardon'd be our mortal foe—
May our tears upbraid him never,
No repentance bring him low!

CHORUS.

Sense of wrongs must not be treasured—
Brethren, live in perfect love!
In the starry realms above,
God will mete as we have measured.

"Joy within the goblet flushes,
For the golden nectar, wine,
Ev'ry fierce emotion hushes,—
Fills the breast with fire divine.
Brethren, thus in rapture meeting,
Send ye round the brimming cup,—
Yonder kindly Spirit greeting,
While the foam to Heaven mounts up!

CHORUS.

Seraphs praise his power and love,
Him stars worship as they roll,
To the spirit drain the bowl—
Yonder starry realms above!

"Safety from tyrant's power!
Mercy e'en to traitors base!
Hope in life's last solemn hour!

Pardon when before God's face!
 Eke to those in slumber lulled—
 To the dead, now drain your cup!
 May our sins be all annulled!
 Hell itself be swallowed up!

CHORUS.

When the golden bowl is broken,
 Gentle sleep within the tomb!
 Brethren, may a gracious doom
 By the Judge of Man be spoken!"

Cavalry Song.

(From the last scene of "Wallenstein's Camp.")

- "Huzza! O my comrades! to horse! to horse!
 In the field still can freedom be wrested,
 For there in the battle is proved manhood's force.
 In the field our hearts will be tested!
 None can another's place supply,
 Each standeth alone—on himself must rely.
- "Now freedom appears from the world to have flown,
 None but lords and their vassals one traces;
 While falsehood and cunning are ruling alone
 O'er the living cowardly races.
 The man who can look upon death without fear—
 The soldier,—is now the sole freeman left here.
- "The cares of this life, he casts them away,
 Untroubled by fear or by sorrow;
 He rides to his fate with a countenance gay,
 And finds it to-day or to-morrow;
 And if 'tis to-morrow, to-day we'll employ
 To drink full deep of the goblet of joy.
- "The skies o'er him shower his lot filled with mirth,
 He gains, without toil, its full measure;
 The peasant, who grubs in the womb of the earth,
 Believes that he'll find there the treasure.
 Through lifetime he shovels and digs like a slave,
 And digs—till at length he has dug his own grave.
- "The horseman, as well as his swift-footed beast,
 Are guests by whom all are affrighted,
 When glimmer the lamps at the wedding feast,
 In the banquet he joins uninvited;
 He woos not long, and with gold he ne'er buys,
 But carries by storm love's blissful prize.

"Why weepest, my maiden? Why grievest thou so?
 Let me hence, let me hence, girl, I pray thee!
 The soldier on earth no sure quarters can know;
 With constancy never repay thee.
 Fate hurries him onward with fury blind,
 Nor peace nor rest is it his to find.

"Away then, my comrades, our chargers let's mount!
 Our hearts in the battle bound lightly!
 Youth's foam effervesces in life's bubbling fount.
 Away! while the spirit glows brightly!
 Unless you have courage your life to stake,
 Of life's true worth you will ne'er partake!"

Proverbs of Confucius.

TIME.

"Threefold is the march of Time:
 While the future slow advances,
 Like a dart the present glances,
 Changeless stands the past sublime.
 (Time as Future.)

"No impatience e'er can speed him
 On his course if he delay.
 (Time as Present.)

"No alarm, no doubts impede him
 If he keep his onward way.
 (Time as Past.)

"No remorse, no incantations
 Alter aught in his fixations.
 (Application.)

"Wouldst thou wisely and with pleasure,
 Pass the days of life's short measure,
 From the slow one counsel take,
 But a tool of him ne'er make;
 Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
 Nor the constant one as foe!"

SPACE.

"Threefold is the form of Space:
Length, with ever restless motion;
 Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

APPLICATION.

"All types to thee are given:
 Thou must onward strive for heaven,
 Never still or weary be
 Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
 Far must thy researches go

Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
 Thou must tempt the dark abyss
 Wouldst thou life's deep meaning wis.

"Nought but firmness gains the prize,—
 Nought but fulness makes us wise,—
 Buried deep, truth ever lies!"

Light and Warmth.

"The world, a man of noble mind
 With glad reliance enters;
 Around him spread, he hopes to find
 What in his bosom centers;
 And to truth's cause, with ardor warm,
 He dedicates his trusty arm.

