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ELIJAH.

BY PROF. C. H. CORNILL.

THE first prophet of Israel on a grand scale was Elijah, one of the most titanic personages in all the Old Testament. One has at once the impression that with him a new epoch begins, a crisis in the religious history of Israel. The account given of Elijah, it is true, is adorned with much that is legendary; but the fact that tradition has sketched his image with so much that is tremendous and superhuman, and that such a garland of legends could be woven around him, is the clearest proof of his greatness which makes him tower above all his predecessors and contemporaries. Where smoke is, there fire must be, and where much smoke is, there the fire must be great. Let us try to sketch out a picture of Elijah, of his true importance and historical achievements.

It was a trying time. In the year 876 an Assyrian army had penetrated for the first time as far as Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea, and had laid Israel under contribution. In addition, Israel had just had an unlucky struggle with the neighboring kingdom of Damascus, its hereditary foe. In this conjuncture, King Ahab assumed the reins of power.

Ahab, owing to his conflict with Elijah, is ranked among the biblical miscreants—but as unjustly so as Saul. Ahab was one of the best kings and mightiest rulers that Israel ever had, esteemed and admired by both friend and foe as a man of worth and character. He was thoroughly equal to the situation, and after severe struggles raised Israel to a position which it had held under none of his predecessors. The only thing which he can be blamed for is his weakness towards his wife, the bigoted and intriguing Tyrian princess, Jezebel.

Jezebel's father, Ethbaal, had formerly been a priest of Baal, and had raised himself to the throne of Tyre by the murder of his predecessor. Ahab, now, in honor of his wife, caused a temple to be erected in Samaria to the Tyrian Baal. That Ahab extirpated, or wished to extirpate, from Israel the worship of Yahveh, is pure legend. The three children of Ahab and of Jezebel whose names we know, both his successors, Ahaziah and Jehoram, and the later queen of Judah, Athaliah, bear names compounded of Yahveh,

and shortly before his death there lived in Samaria four hundred Yahveh prophets, who prophesied to the king whatever he wished. Ahab's doings in this matter are quite analogous to the building of the Greek Catholic chapel in the famous watering-place of Wiesbaden, because the first wife of the late Duke of Nassau was a Russian princess.

The supposed idolatry of Solomon is to be explained in the same manner. Solomon was the first who extended the intellectual horizon of Israel beyond the borders of Palestine, and opened the land to intellectual and commercial traffic with the outside world. In his capital, which he desired should become a metropolis, every one was to be saved after his own fashion, and for this reason Solomon built temples to the gods of all the nations who had dealings with Jerusalem.

No man, apparently, had taken offence at the action of Ahab, or had seen in it a transgression against the national Deity, until Elijah cried out to the people the following words, which are surely authentic: "How long will ye halt between two opinions? If Yahveh be God, serve him, but if Baal be God, serve him." Elijah was no opposer of Baal on grounds of principle; he travels in Phœnicia, the special home of Baal, and exhibits the power of his miracles in the service of a worshipper of Baal, the widow of Zarephath; but in Israel there was no room for Baal; there Yahveh alone was King and God. It is the energy and sensitiveness of his consciousness of God that rebels against the least suspicion of syncretism, and sees in it a scoffing and mockery of Yahveh, who will have His people exclusively for Himself. He who serves partly Baal and partly Yahveh is like, according to Elijah's drastic imagery, a man lame in both legs.

But another and more important point fell in the balance here. Hard by the palace of Ahab in Jezreel, Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard which the king wished to make into a garden of herbs. He offered Naboth, therefore, the worth of it in money, or, if he preferred, a better vineyard. But Naboth, with the proud joy of the true yeoman in his hereditary land, answers the king: "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." With these words the matter is at an end, so far as Ahab is concerned, but he cannot conceal his disap-

pointment. Jezebel, his wife, hears of the matter, and says unto him the mocking and inciting words: "Dost thou now govern the Kingdom of Israel: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." Ahab let her have her will, and Jezebel's rule in Israel according to her views cost Ahab and his house their throne. False witnesses testified against Naboth, he was stoned to death as a blasphemer against God and the king, and his goods were confiscated.

In the ancient East, as to-day, such events were of every-day occurrence, accepted by everybody as a matter of course. The contemporaries of Ahab, however, saw in this deed something unheard of; they had the feeling as if heaven and earth would fall, since a king of Israel was capable of committing such a crime. Elijah made himself the mouthpiece of the general indignation.

