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MARTIN LUTHER.¹

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[CONTINUED.]

THE OUTLAW OF THE WARTBURG.

The Emperor was more concerned than ever that an end be made of the stubborn heretic, for he had just made an alliance with the Pope and taken the obligation to root out the false doctrine of Luther. But most of the German princes, and notably the Archbishop of Treves himself, demanded further negotiations in private circles, where personal influence would count, and a regard for the unconciliatory disposition of the Germans compelled the Emperor to yield a second time.

It was now Luther's task to withstand the shrewd and earnest appeals of those whom he himself esteemed. In those negotiations many concessions were made to him, but he must recognise the supreme judgment of a general council. He insisted upon his assertion that even a council could err, as it did err at Constance. At last Richard of Treves saw that nothing could be gained by negotiation with such a man. Luther himself begged to be dismissed, and the mediators left him with respectful adieus. The hours of these noiseless discussions contributed nothing to the settlement of the dispute, and, in parting, Luther spoke the devout words: "As it pleased the Lord, so has it come about; the name of the Lord be praised!"

Great elation and joy possessed his mind at the wonderful victory of his cause, which he had sustained before the Emperor and the princes of the realm. It was in vain that enemies tried, by finding fault with his appearance and bearing, to detract from the great impression. He had become a hero to the people, who looked up to him with adoration and anxious sympathy. All prudent men saw that this teacher of the people, if he lived, would become a mighty power, not only for the doctrine of the Church but also for the political fortunes of the empire.

The greatest care of his friends was to save him from destruction.

At Worms, Luther was informed that he must disappear for a time. The habits of the Frankish knights, among whom he had loyal admirers, suggested the

idea of having him seized by men-at-arms. Prince-Elector Frederick counselled with his faithful men about the abduction. And it was quite in keeping with the character of that prince that he did not want to know the place where Luther was to be kept, in order to be able to confirm his ignorance by oath in case of necessity. Nor was it easy to win Luther's favor for the plan, for his brave heart had long since overcome worldly fear, and it was with an enthusiastic joy, in which there was much fanaticism and some humor, that he looked upon the attempts of the Romanists to remove from this world him over whom Another was disposing Who only spoke through his mouth.

There are many passages to show how complacently he looked upon death. Here is one written during the Wartburg period in the introduction to the Gospel-Reading of the Ten Lepers (Sept. 17, 1521): "Poor friar that I am, I have once more lighted a fire, I have bitten a great hole in the pockets of the papists, because I assailed the confessional. Where shall I now hide myself, and where will they now get enough sulphur, pitch, fire, and wood to destroy the venomous heretic? They will have to take out the church windows, since some holy fathers and gentlemen of the cloth preach that they must have air to proclaim the Gospel, i. e., to malign Luther, to cry murder and spit fire. What else could they preach to the poor people? Each one must preach as he can. But 'Kill, kill, kill the heretic!' they cry. 'He wants to turn all things upside down and upset the whole clerical profession, on which all Christendom rests.' Now, I hope, if I am worthy of it, they will succeed and kill me and over me fill the measure of their fathers. But it is not yet time, my hour is not yet come, I must first stir the wrath of the viper-brood more fiercely, and honestly deserve death from them, that they may have cause to perform a great service of God upon me."

Reluctantly Luther submitted to the plan of his friends. The secret was not easily kept, however adroitly the abduction to the Wartburg was planned. At first only Melanchthon, among the men of Wittenberg, knew of his whereabouts. Now, Luther was not at all the man to submit even to the best-meant intrigues. There soon began a busy running of messengers between the Wartburg and Wittenberg; no mat-

¹Translated by H. E. O. Heinemann.

ter what care was employed in transmitting the letters, it was difficult to disprove the rumor.

Luther, on the Wartburg, learned sooner than the men of Wittenberg what happened in the great world; he received intelligence of all the new happenings of his university and tried to sustain the courage of his friends and to guide their policy. Truly touching are his efforts to encourage Melancthon who, in his impractical nature, felt painfully the absence of his strong friend. "It will go along without me," wrote Luther, "only have courage, I am no longer necessary to you; if I come forth and cannot again return to Wittenberg, I shall go into the world. You are the man to hold the fortress of the Lord against the Devil, without me."

His letters were addressed "from the air," "from Patmos," "from the desert," "among the birds which sing sweetly from the trees and praise God with all their might day and night."

