

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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NO. 1

You would not rightly call him happy who possesses much: far better does he claim the name of "happy man" who knows how to use with wisdom heaven's gifts, and how to bear the pinch of poverty; who dreads dishonor more than death. — Horace, *Odes*, iv, 9.

THE MEANING OF LIFE AND THE NATURE OF DEITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



IN the review columns of a daily paper recently appeared the review of a book on "The Meaning of Life"; and although we have not the original, there is enough in the quoted passages and the reviewer's remarks to furnish material for interesting comment.

The question, "What is the meaning of life?" is not exactly new and original, but it can truly be said that more people are asking that question today than ever before in the history of our present civilization; so greatly has the consciousness of our humanity become intensified in the rush of life. Moreover there is, as the writer of the book says, a reaction from the ignoring of the question.

Who will answer the question for us? asks the author. "Not the Pope, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Chief Rabbi. They know no more about the matter than we do." The sciences cannot give it us either, he thinks; and suggests that we build our faith on philosophy. He points out that, great as are the victories of science in the material world, the processes by which these victories have been achieved are purely mental. Hence mind comes before matter; and he concludes, in words like those so often used by H. P. Blavatsky and her students of Theosophy:

Thought, spirit, mind, are the ultimate realities, not matter and the atom. . . . So far as I have any share in Reason and Intelligence, I belong to the spiritual order, and have some communion with the Divine Spirit. Therefore though my body decays, my soul does not.

Clerk Maxwell, that physicist and mathematician of unsurpassed

keenness and clearness of insight, is cited as having come to the conclusion, on scientific grounds, that there is intelligence controlling Nature, which shows, in our opinion, that he was to that extent a true man of science.

He said:

We may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement and justice in action, which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of the image of Him, who in the beginning created not only the heavens and the earth, but the materials out of which heaven and earth consist. — *British Association Address, 1873.*

Next come the author's difficulties about the nature of Deity, and the ancient problem of reconciling mercy with omnipotence. Says the author:

We can allow that He is all-benevolent; we can even say that He is omniscient, though with some necessary limitations. But there is one thing we cannot affirm. We cannot say that He is omnipotent. Over against Good stands Evil. Over against God stands the opposition of Matter.

This doctrine, according to the author, invites man "to help God . . . to accomplish something helpful to raise humanity to higher levels." And Dean Mansell is quoted as follows:

How is the existence of Evil compatible with that of an infinitely perfect Being? For if He wills it, He is not infinitely good; and if He wills it not, His Will is thwarted and his sphere of action limited.

On this we would remark that, since the author has invited us to consult philosophy, we would recommend him to take his own advice and to study more deeply the thoughts which the great philosophers of all ages have recorded on these subjects. He seems, however, to be discussing the subject *de novo*, which is rather common in these days when the thoughts that used to find expression in private diaries can so readily be put into print. Many books that see the light are really little more than students' daily records of progress or landmarks in the history of a mind's development. Still the system is not without its advantages, for the readers to whom such writings appeal are not those who have read the philosophers, and also the style of the writing is more on their own plane.

Of course mind and thought are prior to matter, for the contrary supposition is untenable. We must always start our philosophy with our own consciousness, for what else can we do? Are we to begin

with the assumption that matter has created the mind which philosophizes about it?

The chief difficulty about our attempts to conceive somewhat of Deity arises from our impatience to jump at one bound to a comprehension of a subject so vast, instead of being content to advance by steps and to remain content with partial knowledge pending the time when we can enlarge it. For instance, we do not know the full extent of our own mind and soul, or to what height it may be possible for man himself to attain. We see that the universe is directed by intelligent purpose, having ends in view which we can partially discern, but whose ultimate purport lies beyond our comprehension. We know that there is evil and that we have the power to overcome it. What the author says about "helping God" is very helpful here. If man has self-consciousness and the power of decision it would seem that he should use these faculties. The doctrine of the "immanent God" is now widely accepted, even in ecclesiastical circles. This maintains that Deity is present everywhere, and it is in fact merely a restatement of the idea of omnipresence. In this case, Deity is immanent in human nature, and the human conscience is a ray of the Divine Presence, seeking self-expression through man, who is thereby a Divine agent. We can best understand Deity, therefore, by acting as we believe Deity would act or would have us act.

In short, the way to attain a knowledge of Deity is by the path of Self-Knowledge.

As to the problem of evil, of the same kind is the problem of how to reconcile finity with infinity. When we push philosophy back to ultimates, we must postulate that Good and Evil merge into or proceed from one source; but the danger of stating this conclusion is that some people may seek to derive therefrom certain fallacious doctrines relating to human conduct. The fact is that, *for us*, Good and Evil are not indistinguishable or indifferent, but are diametrically opposed to each other; and this fact determines our duty and conduct.

The author states that the arguments against the freedom of the human will are very strong. This fallacy is due to the failure of many people to distinguish between the psychic and noetic elements in human consciousness, ignoring the fact that man is *self*-conscious as well as conscious. Man is limited in his actions precisely in proportion as he allows his volition to be swayed by psychic and physiological impulses,

sensations, and memories; but by devotion to certain *principles* and *ideals* he is able to obtain a freedom from those limitations and to draw upon a latent source of power in his own nature. This source is not physiological nor psychic nor hereditary; it is the immortal Seed in man; and man's will, so directed, becomes free from all conditions except those of conformity with Divine Law. The distinction between psychic and noetic action has been recently treated in a special article in this magazine, to which, and to H. P. Blavatsky's book under the same title, the reader may be referred. In that book, men of science are quoted in support of the freedom of the will, and the reason why other men of science have fallen into the fallacy of the opposite opinion is clearly shown.

As to the main question of the author — “What is the meaning of life?” it may be answered in many ways, and one is — *that we are here to learn*. So let us learn. Let us study human nature in ourselves and others; let us use the powers we have; let us trust that loyalty to principle will bring greater knowledge. Let us bear in mind that, besides To Do and To Know, there is To Be.

The life that we live is mainly composed of a continual effort to avoid silence and stillness. But it is only in the silence and stillness that the meaning of life is to be found. Continual activity, sensation, and diversion give us a false sense of existence that is hollow at bottom. When the Soul tries to speak, we are seized with horror and try to drown its voice. The life of our civilization, as a whole, is of this character; it is noisy and superficial. To find the meaning of life, we must seek the Real behind the unreal — seek it in the depths of our own nature. We cannot define the Real; it must be experienced.

Everyone believes in some deific power, some power greater than the human will or understanding. If a professed materialist, he will call it “natural law,” or some such name, but he believes in it just the same. Each one conceives of Deity as best he can, according to his own understanding. If we follow conscience, we are on the right path; because we are then in reality following the law of our own higher nature, and it is told that our higher nature is God-like. There is no law against using the intelligence in an endeavor to understand more of the nature of Deity. The contrary assertion is absurd.

Part I



THE new book by the late Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa on Chinese and Japanese art* is so profoundly interesting in its revelation of the developments of the artistic consciousness in the Far East, and contains so many original impressions of the historical connexion between art and history, that one needs offer no apology for devoting some pages to its review. Professor Fenollosa, though born in the United States, was of partly Spanish origin. His father, a descendant of old families whose ancestors had fought beside Cortéz, was born in Málaga. He left Spain in his youth and settled in America. The son, our author, after a brilliant University career, became in 1878, professor of Political Economy, Philosophy, and Aesthetics at the University of Tokio, Japan. He had a practical knowledge of art gained by actual study under good teachers. After a most successful career in Japan, he was appointed Curator of the Oriental Department of Art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. The Japanese people called him "Daijin Sensei" — the Teacher of Great Men, and he received unusual and extraordinary honors from the Emperor, who said, when presenting him with the most exalted honor ever given to a foreigner up to that time: "You have taught my people to know their own art; in going back to the West, teach the people there also." Before he commenced his work in Japan the craze for everything Western was so great that the finest works of native genius could be purchased for almost nothing, pictures and statues that are now almost impossible to get even at the highest prices. Fenollosa nobly carried out the behest of the Emperor, and, in the magnificent work lately published, his thoughts and teaching will reach multitudes who never had the advantage of hearing his lectures. It is to be regretted that he never saw the book in print, but his devoted and accomplished wife has completed his life-work in an excellent manner.

The author treats his subject from a universal point of view, far removed from the usual limited one which considers art as something apart from the ordinary life of the world. He destroys the fallacy

* *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art; An Outline History of East Asiatic Design;*
by Ernest F. Fenollosa (London, W. Heineman)

that Chinese art stood at a dead level for thousands of years with only an occasional variation. He carefully explains the causes of the rises and falls in art, and the peculiar environments and beauties or weaknesses which render each distinct period as individual and as separate from one another as the better known phases of Mediterranean and north European art. He treats Chinese and Japanese art as branches of a single movement, almost as closely related as Roman and Greek art, and he analyses the various influences which modified the basic characteristics during the past four or five thousand years of authentic history in the most fascinating way. It will be quite new to many students of art to learn how powerfully Chinese and Japanese art were influenced by the Greek style of sculpture. Two thousand years ago or more an aesthetic wave from Greece swept in mighty volume across Asia to break at last on the eastern shores of Japan.

Above all, Professor Fenollosa treats Far Eastern art from a thoroughly human standpoint. The Emperors, the Mandarins, the Shoguns, the philosophers, and the artists themselves of whom he speaks, are living breathing persons as they step out on the stage of history. As one reads one feels that they are not curious, exotic, incomprehensible creatures, whose oblique eyes and straight hair, mysterious religions and strange costumes put them outside the region of our comprehension. We find them to be people very like ourselves, after all, with similar tastes and feelings though modified by local circumstances, and we have to admit that they have produced works of art quite equal — and perhaps more than equal if our author is to be trusted — to the best of their class in the West, in sculpture, painting, and decorative art.

Professor Fenollosa regards art as a manifestation of the human soul universal in its potentialities; he affirms that Oriental, Classic, Medieval, and Modern art are not separated things; he feels no antagonism between a Chinese bronze statue of Kwannon, the goddess of Motherhood and the patroness of sailors, and a Medieval Madonna or a Greek Venus. He looks upon all the well known styles of art as a few among the millions of possible ways of combining harmonious arrangements of line, color, and *chiaroscuro*. He claims to be the first writer who has treated his subject as a whole and in due relation to humanity as a unit, a true brotherhood. It is extremely

interesting to find a writer of such independent views pronouncing with conviction his belief that the only basis on which art and life can be reasonably understood is that mankind is a brotherhood, and that, however outer appearances may differ, the inner spiritual unity is undeniable.

To appreciate duly and properly to enjoy Chinese and Japanese figure-painting and sculpture, we must place ourselves mentally in the environment from which they come. We must remember that the physical types of the Far Eastern races are different from those of the West. In judging the merits of a Buddha, carved or painted by a Chinese artist, we must put aside our familiar surroundings. Then our criticism becomes intelligent, and we are in a position to appreciate differences in style which otherwise would seem unimportant. With great skill, our author helps the student to do this.

Creative art in China first becomes known to us by means of a few bronzes from the third millennium before our era; about 1800 B. C. and again in the twelfth century B. C. it rises to some power, still more so during the Han dynasty in the second century B. C. After that period it slowly and steadily climbs to its highest point in the Tang dynasty in the eighth century A. D., then to a second almost equally high culmination in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, under the Sung dynasty. After that it fell slowly, with few breaks, to its present low level of weakness. In the seventeenth century there was a great development in the art of porcelain; since then no creative art has appeared comparable with the splendors of the earlier ages.

A daring and original hypothesis meets the reader at the beginning of the book; it is well worth attention both for its own sake and for the implications which follow. Professor Fenollosa states his opinion that the world's art can be separated into two great divisions: the Pacific and the Mediterranean, in general terms. A comparison of the characteristic decorative forms found in the region of the Pacific Ocean shows convincing resemblances as to the earliest known Chinese art of about five thousand years ago. The oblique eyes, the tattooing marks, the fish-dragons, and certain decorative patterns, all of which are found widely scattered from New Zealand to Alaska, occur in profusion in early Chinese bronzes; these and other Pacific types are found also in Japan.

The origin of the Chinese race is still quite unknown, says Profes-

sor Fenollosa. The earliest authentic glimpse we possess takes us back to B. C. 2852, when the Chinese were settled along the Hoang-ho river under their patriarchal Emperors. The close of the period of Pacific art came with the dynasty of Shin or Chin, (from whom we derive the name 'China') under which was formed a colossal empire out of what is now northern and central China; and the Great Wall was built. With the "Han" dynasty (202 B. C.), new forces entered into Chinese life and art. During the reign of Butei, the 6th monarch of Han (140 to 86 B. C.), Chinese envoys traveled far to the westward and established commercial relations between China and Rome, though they never reached the shores of the Mediterranean. China thus came into contact with the new and fertile ideas from Greece and Asia Minor which had spread as far as Bactria. Chinese records show that the Han people were acquainted with the appearance of the Syrian capital, Antioch. There is a curious ancient tradition among the important tribe of Druses in Syria that good Druses are reincarnated in China when they die! The Greek influence, however, made little mark upon the Chinese art of the Han period; its effects are seen later. The first foreign influence, which can plainly be traced in ornamental design, was that of Mesopotamia and Persia, much of which contained classical elements blended with the older Chaldaean ones. The second important stream of thought and art poured into China during the third and fourth centuries A. D.; this was the Buddhist influence. The Buddhist arch, the dome (which developed into the pagoda), the stone gateways, many designs of animals and plants, and, above all, the effigies of the Buddha and of other spiritual beings, gradually penetrated into the Flowery Land, until in Southern China, about the fifth century, art and poetry were entirely reconstituted. An important factor was the introduction of a fine-grained paper for writing and painting, and brushes and inks were greatly improved. The word for landscape was invented, "san-sui" or "mountain-and-water." Soon after this the influence of Greece, which had been gathering force in western Asia and slowly traveling across the continent, ultimately to reach the farthest confines of Japan, began really to be felt.

Professor Fenollosa says:

If we look at the graphic curve of the ups and downs of European art as a whole, drawn upon a single time-scale, we see that it piles into two great and

sharply-pointed waves whose summits are separated by a gigantic trough of 2000 years. Our pride is somewhat shocked to see that the great European mind has been stricken with aesthetic disease and decay during by far the largest part of its course. The long, tiresome, and apparently hopeless descent of classic art in both Europe and Asia filled more than a millennium. But upon inserting against the same time-scale the curves of Chinese and Japanese art, we see that their rise to culmination under remote classic influence in the seventh century, is contemporary with the moment of deepest depression in Europe. A specifically Christian art, the Gothic, rising from Greek ruins in the West, comes much later than a specifically Buddhist art rising from Greek ruins in the East.

Our author gives a large number of conclusive proofs of the former existence of the classic style in the Ghandara empire of North-Western India, which was created by a Scythian or Tartar tribe from Northern Mongolia. The Chinese Emperor Butei sent a commission in 120 B. C. to find the missing tribe, and gradually the vigorous Northern Greco-Buddhistic art—a new evolution “called forth by the necessities of the less metaphysical northern Buddhism,” spread its influence to northern China. Recent discoveries in the sands of Turkestan by a French expedition under M. Pelliot, Professor of Chinese language and literature at the French School of the Extreme Orient, Paris, have added greatly to our knowledge of Greco-Buddhist art. That part of Asia was the center for the spread of Buddhism into China. At the beginning of our era the Hindû religion started from the upper Indus river by way of the Pamirs and Karakorum to the limits of the Chinese Empire. Following this there was a corresponding spread of the Hellenistic forms of art then existing in northwest India. Part of the extensive collection of paintings and sculptures lately brought to France by the Pelliot expedition are now placed on exhibition in the Louvre. They show the close relation existing between the sculptors of Chinese Turkestan and those of the Ghandara empire in India.

The Greco-Buddhist contact with China was very short, and very soon purely Chinese elements became dominant. Twice, close communication between China and the western world of Greece and Rome was on the point of being effected; once about the beginning of this era, in the Han dynasty, and later, during the second great Chinese empire, the Tang, in the seventh century. But the trade jealousy of the Parthians blocked the first meeting, and the rapid spread of Mohammedanism in the Near East prevented the second.

The history of the world might, nay would, have been very different but for the singular circumstances which cut off the East from the West for so many ages.

