THE SALVATION OF FAUST.
BY F. M. HOLLAND.

Goethe seems to have been for more than thirty years in a perplexity like that of a clergyman who wishes to convince the mourners that their friend has gone straight to heaven, but who does not know how to get round some awkward facts. The happy ending, promised in 1798 by the Prologue, was not reached until 1831; and what was written in the interval increased a difficulty which justifies the question, if Faust was saved, who then can be lost?

He commits a deadly sin, according to ecclesiastical ideas, in selling his soul to the Devil. He promises not to break the contract and keep his word; but he is nowhere said to be released. He makes this bargain in desire for sensual pleasure, and deliberately seduces Margaret with the expectation that both will be lost eternally. She is left after her fall, still working at the wash-tub and in the kitchen, but suffering under the stings of conscience and the insults of mocking neighbors. There was nothing but Faust’s selfishness to prevent his taking her to a luxurious home after her mother’s death: he leaves her alone in drudgery, shame, and sorrow, month after month, satisfying himself with occasional visits. Even these cease when he slays her brother under her window; and she is left when she needs help most sorely, to wander long in shame and misery, begging her bread among strangers, to murder her child, and to be sentenced to death for a crime as much his as hers. He was more to blame than she for her mother’s death by poison; and his perjury in order to gain an interview should not be overlooked.

Faust has not developed much fitness for heaven, up to the early morning when he leaves Margaret in the dungeon just before her execution. Thus ends that part of the drama which is most often read, acted, set to music, and illustrated in paintings, engravings, and statues. These are scenes of matchless intellectual brilliancy, and great dramatic power; but all that goes on thus far between Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret, is in perfect harmony with the supposition, that this part of the great poem was substantially finished, before Goethe went beyond the view of Marlowe, and still earlier playwrights, that Faust was irrevocably lost. His salvation seems to have been an after-thought, which was never thoroughly adapted to what had been written previously. A German dramatist, named Grabbe, brought Don Juan and Faust together on the stage, as rivals in guilty love; and his play closed with the damnation of both. They are not, of course, equally wicked; but they are altogether too much alike. Don Juan would probably not have tried to rescue any of his numerous victims; but if he had tried, he would not have failed.

Goethe seems, in the gay fantastic scenes at the beginning of the second part, almost as forgetful of his promise to save Faust, as the latter is of poor Margaret’s fate. The first and second acts are extremely rich in songs, incident, and satire; the caricature of transcendentalism, for instance, is masterly; but Faust does nothing important, except fall desperately in love with the bewitching phantasm, who is here called “Helena,” and who had already appeared as “Helen of Greece” to make Marlowe’s Doctor Faustus “immortal with a kiss.”

His passion rises to heroic grandeur in the third act; but his relations with the wife of Menelaus would deserve severe censure, if he were not wandering through a land of shadows. No ethical aim is manifest in these three acts, except perhaps that of showing the ennobling influence of secular culture personified in Helena. She leaves Faust inspired with a philanthropic ambition, to promote which he helps the emperor of Germany win a decisive battle against rebels by no means unworthy of success. Faust is rewarded by permission to rescue a great tract of shallows from the ocean, by means of dykes, drains, and pumps. Here he means to enable millions of industrious people to dwell in liberty and prosperity, as the Dutch do. He still takes help and advice from Mephistopheles, who tempts him to use force in removing neighbors who refuse to sell their home; and there are three more murders.

Mephistopheles is bound by the contract to be a faithful servant, until Faust should find life so satisfactory as to wish that the present moment might tarry for his delight. Then he must leave this world
for the next, where he would have to serve Mephistopheles. Faust has reached old age without having a single moment of perfect happiness, even with Margaret or Helena. At last the anticipation of what he hopes to do for others gives him such delight that he utters the fatal wish. These words are his last. He dies in the arms of Mephistopheles, who calls up a host of devils to enforce the contract. Angels, too, appear; and the imperilled soul is rescued on account of the generous purpose. Faust is carried up to heaven as a little child, but grows rapidly, and soon becomes re-united to Margaret, through whose intercession, and that of other penitent women, he is finally pardoned by the all-pitying Mother in Heaven. His salvation is accomplished partly by female mediation, partly by a victory of angels over devils, and partly by a philanthropic purpose, stained at the outset with innocent blood, involving much profit and honor for himself, but requiring no self-sacrifice. Mephistopheles complains that he is cheated; and the right seems to be on his side, rather than on that of the angels whose roses drive away the devils. It is a pity not to have the hero of a grand poem saved less ignominiously.