Once he tried to be crafty. In a missive to Spalatin he enclosed a decoy letter; it was believed, he wrote, without reason, that he was on the Wartburg; he was living among loyal brothers; it was remarkable that no one thought of Bohemia; there was added a thrust—not a malicious one—at Duke George of Saxony, his most zealous enemy. Spalatin was to lose this letter with careful negligence so that it might reach the hands of his adversaries. But in such diplomacy he was not consistent, for as soon as his leonine nature was aroused by a piece of intelligence he would forthwith resolve to depart for Erfurt or Wittenberg.

He bore the idleness of his sojourn hard. He was treated with the greatest attention by the commander of the castle, and this care was shown, as was then the custom, in the first place, by the loyal keeper furnishing his best in the matter of food and drink. The rich life, the lack of exercise, the fresh mountain air into which the theologian was transplanted, had their effects on soul and body. He had brought from Worms a bodily ailment; then there came hours of dark melancholy unfitting him even for work.

Two days in succession he joined in the chase. But his heart was with the few hares and partridges that were being driven into the nets by the throng of men and dogs. "Innocent little beasts! That is the papists' fashion of hunting." To save the life of a little hare he folded it up in the sleeve of his coat, but the dogs came and broke its legs within the folds of the protecting coat. "So does Satan," said he, "chafe against the souls which I try to save."

A CONTEMPORARY'S DESCRIPTION OF LUTHER.

An excellent report of the personality of Luther in the days of his residence on the Wartburg is still extant in Johannes Kessler's *Sabbata*, a chronicle of

the years 1523–1539, edited by E. Götzinger. When travelling with a friend from Switzerland to Saxony, Kessler met Luther, who had left the Wartburg for a short time and was secretly riding towards Wittenberg in the garb of a knight. Their meeting is so vividly described by the young student that it should not be omitted here.

Johannes Kessler, born about 1502, the son of poor burghers of St. Gall, Switzerland, attended the monastery school of that place, studied theology at Basel, and in the early spring of 1522 went with a companion to Wittenberg to continue his studies under the reformers. In the winter of 1523 he returned home, and, since the new doctrine had no abiding place yet in that country and he was very poor, he resolved to learn a trade. He turned saddler. A little congregation soon gathered about him; he taught, preached, worked in his shop, and wrote books, finally became a school teacher, librarian, and member of the board of education. His was a modest, gentle, pure nature, with a heart full of love and mild warmth. He took no active part in the theological controversies of his age. His tale begins:

"While travelling to Wittenberg to study the Holy Scripture we came to Jena, in the Thuringian land, in a thunder-storm which, Heaven knows, raged furiously, and after much inquiry in the city for a night's lodging we failed to secure any, being refused everywhere. For it was Shrove-Tuesday, when little care was taken of pilgrims and strangers. We turned to go out of the city and continue our journey in hope of finding a village where we could be lodged. Under the gate we met a respectable man who accosted us kindly and asked whether we were bound so late, as we could not before night reach any house or shelter where we would be kept. Moreover, the road was easily missed and we might be lost. So he advised us to remain.

"We answered: 'Dear father, we called at all the inns to which we were directed hither and thither, but everywhere we were turned away and denied lodging, hence we must needs go on our way.' Whereupon he asked if we had inquired at the Black Bear. We said: 'We did not see it. Tell us, kind sir, where shall we find it?' He showed it to us, a little outside of the city. And when we saw the Black Bear, lo, while all other inn-keepers had previously denied us lodging, this one came to the door, received us, and kindly offered to lodge us, and led us into the room.

"There we found a man sitting alone at the table, and before him lay a little book. He greeted us kindly, bade us come near and sit at the table with him. For our shoes—if I may be permitted to say so—were so covered with dirt and mud that for shame we did not enter the room merrily, but stealthily sat down on a

bench near the door. He offered us to drink, which we could not refuse. So, seeing his kindness and cordiality, we sat down at his table, as he had bidden, and had a measure of wine served that we might return the compliment and offer him to drink. We thought nothing else than that he was a horseman who sat there according to the custom of the country, with a red leather cap, in hose and doublet, without armor, a sword at his side, the right hand on the pommel, the left grasping the hilt. His eyes were black and deep set, shining and sparkling like stars, so that one might not well bear to look into them.