The finest and most classic forms that have come down to us from the Greco-Buddhist periods of Chinese art are statues and tablets in marble and clay; one of the most typical examples is a soft-clay sitting statue of Buddha now in Japan (see illustration herewith). There is some question whether it is Chinese, Japanese, or Korean, but Professor Fenollosa has no doubt that it is the first. He says it is finer than anything existing in India, though not unlike some of the statues of the Ghandara Buddhas preserved in the Lahore Museum. It is not surprising that Korea should be mentioned in connexion with such a fine work, for Professor Fenollosa says: "Korea was, in some real sense, a link between Japan and China; and for a moment, about the year 600, her Art flared up into a splendor which fairly surpassed the achievements of her two chief rivals." The Tamamushi Shrine, of which we reproduce a picture, is a magnificent example of Korean art of that period. It is made of wood, handsomely decorated, and bronze; it has fine proportions and delicately beautiful curves.

The chapter on "Mystical Buddhist painting in China and Japan" is one of the most remarkable in the book. The author clearly understands the meaning of the much-abused word "mystical" in its proper and noble sense, and he shows that the Chinese did not separate mysticism from practical life, and that:

The opening of the inner eye to natural facts and spiritual presences that are veiled from lower forms is not the aim but the incident of discipline. It is this, however, which gives the accompanying art its vivid value and piercing imagination, etc.

It is quite impossible even to mention the technical qualities of the various styles which he describes with such profound knowledge and acumen, but it may be said, in general, that he proves that the periods of highest creative art coincide with those of the greatest intensity of the national consciousness. This is very noticeable in the "Tan" period, which was distinguished by the splendid results of the great school of Buddhist wisdom introduced from India about 640 A. D.

This great esoteric sect, which ascribes magical power and direct contact with spirit to the human soul, was called, from its central sect, the Tendai sect. The

mastery of self, the spiritual knighthood which it preached, its Bodhisattva vow, and the higher communion of the saints, awakened extraordinary enthusiasm. . . . But the mysticism of the Tendai sect went to a range of psychological analysis which dwarfs the neo-Platonist. It assumes the world to be real rather than illusory; striving, evolution; a salvation through process — a salvation to be achieved within the body of society and human law — a salvation through personal freedom and self-directed illumination — a salvation by renouncing salvation for loving work. . . . Far away from the capital, on beautiful Tendai mountain, the secret Buddhism of lofty rights and superhuman purification went on. . . . A peculiar art grew up in these sacred regions, which partakes of the general nature of Tang art, yet forms a special brand of it.

Professor Fenollosa compares the activities of this great Tendai school of wisdom with the enormous possibilities of the Theosophical Movement of today. The Tendai art included portrait painting, sculpture, mystical pictures of the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas and other spiritual beings, and hieratic altar-pieces showing the profound conceptions of the ancient teachers in pictorial form. Of the superlative beauty of several of the pictures of Kwanni Professor Fenollosa speaks in the highest possible terms. In fact he frankly expresses the opinion that some of the finest Chinese bronzes and pictures are in the highest qualities of art equal or superior to anything the Western world has produced. "Notan," or the skilful arrangement of light and dark, beauty of line, harmony of color, and wonderful spacing of the masses of form, are leading qualities in the best Chinese art. Stiffness and conventional formality are unknown except during inferior periods and in modern times.

The great Zen school of Buddhism, (which still exists) was another philosophic cult that powerfully influenced the art of China in the "Sung" dynasty (11th and 12th centuries). Kakki (Kuo Hsi), one of the greatest painters of this school was a master in landscape painting, the branch of pictorial art in which China particularly excelled. He was also a writer, and Professor Fenollosa says:

But perhaps the greatest service Kakki has done us, and one of the greatest which any one in the Chinese world could do for the whole world, is the writing of his great Essay on Landscape. It is hardly too much to say that, with the exception of some relatively dry portions, it is one of the greatest essays in the world. . . . It proves to us what an integral part landscape had come to play in Chinese culture and imagination.

In view of the idea so commonly held that Chinese culture has been at a dead level of uniformity for three or four thousand years

it is a revelation to read the words of Kakki such as "it is the very nature of man to abhor all that is old and to cleave to that which is new," and to learn that the whole period of Sung culture shows that the Chinese people for three centuries were full of new ideas and were building upon everything that we have been taught to believe un-Chinese. Landscape art became supremely popular, and the characteristic forms of things were held to correspond to phases of the human soul. The ideal of the Chinese Sung gentleman was to be "pure as a plum blossom, strong as a pine, free as a bird and pliant as a willow." Kakki says in his *Essay on Art*:

Wherein do the reasons lie of virtuous men so loving landscape? It is for these facts; that a landscape is a place where vegetation is nourished, where springs and rocks play about like children, a place which woodsmen and retiring scholars usually frequent, where monkeys have their tribe and storks fly crying aloud their joy in the scene. The noisiness of the dusty world, and the look-in-ness of human habitations are what human nature at its highest, perpetually hates; while, on the contrary, haze, mist, and the old spirits are what human nature seeks and yet can rarely see.

What a delightful thing it is for lovers of forests and fountain, and the friends of mist and haze, to have at hand a landscape painted by a skilful artist! To have therein the opportunity of seeing water and peaks, of hearing the cry of monkeys and the song of birds without going from the room. In this way a thing done by another will completely satisfy the mind. This is the fundamental idea of the worldwide respect for landscape painting; so that if the artist, without realizing this ideal, paints landscapes with a careless heart, it is like throwing earth upon a deity or casting impurities into the clear wind. . . .

The very fact of following one master only is a thing to be discouraged. Specialists have from the oldest times been regarded as the victims of a disease, and as men who refuse to listen to what others say. A great thorough-going man does not confine himself to one school; but combines many schools, as well as reads and listens to the arguments and thoughts of many predecessors, thereby slowly forming a style of his own; and then, for the first time, he can say that he has become an artist. . . . A true artist must nourish in his bosom kindness, mildness, and magnanimity.

The ancient sages said that a poem was a picture without visible shape, and a painting was poetry put into form. These words are ever with me.

Our space will not permit of the consideration of more modern periods; it must suffice to say that the author traces, with keen insight into the essentials, all the important movements of Chinese art in connexion with the changes in the national life. He follows regretfully the decay of Chinese art which succeeded the break between

China's past and present which took place in the 16th century. Since then, he says:

Roughly, and going back to our high standard, we may say there has been no great art in China since early Ming, except the late Ming and early Tsing (17th century) porcelain; and no *very great* art since Sung and early Yuen. (14th century)

Professor Fenollosa's treatment of Japanese art is fully as illuminating and original as that of Chinese, but the consideration of this must be left for another article.

EX ORIENTE

R. H. TITHERINGTON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

I AM the East, the immemorial East,
 My stedfast spirit hath not changed or ceased;
 As I have stood through countless ages past,
 So shall I stand while sea and mountains last.

Earth's scourges all have wreaked their will on me.
 War, famine, pestilence, the cruel three,
 Have poured on me what woes they have to give;
 Harried and vexed, yet changeless, still I live.

I look afar, and view my foe, the West.
 Proud, eager, clamorous, scorning peace and rest,
 She thinks me feeble, holds me in despite;
 I heed her not; I know my hidden might.

Heathen she calls me, and idolater,
 And yet the creed she vaunts I gave to her;
 And knows she truly what the precepts mean
 That Jesus taught, the lowly Nazarene?

In bygone centuries my patient eyes
 Unmoved have watched her grandest empires rise
 And fall, her brightest glories wax and wane;
 What I have seen, that may I see again.

Her marching legions trample on my shore,
 And in my ears her murderous cannon roar;
 They come, they pass, and when their din has ceased,
 Still I remain the immemorial East.

Careless she hurls her challenge forth to me,
 Sure of her self-appointed mastery;
 But who can read the unwritten page of fate?
 Lo! silent and inscrutable, I wait.

THE PIRAEUS: by F. S. Darrow, M. A., PH. D.



THE history of the Piraeus, the sea-port of Athens, has always been closely associated with that of the more prominent city, which lies nearly in the center of an extensive natural amphitheater formed by the encircling hills, while the widely spreading plain opens on the south towards the sea. This water-front presents possibilities for pleasure resorts, particularly at the popular Phalerum, but offers little protection for shipping. Consequently, when, in classic times, Athens aspired to rise as a naval power, it was necessary to find a safer harbor for her merchant vessels and a more effective port for her navy.

About five miles to the southwest of Athens the rocky promontory of Acte, marked by the hill of Munychia, projects into the Saronic Gulf and forms three natural bays. These were improved and fortified to receive the new fleet, which was built from the surplus revenues obtained from the silver mines of Laurium, and became the important gateway to Athens. The city of Piraeus sprang up rapidly around these harbors, and from the early part of the 5th century B. C. the growth, prominence, and decline of the two cities followed a similar course.

The main harbor, which can be seen in the illustration, is situated on the western side of the peninsula, and early became the center of commercial interests, as it is again today, although we learn by an inscription that there was provision for 94 triremes here to protect the merchant vessels. The two smaller harbors of Munychia and Zea on the opposite coast nearer Athens were primarily the war harbors. The entrances of all three were strongly fortified and partly enclosed by moles which could be completely shut in by chains when desired.

The harbor of Zea, which is shown in the second illustration, probably takes its name from a surname given to Artemis, who was a favorite with the Athenians. It is a beautiful pear-shaped basin which is said to have accommodated 196 triremes 130 to 165 feet in length. In the three harbors can still be seen traces of stone ship-ways under the water, built for docking these vessels; they were separated from one another by pillars which supported roofs to form ship-houses. An extant inscription states that there were 372 of these ship-ways in all. A large slab of Hymettus marble found near the harbor of

Zea adds another item of assistance in restoring the picture of the old days, since this tablet records the contract for the building of a large arsenal which was to be 400 by 500 feet within, to serve for storing sails, rigging, and other furnishings for a thousand vessels. The contract also provides for the building of a large portico in front which was to be used as a promenade. This structure was probably built during the administration of the orator-statesman, Lycurgus, about 340 B. C., to replace a less pretentious one which had been previously destroyed.

Several slabs of Parian marble, which had eyes painted on them in bright red or blue, have been found in the water of the harbor. Large round holes in the center of the iris probably indicate that these slabs were inserted in the prows of vessels, as represented commonly upon vases and other relics, a custom which has survived to this day in some parts of the Mediterranean. A reference to them is found in the "Suppliants" of Aeschylus where Danaus at Argos exclaims —

"I see the ship, too clear to be mistaken:
The swelling sails, the bulwark's coverings,
And prow with eyes that scan the onward way."
(Plumtree's translation, vv. 714-716)

The most serious drawback to the natural security, which these cosy land-locked harbors afforded, protected as they were by the natural fortress of the hill of Munychia, was the fact of their location at a distance from Athens, so great that the intervening country was difficult to defend in time of invasion. Themistocles, to whom credit is due for raising Athens into a naval power early in the 5th century B. C., appreciated the strategic weakness of the situation, and planned and carried well forward to completion extensive outworks for the fortification of the whole peninsula. He caused massive walls to be built across the headland and around the harbors, which were 60 stadia ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles) in circumference. These walls were continuous with the moles of the harbors, which formed gateways, as it were, in the walls, and were known as "closed ports." They were built only one-half the height planned by Themistocles although it is recorded that they were actually 60 feet high, and 14 or 15 feet thick.

Two carts meeting each other, brought stones, which were laid together right and left on the outer side of each, and thus formed two primary parallel

walls, between which the interior space (of course at least as broad as the joint breadth of the two carts) was filled up not with rubble, in the usual manner of the Greeks, (at this period), but constructed throughout the whole thickness, of squared stones clamped together with metal. (Grote chap. XLIV, Amer. Reprint vol. v, p. 250; from *Thucydides*, I, 93)

These walls, studded with look-out towers throughout their extent were eventually connected with the walls of the city of Athens by what were known as the "Long Walls." Thus Athens, to all intents and purposes, consisted of two circular cities, each 60 stadia (7½ miles) in circumference, joined by a street of 40 stadia, (4½ miles) in length. Between the two long walls there was a carriage road and on either side there appear to have been numerous houses in the time of the Peloponnesian war. In Xenophon is given an account of the consternation caused when the news was received of the defeat of the Athenian fleet at Aegospotami by the Lacedaemonians —

It was night when the *Paralus* reached Athens with her evil tidings, on receipt of which a bitter wail of woe broke forth. From Piraeus, following the line of the long walls up to the heart of the city, it swept and swelled, as each man to his neighbor passed on the news. On that night no man slept. There was mourning and sorrow for those that were lost, but the lamentation for the dead was merged in even deeper sorrow for themselves, as they pictured the evils they were to suffer. (*Hellen.* II; 2-3)

The walls were built double to ensure a safe communication between the two cities in time of war. The work of the fortifications was incomplete at the time of the Persian invasion. When the hostilities had subsided and after the following struggle with Aegina, Themistocles tried to induce the Athenians to rebuild their sadly dismantled city round the harbors of the Piraeus, but he was not able to persuade the people to desert the site of their sacred city which they had but so recently recovered from the ravaging power of the foreigner. The work on the walls was hastened although they were not completed at the time Pericles, addressing the assembly, urged the fulfilment of the plans of Themistocles, as related by Plato in his *Gorgias* —

Gorg. You must have heard, I think, that the docks and the walls of the Athenians and the plan of the harbor were devised in accordance with the counsels, partly of Themistocles, and partly of Pericles, and not at the suggestion of the builders.

Socrates. Certainly, Gorgias, that is what is told of Themistocles, and I

myself heard the speech of Pericles when he advised us about the middle wall. (p. 455, e)

It was during the administration of Pericles that the Piraeus became renowned for its beauty. The celebrated Hippodamus of Miletus was employed to lay out the city streets, which he did upon a rectangular plan, a method familiar enough in our cities today, but the Piraeus reserves the distinction of being the first European city to be built in that manner, a fact which excited considerable interest and comment at the time. The city rose to a position of prominence, with temples, theater, and beautiful buildings which clustered around the akropolis of Munychia. Many foreigners were attracted to the place by the various industries and formed a large percentage of the inhabitants. It was the Piraeus that Plato chose as a setting for the opening scene to *The Republic*, where Socrates tells of his visit to the city during the celebration of the festival of Bendis, the favorite goddess of the Thracian residents.

After the subjugation of Athens by Sparta in 404 B. C., one of the humiliating conditions imposed upon the city was —

That the long walls and the fortifications of Piraeus should be destroyed; that the Athenian fleet, with the exception of twelve vessels, should be surrendered; that the exiles should be restored; and lastly; that the Athenians should acknowledge the headship of Sparta in peace and war, leaving to her the choice of friends and foes, and following her lead by land and sea. (Xenophon, *Hellen.* II, 2-20)

The Athenians were forced to accept peace upon any terms, and after that, Lysander sailed into the Piraeus and the exiles were readmitted, but —

To demolish the Long Walls and the fortifications of Piraeus, was a work of some time, and a certain number of days were granted to the Athenians, within which it was required to be completed. In the beginning of the work, the Lacedaemonians and their allies all lent a hand, with the full pride and exultation of conquerors, amidst women playing the flute and dancers crowned with wreaths, mingled with joyful exclamations from the Peloponnesian allies, that this was the first day of Grecian freedom. (Xen. *Hellen.* II, 2, 23)

How many days were allowed for this humiliating duty, we are not told, but the work was not completed in the allotted time, a fact which endangered their title to peace. The interval seems, however, to have been prolonged, probably considering that for the real labor, as well as the melancholy character

of the work to be done, too short a time had been allowed at first. (Grote, chap. LXV, Am. Reprint, vol. VIII, 231)

Soon after the overthrow of the Thirty Tyrants under the leadership of Thrasybulus, both Athens and the Piraeus experienced renewed prosperity. Buildings and fortifications were rebuilt when —

In 393 B. C. Conon returned as a second Themistocles, the deliverer of his country, and the restorer of her lost strength and independence. All hands were set to work, carpenters and masons being hired with the funds furnished by Pharnabazus, to complete the fortifications as quickly as possible. The Boeotians and other neighbors lent their aid zealously as volunteers — the same who eleven years before had danced to the sound of joyful music when the former walls were demolished, so completely had the feelings of Greece altered since that period. By such hearty co-operation the work was finished during the course of the present summer and autumn without any opposition, and Athens enjoyed again her fortified Piraeus and harbor, with a pair of Long Walls, straight and parallel, joining it securely to the city. The third, or Phaleric Wall (a single wall stretching from Athens to Phalerum), which had existed down to the capture of the city by Lysander, was not restored. (Grote, chap. LXXV, Am. Reprint. vol. LX. 322)

In 86 B. C., the Roman army under Sulla severely punished both Athens and the Piraeus because of the aid that had been given by the Athenians to Mithridates the Great, King of Pontus. And for a second time the fortifications of the Piraeus were so systematically destroyed that the harbor's subsequent decline in prosperity and importance was very rapid, until in the course of time even its name was forgotten. A few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about the harbor were known for centuries as *Porte Leone*, a name given to it by the sailors on account of a familiar landmark which stood above the harbor, that of a marble lion, but even this was carried off to Venice in 1687, where it stands in front of the arsenal.