The problem, how to save Faust, has also been attempted by Mr. W. S. Gilbert in the play called "Gretchen." Here the difficulty is much reduced by leaving out the contract, the murders, the desertion of Margaret, and the affair with Helena. Gretchen dies of a broken heart; and Faust promises to live virtuously. This conclusion is perfectly moral, but not highly dramatic.

Goethe comes into full harmony with both artistic and ethical laws, as he closes the first part with the salvation of Margaret. This he accomplished on the plan which had been already presented by Schiller in the "Robbers," where the guilty hero makes the only possible atonement for his crimes, by surrendering himself to justice. Plato says in the "Gorgias," that the sinner who escapes is less fortunate than he who suffers, the penalty, for "Punishment delivers the soul." It is not until criminals are willing to be punished that they realize their guilt. Even the delirium, in which Margaret is found by Faust in the dungeon, does not destroy her consciousness that escape with him can lead only to new sin, shame, and misery. She fancies that the hand which would rescue her is still wet with her brother's blood, and that the ghost of her murdered mother sits waiting for her without. She prefers to mount the scaffold; and the dislike of Mephistopheles, which she has always felt instinctively, grows to horror as he offers his protection. She submits herself to the divine judgment, and prays for help from heaven. Then Mephistopheles drags Faust away with the sneer, "She is doomed"; but a voice from above says, "She is saved."

Faust's salvation in the same way might properly have accompanied hers; though it would have been a great pity to lose the second part. If Goethe had left several renderings of the first part, as well as of "Götz von Berlichingen," one might perhaps have very properly taken a course indicated in what is here offered as an imaginary translation of an unwritten original, which latter might have been magnificent beyond all conception. It would follow the great drama as far as where the tempter threatens to abandon Faust in the dungeon with Margaret. Starting with a literal version of that speech, I would proceed as follows:

"Mephistopheles.
'Come! come! or I'll leave thee with her in the scrape!'
Faust.
'As thou wilt. Here I remain. I want thy company no longer.'
Mephistopheles. (Aside.)
'What, thee, and by!'
Faust.
'Forgive me, Margaret, and let me die with thee.'
Margaret.
'I love thee, Henry. We shall never part again.'
Mephistopheles. (Aside.)
'We shall see.'
Faust.
'O that this moment might abide for ever! I am happy at last!'
Mephistopheles.
'And I rejoice at release from service. Beware, Faust, the scaffold is ready for thee.'
Faust.
'Better death with her, than life with thee.'
Mephistopheles.
'That, too, awaits thee. Remember our contract.'
Faust.
'Thou hast broken it thyself. It was not faithful service to threaten to desert me here.'
Mephistopheles.
'No matter then about contracts. Thou hast done quite enough besides to make thee mine forever.'
Faust.
'I renounce thee, and appeal to a higher Judge. I am willing to suffer all just punishment, both here and hereafter, for my sins. O that I might also take upon me the penalty of her transgressions. It is only for her that I ask mercy. Margaret, there is hope for thee.'
Margaret.
'Mine he is, Father, save us! Angels and heavenly hosts, encamp around us and guard us! Henry, kneel with me!' 
Mephistopheles.
'Both lost.'
(Voices from above.
(Exit.

The Redemption of the Brahman.

By Richard Garie.

[continued.]

"Well then," replied Lakshman, "since Champak is the trusted friend of the young prince, and lives near him night and day, we in Cashmere can no longer speak of him with respect. I am sorry for you and your daughter."

Krishnadas groaned aloud: "Ye great gods! and that is Gopa's husband!"
Lakshman paced up and down the room a few times in excitement; then he stepped close to Krishnadass who had covered his eyes with his right hand, and asked: “But of all men in the world how came you to have Champak?”

Slowly Krishnadass raised himself and said: “How do we in this land come by our sons in-law? Gopa was known in our caste as a pretty, bright child, and I was considered wealthier than I was. So I had constant trouble to escape the attentions of the professional match-makers who overwhelmed me with proposals. The dreadful fate of my poor sister was a warning to me to defer the marriage of my daughter as long as possible. In spite of the fact that some in our caste were beginning to grumble, I yet indulged the hope that Gopa might become fully grown before I sought for her a suitable and worthy husband. Thus she came to be nine years old. Then there came to me one day messengers from our caste who explained to me that, since I had for years rejected all offers, they considered it their duty to inform me that according to the law of the caste, the extreme limit of time for Gopa’s marriage had come. If she were not wedded to a husband within a month, I should no longer be one of them. I need not tell you what the loss of caste signifies to us. By it we are lost as merchants and as men. A crisis was now imminent; in all haste I looked about, and at that time Champak presented himself, whom until that time I had scarcely known, a merchant’s son of suitable age who was just entering, with fair prospects, in the service of the Maharaja of Cashmere. Nine years ago they were married in this house. It was agreed that in four years Champak should take his wife home, as is the custom. During the first years he came several times to visit us at Benares, and made a good impression. But now for five whole years I have waited in vain, and am tormented by the captious and half-insolent questions of my acquaintance: ‘When is Champak coming?’ ‘Is your son-in-law never coming to take his wife away!’ And the letters which he writes to me occasionally, full of excuses and subterfuges which any child would recognise! Now I know the whole sad truth. But hark—here comes my daughter.”

