

Not much, however, comes of this, even though the phantom of the Stygian ferryman, Charon, proposes to show them "Ghosts of every occupation." We are not favored in this old theatrical curiosity with an account of the "Harlequinade," which is to follow; and as we know nothing of the scenery, the dresses, and the music, it is impossible to form any judgment or conjecture as to its effect as a stage representation. My only object was to make apparent the earnestness with which this old necromantic legend was treated by all parties. Even the prose stories had a grim air of reality about them. In an old pamphlet I picked up when a child, one of the feats of magic performed by Dr. Faustus was during a walk in the highroad near a little market-town, when, for a "pleasant-wager" with some friend, he stops a wagoner, and "eats a load of hay." A moment never to be forgotten, from its startling effect upon the imagination of childhood, on reading—all in secret—the heading of one of the chapters—"Doctor Faustus eats a load of hay!" With devouring eyes we read the account of the preposterously impossible performance, and more than half believed it.

That scenes of comedy, even low comedy, and occasionally broad farce, have been introduced in the great majority of the numerous dramas that have been written on this subject, is well known. Even the classic Spanish of "El Magico Prodigioso" is made to stoop from its dignified earnestness and poetical attitude to indulge in several of the dullest attempts at fun, and the dreariest of humor, except in the malignant gymnastics of the demon in his several manoeuvres to destroy the reputation of Justina. The "jovial fellows" in Auerbach's cellar, and certain other characters in Goethe's "Faust," are also introduced with a view to variety and relief; and the same may be urged in justification of the broad, and coarse, as well as farcical scenes introduced in Marlowe's tragedy. But, with regard to these latter offences, a very acceptable exonerator may be discovered. We find it in old records of his time that one "William Bride, and one Samuel Rowled received £4 for their *adycions* to Dr. Faustus, in 1602," i. e., before its first publication in 4to, and probably before it was acted. The ears of the "groundlings" of that day required to be tickled with stuff of that sort, just as in our own day the eyes, both of the groundlings and uppers, require—or are constantly assumed by managers to require—a grossness of an equal though a different kind. It is fairly open to opinion that Marlowe did not write the coarse nonsense in the above drama, although he may have interpolated a passage or two. For instance: The Doctor, having had a quarrel with Mephistopheles on some question of astronomy, is abruptly left by the latter, and then Faustus calls upon Christ "to save distressed Faustus' soul!" Whereupon, Lucifer and Beelzebub, having been apprised by Mephistopheles of the danger of losing their prey, enter suddenly to bring him to his senses. With this view they "entertain" him with a sight of the Seven Deadly Sins, who appear in succession. One of these (viz., Envy) is certainly not unworthy of Marlowe, in his grotesque vein:

"I am Envy! begotten of a chimney-sweep and an oyster-wife. I cannot read and therefore wish all books burned. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine all over the world! that all might die, and I live alone. Then, thou shouldst see how fat I'd be! But (to Lucifer) must thou sit while I stand! Come down with a vengeance!"

Among other entertaining things Faustus wished to have a good look at hell. He exclaims to Lucifer in passionate accents, "Oh, might I see hell—and return again safe—how happy were I then!"

After this we have more vulgar tricks, not so much like magic for the "lower orders," as conjuring tricks for country clowns; and all this we may, without offence, set down to the account of the £4 paid to "right wittie" Master W. Bride, and the very worthy and ingenious Master Rowled, for their pleasant "adycions." It may be asked, "How did Marlowe relish this?" Why, just as Shakespeare relished, or disregarded, the many interpolations made in his plays. Besides, these things were continually done. In those days they did not care a straw about such matters. But the profound tragic pathos and power of Marlowe begins to show itself as he is approaching the closing scenes of the tragedy. His Mephistopheles has previously displayed, occasionally, both pathos and dignity; and Milton found some thoughts worthy of being placed in the mouth of his grand Satan. In one of the early scenes, the devil says, in reply to a question about the infernal regions:

"Hell hath no limits; nor is circumscribed  
In one self place; but where we are is hell."

Marlowe's Faustus.

