THE REALITY OF THE DEVIL.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME time ago the editor of The Open Court published The History of the Devil and the Idea of Evil in a large volume of about five hundred pages containing a collection of all the pertinent illustrations of his Satanic Majesty which seemed worthy of reproduction. Since then the author has not lost his interest in the subject and now offers to his readers some more pictures which have happened to come to his notice. The first two represent a contrast
between a serious and a humorous conception of the devil. One of them portrays him with tail, bat-wings, horns, and claws, as he lived in the imagination of decent English people at the time of Shakespeare. It is a title vignette which appears in the first edition of Marlowe's drama, "The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," published in 1620 and reprinted in 1631.

Christopher Marlowe, born at Canterbury in 1564, was the son of a shoemaker, and acquired more fame as a dramatist than Shakespeare ever enjoyed among his contemporaries. But there are not as many of Marlowe's works preserved as of Shakespeare's, nor do they exhibit the same dramatic force that we find in most Shakespearean dramas. Marlowe's tragedy, "Doctor Faustus," is very powerful and of special interest, because it is in many respects an important precursor of Goethe's "Faust."

Marlowe died young, stabbed in a brawl. England and the world may well bewail the loss of a dramatist who at the beginning of his career was more promising than Shakespeare. He is buried in the cemetery of the parish church of St. Nicholas and the burial register reads as follows: "Christopher Marlowe slaine by Francis Archer the 1 of June, 1593." At the time, the news of his death was received with indifference owing to the slight favor in which playwrights and all persons connected with so worldly an institution as the theatre were held.

The most noteworthy consideration shown him by contemporaries after death, so far as we can learn, is the application of his tragic end which a certain Mr. Beard makes in a book entitled *Theatre of God's Judgments* (1597). This pious author says:

"Not inferior to any of the former in atheisme and impietie, and equal to al in manner of punishment, was one of our own nation, of fresh and late memorie, called Marlow, by profession a scholler, brought up from his youth in the Universitie of Cambridge, but by practise a play-maker and a poet of scurrilitie, who by giving too large a swing to his owne wit, and suffering his lust to have the full reins, fell (not without just desert) to that outrage and extremitie, that hee denied God and his sonne Christ, and not onely in word blasphemed the Trinitie, but also (as it is credibly reported) wrote books against it, affirming our Saviour to be but a deceiver, and Moses to be but a conjuror and seducer of the people, and the holy Bible to bee but vain and idle stories, and all religion but a device of policie. But see what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge."

Marlowe was probably as good a Christian as Shakespeare; and it is not impossible that his religious belief was still orthodox in all the doctrines now deemed essential.
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Marlowe’s conception of Faust and the devil still represents the seriousness of the mediæval fear of Satan, and so Faust is condemned to die the horrible death of a renegade.

But how greatly changed is the conception of the devil even since Goethe wrote his “Faust”! The power of evil according to Goethe represents that blind impulse which is anxious to do harm, yet finally serves the cause of goodness. To-day the humor of all devil-lore has come to the front, and this is reflected in the picture of “Tartini’s Dream,” commonly, and probably rightly, supposed to be founded on fact.

TARTINI’S DREAM.

Tartini, the great violinist and composer, (so the story goes), once lay soundly and quietly asleep when he dreamed that the devil came to him, seated himself on the foot of his bed, and, seizing the violin, began to play a wild and weird tune. Tartini was fascinated by the charm of the melody, and when he wakened from his trance repeated the devil’s tune, wrote it down, and published it under the title “The Devil-dream.”

Our illustration must have appeared in some Scandinavian journal, but we are sorry not to be able to give due credit. We happened to see the drawing when visiting the well-known violin-maker of
Chicago, Mr. Reindahl, who said that he had cut it from some Swedish periodical that had strayed into his hands; but as a Norwegian who had withdrawn allegiance from Sweden he disclaimed all further knowledge of its name or other circumstances.

The picture is of interest because we see a fine humor displayed here in contrast to the bitter seriousness in the illustration of Marlowe’s Faust. Far from being frightened by the devil’s appearance, or showing any of the tragic spirit reflected in Faust’s face, the violinist is pleased with his visitor, and how much he enjoys the demoniacal strains of the violin appears from the attitude of his hands, which are raised to beat the time.