When Athens was chosen as the seat of government in 1834, the name was recalled, and the port became once more a necessary, thriving, commercial center to the New Athens. Over one hundred small factories are located here, while its harbor has become the first port of importance in Greece, having outstripped Patras within the last few years. The few traces of antiquity, including those of the fortifications already mentioned, the theater seats, and traces of temple architecture, are sadly mutilated.

The insistent claims of the active noisy life of the Piraeus of

today are likely to dispel the dreams of ancient greatness which stir the imagination of the traveler when he enters this historic harbor. As the vessel threads a passage between the picturesque sloops laden with cargoes of oranges, lemons, grapes, or fish, past the steamers crowded with parties bent on pilgrimages to the island churches, a mutual interest is created, but very soon the traveler's undivided attention is required to meet the vociferous attacks of the boat-men who swarm over the side of the vessel before it has even come to anchor. At all Greek ports it is necessary to land in small boats, often a formidable ordeal until one has become accustomed to Greek excitability and gained some experience with the language.

The beautiful outlook across the Aegean from the harbor, the scene of so many stirring events, will always create an intense interest. The undulating, barren outline of the island of Salamis is seen in the background of the illustration. Megara and Athens long disputed for the possession of this island, which finally fell to the power of Athens in 598 B. C., thanks to the persistent boldness of Solon, and which later proved a refuge for the wives and children of the Athenians in their hour of need, during the Persian invasion. The Greek fleet was stationed in front of the island while the Persians sailed out of the Piraeus and flanked the coast to the right and left. The small island of Psyttaleia, (which can be faintly discerned opposite the entrance to the harbor of the Piraeus), formed the center of the Persian forces. It was on this island that the Persians stationed about 600 of their picked men to prevent the return of any Greeks who should escape from wrecks or vessels driven ashore. Xerxes, confident of easy victory, is said to have been seated upon his throne on Mt. Aegaleos, further west on the mainland, overlooking the scene. To his dismay, the Athenians, joined by the Peloponnesians, who had hitherto been wavering, bore down in a body upon the Persian host with the mighty fearless shout of

O sons of Greeks! go, set your country free,
 Free your wives, free your children, free the fanes
 O' the gods, your fathers founded — sepulchres
 They sleep in! Or save all, or all be lost.

(Browning's translation)

. in the end,
 Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet

Had oars, in most disordered flight rowed off.
 (*Persians* of Aeschylus — Blackie)

Aristides, who had been recalled from banishment to assist in the war, hastily collected a band of armed citizens and destroyed the 600 Persians left helpless upon the island of Psyttaleia before the very eyes of Xerxes —

The bloom of all the Persian youth, in spirit
 The bravest, and in birth the noblest princes. (*ibid*).

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY: by Percy Leonard

“Having been ignorant of thy majesty, I took thee for a friend, and have called thee ‘O Krishna, O son of Yadu, O friend,’ and blinded by my affection and presumption, I have at times treated thee without respect in sport, in recreation, in thy chair, in private and in public; all this I beseech thee, O inconceivable Being, to forgive.” — *Bhagavad-Gītā*, Chap. XI



IT is generally conceded that the cultivation of certain graces of manner and the use of conventional forms of respect in our dealings with our fellow-men, are among the minor duties of life. Such small civilities go far to lubricate the wheels of social intercourse, and thus reduce the tension and the strain so frequently in evidence, wherever people meet. A lack of common courtesy existing between fellow-citizens is much to be regretted; but in the dealings of one nation with another its absence is even more to be deplored, for although the suffering and humiliation caused can scarcely be regarded as acute, yet in the aggregate they amount to a good deal.

Nicknames and abbreviated titles are doubtless quite legitimate when kept within their proper bounds, and Robert, William, and Richard have no very serious ground of complaint if during the intimacies which arise in daily life, they hear themselves alluded to as Bob and Bill and Dick; and yet it must occur to everyone at times to wonder whether such undignified diminutives are worthy titles of address for fellow-souls.

Contemptuous appellations and familiar curtailments are decidedly objectionable when indiscriminately applied to the citizens of foreign

states. If nations are regarded in a proper light we shall recognize in the least of them a something inexpressible which must at least compel our warm esteem, or even call forth feelings more akin to veneration. A nation's name denotes far more than the aggregate of its population. It represents a vast, collective consciousness comprising prophets and patriots, poets, statesmen, and philosophers; both those who live and move embodied on the earth, and those who labored in the past to make their nation great and whose heroic presence broods unseen but mighty yet to hearten and inspire their sons.

Belonging as we do to practical, commercial peoples, we must of course admit that "Time is money," from which it follows that elaborate ceremonials must result in actual, monetary loss. By always using the contraction "the Japs," for instance, we effect a saving in our precious time which may amount to several cents at the conclusion of the year. But getting money after all is not the object of existence, so let us take the necessary time for the pronouncing of the two concluding syllables, even although we find ourselves a little poorer when we come to make up our accounts.

By an exercise of the imagination (and in this case it would require a vigorous effort) let us as citizens of the United States imagine our feelings if on the streets of Tokio we heard a slighting reference to "the Ams.": or if the citizens of Greater Britain, how should we like to be alluded to as "Brits"? Now if discrimination in such matters is allowable at all, the Japanese of all people in the world are worthy of especial consideration on account of their conspicuous example in the art of dignified address. Even the commonest objects are thus ennobled in their ordinary speech. Everything is "honorable," and though to our less refined perceptions this usage may appear unduly ceremonious, yet may it not be traced to some dim recognition of the immanence of Deity throughout Creation? Zarahiah looking forward to a golden age foresaw that the meanest objects would become exalted in the eyes of spiritually enlightened humanity; that the very bridles of the horses should be inscribed "Holiness unto the Lord," while "the pots in the Lord's house should be like the bowls before the altar."

Ignoble natures seem to fancy that every mark of deference rendered to another, by so much lessens their own dignity; but as a matter of fact he who renders homage where homage is due, pro-

claims his discrimination to all beholders, and thus while honoring another, he exalts himself.

A subtle, psychological effect must be produced in one who hears himself habitually addressed by an honorific title. A challenge or salute is sounded to which his nobler nature rises in response. The peerless dignity and priceless value of the human soul, is forcibly presented to his mind, and he is stimulated to conduct himself more worthily of his high origin.

If as Theosophists we hold that the body of man is the temple of God, should we continue to use the derogatory designations now so commonly employed?

Of course mere empty compliments and hollow titles insincerely used will help us not at all; but if we could succeed in rousing recognition of the hidden god that sits unseen within the secret places of the soul, the proper language to express the feeling would spontaneously rise, and every kind of human intercourse would undergo a glorious, unimaginable change.



THEOSOPHY teaches a belief in man's eternal, immortal nature.

H. P. Blavatsky

WHAT the Theosophist has to do above all, is to forget his personality.

H. P. Blavatsky

WE should aim at creating free men and women; unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, unselfish. And we believe that much, if not all, of this could be obtained by proper and truly Theosophical education. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

TEACH, preach, and practise a life based on a true understanding of brotherhood. — *William Q. Judge*

HE who conquers himself is greater than the conqueror of worlds.

William Q. Judge

LET each moment of each day mark some great result achieved.

Katherine Tingley

OUR light must so shine that our brothers who walk in darkness will seek our path. — *Katherine Tingley*

OUR hearts are pulsating every moment with the finer forces of Nature.

Katherine Tingley

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

MANCHESTER is one of the largest cities in England, and is situated in a densely populated district of Lancashire which forms the great English cotton-manufacturing district. Owing to the enhanced value of land in recent years many of the cotton mills and workshops have been removed to the surrounding towns, leaving more room for the business of distribution in the city itself. There are numerous other industries in Manchester as well as cotton, principally wool, machinery, and chemicals. Manchester has always been a center of intellectual activity and of progressive thought. Many of the great English reforms of modern times had their origin there. The agitation for the repeal of the iniquitous Corn laws, which kept up the prices of bread, had its headquarters in Manchester, and the city has been noteworthy as a center of activity in temperance reform. Many famous men of science have been working members of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and the Manchester school of artists has produced a marked effect upon British painting.

As the importance of the city only dates from comparatively modern times it has few ancient public buildings; the only important one that dates from the Middle Ages is the Cathedral, which is, after all, only a large parish church. Of modern buildings the Town Hall is the most striking, though opinion is not unanimous as to its beauty. It was completed in 1877 from designs by Waterhouse, a prominent architect of that period. It is triangular in plan, and the tower is 260 feet high, containing a peal of twenty-one bells. The great hall holds a very fine organ. The Manchester people are noted for their love for music. Opposite the Town Hall there is a handsome monument to Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria; unfortunately it is dwarfed by the great size of the neighboring building.

The Manchester and Liverpool Railway (1830) was one of the first railways ever built, and it marked a great advance in the growth of the city. About eighty years ago another remarkable engineering enterprise was proposed, i. e., the construction of a great Ship Canal connecting Manchester with the sea. This undertaking was finally carried out by the municipality about twenty years ago after great difficulties had been surmounted arising from opposing interests, and now the city is in direct communication with foreign ports.

THE AUGOEIDES: by A Student



IN Bulwer Lytton's story *Zanoni* that one of the two heroes who gives his name to the book is represented as calling forth his own inner, higher, self, the Augoeides, in order to get counsel in his difficulties.

Lytton knew what he was writing, though few enough of his readers know what they are reading. For the majority the scene goes for what it is worth as pure imagination.

A contemporary, the English *Fortnightly Review*, in an issue towards the end of last year, printed an account of the early days of Elizabeth Blackwell, those days in which she came to the conclusion to break all precedent and qualify as the first woman doctor. In order to earn the necessary money she left her home and took up residence as teacher in a school eleven days' (then) travel away. The account says:

Upon the first evening of her new life Elizabeth Blackwell records an experience "unique in my life, but still (in old age) as real and vivid . . . as when it occurred." With "the shadow of parting" upon her, she had retired to her room and was gazing from her open window across the dim outlines of hill-ranges illumined by the light of countless stars, when a sudden terror seized her. "A doubt and dread of what might be before me gathered in my mind. In an agony of mental distress, my very being went out in a cry for Divine help. Suddenly the answer came. A glorious presence as of brilliant light flooded my soul . . . nothing visible to the physical sense; but a spiritual influence joyful, gentle, and powerful; . . . the despair vanished; all doubt as to the future, all hesitation . . . left me, and never in after life returned. I knew that my individual effort . . . was in accordance with the great ordering of the world's progress." So the vision passed, but its influence remained.

The curious gleaner of religious experiences can find hundreds of cases like this. Though most of them occur in the lives of religious reformers and enthusiasts, a fair proportion are found quite outside that field. Sometimes there is the sense or vision of a presence, sometimes an audible voice, sometimes merely a sudden and absolute clearing up of difficulties and perplexity.

What are we dealing with? Hallucination? Sometimes, assuredly. But always? The believer in human ensoulment should not say so. For if there be in each of us a divine something beyond personality, why may it not at some intense moment succeed in making its presence and guidance full clearly felt despite the blinding personality?

That might be granted; but how about the vision, the visible form of light? Yet a vesture to the soul ought not, even for science, once that soul is granted, be so very difficult a matter. Every smallest molecule is a compound of hundreds or thousands of radiant particles. A cloud of these, or perhaps of units still finer, seems not impossible as the vesture of a consciousness higher than that of the brain-bound personality.

For most men, conscience is a guide but imperfectly sensed. The workings of the physiological and sensuous nature, and of brain thought, are too vivid for finer perceptions and ideation to be felt and recorded. Yet if the soul be a real entity, a ray of the Supreme Light, such perceptions and ideation must be as unbroken a stream for it as ordinary perceptions and thoughts are for the personality. Is it impossible that a fixed real belief in the soul, a constant watchfulness for its guidance and verdicts, and a complete dominance over the ever intrusive lower nature, may lead on occasion to a full and conscious intercourse with the soul?

The man (says H. P. Blavatsky) who has conquered matter sufficiently to receive the direct light from his shining *Augoeides*, feels truth intuitively; he could not err in his judgment . . . for he is *illuminated*. Hence, prophecy, vaticination, and the so-called illumination from above by our own immortal spirit

— a ray and very part of Supreme Spirit. (But that inerrancy of judgment is for him only who has *conquered* matter in very deed. Short of that — and how many are not short of that? — the divine communication will surely be mixed in its reception with all sorts of personal preconceptions and picturings, and especially with those resting on subtle forms of vanity.)

Man is an evolution from the brutes, says science; and they from vegetation; and vegetation from the inorganic. In other terminology the human monad, essentially divine, separated from the Supreme Light, loses its divine consciousness as it enters the lowest levels of matter and works its way up. Each is an emanation, not directly from that Light, but from some one of the conscious spiritual energies which are born from it at the dawn of activity and are its active manifestations. “So many men on earth, so many gods in heaven.” And this god, angel, is from the first the overshadowing guide of its emanation, the peregrinating monad. In man, or as man, the latter begins

for the first time to become conscious of its guide and source, conscience, the "Father in Secret," the Augoeides. The crown of human evolution is the reunion of the two; and the end of all evolution, so far as one epoch of it is concerned, is the withdrawal of the latter into absolute quiescent Light, the nirvâna of all things. In the Mysteries, each degree of awakening of the man to the presence of his overshadowing guide, was a degree of initiation. For this final touch he had to prepare himself by long preparation and self-discipline. For without that touch, and the teaching then imparted, his perceptions of the Augoeides were surely mixed with too much human matter to be dependable. And it is the loss of the Mysteries, the lacking in our day of that condition, that makes modern seership — from that of Swedenborg downward — so faulty, so unreliable, and so often dangerous.

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

II. THE GREAT PYRAMID



AMONG the sermons in stones of prehistoric antiquity scattered over the surface of the Earth, few, perhaps, afford to the student so many fascinating lines of inquiry as the Great Pyramid. And notwithstanding all that has been accomplished during the last century, it would seem that, far from having solved its many problems, we are only just beginning to understand what the problems are. The main clues to many of them, it may at once be said, are to be found in H. P. Blavatsky's colossal works, *Isis Unveiled* (1877), and *The Secret Doctrine* (1888). Since they appeared, the notable work previously done by Colonel Vyse, Piazzi Smyth, and Flinders Petrie, has been supplemented in two books by W. Marsham Adams, *The House of the Hidden Places* (1895), and *The Book of the Master* (1898), in which the connexion between "Egyptian Theosophy" and the interior structure of the edifice is intuitively propounded, and the outline of what may have been an absolutely awe-inspiring ritual traced with reverent hand. One notes, however, a curious inversion of thought in the preface to the latter work, quite unconscious possibly, and which appears absurdly to color all modern speculation, archaeo-

logical or otherwise, whenever we seek to penetrate the mystery of our past. It is where the writer says we find the teaching of the gospels *echoed* by the Egyptian ritual; just as others, like Lundy and de Mirville, sought to show that antiquity *plagiarized by anticipation* certain (much misunderstood) teachings promulgated about 1500 years ago. Better acquaintance with Theosophical teaching, such as may be found in *The Key to Theosophy*, or even the *Theosophical Manuals*, would prevent the psychological influence of "superiority" from running away with one's pen; and such a sentence would then fall on its feet, and we should read: we find the teaching of the Egyptian ritual echoed by the gospels.