On the following day, when the king arose to take possession of the vineyard, he meets there the mighty man, clothed in his hairy garment, who calls to him in a voice of thunder: "Thou who didst sell thyself to work wickedness! thus saith Yahveh: I have yesterday seen the blood of Naboth and of his children, and I will requite thee in this plat." Elijah does not announce the destruction of the ruling house on account of its idolatry, but as an act of justice. It was not the Tyrian Baal which overthrew the dynasty Omri, but the crime committed on a simple peasant.

* * *

According to the universal voice of tradition, Elijah achieved and attained nothing. But that is his highest praise and his greatest fame. For Elijah was a man of pure heart and of clean hands, who fought only with spiritual weapons. There exists no greater contrast than that between Elijah and the man looked upon as his heir and successor, Elisha. Tradition itself has felt this difference; the miracles narrated of Elisha, in so far as they are not pure imitations of Elijah's, all possess a grotesque, one might almost say, a vulgar, character: the sanctification and grandeur of Elijah are wanting throughout. Elisha had seen from his predecessor's example that nothing could be achieved with spiritual weapons; he became a demagogue and conspirator, a revolutionist and agitator. He incites one of the most contemptible characters known in the history of Israel, the cavalry officer Jehu, to smite the house of Ahab, and to set himself upon the throne of Israel. This came to pass. Elisha had attained his object, and the Tyrian Baal had disappeared out of Samaria, but Israel itself was brought to the verge of destruction. The reign of Jehu and of his son, Jehoahaz, is the saddest period that Israel ever passed through, and eighty years afterwards the prophet Hosea saw in the bloody deeds of Jehu an unatoned guilt, that weighed down upon the kingdom

and dynasty, and which could only be expiated by the fall of both.

In what, now, does the importance of Elijah consist?

Elijah is the first prophet in a truly Israelitic sense, differing from the later prophets only in that his efficacy, like that of Jesus of Nazareth, was entirely personal and in that he left nothing written. He saw that man does not live by bread alone, nor nations through sheer power. He considered Israel solely as the bearer of a higher idea. If the people became unfaithful to this idea, no external power could help them; for the nation bore in itself the germ of death. Israel was not to become a common nation like the others; it should serve Yahveh alone, so as to become a righteous and pure people.

Elijah was in holy earnest about this Mosaic thought; he measured his age and its events by this standard; he placed things temporal under an eternal point of view, and judged them accordingly. The crying evils existed plainly in the modes of worship and in the administration of the law. Undefined worship and a righteous administration of the law are what God requires above all things. Here, if anywhere, it was to be shown whether Israel was in reality the people of God.

It is no accident that the first appearance of genuine prophecy in Israel coincided with the first advent of the Assyrians. Historical catastrophes have invariably aroused prophesying in Israel, and for this reason the prophets have been well called the storm-petrels of the world's history. This Amos has spoken in a highly characteristic manner, where he says: "Shall a trumpet be blown in the city and the people not be afraid? Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it? Surely the Lord Yahveh will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants, the prophets. The Lion hath roared, who will not fear? The Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"

The prophet possesses the capacity of recognising God in history. He feels it when catastrophes are in the air. He stands on his watch-tower and spies out the signs of the times, so as later to explain these to his people, and to point out the right way to them, which will surely guide them out of all danger.

Moreover, the prophet is also the incorporate conscience of the nation, feeling all things and bringing all things to light that are rotten in the nation and displeasing to God. Micah has expressed this, in very apt terms, where he states his antithesis to the false prophets, as follows: "If a man walking in the spirit and falsehood do lie saying: I will prophesy unto thee of wine and strong drink; he shall even be the prophet of the people. . . [They are] the prophets that make

my people err, that bite with their teeth and cry peace; and he that putteth not into their mouths they even prepare war against him . . . but truly I am full of power by the spirit of the Lord, and of judgment, and of might, to declare unto Jacob his transgression, and to Israel his sin."

That is the prophet of Israel, as he is in his true character and innermost significance: a man who has the power to look at temporal things under eternal points of view, who sees God's rule in all things, who knows, as the incorporate voice of God, how to interpret to his contemporaries the plan of God, and to direct them according to his will. This way alone leads to salvation. To reject it is certain destruction, be the outward appearance of the nation ever so brilliant.

Of these genuine prophets of Israel, Elijah was the first, and therefore a personality that stood forth in his age in solitary grandeur, not understood, but an object of admiration to the latest generations, and the pioneer of a new epoch in the history of the religion of Israel.