The closing movements in "El Magico Prodigioso" are conducted with great dignity and impassioned earnestness. Cyprian has sold his soul to the Demon for various services to be rendered; but, by a puzzling kind of theological contradiction he is doomed to die, not in fulfilment of his contract with the Demon, but by public execution as one of the early Christian martyrs of Antioch. How the fiend could allow this to happen is perplexing, for surely he must have known that it would be very difficult to carry off the soul of a man who had earned the crown of martyrdom. Justina also abjures the gods of her country, and dies on the scaffold as a convert to Christianity. Having always refused herself to Cyprian in life, she very pathetically reminds him, while they are both in the con-

demned cell, that she had said she could only love him in death, and that now she is ready to fulfil her promise. They both declare themselves prepared to endure any tortures, and Cyprian grandly adds that one who has given his soul for her should make light of giving up his body to God:

"CYP. Quien el alma dio por ti,  
Que hara en dar por Dios el cuerpo?  
"JUST. Que en la muerte le queria  
Dije: y pues a morir llevo  
Contigo, Cypriano, ya  
Cumpli mis ofrecimientos."

—[Jornada, III.

Soon after this scene a terrible storm shakes the whole city, to the dismay of the governor, and all the people who appear to crowd round him in the hall of justice. The last scene then opens, and discovers a scaffold, upon which the heads and bodies of Cyprian and Justina are seen; while in the air above them the Demon is seated upon a winged serpent. He addresses the spectators, declaring the purity of Justina, and that the two martyrs have ascended to the "spheres of the sacred throne of God," who commands him, most unwillingly, to make this announcement. The Demon then darts downward under the earth: but the pagan Governor standing firm for the State-religion, assures the people that what they have just seen and heard are the enchantments effected as the last despairing act of the wicked Cyprian:

"GOV. Todos estos son encantos,  
Que aqueste agio ha hecho  
Elisn muerte."

In the preternatural workmanship—the *diablerie* of Goethe—the close and vivid familiarity with thaumaturgic scenes of picturesque glamour, as well as fast and frantic revels—not to speak of the apparently intimate knowledge of the secret movements of the devil's mind, prodigally displayed in his "Faust"—with all the dialogues, characters, scenery, songs, and choruses, in the "Walpurgisnacht"—the great German poet may fairly be said to surpass every other; and, indeed, to put all others, except Shakespeare, far into the shade. The comical devilties interpolated in Marlowe's "Faustus" are mere clownish pretenses in comparison; and even in the mountain-moving and other *encantations* in Calderon's "Magico Prodigioso" are poor enough beside what is seen, said, sung, and done, after the Ignis Fatuus has led Faust and Mephistopheles into the "true witch-element" of the Hartz Mountains on Mayday-night. This is the very perfection of realized unreality in high fantastic incantations. But what are we to make of the last scene of this tragedy, whether we take it from the First Part (as is usually done) or from the Second Part? As to the last scene in Marlowe's tragedy, it is worthy of special note that with regard to the three heroes of these three extraordinary tragedies, in which each hero has, by a bond sealed with his blood, sold his soul to the devil—not through a juggle, but by direct intention—Marlowe's man is the only one who is really damned. The other two, by one means or other, are "saved," but an Elizabethan dramatist was not likely to play at fast and loose, and he therefore "gives the devil his due," and allows him to take full possession of his horror-stricken bondman. This is preceded by agonizing mental struggles and writhings to avoid what he knows to be inevitable; and few things can be more touching than the amiability and unselfishness now brought out for the first time, as by the up-rooting of his inmost depths of feeling—with which Faustus reverts to his early love of study among his dear fellow-students; while he now wishes from his heart with scalding tears, that he had "never seen Wittenberg—never read book." And then, a few hours before midnight, he begs his friends not to imperil their own lives by coming in to his assistance, whatever cries and screams they may hear, "for nothing can save him." They take a last farewell, and Faustus calls upon the "hours" to stand still. "O lente, lente, currite Noctis equi!" The whole of this final scene is worked up with a dreadful power of ideal realization that perhaps surpasses every other scene in the entire range of tragic composition. "See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!" He calls upon Christ, and madly endeavors to "leap up"—but something "pulls him down!" If tragic terror and the profoundest pathos of pity ever attained their utmost limits, they certainly do so in this closing scene, wherein he cries:

O Soul, be changed into small water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean!—ne'er be found!"