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We must not assume that the devil idea, with all its intricate details, superstitions, customs, etc., is limited to Christianity. On the contrary, it is of special interest to note the parallel development between the history of these ideas in different countries. As an instance how sometimes even in details similar forms of artistic conceptions originate in countries which have no historical connection, we here reproduce a Tyrolian devil mask, the original of which was used in popular mummary festivals at Sterzing, and is now preserved in the Ferdinandeum at Innsbruck. It almost looks as if it had been made in Japan and resembles in all essential features the devil masks worn by Tibetan devil-dancers.
The Christian view of evil spirits had an unduly tenacious life because backed by New Testament authority; and the main deeds of Christ consist in the exorcism of demons, who according to the notion of the age were supposed to be the cause of all bodily and mental disease. On this account the representation of evil spirits shows the crudity of the conception in drastic naïveté. We here reproduce from Louisa Twining (Symbols and Emblems of Early and Medieval Christian Art, Plate 76) a number of mediaeval pictures which were surely not regarded merely as symbolical representations.

The evil demon was thought to take possession of his victim and so he is pictured as actually taking hold of him. Such a representation is to be found in a manuscript Bible of the thirteenth century in the Bodleian Library. The expulsion of demons through Christ has indeed been a favorite subject with illustrators, and we see here reproduced from the same manuscript, how the seven evil
spirits quit Mary Magdalen at the behest of the Saviour. Sometimes we see the evil spirits escaping from the mouth of the obsessed person, and the recognition of Christ's authority by the demons themselves is looked upon as an important evidence of his divinity. We read in St. Mark's Gospel, that "unclean spirits when they saw him fell down before him and cried, saying, Thou art the Son
of God." The illustration representing this scene is reproduced from a painted window in the Cathedral of Tours (XIII century).

Evil spirits are either painted in red or black, and the spirit of heresy is commonly pictured in human form; so we see it trodden under foot by St. Peter in a statue which stands at a street corner in Exeter, and is commonly known as "Father Peter." The idea that statues were ensouled by demons was common among the early Christians, and this belief was preserved down into the Middle Ages. An evil demon is seen fluttering around an idol of Venus in an illuminated manuscript of the sixteenth century, preserved in the Library of St. Geneviève, Paris.

An apocryphal story of the Christ child's flight into Egypt incorporates an old Buddhist legend. We read that when the young Bodhisattva approached the shrines of his native city, the statues of the Brahman gods descended from their pedestals and bowed down before the youth; and according to Pseudo-Matthew,

![The Bodhisattva Visiting the Temple](image)

when Mary entered an Egyptian temple the idols fell prostrate on the ground wholly shattered and broken.*

We see the scene represented in a manuscript of the fourteenth century preserved in the British Museum. Mary with the child is seated on an ass, while a red figure, the spirit of the idol, is standing in an attitude of despair on the haunches of the animal, and (in an illustration of the same manuscript) a statue of Mars falls from its pedestal.

Buddhism was less iconoclastic than Christianity. It placed Buddha above all gods but suffered them to remain as mythological figures or angels, and this conception is visible in an artistic representation of this scene, preserved in the hauts reliefs of Borobudur, here reproduced.

In the time of the Reformation, the devil becomes more and

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*See the author's *Buddhism and Its Christian Critics*, page 174.
more the representation of immorality and disobedience. Dogmatism begins to make room for moralizing, and the main stress of religion is laid more and more upon conduct. Naturally, too, the Church authorities come in for their share of vituperation, as is illustrated in the attempt of priests to cause dying men to leave their property to the Church as a means of their own salvation without regard to the needs of wife and children.