The Great Pyramid and its sentinel, the Sphinx, stand today, after tens of thousands of years, symbols of many noble elements belonging to the nature and destiny of man; not least, as symbols of his immense *civilized* antiquity, united to a mastery of various philosophies and sciences which, honestly examined, should convince anyone that the moderns, although placed on the ascending arc of another cycle, are as yet in several respects far behind the points reached by the designers and builders of them. Suppose, for instance, we decided to restore the original beautiful polished surface of the Great Pyramid, each stone fitted in place with accuracy more resembling the work of an optician than that of a mason, where should we look for artificers? Remember the structure is 480 feet high, and that the minutest error in the height, bed, joints, or face-slope of a stone would bar *Egyptian* accuracy of fitting.

Champollion wrote:

No people of ancient or modern times has conceived the art of architecture upon a scale so sublime, so grandiose as it existed among the ancient Egyptians; and the imagination, which in Europe soars far above our porticos, arrests itself *and falls powerless* at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the hypostyle of Karnak! In one of its halls, the cathedral of Notre-Dame might stand and not touch the ceiling, but be considered a mere ornament in the center of the hall.

Adams gives in his second book a restored view of part of this hall.

In preparing our minds for a study, firstly, of the historical aspect of that symbol of man's antiquity, the Great Pyramid, we may glance at some matters bearing more or less directly thereon.

Denon, in his *Voyage en Egypte*, wrote, regarding Karnak:

One who views the objects themselves, occasionally yields to the doubt whether he be perfectly awake. These two edifices are selected as examples from

a list *next to inexhaustible*. The whole valley and delta of the Nile, from the cataracts to the sea, was covered with temples, palaces, tombs, pyramids, obelisks, and pillars. The execution of the sculptures is beyond praise. The mechanical perfection with which artists wrought in granite, serpentine, breccia, and basalt, is wonderful, according to all the experts animals and plants look as good as natural, and artificial objects are beautifully sculptured; battles by sea and land, and scenes of domestic life are to be found in all their *bas-reliefs*.

Savery, in *Letters on Egypt*, wrote:

The monuments which there strike the traveler fill his mind with great ideas. At the sight of the colossuses and superb obelisks, which appear to surpass the limits of human nature, he cannot help exclaiming, "This was the work of man," and the sentiment seems to ennoble his existence.

Every one of these stones is usually covered with hieroglyphics, and *the more ancient they are, the more beautifully we find them chiseled*. The obelisks have their inscriptions cut two inches, and sometimes more, in depth, and they are cut with the highest degree of perfection. The Arabs will occasionally climb to the very top of an obelisk by inserting their toes and fingers in grooves of the hieroglyphics.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson wrote that in Egypt he could trace no primitive mode of life, no barbarous customs, but a sort of stationary civilization from the most remote periods. Their art and their system of writing were perfect and complete from the very first. One has not space to refer to the lost arts of the Egyptians, but an account of some of them will be found in *Isis Unveiled*, I, c. 14, wherein, although the facts are pretty well known and have since been supplemented by further discoveries, the golden thread that unites them will repay study.

H. P. Blavatsky says Herodotus did not tell all, although he knew that the *real* purpose of the Pyramid was different from that which he assigns to it. Were it not for his religious scruples, he might have said that, externally, it symbolized the creative principle of nature, and illustrated also the principles of geometry, mathematics, astrology, and astronomy. Internally, it was a majestic fane, in whose somber recesses were performed the Mysteries, and whose walls had often witnessed the initiation-scenes of members of the royal family. The porphyry sarcophagus was the *baptismal font*, upon emerging from which, the neophyte was "born again."

But let us keep to the historical question. Figures in brackets

refer to volume and page of *The Secret Doctrine*, for the convenience of those wishing to study collateral points.

According to Theosophical teaching, and one is obliged to plunge *in medias res*, our present Fifth Root-Race has already been in existence about a million years. Each of its Sub-Races, the four prior to the present main one, lasted approximately 210,000 years. The knowledge of the foregoing, and the correct division and subdivisions, formed part and parcel of the Mysteries, where these Sciences were taught to the disciples, and where they were transmitted by one hierophant to another. The home of the Fourth Root-Race was the "Atlantean" Continental system, (covering many parts of the Earth besides the Atlantic), mainly destroyed during Miocene times, and the principal later remains of which, the Island Continents Ruta and Daitya, were mostly submerged some 850,000 years ago, the cataclysm which lives in the universal memory as The Flood. The parts of Ruta and Daitya that remained were in turn submerged some 250,000 years ago, leaving, in the Atlantic, but the well-known island of Plato, who while repeating the story as narrated to Solon by the priests of Egypt, intentionally confused the continents, assigning to the small island which sank last all the events pertaining to the two enormous continents, the prehistoric and the traditional. (II, 263-71)

Among other arts and sciences, the ancients, as an heirloom from the Atlanteans, had those of astronomy and symbolism, which included the knowledge of the Zodiac. For the whole of antiquity believed, *with good reason*, that humanity and its races are all intimately connected with the planets, and these with Zodiacal signs. The whole world's history is recorded in the latter. In the ancient temples of Egypt this was proved by the Dendera Zodiac; but except in an Arabic work, the property of a *Sufi*, H. P. Blavatsky never met with a correct *copy* of these marvelous records of the past, as also of the *future*, history of our globe. Yet the original records exist, most undeniably. (II, 431; I, xxiii-xxxi) The original temple of Dendera appears to have been erected about contemporaneously with the Great Pyramid, and since its zodiac shows a lapse of more than three precessional revolutions, the Great Pyramid must have been built more than 78,000 years ago.

It must be admitted that any attempt to fix the date of the Pyramid is surrounded with difficulties, and what follows is but an outline of a

method in which some important facts given out for the first time to the moderns in *The Secret Doctrine* are employed to obtain an approximate result.

These facts are: (a) The Mighty Ones perform their great works, and leave behind them everlasting monuments to commemorate their visit, every time they penetrate within our mâyic veil; (b) they appear at the beginning of Cycles, as also of every precessional year; (c) thus we are taught that the great pyramids were built under their direct supervision, when Polaris was at his lowest culmination and the Pleiades looked over his head; (d) the first pyramids were built at the beginning of a precessional year; (e) every precessional year the tropics recede from the pole *four degrees* in each revolution from the equinoctial points, as the equator rounds through the Zodiacal constellations; (f) the Egyptians had various ways of indicating the angle of the pole (of the ecliptic); (g) 23,000 years ago the obliquity was rather more than 27 degrees; (h) the central (invisible) Sun of our particular system is in Hercules, not far from the stars ϵ and π ; (i) the Pleiades, the sacred sidereal septenate, is the focus from which, and into which the *divine breath*, MOTION, works incessantly during the Manvantara; (j) "he who understands the age of Dhruva, who measures 9090 mortal years, will understand the times of the pralayas, the final destiny of nations, O Lanoo"; (k) it is 70,000 years since the pole of the Earth pointed to the further end of Ursa Minor's tail. (II, 435; I, 331; II, 360, 408, 551, 768)

The result may be briefly epitomized, assuming a sidereal year of 25,900 years, on the average — not a wholly satisfactory assumption, because it tends to shorten as the obliquity of the ecliptic increases, and *vice versa*. It would appear to have been decreasing for about 35,000 years, when it was probably somewhere about 29 degrees, while nearly 78,000 years ago the pole was just at the *extreme* end of Ursa Minor's tail, and it missed that position by a few degrees on the two subsequent revolutions. The 35,000 year period seems to correspond roughly to one swing of the "secular" variation, which masks the main variation of four degrees per sidereal year, causing the diminution to appear slightly less at present. The main variation is of course due to other causes than those assigned to the secular one in *our* imperfect astronomical physics. Thus the double period is 70,000 years back, when the obliquity was probably close to its present value.

Just about 9090 years prior to 1888 the solstitial colure passed through Alcyone and Polaris. Adding three sidereal years we reach a date, in round numbers, 87,000 years ago, for the building of the Great Pyramid, "at the beginning of a sidereal year, when Polaris was at his lowest culmination and the Pleiades looked over his head." The obliquity would then be just $26^{\circ}7'$, which happens to be the inclination of what Marsham Adams calls the Chamber of the Orbit (or "the grand gallery," as usually styled), of the Great Pyramid, as well as the latitude of the temple of Dendera, where the sun would then have been vertical at the summer solstice.

The descending passage of the Pyramid never pointed to any polestar, and it is really surprising how so obvious a fallacy gained currency. It has pointed to thousands of circumpolar stars. To those unfamiliar with astronomy we may say that the angle of elevation of the pole at any given place remains practically stationary. What does change is the angle between the celestial pole of the Earth's equator and the celestial pole of the Earth's orbit. And this criterion, combined with their Zodiacs, was the one employed by the prehistoric ancients in fixing the dates of important structures designed to defy the hand of time, *for Zodiacs change also!*

The beautiful conception of "the Grand Horizon," described by Marsham Adams, namely, a person standing on the equator at an equinox, seeing *all* the ranks of stars rising vertically and simultaneously, falls short of its full meaning in failing to recognize that there was a time when the two poles *coincided*, and that the obliquity of the ecliptic is connected mysteriously in some way with human Karma. (See THEOSOPHICAL PATH, Feb. 1912)

With regard to the date given above for the Great Pyramid, we have the following direct statement in *The Secret Doctrine*, namely, that the Egyptians have on their Zodiacs irrefutable proofs of records having embraced about 87,000 years (while those of the Hindûs include nearly thirty-three precessional revolutions). (II, 332)

An interesting point arises regarding (g), (h), and (i) above. 23,000 years ago, *Cor Leonis* was near an equinox, while the solstitial colure passed through Alcyone *and* the central Sun of *our* system, so that the Earth's axis pointed towards the latter, at a distance of 27° from the ecliptic pole. As special attention was drawn to it in connexion with Poseidonis and Ceylon, it is probably an important key position. Those who like mnemonics, and know something of

mathematics, will find it curious that a remarkable little formula discovered by Euler epitomizes this Astronomical Cross oddly. It is $e^{i\pi} = -1$.

Translated into English we might read it: a certain harmonical progression whirled at right angles gives rise to a retrograde motion. The "solar apex" being to the east of the central Sun the motion is what is called retrograde in astronomy. The progression which forms the base of hyperbolic, or "natural," logarithms has the well-known symbol, e ; the exponent i turns things through a right angle; π denotes the rotation, and -1 the retrograde revolution; while e and π are the stars in Hercules in the direction of which our central Sun is probably located!

Now there is another point corroborative of the date given for the Pyramid, which was neither built by anthropoid apes nor by savages. The earliest Egyptians had been separated from the latest Atlanteans for ages upon ages; they were themselves descended from an alien race, and had settled in Egypt some 400,000 years before, but their initiates had preserved all the records. Even so late as the time of Herodotus, they had still in their possession the statues of 341 kings who had reigned over their little Atlanto-Aryan Sub-race (II, 750). Man's size was reduced to ten or twelve feet, ever since the Third Sub-race of the Aryan (about 350,000 years ago), born and developed in Europe and Asia Minor under new climates and conditions — had become European. Since then, it has been steadily decreasing (II, 753). The interior length of a porphyry sarcophagus, used for the particular purpose intended, would probably not exceed the average human height at the time, and taking the present average height of the southern races, at one end, and ten feet at the other, it must have been just about six and a half feet 87,000 years ago — the inside length of the sarcophagus in the upper chamber of the Pyramid.

Since the preceding paragraph was written, we learn that Professor Naville has discovered what he believes to be the most ancient building yet known in Egypt, at Abydos — probably that referred to by Strabo, who wrote:

Below the Memnonium is a spring reached by passages with low vaults consisting of a single stone and distinguished for their extent and mode of construction. This spring is connected with the Nile by a canal which flows through a grove of Egyptian *thorn-acacias*, sacred to *Apollo*. — xvii, ch. i, 42.

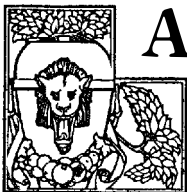
It is an underground reservoir, ninety feet long by sixty wide, and surrounded by a wall eighteen feet thick. The construction is Cyclopean. A canal runs right round the building under a roof supported by enormous pillars of granite, with a narrow stone towing-path along the sides. The professor says:

Up to now the temple of the Sphinx has been considered the most ancient edifice in Egypt. . . . The reservoir of Abydos, of a wholly analogous construction, *but built of much vaster material*, has a character still more archaic. . . . If we have before us the most ancient Egyptian building which has been preserved, it is curious that it is neither temple nor tomb, but a reservoir, a great hydraulic piece of work. That shows us that these ancient peoples knew very well the movement of subterranean waters and the laws which govern their rise and fall. It is quite probable that this reservoir played some part in the cult of Osiris. The cells along its sides are possibly those that appear in "The Book of the Dead." . . . It may be that sometimes the boat of Osiris floated on the waters of the reservoir, hauled by priests on the path that runs along the side; for the Solar Bark, as one sees it depicted in the tombs of kings, journeys always at the end of a tow line. Who would have thought, a few months ago, that thirty feet below the earth one would be able to see a building such as this, which surpasses in grandeur the most colossal of the Cyclopean edifices?

There may be still more important discoveries awaiting us.

The further consideration of the symbolism must be deferred to another time.

THE LOST ATLANTIS: by Carolus



AN eminent archaeologist lately said that the finding of numerous cases in which ancient traditions have been proved to be true is rapidly altering our attitude towards their authors, and that we are now recovering from a positive mania of incredulity. Archaeological discovery, in fact, is demonstrating what common sense always considered probable — that on the whole the ancient historians were trustworthy as to the main facts of events that happened far nearer to their own time than ours. Much the same thing is taking place in science; recent researches are vindicating many obscure phenomena which materialistic bias had rejected and called superstitious. One of the formerly disdained traditions of antiquity is that a great continent once existed in the Atlantic Ocean, inhabited by civilized man. The truth of this is a matter of peculiar interest to students

of Theosophy, for such a civilization, preceding the Stone Ages in Europe, is a necessary factor in the great scheme of world-evolution outlined in the records brought to the attention of the world through the devotion and self-sacrifice of H. P. Blavatsky, the pioneer of Theosophy. Until these clues were brought forward, no student of ancient lore, however learned, could have harmonized the apparently disjointed fragments and allegories of the ancient races.

Far back as we can go we find legends of vanished countries, once inhabited by cultured peoples, and finally overwhelmed by the elements. The story of Noah's Deluge is, of course, the most familiar one to us, but there are many variations, the best known being the Chaldaean account which created such a sensation when it was translated about forty years ago. Within the last few months a far older version has been found in tablets brought from Nippur in Mesopotamia to the University of Pennsylvania. This one is at least four thousand years old, and it is claimed by scholars to be more than a thousand years older than the Biblical account. It gives many details corroborating H. P. Blavatsky's teachings, and in one remarkable passage it gives the names of several of the Antediluvian cities, two of which it states were not drowned in the Flood! China has a similar story of the submersion of the primeval land in consequence of the wickedness of its inhabitants, and the escape of Peiru-un, the Chinese Noah, with his family. India has, of course many traditions of the same event in her sacred books; the followers of Zoroaster have also a few. In the West we find the legend, with variations, in the Scandinavian writings, in Ireland, in Britain, in the traditions of the Seven Cities of Portuguese romance, and, above all, in Greece, where Homer makes several references to the Atlanteans and the island of Ogygia, and where Plato gives a circumstantial account of part of Atlantis which he says he derived through Solon, from the priests of Saïs in Egypt. It would take more time than we can spare merely to recite the names of the *sixty-four* separate legends of the kind which an industrious German scholar, Schwartz, has collected. H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*:

Had not Diocletian burned the esoteric works of the Egyptians in A. D. 296, together with their books on Alchemy; Caesar 700,000 rolls at Alexandria; Leo Isaurus 300,000 at Constantinople (eighth cent.) and the Mohammedans all they could lay their sacrilegious hands on — the world might know today more of Atlantis than it does.

The name Atlantis comes from Plato's account, and it is highly significant that, while the words Atlantis and Atlas have no satisfactory etymology in Greek or other European languages, there are numerous similar words in the Mexican Aztec language. A city named Atlán existed near Panamá when the Spaniards reached this continent. The Aztecs had colonies as far as Venezuela.