All these men keep adding to the work of Moses; they build on the foundations which he laid. Without Moses the prophets would never have existed, and therefore they themselves have the feeling of bringing nothing absolutely new. But as faithful and just stewards they have put to interest the pound they inherited from Moses. The national religion founded by Moses became through the prophets the religion of the world. How this took place, in a marvellously organic development, the consideration of those prophets whose writings have been preserved, will show us.

TRILBYMANIA.

THE writer of these lines was almost forced to read *Trilby*, though he very seldom reads novels. It was the theme of nearly all the society conversation. What do you think of it? was a question so often put to him, that at last he took up the book.

For some years I have kept a diary, and had read not many pages of Du Maurier's romance, before I was reminded of an entry made in October, 1892, regarding a late novel, *David Grieve*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I then wrote: "If any proof had been wanting since Mrs. Ward had written *Robert Elsmere* that she was a woman of great literary and scientific acquirements and gifted with a most remarkable power of expressing herself, the *History of David Grieve* would certainly furnish it. As graphic and minute as her description of Derbyshire scenery was, were those of Manchester, Paris, and London. She seems to know every street, alley, and suburb of Manchester; and while visitors to Paris are familiar enough with the great sights of that city, the Tuilleries (before the Commune), the Louvre, Palais Royal, Place de la Con-

corde, Champs Elisées, Arc de Triomphe, Hôtel des Invalides, Morgue, Sainte-Chapelle, Panthéon, Notre Dame, and the other innumerable churches, the boulevards, etc., Mrs. Ward is quite at home with the side-streets, the lanes, the suburbs, the *marais*, the cemeteries, the Quartier Latin, St. Cloud, St. Germain, Fontainebleau, and Barbizon.

"The peasantry of the bleak moorlands of Derbyshire, the cattle and sheep-drivers; the factory-workers in Manchester; the dialect of all these various classes, their religious creeds, their struggle for life, their prejudices she knows as well as the life and doings of the Quartier Latin, of the painters, and sculptors, and stage-actors; the interior of their ateliers, their models, their life in the cafés and *brasseries*; all the *declassée* young men and women, the brightness and the misery of the boarding-house life, in a word, she has made herself thoroughly familiar with the artistic and intellectual proletariat concentrated in this modern Babylon from all parts of France and other countries.

"She seems to have picked up all the slang and *blague* of those people and to know all their good qualities and still more all their bad ones.

"In *David Grieve*, in contrast with *Robert Elsmere*, she deals almost exclusively with the middle and lower strata of society, though she finds occasion to display her knowledge of the religious views of the priests and ministers of all of the many sects and of the rites and ceremonies of the churches.

"There are many very powerful passages and there is no denying that the author is not only a woman of remarkable talents, but of genius. And yet as a composition *David Grieve* is very feeble indeed. A multitude of people are introduced who have no bearing upon the events, which are to illustrate the development of the character of the hero, David Grieve. We meet a number of mere episodes. One of the first requisites of a novel is that the characters should be at least somewhat probable, and the events at least possible. But in all those three volumes we hardly find one possible character or one possible situation. David Grieve comes perhaps nearer to a probable being. His uncle Reuben may also pass as probable. The French painter and patriot Regnault is a somewhat historical character, and his portrait is quite true, but it has really no place fitting within the frame of the novel. Reuben's wife, Hannah, a prominent figure in the early part of the tale is altogether overdrawn. People like the visionary Lias and Margarethe are wholly unreal. Lomax and his daughter, the philosopher Ancum, as also old Purell are personages no one ever met with. The heroine of the novel, Loui Grieve, upon whose character she has evidently devoted the greatest power of delineation is so abnormal a creature, that no one will ever believe in such an existence outside of a

lunatic asylum. In short, it may be said of the *History of David Grieve*, that as far as brilliant and impressive writing is concerned, it is a master-piece, but that, as a novel, even as a so-called psychological one, it is a dead failure."

Reading *Trilby* I was strongly reminded of David Grieve, and I find that the judgment I then ventured to pass on Mrs. Ward's novel, differs but very little from the one I have formed about Du Maurier's, with somewhat large modifications, of course.

In great part *Trilby* is undoubtedly the result of personal experiences, of confession, of personal traits reflected in the portraits of some of the characters delineated, in that of Little Billee for one, nay, in some places the author himself takes the floor.¹ In order to understand *Trilby* one ought to know something of the author's course of life. Within the literary circles of England, perhaps also of the United States, George Du Maurier is well known. But to the hundreds of thousands of his readers his career is a perfect blank. Hence the necessity of giving a brief sketch of his personality.

