

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. VI

JANUARY, 1914

NO. 1

New Year Greetings

to Readers of

The Theosophical Path

Katherine Tingley, Editor

January 1, 1914
International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

INDIVIDUALITY AND PERSONALITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



THESE two words are used interchangeably in ordinary language; but in Theosophical parlance they have separate and contrasted meanings, and represent a most important distinction. It is in these senses that the words are used in the present article.

The Individuality is the Self or Ego which persists throughout the cycle of rebirth; it is the real man, the real I. The personalities are the temporary masks which the Individuality wears during its periods of earth-life. It might seem as though we were teaching the doctrine that a man has two selves; and while this is true in one sense, it is untrue in another. A man can have but one real Self, but he may have any number of false selves. The case bears some analogy to that of an actor, whom we will suppose to have become so absorbed in the part he is enacting as to imagine that he really is that character, and to have temporarily forgotten his own identity. Thus the real man, the Individuality, may be said, during earth-life, to have forgotten who he is and to have mistakenly identified himself with a set of ideas and experiences that has grown up during the years since his birth. Or again, we may use the simile of a dream, during which the sleeper, under the influence of a powerful hallucination, has forgotten his identity and imagines himself to be somebody else and to be undergoing strange experiences. Then he awakes, and at once the false self vanishes and he returns to knowledge. The comparison of life to a dream is something more than a mere simile; and all students of philosophy are familiar with systems which teach that the Soul is in a dream. Plato, for one, speaks of the knowledge which is inherent in the Soul, and which the mind of the incarnate man glimpses but dimly in moments of exaltation.

Thus, while there is a sharp contrast between the Individuality and the personality, so that oftentimes it may in truth seem as though

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust,

yet there is no eternal severance of man's mind from the greater knowledge within, and the personality tends ever, as it becomes purified, to merge and lose itself in the Individuality, the twain becoming one.

The distinction between Individuality and personality is most important, since so much hinges upon it. Most of the difficulties in the world today are due to an ignoring of this distinction. To begin

with religion, we may point to many mistakes which have been committed in its name through ignorance or neglect of this truth. Seeing the obvious imperfection and transience of the mere personality, yet knowing of nought beyond, mistaken teachers have sought refuge in the doctrine that man is altogether unworthy, and that light and help can come to him only from a source outside himself. Thus has been obscured the vital truth that man must invoke the aid of his own Divine nature, which is the doctrine taught by the World-Saviors. Thus has *sin* been over-emphasized and the good in man been minimized. To teach such a doctrine as this is to weaken man, not to strengthen him. Again, it is through the same ignorance that Theosophists have sometimes been accused of teaching man to rely upon the *personality*; that were indeed a frail support. But in teaching man to rely on the Individuality, Theosophy teaches him to rely on Divine Power, for the essential nature of man is Divine, however much the light within may be overlaid and obscured. When we say that man is to rely upon himself, we do not mean his egoism, his self-love, his vanity, or even his self-righteousness; for these are all personal qualities, frail and erring.

The problem of immortality can only be solved in the light of this truth about the Individuality and the personality. The personality of man, which he usually believes to be his real self, does not contain the elements of permanence and would not be fitted for a life beyond the earth. How can this survive? It is so intimately involved with the life of the body and with terrestrial associations, that there could be but little left after decease. And yet it cannot be that *all* comes to an end. Life would be a senseless illogical farce in that case, and the self-consciousness of man would be unaccountable. For the doctrine that all comes to an end is not consistent with the nature of man's self-consciousness. What is it, then, that survives? It is the real Self, the true I. It seems to most that if we stripped off from our Self all the ideas and feelings and inner senses, there would be nothing left. The comprehension of such a mystery is a question of gradual understanding, to be won as man grows in purity and wisdom throughout many lives of accumulated experience.

At this point it is important to allude to various speculations as to whether the personality can survive after death, whether we can get into communication with the personalities of deceased persons, and so forth. Everything depends upon what meaning is attached to the

word "personality." If it means the man as we knew him on earth, with all his mental and moral belongings, but minus his body, then it is evident that the only condition in which this could survive would be that of an unhappy "banned spirit," or ghost; and attempts to communicate therewith would be necromancy and medieval magic. Such accidents do happen, mainly in the case of suicides and hopelessly debauched persons; but so far from attempting to draw them back to earth, we should seek to liberate these unfortunate spooks by leaving them to die out naturally. It is also, as so many think, a great derogation of the dead, as well as of our own intelligence, to suppose that our loved ones have in store no better fate than to send fatuous messages to those still in the halls of illusion. There can be no communication of the living with the Ego of the departed, unless indeed the living is so progressed a being as to be able to rise in thought to the pure realms in which the former dwells. The Ego cannot be dragged back to earth. The pure thoughts of a loving mother are potent to help and protect those whom she has left behind, but not through any such channels as oral messages or any other kind of phenomenal communication. Such an influence can only pass from Soul to Soul, quite unrecognized and unsuspected, but none the less able to give *true* aid of the kind that alone can really help.

To understand better the teaching about Individuality and personality the doctrine of the "Seven Principles of Man" should be studied; a teaching which was offered by H. P. Blavatsky in the hope that it might prove of assistance to students of the problem of life. We find that man differs from the rest of animate creation in possessing a *mind* — a self-conscious mind — which serves as the connecting link between the natural man and the Divine man. The Divine Spark is present in all the kingdoms of nature, even in the mineral atom. In the mineral its powers are nearly all latent; in the plant kingdom more of its powers are unfolded, and yet more in the animal. But only man, who has the gift of self-conscious mind, is aware of the presence of the Divine Spark and able to invoke it consciously.

This gives us a scheme on which to hang our consideration of the seven principles of man. We have first a trinity: the Mind, the seat of self-consciousness; the Divine nature; the lower nature. The Mind is the critical point, the battle ground. Now the Individuality is formed from the union of the Mind with the Divine Spark. (See *The Key to Theosophy*, chapter viii, On Individuality and Person-

ality.) This Divine Self persists as the same Individual throughout the cycle of rebirths. It incarnates, in pursuance of its destiny; and there takes place a union between the Mind and the elements of natural man, and thus illusion is created and a personality is formed. For the Divine man this is a veritable crucifixion and descent into the tomb; to be followed, however, by a resurrection.

A glance at periodical literature, as well as at current dramas, novels, and philosophical works, will show us that there is great confusion prevalent in regard to the most fundamental and essential questions. There is no need to labor a point so familiar. Most of this confusion is due to an ignorance of the distinction between Individuality and personality. For instance, there are many false doctrines of "liberty," which cannot discriminate between liberty and license and would claim for the weak and deluded personality of man that freedom which of right belongs only to the pure Individuality. A false glamor is lent to man's passions and they are dressed up to look like virtues, while his weaknesses are made to resemble strength. There is a disposition to rebel against all authority because no one recognizes the real Master and Counsellor — a man's Divine Self. And those who would protest against these wild and disordered doctrines find themselves helpless to encounter them and for the same reason — that they are ignorant of the distinction between Individuality and personality.

There are educational fads of all kinds, mutually contradictory, put forward as though some new and wonderful secret in human nature had now been discovered for the first time. Under pretense of allowing scope for the development of individuality and character, the *personality* of the child is fostered, and thus an obstacle is raised up in his path. The promoters mean well, but their methods are often mistaken and such as to defeat their worthy objects. The child should be taught to keep the personality in check by means of the Individuality; but much wisdom and experience is needed in order to be able to teach this.

The teaching also helps us better to understand our own problems and to face life more bravely and successfully. When we find our hopes blighted and our schemes thwarted, we may remember that the purposes of the Soul, the real liver of the life, are not necessarily limited by our own paltry conceptions of what is desirable; and we may thereby be helped to do, what we must all do eventually, and that

is to understand those higher purposes and acquiesce in them. It is not always easy thus to console ourselves in affliction, but that is because we need practice. The whole meaning of the drama of life consists in the progressive education of the lower man until at last he understands the true purpose of life; and we have to learn that the satisfaction of personal desires cannot bring the happiness which the Soul needs. And so at last the pilgrim learns to fix his aspirations on that which does not decay.

Another important point in this connexion is the relationship between ourselves and other selves. It is characteristic of the state of delusion in which we live while on earth, that there seems such a separation between ourself and other people. As a matter of fact, there is no such separation as there seems to be. The great teaching of Theosophy as regards brotherhood is that *men are actually united and need but to rise to that plane where they can recognize the fact.* There is no need to try to force an artificial union between what is essentially separate; it is a question of recognizing the unity of what merely *appears* to be separate. The more a man can live in his higher nature, the more he will feel the unity of life and act in accordance therewith instead of following the selfish instincts of his animal nature. Conversely, the more he practises altruism, the more he will refine his understanding and get away from his limitations.

How necessary is this teaching in an age when there is so much worship of the personality! We have even schools of thought which inculcate practices of "self-development" tending to accentuate the personality more than ever; and every power of human nature is pressed into the service of egoism in the mad attempt to develop the personal "I."

One cannot but feel pity for the unfortunate beings who enter upon these paths, for arduous and bitter will one day be the task of undoing what they have done. They will realize that the Heart-Life is the only true life, and they will find that all their faculties have acquired an irresistible bent towards vanity and self-gratification. Let them be warned in time against worshipping such a god of affliction.

Much more might be said on the subject of Individuality and personality, but this must suffice for the present. Both this and kindred teachings of Theosophy throw much light on the problems of life, and they are not given as dogmas but only as suggestions for the student.

SEVILLE, THE PEARL OF ANDALUCÍA: by Carolus



O the visitor from northern lands, Seville is the embodiment of all his dreams of the sunny South. Pleasantly situated on the banks of the navigable river Guadalquivir at the sea-gate of a large and fertile valley, close to the meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and of the Mediterranean, blessed with a climate that permits one to live almost perpetually in the open air, surrounded by palms and fragrant orange trees, with the romantic memories of the ancient Moorish dominion penetrating the atmosphere like a rich perfume, and inhabited by a pleasure-loving and contented people, the city has been aptly compared to a lustrous sultana in all her finery. A well-known writer, Calvert, says:

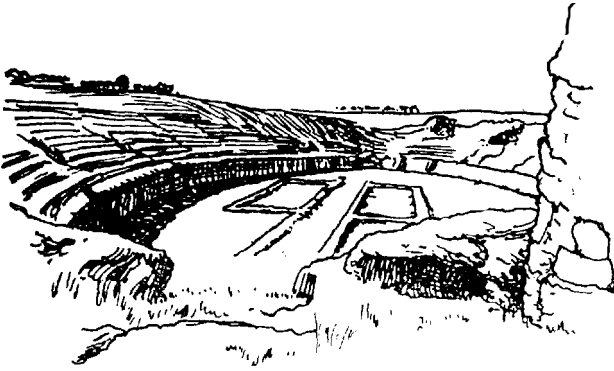
There is a charm and compelling fascination about Seville which produces in the traveler visiting the city for the first time a sensation of physical ecstasy. George Borrow shed tears of rapture as he beheld Seville from the Cristina Promenade, and "listened to the thrush and nightingale piping forth their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of its thousand orange gardens." The Moors left their beloved capital in the height of its prosperity, in the full flower of its beauty . . . Seville lives. Córdoba is dead, and Granada broods over her past. These are cemeteries of a vanished civilization. Alone among the ancient seats of Moorish dominion, Seville has maintained her prosperity.

Valdes says:

Seville has ever been for me the symbol of light, the city of love and joy.

But with all this joyous appearance, Seville has another side, a practical one. It is the headquarters of the army in Andalucía, an important seaport, and the terminus of three lines of railway. In addition there are many chocolate, soap, match, cork, cloth, and cotton factories, an arsenal, and an immense government tobacco factory, which employs 6000 women. Close to the gipsy suburb of Triana is the Cartuja, an ancient monastery, now an important porcelain factory employing 2000 persons. As the city lies barely ten meters above the level of the sea there used to be always trouble in times of flood, but in 1904 an elaborate system of defences against the rising of the Guadalquivir and its tributaries was successfully established. The temperament of the people is different from that of the inhabitants of Madrid or Barcelona, being gay and light-hearted, and the city has always had the reputation of loyalty to the throne. The picturesque street life with its vivid costumes suitable to the sunny climate has

often been described and set to music, as in Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, Bizet's *Carmen*, and Mozart's *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*. Seville is the home of the famous dance, the *bolero*. During the past

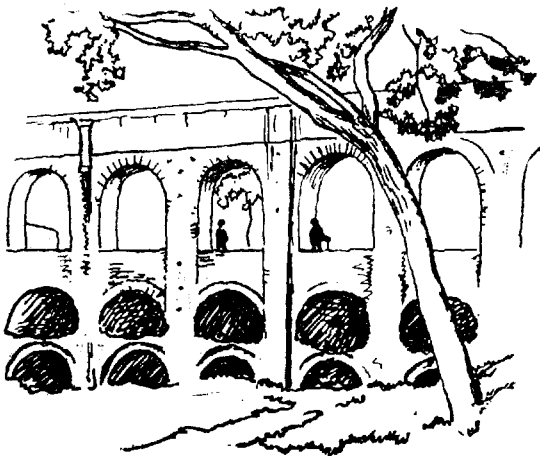


thirty years the population has increased from 133,000 to upwards of 150,000.

The history of Seville is a page of romance. Tradition says that Hercules founded the city, and that Julius Caesar built the walls, but history is certain

that there was an important Phoenician, and later, a Roman settlement, within a few kilometers northwest of the present site, in early times. Under Augustus, the city of Italica, as it was called, became the capital of Baetica, one of the then three provinces of Roman Spain. It is said to be the first Latin-speaking town founded outside of Italy. The Emperors Hadrian, Trajan, and Theodosius, were born in the neighborhood. It is curious that though excavations have revealed many splendid public edifices, very few private houses have been

found. The great amphitheater is the most interesting of the ruins. There is also a magnificent aqueduct of Roman origin, conducting water from Carmona to Seville. Italica is now represented by a small village called Santi Ponce.



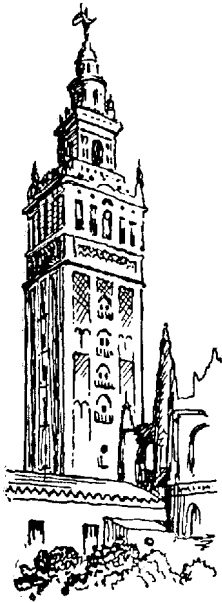
After the sack of Rome under Alaric, in A. D. 409, Walia, a Visigothic chief, established a kingdom in Andalucía, which lasted till

711, when it fell under the dominion of the Arabs. Very little remains in Seville of this period; only a few pillars and stone ornaments roughly executed in the Byzantine style can be ascribed to the primi-

tive Christian age; but with the coming of the Moslims there arose a commingling of spirit which gave birth to that new and beautiful style of art, which, though called Moorish is really finer and more delicate than anything found in North Africa or Arabia, and whose influence persisted for centuries after the re-conquest by the Christians in 1248.