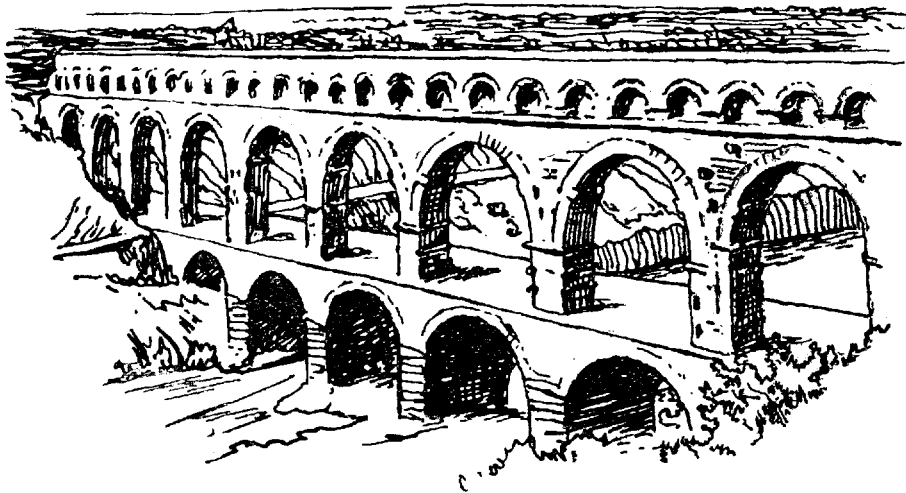
The possible existence of a former continent in the Atlantic Ocean has attracted much attention since H. P. Blavatsky spoke of it, and the great body of scientific opinion, then generally adverse, has so largely changed that her students have the satisfaction today of seeing yet one more of her teachings regarded as more than probable in orthodox scientific quarters.

We are living in an age of quick changes of thought. The time is not far removed when the traditions of the Minoan civilization of Crete — now acknowledged to be of great importance — and the very existence of Pompeii and Troy were looked upon as baseless; when nothing was known of the magnificent monumental structures of Ceylon, of Cambodia, or of Central America and Peru. Comparatively speaking, it is only yesterday that the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions were deciphered; and even today the records of the great Hittite empire cannot be read. What do we really know of the Etruscans? It is hardly likely, therefore, that much detailed information of submerged civilizations that flourished ages before the earliest of the known empires, and whose remnants perished not less than 9000 years B. C., would be easily accessible to us, particularly when we consider that owing to the incredulity of investigators no systematic search has been made for it. It is a marvel that there is anything to work from. But today, in addition to the clues to the meaning of certain remains and to the references in the old manuscripts given by H. P. Blavatsky, another door has opened to us in the recent researches of science. Geology, oceanography, biology, anthropology, linguistics, and archaeology are all providing us with arguments in its favor. The new facts are so conclusive in regard to a former land connexion between America and Africa that geologists are confidently building theories on that hypothesis. Opinion is not quite so unanimous respecting a continental area in the North Atlantic, but even the most skeptical authorities agree that there were once large islands or a great extension of Europe to the westward where there is nothing now but a waste of waters.

In response to a preliminary announcement, widely disseminated in America and Europe and of which we are awaiting further particulars, of the claim that Dr. Paul Schliemann, son of the discoverer of Troy, holds his father's position and undeniable proofs of Atlantean civilization in tangible form, a number of the most eminent scientists, geologists and others, including the names of Sir Norman Lockyer, Professors Hull, and Scharf, have lately written and published their opinions in favor of an Atlantic continent having existed in the Tertiary period. Dr. Hull, F. R. S., President of the Royal Geographical Society of Ireland, etc. has traced the continuation of many of the European river-beds far out under the ocean, and has made a critical examination of the submarine gorges through which they descend, and of the great submarine mountain ranges, some of whose summits appear above water in the shape of islands. He perfectly agrees with the other geologists who point out that these inequalities could never have been formed under water, but must have been carved by agencies acting above sea-level. Dr. Scharf, Director of the Natural History Museum, Dublin, holds that the distribution of plants and animals along the borders of Europe and America can only be explained on the hypothesis of a central continent from which their ancestors radiated. Among a number of similar examples he mentions one of a snail, *Helix hortensis*, which is now found commonly along both shores of the Atlantic and which could never have traveled by water. The study of the present-day animal life in the islands of the Atlantic, and of the fossil remains of the past in the strata of Europe and America has convinced many other scientists of distinction, English, French, and German, such as Edward Suess, Marcel Bertrand, and Louis Germain. M. Pierre Termier, Member of the French Academy of Sciences and Director of the Geological Survey of France, lately pointed out in a lecture on the North Atlantic Ocean (in which he definitely admitted an Atlantean continent) that grappling irons had brought up lava from a depth of 10,200 feet in a vitreous condition, that is to say, in a condition which can only be formed under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, and could not have been formed under water. This lava was found far out in the Atlantic, five hundred miles north of the Azores.

All this, and far more than can be even mentioned in the briefest way, proves that Theosophical students cannot be regarded as fanci-

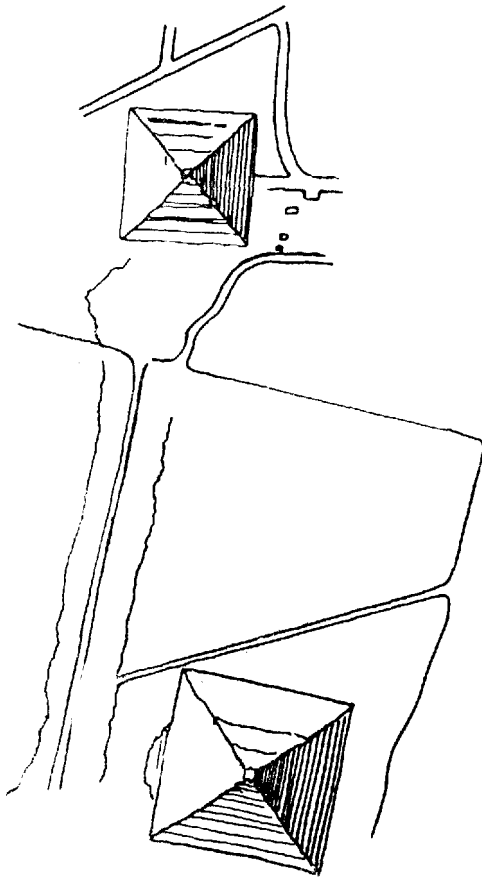
ful in taking seriously the story of a former Atlantic continent. The question of its human habitation, however, is a deeper and more difficult one, but we have, fortunately, no longer to meet the objection that man was not created 11,000 years ago. It is not long since it was dangerous to claim that mankind may have been on earth more than 6000 years. It was dogmatically asserted that the whole Christian scheme of salvation would be upset if it could be proved that man was living twenty or thirty thousand years ago. We were assured that the extremely recent appearance of Jesus could not be explained on the basis of such a vast gulf of time between him and the first man, and so forth. But the orthodoxy of the early nineteenth century is not the orthodoxy of today, and the irresistible pressure of discovery has brushed such arguments aside. We are now discussing whether certain human skulls are — not five or six *thousand years* old, but five or six thousand *centuries* old, or more! and the mystery of the recent appearance of Jesus is beginning to be explained on a broader view of the possibilities of divine justice. The divine Christos Spirit has always been present, even from the beginning of the world, and humanity had not to wait till the birth of Jesus for the first in-



Roman Aqueduct-Bridge, the Pont du Gard, Nîmes, France

carnation of that Spirit in human form. As the acknowledged great antiquity of man destroys at one blow the effete arguments, we have, therefore, now only to look for what scraps of evidence we may hope to find testifying to man's presence in Atlantis. It is remarkable

that there should be any remaining when we consider the action of Nature's destructive forces during long periods of time, and the barbarism of man that has destroyed nearly every record of even moderate antiquity. A distressing outrage that has just occurred in Honduras is an example of the risks that even solid stone monuments run. One of the priceless treasures of prehistoric American civilization, a wonderfully carved obelisk or stela of great size at Copán, has been barbarously chopped to pieces and burnt for lime, notwithstanding the supposed protection of the National government. The French government has just barely succeeded in saving from destruction the great aqueduct at Nimes, one of the finest examples of ancient Roman engineering and art. It is to be feared we are not altogether free from the same spirit of vandalism in this country, though a distinct improvement is taking place.

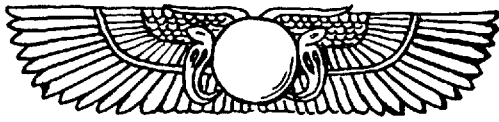


Pyramids of San Juan, Teotihuacán, Mexico

Still, notwithstanding the assaults of Nature and man, there are a few tangible remains that point straight in the direction of the lost Atlantean civilization. We have seen that science requires the existence of the continent to explain the numerous coincidences in regard to modern and ancient forms of life on the two opposite coasts, coincidences which are far too many and too exact to be the result of chance. Precisely the same demand is

made by us from the archaeological point of view. We find certain forms of design in art, certain traditions among the aboriginal peoples, on both continents, which call for a common origin. How can the extraordinary resemblance between the Egyptian pyramids and those of Mexico be explained on the basis of chance? especially when we find such characteristic Egyptian

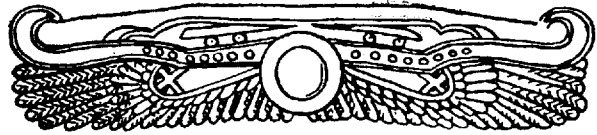
forms as the Sacred Tau, the pre-Christian Cross, the Winged Globe, the Serpent of Wisdom, the Cynocephalus, and others reproduced in American monuments of unknown age. A very curious



Egyptian Winged Circle

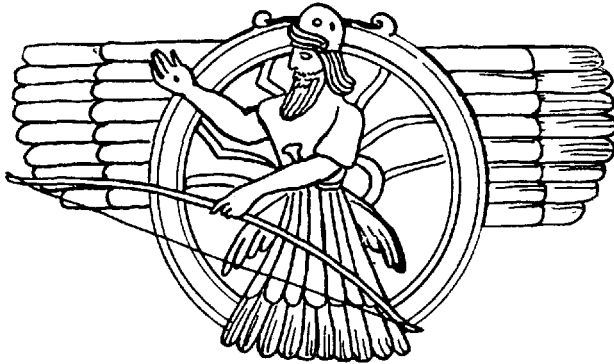
pyramid, closely resembling the Stepped pyramid at Sakkara in Egypt, is now being explored, in Peru. It is supposed to be a mausoleum of enormous anti-

quity. The leopard skin, used to clothe certain of the officials in the Eleusinian Greek as well as the Egyptian Mysteries, is duplicated in the carvings of the sacrifices before the altars in Central American temples. The cross, with a dove or some other bird at the top, the symbol of Spirit overshadowing Matter, a widely distributed world-symbol, is found in Central America. There are also striking architectural resem-



Winged Circle from Ocosingo
Guatemala, Central America

blances between the buildings of Oriental lands and some of the American ones, even in certain details of interest to Masons, but we cannot linger here even to mention them. Though we have, unfortunately, no monuments in this country or Canada of such interest or beauty as those in the South, we have some structures of great sig-

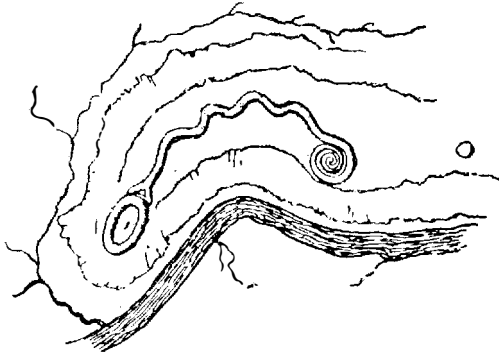


Assyrian Winged Circle

nificance in our present inquiry. One of these is the Great Serpent Mound, Adams County, Ohio, an immense effigy more than thousand feet long representing a snake swallowing an egg; another is the Serpent Mound in Warren County, Ohio, which is

a little larger than the former but minus a head, owing to the encroachment of a stream. Both of these are in commanding positions and well placed for any ceremonies conducted upon or around them to be seen. They would not attract our special attention if they were

the only specimens of their kind, but when we find the serpent-and-egg symbol — which represents the ever-advancing Cycles of Time periodically swallowing the manifested universe — widely distributed throughout the ancient world, and that on the opposite side of the Atlantic, in Argyllshire, Scotland, there is precisely such another



Great Serpent Mound, Adams County, Ohio

Serpent Mound, though smaller, their presence here becomes a strong link in our argument.

When we consider the resemblance — even the identity in some cases — of many of the historical, philosophical, and religious legends, and of some of the customs of many of the peoples living on either side of the Atlantic, in connexion with

the other evidences, the conclusion that there was a common origin is strengthened. Not only do we find in America allegories of the Creation of the World, and of Man, and the Flood story with the destruction of the wicked, in various forms, but all show a likeness to the Oriental allegories. As in ancient Europe and Egypt and in ancient and modern Asia, the belief in the immortality of the soul through reincarnation was widely spread in America. In some districts the native traditions so closely resembled the Bible stories that the Spaniards were at a loss to find a reasonable explanation and fell back upon very quaint theories, it being even suggested that Christian saints must have reached America before Columbus! Theosophy clears up this difficulty. It teaches the Brotherhood of religions, not their antagonism. It shows that the striking likeness between the fundamentals of so many religions in different parts of the globe is due to their common archaic origin, to the time when the illuminated sages taught openly and when religion and science were united. In *Isis Unveiled* H. P. Blavatsky says:

There never was nor can there be more than one universal religion, for there can be but one truth concerning God. Like an immense chain whose upper end, the Alpha, remains invisibly emanating from a Deity — *in statu abscondito* in every primitive theology — it encircles our globe in every direction; it leaves not the darkest corner unvisited, before the other end, the Omega, turns

back on its way to be again received where it first emanated. On this divine chain was strung the exoteric symbology of every people. . . . Thus it is that all the religious movements of old, in whatever land or under whatever climate, are the expression of the same identical thought, the key to which is the esoteric doctrine.

And in *The Secret Doctrine* she says:

The Secret Doctrine was the universally diffused religion of the ancient and prehistoric world. Proofs of its diffusion, authentic records of its history, a complete chain of documents, showing its character and presence in every land, together with the teaching of all its great Adepts, exist today in the secret crypts of libraries belonging to the Occult Fraternity all these exist, safe from spoliating hands, to reappear in some more enlightened age.

While this paper was being prepared two highly significant items of news were received. One tells of the sensational and unexpected discovery of implements and other relics of Tertiary man in Argentina; and the other is the preliminary announcement of the contents of the Navajo Indian archives, nearly two thousand years old, which have just been sent to Pennsylvania University. The report says "these records upset all the theories of the experts who have spent lifetimes in the study of Indian history, and contain facts startling in their revelations and of tremendous importance to ethnologists." It will take several years to analyse thoroughly the records, but it is announced that enough has been deciphered to discredit the theory that the Indians came to America by way of Behring's Straits, an unnecessary one in view of the former existence of Atlantis.

It is the belief of at least one of the most learned students of American languages that unless the Atlantean origin be accepted there is no possibility of a reasonable explanation of their peculiarities.

Though it would be interesting to examine more closely the various lines of evidence briefly sketched, we must pass on to a short consideration of the Atlantis legend in its general relation to Theosophy. And here it is proper to speak of the way a student should proceed who desires to follow up the subject. H. P. Blavatsky gave a broad outline which she had received from her teachers, under the expectation that those who were interested would use it as a sketch whose details might be filled in by new scientific discoveries along the lines we have been considering. This is a rational method for us, and it has proved highly interesting and profitable. Attempts such

as we occasionally hear of on the part of indiscreet amateurs in so-called occultism, of persons who do not seem to recognize the un-wisdom of their course, to investigate the astral pictures on the psychic planes with their delusions and dangers, are not in harmony with good sense.

