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"WOE TO THE RICH."

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

The most popular of all the stump-speeches this year will be sermons from the text: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you." Many a voter will hold to nothing in the Gospels so hopefully as to the words: "Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God." "But woe unto you that are rich; for ye have received your consolation." We need not argue about what was meant originally by such passages, and, for instance, by that in which the reason why Dives is in Hell is stated to him by Father Abraham as follows: "Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented." What is most to the purpose is that there are a great many earnest and active people who really think that the rich people are the dangerous class, that the place which stands most in need of purification is Wall Street, and that our country's worst enemies are her millionaires. Very widely circulated books take it for granted that this is an age when the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. Many a reader jumps to the conclusion that the best way to enrich the poor is to impoverish the rich. Thus the Independent Labor Party in England proposes to tax "unearned incomes" out of existence. This party also offers "remunerative work for the unemployed," which is what the Second French Republic tried to give in 1848. Laying an income tax upon the wealthy is advocated in the Democratic Platform, recently adopted at Chicago, and another of its planks denounces the gold standard, adopted in 1873, as working for "the enrichment of the money-lending class," and therefore for "the impoverishment of the people." That most influential of pamphlets, *Coin's Financial School*, has page after page telling how preference of gold to silver has made "thousands of paupers," and "tens of thousands of tramps," and how the silver standard must be adopted in order to force the bankers to "take their hands off the throat of this government," and enable the farmer and the artisan to enjoy the wealth they produce. Wendell Phillips said plainly in 1871 that "Labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates." This had already been asserted by Karl Marx, and it has become one of the vital principles of socialism. None of my readers would carry it as far as was done in 1871 by those workingmen in Paris who made a bloody attempt to overthrow the Third Republic. We have no sympathy with the burglar in the Illinois penitentiary, who recently boasted that he only robbed rich people who had no right to what he took away. We ought all, however, to honor the motives of disinterested philanthropists who seek by peaceable agitation to lift up the poor.

It should also be remembered that rich men have made many laws to increase their own wealth at the expense of their neighbors. English legislation, during the first forty years of this century, kept food almost at famine prices and wages very low, in order that high rents might be collected by owners of great estates. This was the effect of the Corn Laws; and there was too much of the same tendency, to enrich the few at the expense of the many, in the McKinley tariff, according to the opinion given by the majority of our voters in 1890 and 1892. Whether free trade would have proved as beneficial here as in England could not be determined, for it was not secured. The parable says that Dives had five brothers like himself; and some of them managed to get on the Democratic side of the Senate. Dives the Democrat worked there with Dives the Republican to make the victory of 1892 useless.

Another Democratic Convention has just met and hoisted a new banner. All through the land ring the glad tidings: "Behold, I break every yoke. The league of bankers, and manufacturers, and money-lenders, who plunder the people, shall be overthrown. Gold bugs shall be crushed. The reign of Wall Street is over. The people shall have all the money. Wages will rise, and debtors will find relief. Farmers and planters will sell their produce at high prices. There will be no more tramps, and nobody need be out of work." We are promised that if the silver coin called a dollar is made the standard of value, the currency will become too large to be locked up in Wall Street, and be large and elastic enough for all the people's needs.

This is avowedly a movement by which some of

us will gain, while others lose; and it is well to consider who the principal gainers and losers will be. Prominent among the champions of free coinage, especially in the Senate, are rich men who own silver mines, and are trying to sell bullion at higher prices than they could get otherwise. This, of course, will be their gain; and, therefore, it will be the loss of taxpayers generally. I do not denounce the silver-kings: I only want to know precisely why I ought to vote for them.

Another significant fact is that the Chicago nominee for Vice-President is a wealthy banker. Other presidents of banks favor the movement, and a millionaire in Ohio received more than fifty votes as candidate for President. These rich men understand their own interest too well to be in a party that would ruin them. Free silver and high prices would bring on very much such a state of things as we had after the gold standard was abandoned in 1861. The class that suffered least during those terrible years was that of wealthy bankers, brokers, and speculators. They bought and sold various articles, especially gold, in a rising market and at large profits. Some of them lost by having to take payments in depreciated currency from their debtors; but they did not have such long notice then as has been given now. As for farm mortgages, the millionaire has never put much money into them. His time is worth too much for such small business. He knows how to get out of any trap, before it is sprung. The rise of gold to a premium will make locking it up all the easier. If silver is not locked up also, it will be because Wall Street prefers to make the people bear the burden of a currency which is falling steadily in value, while it increases in bulk. The profit from circulating silver will go where the profit from circulating gold has gone. The thicker the grass, the easier it will be mown.