During the last words Gopa hastily entered the room with the sorrowful cry “O Father, Father!” Suddenly she noticed the stranger and stopped.

“Lakshman of Cashmere, the friend of my youth,” said Krishnadass. But Gopa, tossing her head, added bitterly: “Who supposedly has come to tell us how deeply Champak is longing for his bride.”

Lakshman bowed with courtesy and replied: “I have not spoken with your husband, but I know him, and I doubt not that as soon as the burden of his business permits . . . .”

But here Gopa interrupted him, looked steadily in his face, and stepped a pace nearer. “You do not doubt? Lakshman, in this house truth is spoken.” Then turning to her father she informed him with a troubled face that the condition of the sick Lilavati had become much worse during the last few hours. She paid no further attention to the stranger who followed her with a look of astonishment and said to himself: “By all the gods, a wonderfully independent girl! If Champak only knew what a wife he possessed in Benares!”

IV. THE WIDOW’S DEATH.

Lakshman tarried with Krishnadass; while Gopa alternately passed in and out. At last, approaching her father with a dejected countenance she said: “Father, your sister grows constantly worse; she cries, she talks irrationally, and begs for water in her burning fever heat. She surely does not know that this is her fast day. Just now, exhausted, she sank into a sleep. I pray the gods will grant her a long and refreshing slumber.”

With tearful eyes Krishnadass turned to his friend. “You now see, Lakshman, the utter misery of my house.”

Lakshman thought it fit to depart when a servant entered and announced a new visitor: “Ramchandra, the Brahman.”

“He is welcome, as ever,” said Krishnadass; but at the same time he urged his friend to remain. “You must meet Ramchandra; he is a remarkable man and one of high character. Notwithstanding his youth the fame of his learning fills the whole town, and in many branches of knowledge he surpasses his teachers.”

All eyes were turned towards the visitor, who now greeted Krishnadass and Gopa, and inquired sympathetically after the welfare of the sick widow.

“I fear, Ramchandra,” replied Krishnadass sadly, “that it is ill with Lilavati, very ill.”

“Ah, I regret it deeply,” said the Brahman. “But I see that you have a guest; I am interrupting you.”

“No, Ramchandra, stay. It is an old friend from the distant Northwest.”

Lakshman bowed profoundly, and said: “A high honor for this house, that a Brahman youth visits it as a friend.”

But Ramchandra objected with a modest gesture.

“Oh no! I am bound to this house by all the bonds of gratitude;” and checking the reply which Krishnadass attempted to make, he went on: “Let me speak! he who says that I confer an honor upon this house shall learn what you have done for me. Not only do I owe my life to Krishnadass, but I also should not have had means to complete my studies if he had not . . . .”
Here, however, Krishnadas quickly interrupted him: "Enough, enough, Ramchandra!"

"No, Krishnadas," he continued steadily, "you shall and must learn why I speak to you of these things to day. You know that for a few weeks past I have been instructing the new magistrate of our city, White Sahib."

"Yes, I had heard of it," said Krishnadas, "how do you get on with each other?"

"I confess that I was distrustful when I was first invited to impart instruction to this man concerning our ancient traditions. The government officials use every means to inform themselves as to the disposition of the people. So at first I thought that my Sahib was studying our ancient holy books as a mere pretext to make cunning inquiries of me as to what the Brahmins think and say of the government."

"And is it not so?" asked Gopa, who had been listening with rapt attention.

"No, decidedly not," answered Ramchandra, "his motive is a sincere desire for knowledge, just as it was mine when I first came from Jeypore. And besides, notwithstanding his high position, he is a friendly man, of frank manners, quite different from the usual cold and condescending ways of the Sahibs."

"We all know them," put in Krishnadas indignantly, "by every word and look we are made to feel how these high and mighty rulers despise us."