“But he soon began to ask whence we came, answering himself, however: ‘You are Swiss. From what part of Switzerland?’ We replied: ‘From St. Gall.’ Then he said: ‘If you go from here to Wittenberg, as I hear is your intention, you will find good countrymen, Dr. Jerome Schurf and his brother, Dr. Augustin.’

“We said: ‘We have letters to them.’ Then we asked him again: ‘Sir, can you inform us if Martin Luther is at present staying in Wittenberg or at what place else he is?’

“Said he: ‘I have certain information that Luther is not at Wittenberg just at present, but he is soon to go there. Philippus Melanchthon is there, however; he teaches the Greek language, as others also teach the Hebrew. In good faith, I will counsel you to study both for they are necessary to understand the Holy Scripture.’

“Said we: ‘God be praised. For if God gives us life we will not stop till we see and hear this man. For his sake we have undertaken this journey, since we heard that he wants to upset the priesthood and the mass as not being based on a solid foundation. Since we have been educated and destined by our parents from childhood to be priests, we would fain hear what manner of instruction he would give us and by what right he means to carry out his purpose.’

“After such words he asked: ‘Where did you study so far?’ We answered: ‘At Basel.’ Then he said: ‘How is it at Basel? Is Erasmus Rotterdamus there yet? What does he do?’

“‘Sir,’ we said, ‘we know nothing else than that all is well there. Erasmus is there, also, but what he does is unknown and hidden from all, since he keeps himself very quiet and secret.’

“These speeches seemed very strange to us in the horseman, that he could speak of the two Schurfs, of Philippus and Erasmus, likewise of the need of both the Greek and the Hebrew tongues. Furthermore, he spoke a few Latin words between, so that it would seem to us he was a different person from a common horseman.

“‘Dear sirs,’ he asked us, ‘what do they think of Luther in the Swiss country?’

“‘Sir, there, as everywhere, there are various opinions. Some cannot extol him enough and thank God that He revealed His truth through him and made known the errors; others, above all the clergy, condemn him as an intolerable heretic.’

“He said: ‘I can imagine it well, it is the priests.’

“With such conversation we began to feel at home, so that my companion picked up the book lying before him and opened it. It was a Hebrew psalter. He laid it down again quickly, and the horseman put it away. Then arose still more doubt as to who he was. And my companion said: ‘I would give a finger off my hand if I understood that language.’ ‘You will understand it well enough if you are industrious,’ said the stranger; ‘I also desire to learn it better, and practise it daily.’

“In the meantime the day went down; it became very dark, and the innkeeper came to the table. When he heard our great desire for Mr. Luther he said: ‘Dear boys, if you had been here two days ago you would have been gratified, for here at this table he sat, at that place,’ pointing with his finger. We were much vexed and angry that we had been delayed, and vented our ill-humor on the muddy and bad roads which had hindered us. Yet we said: ‘We are glad, however, that we sit in the house and at the table where he sat.’ The innkeeper laughed and went out.

“After a little while the innkeeper called me out before the door. I was frightened and thought of what I might have done that was improper or might have given offence.

“And the landlord said to me: ‘Since I see that you honestly desire to see and hear Luther—it is he that sits with you.’

“I took the words for a jest and said: ‘Mine host, you are making sport of me and want to satisfy my desire by an illusion.’ He replied: ‘It is he, assuredly. But do not act as though you knew or recognised him.’ I allowed the landlord to be right, but could not believe it. I returned into the room and sat down at the table. I was anxious to tell my companion what the landlord said. At last I turned to him and whispered secretly: ‘The landlord told me that man was Luther.’ Like myself, he would not believe it and said: ‘Perhaps he said it was Hutten, and you did not understand him aright?’ Since the horseman’s garb and his manner also reminded me more of Hutten, the knight, than of Luther, the monk, I was easily persuaded that he said: ‘It is Hutten,’ the beginnings of the two names sounding alike. What I said after that, therefore, was uttered as though I was speaking to Sir Huldreich *ab* Hutten, the knight.