It is natural that Protestants and Romanists do not tire in mutually accusing each other of being under the influence of the devil, so the Protestants picture the pope as being bodily carried to hell in the clutches of Satan (See woodcut of 1525 in the Berlin Kupferstich-Kabinet) while the Catholics accuse Luther of being inspired by the evil one. An elegant fly-leaf of the eighteenth century, preserved in the Munich Kupferstich-Kabinet, shows in the center a fair picture of Luther as "Doctor of Godlessness, Professor of Knavery, Villainous Apostate, Blasphemous Husband, and Author of the Augsburg Confession." The devil blows his heresies into the reformer's head with a bellows. Underneath we see the city of Wittenberg at the time of Luther's burial, while the reformer himself is being plunged into the flames of hell.
In connection with this subject we may here refer to one of the critics of *The History of the Devil*, who for some unknown reason is embittered at its treatment and states as a sample of the author's unfairness that an illustration on page 388 is entitled "The Christian Hell." This picture portrays a highly dramatic scene
LUTHER AND HIS BURIAL.
full of life and excitement. Many souls are being driven into the flames of hell by a vigorous devil, horned, hoofed, and tailed, while in the remote distance his Satanic Majesty spreading his bat-like wings, raises a trident scepter in triumph. To satisfy this critic's
incredulity we wish to state that this same picture is still to be had for a few cents at any pious denominational book-store of the Roman Catholic Church. While the picture is still in the market, and while it is truly a representation of the Christian idea of hell, we would not venture to say that the Church expects its adherents to believe in pictures. Pictures are more or less artistic representations of ideas, and may be regarded as purely symbolical.

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While the writer of these lines openly confesses to be a perfect infidel in the current sense of the word—especially as to the belief in the traditional devil, he wishes to have his readers understand that he believes, after all, in the reality of the devil in the sense that evil, of which the devil is a personification, is an actual presence with which we have to struggle in the world. One of the most important contentions made in my work, on The History of the Devil rejects the idea, quite current in liberal circles, that evil is a mere negative factor and nothing positive, as absolutely misleading; and thus, if the traditional religion would not have to be taken literally but could be interpreted allegorically, I would side with the old orthodox conception against the superficial negativism of the modern liberal tendencies.

If we have but the right to interpret traditional dogmas as allegories, we may grant that they are justifiable; and we may go further still and insist that the devil is real to the one who believes in him. As my dreams are real to me, so also the ideas of any man are realities to him. The vagaries of Don Quixote are a real tragedy to him, and similar tragic comedies occur even to-day in many insane asylums. Spiritual facts are as much facts as material facts, and they remain actual to those who hold them to be true, even though they may be illusions to the rest of the world.

The original Macbeth story is quite a plausible narrative, but in dramatizing it Shakespeare changed the old fortune-tellers into mythological figures decked with all the supernatural tinsel in which the imagination of Macbeth sees them. They are temptation personified, and in Macbeth’s case his ambition makes him trust the equivocal oracle which thus proves his temporary success through crime, and his final undoing. Our frontispiece represents the scene in Kaulbach’s very beautiful and ingenious conception.

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A friend of mine in England who is well known to the English reading public all over the world, communicated to me some im-
portant and interesting data concerning the devil's present activity which I will here state because they are well verified by good authority. He gives me permission to make public use of his communications, on the sole condition that I should not mention his name.

saying, "It is a subject on which misunderstanding is so rife that I would not care to add this to the other burdens which I have to carry of public odium and misrepresentation."

My correspondent appears to have been disappointed when he read my book on The History of the Devil, and as an evidence that
the devil was a real person, an objective reality, he mentioned especially one case of a lady of his acquaintance who was frequently visited by a terrible demon tormenting her with his presence; and he adds that she could feel his furry arm, could see his burning greenish eyes, and his clutching embraces were as realistic as was the touch of any object of the real world.

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In surroundings where bodily existence and particularly sexual life is regarded as the special domain of the devil, all natural impulses are as a matter of conscience, forcibly suppressed, and when they then, in spite of all, powerfully assert themselves, the sentiments or sensations to which they give rise are misinterpreted, thereby producing the most ghastly phenomena. Some cases are well established in history and we need not doubt that to-day they occur more frequently than is generally assumed in convents where mediaeval conditions still prevail.

The very words succubus and incubus originated in the Middle Ages when the monkish view of life was commonly accepted, and we may assume from the very existence of the terms that then these devilish phenomena were not unwonted occurrences.