"My Sahib is the opposite of this; he conducts himself just as if I were his equal, and calls me friend. And daily I feel myself more touched by his manner, and I frequently upbraid myself that I have so much affection for one who is unclean. But when he tries with such true zeal to understand the deepest lore of our people..."

"And you reveal it all to this barbarian!" said Lakshman, whose astonishment increased each moment. "Is this right?"

"I do not think it is wrong," replied the Brahman; "times have changed. The wisdom which was once the sole possession of my caste, has now become a common property. They are beginning to print our ancient sacred books in our own land; every one can buy them, and whoever knows our language can read them. Tell me, if the Sahib of whom we speak will study our wisdom, is it not better that he should understand than misunderstand it? I help him to understand it. If the wisdom of the Brahmins is promulgated in the West, is it better that it should be a cloudy mass of indistinct ideas, at which all wonder and shake their heads, or that it should shine as the brightness of the sun, so that the thinkers of the sunset lands shall point to India and say: 'Thence comes our light?'"

Gopa looked with beaming eyes at Ramchandra, whose voice had an irresistible ring when he spoke with enthusiasm; one could see clearly that she agreed with him. But Lakshman spoke angrily: "What interest can the Brahman wisdom have for the Sahibs? What do they care for India?"

"The Sahibs are different from us," replied Ramchandra; "we have lived from the earliest times as if no other land or people existed. And truly there is, upon the whole wide earth, no other such people as we, the chosen of Brahma, since the first creation. But in the Sahibs a consuming fire burns which drives them to seek out the most hidden corners of the earth, and subject them to their sway. I believe they now rule over almost all the world, and they are seeking ways of reaching the stars, to conquer them. But not only do they wish to possess all; the best among them wish to know all—all that was and is."

"Yes, it is true," affirmed Krishnadas, "they are a wonderful people, and they have given our land many good things."

Lakshman frowned; he saw in the home of his old friend the spirit of a new time rising, to which he was deeply opposed.

But Ramchandra persisted in returning to the starting-point of the conversation on the English magistrate, and said: "At first I would not consent to be paid for my service to this stranger, who, from a true, noble thirst for knowledge, devoted himself to our philosophy. But I then thought I ought not to lose this opportunity of giving back to you, Krishnadas, what you had so generously lent me; and so I took his money. Here is the first; it is not much."

With these words he handed Krishnadas a purse. But Krishnadas looked at him in astonishment. "You offend me, Ramchandra; you must know that I do not lend money, and least of all to you. Put back your money in your pocket, and never speak of it to me again."

Ramchandra colored. "Krishnadas, do not shame me. What shall I do with money? I have already enough for my needs. And shall I, the unmarried, accumulate property?"

"Then I can advise you," interrupted Gopa smiling. "Go, Ramchandra, carry your earnings to the bazaar where the books are sold, so large and thick that the poor worldling is frightened at their sight."

Ramchandra looked with a glance of gratitude at Gopa, who had guessed his dearest wish. "O you good, noble people, how I thank you! Ah, how often has it pained me that the chains of caste prevent me from coming as near to you as my heart desires."

Krishnadas nodded approvingly, and said: "Yes, it would indeed be delightful, Ramchandra, if you belonged to our caste, and were not compelled to avoid the meals of our house. Then you could be a regular guest at my table, and I should have given you Gopa
in marriage. I could then be more secure about the future than I am now."

A flaming red colored Gopa's cheeks at these words. But the confusion which overcame her was soon displaced by a feeling of terror, for from the next room was heard a wailing voice which came nearer and nearer. A moment later the sick Lilavati came in, tottering and clinging to the pillars. Her cheeks were sunken and she stared hollow-eyed into the distance. As Krishnadas and Gopa, who hastened to her, assisted her with slow steps to a resting place, she spoke weakly and brokenly, uttering after every few words a pitiful wail.

"I could not stay any longer in my chamber... When I awoke, I was so frightened, so fearfully frightened... I saw infernal demons with horrible claws coming toward me... they laughed grimly and said... that to-day was my wedding day... that Mrityu, the god of death, would come and marry me... O Krishnadas!... With a shriek the fever-sufferer sprang to her brother's arms, who sought to quiet her, while Gopa wrung her hands in despair. "Oh, how it burns! O Krishnadas, Gopa, give me to drink!"

Krishnadas spoke with hesitation. "Poor Lilavati! Dear sister, this is your fast day."

"What do you say?" groaned the sick one, "my fast day? Yes, it is true. Tell me, Krishnadas, how much longer will this day last?"

"Eight hours yet, Lilavati."

"Eight hours yet!" she repeated with a shrill cry.

"No, I cannot stand it... But one drop, brother... I beg of you just one drop."