George Du Maurier was born at Paris in the year 1834. His grandparents had emigrated from France during the first revolution and had not returned after the downfall of the Reign of Terror. His father was born in London, but had moved to France, where he engaged in industrial pursuits. George received his earliest education at Paris. But sometime in 1852 his father returned to England, and though George showed very early great talents for music and also for designing and painting, his father, who had established a chemical laboratory at London, forced him to study chemistry. But after the death of his father he hurried back to Paris to his mother, and eagerly devoted himself to his favorite art, in one of the first ateliers in the Quartier Latin. To advance his studies he went to Antwerp, revelling in the beauties of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. In 1860 he returned to England, where he has since resided. He always claimed England as his true home and shared to the full extent the national pride of being a Britisher. Nearly all his principal characters in his novel, even *Trilby*, are of British descent, she having Irish and Scotch blood in her veins. Immediately after his arrival he connected himself with the celebrated comic paper *Punch*, and his caricatures and the texts written by him to illustrate his drawings were soon highly admired.

Punch, like John Bull himself, is a pretty coarse fellow, but Du Maurier's work was always sprightly, delicate, tasteful, showing his Gallican descent.

Speaking of himself (page 51, Harper's edition, 1894), he says: "My poor heroine had all the virtues

but one, but the virtue she lacked was of such a kind that I have found it impossible to tell her history so as to make it quite fit and proper reading for the ubiquitous young person so dear to us all. Most deeply to my regret, for I had fondly hoped it might one day be said of me, that whatever my other literary shortcomings might be, I at least had never penned a line which a pure-minded young British mother might not read aloud to her little blue-eyed babe, as it lies sucking its little bottle in its little *bassinnet*. *Fate has willed it otherwise*. Would indeed that I could duly express poor *Trilby*'s one shortcoming in some not too familiar medium—in Latin or Greek, let us say—lest she, the young person, should happen to pry into these pages, when her mother is looking the other way. Latin and Greek are languages the young person should not be taught to understand. But I am scholar enough to enter one little Latin plea on *Trilby*'s behalf—the shortest, best, and most beautiful plea I can think of. It was once used in extenuation and condonation of the frailties of another poor, weak woman, presumably beautiful and a far worse offender than *Trilby*, but who, like *Trilby*, repented of her ways and was most justly forgiven—'*Quia multum amavit*.'"

This exquisite passage might have been written by Renan. Beautifully as this apology of the author is written, it is nevertheless utterly inadmissible. Who was it that bid him select for the theme of his novel the rather unsavory case of an improper woman, to use a Carlylean expression, who by a real love re-integrated herself, and became as good as new. It is useless to enlarge on this demurrer.

The plot of *Trilby* is not new. It is the same that A. Dumas, *filis*, in his *Dame aux Camélias*, and Verdi in his *Traviata* have made known in every corner of the globe. A fiery young man of a highly respected family has fallen passionately in love with a demi-mondaine, who has likewise, after a life of shame, felt the first pulsations of true love. She has great personal charms, is intellectual, and of a lovely disposition. He is bent on marrying her, to which, of course, she consents. His parents naturally object to such an unconventional and degrading match. In vain are their efforts to change the mind of their son. They turn to the woman, supplicating her to renounce her love. She yields to their entreaties, and dies of a broken heart. The story is not improbable, and waiving the question whether it is proper to represent it in a novel or on the stage, is apt to win our interest.

But let us see how Du Maurier has handled this subject. We are at the start introduced to three Englishmen of very good family. The oldest of them, Mr. Wynne, generally called Taffy, had been an officer in the army, had gone through the Crimean War, but had quitted the service since. The second is a Scot-

¹ Reminding us of Dickens's *David Copperfield*.

tish laird, who goes in the story by the name of Sandy or Laird, and the youngest William Bagot, by the name of Little Billee. All are of independent means.

They all have taken up drawing and painting as a profession. They work in the same atelier, an uncommonly large building, in which masters in sculpture and painting have their studios. Taffy is a giant in stature, the Laird of medium size, and Billee small, slender, and delicate. All three are united by the closest, most romantic friendship; they would die for one another. Little Billee is the pet of the two others, indeed of every one who comes in contact with him. This trio had received a liberal education. The heroine, Trilby, is the daughter of a very learned Irish Churchman, who quit his profession, became a private tutor to noblemen's sons, was a thorough gentleman, and had, like his daughter, all virtues, lacking but one. He was an inveterate drunkard, lost position after position, finally landed in Paris, but failed to succeed there, died, and left his wife, a coarse and dissipated woman, and two daughters in great want. No wonder that Trilby, the oldest child, instigated, as it seems, by her own mother, in course of time lost her virtue. At the time we meet her in the novel she sustains herself as a *Blanchisseuse de fin*. Parisians know what that means. Occasionally she becomes a *grisette* to the students in the Latin Quarter; but her principal, and perhaps most profitable, business is sitting as a model *altogether*.