From a second letter of my correspondent I quote the following statements:

"I should have doubted that the doctors generally were so familiar with the phenomena of haunting by either succubi or incubi. The way in which they endeavored to treat my friend whose affliction I mentioned to you is sufficient proof of the fact that they are incapable of realizing the possibility that the thing may have an objective reality. Since writing to you she had one rather bad experience, an attack repeated five times in the course of a single night, but fortunately the strength of the creature seemed not to be so great as it was on a previous occasion.

"By the bye, did you ever come across the report of the trial of Major Weir, a wizard in Scotland, who was either hanged or burned on the evidence that his double had been in the habit of cohabiting with the wives of the burghers?

"Could you give me a note as to the more useful treatises upon the subject, which deal with this particular form of diabolic possession or obsession, or haunting? I can only repeat that I agree with you in thinking that such phenomena are by no means rare, that they are much more common in convents and monasteries than people imagine; but as a rule the visits of the viewless one are not regarded with the horror which this particular red-haired
gnome with reddy green eyes and apelike arms inspires in my unhappy friend."

We can understand that the phenomena of haunting, obsession, possession, etc. were more common in former days when their objective reality was positively believed in, and formed a part of the established orthodox religion, and when a public denouncement of the belief in a real personal devil would have endangered life and property.

We must emphasize the truth well established in psychology that a dream is as realistic as an actual sense impression. There is in the sentient subject positively no difference between both states, and we know that the dream of the savage is more intense than the dream of a civilized man. The main difference between our dreams and our waking state is that the former are discontinuous, while the latter is uniform and continuous. Dreams change like a phantasmagoria, and thus impossible things are frequently actualized, while the waking state is characterized by a steadiness and consistency which enforces in us a belief in its reality; but if a dream be taken by itself without reference either to other dreams or to reality, it will be found to consist of the stuff that life is made of. Dreams are no longer recognized as revelations or even significant. They are looked upon as mere wanderings of the mind, a play of our imagination, and for that reason are little heeded, the result being that when we awake in the morning we forget them and they fade rapidly from our memory. Not so with the savage. To him the friend that appears in a dream is an actual visitor. The words of advice which he receives in dreams are to him a message from the departed, and he looks upon his friend's return from death with religious awe.

Witness the significance which is still given to dreams in the New Testament. The angel appears to Joseph in a dream, and generally divine instruction or guidance is given in dreams.

Though we need no longer take the Gospel narratives as historical, we must accept them as evidences of the ideas that prevailed in those circles in which the Gospel of Matthew originated.

Those who are familiar with the habits and beliefs of the North American Indians know how natural a belief in the actuality of dreams and visions is to the unsophisticated man. There is no need for us later born generations to look down upon our ancestors on account of their superstitions. Their errors were but natural, and we go often to the other extreme and overlook the fact that our dream life is an actual part of our soul. In dreams it may
happen that voices of our better self awake in the calm hour of sleep counselling us more wisely than our conscious reasoning does in the broad daylight, and in the bustle of a strenuous life.

The reason why dreams are as realistic as our conscious life is obvious. Dreams are a revival of the sense impressions which we have received in a waking state, and so they are the same kind of sensations, only somewhat weaker. Our soul is like a harp which when not played may be moved by the passing breeze, and will then vibrate in the same notes for which the chords are tuned.

Hallucinations are wake-dreams, and, like dreams, they are subjectively indistinguishable from objective reality.

It is noteworthy that hallucinations can quite easily become contagious. Wherever the belief in ghosts prevails, we may be sure that if one person sees a ghost of a definite kind, there are others who see the same. Think of the miracles that happened in the cemetery Père La Chaise, mentioned by Hume, the visions of Mary at Lourdes, started by a poor peasant girl, etc.

Ghosts may be called real in two senses. First, spectres or ghosts or any visions are as real to the person who beholds them as any dream; and secondly, the ghost may possess a deeper significance by representing, or shall we say, symbolizing, a truth overlooked in our waking state. Every vision is an illusion in so far as there is no corporeal object in the place where it appears, but it may possess as deep a moral significance as the ghost of Hamlet and the dreams of Richard III. Such visions may become influential factors in our life for good and for evil.