"During all this, there entered two merchants who also wanted to remain over night, and after undressing and laying aside their outer garments and spurs, one of them laid by his side an unbound book. Martinus asked what the book was. He said: 'It is Doctor Luther's explication of some gospels and epistles, only recently printed and issued. Did you never see it?' Martinus replied: 'They will reach me soon.' The landlord said: 'Now sit down at the table, we will eat.' But we spoke and asked the landlord to be indulgent with us and give us something apart. But the landlord said: 'My dear lads, sit at the table with the gentlemen, I will serve you in proper manner.' Martinus, hearing this, said: 'Come with us, I will settle the bill with the landlord.'

"During the meal, Martinus spoke many pious, kindly discourses, so that the merchants and ourselves attended more to his words than to the food. Among other things, he complained with a sigh that just then the princes and lords were assembled at the Diet at Nuremberg on account of the Word of God, the pending controversies, and the burdens of the nation, but were inclined to nothing more than spending their time in costly tournaments, sleigh-rides, immoral practices, and ostentatious pageantries, whereas piety and earnest prayers to God would be of much greater help. 'But such are our Christian princes.' Further, he said he hoped that the truth of the Gospels would bear more fruit among our children and posterity, who would not be poisoned by the errors of popery but would stand upon the clear truth and the Word of God, than among the parents in whom error was so deeply rooted that it could not well be eradicated.

"Afterwards the merchants also stated their own opinions, and the elder one said: 'I am a simple, plain layman, and not expert in these controversies, but this I say: As the matter appears to me, Luther must be either an angel from Heaven or a devil from Hell. I am minded to spend ten florins for his sake that I may confess to him, for I believe he would and could well enlighten my conscience.' In the meantime the landlord came to us and said: 'Have no care for the bill, Martinus settled for the supper for you.' This made us very happy, not for the sake of the money and the pleasure of the meal, but that this man had entertained us as guests. After supper the merchants arose and went into the stable to provide for the horses. Meanwhile Martinus remained alone with us in the room. We thanked him for his kindness and the honor done us, and gave him to understand that we thought he was Ulrich *ab* Hutten. But he said: 'I am not he.'

"The landlord came in and Martinus said: 'I have become a nobleman this night, for these Swiss take me for Ulrich *ab* Hutten.' Said the landlord: 'You are

not he, but you are Martinus Luther.' He smiled and said, jesting: 'They take me for Hutten and you take me for Luther, soon I shall be Marcolfus.'¹ And after such conversation he took a tall beer glass and said, after the fashion of the country: 'My Swiss friends, let us drink one friendly draught for a blessing.' And as I was about to take the glass from him he changed the glass and offering me a glass of wine instead, said: 'You are unaccustomed to beer, drink this wine.' With that he arose, threw the cloak over his arm and took his leave. He offered us his hand and said: 'When you reach Wittenberg, give my love to Dr. Jerome Schurf.' Said we: 'We shall gladly do so, but how shall we name you that he may understand your greeting?' Said he: 'Say nothing more than this: He who is coming sends his greeting, and he will understand the words at once.' So he left us and went to rest.

"The merchants returned to the room and ordered the landlord to bring them another drink, over which they held much conversation with respect to the guest who had sat with them and who he might be. The landlord intimated that he took him to be Luther, and the merchants were soon convinced and regretted that they had spoken awkwardly of him. They said they would rise earlier in the morning before he rode off, and would beg him not to be angry with them nor remember it with ill-feeling that they did not recognise him. So it was done, and they found him in the morning in the stable. But Martinus replied: 'You said last night at the evening meal you would spend ten florins on account of Luther to confess to him. If you ever come to confess to him you will see and be sure whether I am Martinus Luther.' Further than that he did not disclose his identity, but mounted soon after and rode towards Wittenberg.

"The same day we travelled towards Naumburg, and as we came to a village—it lies at the foot of a mountain which is called Orlamunde, and the village is named Nasshausen—there was a stream flowing through the village which had overflowed with excessive rains so that no one could ride across on horseback. We stopped in that village and by accident met the two merchants at the inn, who entertained us as guests for the sake of Luther.

"The following Saturday, the day before the first Sunday in Lent, we entered the house of Dr. Jerome Schurf to deliver our letters. As we were called into the room, lo, we found the horseman Martinus, just as in Jena. And with him were Philippus Melancthon, Justus Jodocus Jonas, Nicolaus Amsdorf, and Dr. Augustin Schurf, who were telling him what had happened at Wittenberg during his absence. He

¹A popular comical figure, not unlike Punch and Judy of modern times. See *Dialogue of Solomon and Saturn* (Marcolff).

greeted us and laughed, pointed with his finger and said: 'This is Philip Melanchthon, of whom I have told you.'"