This is of little importance, however, compared with the question whether the masses will find their wages increase more or less rapidly than the cost of living. They ought not to expect any such increase in demand for labor as that between 1860 and 1865. During those four years, according to the investigations made by experts in 1892 as ordered by the Senate, there was an average increase of 43 per cent. in wages and salaries. It was found by this investigation that the increase of average prices of all articles was 116 per cent. The cost of living increased more than twice as fast as the wages and salaries did. Flour, for instance, rose from $8.25 to $16.25 a barrel, and coal from $4.00 to $10.00 a ton; but the man who earned $1.00 in 1860 was paid only $1.50 in 1865. This is what may be expected from once more discarding the gold standard. The wage-earner is to lose that the silver-king may gain. Who wants such a millennium? The farmer or planter will simply find the prices of all he buys and sells doubled or trebled. He will get more for his crops, and pay out about as much more to support his family. Merely taking in more coins and bills of less value will help him no more than if he were to sell for dimes instead of dollars. His savings may be larger, but they will be less secure. If he has debts to pay, he will be able to do so in a depreciated currency; but he has no right to expect that his fellow-citizens will help him cheat his creditor. We may pity the poor debtor who is driven by poverty into dishonesty; but we should keep some sympathy for people whose whole livelihood consists in the scanty savings which they have put out at interest. If the loaners on mortgages are to suffer, all the depositors in savings banks will be plundered also. Nothing is such a discouragement to industry as would be a deliberate attempt of the majority of voters to make the common ways of investing savings unsafe. The election of "the Boy Orator" would be a warning to every man who has money to lend or invest, that he had better send it to some old-fashioned country where there still lingers a prejudice in favor of paying one's debts. All our industries depend so much upon borrowed capital that they would all be paralysed if borrowers are to be allowed by public opinion and statute law to repudiate fifty per cent. of what they owe. It was fear of just this step towards fraudulent bankruptcy which brought on hard times in 1893. Do we want to make them harder still in 1897?

It is not necessary to dwell on such truisms as that "Honesty is the best policy;" but I must insist on the fact that it is the sacred mission of America to show to all other nations how much Democracy is worth. Are we going to announce that it means paying only fifty cents on the dollar? We are the guardians of the temple of liberty. Shall we let it be made a den of thieves? Once begin to explain away the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," and dishonesty will increase among us. The tariff controversy will not end until trade is set free; but our chief duty to our country now is to vote the friends of repudiation down.

NOTE.—I admit that silverites do not realise the injustice of their plan. How it would affect the working people may be judged from these facts. Our minister in Columbia tells us that the result there of eleven years of inflation and bimetallism has been to double rents and prices generally, while wages have risen but 50 per cent. It is reported by our minister in Chile that "The effects of the depreciated silver and paper basis," just abandoned, "were keenly felt in foreign exchanges and upon the wages of labor;"

and that "wages advanced slightly during the long period of depreciated currency, but at no such rate as to compensate for the diminished purchasing power of money." Carroll D. Wright says "that whenever prices of commodities rise, they rise higher, relatively, than does the price of labor, and that when prices go down they go down much lower, relatively, than does the price of labor, which remains ordinarily very nearly at its inflated price; for, as a matter of fact, the wages of 1890 and 1891 were very nearly as high, and in many instances quite as high, as they were in the inflated period from 1860 to 1870." *The Industrial Evolution of the United States*, p. 227.

SELF-EXTENDING PRINCIPLES.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

> "Prodigious actions may as well be done
> By weaver's issue as by prince's son."
> —*Dryden.*

So far as Secularism is reasonable, it must be self-extending among all who think. Adherents of that class are slowly acquired. Accessions begin in criticism, though that, as we have seen, is apt to stop there. In all movements the most critical persons are the least suggestive of improvements. Constructiveness only excites enthusiasm in fertile minds.