With great self-command Krishnadas bade her to suppress her desire. "Lilavati, dear sister, think. Your whole life long you have obeyed the laws of widowhood as no other widow has. All these long years you have done as the Purohit directed. It was a consolation to us that by your dutiful conduct you should share the highest happiness in the next existence. Think, dear Lilavati; as soon as you get well you would reproach yourself and us most bitterly if we should to-day fulfil your request."

"In the next existence," said Lilavati after a pause, "in the future life, you say, Krishnadas. What if there is no future life?"

A shudder passed through those present. But Ramchandra whispered, "Oh, if it were true, what the sick one says! What a boon it would be for all creatures not to be hunted through thousands and thousands of painful lives!"

Lilavati tried to raise herself, groped about with uncertain touch and wept. "Gopa, Krishnadas, so you will let me die... you... you... that is your thanks... for all that I have done for you year after year... your thanks, Krishnadas, that I have raised Gopa to be a noble, good woman... Her voice sank, her breath came in gasps, and she convulsively pressed her finger to her burning lips. At the same time she cried out faintly, "Water... water!"

"I can stand it no longer, Father," said Gopa, "no, I will bring her water." And Krishnadas answered, "Gopa, I will not hinder you."

The young Brahman scarcely believed his ears; Gopa was hastening past him when he turned with a quick movement, stepped in her way, and cried: "Gopa, unhappy one, what do you do? Is the wish of a sick woman more to you than the decrees of the gods?"

But with scornful eyes Gopa answered: "Do you speak thus, Ramchandra, you, whom I had thought good,—nay better than other men! Have you a heart of stone? Does not her misery appeal to you? A greater misery earth has not seen. My inmost soul is pierced as with a thousand swords, and you preach to me about the will of the gods!"

Ramchandra was beside himself; he seized her arm and said in a suppressed tone: "You know not what you say."

But she broke away and in a moment was coming back with a water-jug from the adjoining room. Suddenly she stood as if petrified; her arms sank heavily; in the door stood the Purohit.

"My blessings on you!" sounded his deep voice. "I have just performed the divine service in your temple-room." He stopped and looked about in astonishment. "What is this?"

Faintly gasping sounded Lilavati's prayer from the couch, "Water, only a drop of water. And Krishnadas pointed to the sufferer with the words: "Look, worthy priest, on the wretchedness of my poor sister, my only sister."

"Sad, indeed," replied the Purohit; "still it is her fast day. Ha! now I understand the horror on these faces before me. I see you, Gopa, with the jug in your hand. Blind woman, would you burden yourself and Lilavati with such a terrible crime?"

Ever weaker became the cry of the dying widow, "Water, water!"

Then Gopa recovered herself, and starting past the Purohit, cried, "Yes, with any crime in the world, if only I can alleviate this anguish!"

But when she reached Lilavati, a higher power had ended the indescribable suffering of the widow for all time. Gopa sank prostrate on the couch, and the men were deeply agitated. Only the Purohit spoke in solemn calmness: "Well for her that she died without breaking the divine law; but upon you, Gopa, I must impose a penance." With that he walked out of the door.
THE OPEN COURT.

But Krishandas, imploringly, stretched his hands to heaven and cried: "Oh ye great gods above us, take from me, if you will, all I have,—but spare me one thing—the life of Gopa's husband!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]  

CHAPTERS FROM THE NEW APOCRYPHA.  

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.  

BY HUDOR GENONE.

Now as Jesus tarried by the wayside with his disciples, there came unto him certain of the Pharisees, tempting him and asking him questions. And Peter rebuked the Pharisees because of their importunity. But Jesus saith unto Peter: Suffer them to ask of me what they will. For verily I say unto thee, I am the Truth. And the Truth fear eth not, but answereth every man according as He will. Verily it profiteth a man to seek wisdom. And if he come to me the wisdom that I shall give him shall never fail. Then murmured the Pharisees among themselves, saying, How can this be? Is not this man Jesus, the carpenter's son? And yet he saith, I will give ye wisdom. Is not wisdom of the Greeks? Then said they unto Jesus, Master, it is written in the Scriptures by our father Moses that the Lord God made man of the dust of the ground: And again, God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And God called the firmament Heaven; And His throne is established in Heaven of old, even from everlasting. How sayest thou then, the Kingdom of Heaven is within us? Because of their unbelief Jesus looked upon them sorrowing. Now there was a spring of water by the wayside. And Jesus saith unto the Pharisees: Behold the water! Tell me, cometh the water from the earth or from the heavens? Some answering said, From the earth; But others said, From the Heavens; And they disputed among themselves. Then saith Jesus unto them, What did David say unto you? Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from Heaven. And as the waters are, even so is the Kingdom of Heaven. For it cometh down from the mountains, and it riseth up out of the valleys. And even as the waters rain down from the Heavens, and a pool forms in the hollow of a rock; In the morning it is there; and behold the sun cometh, and at eventide the pool is no more. And thou canst not tell whether it goeth. Yet in His own way God hideth the waters. As they were in the pool in the morning so shall they be in the clouds of night. And they shall come again upon the mountain tops and upon the sea; And the waters shall be good to drink, or they shall be brine, as God hath ordained. But whether here or there, or above in the Heavens, or in the deep places of the earth, the waters cannot be lost. Even so shall the Kingdom of Heaven be.