Many vicissitudes between Arabian chiefs and tribes arose after the Moslim conquest; the Abbadids were succeeded by the Almoravids, and then came the hardy Almohades from Africa (1146). Under the rule of the latter, Ishbiliyah (Seville) prospered exceedingly and recovered its rank as an independent kingdom; a great mosque was then built by Yusuf I, to replace the one which had been burned during the temporary invasion of the Normans in 859. It probably embodied some part of the original structure which resembled the larger mosque of Córdoba. Soon after the final defeat of the Moors, it was reconstructed and turned into a cathedral by King Ferdinand III, but in 1401, the building having been practically ruined by earthquakes, it was demolished and the present cathedral commenced. The cathedral of Seville is one of the largest and most impressive buildings which remain from the hands of the great architects of the Middle Ages. The interior is overwhelming in its somber grandeur; the exterior is less striking than many other churches of smaller dimensions, but its outline is picturesque and effective. It contains many priceless art treasures, among which are seventy-four magnificent stained-glass windows, mostly the work of Flemish painters, silver monstrances of great size and beauty, carved altar-pieces and choir-stalls of extraordinary richness and delicacy, and masterpieces of painting by Murillo and other famous painters. The tomb of Fernando Colón, son of the great discoverer, occupies a prominent place near the main entrance. It is decorated with carvings representing the vessels which crossed the Atlantic for the first time and is inscribed, "A Castilla y a León mundo nuevo dió Colón."

A few fragments of the mosque of Yusuf the Almohad were incorporated in the new cathedral; and the wonderful minaret, the Giralda, was preserved and increased in height, to be used as a bell-tower. This tower is one of the most beautiful in the world, and has often been imitated. In general effect the newer portion harmonizes perfectly with the original part, though the details are in a different style — the Renaissance. The Giralda is quadrangular in plan, and

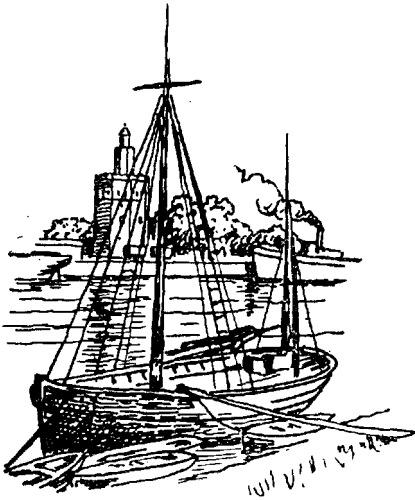


unlike the minarets of Egypt and the Orient generally, is strong and massive rather than slender and fragile. It covers a space of 146 square feet. The lower part is of stone, the upper of brick, and at about 4 feet from the ground the beautiful decorations begin which so greatly increase its charm. The original portion is only 230 feet in height; the remaining 81 feet dating from 1568. Its name Giralda — *que gira*, that which turns — is derived from the great statue at the summit, which, though very heavy, revolves with every breath of wind. The tower is ascended by means of a series of inclined planes up which a horse can walk, and the highest platform affords an extensive view over the city and the plain of the Guadalquivir.

The transition of the Moorish Ishbilyah into the Spanish capital Seville, proceeded slowly, and the Castilians showed commendable moderation in their treatment of those Muslims who remained after the two hundred thousand or more passed over to Africa. The war which resulted in the taking of the city cannot be regarded exactly as a Christian crusade, for Mohammedan troops fought under the banner of Ferdinand, and were not forgotten in the divisions of the spoils. By degrees the peculiar and extremely picturesque blending of Moorish, Gothic, and Renaissance styles called the "Mudejar" became complete, and remained dominant for centuries. The builders and artisan classes remained for many years composed of Moors, sometimes Christianized, but retaining the artistic traditions of their ancestors.

After the conquest, temporary ruin fell upon the city, principally on account of the great loss of inhabitants; but in the fifteenth century it was in a position to derive full benefit from the discovery of America. For several hundred years it prospered wonderfully, but towards the close of the eighteenth century a serious decline set in which was accelerated by a terrible outbreak of yellow fever that carried off 30,000 persons in the year 1800. In 1810 the French plundered it to the extent of \$30,000,000, but since then it has been steadily recovering something like its former prosperity.

The principal relic of the Muslim dominion in Seville is the palace of the Alcázar, which is excelled in beauty and historical interest only

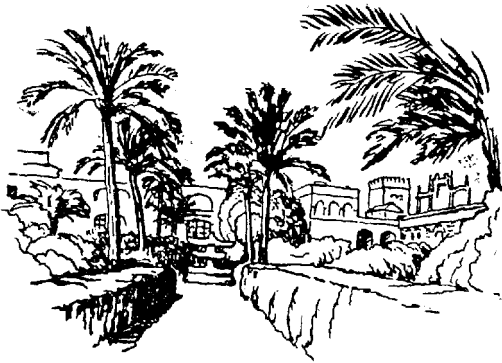


by the Alhambra at Granada. The Alcázar was begun in 1181 under the rule of the Almohads. It was originally surrounded by walls and towers, of which the Torre del Oro by the riverside is the principal survival. There was once a corresponding tower on the opposite side of the stream; a chain was drawn across from tower to tower in times of danger, but during the great siege of 1248 two of the ships of King Ferdinand's fleet succeeded in breaking it.

Though the Alcázar, as it stands, is not a pure specimen of Moorish architecture and decoration, and though it has been greatly enlarged and restored at various times, it is mainly the work of Moorish hands and the conception of Moorish designers. Much of it was built by Moorish architects for King Pedro the Cruel in the fourteenth century; and even in the fifteenth century we hear of Christianized Moors building or reconstructing large portions of it by order of Ferdinand and Isabella. During the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries serious damage was done by unwise restoration, but when restoration has again to be done there can be no doubt that greater care will be taken to preserve the spirit of the antique work.

The Alcázar teems with strange and terrible memories, especially of the ferocious temper and savage deeds of Pedro the Cruel. The horrible events related of his reign make it difficult to associate such a monster with the exquisite courts and peaceful gardens of the lovely palace, but there is no doubt that he is the most conspicuous personality in its history. Countless tales are told and ballads sung of his deeds. The best that can be said of him is that he protected the humbler classes against the rapacity of the officials, and that he had a certain sense of humor. Among the stories of his rough justice there is an amusing one that tells of his retaliation upon the ecclesiastical authorities who had merely suspended a priest from his sacerdotal functions for a year for the crime of murdering a shoemaker. Don Pedro thereupon decreed that any tradesman who killed a priest should be restrained from exercising *his* trade for a similar period!

The Alcázar forms an irregular oblong in which the *Patio de las Doncellas* (Hall of the Maidens) occupies a central portion, around which various halls and rooms are grouped according to the usual Moorish plan. One of the doors opens into the *Salón de los Embajadores* (the Hall of the Ambassadors) the finest apartment of all; it



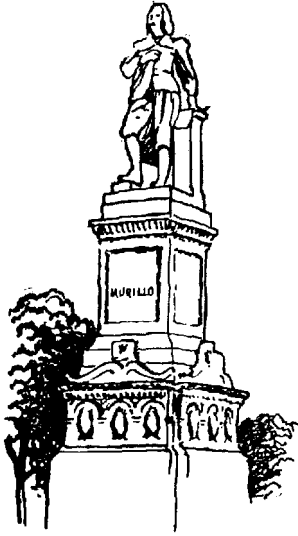
contains examples of five distinct styles: the Arabic, Almohad or true Moorish, Gothic, late Moorish, and Renaissance. The gardens of the Alcázar are famous for their beauty. Cooling fountains play amid groves of orange and citron, and stately palms and brilliant flowers line the walks. But the sinister presence of the Cruel

King haunts even these pleasaunces. On one occasion he was standing near a pool when four candidates for the office of judge were brought before him. To test their fitness he pointed to an object floating in the water and asked them what it was. The first three answered, "An orange, Sire," but the fourth drew it out with his stick, examined it, and said with accuracy, "Half an orange, Sire." He received the appointment. In an adjoining hall Don Pedro heard four judges discussing the division of a bribe. They were executed on the spot, and their skulls still adorn the king's bedchamber. He had a strong, though crude, idea of the duty of others, but his numerous crimes, including the murder of his wife and other relatives, show that he had peculiar notions of his own duty.

Among many other famous relics of the Middle Ages in Seville is the Casa Pilatos, a splendid palace commenced in 1500 by the Adelantado (Governor) Don Pedro Enríquez, and finished by Don Pedro Afán, Duke of Alcalá, in 1533. It is remarkable from its great resemblance in general appearance to the Alcázar, though it is far more modern; but a close examination shows that in its details the Renaissance feeling had largely overpowered the Moorish. The central patio, however, is strongly Moorish in effect.

Seville possesses several magnificent architectural examples of the later and definitely Renaissance style, such as the Lonja (Exchange

— 1585), and the Casa del Ayuntamiento (City Hall), the hospitals del Sangre and La Caridad, and the palace of San Telmo. The archbishop's palace, the tobacco factory, and the bull ring, are large structures, but possess no architectural importance.



of Zurbarán and other famous masters of the old Spanish school.

In the art of painting Seville occupies a very prominent place. As the birthplace of both Velázquez and Murillo it could hardly be otherwise, though the former did little of his best work there. Murillo, on the contrary, is well represented by numerous pictures in the cathedral and other churches; in fact, his influence seems an integral part of the life of the city he loved so well, whose colors, religious emotion, splendor, and poverty, are expressed so vividly in his works. The Museum and the churches of Seville also contain numerous examples of the work

STUDIES IN SYMBOLISM: by F. J. Dick, M. Inst. C. E.

I. THE DORIC ORDER IN ARCHITECTURE



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in his *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, relates that at one time Professor Jenkin "spent three nights a week with Dr. Bell working away at certain geometrical methods of getting the Greek architectural proportions," Dr. Bell having hit upon the singular fact that certain geometrical intersections gave the proportions of the Doric order. Stevenson says:

Fleeming, under Dr. Bell's direction, applied the same method to the other orders, and again found the proportions accurately given. Numbers of diagrams were prepared; but the discovery was never given to the world, perhaps because of the dissensions that arose between the authors. For Dr. Bell believed that "these intersections were in some way connected with, or symbolical of, the antagonistic forces at work"; but his pupil and helper, with characteristic trenchancy, brushed aside this mysticism and interpreted the discovery as "a geometrical method of dividing the spaces, or (as might be said) of setting out the work, purely empirical, and in no way connected with any laws of either force or beauty."

“Many a hard and pleasant fight we had over it,” wrote Jenkin, “and the pupil is still unconvinced.”

Perhaps it is not widely known that, in the “sixties,” Fleeming Jenkin was associated with Sir William Thomson at the Silvertown works, London, in work that made ocean-telegraphy feasible. But Greek architecture and its symbolism were probably as foreign to their normal sphere of thought as to most of us.

The passage quoted stimulated some inquiry into the question, and on turning to the writings of that pioneer of pioneers, H. P. Blavatsky, a remarkable statement concerning the life and work of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, was found. The reference is given as a foot-note immediately following a long and magnificent passage in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 207-8) in allusion to the Third Root-Race and to the “Nameless One” under whose direct and silent guidance “all the other less divine Teachers and instructors of mankind became, from the first awakening of human consciousness, the guides of early Humanity. It is through these ‘Sons of God’ that infant humanity got its first notions of all the arts and sciences, as well as of spiritual knowledge; and it is they who have laid the first foundation-stone of those ancient civilizations that puzzle so sorely our modern generation of students and scholars.” Then comes the foot-note:

Let those who doubt this statement explain the mystery of the extraordinary knowledge possessed by the ancients — alleged to have developed from lower and animal-like savages, the *cave-men* of the Palaeolithic age — on any other equally reasonable grounds. Let them turn to such works as those of Vitruvius Pollio of the Augustan age, on architecture, for instance, in which all the rules of proportion are those *taught anciently at initiation*, if they would acquaint themselves with the truly divine art, and understand the *deep esoteric significance hidden in every rule and law of proportion*. No man descended from a Palaeolithic cave-dweller could ever evolve such a science unaided, even in millenniums of thought and intellectual evolution. It is the pupils of those incarnated Rishis and Devas of the third Root-Race, who handed their knowledge from one generation to another, to Egypt and Greece with its now lost *canon of proportion*; as it is the Disciples of the Initiates of the fourth, the Atlantians, who handed it over to their *Cyclopes*, the “Sons of Cycles” or of the “Infinite,” from whom the name passed to the still later generations of Gnostic priests. . . . Modern architecture may not altogether have neglected those rules, but they have added enough empirical innovations to destroy those just proportions. It is Vitruvius who gave to posterity the rules of construction of the Grecian temples erected to the immortal gods, and the ten books of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio, of one, in short, who was an initiate, can only be studied esoterically. The Druidical circles, the Dolmen,

the Temples of India, Egypt, and Greece, the Towers and the 127 towns in Europe which were found "Cyclopean in origin" by the French Institute, are all the work of initiated Priest-Architects, the descendants of those primarily taught by the "Sons of God," justly called "The Builders." . . .

Some passages in this foot-note suggest forcibly that before turning to what Vitruvius says, or indulging in remarks on some of the symbolism conveyed by that which he passed on to us, it is well to keep in view the enormous antiquity of the human race, even on this planet (for were we to say it contains elements older than the planet itself, considerable familiarity on the reader's part with the Secret Doctrine would have to be assumed). As for instance:

One of the *Books of Hermes* describes one of the [Egyptian] pyramids as standing upon the sea-shore, "the waves of which dashed in powerless fury against its base." This implies that the geographical features of the country have been changed, and may indicate that we must accord to these ancient "granaries," "magico-astrological observatories," and "royal sepulchers," an origin antedating the upheaval of the Sahara and other deserts. This would imply rather more of an antiquity than the poor few thousands of years, so generously accorded to them by Egyptologists. (*Isis Unveiled*, I. 520.)

In fact the study of symbolism, to be intelligent, demands an enormous amplification of current ideas as to the origin, history, and destiny of the race; together with much wider and more dignified views regarding man's real inner nature and possibilities than are prevalent, or were prevalent even in the days of Plato, Pythagoras, Jesus, and many another Teacher who had to hide or veil much of his real knowledge, for no other reason than that much of it would not be understood. But it is our proper destiny to understand, and H. P. Blavatsky has given us keys innumerable.

Among the harmonies of Nature are those of form. Harmonious sounds (etheric) are music, from which proceed harmonious forms and colors. These ideas are well known. But whether a true symbol be of Nature's creation, such as a flower, or of man's, the ultimate significance has reference to Man, the crown, *when perfected*, of manifested life; to his cycles, changes, dual nature, etc. Thus a high order of symbolism is purely metaphysical, pertaining to Man in his deeper aspects. It soars, like the original apex of the Great Pyramid, to that which transcends form — toward reality. For is it not axiomatic, metaphysically, that form belongs to manifestation, to one or another region of manifestation, including even intellectual form? That which is invisible, inaudible, impalpable — the One Reality which

is No-Thing, and from which all, whether gods or worlds, proceeds, and into which all periodically returns — should alone be the subject of worship.

Symbols of the higher order do thus but whisper, as it were, of form. Thus it happens, that the deeper the meaning, the simpler may the symbol be. Sometimes there are symbols whose meaning could scarcely be grasped even by the intuition, unless at least some brain-knowledge of man's immense prior Involution from above (or within) and Evolution from below (or without) had been assimilated.

Probably the nearest approach to the elimination of Form, after the Point and Circle (the highest metaphysical symbols, for reasons fully treated of in *The Secret Doctrine*), is the use of the straight line, combined with basic elements of Number. In the Doric order, as in the Great Pyramid, the straight line and plane (ignoring the optic element of entasis) alone are used, if we except the circular shape of the columns. Needless to say, the circle is but an emblem of the sphere. The straight line and plane occur nowhere in Nature, and are essentially metaphysical in character.