In the ingenuous story of Kessler nothing is more remarkable than the serene unconcern of the mighty man who rode through Thuringia, outlawed and accursed, his heart filled with passionate anxiety for the greatest danger threatening his doctrine—the fanaticism of his own partisans.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ADVANTAGES OF SELF-RESIGNATION.

BOTH Buddhism and Christianity inculcate in strong terms an ethics of self-resignation, and the Religion of Science joins them, if not always in the letter, certainly in the spirit of their teachings. It would not be advisable to turn the right cheek to him who smites you on the left cheek, but it is not only moral but also wise to drop in all affairs of life the motive of selfishness.

The surrender of the thought "I am" appears at first sight very impracticable, and we hear much of the importance of personal ambition and even vanity as a spring prompting people to great achievements. But when we inquire into the cause of the success of any man, we find it—whatever be his ultimate motives—invariably based upon direct application to the work to be performed, joined to an utter neglect of all personal preferences, pleasures, or considerations.

NAPOLEON'S CAREER.

Take, for instance, that greatest of all egotists, Napoleon Bonaparte, who would deserve the name the Great if his greatness were not dwarfed by the puniness of his motives. Napoleon pursued his ambitious purpose, which was the acquisition of power, without consulting his personal welfare. He exposed his life courageously to the bullets of the Austrians on the bridge at Lodi, and faced death unflinchingly in many bloody battles. And in establishing his power he looked out for the needs of the people. Whatever wrongs he may have done, his sins are by far outnumbered by the blessings which for the consolidation of his power he conferred upon mankind. The reformation alone of the laws, which was carried out in the *Code Napoléon*, amply atoned for the tyranny which he exercised for a number of years over Europe. He further abolished a number of mediæval institutions which the legitimate rulers would never have dared to touch from fear that the principle of legitimacy might thereby be weakened. The biographies of Napoleon are mostly narratives of his life from a partisan standpoint; an objective appreciation of his greatness can only be written by him who is able to trace the services which Napoleon rendered mankind by administering to the demands of the time

and devoting his influence to the practical and correct solution of burning questions without consulting his own self. Napoleon was personally vain, but he suppressed his vanity; he loved women, but he knew it, and watched himself in the presence of beautiful women. He offended the young Queen of Prussia, because he was afraid of her beauty and feared her influence over himself. He grew careless only when he imagined that he had won the world, and the keen-eyed Czar of Russia duped him in the conference at Erfurt by the baldest flattery. Pretending to admire him, the Czar said about the French Emperor, "If I were a woman, I would fall in love with him," and took care that this remark should be reported. The idea that the Czar was dazzled with the brilliancy of his genius blinded Napoleon to the extent that he thought the Czar would never dare to resist his armies, and, when the war with Russia broke out, he expected to overawe him with rapid victories. The vanity in which Napoleon indulged proved fatal to his career. It marks the turning point in the curve of his life with which its descent begins.

The partial success of criminals is mostly, if not always, due to self-control and to a temporary suppression of the thought of self.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Even he who in this world of sorrow would live for pleasure can do so only by a resolute resignation of his selfhood. He must harden his heart, and be indifferent about his personal fate and the transiency of the pleasures he loves. This is best illustrated in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the poet of wine and love. He sings:

"There was the Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was,—and then no more of THEE and ME.

And if the wine you drink, the lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in,—yes;
Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were,—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadder after none or bitter fruit.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and sans end."

He who identifies himself with his bodily incarnation sees his future in the dust of his remains; but even then in order to enjoy pleasure he must resign himself and take the fleeting moment, laughing to scorn the fate that awaits him.

Omar Khayyam's verses are beautiful in them-

selves as they stand in Fitzgerald's translation, but their philosophical meaning is brought out with great force in the Vedder's illustrations.

GOETHE'S TRUST IN NOTHINGNESS.

A similar idea, only expressed with greater force and showing more manliness, is expressed by Goethe in his *Vanitas Vanitatum Vanitas*. The hero of the poem is an old, one-legged soldier who is the merriest comrade in the jovial circle of carousers. He says:¹

My trust in nothing now is placed,
Hurrah!