We have seen how the hero of "El Magico Prodigioso" escapes from his bondholder. Let us now see how it fares with the Faust of the great German poet. We shall have a word or two to say as to the close of the Second Part; but, by common literary consent, the tragedy is not unfairly considered a clearly intelligible matter to end with the First Part. Margaret cries out with horror that Mephistopheles is coming to bear her away. The fiend calls to Faust to come to his side, or he will leave him in the same predicament as Margaret, who, he says, has been "judged." But a "Voice from above says she is saved!" That is, Infernal Justice recognizes the fact that, whatever may have been her wrong doings, they were really attributable to her brain-seething, seductive lover—the theological *roué*, Faust. And what becomes of him? Why, the fiend now becomes his guardian genius, having previously warned him not to stay and share the expected doom of Margaret—and, calling him to his side, vanished with him! That the great author did not intend him to make good his damnatory bond at this time

seems evident, by this close of the drama, and next by his writing a Second Part.

If any great author of a former date could uplift his head from the tomb, and note with astonishment what was said about him and his works at the present day, it may safely be assumed that no astonishment could surpass that of Master William Shakespeare. And this feeling would probably rise to its height on finding that Dr. Hermann Ulrici has proved that Shakespeare had, though unconsciously, a special, ethical, philosophical, or theological design in each of his principal plays. Something not unlike this might perhaps be expected in the case of Goethe, and more particularly with regard to the Second Part of "Faust." All the English critics, as well as the translators, "fight shy" of it, so that really the great majority of foreign readers scarcely know of its existence. But a deep-seated, subtly inventive and expounding genius at length came to light in the person of William Kyle. His cabalistic book is entitled "An Exposition of the Symbolic Terms of the Second Part of 'Faust,'" which "proves itself to be a dramatic treatment of the modern history of Germany." Alluding to this Second Part, a writer in the *Saturday Review* observed that it was "too hopelessly mystical not to find a great number of profound admirers in Germany. One of these students, and a sincere one, let us frankly and unhesitatingly admit, is Herr Kyle. To examine this remarkably German book is of course impossible in this paper. We can only observe that an elucidatory diagram is given in the page preceding the introduction, something like a trapezium, or rather an imperfect square with nothing inside; and we must then proceed at one vigorous dash through all the physical elements, and their respective symbolic significance, etc., and come to the last act. We are here informed that "Faust has already accomplished a part of his prescribed task." This consisted in letting the bounds of the sea." This rather bold figure of rhetoric is explained to mean "rendering it more adapted for the service of the rational man; i. e., the great ocean of (religious) sentiment existing in the breast of the German nation." And this task "attracted the attention of ideal genius since the year 1750." The great names of Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Feuerbach, Strauss, and others, are then adduced as apostles of this work, which are to culminate in Faust! He is the ideal genius of rationalism, as Mephisto is "the spirit of religious dogmatism." The era of "ideal toleration now begins, and" (without a word of real toleration) "Faust is reconciled to the imagination of the world at large." How this fine finishing up releases him from his soul's bond one can not well perceive; but we are now told that "he ascends into heaven, guided by the ideal of eternal love." It is added casually, that "royalty, aristocracy, and the church, are no more visible. Henceforth, ideal genius is to be regarded as the sacred power of the world at large." Finally (and it is with extreme preparations and difficulty that we are allowed ever to get to any finality), Margaret pleads for her lover and seducer, who caused her evil-doing and pathetically tragic death, and appeals to the higher power in heaven—to the ideal of eternal love.

"Mater Gloriosa.

Komm! hebe dich zu höhern Sphären!  
Wenn er dich anset, folgt er nach."

Our author, Herr Kyle, does not stop even here; but we must; and we take leave of him with great respect for what is evidently his sincere belief in this highly-poetical *omnium gatherum* and cryptological gallimaufry, called the Second Part of "Faust."