Let us now quote, as briefly as possible, from Vitruvius, bearing in mind that if, as pointed out in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (" Architecture "), there are no examples of quite the proportions he gives, this is of little import, in view of H. P. Blavatsky's statement. The italics are ours:

No building can be said to be well designed which lacks symmetry and proportion. In truth they are as necessary to the beauty of a building as to that of a well formed human figure, which nature has so fashioned that . . . from the chin to the crown of the head is *an eighth part* of the whole height, and from the nape of the neck to the crown of the head the same. . . . The fore-arm is a fourth part. . . . Similarly have the other members their due proportions, by attention to which the ancient painters and sculptors obtained so much reputation. Just so, the parts of Temples should correspond with each other, and with the whole. . . . It is not alone by a circle that the human body is thus circumscribed, as may be seen by placing it within a square. For, measuring from the feet to the crown of the head, and then across the arms fully extended, we find the latter measure equal to the former; so that lines at right angles to each other, enclosing the figure, will form a square. If Nature, therefore, has made the human body so that the different members of it are measures of the whole, so the ancients have, with great propriety, determined that in all perfect works, each part should be some aliquot part of the whole; and since they direct that this be observed in all works, it must be most strictly attended to in temples of the gods, wherein the faults as well as the beauties remain to the end of time. It is worthy of

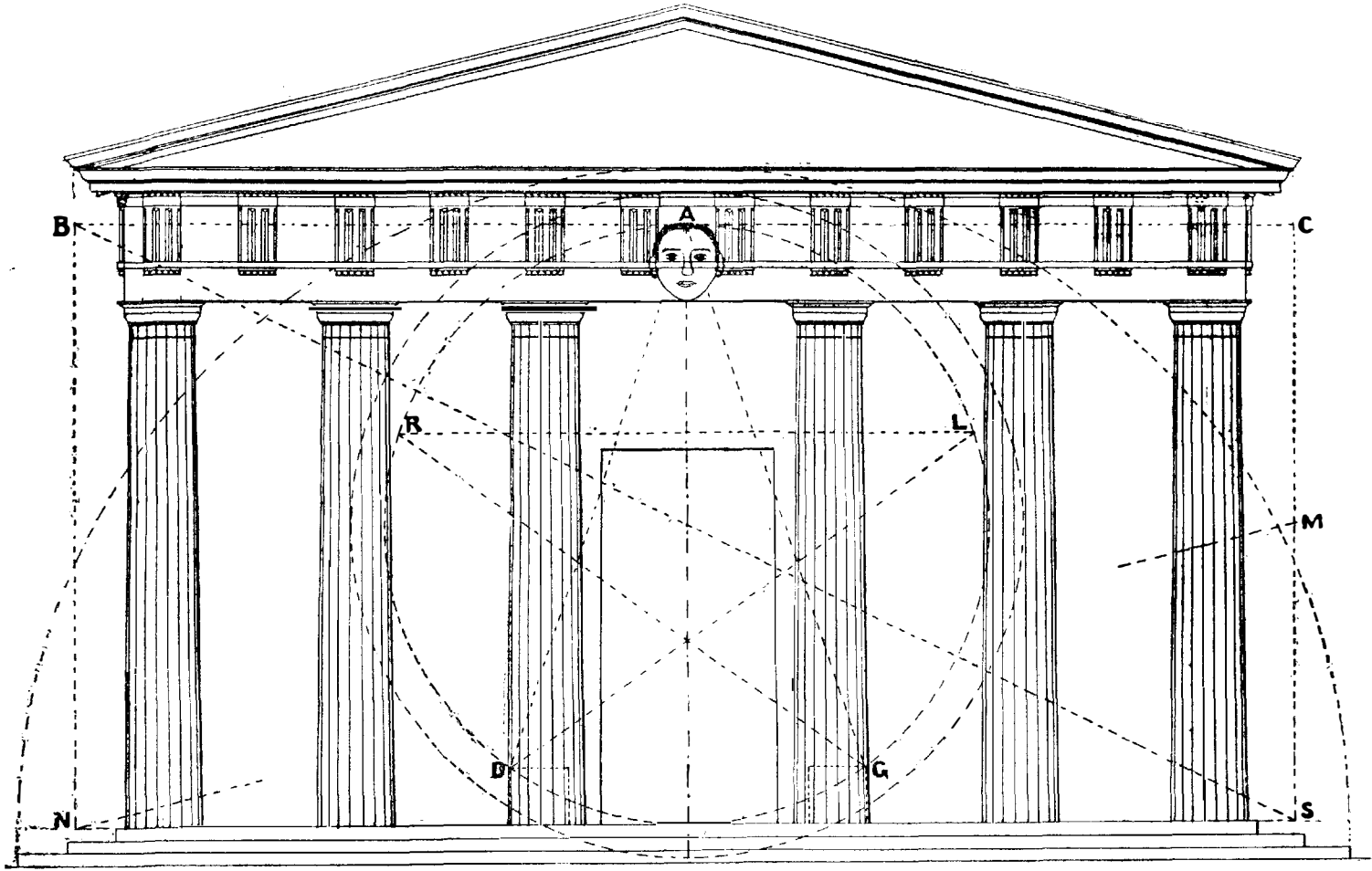
remark, that the measures necessarily used in all buildings are derived from the members of the human body. . . . (Bk. III, c. i.)

The entire chapter might have been quoted, for therein are to be found the rules and laws of proportion (including both decimal and duodecimal subdivisions) inherent equally in the human frame and in the geometry of the sphere. A common way of accounting for our decimal arithmetic is that man has ten fingers. But it might occur to any one that we have ten fingers, stand within a square, or a sphere, or make a regular pentagon, *because* these things are inherent in the formative laws of being; and in fact that Number, as Pythagoras taught, and as modern science is discovering, lies at the foundation of living forms, crystals, and atoms; underlies sound, which as the Logos, the Word, is one of the original agents of hierarchies obeying laws of Universal Mind. In the School of Pythagoras the pupil had to be familiar with arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, before gaining admission. To continue:

I will . . . proceed to explain the method of using it [the Doric order], *as instructed therein by my masters*; so that if any one desire it he will here find the proportions detailed, *and so amended*, that he may, *without a defect*, be able to design a sacred building of the Doric order. . . . If the work be systyle: the front of the building when hexastyle is to be divided into thirty-five parts; of these one part is taken for a module. . . . Thus, over the [intercolumniar spaces of the] architrave are two metopae and one triglyph, and in the angles a space will be left equal to half a triglyph. The middle part, under the pediment, will be equal to the space of three triglyphs and three metopae, in order that the central intercolumniations may give room to those approaching the temple, and present a more dignified view of the statue of the god. [Here is wit, and half a blind.] The thickness of the columns is to be equal to *two modules*, their height equal to *fourteen*. . . . The architrave is to be *one module* in height. . . . Over the architrave triglyphs with metopae are placed, *one and a half modules* high. The triglyphs are one module wide on the face, . . . the metopae [the spaces of the frieze between the triglyphs] as long as they are high. (Bk. iv, c. 3.)

It will be found that the total length of the architrave is thus exactly $29\frac{1}{2}$ modules, not 35; the latter figure, therefore, refers to the total length of the stylobate (or base-steps) along the front, while the length of the architrave is precisely the distance between the external surfaces of the end columns, at the foot.

Without going into minute details, the result is given in the accompanying front view of a systyle hexastyle Doric temple according to the special instructions imparted to Vitruvius. He has been par-



Lomaland Photo. & Engraving Dept.

FRONT VIEW OF A SYSTYLE HEXASTYLE DORIC TEMPLE ACCORDING TO MARCUS VITRUVIUS POLLIO

ticular in stating that the head is one-eighth of the height. Thus the height of man being divided into sixteen modules, or eight parts of two modules each, the height of the human body to the chin is fourteen modules, the height given for the columns. The inference is obvious. The head, two modules, comes within the architrave and frieze, as shown on the drawing.

A close examination reveals much of the significance of the proportions given. Unlike the Parthenon, and some other Greek examples, the architrave is here but one module in height. Hence, the eyes and the upper part of the head come within the frieze. That is, the frieze represents the region of man's conscious experience and intelligence. For this reason undoubtedly, the square metopae between the triglyphs were carved into scenes *portraying every kind of event in the lives of gods and men*; and by no means for the mere purpose of decorative effect.

We can now endeavor to follow the symbolism in some detail. The ears are on the dividing line between architrave and frieze, where are the six octaves of the seventy-two guttae (the small six-grouped pendants beneath the *twelve* triglyphs), while nostrils and mouth are within the architrave. Students may appreciate this symbolism. Let two cubes, the size of a metopa, be placed at D and G. Then, the position of the head remaining unchanged, if the toes rest at D and G, and the finger-tips are extended to R and L, Man forms a regular pentagon, which considered as angles of the Icosahedron, belongs to a sphere that *exactly touches the under surface of the cornice*, a splendid piece of symbolism. For let it be noted that Vitruvius says the under side of the cornice should be sculptured with *representations of thunderbolts*. Jupiter, Thor, Thursday, may give the hint required. Moreover, the under side of the cornice has 216 guttae, a direct reference to certain basic cycle-numbers (see *The Secret Doctrine*). The geometry of the sphere and icosahedron, basic elements of nature-forms, is further indicated by the semicircle, standing on the floor level with the length of the stylobate as diameter, which just touches the upper surface of the cornice; by the twenty flutings specified for the circular columns, typifying the twenty faces of the icosahedron; by the diagonal of the double-square B C S N formed by man's height and the length of the cornice, viz., the line B S, which forms with the vertical through the center the foundation angle of all forms, because with four more through the center, at this mutual angle, we have the

six diameters of the icosahedron, which give rise to all the Pythagorean regular solid forms. The descending passage of the Great Pyramid is at the slope of B S.

From the Third to the Fifth Root-Races Man might be represented by a double square metaphysically. The Six Columns are Man's Six Principles, synthesized in the Seventh, soaring above at the apex of the pediment. They may also typify his six potential Śaktis, or six powers of a very definite order, immanent in Nature (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 292-3). Bisecting C S at M, and joining N M, we have the slope of the pediment.

The gods being but perfected Man, a temple in honor of the immortal gods should be sacred to the Cause (in the sense of an enterprise) of Sublime Perfection, of which W. Q. Judge wrote. And the soul-experience, symbolized in the frieze, how is it gained? Through repeated *incarnations*. Where is this shown? Observe the Doorway, the Entrance to "the Temple." It is exactly at five-eighths of man's height, where we find the umbilicus. "A mystery above, a mystery below." Withal, this symbolism probably only belongs to some of the great Root-Races. The width of the doorway at the foot, being half of the line D G, suggests a second pentagon, which gives a clue. Any one acquainted with solid geometry can see where it is. Here is symbolism, referring not only to Man, but even to the electro-magnetic poles of the Earth, man's dwelling-place. (*Ibid.* II, 362.)

The twelve triglyphs are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve faces of the dodecahedron, all related both to form and to time-cycles. Note how the Three and the Four are blended in the symbolism of the frieze. Here one might with profit refer to "The Mysteries of the Hebdomad" (*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 589-641).

The double square is again seen in the directions of Vitruvius that the length of a temple must be twice the breadth. The same will be found in the hall of columns at Karnak, and elsewhere; notably in what is called *nowadays* the "king's chamber" of the Great Pyramid.

In short, much of the number and geometric symbolism of all time may be discovered in this front elevation of a hexastyle Doric temple set out according to rules given to Vitruvius, as he modestly asserts. The perfection of detail speaks eloquently to us of the knowledge and reverence for the Truth, which the ancients must have possessed.

WORDSWORTH'S ODE TO DUTY: by H. Travers, M. A.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Pow-
er! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard

Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more
strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their
name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman
let me live!



HERE is a good deal of confusion of thought today on the subject of duty, and the words of the poets may be useful as reminders; for they have often registered in immortal form important landmarks of truth.

The word Duty is too often made to have a gloomy sound, as though it were opposed to happiness or freedom. But this impression arises from a misunderstanding of the words. The poet finds no such antagonism. To him, duty is a light to guide, it is victory, it is law; it is true liberty; from vain temptations it sets free.

Recently we have come across a theory that the conquering and controlling of self — the “bondage to duty” — is a hindrance to progress; and that we ought to strive to produce men who will be *happy*. This is from an educational theorist of some repute; but it does not imply, as might at first sight appear, any great perversity of views, but merely a curious confusion of ideas. The “duty” spoken of is evidently something other than the duty of which the poet sings. The protest is against false notions of duty, not against duty itself. Yet because people may be cramped and hindered by false notions of duty, it is argued that duty is a bondage; and therefore new theories of education, based on this confusion of thought, are devised.

At the bottom of such fallacies is the failure to distinguish between the real Self in man and the personal ego. Self-control is the very foundation of all human welfare, both individual and collective; and to argue that it is a bar to progress is evidently absurd. What progress could ever have been achieved *without* self-control? What kind of a chaos would society be tomorrow, did the sweet and potent influence of self-control suddenly cease to act?

The fallacy is disposed of by another poet — a very ancient one — who says that we must “overcome the self by the Self.” This is the true discipline, and involves no subservience to dogma or arbitrary rule.

To say that the natural impulses of children, if allowed unimpeded action, are safe guides, is to state a loose proposition, which may lead to different conclusions, according as different people define the terms. But to say that *some* of the natural impulses are safe guides and that some are not, is to state a definite proposition, and one that will be found conformable to experience and not repulsive to common sense. The Soul of the child is fresh from its rest, but its body is “of the earth, earthy,” and enshrines many perverse instincts derived from racial heredity. We deem it right and necessary to protect the child against hunger, cold, and disease; nor do we turn it loose to be fed and sheltered by its unthwarted natural instincts. A similar protection for its moral nature is demanded of us as parents and guardians; and we may well regard the child as a visitor from the realms of light, who expects our hospitality.

And because many parents and guardians, in their imperfect knowledge, do not understand how to treat the child, and impose upon it many injudicious and perhaps harmful restraints; are we on that

account to rush to the opposite extreme and remove all restraint? There is all the difference in the world between restraint and protection; as much as there is between a strait-waistcoat and an overcoat.

The true method of education is to show the child how to control its lower nature by its higher, thus placing its reliance on the only real source of control and wisdom — its Spiritual nature. There can be no slavery about such a method, no hindrance to progress or cramping of the nature. On the contrary, it is the unwise desires of the lower nature that hem us in and prevent us from expanding and realizing our possibilities.

The apparent conflict between duty and desire is due to the present imperfection of our knowledge; and the poet looks forward to the day when our nature will be so well-balanced that we shall know no such conflict, but shall do our duty naturally and with joy. The conflict between duty and inclination arises because we fail to discern the purposes of our Soul, and set up instead our fond and foolish desires. These desires, if indulged, do not bring happiness; they are frustrated by the desires of other people, or by other desires of our own; and they grow more importunate as we feed them. It is they that are the tyrants, not duty. To end the struggle, we must gain *Self*-knowledge, so that our inclinations may be wise, and so that our duty may be our pleasure.

The problem of man's free-will has been symbolized by the harnessing of Pegasus, the winged steed. The only way in which the strong and adventurous human nature can be directed is by the Spiritual Will. All education should be directed toward arousing this power.

No reformer, be he never so enthusiastic, can change the laws of nature. We must obey *some* law, whether we will or no; and the only question is, What law shall we obey? Shall it be the law of our impulses? If so, the result to society can only be strife and confusion, no matter how lofty the said impulses may seem to their owners. Other people will claim for themselves the same license as we are claiming, and their desires may thwart ours. The great Teachers have shown us the law of the Higher Nature: forbearance, self-control, charity; by following which we shall conflict with no man's interest. This eternal law has not been repealed in recent times; possibly because man is not yet grown big enough to repeal it.

How often do we mistake our weakness for our strength, and set

up vanity for self-respect, claiming for it a recognition which (seemingly) it cannot win for itself! If manliness (or womanliness) is what we desire, there are better ways of showing it than by running atilt at duty. The way of the self-infatuated man is full of shifts and sophistries.