After the Cowper Street Discussion with the Rev. Brewin Grant in 1853 (*The Open Court*, No. 461), societies, halls, and newspapers adopted the Secular name. In 1863 appeared the *Christian Reasoner*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Rylance, a really reasoning clergyman, whom I afterwards had the pleasure to know in New York. His publication was intended to be a substitute for the *Reasoner*, which I had then edited for seventeen years. But when the *Reasoner* commenced, in 1846, Christian believing was far more thought of than Christian reasoning. One line in Dr. Rylance's *Christian Reasoner* was remarkable, which charged us with "forgetfulness of the necessary incompleteness of Revelation." So far from forgetting it, it was one of the grounds on which Secularism was founded. However, it is to the credit of Dr. Rylance that he should have preceded, by thirty years, the Bishop of Worcester in discerning the shortcomings of Revelation, as cited in *The Open Court*, No. 466.

In 1869 we obtained the first Act of Secular affirmation, which Mr. J. S. Mill said was mainly due to my exertions, and to my example of never taking an oath. In obtaining the Act I had no help from Mr. Bradlaugh, he being an ostentatious oath-taker at that time. It was owing to Mr. G. W. Hastings (then, or afterwards, M. P.), the founder of the Social Science Association, that the Affirmation clause was added to the Act of 1869. One of the objects we avowed was "to procure a law of affirmation for persons who objected to take the oath."[1]

Another of our aims was stated to be: "To convert churches and chapels into temples of instruction for the people . . . . to solicit priests to be teachers of useful knowledge."[2] We strove to promote these ends by holding in honor all who gave effect to such human precepts as were contained in Christianity. This fairness and justice has led many to suppose that I accepted the theological as well as the ethical passages in the Scriptures. But how can a Christian preacher be inclined to risk the suspicion of the narrower-minded members of his congregation, if no one gives him credit for doing right when he does it?

With our limited means and newness of doctrine, we could not hope to rival an opulent hierarchy and occupy its temples; but we knew that the truth, if we had it, and could diffuse it in a reasonable manner, would make its way and gradually change the convictions of a theological caste. The very nature of Freethought makes it impossible for a long time yet, that we should have many wealthy or well-placed supporters. Where the platform is open to every subject likely to be of public service—subjects suppressed everywhere else, and open to the discussion of the wise or foolish present who may arise to speak, outrages of good taste will occur. Persons who forget that abuse does not destroy use, and that freedom is more precious than propriety, cease to support a free-speaking Society. The advocacy of slave emancipation was once an outrage in America. It is now regarded as the glory of the nation. In an eloquent passage it has been pointed out what society owes to the unfriended efforts of those who established and have maintained the right of free speech.

> "Theology of the old stamp, so far from encouraging us to love nature, teaches us that it is under a curse. It teaches us to look upon the animal creation with shuddering disgust; upon the whole race of man, outside our narrow sect, as delivered over to the Devil; and upon the laws of nature at large as a temporary mechanism, in which we have been caught, but from which we are to anticipate a joyful deliverance. It is science, not theology, which has changed all this; it is the atheists, infidels, and rationalists, as they are kindly called, who have taught us to take fresh interest in our poor fellow denizens of the world, and not to despise them because Almighty Benevolence could not be expected to admit them to Heaven. To the same teaching we owe the recognition of the noble aspirations embodied in every form of religion, and the destruction of the ancient monopoly of divine influences."[3]

Those who, in storm and stress, bring truth into the world may not be able to complete its triumph, but it makes its own way, and finally conquers the understanding of mankind.

[1] *Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People*, p. 12; 1854. Fifteen years before the first Act was passed.

[2] *Secularism the Practical Philosophy of the People*, by G. J. Holyoake, p. 12; 1854.

[3] Leslie Stephens's *Freethinking and Plain Speaking*.