CURRENT TOPICS.

An address with impressive pathos in it was delivered by Rabbi Joseph Silverman at the Parliament of All Religions. In that address he complained of those errors which had wrought such much injustice and suffering upon the Jews, and he denied that the Jews formed a distinct and separate race to-day. He said: "We form merely an independent religious community, and feel keenly the injustice that is done us when the religion of the Jew is singled out for aspersion, whenever such a citizen is guilty of a misdemeanor." Whether the Christian prejudice against the Jews be founded on religion or on race is of little moment: it is enough that the prejudice exists; and whatever the reason of the hatred, it is ignorant and cruel, and so is the prejudice of the Jews against the Christian. Unfortunately for the Jew, he is in a weak minority, and his faults are charged against him as a Jew, while his virtues are credited to him as a man only. Sometimes, indeed, they are credited in a patronising way, to "the truly Christian spirit," which animates him, although by race and religion he is nominally a Jew. If the Jew has ceased to regard himself as of a distinct race in Christendom; if he no longer thinks that he belongs to a "chosen people"; if he has joined the "brotherhood of man," and differs from the rest of us merely in matters of religious opinion, his conversion is but recent, and it only proves that he, in company with his Christian fellow-citizen, has been carried onward and upward by the irresistible intelligence of the time.

In momentary anger, which is pardonable, Dr. Silverman denied that Shylock was in any sense a typical Jew, and he said: "Shylock can be nothing more than a caricature of the Jew, and yet the world has applauded this abortion of literature, this distortion of the truth." Here, I think, Dr. Silverman does injustice to Shakespeare, and proves again that Jews and Christians both refuse to understand the moral of the play. They do not see the provocation given to the Jew by Christian insult, cruelty, and wrong. All through the play, the irony of the dramatist cuts the Christian more deeply than the Jew; and as for "applauding this abortion," although, no doubt, a Christian audience does feel a little triumph in the discomfiture of the Jew, the applause is for the actors and the show. This morning I took breakfast with a Jew, and he told me that last night he saw Henry Irving play "Shylock." When I asked him his opinion of the performance he answered, "Powerful! Powerful!" and otherwise expressed his admiration. He "applauded" the actor, not the sentiment. Take the climax of the play, where Shylock is cheated, not only out of his money, but also out of his revenge, and the ridiculous
Christian law expounded by Portia is more ferociously unmerciful than the sanguinary vengeance of the Jew. And, after all, the Jew demanded nothing but the forfeit stipulated in the bond, and he was cheated out of that. Shylock ought to have taken a change of venue from Portia, who was violently partial to the defendant, but had the Jew made the motion, it would not have been allowed. Shakespeare justified the vengeance of Shylock, and while I would not allow him a pound of Antonio's flesh, I think a couple of ounces would have been about right.

It seems to be undisputed now that Mr. Van Alen did contribute fifty thousand dollars to the presidential campaign fund, and that he has been appointed Ambassador to Italy; but that there was any "bargain" connecting those phenomena is triumphantly denied. The unfortunate affair has a strong moral resemblance to the accident that once befell Mr. Tony Weller, who had been engaged by the committee of one party to bring some voters from London to take part in the election of a member of Parliament for the free and independent borough of Eatanswill. The committee of the other party, having heard of the arrangement, sent for Mr. Weller, and, after complimenting him on his genius as a coachman, one of the gentlemen put a twenty-pound note into his hand, whereupon the following dialogue occurred, as the story was told by Sam Weller to Mr. Pickwick: "'Tis a werry bad road between this and London," says the gen'l'man. — "Here and there it is a werry heavy road," says my father. — "Specially near the canal, I think," says the gen'l'man. — "Nasty bit, that 'ere," says my father. — "Well, Mr. Weller," says the gen'l'man, 'in case you should have an accident when you're bringing these here woters down, and should tip 'em over into the canal without hurting 'em, this is for yourself," says he." Sam further informs Mr. Pickwick, "that on the werry day as he came down with them woters, his coach was upset on that 'ere werry spot, and every one on 'em was turned into the canal." And then moralising in his deep and thoughtful way, Sam said that it was "a hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence." I suppose that when the affair was investigated, it was easily shown that there was no "bargain" made between the committee and Mr. Weller, by the terms of which, in consideration of a twenty-pound note, he was to tip those voters into the canal, but there was a suspicious correlation between the catastrophe and the payment of the money. There was no "bargain" between Mr. Van Alen and that other "gen'l'man," but that Mr. Van Alen should have paid the fifty thousand dollars, and that he should have been appointed Ambassador to Italy, is a "hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence."