In that circle, besides many others, intrudes the villain of the piece, Svengali, a Jew, whom Du Maurier sometimes calls a German Pole, at other times an Austrian, an eminent pianist, who hardly deems Chopin his equal, and who ekes out his existence by casual remittances from relatives of his native land, partly by using the earnings of his mistress, mostly by sponging upon his acquaintances and contracting debts, which he at that time intended never to pay. Whatever he gets that way and by giving a few lessons, he spends in gross dissipation. He has a pupil, a young Greek, Gecko, in the novel, an excellent violinist.

As the author has most skilfully and plentifully illustrated his novel, and has presented the principal personages in all possible and impossible poses and situations, there is nothing left to say by the reviewer as to their outward appearances.

One of the greatest beauties of the work is the sharp, minute portraiture of the men and women to whom we are introduced. They impress themselves indelibly on the mind of the reader.

Regarding his description of the character of Little Billee, I wish to underline one very singular passage (page 6): "And in his winning and handsome face there was just a faint suggestion of some possible very remote Jewish ancestor—just a tinge of that

strong, sturdy, irrepressible, indomitable, indelible blood, which is of such priceless value in homœopathic doses."

Now while a story like that of Alexander Dumas's, though very extraordinary, may still be probable, what shall we say of Du Maurier's? Had Trilby fascinated the young, inexperienced, oversensitive Billee to the extent of his wishing to marry her, all would have been well. But we are asked to believe that she not only bewitched him, but also Taffy, one of the Queen's Dragoon Guards, and Sandy, the Scotch nobleman, and Gecko. Had they merely fallen in love with her, that might have been natural enough, as she seemed to have charmed everybody, but it is utterly beyond belief that all were so love-struck that they time and again, each one for himself and unknown to his friends, should have asked her for her hand.

This is but one of the extravagances of Du Maurier. Many others run through the novel, for instance, when it is told that the muscular athlete Taffy, having been offended by a set of pupils in a painter's studio, "took the first *rapin*" that came to hand and using him as a club, swung him about freely and knocked down so many students and easels and drawing boards with him and made such a terrific rumpus that the whole studio had to cry *Pax*.

One of the most striking passages is when Trilby was sitting to a celebrated sculptor "altogether" representing *la Source*, and Billee inadvertently burst into the sculptor's studio, saw Trilby, is petrified for a moment, and then rushes out of the room at once. She loved him dearly. He had never seen her sit *en figure*. For the first time she becomes conscious, that exposing herself as she had done often before was really scandalous. For the first time shame mantled her forehead and cheeks.

"Presently she dropped her pitcher, that broke into bits and putting her two hands before her face she burst into tears and sobs, and thus to the amazement of everybody she stood crying like a baby *La source aux larmes?* This newborn feeling of shame was unendurable—its birth a travail that racked and rent every fibre of her moral being and she suffered agonies beyond anything she has ever felt in her life." P. 120.

Trilby had refused marriage to Taffy and Sandy repeatedly. She had done the same to Billee nineteen times—Du Maurier like Rabelais deals in big figures, but when asked the twentieth time, "Will you marry me Trilby? If not I leave Paris to-morrow morning and never come back. I swear it on my word of honor," she turned very pale and leaned her head back against the wall and covered her face with her hands. Little Billee pulled them away. "Answer me Trilby." "God forgive me, yes," said Trilby, and she ran down stairs weeping.

This was on Christmas eve. The day for the marriage-celebration was fixed for New Year's eve. In the meantime Mrs. Bagot, Billee's widowed mother, and the Reverend Mr. Bagot, her brother-in-law, by the way the only probable characters in *Trilby*, had come to Paris, had heard about the engagement, and had learned all the good and bad about Trilby from Taffy, but far more of the good than the bad. The conversation between the mother and the Reverend, and Taffy is most admirably done. Of course mother and uncle were terribly shocked, but being assured that they could not change Billee's mind, they greatly desired to see Trilby. The scene when they met her is described with surpassing power and beauty. The girl understood the situation at once. "She trembled very much." Mrs. Bagot looked up into her face, herself breathless with keen suspense and cruel anxiety—almost imploringly. Trilby looked down at Mrs. Bagot very kindly, put out her shaking hand and said, "Good-by, Mrs. Bagot, I will not marry your son. I *promise* you, I will never see him again, and she walked swiftly out of the room." How superior this is to A. Dumas's maudlin, sentimental, and rhetorical picture of the same situation in his *Dame aux Camélias*. The one picture a Rembrandt, the other a mere daub.