One closing word as to the use—not the mere utility, but the public or private acts and advantages—derivable from the great preternatural powers which the three philosophical heroes of these three wonderful dramas have obtained by forbidden and perilous means. Beyond personal enjoyments and sundry magic pranks, they really seem not to have had the least idea what to do with their new faculties and endowments. Mr. Hewlett, in a recently-published essay on "The Devil in English Poetry," remarks, and for the first time we believe, that the various acts of Marlowe's Faustus in necromantic travels and tricks are so comparatively trifling that the tragic scene of his terrible death seems almost like an anti-climax. This is a pregnant piece of criticism; for I consider that the same thing may very nearly be said of the other two great dramas on this subject. What use do the philosophical heroes make of their preternatural powers? The best things done—that is, the most poetical of them—are where Marlowe's Faustus exclaims, "Have I not made blind Homer sing to me?"—when he has heard the "melodious harp (of Orpheus) that built the walls of Thebes;"—and when we witness his rapturous love-scene with Helen of Troy. The rest of his thaumaturgic feats are, for the most part, coarse nonsense, whoever wrote them. In "El Magico Prodigioso" we hear of mountains being made to shift sides—of trees being frightened at the menacing groans Cyprian utters—that flowers faint away—that the birds hush their sweet melodies at his wild incantations (*prodigios graves*)—that wild beasts are dazzled and confused, etc.; and, after all this, Cyprian says, boastively, he has now made it evident that his *estudio infernal* has not been in vain. In fact he is now able to teach his master (*Que puedo dar leccion a mi maestro*). All the necromantic things Faust does, or gets done for him by Mephistopheles in Auerbach's cellar, in the Hartz Mountains, or elsewhere, are of no greater importance than the above, when we think the dreadful price he has agreed to pay for them. If this view be accepted,

we may say, and with profound respect for the "dead kings of melody," that another fable of Faustus may yet be imagined, though not very easily written. Thus: Extreme personal enjoyments and egotistical triumphs can only charm for a few years; and the world around needs all sorts of improvements and peaceful glories. When thou hast obtained preternatural power—O Faustus of a nobler time!—what wilt thou do with it?

### BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHY should a lady's home dress last forever? Because she never wears it out.

THE handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

SIXTY-FOUR schoolmams in Pennsylvania resigned during the last vacation. Cause, husbands.

DID you ever see the expression on a man's face when his wife says, "Now I want you to stay at home to-morrow and help me paper the walls?"

AN enterprising Iowa man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so they will wait for no man, and have got a first mortgage on matrimony to begin with.

AN exchange asks: "What shall we do with the girls?" Why, do the fair thing by one of them, and give the other fellows a chance with the rest.

SOME men will face a whole army, but when a fellow is carrying home a new coal scuttle under his arm to his wife, isn't it strange that he always takes the side streets?

"THAT'S just the way my girl does, every night," was the remark made by a fellow at the Boston theatre when he witnessed the fine bit of acting wherein Julia implores Sir Thomas not to forsake her.

THE housewife who didn't put up any preserves can't visit a single neighbour now without being asked to step down cellar and behold the grand array of sweetness.

A Somerville lady is so jealous of her husband that on hearing him say the other day that he had seen a handsome opportunity and meant to embrace it, she flushed up and said she would like to catch him at it.

WE could tell he was a married man by his sober countenance. No use of saying that other women could manage to retrim their spring bonnets, and make them do for fall wear. She knew better. So does he a great deal better than when he paid the parson.

YOUNG America has been always noted for its inquiring mind. One of the many budding presidents now resident in Chicago was told the other day by his "school-marm" the story of William Tell's famous shooting feat. The only comment the boy made upon the story of the patriotic parent was: "Who ate the apple afterward?"

THERE are three things which no man can keep—a point on a pencil, a pointed joke, and an appointment with the dentist. There are three things which all men borrow—postage-stamps, cigarettes and car tickets. There are three things that no woman can do—cross before a horse, hurry for a horse-car, and understand the difference between ten minutes and half an hour.

A WOMAN appeared before an Ithaca police justice the other day, and wanted her father punished for some alleged unkindness shown her. The justice inquired into the matter, found that the man was over ninety years of age, and that he had been married four times. "Go home, young woman, go home," he said, "the old man has already been punished enough."

"KNOWLEDGE is power." Not always; the boy that gathers up his fishing-tackle and empty basket as the sun is sinking in the West knows that his mother stands watching and waiting for him at the garden gate, and the knowledge that the kindling-wood remains uncut is such a source of weakness to him that to march along and whistle "What is Home Without a Mother?" is an utter impossibility.

CLERKENWELL GREEN is about to be enclosed. It has for years past served as a rendez-vous for stump orators. The majority of the inhabitants of that part, however, will rejoice to see a dirty and unsightly piece of ground turned into a fair garden, of which, with all her green oases, London has far too few.

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