Priestley, without fortune, with only the slender income of a Unitarian minister, created and kept up a chemical laboratory. There alone he discovered oxygen. Few regarded him, few applauded him; only a few Parisian philosophers thanked him. He had no disciples to spread his new truth. He was not even tolerated in the town which he endowed with the fame of his priceless discovery. His house was burnt by a Church-and-King mob; his instruments, books, and manuscripts destroyed; and he had to seek his fortune in a foreign land.

Yet what has come out of his discovery? It has become part of the civilisation of the world, and mankind owe more to him than they yet understand. When a young man, he forsook the Calvinism in which he was reared. "I came," he said, "to embrace what is called heterodox views on every question."[1] He cared for this world as well as for another, and hence was distrusted by all "true believers." Though he had "spiritual hopes," he agreed that he should be called a materialist.

We have now had (1895) a London Reform Sunday, more than two hundred and fifty (one list gave four hundred) preachers of all denominations taking for their unprecedented text, "The Duties and Responsibilities of Citizenship,"—a thing the most sanguine deemed incredible when suggested by me in 1854.[2] Within twenty years Dr. Felix Adler has founded noble Ethical Societies. Dr. Stanton Coit is extending them in Great Britain. They are Secularist societies in their nature. South Place Chapel now has taken the name of Ethical Society. Since the days of W. J. Fox, who first made it famous, it has been the only successor in London of the Moral Church opened by Thomas Holcroft. Though modern Secular societies, to which these pages relate, have been anti-theological mainly, the Secular Society of Leicester is a distinguished exception. It has long had a noble hall of its own, and from the earliest inception of Secularism it has been consistent and persistent in its principles. As stated elsewhere,[3] the "Principles of Secularism" were submitted to John Stuart Mill in 1854, and his approval was of importance in the eyes of their advocates. In the first issue of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* a special article appeared upon these views, and in the later issue of that work in 1888 a new article was written on Secularism. In the Rev. Dr. Molesworth's *History of England* a very clear account was given of the rise of Secularist opinions. This will be sufficient information for readers unacquainted with the subject.

The cause of reason has had more to confront than the cause of Christianity, which has always been on the side of power since the days of Christ. The two most influential ideas which, in every age since Christianity arose, have given it currency among the ignorant and the credulous, have been the ideas of Hell and prayer. Hell has been the terror, and prayer the bribe, which have won the allegiance of the timid and the needy. These two master passions of alarm and despair have brought the unfortunate portions of mankind to the foot of the Cross.

The cause of reason has no advantages of this nature, and only the intelligent have confidence in its progress. If we have expected to do more than we have, we are not the only party who have been prematurely sanguine. The Rev. David Bogue, preaching in Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-Court Road, at the foundation of the Foreign Missionary Society (1790) of the Congregational denomination, exclaimed amid almost unequalled enthusiasm: "We are called together this evening to the funeral of bigotry." Judging from what has happened since, bigotry was not dead when its funeral was prepared, or it was not effectually buried, as it has been seen much about since that day.

Bigotry, like Charles II., takes an unconscionable time in dying. Down to Sir Charles Lyell's days, so harmless a study as geology was distrusted, and Lyell, like Priestley, had to seek auditors in America. While he lectured at Boston to 1,500 persons, 2,000 more were unable to obtain tickets, which were bought at a guinea each *extra*. At our great ancient seat of learning, Oxford, Buckland lectured on the same interesting subject to an audience of three.

Secularism keeps the lamp of free thought burning by aiding and honoring all who would infuse an ethical passion into those who lead the growing army of independent thinkers. Our lamp is not yet a large one, and its supply of oil is limited by Christian law; but, like the fire in the Temple of Montezuma, we keep it burning. In all the centuries since the torch of free thought was first lighted, though often threatened, often assailed, often dimned, it has never been extinguished. We could not hope to captivate society by splendid edifices, nor many cultivated advocates; but truth of principle will penetrate where those who maintain it will never be seen and never heard. The day cometh when other torches will be lighted at the obscure fire, which, borne aloft by other and stronger hands, will shed lasting illumination where otherwise darkness would permanently prevail. As Elizabeth Barrett Browning has said: "Truth is like sacramental bread,—we must pass it on."

[1] See *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (1888); article: Priestley.