The *confidence of reason* is what the poet asks of duty; and yet "reason" is what so many of the rebels against duty set up as their standard of revolt. What a misuse of words! Can it be reason that leads men into so many and so strange paths? To be "lowly wise" is simply to shed our vanity and live in the "light of truth," a bondman to the eternal laws of life.

Man's powerful faculties could be of no possible use to him without duty — any more than steam would have any power unless confined in a boiler. If it were not for gravitation, birds could not fly; would it be sensible to try to abolish the law of gravitation on the ground that it interfered with soaring? It is but plain common sense to say that man needs restraint as well as impulse; for he is no exception to everything else in nature. But how can he restrain his lower nature except by his Higher? Let us regard duty as the voice of Reason speaking in us. If there is a feeling of rebellion against this voice, be sure that there is something wrong and we need bracing up.



THE nature of all things near and dear to us, O King, is such that we must leave them, divide ourselves from them, separate ourselves from them. Pass not away, O King, with longing in thy heart. Sad is the death of him who longs, unworthy is the death of him who longs. — *Mahâ-Sudassana-Sutta*

THE WISE guard the home of nature's order; they assume excellent forms in secret. — *Rig-Veda*

THE Great and Peaceful Ones live regenerating the world like the coming of spring, and having crossed the ocean of embodied existence they help those who journey on the same path. Their desire is spontaneous: it is the natural tendency of great souls to remove the suffering of others. — *Viveka-Chûdâmani*

If a Bhikkhu should desire, brethren, to hear with clear and heavenly ear, surpassing that of men, sounds both human and celestial, whether far or near, let him then fulfil all righteousness, let him be devoted to that quietude of heart which springs from within, let him not drive back the ecstasy of contemplation, let him see through things, let him be much alone. — *Ahankheyya-Sutta*

EXCELSIOR: by R. W. Machell



WHAT is that shadow rising yonder? See! it creeps nearer; it covers the path and fills the narrow gorge with a cold darkness that may be felt even at this distance. I see no clouds overhead; the sun shines, and the shadows of the mountains are clear cut on the other side of the valley. But that shadow is independent. It is alive, a living death, that seeks to envelop us in its grasp; where does it come from? why does it come nearer as we watch?"

"Look down! That shadow comes from where you stand; it follows the movement of your mind, grows with your fear, and comes nearer as you draw it to you by your contemplation. That cold air that you feel is the breath of your own doubts blown back upon you by the opposing currents that it meets. The coiling, creeping monster is yourself, your shadow-self, that comes towards you, as comes your image in a mirror when you advance to meet it. Look further! See higher up, where the full glory of the sun

bathes all the path in light. What do you see there?"

"I see a man fighting a monster, and it is dark around him, except for the brief flashes of flame that come from his whirling sword; but the monster grows darker and more dense, and the warrior is hidden in the cloud; ah! now it passes rolling away and losing itself in the depths of the canyon."

"And the warrior?"

"I cannot see him for the brightness of the light: but for a moment it seemed to me I saw a glorious image as of a man divine, who pointed upwards, and then passed from sight. What does it mean?"

But the guide was gone, and the narrow path wound upwards towards the distant heights, where the sun shone on the blinding purity of the eternal snow.

A song was in my heart; the glamor of the sunlight hid the dis-

tance from my eyes; I felt the coldness from the heights as an intoxication, and in imagination I myself stood there upon the immeasurable altitude bathed in the radiance of the sun and glowing with the brilliance of the snow, while in the far below a man toiled upward casting shadows as he climbed the narrow path. I seemed to know him, and as I gazed upon his stooping figure I pitied him and called him to look upward; he answered, turning his eyes towards me; then my gaze met his and blended. I looked around me and I saw the path wind slowly upward to the distant heights and the dark shadows resting in the deep gorge below.

LADY ANNE CONWAY: by F. S. Darrow, M. A., Ph. D.

I. A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH



SINCE the modern Theosophical Society "is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages," the study of the history of that movement in the past is not only highly interesting, but, in the truest and deepest sense, instructive and educative. By means of such a study, the historical continuity of Theosophy, a truth reiterated by the three Theosophical Leaders, H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and Katherine Tingley, becomes a vital reality, and innumerable facts are gathered in substantiation of the statement that Theosophy, "the Wisdom-Religion, was ever one and the same, and being the last word of possible human knowledge, was therefore carefully preserved." (H. P. Blavatsky, *Key to Theosophy*, Point Loma Edition, 1907, p. 9.) Such a historical retrospect of the movement reveals also the importance of the following words of H. P. Blavatsky:

Toward the close of each century you will invariably find that an outpouring or upheaval of spirituality, or call it mysticism if you prefer, has taken place. Some one or more persons have appeared in the world as their [i. e. the Theosophical Teachers'] agents and a greater or less amount of occult knowledge and teaching has been given out. If you care to do so, you can trace these movements back, century by century as far as our detailed historical records extend.

(*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 294.)

Such a work of research would be far more fascinating and valuable than many subjects commonly selected by scholars! Many

are the treasures that some industry and insight may thus unearth.

It is the purpose of this paper to call attention to one of the important seventeenth-century Theosophists, whose history seems unknown to almost all modern historians and biographers; one who, in the words of a loving friend — words that were penned soon after Lady Conway's death in 1679 — had

acquired the skill of searching into and judiciously sifting the abstrusest writers of Theosophy, which . . . was not out of any vanity of mind or fond curiosity, but it was, as it were, the genuine food of her natural genius. (Baron Francis Mercury van Helmont — quoted in Richard Ward's *Life of Dr. Henry Ward*, 1710, p. 205.)

The Viscountess Conway, “formerly Mistress Anne Finch of incomparable parts and endowments,” was in many respects a remarkable woman. (Ward, p. 192.) Although belonging to a distinguished family, the exact date of her birth is unknown, but intrinsic probability points to the year 1631, when her father, Sir Heneage Finch, Recorder of London and Speaker of the House of Commons, died, two years after his second marriage, of which two daughters were born, Elizabeth, the elder, and Anne, the younger. Of the Finches, Richard Ward writes in his *Life of Dr. Henry More* (1710), “there seems indeed to be a very great mixture of nobleness and ingenuity in the name and blood” (p. 192). That this family was indeed highly endowed is evident from the following circumstances. Anne's half-brother Heneage was raised to the Earldom of Nottingham and became under Charles II Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Seal, in which position he earned the honorable title of “the Father of Equity”; and another half-brother, Sir John Finch, M. D., was well known not only as a scientist but also as a diplomatist and traveler in the Near East.

At the age of twenty or thereabouts Mistress Anne Finch was married on the 11th of February, 1651, to Edward, Viscount Conway, who subsequent to Lady Anne's death was created Earl Conway and was appointed to several posts under the government, including those of Lieutenant General of the Horse in Ireland, Governor of Charlemont and Lord Lieutenant, Custos Rotulorum of Warwickshire, and Secretary of State. At first, Lady Conway lived principally in a spacious house designed by the famous architect Inigo Jones upon one of the most beautiful of the seventeenth-century estates in Ireland, Portmore, near Lisburn, close to Lough Neagh, but the later years

of her life were spent at Ragley Castle in Warwickshire in the quaint manor-house originating with John Rous de Raggeley.

Also, between the years 1670 and 1679, Ragley was the abode of the noblest, greatest, and most esteemed of the seventeenth-century Theosophists, Baron Francis Mercury van Helmont, Toparch in Merode, Royenbourg and Oorschot, son of the famous chemist and physician, John Baptist van Helmont — for lady Conway was afflicted by incurable and agonizing headaches, and “Baron van Helmont, for her health’s sake, (being a skilful physician) liv’d long in her family” (Ward, p. 196).

Another of the most prominent of the seventeenth-century Theosophists in England was also a frequent visitor at Ragley, namely, Dr. Henry More of Christ’s College, Cambridge, who in dedicating his treatise on *The Immortality of the Soul* to Lord Viscount Conway and Kilulta says:

Whether I consider the many civilities from yourself and nearest relations, especially from your noble and virtuous Lady, whom I can never think on but with admiration, nor mention without the highest respect . . . (or) call to minde that pleasant retirement I enjoyed at Ragley during my abode with your Lordship; my civil treatment there . . . the solemnness of the place, those shady walks, those hills and woods, wherein often having lost sight of the rest of the world, and the world of me, I found out in that hidden solitude the choicest theories.

At a time when the state, the universities, and the churches, both of England and the continent, were rent with religious and civil quarrels and wars, this quaint Warwickshire manor-house offered a serene retreat and center of activity to many brilliant lightbearers, who were destined to scatter seeds of truth in a generation all but blinded by the darkness — seeds which were to bear in the future a fruitage far more vital and important to the world at large than has as yet been generally recognized. Thither came also as honored guests George Fox, George Keith, Robert Barclay, and William Penn; for the inherent distaste of the true Theosophist to mere lip ceremonial led to this association of both Lady Conway and of Baron van Helmont with the early leaders of the Society of Friends. Therefore when Lady Conway’s body was placed in the family vault beneath the chancel of Arrow Church, the only inscription that was cut upon her lead coffin was that of “The Quaker Lady.”

Lady Conway was not merely the noble and courteous hostess of these brilliant and noteworthy guests, but she was one of the most

active and influential members of a band whose mission it was to promulgate anew the eternal verities of the Theosophical philosophy, who by living example pointed out the way in which those principles must be applied to daily life. "She was one," says Dr. More, "that would not give up her judgment unto any." Therefore, although she was deeply indebted to Dr. More and especially to Baron van Helmont, she was not a passive pupil or disciple of either, and in her turn greatly influenced both. For her, especially, Dr. More wrote both his *Conjectura Cabbalistica*, and his *Philosophiae Teutonicae Censura*, and to her he dedicated his *Antidote against Atheism*. But of still greater importance is the fact that F. M. van Helmont's *Two Hundred Queries concerning the Revolution of Humane Souls*, London, 1684, (a treatise on Reincarnation and Karma), was written at her express request, and Lady Conway may well have been co-author with Baron van Helmont of his *Seder Olam, or the Order, Series and Succession of all the Ages, Periods and Times of the Whole World; also the Hypothesis of the Pre-existency and Revolution of Humane Souls*, London, 1694. When the literal truth of Richard Ward's statement that Lady Conway "was mistress, as I must express it, of the highest theories, whether of philosophy or religion" is recognized, we are impelled to exclaim with James Crossley, one of the most extensive antiquarian book-collectors in modern times, a great student of English and Latin seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literature —

It is certainly unaccountable that this extraordinary person, the profoundest and most learned of the female metaphysical writers of England, to whose piercing intellect even Leibnitz looked up with submission, should have been hitherto so utterly neglected, by modern historians, at least. (*Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington*, 1847, I. p. 142, footnote.)

Lady Conway, gifted with natural genius and with quickness of mind, was given an excellent and comprehensive education, whereby she became acquainted with the learned languages and especially with the highest and noblest Greek and Jewish thought, in particular with Plato and Plotinus and with Philo Judaeus and the Kabbala, thanks to the teachings of van Helmont and a careful study of the *Kabbala Denudata* published by Baron Christian Knorr von Rosenroth in collaboration with F. M. van Helmont, at Sulzbach, in 1677. Therefore as the result of this natural endowment reinforced by study Lady Conway became so profound a metaphysician that she was dis-

tinguished for her attainments even among the most learned of her age.

Dr. More writes, in dedicating his *Antidote against Atheism* to Lady Anne Conway:

Madame, the high opinion, or rather certain knowledge, I have of your singular wit and virtues, has emboldened, or to speak more properly, commanded me to make choice of none other than yourself for a patroness of this present treatise. For besides that I do your Ladyship that right, as also this present age and succeeding posterity, as to be a witness to the world of such eminent accomplishments and transcendent worth, so I do not a little please myself. . . . Nor is there anything here of hyperbolism or high-flown language, it being agreed upon by all sides, by prophets, apostles, and ancient philosophers, that holy and good men are the Temples of the Living God. And verily the residence of Divinity is so conspicuous in that heroical pulchritude of your noble person that Plato if he were alive again might find his timorous supposition brought into absolute act, and to the enravishment of his amazed soul might behold vertue become visible to his outward sight. And truly Madame, I must confesse that so divine a constitution as this, wants no preservative, being both devoid and incapable of infection.

In addressing Lady Conway Dr. More also refers to her genius as “so speculative and wit so penetrant” that he adds

In the knowledge of things natural as Divine, you have not only out-gone all of your own sex but even of that other also . . . and assuredly your Ladiship’s wisdom and judgment can not be highly enough commended.

Similar is the testimony given by Baron van Helmont in a preface, which though signed by him, may perhaps have been composed in consultation with Dr. More:

In vertue of this chiefly [namely, Lady Conway’s realization of her own Higher Self, the “Christ Within”] if not solely, was she enabled with that marvellous patience to undergo those long and tedious pains of her head (which after seized on her body also) which otherwise had been plainly insupportable to flesh and blood. . . . Yet notwithstanding these great impediments and batterie laid against her intellectuals, her understanding continued quick and sound, and had the greatest facility imaginable for any, either physical, metaphysical, or mathematical speculations. So that she understood perfectly, not only the true system of the world, call it Copernican or Pythagorick as you will, with all the demonstrative arguments thereof, but all Descartes his philosophy, as also all the writings of him (namely Dr. More) who, (though a Friend of Descartes, yet) out of love to the truth, hath so openly for this good while oppos’d his errors. To say nothing of her perusing (by the benefit of the Latin tongue, which she acquired the skill of notwithstanding these great impediments) of both Plato and Plotinus, and of her searching into, and judiciously sifting the abstrusest writers of Theosophy, which . . . was not out of any Vanity of mind, or fond curiosity,

but it was, as it were, the genuine food of her natural genius. Nor . . . while she could come abroad and converse, would she ever ostentate her knowledge, or so much as make any discovery of it, upon never so fair an opportunity, according to that saying, writ on the inside of a paper-book she had had a long time by her. . . . Ignorance is better than pride. . . . I can witness from these seven or eight year experience of her . . . that her conversation was always with that meekness, kindness, and discretion even to those that have not fairly, if not provokingly carried themselves towards her, in their pretended friendship, that I cannot think of it without admiration and astonishment, and how ready she was to put a good sense upon other folks' actions, though strangers, when their credit hath been diminish'd by a proud or envious tongue.

Keenly responsive was the nature of Lady Conway, for once calling her husband to her side, she queried: "Prithee, hast thou not had tidings of George Rawdon (Lord Conway's brother-in-law) this day?" To which he made answer, "Nay dame, he hath no behest." But she continued, "Then wilt thou shortly hear, for his wife is stricken with the falling sickness and hath twice besought him to send hither without let." And on the morrow came a letter with "Haste, post haste" outside, written by Sir George himself, because of his wife Dorothy's sudden illness. On another occasion, my lady declared that the Earl of Norwich, commander of the Royalist forces, had been thrown from his horse and she saw his leg being braced by a barber at Maidstone. "He hath asked me," she said, "for liniment left by your aunt Elinore and I have answered him, Yea." This, though she had never left her room; and straightway arrived thereafter a messenger with a letter from the Earl, describing his accident and praying for the dressing for fractures, which Lady Conway had by her, "the which," said the letter, "I feel curiously persuaded in my own mind she hath now given me."

These and other like circumstances are recounted by Baron van Helmont, who was himself present when they occurred, and elsewhere he says in speaking of Lady Conway:

Of her supernatural comforts and refreshments after some of her greatest agonies and conflicts, and of her strange praevisions of things future, I might here also make mention, but I hold it less necessary.