Some despondent persons think that the barter and sale of offices is a sign of political dry rot, a revelation to us that the Republican is in a condition of moral decay; and with gloomy auguries they predict its early doom. These fears are not well founded, because the moral decay of a nation may result from its material growth, for in the midst of splendid opportunities for actual and speculative industry, public spirit will give way to private interest. The people of the United States do not approve political corruption, but they are so busy working up into their own private fortunes the crude riches of this magnificent land that they have no time to think about the methods by which political power is won. What is the use of telling the eager adventurers in the Cherokee strip that some crooked things were done in politics last fall? They do not care to listen, for they must conquer a bit of land. And every other domain of enterprise is a sort of Cherokee strip where every man is fiercely struggling to obtain an owner's right. The buying and selling of offices is no new thing under the American sun. It has been done often, and not without the silent consent of the American people. In the year 1840 a very rich man who lived in the State of New York, being ambitious of social and political distinction, promised to give a hundred thousand dollars to the presidential campaign fund, and there is no doubt that he kept his word, for as early as the 7th of September he wrote a letter to the "gen'l'man" at the head of the committee, and said, "I wrote you on the 1st enclosing my check for the amount you asked ($5000), and now inclose my check for $5000 additional. This makes my personal advances $10,000 without having collected a dollar from any one." By "a hextraordinary and wonderful coincidence," this gentleman was appointed Minister to France, and although all the circumstances of the transaction were as well known as the Bunker Hill monument, they did not lower him in the estimation of his countrymen. On the contrary, they were greatly to his advantage, for he was afterward nominated by his party, and elected Vice President of the United States. And the newspapers of that party are at this moment righteously shocked by the contribution of Mr. Van Alen, probably because he gave his money to the rival campaign fund.

The opinion is growing like a weed that the great offices of the republic ought to be given to rich men, because wealth is a bond for honesty, and for the reason that rich men are not so liable to poor men to the temptation of a bribe. The argument is plausible, although the sentiment cannot be approved. Some persons cherish the opposite opinion and believe that offices ought to be given exclusively to poor men, because they need the salary. These moralists wonder how it happens that rich men, though far above the need of money, struggle eagerly for office, but there is nothing wonderful about it. Rich men aspire to office for the honor of it, and for the social distinction it confers. In this country we have no titled aristocracy and no hereditary "dignities." An American cannot hope to be a duke, an earl, a baron or even a baronet, but he may be a cabinet minister, senator, ambassador, governor, or judge; and these are democratic dignities coveted by the richest men. Those dignities confer no personal titles, but they give social rank. They make the aristocracy of a republic, and set the plutocracy on the plebeian side of the line. An American citizen worth ten million dollars, belongs merely to the plutocracy, but if you make him ambassador to a foreign country, he passes at once into the ranks of the aristocracy, with his wife and his daughters too. Call you that nothing, my masters? To a man of millions, what is fifty thousand dollars for an office that carries with it social rank and family distinction? To be sure, the buying of offices is reprehensible, and so is the selling of them; although the duties of an office, bought at auction may be faithfully done. To some persons it seems a bewildering paradox that men seek an office for the honor of it, by dishonorable means, and then perform the duties of the office well. This eccentricity I must refer to occult metaphysics where the explanation of it is.