[2] We have now a Museum Sunday. Even twenty years ago those who advocated the Sunday opening of museums were counted irreverent and beyond the pale of grace. Their opening is now legalised (1896).

[3] *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*, Chap. CX.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.[1]

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

When I had rested two days, and fasted and prayed, without, however, bestowing so much as a single glance of sight-seeing on Vienna, I summoned courage, went forth from the hotel and across the street to the famous house. I was told that Beethoven was not at home. Secretly, I was glad to hear it, for it afforded me time to collect myself again. But when I had received the same reply four more times in the course of the day, each time in a certain increasing asperity of tone, I made up my mind that this was an unlucky day, and morosely abandoned my call for that day.

As I was returning to the hotel, lo! my Englishman, up on the first floor, nodded pleasantly down to me.

"Have you seen Beethoven?" he called out.

"Not yet; he wasn't in," I replied, surprised at meeting him again.

He came out to meet me in the stairway and pressed me, with a marked degree of friendliness, to enter his apartment.

"I saw you go five times to-day to Beethoven's house. I have now been here many days, and have taken quarters in this odious hotel, simply to be near Beethoven. Believe me, it is very difficult to get a word with Beethoven; the gentleman seems to have whims and plenty of them. I made six efforts the first trial, and was each time denied. Now I rise very early in the morning and sit till late in the evening, watching at my window to see when Beethoven goes abroad. But the gentleman appears *never* to go abroad."

"And so you believe that Beethoven has been home all day to-day, too, and that he purposely had me refused?"

"Certainly. You and I, both of us have been refused. I am very sore over it. For I have come hither, not to see Vienna, but Beethoven."

This was very disconsolate information for me. Nevertheless, I tried my fortune again on the following day; once more without effect,—the gates of heaven remained closed against me.

My Englishman, who continued to watch my efforts from his window, always with the closest attention, had now gotten the assurance, from inquiries he had made, that Beethoven did not live on the side toward the street. He was very much irritated, but his persistence never flagged.

For my part, my patience was soon exhausted. For I had far more urgent reasons to feel thus. A week had gradually passed by and still I had not accomplished my design; and the little fortune from my galops would not permit of a very long stay in Vienna. Little by little I began to lose hope.

I confided my sorrows to mine host. He smiled and promised to let me know the cause of my ill success, if I would vow not to tell it to the Englishman. Half suspecting now what had been my evil star, I gave him the promise he demanded.

"Well, you see," mine honest host then said, "there is a continual stream of Englishmen hither, who wish to see Beethoven and try to get an introduction to him. He is so irritated by it, and he feels such wrath against the insistence of these people, that he has made it impossible for a stranger to get to him. He is different from other men and we must pardon him for this course. It is a very good thing for my hotel, however; for the house is usually filled with Englishmen, who, because of the difficulty of gaining admittance to Beethoven, are compelled to be my guests for a much longer time than otherwise would be the case. But since you have promised not to frighten these good people away, I hope to find a way whereby you may reach Herr Beethoven."

This was edifying. I could not attain my object, then, because, poor soul, I was taken for an Englishman! O, my premonition was right; that Englishman was my ruin!

I was for leaving the hotel upon the instant. For, no doubt, every one who stopped in it was taken for an Englishman, over in Beethoven's house; and that alone sufficed to put me under the ban. Still, the promise of the inn-keeper, that he would provide me with an opportunity to see and speak to Beethoven, restrained me.

In the meantime, the Englishman—whom I now detested from the very bottom of my heart—had been trying the efficacy of all kinds of intrigue and bribery; always, however, without result.

Thus several more days passed fruitlessly away, during which the profits of my galops melted visibly; when mine host whispered in confidence to me that I could not fail of seeing Beethoven if I betook myself to a certain beer-garden which he was accustomed to frequent at a particular hour. At the same time I received from my adviser some infallible notes about the personal appearance of the great master, by which I might recognise him.