On the morning of the 23d of February in 1679, as she was seated at her embroidery, feeling, she declared, a strange lightness and strength, the while her companion Mary Walsingham was reading "A Discourse on Eternitie," suddenly Lady Conway was taken with a chill, and when her couch was being moved nearer to the hearth, swooned, as she had so often done before. On this occasion, however she never regained consciousness although Baron van Helmont watched constantly at her side for a full week before he was certain that her spirit had actually sped, and then that her lord, who was unavoidably absent on government duties in Ireland, might look upon

her features once again, embalmed the body, which was not laid to rest in the family vault, beneath the chancel of Arrow Church, until the 17th of April, 1679. Lady Conway's death is thus described by F. M. van Helmont:

In the midst of her insupportable pains and affliction, which continued upon her to the last, and which do naturally nail down, as it were, the mind of an ordinary soul to its own personal concerns, she bore the care and provident solicitude for all her friends, and of her near relations the most, which she did, in a manner, to her very last breath (as I can witness, that was present with her when she died) as if she had been appointed by God the common Good Genius or Tutelar Angel, of all her friends and relations, even while she was in the flesh. For though her pains encreased, yet her understanding diminish'd not, and in contradiction to that common aphorism she dyed without any fever, merely of her pains, drawing her breath a while as one asleep, without throatling, and with her eyes open.

The only one of Lady Conway's works which has ever been published will be treated in a subsequent article, wherein it will indeed be made plain in the words of H. P. Blavatsky that: "the Wisdom-Religion was ever one and the same, and being the last word of possible human knowledge was therefore carefully preserved"; for in Lady Conway's "Principles of the Most Ancient and Modern Philosophy" published by Baron F. M. van Helmont in Latin at Amsterdam, 1690, and in English at London, 1692 — we shall discover without any difficulty those verities which have been especially emphasized by the modern Theosophical Teachers, namely, the truths of Universal Brotherhood, Karma, and Reincarnation, and the language in which these were expressed, circa 1670, will often prove strikingly similar to that now in use in expounding the tenets of the Wisdom-Religion.



MUSIC is not regarded by us merely as a relaxation; it is part of the life itself. We look upon it as one of the strongest factors in evoking the divine powers of the soul. It pitches the whole being to a key of high activity, and the smallest daily duty is performed more efficiently in consequence. Music is necessary to a knowledge of the laws of life. There is no doubt that in the days to come music will be a department of the Government. — *Katherine Tingley*

SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE FRENCH COURT:

by P. A. M.



OMEWHERE about the years 1883-1884 H. P. Blavatsky was staying with the Comtesse d'Adhémar at the family château in France, and she mentioned some interesting traditions and papers which were in the possession of that ancient French family whose motto "*Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs*," is one of the proudest in France.

In her magazine *The Theosophist* H. P. Blavatsky prints some extracts from a book written by a former Comtesse d'Adhémar on the subject of Comte de Saint-Germain who was a friend before the revolutionary times and afterwards. The book, *Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette*, was published in 1836, but the authoress, or rather diarist, died in 1822. It is a monumental work of over 1500 pages and contains some interesting history as to the unfortunate Queen, for the Comtesse was her most trustworthy lady-in-waiting. All through the book there runs a thread of the wonderful foresight of the famous Count, which, as he knew and said, would not be appreciated by Marie Antoinette until too late. It is perhaps not too much to say that if his advice had been taken, the *horrors* of the Revolution would never have occurred, but Marie Antoinette did not know, and could not believe.

This extraordinary man, who was remembered by an ancient dame at the French Court as a man of middle age in 1710, and who was seen, little changed, by the Comtesse whom he befriended, in 1822, and who declared that he would return to Europe in 1875, was a personal and intimate friend of the great Louis XV for over twenty years, and was employed by that monarch on many a delicate mission when it was possible to escape from political fetters. Louis XV knew well who he was, we are given to understand, and would tolerate no ridicule of him nor depreciation.

The story, as we have extracted it from the Comtesse's memoirs, is sufficient in itself, in the light of later events, to show just what he was trying to do in her regard and for France, and through France, Europe. He was a Peacemaker who, when permitted by politicians, made peace without talking much about it.

Two points may be noted with profit, perhaps. One is that he speaks of a higher power to whose decree he must yield, and therefore with all his real innate greatness he may be considered as sometimes the agent or spokesman of another far greater. The other point is

that if he meant anything by his suggestion of coming back to the west in 1875, he must have a purpose not dissimilar in this age, and a possible hope that the "Marie Antoinette" (or what she represented in the welfare of Europe) would not this time fail to accept his protection and warning, and so avert in the bud, in embryo, the conditions, or their equivalent, that produced that revolution. Sometimes it seems that he was and considered himself to be the representative of a body of Helpers of Humanity, in which case his "reappearance" might well mean the reappearance of all that life meant to him — the agent of a body who had the welfare of the race identified with themselves.

The Comtesse d'Adhémar herself was a daughter of her age. She was a child of the eighteenth century, and she shows it in her Memoirs. Brilliant, witty, open-minded and intellectual as the times went; superstitious in her own way, sceptical withal, and of an inquiring mind, she reflects the age that produced Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, and all the host of the "Encyclopaedists." The study of the movements which agitated Europe and especially France in the eighteenth century is of absorbing interest, because at no other period of European history since the fall of the great empire of Rome have the consequences of religious, social, and political change been so important. Then began that Age of Transition which is not ended yet, in this, the twentieth century.

Madame d'Adhémar's opinion of Saint-Germain is her own; others have held other views; but as a contemporary, as an eye-witness of that remarkable man's acts, as a personal acquaintance of him, and as a favorite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette — first dauphine, then queen — and hence intimate with the brilliant court of France and thoroughly conversant with the conditions which brought on the terrible excesses of the Red Days of the Revolution, her Diary is well worth reading. She wrote things as she saw them, and while we may not agree with all her views, yet they are of interest.

Souvenirs sur Marie Antoinette (d'Adhémar).

Vol. 1, p. 8.

The Duchess de Choiseul, *née* Crozat, . . . was frequently present at the suppers in the "little apartments."

There was also a man who had long enjoyed this favor: the celebrated and mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain, my friend, who has not been properly known, and to whom I shall devote some pages when I have occasion to speak of Cagliostro. From 1749 the king employed him in diplomatic missions, and he carried them out with good success; he inspired Louis XV for some time with the taste

for chemistry, which his Majesty pursued equally with gastronomy. The king was a past master in the culinary art: . . .

Ibid., Vol. 1, p. 217.

One day the dauphine received an anonymous letter in which she was warned that enemies were plotting against her; if she wanted to know more, it was added, she must consent to two things: the first was to maintain a profound silence as to the revelation, and the second to place in the window of her room a ribbon which would indicate that she agreed to the proposal. The letter was couched in a style calculated to disturb her, and at the same time to arouse her curiosity.

At first she hesitated, fearing that they wanted to draw her into a trap; then she consulted the abbé de Vermont. He told her that the great were sometimes forced to depart from common custom, and that, in any case, he saw nothing very much out of the way in putting a ribbon in the window. This advice from a man whose every word was an oracle for the princess, together with the natural curiosity of a young woman, and finally the pleasure of committing herself to an exciting adventure, determined the dauphine. The ribbon fluttered in the window for a couple of days.

On the third day a second letter arrived; it declared that it was necessary to send a discreet and intelligent gentleman to Paris. These were to be his instructions: He would go to the Rue Maubuée to the seventh house on the right counting from the side of the Rue Saint-Martin; he was to go up to the third story, and knock at a door on the landing; some one would come to open, asking him what he wanted.

“To speak to Madame Hébrard.”

“For what purpose?”

“To buy bread for saying mass.”

This was the pass-word; the rest will appear from the details of the story which I am going to put into the mouth of the one who carried out this mission.

The Dauphine was the more embarrassed by the choice of messenger as the letter said: *Send neither an abbé nor a priest; he will be recognized, however well he may be disguised, and his intervention will be fatal to success.* This excluded the abbé de Vermont, to his great regret; he would have been delighted to have done this service for his mistress. The princess then found herself obliged to call in an outsider. She knew my fidelity, and I had the special honor of being chosen to aid her in her search for an ambassador. Only one name came to my mind; it was that of M. le Comte d'Adhémar. The Dauphine was good enough to say when I proposed my husband:

“My interests could not be in better hands.”

“Nor those of France, madame, if necessity arose,” I replied.

“We shall see about that later on,” said the princess kindly.

Thus a diplomatic mission was promised to M. d'Adhémar a long time in advance. He had to report himself to the abbé de Vermont who gave him as a guide the last letter received and recommended him to read it carefully. M. d'Adhémar went to a window, took note of the letter and gave it back to the abbé after having read it aloud, without missing a single word.

His memory was prodigious; he knew by heart ten tragedies of Racine, ten pieces of Pierre Corneille, all those of Voltaire, several of Crébillon, la Henriade, the Fables of Fontaine, all Molière, the twenty-four books of Télémaque, those of Tasso, of Ariosto also, the two poems of Milton, and he claimed that reading two hundred verses three times before going to bed engraved them for ever on his mind. He knew innumerable detached pieces of poetry; he astonished me by the variety of his quotations. Madame de Polignac called him the "*living Encyclopaedia*," because one could consult him on any subject whatever.

The Comte d'Adhémar, only too happy to find an occasion to prove his devotion to the Dauphine, drove to Paris. There he took off his court dress and dressed "*en polisson*," bourgeois fashion. I underline this inconvenient term which was coming into fashion among the courtiers; they applied it to themselves when, not being appointed to attend for the journey to Marly, they went there in the bourgeois costume of Paris, especially in the reign of Louis XVI. This is how the invitation ceremonial took place. When it was known that the court was going to Marly, the gentlemen whose wives had not the official right to attend, placed themselves in the morning in the way of the King when he was going to or returning from Mass, and with a respectful salute said: "Sire, Marly." These two words went back to the foundation of the château, and consequently to Louis XIV.

Dressed, then, "*en polisson*," M. d'Adhémar arrived at the Rue Maubuée, reached the seventh house on the right, went up to the third floor, rang the bell on the landing, and the door was opened.

"Madame Hébrard?"

"She lives here. What do you want?"

"To buy bread to say mass."

"Of the first quality?"

"Superfine!"

"Enter!"

I did enter, in fact, and I found myself in a den which exhaled an infectious odor. In spite of myself I put a scented handkerchief to my nose, and held it there until I had grown accustomed to the smells of the place. The furniture of the room in which I stood showed that she was a diviner, a sorceress, a fortune-teller by cards, who predicted the future simply by looking at one's hands or by coffee marks cunningly thrown on a china plate. On the sideboard was to be seen the inevitable gigantic lizard dignified by the pompous title of young crocodile, ostrich eggs, a stuffed weasel, a black cat also stuffed, three or four live owls, ravens, and a magpie which called out "Vive Satan!" in a way to make one stop one's ears with his fingers. Then there were savage ornaments, the apron, the crown, bows and arrows, the cloak and the club; bundles of mysterious herbs, parchments covered with strange fantastic characters, tiger and zebra skins; finally on the chief table were some mandrakes, and under a glass globe there was a little grinning diabolical figure which held in its hand a steel fly with brilliant extended wings, suspended from a chain of gold.

The mistress of the place, draped rather than clothed in a black robe, seemed, like her costume, to date from the previous century. She was a decrepit old hag,

with pendulous cheeks, a bleary eye (because one was missing), her hands were wrinkled and hairy and her chin curved upwards. By a strange contrast, her mouth had its full complement of teeth, whether from a forgetfulness of nature or by the aid of art. There was an Italian touch in her curt and high-pitched speech; it is rarely that the dependents of Lucifer do not come from the other side of the Alps.

Madame Hébrard, whom I ought to have called *Signora Herbrati*, began the conference while submitting me to a counter examination in return for that I had made of her. A little mulatto, her servant during the day, and who by night amused the loungers of the capital, placed a fauteuil for me. I noticed that at first the funny boy had brought a chair, but a second look at me made him decide to do me the full honors of the apartment.

I remained silent, waiting until it should please the signora to commence the attack; she did so in these words:

“What does the Comte d’Adhémar want from his very humble servant?”

This question amused me, because I thought that the fortune teller had addressed me thus in order to give me a preliminary proof of her supernatural science; so I replied drily:

“Since you know me, mother, you ought to know what has brought me!”

“I should know, certainly, if it had been arranged for me to cast your horoscope. But as I was ignorant of your existence, I could not pay attention to you beforehand.”

This trick might have deceived another than myself; never mind, we will get to the facts. “I come for you to give me in exchange for this purse, which contains twenty-five louis, the casket hidden in the further room of your apartments under a heap of rags; you see that for a man who does not make a business of explaining mysteries I know a good deal!”

The old woman, winking her only eye, trembled, although she tried to hide the dissatisfaction which my words caused her; but recovering her assurance by the help of a feigned fit of coughing:

“They have deceived you, M. le Comte,” she said, “and at the same time they want to injure a poor widow who does no harm to anyone and only gives good advice to those who do her the honor of coming to visit her.”

“She will permit me to give her a piece of good advice in my turn, and that is to tell the truth with a good grace and to behave well, for if she does not, the lieutenant of police will conclude the business which brings me; it is really much more in his line than mine.”

She trembled again, and I saw a truly infernal malice glittering in the witch’s eye; she even made a movement to seize a silver bell; I assured her at once that I had not forgotten my pistols, and seeing my action:

“So you are armed!” she said slowly, and as if she had consulted her old experience; “it was scarcely the thing to do in coming to the house of an old defenseless woman, but it appears that you like to play a sure hand, and that fear . . .”

“Anything you like, mother; make me out a coward. I don’t mind. Only give me at once the ebony casket ornamented with carved silver plate, wrapped

in crimson velvet, and whose lock and key are veritable works of art. I forgot the description when I first asked."

"Oh! it is exact, quite exact. You have it from people accustomed to frequent my miserable dwelling; I receive in it grateful friends, and above all, faithful ones! In truth, Monsieur le Comte, since they have betrayed me, and you have come so well escorted, I have no other recourse but to come to an understanding with you, though if I were put to it I could oppose an honorable resistance; for if it must be confessed, I am not alone."

These last words were rather whispered in my ear than distinctly articulated. I was ill at ease, I confess, having neglected all measures of prudence. I had blindly thrust myself into an ambush; the lieutenant of police was absolutely ignorant of my mysterious actions, and I had only quoted him to frighten the sorceress. Nevertheless it was necessary to play a bold game. I raised my voice.

"It matters little to me," I exclaimed, "whether you are alone or not; it is the casket I need, and especially what it contains."

"I know nothing about it. It was sent me by unknown people who begged me to exercise my art with regard to the interior of the box, saying that I should be suitably rewarded. I set to work, and however little of a connoisseur you may be, you are going to see some interesting things."

In barbarous words taken from a foreign language she called, and some one replied in the same manner. After waiting ten minutes, which appeared interminable to me, I saw the famous casket brought in by a man of great stature and colossal proportions. He seemed in a bad temper; an extraordinarily long sabre dangled at his side, held by a single cord of green silk. He carried the casket to the table, cast an inquiring and disdainful glance at me, and then went out, leaving me quite pleased to see him go.

Madame Hébrard made me admire this piece of furniture, elegant in its antiquity. It had belonged to a Catharine de Médicis, whose arms it bore. The key especially struck me. The casket being opened, I saw within a white slipper, a fragment of a chemise, blood in an antique lachrymatory, a wisp of hair, and finally a wax figure resembling the Dauphine, and dressed like her on her days of state.