So in the world true joy I taste,
Hurrah!

Then he who would be a comrade of mine
Must clink his glass, and in chorus combine
And drink his cup of wine.

I placed my trust in gold and wealth,
Hurrah!

But then I lost all joy and health,
Lack-a-day!

Both here and there the money roll'd,
And when I had it here, behold,
There disappeared the gold!

I placed my trust in women next,
Hurrah!

But there in truth was I sorely vex'd,
Lack-a-day!

The False another lover sought,
The True with tediousness was fraught,
The Best could not be bought.

I trusted in travel and started to roam,
Hurrah!

Cast off the habits of my home,
Lack-a-day!
But not a single thing seem'd good,
The beds were bad, and strange the food,
And I not understood.

In honor trusted I and fame,
Hurrah!

Another put me straight to shame,
Lack-a-day!

And when I had achieved advance
The people looked at me askance,
With none I had a chance.

I placed my trust in war and fight,
Hurrah!

We gain'd full many a victory bright,
Hurrah!

Into the foeman's land we cross'd,
Alas, though, at our triumph's cost!
For there a leg I lost.

In nothing now my trust shall be,
Hurrah!

And all the world belongs to me,
Hurrah!

And as we end our feast and strain,
The cup we'll to the bottom drain;
Let nowhere dregs remain!

Goethe's poem appears at first sight frivolous, but its apparent levity conceals a rare moral courage, which was a trait of the poet's own character.

BUDDHIST ETHICS.

Self-resignation is the indispensable condition of success, but as soon as self-resignation becomes complete, when it rests upon a clear conception of the non-existence of a separate self and the utter futility, nay, vanity of selfhood, it therewith ceases to be a resignation, and becomes an exaltation.

It is no longer a submission of one's own personality under a higher authority, but it is the rescission of the limits of one's own being and a vindication of one's own personality as limitless in both time and space. It becomes, to use the language of Tauler and Jacob Böhme, a perfect union with God and makes man feel the thrill of the divine spirit that begot his soul. This state is no more a surrender, it is the acquisition of enlightenment with all its bliss. It is ecstasy; not a fitful rapture but a calm serenity of imperturbable peace. It is no longer an abdication of selfhood, it has become a conquest of death. Says Rhys Davids:

"A man thinks he began to be a few years—twenty, forty, sixty years—ago. There is some truth in that; but in a much larger, deeper, truer sense has he been (in the causes of which he is the result) for countless ages in the past; and those same causes (of which he is the temporary effect) will continue in other like temporary forms through the countless ages yet to come. In that sense alone, according to Buddhism, each of us has after death a continuing life."

As to the non-existence of a separate self, the same author adds:

"There is no such thing as an individuality which is permanent;—even were a permanent individuality to be possible, it would not be desirable, for it is not desirable to be separate. The effort to keep oneself separate may succeed indeed for a time; but so long as it is successful it involves limitation, and therefore ignorance, and therefore pain. 'No! it is not separateness you should hope and long for,' says the Buddhist, 'it is union—the sense of oneness with all that now is, that has ever been, that can ever be—the sense that shall enlarge the horizon of your being to the limits of the universe, to the boundaries of time and space, that shall lift you up into a new plane far beyond, outside all mean and miserable care for self. Why stand shrinking there? Give up the fool's paradise of "This is I," and "This is mine." It is a real fact—the greatest of realities—that you are asked to grasp. Leap forward without fear! You shall find yourself in the ambrosial waters of Nirvāna, and sport with the Arhats who have conquered birth and death!'

"This theory of Karma is the doctrine which takes the place in the Buddhist teaching of the very ancient theory of 'souls,' which the Christians have inherited from the savage beliefs of the earliest periods of history."

SELFHOOD AN ILLUSION.

Selfishness would be the right policy in life if we were genuine and true selves, but we are not.

When the awakening consciousness begins to illu-

¹ A revised version of Edgar Alfred Bowring's translation.

mine all those functions of sense and thought activity which are the product of an ancestral karma, which is the pre-natal history that produced us, everything appears so new that the illusion of an *âtman*, a self-individuality, is quite natural, and the thoughtless are fain to join in the declamations of Wagner, the overbearing disciple of Faust, when he says :

" This is Youth's noblest calling and most fit !
The world was not, ere I created it ;
The sun I drew from out the Orient sea ;
The moon began her changeful course with me ;
The Day put on his shining robes, to greet me ;
The Earth grew green, and burst in flower to meet me ;
And when I beckoned, from the primal night
The stars unveiled their splendors to my sight,
Who, save myself, to you deliverance brought
From commonplaces of restricted thought ?
I, proud and free, even as dictates my mind,
Follow with joy the inward light I find,
And speed along in mine own ecstasy,
Darkness behind, the Glory leading me !"