"But that the world is mean, ere long
 Experience shows him ever;
 Himself to guard amid the throng
 Is now his sole endeavor.
 His heart, in calm and proud repose,
 Soon e'en to love begins to close.

"The rays of truth, though light-bestowing,
 Not always warmth impart;
 Blest he who gains the boon of knowing
 Nor buys it with his heart!
 So thou shouldst worldling's ken unite
 To the idealist's vision bright."

The Lay of the Bell.

"Firmly bound the mould of clay
 In its dungeon-walls doth stand.
 Born shall be the bell to-day!
 Comrades, up! now be at hand!
 From the brows of all
 Must the sweat-drops fall,
 Ere in his work the master live;
 The blessing God alone can give.

"To what we earnestly prepare
 Now may an earnest word be said;
 When good discourse our labors share
 Then merrily the work is sped.
 Let us consider then with zeal
 What feeble strength can do by thought;
 Contempt for him we e'er must feel
 Who planned not what his hands have wrought.

'Tis this adorns the human race,
 For this to man was reason given,
 That he within his heart may trace
 The works that by his hands have thriven.

“Wood cut from the pine-tree take,
 But well seasoned let it be,
 Through the flue the flames thus break
 To the cauldron's molten sea.
 Boils the copper within,
 Quick, bring hither the tin!
 That the bell's tough metal may
 Smoothly flow in wonted way!

“What deeply in earth's hidden cell
 The hand with fire's assistance speeds,
 Will in the steeple's belfry dwell
 And loudly witness of our deeds.
 In many an ear its thrilling tale
 'Twill pour, nor heed the flight of Time,
 'Twill with the child of sorrow wail,
 And join Devotion's choral chime.
 Whate'er unto the earthborn crowd
 The frown or smile of Fortune bring,
 The metal tongue proclaims it loud,
 While far those cheering accents ring.

“See the silver bubbles glow!
 Now the molten billows swell.
 Potash in the furnace throw,
 For it speeds the casting well.
 And from frothing free
 Must the mixture be
 That the bell's metallic voice
 Every hearer's heart rejoice.

“With festive joyous accents rife
 It greets the well beloved child,
 Launched on his first career of life
 In slumber's arm so sweet and mild;
 In Time's dark womb for him reposes
 Life's thorny couch, life's bed of roses;
 A mother's love its guardian wing
 Spreads o'er his golden days of spring.—
 The years fly like the winged shaft.
 The proud boy bids the girl adieu;
 Out into life's wild storm he flies,
 A pilgrim, roams the wide world through,
 Then as a stranger homeward hies.
 And lo, as some sweet vision breaks

Out from its native morning skies,
 With rosy blush on downcast cheeks,
 The maiden stands before his eyes.
 A nameless yearning now appears
 And fills his heart; alone he strays,
 His eyes are ever moist with tears,
 He shuns his brothers' noisy plays;
 Her steps he blushing pursues,
 And by her greeting is made blest,
 Gathers the flowers of fairest hues,
 With which to deck his true love's breast.
 Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,
 Thou golden time of love's young day!
 Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,
 The heart in rapture melts away.
 Oh, may it ever verdant prove,
 That radiant time of youthful love!

"Lo! the pipes already brown!
 I will dip this rod therein,
 Doth a glaze the surface crown,
 We the casting may begin.
 Quick! amid the glow,
 Test the mixture's flow!
 See if, with a goodly sign,
 Soft and brittle well combine.

"Where gentleness with strength we find,
 The tender with the stern combined,
 There harmony is sweet and strong,
 Then prove, e'er wedlock's wreath be twined
 If heart to heart its fetters bind!
 Illusion's brief, repentance long,
 Sweet on bridal brow is clinging
 Myrtle wreath of festive green,
 When the mellow church bell's ringing
 Bids us to the festive scene,
 Ah! life's sweetest festival
 Ends the May of life anon,
 With the girdle, with the veil,
 Is the fond illusion gone,
 The passions soon fly,
 But love must remain;
 The blossoms soon die,
 Fruit comes in their train,
 The husband must fight,
 'Mid struggles and strife,
 The battle of life;
 Must plant and create,
 Watch, snare, and debate,

Must venture and stake
 His fortune to make.
 Then boundless in torrents comes pouring the gift,
 The garners o'erflow with the costliest thrift,
 The store-rooms increase, and the mansion expands.
 Within it reigns
 The prudent wife,
 The tender mother,
 In wisdom's ways
 Her house she sways,
 Instructing the girls,
 Controlling the boys,
 With diligent hands
 She works and commands,
 Increases the gains
 And order maintains;
 With treasures the sweet smelling wardrobe she stores,
 And busily over the spinning wheel pores,
 She hoards in the bright polished presses till full
 The snowy white linen, the shimmering wool,
 The bright and the showy to good she disposes,
 And never reposes.