Trilby now disappears for a long while, and I wished Du Maurier had stopped right there by letting them either die of despair or live in sadness longing for one another. The palm-tree and the pine of Heine's song. All at once the musical world of Europe goes into raptures about a new prima dona who casts into the shade Albani, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, and even Patti. Madame Svengali is her name. It is Trilby! It will be recollected that early in the novel she is represented as having a most beautiful and powerful voice, but no ear at all. She cannot read from notes, or keep in tune. Her song is ridiculously grotesque.

Svengali undertakes to examine her organ. P. 72. "Will you permit that I shall look into your mouth, mademoiselle?" She opened her mouth wide while he looked into it. "Himmel! the roof of your mouth is like the dome of the Panthéon; there is room in it for *toutes les gloires de la France* and a little to spare. The entrance to your throat is like the middle porch of St. Sulpice, where the doors are open for the faithful on All Saints' Day; and not one tooth is missing—thirty-two British teeth as white as milk and as big as knuckle-bones, and your little tongue is scooped out like the leaf of a pink peony, and the bridge of your nose is like the belly of a Stradivarius—what a sounding-board! And inside of your beautiful big chest the lungs are made of leather, and your breath it embalms,—like the breath of a beautiful white heifer fed on the buttercups and daisies of the Vaterland, and you have

a quick, soft, susceptible heart, a heart of gold, mademoiselle,—and all that sees itself in your face."

Svengali had also at one time, when Trilby was almost mad from excruciating neuralgic pains, relieved her instantly by magnetising her, and had found her a splendid medium. After she had left Little Billee and Paris in despair, she had kept herself secreted in the house of a female friend in the neighborhood. But Svengali had found her out. By putting her in a hypnotic trance he could make her sing the notes revolving in his head (he himself could not sing at all) and streaming out of his long fingers on his touching the piano. It is perhaps owing to these hypnotic performances, to this occult science of hypnotism which is now making such a noise in the world, so originally and powerfully treated by Du Maurier, which in part at least accounts for the unparalleled success of *Trilby*. The reappearance of the heroine, what might be called the second part of the novel, is a weird story, shadowy and nebulous, confused in its chronology, and by no means pleasant reading. Still it shows great dramatic power and an exuberant imagination.

Little Billee, Taffy, and Sandy had left Paris soon after Trilby's disappearance and returned to England. Billee in a half maddened state, and their doings there are interestingly narrated. La Svengali after having starred through all the principal capitals of the continent, at last reached London. Our friends having heard her at Paris, where they had gone for the express purpose of seeing her, and where she had met with the most rapturous applause, attended her first concert at London. Little Billee's love for Trilby, in spite of an attachment which he had formed at his mother's in Devonshire, had revived with redoubled force. The *debut* of La Svengali at London had been an immense success.

But at her second appearance, when Svengali, by a wound he had received from Gecko, and besides laboring under a nervous prostration, was unable to direct the orchestra, but had withdrawn to a private box near the proscenium, from where he could hypnotise Trilby, had just when she appeared on the stage been struck dead with apoplexy, which she had not perceived, broke down, the *rapport* between her and Svengali being cut off, would not sing at all at first, and when she tried to appear before an impatient and noisy audience, her song was out of tune, grotesque as it had been in the Quartier Latin, before she came under the spell of the grim Svengali. She was hissed. The curtain fell. Little Billee had her taken to the hotel where he lodged. Her mind had given way. She had lost all remembrance of some of the most important events of her life, while at times she recollected past occurrences remarkably well. She had hours when her mind was perfectly sound. Dur-

ing her sickness, and at her deathbed, Du Maurier makes her utter thoughts and sentiments on life, death, and immortality which might have come out of the mouth of Socrates or Seneca. Whether such a physiological and psychological status is possible, must be left to be decided by alienists. She dies, making a will, and trusts in a general amnesty to all sinners by *le bon Dieu*. Her last words were "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!"