It is not "the inward light" that gives us reliable information, but the facts of experience. The revelation of truth comes into us from without, and "the light within" is only a reflexion of the All, whose image we are. A man who, like Wagner, imagines in his self-conceit that he only made the sun rise in the world, is not likely to perform useful work. He clings to the separateness of his present embodiment as his true self, and loses sight of the actual constituents of his being. He will try to acquire fame, but will not perform the work that would entitle him to it. He identifies himself with the abstract and empty idea of his being, of himself, and forgets over it the realities of which it consists. He may accomplish his ends, and what would in that case be the result? His name, not his real soul, would continue to live and be linked with the achievements of others. His name! And what is his name? A mere word!

The instance of the preservation of the thought of one man under the name of another is sufficiently instructive to deserve a discussion of one flagrant instance, as which we select the case of Hooke against Newton.

HOOKE OR NEWTON.

We do not intend to decide the priority claims of Hooke *versus* Newton in the formulation of the law of gravitation as expressed by the inverse square of the distance, because an exhaustive presentation of the case is no easy matter and would take more space than we can spare.

Hooke's claim may be considered as well established, but he must probably blame mainly himself for the ill-treatment he met at the hands of his contemporaries. He was a man who "originated much but perfected little," he was at the same time "irritable in his temper," which rendered him among his

acquaintances unpopular. Add to this his penurious appearance, his crooked figure, shrunken limbs, dishevelled hair, his solitary life, and miserly habits! Yet, this unattractive abode harbored the inventiveness of a genius and the keenness of a great discoverer. He was instrumental in inventing the air-pump; it was he who proposed to regulate watch movements by balance springs; he urged the advantage of telescopic sight over plain sight in surveying; he proposed valuable theories about the composition of the air, which "foreshadowed the discoveries of Priestley." Next to Tycho Brahe he has the best claim to being regarded as the inventor of the sextant. He stated the law of tension and force in the terse formula *ut tensio sic vis*, which is still called "Hooke's law." (See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, III., 64; V., 461; VII., 803; XXII., 595; and XVII., 442.)

The *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains a notice of Hooke's claims, from which we extract the following passage :

"Hooke was offended because Sir John did not mention what he had told him of his own discovery. Halley only communicated to Newton the fact 'that Hooke had some pretensions to the invention of the rule for the decrease of gravity being reciprocally as the squares of the distances from the centre,' acknowledging at the same time that, though Newton had the notion from him, 'yet the demonstration of the curves generated thereby belonged wholly to Newton.' 'How much of this,' Halley adds, 'is so, you know best, so likewise what you have to do in this matter; only Mr. Hooke seems to expect you should make some mention of him in the preface, which 'tis possible you may see reason to prefix. I must beg your pardon that 'tis I that send you this ungrateful account; but I thought it my duty to let you know it, so that you might act accordingly, being in myself fully satisfied that nothing but the greatest candour imaginable is to be expected from a person who has of all men the least need to borrow reputation.'

"In thus appealing to Newton's candour, Halley obviously wished that some acknowledgment of Hooke should be made. He knew indeed that before Newton had announced the inverse law, Hooke and Wren and himself had spoken of it and discussed it, and therefore justice demanded that, though none of them had given a demonstration of the law, Hooke especially should receive credit for having maintained it as a truth of which he was seeking the demonstration."

Newton at last consented to insert this concession as an addition to his fourth proposition :

"The inverse law of gravity holds in all celestial motions, as was discovered also independently by my countrymen Wren, Hooke, and Halley."

Newton claims that he had thought of the solution sixteen years before he began to work it out in his *Principia*, but had rejected the idea on account of the objections which were solved only by the discovery of the flattened condition of the poles. Schopenhauer says: "No man who has found a new theory will on account of some slight obstacle reject and forget it for sixteen years. That is not the treatment which we

give to the children of our own thought, but to step-children or foundlings. As to our own theories, we are in the habit of trying them over and over again, until we find some ground on which they can be justified. Poor Hooke," adds Schopenhauer, "he had the same fate as Columbus. America is the name of the continent which he discovered, and we speak of Newton's law of gravitation."