"Now the sire with joyful mien,
 From the house's lofty gable,
 Gazes on the prosperous scene;
 Sees the beams around him soar,
 And the barn's abundant store,
 Garners blest by Plenty's horn,
 And the waving sea of corn.
 Thus he fondly prides himself:
 'Firm and strong as earth itself,
 Gainst misfortune's whelming shock,
 Stands the house, as on a rock!
 But with Fate O! ne'er believe
 An eternal bond to weave,
 Swiftly on Misfortune comes.

"Now the casting may begin,
 Jagg'd the fracture is and fair.
 But before we run it in
 Offer up a pious prayer!
 Let the plug now fly!
 May God's help be nigh!
 Smoking in the hollow cave
 Rushes forth the glowing wave.

"How genial is fire's might,
 When tamed and watched by man aright!
 Whate'er he forms, or shapes, its source

He owes to this celestial force.
But fearful this celestial force
When, bursting forth in madden'd course,
Unshackled on its path so wild,
It rushes, Nature's free-born child!
Woe, when bursting forth it flies,
Spreading with unbridled ire!
In the busy street arise
Mountain waves of raging fire;
For the elements despise
Wealth that human hands acquire.
From the cloud
Blessings rush,
Waters gush;
Where it listeth lightning flashes,
Thunder crashes.
Hear ye that wail from yon tower's walls?
The tocsin calls!
Red as blood
Glow the skies;
That is not the sunlight's flood!
Hark! what cries
In the street!
Smoke clouds rise!
Surging upwards, higher, higher!
Through the streets the pillared fire
Rushes with the whirlwind's ire.
Like the blast in furnace pent
Glow the air, now beams are rent,
Windows rattle, rafters creak,
Mothers wander, children shriek,
Kine are lowing,
Underneath the ruins glowing:
Running, rushing, coming, going,
Night vies with the daylight's glowing
As the zealous chain expands,
Through the hands,
Flies the bucket; arching o'er,
Streams the jet, the torrents pour.
Then the storm, 'mid howl and roar,
With the raging flames dispute;
Crackling 'mid the grain and fruit,
Through the garner's space they gleam,
Seize the dry and massive beam,
And, as though they'd in their flight
Earth from its foundation tear,
Upwards sweeping through the air,
Surge they to the heaven's height,
Huge in scope!
Stripped of hope,

Man submits as he surveys,
Wond'ring with an idle gaze,
What was done by Heaven's might.

"Waste is now
The place and dread,
Of wild storms the rugged bed.
In the hollow window-cells
Horror dwells,
And the clouds from Heaven's sphere
Downwards peer.

"One fond look, the last,
'Mid the gloom,
At the tomb
Of his wealth man turns to cast.—
Then takes his staff, nor wails his doom.
What though bereft by fire's wrath,
One comfort still his heart may cheer.
He counts the forms to him so dear,
Lo! all are left to cheer his path.

"Being in the earth received,
The mould the mingled metals fill;
Will the work when 'tis achieved
Recompense our toil and skill?
If the cast should fail?
If the mould be frail?
While we hope, e'en now, alas,
Mischief may have come to pass!

"Unto the lap of holy earth
Do we confide our work and deed,
The sower sows the earth with seed,
And hopes 'twill give to blessings birth,
Of Heaven's grace the grateful meed.
More precious seeds in earth's dark womb
We sow with sorrow's trembling hand,
And hope that, rising from the tomb,
They'll blossom in that Better Land.

"From the steeple
Tolls the bell,
Deep and sadly,
Death's last knell.
Mournful dirges from the lofty dome
Guide a wand'rer to his last long home.

"'Tis the wife, the well belov'd one,
'Tis, alas! the faithful mother,

Whom the Prince of Shadows chases
 From her husband's fond embraces,
 From his children in their bloom,
 Born of her, those lov'd ones, whom
 Oft she to her faithful breast
 With a mother's rapture pressed—
 Now, alas! home's tender ties
 E'er are sever'd from each other;
 In the Land of Shadow lies
 Of that home the gentle mother;
 Now her faithful rule is gone,
 Watchful, tender as the dove;
 At the widow'd heart rules one
 Who a stranger is to love.