It was a veritable chef d'œuvre, but it must have been the object of a too execrable superstition for me to examine it with any pleasure, as Madame Hébrard, who claimed to be the author of it, wanted me to do. She looked at the figure, turned it about complacently, and her old eye sparkled as she said:

"Isn't everything in good order? You would not find a woman in France capable of so cleverly doing this kind of work! I have done it in more fortunate times; but perfection consists principally in the resemblance. Now I leave you to judge if twenty-five louis can pay for this work and replace the rich reward promised."

"Listen," said I, the more calmly that I saw the old woman only wanted money, "the person who sent me is rich also, and your fortune will be made if you voluntarily give me what I can have taken from you by force."

Madame Hébrard, who gave the lie to her talents as a sorceress in believing

what I said, wanted to bargain; I humored this fancy; but when we had concluded, she demanded securities from me.

"Security!" I exclaimed; "don't you know who I am, and is it not quite enough for me to give my word of honor that what you demand shall be punctiliously adhered to?"

"I know the value you gentlemen give to such promises; but it is impossible that you cannot have more than twenty-five louis upon you, either in gold or notes."

"I doubt that you will find as much in the pockets of any of our gentlemen," I retorted, laughing. "Still, if you insist on a larger sum down, I am going to empty my purse before you." It contained two hundred louis, including the twenty-five first offered, and also there were four thousand livres in paper which I had received from the abbé de Vermont at the time of my departure. I put it all before the odious old woman, who trembled with joy at seeing such a considerable sum, although it was probably less than that which had been promised her.

Madame Hébrard, closing the casket, passed it over to me. "Well then, Monsieur le Comte d'Adhémar," she said, "every one must live. I have the trinkets and you the cash. Does the bargain suit you?"

"Perfectly!"

I immediately grasped the treasure, whose value, perhaps, in spite of her jugglery, she did not know. Mutually satisfied with our exchange, there was nothing left for me to do but to take my departure; prudence demanded it. But not considering my embassy properly completed as long as I did not know the name of our enemy, I said to Madame Hébrard:

"Your science is so profound, tell me how much you will take for the revelation of the name of the prime author of this infernal machination? Really there is devilry in all this." (This was to flatter her weakness.)

"If you will keep it to yourself, and if you will agree to give twenty-five louis for every letter which is in the word, perhaps I will decide. . . ."

"Skinflint!" I cried. "So much money for so small a thing!"

"So small a thing!" she repeated in a solemn tone. "If you knew, M. le Comte, at what a horrible price I have bought this science of which you speak with such lightness, you would pay very dear for the name you ask me for."

"Never mind," I said, finding it amusing to bargain in my turn. "I will only give six hundred livres per letter for a name which Maman Paris would give me complete for ten louis."

"Ah! you would go to that miserable wretch! that viper! Paris! I warn you, she would only tell you lies, and if any one deserves the scaffold, it is that creature. If only she were here! I would prove her ignorance and then twist her neck for her!"

This fury caused by a trade rivalry amused me, so with a look as if I were going, I put the casket under my arm. A gesture from the pretended sorceress made me sit down again.

"A hundred crowns a letter, that's the least I'll accept."

"I'll pay it today on my word of honor."

"Be it so."

The old woman rang the bell, and the little negro brought her a brazier of bronze which was not without elegance. It contained lighted charcoal on which Madame Hébrard threw two or three grains of incense and other sweet smelling drugs; there rose a little cloud through which I distinctly saw the hag change her ring; she put on her left hand that which she had on the right thumb; then she drew out of a little bag of violet velvet with golden tassels the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, which she presented successively to the little diabolic figure. At the third letter, at the C, the fly suspended on the chain darted forward as if it were alive. It repeated the motion at the presentation of the letter H; but then it remained motionless until the end of the alphabet was reached. It was necessary to repeat the experiment. The fly again grew animated at the A and the R.

By as much as the syllable *cha* increased the circle of conjecture, by so much the addition of the letter R narrowed it down. For a moment I felt inclined to go no farther, and the magician, perhaps, having the same thought, seemed to question me with her glance. . . . The Dauphine's interests should prevail over all reluctance; and in my turn I showed the greedy Hébrard signs of impatience. She sighed; but before beginning again, she said:

"I am doing wrong to mix myself in an intrigue which comes from high quarters."

"It is necessary," replied I, laughing, "that this youthful prank should serve you as a lesson for your old days."

A smile passed over her dessicated lips, but immediately she repressed it.

"Let the will of the superior powers be accomplished!" she said. "And pray God that you are not enlightened at your own expense."

Then she presented the S. The fly did not move. . . . But scarcely had the T replaced the two last letters, before it struck with force. This second alphabet ended, we arrived at the R of the third and the fly again moved. S, here there was another stop. I carefully wrote the letters as they were indicated; but, I confess, after having traced this last R, a mechanical movement made me add an E and an S. I trembled at what I had done; the sorceress saw it or guessed it, for she shuddered and said:

"I will consent to lose *six hundred livres*."

I looked at her fixedly: "Then you know the whole name?"

"Yes!"

"Then finish it, for this is nothing but jugglery."

"I wish it were, now that I am approaching the end of my unhappy existence."

"Then you are afraid of death?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a melancholy tone. "If you only knew what remains for you to learn!"

"Never mind; finish. If you are prudent you will tell no one of all this. For my part I shall be dumb."

She shook her head with an incredulous air and presented the letters. At the E and the S, the fatal fly struck the sides of its glass prison.

I rose like a drunken man. Doubtless it was a lie, and the old woman, in order to convince me by her science, had tried to play high; would she lose or win? We should learn in the sequel.

She restrained me no longer. She did not leave her seat, and having rung for the little negro again, he reconducted me, with the carelessness of his age, to the outer door. I gave him a crown of six livres which I had left, and took my steps towards the Rue des Lombards where I had left my carriage.

I went into the Rue Saint-Martin, when I ran against the Marquis de Saint-Hurugues, whom I knew a little. He is an extravagant sort of fellow, and besides he is a frequenter of the Palais Royal. We made mutual apologies; next he looked curiously at the thing I carried under my arm and entered the street from which I had just emerged. As for me, I ran to my carriage, and cried to the driver: "*A la poste aux chevaux,*" which, in the style of the court, meant, "*I want to go to Versailles.*"

It was in these terms that M. d'Adhémar told us the details of his adventurous trip. The recital surprised the Dauphine a good deal, and she hastened to inspect the objects contained in the mysterious casket. All that she found in it belonged to her; the Abbé de Vermont treated the matter like a free-thinker and laughed at what he characterized as superstition; he spoke of the attractive forces of the magnet and thus explained the movements of the steel fly. But when we asked him, without laying stress on the meeting with Saint-Hurugues in that quarter, what he thought of the name revealed, he only replied:

"It is a very singular incident."

"In any case," said I, "it proves that there is in the personal household of our princess a person who dares to pass out sacred objects."

We agreed that this deserved to be submitted to a very strict investigation. It was a good while before anything was discovered; finally, Madame Campan, who was not in the secret, because Madame de Noailles did not like her at all, furnished us with information, without suspecting the importance of her revelation. The guilty one was one of the lowest rank of serving women, who was found carrying off a new pair of slippers. She was submitted to an inquiry, and she admitted that an unknown woman had told her that she had such an affection for the Dauphine that she would give any price that was asked in order to possess objects which had belonged to the Queen. No more was discovered.

As to the matter of the name indicated by Madame Hébrard, it remained all the more inexplicable since, when the Dauphine, yielding to the instances of the abbé Vermont and ourselves, consented to permit the intervention of the police, matters had completely changed their aspect. The old woman existed no longer; she had died, they said, of a sudden apoplectic stroke; the doctor who attended her last moments had opened the corpse, without finding any trace of poison.

It remained to discover the author of the anonymous letters. The Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, had burnt them, not wishing to give them into the hands of justice. However she desired to find an opportunity to be of use to the mysterious friend who had put her on the track of this intrigue. But, as sincere as he was unselfish, this personage never showed himself; and yet, until the death of Her Majesty, he never ceased to give her warning of all that was plotted against her at the Palais-Royal. We shall often find him mentioned again in these souvenirs.

(*To be continued*)

THE MYSTERIES AT ELEUSIS: by Lilian Whiting

Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics.



THE Mysteries of religion were not alone centered in the Eleusinian, but they meet man at every turn and constitute that alembic crucible from which divine wisdom is distilled; but a sojourn in Athens brings one to a vivid realization of the scenic splendor and impressiveness of these ancient rites celebrated at Eleusis, and from the old Dipylon cemetery the visitor passes through the very gateway, leading into the *via sacra*, from which the ancient processions went forth. Eleusis is twelve miles from Athens, and the Gate is within easy walking distance from Constitution Square, the central part of the Hellenic capital. Faring forth from the *via sacra*, the view commands the Acropolis, with that ethereal ruin of the Parthenon which seems to float in the air. The way is lined with funeral urns and sculptured tombs, although many have already been removed to the National Museum. The road winds on past the olive groves where Plato had his Academy, over the Cephissus, and into a deep, wild valley opening to the famous pass of Daphne beyond which is the Thracian plain. The processions that went forth along this route to celebrate the Eleusinian Mysteries have almost left their image in the ethereal currents to be disclosed to all in sympathy with the marvelous rites. They were invested with great splendor of ritual, and each of the officials carried in his hand a sprig of thyrsus; there were priests, mystics, youths, and maidens, who, when reaching the wayside temple of Apollo, would pause on the journey singing choral hymns, and dancing in honor of the god.

“O happy, mystic chorus,
The blessed sunshine o’er us
On us alone is smiling,
In its soft, sweet light;
On us who strive forever
With holy, pure endeavor,
Alike by friend and stranger
To guide our steps aright.”

What was the purpose of these rites? There have been almost as many solutions and speculative theories as there have been questioners, but apparently the celebration only accentuated that universal quest of the spirit as to its origin, purpose, and final destiny. It is the quest solved by Theosophy alone. The Mysteries taught a more

sustaining faith in the immortality of the soul, and in the nature of the experiences to be encountered after the change we call death. Cicero was one of the hopeful interpreters. "Much that is excellent and divine does Athens seem to me to have produced and added to our life," he said, "but nothing better than those Mysteries, by which we are formed and molded from a rude and savage life to humanity; and indeed in the Mysteries we perceive the real principles of life, and learn not only to live happily but to die with a fairer hope." This conviction of Cicero was shared and also affirmed in various expressions by Plato, Sophocles, Pindar, and many others.

Above the beautiful Bay of Eleusis is a high plateau on which the Temple of the Mysteries stood, and which is said to have been of such magnificent proportions as to hold thirty thousand people. There was a wide portico adorned by twelve Doric columns, from which two spacious portals led into the interior, which was quarried out of the solid rock underlying the height. The roof of the Temple was supported by forty-two colossal columns, in six rows; it was nearly two hundred feet long, and proportionately wide. It is within recent years that the Archaeological Society of Athens has excavated this ruin, finding intact the pavement and much of the foundations of the walls of this vast sanctuary, and this discovery is felt to have offered hitherto unknown problems to architects in its complexity of structure.

When the procession entered Eleusis with the men bearing olive branches, the youths adorned with chaplets, the maidens bearing holy vessels, each devotee, also, with a flaming torch whose glow lighted up the darkness as they advanced chanting the Homeric hymn to Demeter, the spectacle must have been impressive indeed. With all, special preparations had preceded the journey. Those who took part had all bathed in the sea; they had kept a fast; and the day before setting out was sacred to sacrifice.

But as to whether the celebration was exclusively a spiritual rite is a disputed matter. Certainly every rite was symbolic; certainly it was all one form of the manifestation of idealism. The first initiations of the Eleusinia were called Terminations, denoting that the rudimentary period of life was ended, and that the candidate was now a *Mysta*, or liberated person. There were the Greater and the Lesser Mysteries, and the Greater were held to complete the liberation, and carry the candidate on to higher stages of development.

"All men yearn after God," said Homer. The Greeks believed the soul to be of a two-fold nature, linked on one side to the Divine world, and partaking of the Divine nature; on the other, allied to the phenomenal and the temporary, and thus under bondage.

No two commentators on the Eleusinian Mysteries have ever been in complete accord. Dr. Mahaffy says, however, that all the more eminent authorities agree in one respect: that the doctrine taught in the Mysteries was that of faith in the next state of existence, and that this belief made those who partook of the rites better citizens, and better men.

Eleusis was also famous as being the native city of Aeschylus, who was born there about 525 B. C., and it cannot but suggest itself as a speculative query as to what degree his deep spirituality, and his messages of imperishable truth were influenced by the strangely religious character of the environment, the scene of the Mysteries.

When the ceremonies opened in the Temple, the initiates entered clad in linen, the head wreathed with myrtle, and golden grass-hoppers in the hair. But the actual nature of these rites has never been authoritatively disclosed. All speculation and all the theories find certain points and fragments of support, but no one rightly claims any entire knowledge. The philosophy of Aristotle reveals to us that the Greeks held an undoubted consciousness of both the visible and the invisible worlds; that they contemplated life largely from the standpoint of eternity.

Among the most beautiful of the rites of which we have actual record was the symbolic passing on of the lighted torch from one to another, each torch in the procession being lighted from the one immediately preceding it. This rite was to suggest by symbol the transmission of knowledge from one generation to another and from one century to another. Apparently the Eleusinian Mysteries were but another revelation of the manner in which the spiritual nature of man forever asserts itself as the inheritor of Immortality.

COMPENSATION; AN OVERHEARD CONVERSATION:
by H. C.



HAT a boyhood and youth was mine! Then I enjoyed everything, intensely and to the full. But all those pleasures have passed. The whole horizon is gray.”

The sad-faced man, perhaps about five-and-forty, was thus lamenting to another of the same age. But this one’s face was rather firm than sad, expressing both will and kindness in the strong lines and steady eye. The words of his answer did not sound very sympathetic:

“Good for you, my boy; be thankful.”

“Thankful! Because I can’t enjoy anything, food, a run up the mountain, a bathe in the river, the early morning?”

“Sure! That never happens to a man unless there’s a reason in it. One door closes in his face just to force him to look for another that otherwise he’d never see. Man is more than an animal, has a great mental and spiritual future possible to him. If he can’t see for himself that he *is* more than a human animal, a pleasure-enjoyer, and if his latent higher possibilities are about ready to sprout with a little care — why it’s just that man that will be *avored* enough to have his pleasures cut off in his own interests. Then he’s got the chance to face life seriously; to come to be a thinker; to have his heart opened to many fine things, his real needs and the needs of his fellows; to grow mentally and spiritually; and he presently finds himself serenely out of reach of the gnawing longings for this and that that had before infested his mind and troubled his peace.

“So that’s why the pleasures go — true for every case I ever saw. Either the physical power for them, or the mental enjoyment of them, dies away and there is likely to be a bit of a blue time. Don’t look back, my boy, at what’s gone. It’s gone for your good. You’ve got a fine future ahead, of another sort. Don’t think of your mistakes, whatever they were. In the new life you can undo them. And don’t let the thought of decay for one moment into your mind. Then there won’t *be* decay, and, keeping serene and cheerful, you’ll find that new life. Face calmly whatever there is. It’s got a meaning for you, same as your loss of pleasure-power has, and it’ll show that meaning. There’s a real understanding of life awaiting you, a real illumination, *once you stop craving for the past*; it will give you a great message for many another fellow that could never get it for himself.”

“How do you know about that illumination?”

“I know that no fellow on earth ever gets shorn of something but what an adequate compensation is getting ready for him — though he may have to wait for it or wait to see it. I know that no fellow is ever thrown in on himself as you are without there being something in him very much worth his while to go in and get it. Fellows don't get it because they mope and don't look. Pluck up courage, old man; things are all right. Just a bit of patience. Everything is well looked after. The Divine Law knows its business and every one of us is in the heart of it, planned for, helped and way-opened for. If one way closes it is simply because another has opened.”