Here the author again speaks to the public: "There has been too much sickness in this story, so I will tell as little as possible of poor Little Billee's long illness, his slow and only partial recovery, the paralysis of his powers as a painter, his quick decline, his early death, his manly, calm, and most beautiful surrender—the wedding of the moth with the star, of the night with the morning. For all but blameless as his short life had been, and so full of splendid promise and performance, nothing ever became him better than the way he left it."

The novel ends quite strangely and mermaidlike with a history of Taffy's marriage, and his quiet, humdrum family-life.

Trilby has been denounced by many for its immorality. Priests and sectarian ministers have thundered against it from the pulpit. It will be, if it has not been already, put on the index of forbidden books at Rome. Now, it is very true that the views expressed by Little Billee on the Bible, the Christian dogmas, on miracles, in his conversation with his orthodox mother, with the Rev. Mr. Bagot, and most particularly the dialogues he held with his faithful dog, Tray, are irreconcilable with the conventional Christian religion. But are they not the views of millions calling themselves Christians, but who, perhaps rightly, do not choose to profess them publicly? If *Trilby* is to be burnt, a great many of the most popular novels ought also to be delivered to the flames, let alone the works of Mill, Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel, and of many other scientific authors. But let us take a look into the heart of Little Billee, as painted to us by Du Maurier. There will be found no place for orthodox or half-orthodox religion, but a still corner, where the most elevated morality has seated herself. It is this moral law which has guided him unscathed through the raging surges and the boisterous tempests of human life. Truly there is more morality in *Trilby* than in the *soi-disant* sermons of Sam Jones, the noted Evangelist, to whose profane, not to say blasphemous, rant, listen, night after night, thousands of people, overcrowding the biggest halls and biggest churches in our large cities.

George Du Maurier is an author of various and eminent talents, stored with the treasures of ancient and modern lore. A master of style, possessed of an

exuberant imagination, a highly gifted and original poet. An envious critic might dispute his originality, accuse him of having borrowed too largely from other writers. Molière, Shakespeare, and even Goethe, have not escaped a similar charge. The critic might say that Du Maurier, in his microscopic topography of Paris and surroundings, has imitated Victor Hugo in *Les Misérables*, and also in Hugo's use or abuse of accumulating adjectives and superlatives, that in his so vivid pictures of the life of artists, models, students, grisettes, in the Quartier Latin, he had largely drawn on *David Grieve*, and more particularly on the *Im Paradis*, by the great German novelist, Paul Heyse. There is indeed a most striking resemblance between the last novel and *Trilby*. The atelier-life of Munich is as drastically pictured as in *Trilby*. And what is most remarkable, the model in *Im Paradis*, Crescentia, who goes by the name of the "reddish Zenz," is, saving the size, almost a portrait of the person of Trilby, as painted by Du Maurier. Zenz is by no means a regular beauty, but she is still bewitching. Her complexion is snowy white, but somewhat spoiled by freckles on her face and beautiful hands. Her figure is perfect, a splendid and soft growth of Venetian brown hair falls down to her waist. She is as artless, as sprightly, as affectionate as Trilby. She has all the virtues of Trilby, and none of her vices. Almost everybody falls in love with her, but she remains pure. She sits as a model from an instinctive love of high art, but never as a whole figure. She refuses marriage, for she does not wish her high-born lovers to step down to her humble level.

The winding up of *Im Paradis* is however quite different. Zenz at the last is found to be the abandoned offspring of a nobleman, and so her objection to marry the man she truly loved comes to an end. And what Sam Weller would call "a most remarkable coincidence," is that Heyse has brought to the scene a beautiful Danish dog, as sensitive and intelligent as Tray, with whom his master holds converse, as Little Billee did with his pet Tray.

The hypercritic might further allege, that the views on religion and philosophy expressed by Little Billee and others are met with on many pages in *Robert Elsmere*, *David Grieve*, George Sand, George Eliot, and many other most celebrated novelists; that Du Maurier's so often repeated attempts to describe the power of music, its very soul, and its effect upon the hearers, have a close affinity with F. A. Hoffman's *Phantasiestücke After the Manner of Callot*, which, strange to say, as all the writings of this most eccentric author, have become extremely popular in France; and that, when on one occasion Little Billee most eloquently defends the character of Trilby, he tremblingly exclaims: "Oh, oh! good heavens! are you so pre-

ciously immaculate, you two, that you should throw stones at poor Trilby! What a shame, what a hideous shame it is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man!—poor weak women, poor soft, affectionate beings, that beasts of men are always running after, and pestering and ruining and trampling under foot!—Oh, oh! it makes me sick—it makes me sick," we recognise the voice of Tolstoi.