I took fresh courage, and determined not to delay my good fortune a day. It was impossible for me to meet Beethoven at his door, so I had found,—for in going out he always left his house by a rear door. So there was nothing left to me but the beer-garden. But, unfortunately, I sought the master there in vain, not only on this day, but on the next two following days also. Then, on the fourth, as I was once more directing my steps, at the proper hour, to the fateful

[1] Translated from the German by O. W. Weyer.

beer-garden, I became to my utter consternation aware that the Englishman was dogging my steps, cautiously and suspiciously, at some distance behind me. The wretch, always on the lookout from his window, had not allowed it to escape him that I had been going out daily, always at the same hour, and always in the same direction. This, of course, struck him; and at once suspecting that I had run upon some secret path to find Beethoven, he had instantly determined to derive advantage from my supposed discovery.

He told me all this with the greatest candor, and declared, in the same breath, that he intended to follow me wherever I went. In vain I tried to deceive him and to have him believe that it was merely my intention to go to a beer-garden for some modest refreshment, much too unfashionable a place for a gentleman of his rank to care for. But he remained firm in his determination, and there was nothing left me but to curse my luck. Finally I tried the effect of incivility, attempting to drive him off with a gruff rudeness of speech. But far from suffering himself to be disconcerted or angered by it, he contented himself with a soft smile. It was his fixed idea to see Beethoven; he was indifferent to everything else.

And really this day it was to happen that I should see the great Beethoven for the first time. Nothing can describe my complete absorption, but at the same time my utter wrath, as, sitting at the side of the English gentleman, I saw the man approach whose carriage and appearance so thoroughly corresponded with the description which the innkeeper had given me of the master: the long, blue, great coat, the confusion of tangled gray hair, and furthermore the glance and the expression of countenance as they had long been accustomed to float in my imagination, after a good portrait I had often seen. A mistake was impossible. I recognised him on the instant. With short, rapid steps he approached and passed before us. Awe and the suddenness of the surprise enchained my senses.

The Englishman lost none of my motions. He observed the new arrival curiously, who, retiring into the farthest corner of the garden (at this hour but little frequented), ordered some wine, and then sat for some time in a posture of thought. My loudly beating heart told me: "It is he." I forgot my neighbor for some moments, and gazed, with a greedy eye, and in an indescribable state of emotion, at the man whose genius had ruled, to the exclusion of everything else, over all my thoughts and feelings ever since I had learned to think and feel. Involuntarily I began to commune with myself in a low tone of voice and fell into a sort of monologue which closed with the words, only too portentous:

"Beethoven, it is you, then, whom I see before me?"

Nothing escaped my unhallowed neighbor, who, inclined closely to me, his breath repressed, had overheard my whispers. I was alarmed from my profound ecstasy by the words:—

"Yes! this gentleman is Beethoven! Come, let us introduce ourselves at once."

Filled both with anxiety and resentment, I clasped the accursed Englishman by the arm and restrained him.

"What is it you are about to do?" I cried. "Do you want to compromise both of us? Here in this place? So utterly forgetful of all propriety?"

"O," he rejoined, this is an excellent opportunity. We shall not easily find a better one."

Thereupon he drew from his pocket what appeared to be a manuscript roll of music, and was about to march directly upon the man in the blue great-coat. Entirely beside myself, I grasped the reckless man's coat-tails and shouted impetuously at him:—

"Are you crazy?"

This occurrence, brief as it was, had sufficed to attract the attention of the stranger. He seemed to guess, with a feeling of mortification, that he was the object of our excitement, and, hastily draining his glass, he arose to leave. Hardly had the Englishman observed the action, when he tore himself from my grasp with such force as to leave one of his coat-tails in my extended hand, and put himself in Beethoven's way. The latter sought to avoid by passing round him. But the good-for-nothing anticipated the purpose, bowed magnificently before him after the form prescribed by the latest English fashion, and addressed him as follows:—

"I have the honor to introduce myself to the very celebrated composer, the most honorable Herr Beethoven."

He had no need to add more. For at the very first words, and after one sharp glance at myself, Beethoven, wheeling quickly to one side, disappeared with the quickness of a flash from the garden. Nothing daunted, however, the stolid Briton was for hastening after him, when I, in my furious wrath, could not refrain from laying violent hands on the remaining one of his coat-tails. He halted. The episode had in a measure astonished him, and he cried out in a queer tone of voice:—

"By Jove! This gentleman is worthy to be an Englishman! He is indeed a great man, and I shall not fail to make his acquaintance!"