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH: by the Rev. S. J. Neill



IN a former article the tendency of Anglo-Saxon peoples to “annex” any available lands near them was mentioned, and as an example of this the annexation of Tasmania and part of New Guinea by the Commonwealth was instanced. It would not be very surprising if the Antarctic Continent, or part of it at least, should be added to the Commonwealth before long; for, according to the Australian Year Book for 1913, there is now, and has been for some time, an Australian expedition on the Antarctic Continent, and it is in frequent wireless communication with Australia. The leader of the expedition said before leaving that his “expedition might have far-reaching beneficial effects for Australia.” It is the belief of some scientists that a more intimate knowledge of electrical, climatic and other conditions at the Antarctic would be of use to weather forecasters in Australia. If it could be found out, some time in advance, that certain phenomena at the Antarctic indicated storms, heavy rains, or continued droughts in Australia, measures might be taken beforehand so as to be prepared for these things when they arrived. The scientific world, and Australia in particular, will await with much interest the result of the present expedition of Dr. Mawson and his fellow scientists.

In our last article something was said about Papua, Tasmania,

and Queensland, as parts of the Australian Commonwealth. The remaining portions of the Commonwealth, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia, with the Northern Territory, will now be noticed.

New South Wales, so called by Captain Cook because he imagined that some of the coast line was like the coast of South Wales, was the mother colony. Indeed, for a time it was "Australia," and for administrative purposes included New Zealand also, although 1200 miles distant. It is hardly to be wondered at that New South Wales was very loath to merge itself in the Australian Commonwealth. Of course this was mainly because its policy was Free Trade, while the other States were Protectionist. It should be understood that this unification of the states was not quite like the abolition of the provinces in New Zealand, which took place October 12, 1875; nor yet like the unification of the States of America. If all the countries of South America were to agree to unite and become the Commonwealth of South America, it would be very much like the unification of the States of Australia. The States were so big, and it was such a distance from Western Australia to Queensland, that they were like distant countries. Nevertheless the spirit of unity prevailed. Individual interests were merged in the larger good of the whole; and the result has already proved the wisdom of this larger unity. The country has progressed greatly, and although certain expenditures, not incurred before, will be heavy, the prosperity of the country is almost sure to steadily increase — if only labor troubles can be amicably settled.

New South Wales very soon gave up its care of New Zealand, and afterwards the southeastern part of the coast of Australia, and then the northeastern portion, now known as Victoria and Queensland respectively, were separated from New South Wales and made into self-governing colonies. It is still a large country of 310,700 square miles, and its progress in many directions entitles it to be considered if not the leading state, at any rate not behind the first. The country consists of three main divisions: the more or less level or undulating land from the coast to the mountains which run north and south; the dividing mountain range which in some parts is narrow, and in other parts extends into a broad tableland; and the western plateau reaching from the dividing range to the border of the central desert on the west. Roughly speaking, the extreme length and width of New South Wales are about 900 miles from north to

south and from east to west. The coastal region, which comprises about 38,000 square miles, is well watered and fertile. The average rainfall is 42 inches. More rain falls in the northern district than in the southern, and Sydney, which stands about midway, has a rainfall of 50 inches. The coast line has a heavier rainfall than the district towards the dividing range. A number of important rivers flow from the dividing range to the sea. Of these the Richmond drains 2400 square miles. Other important rivers are the Clarence, Macleay, Hastings, Manning, and Hunter. The Hunter flows into Newcastle harbor, which is famous for the vast amount of excellent coal that leaves for many parts of the world.

Along the coast are many fine harbors, the best being Port Jackson, the harbor of Sydney, "one of the six greatest ports of the British Empire." Jervis Bay, some distance south of Sydney, is also a good harbor, and deserves mention, for it is to be the harbor of the new Capital of Australia when built.

The climate of the coast region shows only 24 degrees of difference between the average summer and winter temperatures. The mean summer temperature at Sydney is 71 and the mean winter 54 degrees.

In the central or mountain district, which has an area of 85,000 square miles, the average rainfall is 32.6 inches, and the average temperature, depending very much on altitude and latitude, is 65.9 in summer, and 41.7 in winter at Cooma, in the center of the monaro tableland in the south, the altitude being 2637 feet. These tablelands vary in altitude from 1000 to 5000 feet, and the climate is said to be "one of the most salubrious known." From these high tablelands, and from the mountains that rise above them, the rivers of this part of Australia have their source. Some of these flowing eastward to the sea have been mentioned, but the rivers that flow from the mountains on the western side are the largest in Australia. These are the Murray, the Murrumbidgee, the Darling, the Lachlan, and many tributaries. The Darling is one of the longest rivers in the world; but "it can hardly be said to drain its own watershed." It is a peculiar feature of most of the rivers flowing westward from the mountain ranges that they are often, in the dry part of the year, more like a chain of pools of water than rivers. Another peculiarity is that in not a few instances the water flows away from the river bed and not into it. The reason for this is because the streams carry down a

great deal of heavy deposit to the flat plains, and a bank in time is formed on either side of the stream, and this becomes higher than the surrounding plain; so, when a break in either side of the river occurs during the flood season, the water of the river finds its way through the outlet to the low-lying plain. Professor Gregory says: "It is not surprising, therefore, that comparatively little of the rainfall over the vast extent of the great central plain ever reaches the sea by way of the river systems; indeed these systems as usually shown on the maps leave a false impression as to the actual condition of things."

New South Wales has many valuable assets. It has a good climate, a long sea coast, fertile lands, rich coal and gold mines, and an enterprising population. The lasting wealth of a country springs from a carefully cultivated soil; for in time gold mines will be worked out, and coal mines cannot last forever. Indeed it seems like spending one's capital to hasten the end of natural stores which cannot be replaced. But it appears to be one of the ways that new countries have to be inhabited and cultivated, that natural stores should be used. Nature has laid up stores of minerals, and they attract settlers, and help to develop the new country. It is a noteworthy fact that the great gold finds of California and Australia happened about the same time, about the middle of the nineteenth century, and had it not been for these finds there is no doubt that the settling of these lands might have been postponed for a long time. The immense deposits of excellent coal in New South Wales extend from the 29th to the 36th parallel of south latitude. The seams are of great thickness, and extend along the coast line for many miles.

Other minerals are gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, etc. The pastoral and agricultural wealth of the state is very great. In January last year there were nearly forty-five million sheep and over three million head of cattle. Large quantities of wheat and other cereals are produced, and immense quantities of oranges and grapes. Dairy farming is being rapidly developed, and there were nearly 900,000 dairy cattle in January, 1912. Sugar, tobacco, and maize are also grown.

In a former article mention was made of Sydney, the capital of the State, and of some of the beauties of the place. It would be impossible to mention all the sources of attraction which the city has to offer. There is perhaps no city in the world that can boast of the same number of parks. In the Government Year Book there are

eighty parks named as being within twenty miles of Sydney; and there are others of which particulars are not given. These parks vary in size from a few acres to 36,360 acres in the case of Observatory Park; 35,300 in the Leichardt Park, 600 acres in the Central Park, Manly, and others of smaller extent. In addition to these parks there are many resorts for tourists, such as the Blue Mountains, "where glens and dells, and crags and caves, waterfalls, and precipices are to be found innumerable, and beyond description." The famous Jenolan Caves, and Fish River Coves, are among the most remarkable in the world. The Wentworth Falls of 1000 feet are a wonderful sight when the wind rushes up the valley carrying clouds of spray high up into the air and producing a rainbow. Here is the place where it is said a "man is made a poet in spite of himself." Other places such as Katoomba, Lawson, Blackheath, and many others, have their special charms.

It is not only in natural wealth, climate, and lovely scenery that New South Wales claims attention. The city of Sydney aims at being a great educational center. The Museum, Art Gallery, Observatory, Public Library, University, and other institutions bear witness to the culture and public spirit of the inhabitants. As might be expected, the Library contains the most complete collection in the world of works relating to Australia. The magnificent town hall "contains the largest organ ever constructed." It was built by Messrs. Hill and Sons, London; and those who have heard it are not likely to forget it.

It is within the State of New South Wales that the new federal Capital is being built at a place called Canberra. New South Wales gave nine hundred square miles for a site, and an area of two square miles at Jervis Bay as a port for the federal Capital. This Capital, situated about ninety miles south of Sydney, and about sixty miles from the sea coast in a charming district among the hills, should be one of the best designed towns in existence.

The Commonwealth called for plans, and the first prize of £1750 was given to Mr. Griffin, of Chicago, the second to Mr. Saarinen, of Finland, the third to Dr. Alfred Agache, Paris. It is said that, "unfortunately, because of a disagreement many British architects of first standing did not take part in the competition." The descriptions given of the place, and of the plans, which are to be somewhat modified, indicate that it will be a wonderful city when finished. In

the meantime the federal Capital is Melbourne, the chief city of Victoria, a city about the size of Sydney.

Victoria is the smallest of the states of Australia, being only 87,884 square mile according to official statement. It was the common opinion of early navigators that Tasmania was the southern extremity of Australia, and this perhaps explains the fact that it was not till 1802 that Victoria was really known. In 1824 two explorers, Hume and Hovell, reached Port Phillip, traveling from New South Wales. In 1834 two settlers from Tasmania crossed Bass Straits and established a station at what is now known as Victoria, but in the early days it was called Port Phillip. Two years afterward some wool was exported to England. In 1837 the export of wool amounted to 175,000 pounds valued at £14,000. So quickly did the export of wool increase that about the year 1855 Great Britain got half of her imported wool from Victoria. The expansion of Victoria like other parts of Australia, was not destined to increase by the slow but steady means of the products of the soil, or by sheep and cattle. The finding of gold in 1851 very soon changed the whole aspect of things. The goldfields were very rich, and before long the neighboring colonies were almost denuded of settlers; and many even from Europe and America, smitten with the "gold fever," found their way to the new goldfields. The population which had been about 76,000 in 1850, shot up to 205,629 in 1854, and at the end of December 1912 stood at 1,375,081. It is much to the credit of the early settlers that order and liberal government were maintained notwithstanding the great influx of so many heterogeneous elements from all parts of the world. Many of the legislative advances which other countries have made but tardily were brought into operation at once. Two difficulties caused a certain amount of trouble to settle: the cost of the right to mine for gold, and the squatter question. Squatters had taken up large quantities of land for grazing purposes at very small rents, and were loath to have their "estates" used by farmers. The democratic party triumphed in the end, but not until "the fabric of society had been shaken to its foundations." So warm was the dispute between the assembly, or lower chamber, which represented the mass of the people, and the council, which represented the squatters, that "all the police, magistrates, county court judges," etc., were dismissed because the council had thrown out along with the tariff bill the appropriation bill which made provision for government officers. Even after these difficulties had

been removed, other difficulties arose, and it was not until 1883, when a coalition government remained in office for seven years, that a certain degree of quiet reigned. In this coalition government, strange to say, the "Liberals" were the Protectionists, and the Free Traders were known as the "Conservatives."

With the formation of the Commonwealth, local ideals have gradually been absorbed in the greater interests of the united whole. One step has been made towards the larger patriotism, just as a great step has been made in the United States of South Africa towards the same goal, towards that "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world" which men in their inmost hearts know must come, though the war drum may throb for a while longer.

Although Victoria is the smallest state in Australia it is well watered, has good soil, and rich grasses, and therefore is capable of carrying nearly fourteen million sheep, half a million horses, and over a million and a half of cattle, besides producing a large quantity of grain. The mineral resources are also great. Since the discovery of gold in 1851 the output has been £290,633,045. The deepest mine is 4614 feet. Coal, silver, tin, copper, and lead are also produced. The forests of Victoria are also rich in excellent timber, chiefly the red gum; and the Government Year Book for 1913 makes the statement that "some of the largest known trees in the world are found in this State." "The longest ever measured was found prostrate on the Black Spur; it measured 470 feet in length; it was 81 feet in girth near the root." According to other authorities some of the giant redwood trees of California are a few feet taller than this.

Melbourne claims to be the eighth city in the British Empire. It has wide streets, generally at right angles to each other, and many fine buildings. There are several beautiful parks, such as Fitzroy Gardens, the Albert Park, and the justly celebrated Botanic Gardens. Like the other chief cities of Australia, Melbourne has a fine Observatory, and a splendid Public Library. The University of Melbourne stands very high as a seat of learning. It is a striking example of how rapidly things move in this age, the *Kali-Yuga*, that this little place of eight turf huts and five other buildings in 1836, called at first by the native name of Dootigala, should now be one of the most prominent cities of the world, with a fine harbor, and able to feed and clothe, in large measure, the older countries of the world; for even to the west coast of America frozen meat is now supplied monthly from Australia.

It may be well here to give in exact figures the population of some of the Australian capitals, for there have been conflicting statements on the subject. The following figures are from the Australian Year Book for 1913.

For December 31, 1912, the population of New South Wales is given as 1,778,980. For Victoria, 1,375,081. For Queensland, 636,425. For South Australia, 430,090. For Western Australia, 305,601. And for Tasmania, 197,204. The total, including the Northern Territory, being 4,726,756.

The population of the Capitals at the census of 1911 was: Sydney, 629,503; Melbourne, 588,971; Adelaide, 189,646; Perth, 106,792; Hobart (Tasmania), 39,937.

The race between New South Wales and Victoria, and between the two capitals, has often been very close. Of late years New South Wales and its capital seem to be a little in the lead; but a slight change in their populations may be going on at present owing to the fact that Melbourne will be the seat of Government for the Commonwealth until the new capital at Canberra is ready.

The other states which require mention are South Australia and Western Australia. South Australia, like some of the other colonies, has gone through various vicissitudes in more than one respect. For a time it was a very large territory stretching right across Australia from the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north to the Great Australian Bight on the south, including over 900,000 square miles. Much of this territory was unexplored, and many parts of it are little known even now. A few years ago (1910) that portion called the Northern Territory, over half a million square miles, was taken over by the Commonwealth, or Federal Government, so that South Australia now measures only 380,070 square miles. The geological formation of this whole district from the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Australian Bight is somewhat peculiar. The first Governor of South Australia found the skeleton of what Sir R. Owen pronounced to be a whale, a long distance inland, beyond the first range of mountains; this led the Governor to believe that Australia had once been a series of islands which, after many earthquakes, became a continent. This was not quite correct; a fuller knowledge has shown that the whale probably came from the Gulf of Carpentaria. For according to geologists, "The Lake Eyre basin was occupied in Lower Cretaceous times by a sea which extended southward from the Gulf of Carpentaria." The

various points of interest, geologically, are too numerous to mention; but one item may be noticed. In this sea, above mentioned, vast sheets of clay were deposited; then when the sea retreated, the clay deposit was covered with what is known as the Desert Sandstone. This in time became worn, and the tent-shaped hills and isolated plateaux of Central Australia are the result. The origin of this Desert Sandstone is much discussed. Over the central deserts are found obsidian buttons which some regard as of meteoric origin, and others still think may have been scattered by the aborigines. It may also be mentioned that "the Cambrian deposits of the highlands of South Australia contain a long belt of glacial deposits." South Australia and Western Australia can boast of an animal about the size of a squirrel, known as the *Myrmecobius* or ant-eater, "which has a greater number of teeth (fifty-two) than any other known quadruped."