And what of all that? An author intimately familiar with the literature of all ages and all countries, as Du Maurier unquestionably is, with an impressible soul, a retentive memory, will naturally gather up in his intellect all the thoughts and ideas of the sages, the poets, the scientists, which he has learned from their works. When such a writer comes to produce himself, all he has stored away in the receptacle of his mind unconsciously crowds upon him, and if he is capable of giving it a finished, plastic form, inspired by his own poetic mind, he becomes an original. Just try to classify him, to assign him a proper pigeon-hole, and you will find it a vain effort, and must confess that he stands out by himself, a bright star on the heavenly firmament. His name will be linked with those of Thackeray, Hawthorne, Jean Paul, George Sand, George Eliot, and the author of *Robert Elsmere*.

OUTSIDER.

JAPANESE BUDDHISM AND THE WAR WITH CHINA.

Mr. K. Ohara, of Otsu, Omi, Japan, writes us as follows:

"About twenty or more Buddhist monks have been sent to China with our army to comfort soldiers; not only ours, but also Chinese prisoners. One of our colonels who fights with his sword the enemy, protected and comforted at the same time a motherless Chinese baby, which fact proves that our army in the field does not commit atrocities, but shows charity towards the enemy. Though our soldiers are not all Buddhists, they are all of them deeply influenced by the teachings of Buddha, our Lord, who has no enemy in the great universe, but aims at establishing a universal brotherhood of all living beings. Patriotism, loyalty, obedience to the rightful laws of the country, and good-will towards all, is the outcome of the beautiful and elevating Buddhist doctrine, under the influence of which our people are instructed and brought up. Edwin Arnold is quite right when he attributes our victory and righteousness to Buddhism. (See the article in No. 388, page 4382, of *The Open Court*.) We are glad to learn that the American people appreciate our justice and love of righteousness. A few days ago I was requested to speak a few words of instruction to the Chinese prisoners here confined, and I read to them passages from your book, *The Gospel of Buddha*, such as are instructive and intelligible, and they greatly rejoiced and cried out loudly, 'kwei-sai, kwei-sai.' All of them are anxious to hear me speak again, and I shall do so, and will comfort them more frequently hereafter. They are kindly treated and are quite comfortable, for many of them are treated better here than in their own country."

NOTES.

We have just received the sad news of the death of Prof. George von Gizcyki of the University of Berlin, at the age of forty-four years. Professor Gizcyki was the author of several well-known works on philosophy and took a prominent part in the

ethical movement of Germany, having translated works of Mr. Salter, Dr. Coit, and Professor Adler, and latterly publishing a weekly paper in the interests of ethical culture. He contributed several articles to *The Open Court* and was much interested in some of its earlier discussions. Our older readers will recall his work with pleasure. A lifelong invalid, he was yet an indefatigable worker, and his loss will be widely felt.

The Journal of Education, for March 7, 1895, publishes the "Report of the Committee of Fifteen" on the correlation of studies in elementary schools. The Report was read by Dr. W. T. Harris at the Cleveland Meeting, on February 20, of this year. It is a document which no educator can afford to neglect; being a compact and luminous discussion of a question which it is imperative for the American people, more than any other, to answer fully and speedily. (Boston and Chicago.)

The latest of the many excellent magazines issued under the auspices of the University of Chicago is the *Astro-physical Journal*, an International Review of Spectroscopy and Astronomical Physics; editors, George E. Hale and James E. Keeler; assistant editors, J. S. Ames, W. W. Campbell, Henry Crew, and E. B. Frost. Its collaborators number some of the most eminent names of America and Europe. This magazine will, by its contents, general make-up, and tone, unquestionably take a rank among the first technical journals of the world—a praise that cannot be accorded to every American scientific periodical, of authoritative pretensions. (Chicago: University Press.)

A new and unique quarterly has recently seen the light of day in Paris, bearing the title of *Le Magazine International*. It is the organ of the Société Internationale Artistique, the object of which is to establish a closer union between the authors, artists, and thinkers of the world, to promote and facilitate the dissemination of modern thought in all its forms, so as to realise in the broadest sense Goethe's idea of a universal literature, and, finally, in a subordinate way, to establish at Paris a centre of internationalism. The *Magazine* presents a list of varied and entertaining contents, original contributions, translations, poetry, short stories, critical and dramatic notices, etc., and bids fair, when its relations are more extended, to become a valuable and attractive periodical, with a mission beyond the confines of France. (3, Place Wagram. Price, per annum, 10 frs.)

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