I stood as one petrified. For me this dreadful adventure meant the destruction of all hope of ever seeing my heart's dearest wish fulfilled.

It was perfectly clear that henceforth every effort

to approach Beethoven in the conventional way would be fruitless. In view of the state of my finances, now wholly ruinous, I was at length forced to make up my mind whether I should instantly start on my return homeward, leaving my designs unaccomplished, or whether in the hope of yet accomplishing them I should not attempt one final, desperate step more. I shuddered to the very bottom of my soul as I contemplated the former alternative. For who could, having after so much labor approached so closely to the very portals of the holy of holies, see them eternally closing against him, without being utterly prostrated?

I resolved, therefore, before I should wholly abandon my soul's salvation, to try yet some desperate step. But what was that step? What course should I pursue? For a long time I could think of nothing that promised success. Alas, my whole intellect had been lamed! Nothing offered itself to my excited phantasy, but the remembrance of what I had been compelled to endure, as I stood there, grasping with both my hands the rended coat-tail of the unspeakable Englishman. The sharp glance, which Beethoven had thrown askance toward my unhappy self at the very moment of this dread catastrophe, had not escaped me. I felt only too keenly, what was the meaning of that glance,—it had forever stamped me as an Englishman!

What should be my course to undeceive this suspicion of the master. Everything depended upon my succeeding in having him learn that I was but a simple German soul, full of terrestrial poverty, but celestial enthusiasm.

I decided, finally, to pour my whole heart out,—to write. This happened. I wrote; briefly related my life, how it was I had become a musician, how I worshipped him, how it was my humble suit to make his acquaintance, how I had sacrificed two whole years acquiring a name as a galop-composer, how I had entered upon and completed my pilgrimage, what misfortunes the Englishman had brought upon me, and how pitiful my present condition was.

And perceptibly feeling my heart grow lighter as I thus proceeded with the recital of my woes, the keen enjoyment of this feeling insensibly led me to adopt a style of respectful familiarity. I wove into the letter some very candid and rather forcible expressions of reproof against the unjust severity with which the master had seen fit to treat my poor self. I was virtually in an inspired state as at length I finished the letter. My eyes fairly swam as I wrote the address: "To Herr Ludwig von Beethoven." Then I breathed a heartfelt silent prayer, and myself delivered the letter at Beethoven's house.

As I was returning to the hotel, wrapt in my enthusiasm,—heavens! who was it, at this juncture, too, thrust that fearful Englishman upon my vision! From his window he had seen this latest of my journeys, also. He read at once the joy with which hope had made my face radiant: that was enough to subject me to his spell again. Surely enough, he stopped me in the stairway with the inquiry:

"What hopes? Good? When shall we see Beethoven?"

"Never! Never!" I cried in desperation. "You,—Beethoven wishes never to see you again. Leave me, miserable sir! We have nothing in common."

"Yes, indeed, we have something in common," he replied, unmoved. "Where is my coat-tail, sir? Who authorised you to deprive me of it violently, as you did? Are you not aware that you are to blame that Beethoven conducted himself toward me as he did? How could he, with any propriety, permit himself to form the acquaintance of a gentleman with but one coat-tail?"

I was exasperated at having this blame loaded upon my shoulders.

"Sir!" I shouted, "You shall have back your coat-tail! I trust you will preserve it, with feelings of shame, as a memento of how you mortally offended the great Beethoven and plunged a poor musician into ruin. Farewell! and may we never see each other again!"

He sought to detain and calm me, assuring me that he still possessed a great number of coats in the very best condition. Only, I should let him know when Beethoven would receive us. Past all restraint, however, I stormed violently aloft to my fifth story. There I locked myself in and awaited Beethoven's answer.

How shall I describe what transpired within me, about me, when, really, within an hour or so, I received a small bit of note-paper upon which was written in a hasty hand:

"Pardon me, Mr. R., if I request that you will defer your call until to-morrow morning. I am busily engaged to-day in getting a packet of musical work ready for the next post. I shall look for you to-morrow. Beethoven."