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I will in this connection, on account of their highly realistic character and importance as well-authenticated occurrences, mention the rather pleasant visions of a venerable and greatly esteemed judge of Chicago, who makes no secret of his experiences.

One evening I was the judge's neighbor at a banquet table, when my question, "Are you musical?" started the following conversation: "I am absolutely unmusical, and if I were not, I would not be here." "Why?" I inquired. "I had died," answered the judge, "and St. Peter wanted to place me in the celestial choir, when I told him that I could not sing. Then Peter ordered me back to earth and I awoke to life again."

On a similar occasion I overheard a lady ask the judge, "Do you believe in spirits?" and he promptly answered, "I do not believe, I know that they exist for I see them and converse with them,"


and at her astonished exclamation he gave further details of his experiences.

The judge sometimes sees angels or spirits of the departed. They come and go, but they do not walk. They glide along without visible effort and are surrounded with halos of light. The reality of the vision is so impressive that the judge seems never to have questioned their objective existence, or to have looked upon them as illusions.

I asked the judge whether he would accept the word of departed spirits as testimony for the sake of solving the mystery of a murder or of any other crime; and he said that he would not, because it would be no evidence before the law, however much it might influence his own personal opinion.

I will further state that the judge is of an unusually fine appearance, broad shouldered, and rather tall with a full white beard and thoughtful face, and of a kindhearted expression.

The spirit visitors of the judge caused him no anxiety.

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In further explanation of the reality of visions I wish to state that men of a high strung nervous constitution and a vivid imagination can, and sometimes against their will do, visualize their thoughts. Nicola Tesla once mentioned in a lecture which he delivered at Chicago, that whenever working at a new invention, he was never in need of drawings because he saw the machinery so clearly before him in an actualized shape that he could take measurements therefrom. In his childhood his imagination had been even more vivid: whenever he thought of a cat, he could not help seeing an actual cat before his eyes. But since he grew stronger, he learned, to his great relief, to control his visualizing faculty.

We mention Nicola Tesla’s remarkable faculty of visualization, because it throws light on the reality of dreams, visions, and hallucinations.

The Middle Ages are still lingering with us, and others are sometimes haunted by the wild fancies of bygone days. Wherever they appear they are undoubtedly due to pathological conditions, but the psychiatrist will appreciate that to the patient they are as real as the objects of the surrounding world. It will be difficult to convince a patient of the illusory character of his hallucinations, for if he is convinced of it, the cure is half done, or at any rate the most powerful influence for relief is brought to bear upon the situation.
There are cases of patients who have been perfectly convinced of the illusory character of their visions, and their despair proves how hard they have fought to master the situation, and make the vision disappear. The truth is that certain conditions in our nerves and sense organs will produce the illusion with the same accuracy as the presence of an object under normal conditions will produce on the retina its sense image which is located before us in space. It is a fact which can not be argued away by simply thinking that it is untrue. Nevertheless an attitude of calm confidence that the conditions are purely internal, either physiological or perhaps merely psychological, is most helpful to dispel the illusion, to make it disappear and fade away into thin air like a fog.

Happily the cases of obsession grow rarer with the advance of a scientific comprehension of the facts, and whenever cases occur, they are usually regarded, not as diabolical pranks played by demons or goblins but as pathological conditions which admit of treatment, and (unless they are of a desperate character) admit also of a cure by patience, rational diet, healthy exercise, and other therapeutic methods.

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Some time ago the late Professor Vischer of Munich wrote a third part to Faust, intended to be a satire on Goethe's interpreters. There we find Faust in heaven, but because he has not yet fully expiated his sins, he is condemned to serve as a teacher in a school where the little angels attend. The most jovial poet in modern Germany, Rudolf Baumbach, who died September 21, has made good use of this idea in a pretty children's tale which tells the origin of the daisy is written in a vein of drollery. This story characterizes the latest phase in the development of devil-lore in which traditions about devils have lost all venom and have become simply humorous.

**HOW THE DAISIES GREW.**

Everybody knows that all good children go to heaven when they die and become angels. But if you think that they do nothing all day long but fly around and play hide-and-seek behind the clouds, you are mistaken.