“Till the bell can cool, away!
 Let us leave our toil awhile!
 As the feather'd songsters play,
 So may each his time beguile.
 When the stars appear,
 Free from care and fear,
 The workman hears the vesper bell;
 The master cannot care dispel.

“Cheerful, through the forest's gloom,
 Wends the wanderer his steps
 Back to his dear cottage home,
 Bleating seek the sheep their fold,
 And the herd
 Of the broad-brow'd cattle come,
 Homewards lowing,
 The accustom'd stables knowing,
 Through the gate
 Reels the wain,
 'Neath the grain;
 On the sheaves,
 With their many-color'd leaves,
 Garlands lie,
 To the dance the youthful reapers
 Joyful hie,
 Street and market now are silent,
 Round the taper's social flame
 Sit the inmates of the house,
 And the creaking town-gates close.
 Darkness spreads
 O'er the earth;
 But no honest burgher dreads
 Night's dark tide,
 Though it woo to fearful deeds,
 For the law is eagle-eyed.

"Holy Order, Heaven's child,
 Rich in blessings, who, so mild,
 Like to like so blithely calls,
 Who hath raised the city's walls,
 Who to quit his desert waste
 Bade th' unsocial savage haste,
 Who in human dwellings stealing,
 Taught mankind a softer feeling,
 And that best, that dearest band,
 Wove, the love of Fatherland.

"Countless hands to toil unfold,
 Cheerfully each other aid,
 And in vying zeal, behold,
 All their varied strength displayed!
 Man and master join'd appear
 With pure freedom in alliance,
 Each, rejoicing in his sphere,
 To the scoffer bids defiance.
 Labor is the subject's crown,
 Blessings are his labor's guerdon;
 Honor to the king's renown!
 Honor to the worker's burden!

"Gentle peace,
 Concord blest,
 Never cease
 Kindly o'er our town to rest!
 O may ne'er that day appear,
 When the savage hords of war
 Devastate this silent vale!
 When the sky,
 O'er which Eve her rosy shades
 Sweetly throws,
 With the wild and fearful glare
 Of the burning city glows.

"Break asunder now the mould,
 For its work is done at last,
 Let both heart and eye behold
 Proudly the successful cast!
 Wield the hammer, wield,
 Till it split the shield!
 Before the bell can rise on high,
 The mantel must in pieces fly.

"The master, when it seemeth good,
 With prudent hand may break the mould;
 But woe, when in a flaming flood
 The glowing metal bursts its hold!

Blind, frantic, with the thunder's swell,
 It bursts its fractur'd prison's side,
 And as from out the jaws of Hell,
 It vomits Ruin's flaming tide.
 Where brutal strength insensate reigns,
 No pictured beauty man obtains;
 When nations free themselves by force
 Ne'er prosper can their welfare's course.

"Woe, when within the city's wall
 The smould'ring sparks in silence burn,
 The people, bursting from their thrall,
 To savage wilfulness return!
 Then peals the bell upon its throne,
 And howls on high, rebellion calls,
 And, vow'd but to a peaceful tone,
 The signal gives for savage brawls.