One of the fundamentals of Theosophy is that natural processes take place according to periodic laws; in larger or smaller cycles of time. These laws cover the growth and decay of a solar system as well as the life of a butterfly. Science, and even ordinary observation provide us with many examples. In astronomy, for instance, new periodic laws are constantly being discovered. In ordinary life the alternations of sleep and waking and other physiological phenomena are so common that most people take them without a thought of the hidden causes. Physiologists assure us that the mystery of sleep is not fathomed; it is not merely the result of fatigue in the body. The influence of the moon's changes acting on the mind and the body is perfectly well recognized by many physiologists who generally avoid the subject however, apparently for fear of being thought superstitious. Oriental philosophy has studied the subject of cyclic processes in man far more deeply than Western. It is of profound importance and interest.

Among the cyclic periods there are some which are difficult to recognize owing to their length; the larger history of mankind belongs to these. From the wider view of Theosophy the smaller periods of human history are seen as a succession of rises and falls, in which nation after nation climbs its hill of attainment, stays for a while on the heights, and then descends the inevitable path to the next valley. But not empty-handed; in each case something has been learned and impressed upon the deeper consciousness of the component egos. The human soul learns, as a rule, very slowly; it needs long experience of different conditions of earth-life to become fully conscious of its powers. During the progress of its evolution the smaller national cycles are included or covered by the greater racial periods of evolution. One of these was that of Atlantis, and during our life there we gained experience which no other conditions could provide, and which is locked up within. Under unusual circumstances a flash of this latent knowledge is evoked. Call it ancestral memory if you will, or intuition, this knowledge can only be

logically explained by the fact that something within us has lived before. Without reincarnation the Evolution principle is incomplete and practically meaningless. Another problem is unsolvable without reincarnation, i. e., the problem of Divine Justice, which faces every religious man when he thinks of the multitudes of unfortunate children who are born into the world with hereditary diseases or handicapped in other ways.

From the scattered legends that have come down to us, the Atlanteans must have attained a high development in arts and sciences. In some of their astronomical records, preserved in the Sûrya-Siddhânta and other Hindû sacred writings, we find calculations of planetary movements given with such extreme accuracy as must have required long ages of careful observation to attain, and which have deeply impressed every modern astronomer who has studied them. In Egypt traces of ancient observations are found in the zodiac of Denderah, which indicates the position the constellations occupied long before what we know as ancient Egypt existed. The Atlanteans are recorded in the Indian books to have made many scientific inventions of an advanced type, even including flying-machines of a dependable kind. They were also more skilful than we in the art of war, if we may trust the stories of their terrible weapons of destruction. Towards the close of the Atlantean period that decline of virtue took place of which we read in so many ancient legends, and which is said to have angered the gods. Strife arose between the good and the evildoers, until at last Nature took a hand, so to speak, and mankind was preserved from utter degradation by the reconstruction caused by the breaking up of large portions of the continent, and its ultimate disappearance beneath the waters. The last islands vanished about B. C. 9000, as Plato relates. Long before this, refugees had fled to the lands of our cycle, which were assuming something of their present conditions in the later Tertiary period. While a nucleus of civilization was preserved under great difficulties in Central Asia, the larger part of the newly-formed continents was inhabited by very primitive races who had lost most of the wisdom of their remote Atlantean or Lemurian ancestors, and who had to struggle for life against the ferocious animals and the rigors of the Glacial periods. We are now finding a few relics of these low types in the caves and gravel-beds of Western Europe. Some of them are so ape-like in

certain features, such as the jaw, and yet have such large and human brains, that biologists are puzzled how to place them. H. P. Blavatsky says that the long period of savagery that we call the Stone Ages was due to the heavy karma of the evildoers of the later Atlantis, who were unable to progress until they had reaped the harvest of their former wrongdoing. Modern civilization, which properly came in with the Aryan race, had a hard battle to reach even its present imperfect state.

In connexion with the assertion that Stone Age man was not really primitive man on the upward way, but a decadent, which may seem a very remarkable and revolutionary one, it is worthy of note that while no leader in science will deny the *possibility* of an extremely remote civilization in Atlantis, and while many think it not improbable, at least one, Professor F. Soddy, F. R. S., lecturer in chemistry at Glasgow University and a high authority on radio-activity, in speaking of the enormous power locked up in radium, seriously offers the suggestion that the world may have been plunged into barbarism at some remote age by the misuse of the terrific power of radio-activity. Speaking of the possibility of a similar fate happening to us, if we learn how to release that titanic force and are not able to properly control it, he says:

The relative positions of Nature and man as servant and master would become reversed, so that even the whole world might be plunged back again under the undisputed sway of Nature, to begin its toilsome way upward through the ages.

In a measure something of this kind did happen in Atlantis, but the decline of civilization was not due to chance, for the hour of cyclic change had arrived, and the age of the Aryan race was at hand.

The story of Atlantis brings to our attention the fact that the law of cycles cannot be ignored. The practical importance of this law as well as its theoretical interest is enormous, for if we know something about the cyclic periods in our own lives and in the larger life of humanity we shall be able to reinforce the desirable ones and minimize the bad ones; forewarned is forearmed. An understanding of the periodic laws permits us to see something of the ideal framework of the universe, some little glimpse behind the veil of material illusion that will help us in our efforts to step out into a larger life. We have passed in joy and suffering through many strange life-cycles, and,

by analogy, we may expect that the future of mankind as a whole will be governed by the same periodic law; but we need not ignorantly linger on the way, once we have realized our true position. Theosophy teaches that the purified man, the one who has fully realized his own divine nature, needs no further incarnation for his own sake, but, having gained self-knowledge — knowledge of the Christos Spirit within — through life after life of unrelaxed effort to destroy the snake of selfishness, needs only to return to help those who are less advanced. It is said that there are many who have gladly chosen this path of renunciation, for the sake of others — the perfection of Brotherhood. To arouse the slumbering souls of those who are not aware of the beauty of the life of Brotherhood, and to call them to unselfish, practical work for others on the most efficient lines, to purify human life, is the purpose of the Theosophical Movement.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

VII



WHAT was really Saint-Germain's business in Holland? We find him in '45 getting out of a tight corner in which he could neither defend himself nor accuse another, namely the Prince of Wales, by pretending to be "mad and not very intelligent." He was actually the most intelligent man in Europe at the time.

So now we must suppose that his apparent frankness was often his best disguise. Perhaps d'Affry was quite right in supposing the financial business was all jugglery. Perhaps it was genuine, but unimportant compared with his real work. Perhaps it was important. There are several questions which may arise in any of these cases. We are told in the London article that he was everywhere what he chose to be, to the very limit — in London a magnificent musician, in Germany a first-class chemist, in France a dandy. Whatever he was in Holland we can be sure he was that in a high degree.

Considering the French and Dutch records we find a strange confusion between the financial scheme he was supposed to be carrying out and the Peace he certainly was endeavoring to bring about over Choiseul's head, and in the name of the King personally. It is well enough to have the correspondence of the ministers in black and

white, but it is by no means everything. For one thing, we know that Choiseul used the King's name deliberately without the King's consent and against himself. Afterwards, since the whole Kingdom was hidebound in official etiquette, Choiseul publicly told the King what he had done in his name and challenged him to disapprove it, by saying that he knew the King could not have acted otherwise. The King, as he had to be, was a stickler for the prevailing etiquette which demanded that a minister should be supreme in his own department, blushed, and hung his head, thus completely giving Saint-Germain into his enemy's hand. But Saint-Germain was no fool. It seems quite probable that he had a complete understanding with the King that in such circumstances he was to be disavowed and left to find his own way out of the tangle. He always emerged with good success as far as he was personally concerned. But this makes us cautious and shows us clearly that we must make our own careful deductions from the official correspondence. What Choiseul had once done he would do again. His official letters were capable of all being quite untrue, mere expedients, in fact.

This Saint-Germain knows well; and he does not hesitate to say so in the right place. He even goes so far as to suggest that Choiseul stole a letter from him to Madame de Pompadour. Even if this is so, we are still on uncertain ground, because the Marquise knew enough to correspond, if she wished, with Saint-Germain in a disguised manner, just as much as the King did. And she knew that he was absolutely to be trusted. He would make himself look like an utter fool — he often did so. He would tell the most outrageously exaggerated yarns to amuse people whose minds must be kept off his business. He would run unheard of personal risks — but he never gave any one else away but himself. They knew this and relied on it. If we realize it, we may have more than one important clue to his real purpose.

Let us now examine some of the correspondence that exists. D'Affry is the Ambassador at the Hague. The Duc de Choiseul is the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Paris and his superior. The King is nominally free to act as he likes. Actually he is a puppet in the hands of the cast-iron etiquette of the French Court and of Choiseul who commands power in its name over his nominal master, the King. We must note that the King had often employed Saint-Germain's

kindly offers of his services in many a diplomatic mission which lay buried in profound secrecy. Choiseul desires to continue the disastrous war against England and Prussia, partly because he is influenced by the great Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and partly because it is otherwise profitable to him. The King desires peace, as do the whole country and the English. But France is worsted and her credit is gone; she must sue first. Probably Saint-Germain, who is a philanthropist first and foremost, was willing to see what he could do to make peace behind the backs of the Ministers and the war clique.

In any case we find d'Affry reporting his presence in Amsterdam. Saint-Germain was a business man and he advertised as business men do. He attracted attention to himself in many ways, both by his peculiarities of manner and his extraordinary tales. That he did this purposely we may infer from the fact that when he wished, he buried his existence in utter oblivion, for years. D'Affry reports his extraordinary talk about the French finances and the Ministry, and a mission he has in hand of a financial nature on behalf of France. Dates are important, so we will note that this occurs on Feb. 22, 1760, and 2d of March, 1760.

On March 10th d'Affry reports a visit from Count Saint-Germain on 8th March. The way was well prepared by his seeming gossip, and d'Affry heard much of the same tenor as he had already reported. Saint-Germain added a little more, just enough to keep up the ambassador's interest. He proposed by a royal marriage to restore the finances. But, as usual, when he wanted to do so, he talked like an inveterate chatterer. This would give him opportunity to take d'Affry's measure. Saint-Germain showed the Ambassador two letters from the Marshal de Belle Isle as tokens of good faith.

D'Affry did just about what we should expect. He said he could not quite understand Saint-Germain's scheme. Saint-Germain said he must have explained it badly and offered to come and repeat it more fully the next day. He explained his presence in Holland by saying that his object was to secure the credit of the principal bankers for France, but he did it in a way that suggested this to be little more than a colorable excuse.

The next day, 11th March, Saint-Germain communicated the scheme. In a report, dated 14th March, d'Affry describes it in general. He disclaims any power to interfere in such a matter without

express orders from his superiors. It is not quite impossible that Saint-Germain perfectly well knew his lack of authority and was playing with him for other reasons. Saint-Germain said plainly that he came to Holland solely to form a company for the control of such funds as might be raised, and that if such control were left to the Paris brothers, they would soon control the finances of the whole kingdom. To d’Affry this appeared no more than the desire of a promoter to keep in his own hands a profitable business, but Saint-Germain was no mere promoter.

It appears that Saint-Germain tried to bring M. Bentinck van Rhoon into closer relations with d’Affry, but the latter distrusted Bentinck on account of his reputation for a partiality towards the English and for lack of patriotism. Saint-Germain told d’Affry that Bentinck had assured him that he was more French than d’Affry believed, but the latter evaded the question with non-committal remarks.

It seems so evident that there is much more behind the apparent business in hand that we may permit ourselves to ask if this whole business was not largely a scheme for bringing Bentinck into favor with d’Affry, for some purpose in the background.

On 11th March the same day that he had told his plan to d’Affry, Saint-Germain wrote to the Marquise de Pompadour a letter in which he speaks of making his devotion to the welfare of France visible in all its purity and sincerity. He speaks of staying with Bentinck van Rhoon “with whom I have close connexions. I have had such success that I do not think France has any friend more judicious, sincere, and stedfast. Be assured of this, Madame, *whatever you may hear to the contrary.*” The insistence on this last phrase seems to point out that he expected all sorts of strange rumors to reach the Favorite’s ears, perhaps set on foot by himself, but that the real truth would be concealed in any case.

Saint-Germain goes on to speak of Bentinck as being perfectly sincere, a man much respected in England and in Holland. He says that she may rely on him as on Saint-Germain himself, which is a strangely complete recommendation, for there were few men who could be relied upon so implicitly as Saint-Germain.

A sentence comes which seems much more weighty than all the talk about financial schemes. He tells Madame de Pompadour that she can give peace to Europe without official red tape. She can write,

care of van Rhoon at the Hague, or Thomas and Adrian Hope at Amsterdam, with whom he stays when in that city. He asks her commands. In other words he wants her authority to take the next steps in his delicate mission, whatever that is. In a postscript he asks her to interest herself in the trial in regard to the capture of the ship *Ackermann* in which he has an interest of fifty thousand crowns. This little investment shows that he can hardly be the penniless adventurer which it is the custom to accuse him of being when it is inconvenient to point out that he was a man of many millions, and for that reason equally reprehensible. When a man has enemies anything he does, or has, or has not, is a crime.

This letter came into the hands of Choiseul probably soon after he had received d’Affry’s of the 14th March or even on the 19th March and he sent it to d’Affry with some very severe comments. The Ambassador is to send for Saint-Germain and tell him that Choiseul does not know what the finance Minister will say, but that if he catches him interfering in the remotest way with his department, politics, he will have him put in an underground dungeon for the rest of his life.

D’Affry is told to assure Saint-Germain that Choiseul is quite serious in his threats, and is to forbid “ this insufferable adventurer ” to set foot in his house, also warning the public, the diplomatists, and the bankers of Amsterdam against Saint-Germain.

D’Affry rejects the advances of van Rhoon de Bentinck with some very sharp sneers, if not insults, always speaking of him as though he were a traitor, selling his Dutch patriotism for the favor of the English. To make the matter worse, the French Ambassador told others about what he had done and said and was assured by Bentinck’s enemies that the latter was only trying to work up some kind of credit with him for purposes of future schemes of gaining power. Choiseul, under the King’s name, approves of d’Affry’s course, enjoining strict courtesy towards Bentinck, who was the President of the Council and very powerful in Dutch affairs.

Saint-Germain is always ready to bear the brunt of all that happens and d’Affry is soon able to report to Choiseul that Bentinck is ready to throw him over on finding that he cannot use him longer or more successfully. Bentinck is made to say that Saint-Germain amused him and that is the only reason he continues to see him. But

it is clearly understood that he would have been glad enough if Saint-Germain had succeeded in bringing about a rapprochement between them.

This report of d’Affry’s of 14th March is paralleled by a report made on the same date by General Yorke to the Earl of Holderness. It is worth giving in full, as it clears up much that would otherwise be obscure.

My Lord:

My present situation is so very delicate, that I am sensible I stand in need of the utmost indulgence, which I hope I shall continue to find from his Majesty’s unbounded goodness, & that your Lordship is convinced, that whatever I say, or do, has no other motive but the advantage of the King’s Service. As it has pleased His Majesty to convey to France his sentiments in general upon the situation of affairs in Europe and to express by me his wishes for restoring the publick tranquillity, I suppose the Court of Versailles imagines the same channel may be the proper one for addressing itself to that of England. This is at least the most natural way of accounting for the pains taken by France, to employ anybody to talk to me.

Your Lordship knows the History of that extraordinary Man, known by the name of Count St. Germain, who resided some time in England, where he did nothing; and has within these two or three years resided in France, where He has been upon the most familiar footing with the French King, Mad^e Pompadour, M^r de Belleisle, &c. which has procured him a grant of the Royal Castle of Chambord, and has enabled him to make a certain Figure in that Country; If I do not mistake I once mentioned this Phoenomenon to your Lordship in a private Letter. This Man is within this Fortnight arrived in this country.

He appeared for some days at Amsterdam, where he was much caressed & talked of, & upon the marriage of Princess Caroline alighted at the Hague; the same Curiosity created the same attention to him here. His Volubility of Tongue furnished him with hearers; his freedoms upon all subjects, all kinds of suppositions — amongst which his being sent about Peace, not the last.

Mo^r d’Affry treats him with Respect and Attention, but is very jealous of him, for my Part I took no Notice of Him, and did not so much as renew my acquaintance with him. He called however at my Door. I returned his Visit, and yesterday he desired to speak with me in the afternoon, but did not come as he appointed, and therefore he renewed his application this morning & was admitted. He began immediatly to run on about the bad State of France, their Want of Peace, & their Desire to make it, and his own particular ambition to contribute to an Event so desirable for Humanity in General; he run on about his predilection for England and Prussia which he pretended at present made him a good Friend to France.