First, I sank upon my knees and thanked Heaven for this extraordinary mark of favor; my eyes were dim with the most devoutly grateful tears. Then, at length, my feelings burst forth in the wildest demonstrations of joy, and I danced about in my little room like one bereft of reason. I do not recall what I was dancing, only that—to my utter shame—I became suddenly conscious of whistling one of my own galops as an accompaniment. This mortifying discovery brought me to my senses. I forsook my little chamber and

the hotel. Intoxicated with joy, I ran out into the streets of Vienna.

Wondrous Providence! My woes had caused me entirely to lose sight of the fact that I was in Vienna. But now, how the cheery bustle and activity of the inhabitants of the imperial city delighted me! Being in a state of enthusiasm, I saw everything through the enthusiast's eye. The rather shallow sensualism of the Viennese appeared to me to be the impulsive outbursts of ardent natures. Their light-hearted, not too discriminating lust of pleasure, I thought a spontaneous and candid responsiveness to all that is beautiful. I scanned the five daily announcements of the theaters. Lo! on one of them I read: "*Fidelio*, An Opera by Beethoven."

I at once made up my mind to go to this theater, no matter to what appalling extent the profits of my galops had melted away. When I got to the cheap standing-room for which I could pay, the overture was just beginning. The opera was a revision of the earlier one, which, under the title of "Leonore" had met with failure, much, I must say, to the credit of the profound and discriminating Viennese public. I had never seen a performance of the work in the form of "Leonore"; my great delight may therefore be imagined as I now beheld the magnificent new opera at its initial appearance. It was a very young girl that rendered the Leonore; but despite her extreme youth, the songstress seemed already to have become firmly wedded to the genius of Beethoven. With what glowing ardor, what poetry of feeling, what impressive effect she portrayed this extraordinary woman! Her name was Wilhelmine Schroeder. She it is who earned the high renown of having revealed the depths of Beethoven's work to the German public. Indeed, on this evening I saw her performance carry away even the superficial Viennese in a rapture of enthusiasm. As for me, heaven itself seemed to open. I was in a glory and worshipped that genius, which—like Floristan—had led me forth from night to light, from fetters to freedom.

I could not sleep that night. The recollection of what I had just experienced, and the contemplation of what awaited me on the morrow,—it was all too great and overwhelming to translate peacefully into the domain of dreams. I remained awake, revelling in anticipations and schooling myself for my appearance before Beethoven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUR BRAHMAN PANDITS ANXIOUS TO AVOID DEATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE BY D. HAYASHI.

THUS I have heard. On a certain day Buddha dwelt at Anâthapindika's garden in Shravasti. Buddha then addressed the bhikshus:

In olden times four Brahman pandits, who were earnestly studying the five supernatural powers,[1] remained always in fear of death.

One day, they thought, how shall we gain life everlasting, and in what place?

The first Brahman said, "I have acquired supernatural power, therefore I will enter into the sky; for I think, death will not be there." And he went into the sky, but there he finally died.

The second Brahman said, "I trust that I can avoid death in the great sea." So he entered into the sea, but there he died.

The third Brahman said, "I will be free from death in the mountain." So he went to the mountain, but there, at last, he also met death.

The fourth Brahman said, "I will enter into the ground, where I expect to find life everlasting." Thus he went into the ground, where he died.

Having related in his supreme wisdom the miserable fate of the four Brahman pandits, Buddha recited to his disciples this verse:

> "Death cannot be avoided in the sky,
> Nor in the sea, nor in the mountain,
> Nor in the ground.
> [For Nirvâna] is not a place that can be pointed here or there.
> Only if delivered from these
> Will you never meet death."

The bhikshus heard the words of Buddha and were full of exceeding joy.

TOYOTSU, MURA. ANGEGORI.

[1] Viz., "the here and there," that is to say, space-existence in the sky, the sea, the mountain, and the ground. Nirvâna is a comprehension of the truth that life does not consist of material existence, but is of a spiritual nature. He is liberated, who identifies himself with the ideal of truth and moral aspirations. He has attained Nirvâna and will not meet death.

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