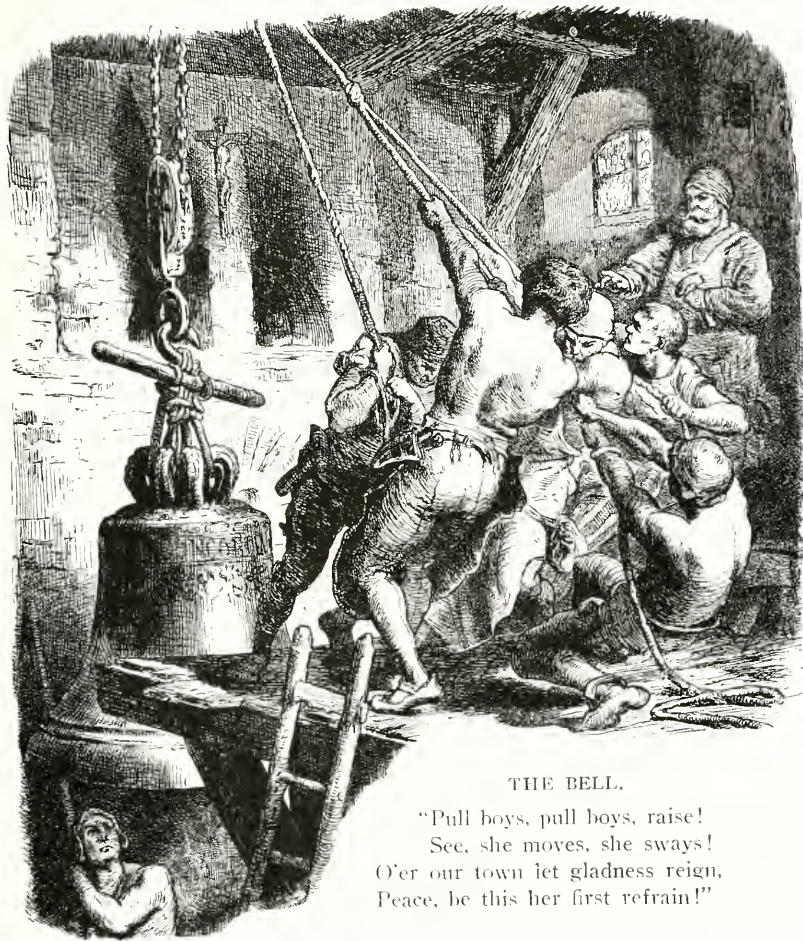
"Now Freedom's cry is heard around;
 The peaceful burghers fly to arms,
 The streets fill fast, the halls resound,
 And murd'rous bands spread dire alarms.
 Now like hyenas in their lair,
 'Mid horrors women jeer and jest;
 As with the panther's teeth they tear
 The heart from out their foeman's breast.
 Now all that's sacred men efface,
 And break all bonds of pious fear,
 Good now to evil giveth place,
 And vice runs on its mad career.
 Wake not the lion in his den!
 Destructive is the tiger's jaw,
 But far more terrible are men
 Whom passions in their vortex draw.
 Woe be to him who, to the blind,
 The heav'nly torch of light conveys!
 It throws no radiance on his mind,
 But land and town in ashes lays.

"God hath filled me with delight!
 Like a golden star, behold,
 Like a kernel smooth and bright,
 Peels the metal from the mould!
 How the whole doth gleam
 Like the sunny beam!
 And in the escutcheon's shield
 Is a master hand revealed.

"Come in and see!
 Stand, comrades, round, and lend your aid

To christen now the bell we've made!
Concordia her name shall be.
 In bonds of peace and concord may her peal
 Unite the loving congregation's zeal.

"And this be henceforth her vocation,
 The end and aim of her creation;



THE BELL.

"Pull boys, pull boys, raise!
 See, she moves, she sways!
 O'er our town let gladness reign,
 Peace, be this her first refrain!"

Above this nether world shall she
 In Heaven's azure vault appear,
 The neighbor of the thunder be,
 And border on the starry sphere;
 A voice of Heaven from above
 Like yonder host of stars so clear,
 Who laud their maker as they move.

And usher in the circling year,
Tun'd be her metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime,
And as the swift-wing'd hours speed on,
May she record the flight of time!
Her tongue to Fate she well may lend:
Heartless herself and feeling nought,
May with her warning notes attend
On human life, with change so fraught.
And, as the strains die on the ear
That she peals forth with tuneful might,
So let her teach that nought lasts here,
That all things earthly take their flight!

“Now then, with the rope so strong,
From the vault the bell upweigh,
That she gain the realm of song,
And the heav'nly light of day!
Pull boys, pull boys, raise!
See, she moves, she sways!
O'er our town let gladness reign,
Peace, be this her first refrain!”

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

Rev. Alfred W. Martin, Minister of the Seattle Society for Universal Religion, has written a thoughtful essay on *Immortality and Modern Thought*, in which he dwells on old and new conceptions of immortality, in four chapters: (I) Foundation for the Faith in Immortality; (II) Do We Earn Immortality? (III) Popular Abuses of the Faith in Immortality and Its Supreme Use; (IV) Life Here in the Light of Life Hereafter.