As I knew so much of this man, and did not choose to enter into conversation without being better informed, I affected at first to very grave & dry, told

him that those affairs were too delicate to be treated between persons who had no Vocation, and therefore desired to know what he meant; I suppose this Stile was irksome to him, for immediately afterwards he produced to me, by Way of Credentials, Two Letters from Marshal Belleisle, one dated the 4th, the other the 26th of Febry. In the first he sends him the French King's Passport *en blanc* for him to fill up; in the second he expresses great impatience to hear from him, and in both runs out in Praises for his Zeal, his Ability, and the Hopes that are founded upon what he has gone about. I have not Doubt of the authenticity of those Two Letters.

After perusing them, & some CommonPlace Compliments I asked him to explain himself, which he did as follows. The King, the Dauphin, M^e Pompadour, & all the Court & Nation, except the Duke Choiseul and Mo^r Berrier desire peace with England. They can't do otherwise, for their interior requires it. They want to know the real sentiments of England, they wish to make up Matters with some Honour. Mo^r d'Affry is not in the secret, and the Duke Choiseul is so Austrian that he does not tell all he receives, but that signifies nothing, for he will be turned out. Mad^e Pompadour is not Austrian, but is not firm, because She does not know what to trust to, if she is sure of Peace, she will become so. It is She, & the Mⁱ Belleisle, with the French King's knowledge, who send St. Germain as the forlorn hope. Spain is not relyed upon, that is a turn given by the Duke Choiseul, and they don't pretend to expect much good from that Quarter. This, & much more, was advanced by this Political Adventurer. I felt myself in a great Doubt, whether I should enter into conversation; but as I am convinced that he is really sent as he says, I thought I should not be disapproved if I talked in general Terms. I therefore told him that the King's desire for peace was sincere, and that there could be no Doubt of it, since We had made the Proposal in the middle of our success which had much increased since; that with Our Allies the affair was easy, without them impossible, & that France knew our situation too well to want such information from me; that as to Particulars we must be convinced of their Desire, before they could be touched upon, and that besides I was not informed; I talked of the dependence of France upon the two Empresses, and the disagreeable Prospect before them even if the King of Prussia was unfortunate, but declined going any farther than the most general tho the most positive Assurances of a Desire of Peace on His Majesty's Part.

As the Conversation grew more animated; I asked him what France had felt the most for in Her Losses, whether it was Canada? no, he said, for they felt it had cost them 36 millions & brought no Return. Guadaloupe? They would never stop the Peace for that, as they would have sugar enough without It. The East Indies? That he said was the sore place, as it was connected with all their money affairs. I asked him, what they said of Dunkirk? made no difficulty to demolish it, & that I might depend upon It. He then asked me what We thought about Minorca? I answered, that We had forgot it, at least nobody ever mentioned it; that, says he, I have told them over & over again, and they are embarrassed with the Expence.

This is the material Part of what past in the course of three hours' Conversation which I promised to relate: he begged the secret might be kept, and he should go to Amsterdam, & to Rotterdam, till he knew whether I had any answer, which I neither encouraged, nor discouraged him from expecting.

I humbly hope His Majesty will not disapprove what I have done, it is not easy to conduct Oneself under such Circumstances, though I can as easily break off all intercourse as I have taken it up.

The King seemed desirous to open the Door for Peace, and France seems in great Want of it; the Opportunity looks favourable, & I shall wait for Orders before I stir a Step farther; a General Congress seems not to their Taste, and they seem willing to go farther than they care to say, but they would be glad of some offer; and H. M. C. M. and the Lady are a little indolent in taking a Resolution.

I have &ca

J. Yorke.

The reply to this is dated Whitehall, March 21st, 1760.

Sir: I have the Pleasure to acquaint You that His Majesty entirely approves your Conduct in the Conversation You had with Count St. Germain, of which you give an Account in Your Secret Letter of the 14th.

The King particularly applauds your Caution of not entering into Conversation with him, till he produced Two Letters from Marshall Belleisle, which you rightly observe were a Sort of Credential; as You talked to Him only in general terms, &, in a way conformable to Your former Instructions, no Detriment could arise to His Majesty's Service were every thing You said publicly known.

His Majesty does not think it unlikely that Count St. Germain may really have been authorized (perhaps even with the Knowledge of his Most Christ^a Majesty) by some Persons of Weight in the Councils of France, to talk as he has done, & no matter what the Channel is, if a desirable End can be obtained by it;— But there is no venturing farther Conversations between one of the King's accredited Ministers, and such a person as this St. Germain is, according to his present Appearance. What you say will be authentick; whereas St. Germain will be disavowed with very little Ceremony whenever the Court of France finds it convenient; And by his own Account his commission is not only unknown to the French Ambassador at the Hague, but even to the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Versailles, who, though threatened with the same Fate that befel the Cardinal Bernis, is still the apparent Minister.

It is, therefore, His Majesty's Pleasure that you should acquaint Count St. Germain that in answer to the Letter You wrote me in consequence of Your Conversation with Him, you are directed to say, that You cannot talk with Him upon such interesting Subjects unless He produces some authentick Proof of his being really employed with the knowledge & consent of His Most Christ^a Majesty. But at the same time You may add, that the King ever ready to prove the Sincerity and Purity of his Intentions to prevent the Effusion of

Christian Blood, will be ready to open himself on the conditions of a Peace, if the Court of France will employ a person duly authorized to negotiate on that Subject; provided always, that it be previously explained & understood, that in Case the Two Crowns shall come to agree on the Terms of their Peace, that the Court of France shall expressly and confidentially agree that His Majesty's Allies, and *nommément* the King of Prussia, are to be comprehended in the *accommodement à faire*. It is unnecessary to add that England will never so much as hear any *Pourparlers* of a Peace which is not to comprehend His Majesty, as Elector.

I am, &ca.

Holdernesse.

With this letter was sent another under separate cover to General Yorke giving the latter directions to the effect that he is at liberty to read the letter to Count de Saint-Germain as often as he desires it, and even to let him take such precautions as he may think necessary to assist his memory in order to avoid all mistakes in communicating the purport to the Court of France.

These letters are acknowledged by General Yorke on 25th March, and he says that he has sent without delay to Amsterdam to inform Saint-Germain that he has a communication to make to him.

On 28th March General Yorke wrote a long letter to Lord Holdernesse describing the result of his interview with Count Saint-Germain, which he opened on the lines indicated by his instructions. Saint-Germain availed himself of the permission to make a note of the English King's communication. So far all is simple. We will continue in General Yorke's own words.

Thus far We went in Consequence of my Orders, but as an Incident had happened since my last Letter in Relation to Count St. Germain, which Mo^r d'Affry (who knows Nothing as yet of his conversation with me) had talked of very freely, I was desirous to know how he told the Story, which is as follows. On Sunday, Mo^r d'Affry received a courier from the Duc de Choiseul with Orders to say, that Mo^r St. Germain was charged with Nothing from the Court of France & that He (d'Affry) should let Him know, that He should not frequent His House & even forbid Him to come there.

This Mo^r d'Affry acquainted St. Germain with, on Wednesday, upon his waiting upon Him in the Name of the French King; but upon the latter's desiring to see the Order, because He could not imagine it came from His Most Christian Majesty, Mo^r d'Affry retracted that part and said it was not absolutely from the King, but from the Duc de Choiseul, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This was accompanied with great Protestations of Regard, & at the same time, a Desire to have some further Conversation with him the next day, which St.

Germain declined, as unwilling to expose the Ambassador to a Second Breach of Orders, which he had already broke thro', by letting Him in. Mo^r d'Affry let drop, that this Order was occasioned by a Letter St. Germain had wrote to Made. de Pompadour, & which, as he phrased it, *Lui avoit fait una Diable d'Affaire à Versailles*, tho' He denied knowing anything of the Contents of the Letter. St. Germain appealed to the Proofs he had given him upon his first arrival, of his not being unavowed, declared his being perfectly easy about the Effect of any Letter he had wrote, & in a Manner set the Ambassador at defiance, and took Leave of Him abruptly; notwithstanding which, Mo^r d'Affry sent after Him again yesterday, and exprest His Uneasiness at not having seen Him, fearing He might be indisposed; — Whether He has been there since, I don't know. — This new episode in the Romance of the Count St. Germain did not much surprize me, nor should I wonder, tho' he pretends to fear Nothing, if some time or other a powerful French Minister put a Stop to his Travelling; I was, however, curious to know what He proposed to do, in Consequence of it, & in what manner to proceed, in the Business He had undertaken; Here I think, for the first time, I caught Him wavering a little; whether that proceeded from any Apprehension of the Duc de Choiseul's Resentment, or from what He pretends, the Indifference for Business on the Part of the French King, & the Indecision of the Lady, I won't pretend to say. But I found Him in some Doubt, whether he should not work to bring the Duc de Choiseul Himself, into the System he supposes to be rivetted in the Breasts of those, in whose name He speaks. It was not my Business to lead Him in such an Affair, & therefore I only threw out, that that seemed to me a delicate Affair at a Distance, & might embarrass those who protected him. I pushed Him after that to inform me in what Manner He intended to make Use of what I had Leave to show Him, and whether He intended to go Himself to Versailles. This He declined for the present, as He said, He might be sent back again immediately, & should only give more Umbrage; But he would send a servant of his with Three Letters, one to M^{ad}e de Pompadour, One to Marshal Belleisle, & a third to the Comte de Clermont, Prince of the Blood, whom he mentioned for the first time, as His intimate Friend, & as one who had the French King's Confidence, independently of His Ministers, & who was a fast Friend to the coming of an immediate Accommodation with England. To remove all Suspicion of his deceiving me, He did, in Reality, produce a Letter from that Prince to Him, of the 14th inst., wrote in the most friendly & cordial Terms, lamenting his Absence, and wishing strongly for His speedy Return. From the Two last mentioned Persons he made no Doubt of receiving Answers; from M^{ad}e de Pompadour, He did not, he said, expect it, because it was a Maxim with Her, not to *write* upon State Affairs, tho' it was absolutely necessary to inform Her, that She might be strengthened, & able to work on Her Side.

All this is very plausible, but the Effect is still to be proved; In the mean-Time, it is plain, that these French Ministers counter-act Each Other, & consequently are in different Systems; which is to prevail, don't depend upon us, but it can't be detrimental to His Majesty's Service, that his Sentiments should

be known to the Court of France, by any Channel they think fit to receive them thro'; Mo^r d'Affry's Compliments, after His acquainting St. Germain with the Duc de Choiseul's Orders, are as extraordinary as the rest, especially as he knows very well his Connexion with Marshal Belleisle, and had seen the French King's Passport to Him. All this Mystery will be unravell'd by Degrees, & I shan't fail to inform your Lordship of the further Lights I can collect; I let Mr. St. Germain know that He or any other Person, duly authorized, was equal in England, the chief Objection We had at present, & what stopt the whole, Was the Want of a proper and Sufficient Credential.

I have the Honor to be &c^a

Joseph Yorke.

On the same date that the above letter left the Hague, 28th of March 1760, a letter to General Yorke was sent from Lord Holderness from Whitehall giving the English view of the whole question. The English King is of opinion that the Duc de Choiseul, on account of his adherence to the alliance with the House of Austria and his subjection to the influence of the Empress Maria Theresa, is the least inclined of any of those accredited at the French Court towards making peace; but that finding the peace party too strong to ignore, he has authorized d'Affry to make certain proposals. On the one hand if peace is made, this will give Choiseul a hand in the making, and on the other the steps he proposes are such as will most likely delay or prevent peace being made. For this reason it seems that he proposed to send an Englishman, Mr. Dunn, to treat of the matter, after waiting two months for a Mr. de Fuentes to arrive in France, a mere excuse for delay. He knew well that Mr. Dunn was not, and could not be, acceptable to the English; the King would never consent to one of his own subjects treating with him as negotiator for an enemy. At the same time the English King is so desirous of peace that he wishes to encourage d'Affry in every acceptable overture. It is decided to reply in the same way to d'Affry and Saint-Germain.

It still appears to His Majesty probable enough that Count St. Germain was authorized to talk to You in the Manner he has done, & that his commission is unknown to the Duc de Choiseul; But as that Minister will, in all likelihood, communicate the answer returned to Mr. d'Affry to a formal Proposal, made, by Order of his Court, to those Persons who have employed St. Germain, His Majesty thought proper that there should be an exact uniformity in the Answers given to both; as it is not the King's Intention to neglect either of these Channels. . . .

On April 4th, 1760, General Yorke wrote another long letter to

the Earl of Holderness mentioning that Saint-Germain is still at the Hague, but that Choiseul was taking every means to discredit him, and that without more authentic credentials he himself thought it prudent to let Saint-Germain alone. Yorke declares that Madame de Pompadour is not pleased with Saint-Germain for his insinuations against d’Affry and that either from inclination or apprehension she has acquainted the Duc de Choiseul of them.

Says Yorke of Saint-Germain:

So that he has acquired an enemy more than he had.

And adds:

M^r Belleisle, too had wrote him under Mo^r d’Affry’s Cover, but in civil terms, thanking him for his zeal and activity, but telling him at the same Time, that as the French King had an Ambassador at the Hague in whom he placed his confidence, he might safely communicate to Him what he thought was for the Service of France; the turn of M^r Belleisle’s letter shews that he had been more connected with St. Germain than the Duc de Choiseul, who is outrageous against Him and seems to have the upper hand.

Yorke expresses his own opinion that as Choiseul has got the better of Saint-Germain in one instance, he will do so in all others. He says also that a person of Consequence gave him this account, having been shown the letters by d’Affry.

The latter added:

Who knows what he may have said to Mr. Yorke, as I know he has been to wait upon Him. Mo^r d’Affry told this Person, likewise, that He was fully authorised to receive any Proposals from England, & that France having the worst of the Quarrel could not make the first Proposals; That He had opened Himself to me as far as could be expected at first, but that, as I had taken no Notice of Him since, They imagined England went back.

I won’t pretend to draw any other conclusion from all this, nor from the general conduct of France, except that they seem still cramped with the unnatural Connexion of Vienna which the Duc de Choiseul has still Credit enough to support, & consequently as long as that prevails, We cannot expect any thing but Chicanes and Delays in the Negotiation; They have been repeatedly told that His Majesty cannot & will not, treat but in Conjunction with His Ally the King of Prussia; and yet they are continually harping upon a Method of treating, by which the King of Prussia is to be excluded, from whence it is reasonable to conclude, that They will try their Chance in War once more, tho’ those, who govern, seem inclined to keep the Door open for coming back again, if necessary.

I have the honor to be, &ca.

Joseph Yorke.

JAPAN: by Barbara McClung

IT was a great change from the summer islands of Hawaii to the wintry weather of Japan, and the wind seemed to get sharper and sharper as the dim coast grew more distinct, and the tiny gray fishing hamlets became discernible on the shore. We were a long time pulling into the harbor of Yokohama, and had plenty of time to observe the numerous small boats that came out to welcome us. Some carried bands of music, others let off repeated blasts of gunpowder to attract our attention, and hoisted enterprising "ads," calculated to allure the unseasoned tourist. After tedious formalities in the way of being examined by Japanese doctors, the big boat was finally swung into its berth alongside the dock, the great gangplank was hoisted by nimble little dark men in huge mushroom hats, and we were allowed to set foot on Japanese soil. At the end of the dock, hundreds of rickshaws waited, with their patient smiling little blue-clad coolies, waiting to tuck us in, like so many babes in perambulators, and go trotting off between the shafts. How delightful is the gentle easy motion, punctuated by the bobbing of the mushroom hat in front, and a pair of flying soles flung backwards, right and left, with ceaseless regularity! The rickshaw man never walks; he can go faster or slower according to need, but he moves invariably in the peculiar trotting gait of a horse.