If Newton had been the great thinker and discoverer which he is reputed to be, it would indeed be strange that he was proud of the silly commentary he had written on the Revelation of St. John.

Now, suppose we accept the view of Schopenhauer concerning the priority claims of Hooke, does not Hooke's thought live on, whether or not the honor of priority is attributed to Newton? Is it not simply as though Hooke had written under the *nom de plume* of Isaac Newton? It is, after all, his actual soul that marches down triumphantly with the mark of truth through the ages and is reincarnated in many thousands of scientists. The actual soul of a man, which alone can properly be called his own, is not his name, but consists in the thought-forms, sentiment-forms, and deed-forms which originate in him. They are characteristic of him as the peculiar product of an interaction among those other soul-forms of his which constitute his inheritance from former ages.

He who seeks his self and is anxious to preserve it in its separateness, will surely fail, for his present individuality will at last be dissolved in death. He who attempts to immortalise his name, may or may not succeed. A name, the combination of letters in the mouth of posterity, is in itself an empty thing, and for that reason it is sometimes more lasting than our bodily organisation. But he who endeavors to be an incarnation of the truth, and nothing else besides, is sure to succeed; he will not be hampered by other considerations; he has attained immortality, and his soul in its peculiar personal idiosyncrasy will be, and will forever remain, a most valuable presence, a never-failing blessing, in the advancing and growing spirit of the human race.

THE ELECTION.

Mr. McKinley is to be our next President! Who would have thought it four years ago when the Republican party on account of its high tariff programme was defeated with an overwhelming majority. That Mr. McKinley is now our President-elect, he owes alone to the Democrats whose senators made themselves obnoxious to the people and whose delegates surrendered the principles of their party to populism. It seems to be an established fact that every party comes into power through the blunders of its rival party and not through its own merit.

Mr. McKinley sat quietly at home. There was no need of his making speeches. His rival candidate did all the speech-making of the present campaign. The more Mr. Bryan talked, the more votes Mr. McKinley secured.

Mr. McKinley is indebted to Mr. Hanna for becoming the candidate of the Republican party, but he is indebted to Mr. Bryan for his election as President. It remains to be doubted, however, whether Mr. McKinley will give an expression of his gratitude to Mr. Bryan. Probably he will not even acknowledge it publicly; we may be sure, however, that he knows it.

If the election had taken place right after the Democratic convention at Chicago, the combination of the silver Democrats with the Populists would probably have gained the day. But happily our voters had a chance to think and study the question before they went to the polls; and there can be no question about it that our people got more instruction about the nature and purpose of money within a few weeks than could have been anticipated. There is a great danger in republican institutions such as obtain in this country, but there is a blessing in them too. The mass of the people must become educated or our nation will go to the wall, and it is to the interest of all that every citizen of this country be possessed of sound judgment and good common sense.

Never was there more skill exhibited in any previous presidential campaign of the United States than in the present by the silver party. The issue of free coinage of silver was cleverly forced upon the nation, and the stupidest of issues that cheap money would benefit the people was slyly instilled into the minds of farmers and laborers. Silver was praised as the money of the poor, gold was decried as the instrument by which the toiler is enslaved, and the passions of class hatred were appealed to by unscrupulous demagogues.

What exquisite political skill was wasted for a bad cause! Why! To request that forthwith wages should be paid in cheap money means that the poor, simply to spite the rich, should cut off their noses and shout "Hurrah, it serves you right!"

Who could, if there was at all any gain in it, have profited by cheap money but the rich? The banks would have made millions through the gold they hoarded in their vaults, if they had been allowed to pay back in silver. The labor employer would have profited, not the employee; the landlord, not the tenant; those who possess wealth, not those who live by their labor. And of course, among all trusts, the silver trust would have reaped the main harvest.

That such an issue was possible at all proves not only the great ability with which the campaign was managed but also the enormous extent to which rascality can always rely on stupidity. But after all the propositions of the silver party were too bald and the fallacies too apparent. The good sense of the people was aroused and has swept them off the stage of political issues.

THE OPEN COURT.

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