J. C. Hinrichs of Leipsic has just published *The Songs of an Egyptian Peasant*, collected and translated into German by Heinrich Schaefer, into English by Frances Hart Breasted. The English edition that lies before us contains one hundred and thirty-four poems of Mahmūd Mohammed el-'Itr, a fellah of the higher type who serves as a watchman of the Administration of the Antiquities in the Desert of Saqqara. The book is illustrated, (though not printed on good paper), the frontispiece being the Fellah-poet sitting before his tent, gun in hand. The other illustrations picture scenes in Egypt, landscapes, popular types, etc. Most of the poems are of a religious character, but the collection contains also songs of love, philosophy, and kindred topics.

Bill Hickman, the Danite chief of Utah, has written his confessions in a book with explanatory notes by J. H. Beadle, which was first published in 1872; and the Shepard Publishing Co., 22 State St., Salt Lake City, Utah, have republished the book at the price of \$1.00 per bound copy, and 50 cents in paper.

We are in receipt of a fine tribute paid to Muriel Strode by a member of Rabbi Hirsch's congregation, Mr. Walter Scott Rosenbaum, son of Mr. J. Rosenbaum, well known in Chicago business circles. It is interesting to notice how Miss Strode's *Little Book of Prayer* has been approved of by thinking men representing so different, and indeed opposed views as those of a Christian clergyman and one of the leaders of the Freethought movement. Jews belong to a third class in which progressiveness is combined with a conservative spirit. Mr. Rosenbaum writes as follows:

"My *Little Book of Prayer* is an heirloom—the original possessors were the old inspired prophets. Sacredly it has come down through the centuries, embedded in and ascending with the soul of man. It is the spirit of truth—

divine legacy immanent in the human soul, endlessly reverberated from one generation to another, expanding and enriched in its infinite course.

"*My Little Book of Prayer* is the Æolian harp, the soul of emancipated man, a literature of feeling rather than of thought, of heart-beats rather than cerebrations: It is, in a measure, as strikingly the ripened heritage of the ages as Shakespeare's soul or Darwin's mind. Nations, not individuals, beget genius; Miss Strode's book is an incontrovertible evidence of the continuous evolution of nations—and man.

"The prayers are timely. Through man's upward struggle the essence of prayer has been changed, and the prayers of yesterday are gone with its snows. Anthropomorphism, with all it implies, and self-mortification, have become anachronistic. Prayer to-day earns its holy name only in proportion as it incorporates truth—Modern prayer is winged to the God within. (Quoting Miss Strode) 'I am the supplicant and I am the God that answers prayer. I prayed for deliverance and to prove the efficacy of prayer, I became my own deliverer.'

"Though there may be 'A destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will,' yet Miss Strode's invigorating philosophy impels the thought that the ends themselves are of our own choosing. The book is a revelation to the individual of the worlds that are his—not for the asking but for the trying—and it not only stimulates but inspires him to make the trial."

Count Leo Tolstoy has communicated to the Parisian Journal *Le Matin* his views concerning the present condition of Russia. He declares that the possibility of a great national revolution is excluded. Judging from Russia's past he would expect only a palace-revolution. He himself would not have advocated the convening of the *Zemstvo Sobor* although he approves of it. This institution, however, would help the Czar only to learn of the wishes of the people, or more especially of the peasants, but he does not believe that any man coming from the higher circles of life will venture to discuss any matters of importance at its meeting. For every one knows that in that country there is some one upon whose humor it depends whether or not everything that is said there is to be ignored. Thus the result will be that the *Zemstvo Sobor* will be incapable of bringing about any reform. Nevertheless, according to Tolstoy reforms are inevitable, and he feels convinced that before the year closes many features of the physiognomy of Russia will be thoroughly changed. It is especially noticeable that Tolstoy in the present complication regrets nothing more than the irreconcilable hatred of the two parties which are at present pitted against each other. The crimes of the government are the main cause of this intolerable situation. "And yet," adds the great reformer, "there is a book, the doctrines of which can procure the happiness of all. It is the Gospel, the best of all socialistic works, and in the Gospel we read, 'There shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places.... And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold.' The condition of happiness lies in the communal possession of the earth."

We have asked Professor Carruth to write an article on "Schiller's Religion," which will presumably appear in the next number of *The Open Court*.

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Professor Cumont went to great expense and trouble in the preparation of the researches of which this work is a summary. It represents years of labor and travel and throws an entirely new light on the interesting life of the Roman world in the first centuries of the Christian era.

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