* * *

There is a genial side, even to the buying of offices, when men buy them for the sake of their wives and daughters, as many of them do. As women have no political dignities except what they get by reflection from their husbands, it is no wonder that aspiring women stimulate their husbands to political ambition. I know a rich man, a very rich man, of domestic habits and retiring disposition, who suddenly shone upon the political horizon as a candidate for congress. As soon as he was discovered, the vote mongers, the ward managers, and the nomination makers waited upon him with offers of loyal service, and an estimate of what a nomination would probably cost; but like an estimate for the building of a house, it was much below the sum eventually required. Some changes had to be made in the plans; and some ingredients of a nomination had been carelessly left out. It was necessary to "fix" this element, and "tout" that one; to "set 'em up" in the ninth ward, and "knock 'em down" in the tenth. More brass bands for music and more brass men for oratory were called for.
than appeared in the original estimate, but the candidate honored every demand that was made upon him by the "boys"; for had he not said to the ward managers, "Get me the nomination, regardless of expense." One day a friend remonstrated with him for wasting so much money to obtain a paltry seat in congress, but he answered, "It is my wife who wants to go to congress; not I. And I intend that she shall go." She did go, and at Washington she found herself in the enjoyment of social rank equal to the official position of her husband. She dined with the President and the Vice President and the Senators and the Judges, and what was more gratifying still, the texture, color, and quality of her gown became of national importance. Nor was her pride all vanity, but a desire for larger dignity and a wider sphere of action. I know another very rich man, who was "mentioned" for Governor of the State of Cornucopia, but he said, "I do not want to be Governor," whereupon his wife spoke up and said, "Well, if you don't, I do." The husband was elected, but the wife took the office, and really made an excellent governor for four years. Those domestic features do not by any means justify the buying and selling, and bribing for office, but they explain some of those phenomena, and make them less repulsive than they might otherwise be.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

AUNT HANNAH ON THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY MINNIE ANDREWS SNELL.

Wall—I'm glad enough I'm hum again—kiss rest my weary brain,
For I've seen an' heered so much too much, I guess I've heered in vain.
I thought th' Fair was mixin' an' th' Midway made me crawl.
But th' Parliament of Religions was th' mixin'est of all!

I seen th' Turks going round th' Midway in th' Fair,
But our minister reproved me when he seen me peep in their "Dorflin' place" he called it, an' th' Turk "a child of sin";
But th' Parliament of Religions took all them heathen in.

It made me squirm a little, to see some heathen's air,
As he told us Christians 'bout our faults an' laid 'em out so bare,
But their flowin' robes was tellin' an' th'air mighty takin' folks,
So th' Parliament of Religions clapped to every word they spoke.

I listened to th' Buddhist, in his robes of shinin' white,
As he told how like to Christ's thair lives, while ours was not—a mite.

'Tel I felt, to lead a Christian life, a Buddhist I must be,
An' th' Parliament of Religions brought religious doubt to me.

Then I heered th' han'some Hindu monk, drest up in orange dress,
Who said that all humanity was part of God—no less,
An' he sed we was not sinners, so I comforted, once more,
While th' Parliament of Religions roared with approving roar.

Then a Catholic man got up an' spoke, about Christ an' th' cross;
But th' Catholics of th' other creeds, they giv' thair heads a toss.
When th' Baptist spoke, th' Presbyterians seemed to be fightin'

'mad.

'Tel th' Parliament of Religions made my pore old soul feel sad.
I've hardened to th' Buddhist, to th' Hindu an' th' Turk;
I've tried to find th' truth that in our different sects may lurk,
'Tel my pore old brain it buzzes, like its goin' religious mad—
For th' Parliament of Religions nigh put out th' light I had.

Must I leave all this sarchin' 'tel I reach th' other side?
I'll treat all men as brothers while on this earth I hide,
An' let "Love" be my motto, 'tel I enter in th' door.
Of that great Religious Parliament, where creeds don't count no more.

BOOK NOTICES.

Abraham Lincoln: Was He a Christian? By John E. Remsburg, is the title of a book just published by The Truth Seeker Company of 28 Lafayette Place, New York. "I have prosecuted these investigations," says the author, "not in the interest of any belief or creed but in the interest of truth... In proving Lincoln a disbeliever I do not presume to prove Christianity false or unthought true, but have shown that some Christians are not honest and that an honest man may be a free-thinker." Those who are anxious for a decision of this question will here find much testimony for the negative side.

In L'origine des mondes et les impossibilités physiques de l'hypothèse de Laplace, Madame Clémence Royer again controverts the tenability of the Kantian-Laplace hypothesis of the origin of the universe. The pamphlet (52 pages) is a collection and explanation, with mathematical developments, of astronomical facts which the hypothesis of Laplace fails to explain. This hypothesis, which Kant evolved on a priori grounds, and which Laplace is supposed to have independently verified by mathematical and physical considerations, is one of the greatest interest to philosophical students, and contributions to its elucidation, like this of Madame Royer, are always welcome.

INSTRUCTION given by correspondence to students of Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers. Write for Circular. Editor Bibliotheca Platonica, Osceola, Mo.

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