Angel-children have to go to school just like boys and girls on earth and sit in the angel-school three hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon during the week. There they write with golden pencils on silver slates, and instead of ABC books they

*Translated from the German of R. Baumbach by Lydia G. Robinson.
read fairy stories with bright pictures. They do not study geography there, for why would any one in heaven need to know anything about the earth? And no one knows the multiplication-table in eternity.

Dr. Faust is the angel-school teacher. Once he was a teacher on earth, and because of a certain matter which does not belong here, he is obliged to keep school in heaven for three thousand years more before his long vacation begins. The little angels have Wednesday and Saturday afternoons for holidays, and then Dr. Faust takes them walking out on the Milky Way. But on Sundays they play in front of the gate of heaven on the great meadow, and to this they look forward the whole week. This meadow is not green but blue instead, and thousands upon thousands of silver and gold flowers grow there. They shine at night and we earthly people call them stars.

When the little angels take their exercise in front of the heavenly gate, Dr. Faust is not with them, for he has to rest on Sunday from the misery of the past week. Saint Peter who keeps guard at heaven's gate watches over them instead. He takes care that everything goes on quite properly in the playing and sees that not one runs or flies away. But if one should stray too far from the gate he whistles on his golden key, and that means "Come back!"

Once on a time it was very warm in heaven and good Saint Peter fell asleep. When the little angels noticed this, they swarmed here and there and scattered themselves over the entire place. The most adventurous of them started out on voyages of discovery and at last came to the place where the universe is surrounded by a board fence. First they tried to find if there were not a crack somewhere to look through, but when they could find no hole, they climbed and fluttered up to the top of the board wall and looked over.

There on the other side was hell, and in front of hell's gate was thronging a crowd of little devils. They were as black as coal and had horns on their heads and long tails behind. One of them happened to look up and noticed the little angels. Then they began immediately to beg and beseech the angels to let them into heaven for just a little while; they would behave very properly, with their very best manners.

The angels liked the little black fellows, and because they were sorry for them they thought it would be right to grant the poor little devils such an innocent pleasure. One of them knew where Jacob's ladder was kept. They brought it out of the store-room
(luckily Saint Peter was still asleep), lifted it over the high board fence and let it down into hell. As quick as a wink the bailed rogues had clambered up the rounds like monkeys, the angels had reached out their hands to them, and so the devils at last entered the grounds of heaven.

At first they behaved very properly. They walked about modestly, and carried their tails over their arms like trains, as their grandmother, who paid great attention to behavior, had showed them. It was not long, however, before they lost all self-restraint, struck madly at this thing and that, and growled like genuine imps of darkness. They even made fun of the good moon who looked down upon them kindly out of one of heaven's windows, put out their tongues and made ugly faces at her. Finally they began to pull up the flowers that grew in the meadow and throw them down onto the earth.

By this time the angels were alarmed and bitterly regretted that they had let these uncanny guests into heaven. They begged and threatened but the devils paid no attention and carried on more madly than ever. Finally in their terror the angels awakened Saint Peter and humbly confessed their fault. He clasped his hands above his head when he learned the mischief the devils had done. "Go in!" he thundered, and the little culprit angels with drooping wings crept through the door into heaven. Then Saint Peter called up some stout angels who caught up the little devils and sent them back where they belonged.

But the punishment was not over. For three successive Sundays the little angels might not go out of the door of heaven, and if they were taken out sometimes for exercise they must first unbuckle their wings and take off their halos. It is a great disgrace for an angel to be obliged to run around without his wings and halo.

Still some good came of the affair. The flowers which the devils had torn up and thrown upon the earth, struck roots and spread from year to year. Of course they lost much of their original beauty; still with their golden disks and crowns of silver-white rays they remind us of the stars or of the sun, and so people call them star-flowers or daisies (for the "day's eye" means the sun). In their modest simplicity they are lovely to look upon, and because of their heavenly origin possess a very especial power. When a maiden is in a doubtfull frame of mind, if she will pick off the white petals of the star-blossom and at the same time recite a particular rhyme, by the time she has reached the last petal, she will know positively what she wishes to learn.