If the geological formation of this part of Australia was subject to many peculiar changes, the history of European settlement has also been marked by ups and downs, even more than most other parts of the country. Although discovered by the Dutch in 1627, it was not surveyed until 1802; and it was not until 1836 that the British flag was raised and it was proclaimed a Crown Colony. A few years before this one or two attempts had been made to get a part of the district colonized. It was proposed to do this without any cost to the British Government, a very cogent argument in those days. But as this proposed company wanted to have too much power in its own hands, as was supposed, the proposition fell through. Then the proposed company lowered its demands, and "Mr. G. Fife Angas advanced a large sum as security for the state," so that the British Government agreed to the colony being established. Commissioners were appointed who were responsible to the Crown. There was much delay in having the land surveyed. Everybody wanted to get rich by buying land and selling it at a higher price to somebody else. Little work was done, but the speculative spirit ran high. Very soon, however, depression set in, and the people were crying for food.

It was at this juncture that Lord John Russell bethought him of a young man, not thirty, who had done some notable work in exploring Western Australia. The young man was sent to govern at Adelaide for Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. He had a difficult task to perform. He had to get the people out of the town, where little or nothing was done, on to the land, and set them to work. It has been the task of

the ages, and was never more so than at the present moment. The young Governor told the people that they should raise capital from the soil, and not by loans. That they should keep the life simple and natural, become self-reliant, and take a pride in creating their homes. The national homestead was to be built as a man built his own homestead. The Governor put his own shoulder to the wheel, and in time wheat was sown widely. The harvest depended on the weather. Would it rain? "Often," said the Governor, "I crawled out of bed in the morning while it was half dawn to ascertain if there was any promise of rain for that day." The weather was favorable; the harvest was splendid. Everybody, including the Governor and about 150 soldiers sent to keep order, turned out to help in the harvesting. "Seldom have soldiers been more nobly occupied," was the Governor's remark afterwards. This country is now known as "the Granary of the Southern Hemisphere."

A few years later, after the Governor, "England's Great Pro-Consul," had left to become Governor of New Zealand, South Australia had another season of depression because of the settlers rushing off to the new goldfields in Victoria and New South Wales. But as miners must have wheat to make bread, the South Australian farmers before long began to find that their wheat crops were nearly as profitable as searching for gold. In 1856 the colony became self-governing, and the lessons which it learned in its early days have not been lost, for it has made steady progress ever since. According to Sir John Alexander Cockburn, "South Australia enjoys the reputation of being one of the most progressive and at the same time one of the most stable of existing communities. From its origin as the venture of private enterprise, the state has passed through orderly stages of evolution up to the zenith of democratic government."

While the wheat crop is the great source of income, South Australia raises over six million sheep and a large number of cattle. Copper is the chief mineral; but gold, silver, and other minerals are also found. The climate resembles that of Southern Europe. At the capital the rainfall is over twenty inches, and the mean yearly temperature 63°F.

Adelaide is well equipped with Public Library, Art Gallery, Museum, University, and the usual learned Societies. The Astronomical and Meteorological Observatory deserves special mention, as it contains a very complete set of instruments and a number of improve-

ments. The observatories at the Australian capitals all co-operate in the work of the Great Atlas of the heavens which the various observatories of the world are now engaged upon.

Our notice of the Commonwealth closes with some account of the largest state of the Island Continent, Western Australia. Authorities differ as to its size; the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives 1,060,000 square miles, while the last issue of the Australian Year Book gives 975,920 square miles.

In the map of Western Australia, given in the Year Book, Great Britain and Ireland are placed upon it in faint outline, and appear so small as to be hardly noticeable. This great state was not given responsible self-government until 1889. Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch "discovered" it, and it appears on maps as early as 1540, but the earliest settlement was not made until 1825. An association was formed to take up land. The grants were large — one person had a grant of 250,000 acres, and another, of 103,000 acres! But merely mapping out large estates does not do much towards settling a new country. The land appeared to be poor and food was scarce, so many of the settlers left for other parts of Australia. Grey's famous journey from Shark's Bay to Perth made known the existence of rivers, and of some good land.

Other explorers endured terrible hardships, but not much good land was discovered. The tide of settlement did not begin to flow to any extent until after the discovery of gold in 1893 at Coolgardie, and Kalgoorlie, about 300 miles inland from Perth. Much gold has been found in these districts, the output for last year being valued at £5,448,385. With gold comes settlement. If good soil exists it is found and cultivated, and civilization is extended. Over half a million acres are now in wheat. Sheep, horses, and cattle thrive well in many places. Next to gold, perhaps the greatest asset of Western Australia is timber. Over 30,000 square miles of forests containing Jarrah, one of the most durable timbers known, and Karri, almost as durable, may prove more valuable than gold-mines. Much of this timber is exported to India and South Africa because of its power to resist the attacks of the white ant; there is also a large export of sandal-wood. Another great source of wealth is pearl-fishing, about 360 vessels being employed in this industry.

Perth, the capital, has a population of 106,792 according to the Year Book. From this city a railroad is now being constructed to Ade-

laide, and thence to the other great centers of population in Australia. Perhaps the most noteworthy thing in Western Australia is the wonderful cave-scenery, said to be the most extensive and beautiful in the country. These caves "extend from Cape Naturaliste to Cape Leeuwin, and include gigantic chambers which it takes many hours to traverse, filled with the most remarkable formations in stalactites and stalagmites, and highly colored sheets of limestone formation known as 'shawls.'" At Yallingup are two caves, one containing the beautiful "meteoric shower," and the other of immense size, taking two hours to explore. From different parts of the ceiling are suspended "what appear at first sight to be beautifully colored 'shawls' of varying patterns, folded, fringed, and fancifully marked." They seem to be of the finest and softest material. "In one part of the caves, known as the shawl chamber, are to be seen within one hundred yards, several highly colored 'shawls,' one the exact replica of a Turkish bath towel, while another is one sheet of 'mother-of-pearl,' pure and translucent." The Government is doing what it can to make the caves easy of access to tourists, even to lighting them with electricity.

Little now remains but to notice a few points having reference to the whole of the Commonwealth. This new country, which is so old, is a most interesting subject of study. Here we have a portion of the earth which Theosophy tells us formed some of the land when the Third Root-Race was flourishing, millions of years ago. And here on this land we have a few degraded remnants of portions of that Race. They have been there before, and during, the formation of Bass Straits. Here we have today "aborigines' protection societies" in all the principal towns, and every effort is being made to instruct and protect the natives, and make them self-helpful. Some things, it is said, they can perform as well as Europeans. It is the part of wisdom that the most advanced should lend a helping hand to the least advanced. The higher man climbs the path of evolution, the wiser of head and the more tender of heart to all beings must he grow.

Another point is noteworthy. This new country, and indeed all Australasia, is being colonized in a very different manner from America. As both Australasia and America will contribute towards the formation of the coming race, the Sixth, it must mean something for the future, this difference of purpose which we see at work. For we see the United States of America especially drawing into itself and unifying people from all Europe; whereas, in Australasia, all

except about two per cent, or thereabouts, are descendants of the people of Great Britain and Ireland.

Again, as in the United States of America, so in Australia to an even greater degree, we see the "lure of the great city." Humanly speaking, it seems one of the greatest dangers besetting modern humanity, this drawing people away from the natural, healthful life of the country into the cities, where families seldom live beyond two or three generations. No doubt there are influences towards culture where many people dwell, but the tendency towards physical and moral decline is very serious.

Another point may be noticed, and Australian statesmen themselves are aware of it, so also are those who lend the money; and that is the tendency to make the imports almost equal the exports. Now, in an old country, which has savings to invest in other lands, this does not matter so much; but in a new country it does. However, the state of the savings banks, and of other monetary institutions, demonstrates that the country as a whole is sound, and it is steadily increasing in wealth, and in the power to produce wealth. Wise provision for education has been made in all, or nearly all, parts of the Commonwealth. Religion is not connected with the State, but is left to the churches. It may be interesting to know that at the last census the different religious bodies stood thus: Protestants, 3,352,989; Roman Catholics, 921,425; Jews, 17,287. Buddhists, Confucians, etc., 19,498. Others, including those who are of no denomination, or who refused to state, 143,806.

No account of the Commonwealth would be satisfactory that failed to mention the great event that happened at Sydney a few weeks ago, when a completely new fleet of warships, the property of the Commonwealth, steamed into Sydney harbor. Other nations have built up fleets by adding a ship or two at a time, but here was a complete "unit" all at once. The immediate effect was the liberation of that part of the British fleet on service in Australia, and its addition to the fleet of the North Sea, or that of the Mediterranean.

As Australia has adopted universal military training, the available forces when the system is in full operation "on the basis of the present population would be 366,000 males between the ages of 18 and 26, 330,000 between 26 and 36, and a further 614,000 between 35 and 60."

This terrible expenditure for war in time of peace (for about half

the earnings of the people, in Europe at least, are devoted to armaments), when will it cease? Surely the times cry out loudly for mutual understanding, for something practical in the way of human brotherhood! Terribly expensive are jealousy, greed, and selfishness. It is high time that the nightmares of the nations should be dispelled, and that the inner voice of every man, and the true inner voice of every nation, should be heard above the noise of passion and strife.

The voice of Universal Brotherhood claims to be heard. It appeals to reason and to sentiment, to the pocket, as well as to the heart. It appeals to the whole man, and to all men. This unification of States forming the great Commonwealth of Australia, may it be but a step towards a still wider union, the Commonwealth of all nations, and peoples, and races, under one white flag of Peace, on which the golden Sun will rise with the promise of a New Age, when on earth, as in heaven, there will be only One Will known, and loved, and done.

THE LATE ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE: by C. J. Ryan



BY the death of the great British naturalist and philosopher, Wallace, the world has lost a powerful factor. He was a scientific worker of the highest eminence whose whole life was a protest against materialism in science and worldliness in society, a giant intellect inspired by pure love of truth and the welfare of his fellow creatures. When there is a majority of scientific men of his stamp it will not be suspected that the goddess of science is a cold and unfeeling divinity, disdainful of the vital human problems of the soul and neglectful of the spiritual mystery of Beauty and all it implies. Without being in the least a dogmatist in theology, Wallace had the profoundest reverence and faith in the spiritual foundation and guidance of the universe. He writes in *The World of Life*:

Materialism is as dead as priestcraft, for all intelligent minds. There are laws of nature, but they are purposeful. Everywhere we look we are confronted by power and intelligence. The future will be of wonder, reverence and a calm faith worthy of our place in the scheme of things. . . . My answer is made as a man of science, as a naturalist, as a man who studies his surroundings to see where he is. And the conclusion I reach is this: that everywhere, not here and there, but everywhere, and in the very smallest operations of nature to which human observation has penetrated, there is purpose and continual guidance and

control. . . . I believe it to be the guidance of beings superior to us in power and intelligence, call them what you will. . . . I cannot comprehend how any just and unprejudiced mind, fully aware of this amazing activity, can persuade itself that the whole thing is a blind and unintelligent accident.

In commenting upon Professor Schäfer's Presidential Address to the British Association last year, Wallace said, in referring to the statement that mechanical and physical forces alone can explain the works of life:

I submit that, in view of the actual facts of growth and organization, and that living protoplasm has never been chemically produced, the assertion that life is due to chemical and mechanical processes alone is quite unjustified. *Neither the probability of such an origin, nor even its possibility, has been supported by anything which can be termed scientific facts or logical reasoning.*

Sixty years ago, Wallace was struck by the idea of the Survival of the Fittest and Natural Selection, while he was exploring the wilds of the Malayan Archipelago. The same principle was simultaneously worked out by Darwin, Wallace's lifelong friend, and is, of course, one of the strongest points in favor of Darwin's evolutionary hypothesis. Wallace, however, extended his researches into wider spheres of thought than Darwin; he was not content with explanations limited to the material plane only, and, in consequence of his absence of prejudice, and ability to seize quickly the meaning of some of the obscure phenomena he encountered, his convictions of the spiritual nature of man were strengthened. His mental activities were also extended in the direction of practical affairs, and he became noted for his original views upon the pressing problems of social life. In the early days of the Theosophical Society he studied H. P. Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*, her first important work, and his appreciation of it is shown in the following quotation from a letter to her:

I am amazed at the vast amount of erudition displayed in the chapters, and the great interest of the topics on which they treat; your book will open up to many a whole world of new ideas, and cannot fail to be of the greatest value in the inquiry which is now being so earnestly carried on.

In strong contrast to the materialistic theories, Wallace's opinion was that of Theosophy, i. e., that life is the cause, not the result, of organized forms, and that it is a wilful distortion of the meaning of evolution to teach that if science ever builds up the exact chemical compound of which living matter is composed, such a substance will present all the features of life, including reproduction. He showed

that the growth of crystals, which is sometimes used by bad reasoners, even of scientific repute, as a parallelism to the growth and increase of living cells, is an entirely different thing. The crystal grows by the addition of matter similar to itself on the outside; the cell by the internal assimilation and transmutation of various elements into living protoplasm, that mysterious substance of which so little is known while it is alive. The nucleus of a cell is a directing agent.

The attitude of Wallace toward the greatest problem of all — the existence and origin of the soul of man — is perhaps his highest claim to admiration and the one which will outlast his work as a biologist. Without mincing the matter in the least, and in spite of the harshest criticism, he had the courage to assert that as nothing in the evolution of the human body can account for the soul he was compelled to assume that the animal-man was endowed with it at some definite moment when the conditions were suitable. This perfectly reasonable and illuminating suggestion, though incomplete from the standpoint of Theosophy, was absolutely new in the atmosphere of scientific biology, which ignores the soul. It should be remembered that Wallace possessed all the available information there is on evolution, and, upon certain obscure phenomena showing the existence of hidden faculties in man's nature, far more than his critics. He dared to believe and teach that the soul is the real man, and that it came from some other source than the body:

The difference between man and the other animals is unbridgeable. Mathematics is alone sufficient to prove in man the possession of a faculty unexistent in other creatures. Then you have music, and the artistic faculty.

Wallace came nearest of all modern biologists to the real facts as given in the Theosophical teachings, but he did not pursue his researches far into the complexities of the soul's evolution or of its subtle vehicles, the Principles, of which Theosophy gives such a clear understanding. It is perhaps well that he kept to his own lines of attack on materialism in his appeal to the scientific world, for his sane and simple views about the nature of the soul are still too advanced for most of the leaders of science, though the influence of those views is plainly increasing.

Wallace stood out boldly for the real Dignity of Man, though he was under no illusions. He believed that very little progress has been made in morals or intellect since the days of ancient Egypt, ten thousand years ago. He faced the fact that Evolution moves very

slowly, but was not appalled by it, for he felt that the divine spark in man, the spirit, is bound to triumph at last, though the way be through pain and suffering until wisdom comes. He never yielded to the subtle inference that man is a clod, ephemeral and helpless, the sport of circumstances, or a miserable worm whose only hope was in some external power. His message was the inspiring one that every man had the means of rising out of his low estate to the heights of the gods. Without being connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Wallace was a Theosophist in some of his leading ideas.



ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of him who draws the carriage.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.

Dhammapada

NEITHER by the eyes, nor by spirit, nor by the sensuous organ, by austerity, nor by sacrifices, can we see God. Only the pure, by the light of wisdom and by deep meditation, can see the pure God. — *From an Upanishad*

THE small old path, stretching far away, has been found by me. On it sages who know Brahman move on to the heavenly place, and thence higher on, entirely free. — *Yājñavalkya-Smṛiti*

FOR thoughts alone cause the round of rebirths in this world; let a man try to purify his thoughts. What a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.

Maitrayana-Upanishad

A DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE spreads from the leaders of the world over all quarters, a fragrance by which, when the wind is blowing, all these creatures are intoxicated. — *Saddharma-Pundarîka*

THERE IS this city of Brahman — the body — and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self, here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it. — *Chhândogya-Upanishad*