Never to be forgotten is that first ride through the shop-lined streets of Benten-Dori and Honcho-Dori followed by men, women, and children with babies on every back — thousands of babies — all cheerful, friendly, smiling and polite. We had been warned not to expect much real Japanese flavor in Yokohama — a commercialized European town, all the books of travel said — and maybe it was so, but it seemed deliciously strange and foreign to us. The never-ending line of shops, all entirely open to the street, with enchanting glimpses of busy little people within, kneeling at their work, was suggestive of an Exposition back at home; the simplest signs, painted in strange characters on strips of cloth were fascinating, and the articles for sale, hanging on strings or reposing on stalls outside of shops, tempted one to stop every minute.

We were struck with all absence of bright color on the streets, save in the costumes of some of the children. The houses were of unpainted wood — gray in tone and satin-soft to the touch, and seem-

ing to last indefinitely without any varnish or other protection against the weather — the roofs were covered with tiles of the same dull gray shade. The men and women wear dark kimonos, chiefly brown or slate-gray, also short split-toed white socks and wooden clogs, *geta*, which make a gentle musical sound against the stones.

We climbed a hundred steps to a Shinto temple on a hill, overlooking the city's low flat roofs: it was a plain unpainted building, more like a great wooden shed than a temple, and this simplicity is a characteristic, it seems, of Shintoism. A few plum trees were in bloom, in spite of the biting cold, and in the spread of their snowy sprays against the ancient gray walls, we saw the origin of many a design on print or vase or screen. Crowds of children, each with the inevitable little brother or sister on back, played around the shrines or up and down the steps, and we learned then and afterwards, that the temple grounds were playgrounds as well. They were happy looking youngsters, polite in spite of their curiosity, and they played so gently together. There was an absence of noise and scuffling, and a kindness and patience towards the younger ones, that was amazing. Never once did we see harshness shown to a child the whole time we were in Japan, and very seldom heard one cry.

Darkness fell over the city, while we were in one of the shops, and when we came out, each rickshaw had a long colored paper lantern swinging from it, such a pretty unexpected sight, that we exclaimed aloud with pleasure! We had to depend on our rickshaw men to recognize us, as they all looked and dressed exactly alike, and they never failed to do so. They would come forward and beckon their passengers with smiles and bows, conduct us deferentially to the rickshaw and tuck the rug around us carefully; we never had anything but the utmost courtesy from them, and when one thinks of the exceeding cheapness of their charges, the hard long hours of work, and their scanty clothing in the coldest weather, one wonders more than ever at their apparent contented cheerfulness and politeness.

The next morning, we started early for Kamakura, buying our tickets from a demure Japanese lady behind the window, and mingling with the stream of strange little people, evidently commuters, in their clattering shoes, pouring out of a local train. We found it surprisingly easy to travel, as all the signs in the stations were in English as well as Japanese, and almost anybody we accosted could speak a

little English. In one train the conductor distributed leaflets, which contained a number of common questions and answers, such as one might wish to ask in traveling, printed in English with the Japanese equivalent opposite, for the benefit of American tourists. In the trains it was most interesting to watch the Japanese passengers, and they doubtless found a similar interest in us, though they were too courteous to appear to notice us, much less to stare. Many of the coaches had seats down the sides, as in old fashioned street-cars; the natives on entering would invariably slip off their shoes (of wood or straw) the first thing, leaving them on the floor, then kneel sideways on the benches. Evidently a sitting posture is extremely uncomfortable to one not used to it.

The short trip from Yokohama to Kamakura gave us our first notion of rural Japan, and very charming we found it, with flashing glimpses of tiny gray thatched villages and wayside shrines, of tea terraces and flooded rice fields, all ridged with ice this cold morning. On the highroad and along the canals moved peasants drawing clumsy carts, such as would require two horses in this country, or bearing heavy baskets, slung on two ends of a pole balanced over the shoulder.

The chief sight of Kamakura, of course, is the great bronze Dai-butsu, or image of Buddha, in the grounds of the Kaihin-In Monastery. It is a colossal seated figure, 59 feet high, with a beautiful benignant expression, as if saying "Never mind, just wait, it will come out all right in the end." He has had three temples destroyed over him, two by earthquakes and one by a tidal wave, but he still sits serene and unmoved in the open air. There was a shrine inside the figure, which we entered and climbed up some stairs into the head, but the icy cold soon drove us out. There is a lovely inscription over the gate of this monastery (in English) which every irreverent tourist would do well to read and reflect upon. It runs as follows:

STRANGER, WHOSOEVER THOU ART, AND WHATSOEVER THY CREED,
WHEN THOU ENTEREST THIS SANCTUARY REMEMBER THAT THOU
TREADEST UPON GROUND HALLOWED BY THE WORSHIP OF AGES. THIS
IS THE TEMPLE OF BUDDHA AND THE GATEWAY TO THE ETERNAL, AND
SHOULD THEREFORE BE ENTERED WITH REVERENCE.

Our next stop was in Tokyo, the fifth largest city in population in the world, a city of amazingly broad streets, and substantial stone

and concrete buildings, even sky-scrapers. Yet in these up-to-date streets were no sounds of traffic save the street-cars; there were no horses, but the heaviest truck carts were drawn by toiling coolies, pushing and pulling in quiet patience, and streams of jinrickshaws jogged back and forth in endless throng, so silently as not to drown the musical click of the ceaseless wooden clogs on the pavement. One is surprised to turn a corner from these Europeanized streets and come suddenly into swarming lanes of purest untouched Japanese life, as foreign and antique in appearance as they might have been before the days of Commodore Perry. There are a number of parks in Tokyo, which are said to be marvels of loveliness during cherry blossom season; and best of all is the Mikado's palace — which we saw only at a distance however — surrounded by five moats and three miles of stone wall. The rich dark green of the pines drooping over the gray walls above the moat was a sight long to be remembered.

We went one evening in Tokyo to the theater, one of the largest and handsomest that we had ever seen, and well patronized by family parties from all classes of citizens. To our surprise and amusement the play, or rather opera, was Engelbert Humperdinck's *Hänsel and Gretel*, rendered into Japanese. It was odd to see the chief actors dressed to represent German peasant children, with flaxen wigs and powdered complexions, setting oddly with their slanting eyes and oriental features. But they were excellent little actors, (though so much could not be said for their singing), and after the first disappointment of not seeing something truly Japanese, we enjoyed it.

The shops in Tokyo were fascinating, especially the small ones, but our guide, with his pride in the modern progress of his people, insisted on taking us to the largest department stores. The cleanliness of Japanese stores, like their houses, is something exquisite. As we descended from our rickshaws at the entrance of every shop, a crowd of boys would spring forward and down upon their knees before us, to tie up our feet in felt or linen coverings before allowing us to step over the threshold. We did not escape so easily as this in many places, especially the temples and private homes, but were deprived of our shoes entirely and forced to enter in stocking feet, no slight penance in the bitter winter weather. It is second nature with the Japanese, of course, to step out of his shoes and leave them at the threshold, and I suppose one could tell at a glance how many

of the family were at home from the number of shoes at the door, and their exquisite floor mattings and spotless houses are more than a justification.

But to return to the shops, one is almost embarrassed at the effusive welcomes and low bows from every side, and before proceeding to such a vulgar thing as business, one is presented with a tiny bowl of tea, and next with a present! Then, feeling hopelessly compromised, one proceeds to shop. The merchant, unlike our own, brings out his commoner goods first, and it is not until the last, when he sees that you really have discrimination and are a customer to be respected, will he produce his dearest treasures. In most of the modern shops, they are supposed to adhere strictly to fixed prices, but this is a custom very repugnant to Japanese taste, for they love to bargain. Ordinarily, the merchant expects you to pay about half of what he first asks and the process of gradually approaching the agreement point is a very deliberate matter. We found all the shops that we patronized very trustworthy indeed. Packages were delivered, free of charge, to the ship, and in some cases the merchant would take them to the train himself; yet we never heard of a single case, among five hundred people, where goods that had been bought and paid for failed to be delivered.

Much has been said of dishonesty, but in our own experience we never met with a single instance of it, and on the other hand, we had several instances of the most scrupulous and unusual honesty. In the matter of bargaining, the Japanese or any other Oriental, does not consider it dishonest to ask an exorbitant price in the first instance for his goods: he does not expect it to be accepted, and he and his customer, provided the latter is like unto himself, find the keenest pleasure in haggling over the sum until it reaches the point where each of them is satisfied. Of course, if a foreigner is too innocent to understand this, so much the worse for him.

It snowed while we were in Tokyo and was exceedingly cold. Steam heat seems to be unknown, even in the best European hotel, and we were fortunate if we could get a room with a tiny grate and a few spoonfuls of coals to hover over. The native houses have no means of being heated whatever, save by copper braziers full of charcoal, and when one considers the thinness of their walls and glazed paper sliding screens, which is all the protection they have from the

outside air, one wonders how they stand it. Their sole resource seems to be putting on one kimono over another until they are so bunched they can hardly walk. The Japanese houses have no windows, and no doors either, properly speaking, but sliding screens that can be opened or closed at will. The entire front of the shops are slid open every morning and closed up tight at night.

The most beautiful place in Japan, both from the standpoint of Nature and Art, is the sacred city of Nikkō. Here in the tombs of the great Tokugawa Shoguns, and the exquisite temples and shrines that have grown up around them, is the goal of every pilgrim and the fine flower of the religious ideals of the people, expressed in a noble antique hero-worship. We arrived after dark, at the little station high among the hills, and found an army of rickshaws awaiting us, each with its long narrow paper lantern in front, (suggesting hallow'een festivities at home), and two men for each passenger, one to pull and one to push. We rode in a long procession of bobbing lights up the steep, cryptomeria-lined avenue, and then through the climbing streets of the little town, hearing hundreds of delighted children's voices calling to us out of the dark, "Ohayo, Ohayo," and breaking into soft bursts of musical and friendly laughter. We were glad to get to the hospitable Kanaya Hotel after our freezing ride and to feast on red-hot curry, with dainty little Japanese maidens to wait upon us. Too much cannot be said of the charm of the waitresses in almost every hotel where we stopped, so demure and pretty and daintily clad, so quick and deft and unobtrusive in service, so smiling and friendly in manner, rather inclined to be coy, but never bold. The standard of comfort in the best Japanese hotel, aside from the absence of heat, is very high; on going to one's room for the night, the guest finds a big warm double kimono folded at the foot of the bed, and a pair of new straw bed-room slippers, set at exactly the right angle for the feet to be slipped into before his arm-chair in front of the fire, and on getting into bed, his feet come in contact with a warm bed-stove full of hot ashes. The kimonos were the greatest comfort, being very warm and thick, of dark woolen material, with a freshly laundered white cotton one slipped inside it.

We woke to a brilliant cloudless morning, gleaming on snow-capped mountains, which ringed the village above the solemn cryptomerias. These were the most majestic trees we had ever seen, some-

what resembling our mountain hemlocks and red woods, and reminding one irresistably of the words of the psalmist, "the cedars of Lebanon which Thou hast planted." We crossed the tumbling mountain stream that divided the village from the sacred groves, and saw opposite us, the beautiful red lacquered bridge, whose photograph one sees in every collection of Japanese pictures. It is so sacred that none but the Emperor may cross on it. The story goes that General Grant was offered permission to do so when he visited Japan, but he wisely refused to accept this almost divine honor, and doubtless won the greater respect of the nation by this simple admission of humility. The tombs so revered here are those of Iyeyasu, the first and greatest of the Shoguns, and his no less illustrious grandson, Iemitsu. The Shoguns were the generals-in-chief of the Imperial Army (a hereditary office), and the virtual rulers of the Empire for about 200 years, the emperor being ruler in name only. Iyeyasu, the first Shogun, lived in the 17th century, and his counterpart in European history might be traced in Charles Martel, the Major-domo of the Merovingian kings, who wielded all the power of a sovereign without the name. There is this striking difference however, that Charles' son, Pepin, claimed and appropriated the title of king, whereas the Shoguns were content to remain merely military heads during their entire dynasty. It was not until the time of the present Mikado's grandfather, that the Emperor shook off his passive rôle and became actual head again of affairs, deposing the Shoguns from office. The newspapers reported only a short while ago the death of the last of the Shoguns, a very old man, who had been residing quietly as a private citizen for many years in Tokyo.

Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu are regarded as divine, and their tombs are visited by thousands of pilgrims yearly. Deep in the cryptomeria forest they lie, approached by long winding isles and ascending steps, with ancient stone balustrades, leading up to the sacred heights. Around them have grown a great number of religious buildings, such as monasteries, store-houses, stables, bell-sheds, and libraries for sacred manuscripts, besides temples and pagodas and wonderful gateways, all lacquered in gorgeous colors and carved in exquisite designs of flowers and birds and beasts. Chrysanthemums and peonies bloom in soft undying brilliance from doorways and cornices; snow-white wild ducks and cranes seem in full flight below the eaves,

monkeys and dragons and other grotesque animals peer from corners, and fish with gleaming scales seem swimming along the lower panels of wall and screen. All the richness of color and the perfect fidelity to Nature that is so much admired in the finest prints, are seen here in these wonderful carvings. It is as though the artist tried to express the Buddhist conception of the Unity of Life — that all living and growing things were a part of one great Plan and manifestation of one universal Consciousness. Among these carvings are the best works of the great artist, Hidari Jingoro, of whom it is said that when his enemy out of jealousy cut off his right hand, he immediately learned to carve as well with his left. There was a Shinto shrine on the place, presided over by a queer wrinkled little priestess, swathed in folds of voluminous white like a nun. Whenever the passer-by dropped a few pennies before her in offering, she would rise from her motionless posture and go through a curious turning dance, like a galvanized automaton, waving a fan in one hand, and an object something like an Egyptian sistrum in the other.

From Nikkō we returned to Yokohama, where the *Cleveland* was still lying in dock, and were glad to spend a night at our base of supplies. We left the next day for Miyanoshita, a popular mountain resort within easy distance of Lake Hakone and Mount Fujiyama. We traveled by rail from Yokohama to Kodzu, where we changed to electric cars for Yumoto. We were going always closer to the mountains, which looked beautiful in the twilight, standing out in intense black outline against the clear light sky — for all the world, like the blacks and whites of a Japanese print! One understands where they get their love of lights and shadows. At Yumoto we were met by rickshaws with two men each, pusher and puller, and rode six miles straight up steep mountain sides to Miyanoshita. The cold was arctic, but the stars were the brightest and closest I ever saw, and it was a wonderful night. We walked much of the way, as it was too cold to sit still.

The hotel Fujiya at Miyanoshita was ablaze with lights, the entire front being nothing but glass. We had delightful apartments with sitting-room, bed-room and bath, including a sunken marble tub, supplied with naturally hot water from a boiling sulphur spring. We enjoyed some conversation with our handsome young proprietor and his pretty high-bred wife, who exactly resembled the ladies in fine

Japanese prints, and spoke the best English we heard in that country. Though her husband wore the conventional dress-suit, she very wisely kept to the graceful kimono, and was not above helping the maids wait on the table in the rush during dinner.

The next morning early, we started on an all day excursion to Lake Hakone, the men walking, the ladies in palanquins borne by four bearers each. The ways were so steep that it seemed cruel to ride, so we walked most of the time. We had straw sandals bound to our feet — a splendid protection from mud and stone and everybody in Japan wears them, including horses and oxen. Our porters dumped us out in front of a roadside house about halfway up for tea, and though it was only about eleven in the morning, we *had* to partake. Then on we went again, through the little town of Ashinoyu, huddled over a strong sulphur stream, to our first view of Lake Hakone, too pretty to be real, with the Emperor's summer palace on an island in its center. Just before reaching Moto-Hakone, our destination, we passed under a stone torii into a beautiful cryptomeria avenue, and there at a turn of the road, beheld Mount Fujiyama, clothed with snow from cone to base, and shining like an angel in the sun! We had lunch at a quaint native inn on the edge of the lake, looking at the sacred Mount while we ate our curry and rice. The cone itself was veiled in cloud most of the time and we did not get a perfect view of it. We bought many inlaid wood boxes and postcards after lunch, and had fresh sandals bound on our feet for the downward journey. It clouded up coming back and the last mile was through a beautiful snow storm.

The next day saw us on our journey to Nagoya, a town typical of old Japan. It seemed the most remote place from western civilization that we visited, and our appearance certainly roused the most curiosity on the street. The people seemed less friendly and the streets were far from agreeable, being full of bad smells and sights. Perhaps it was hardly fair to judge, though, for it was "cleaning day" (a biennial affair in Japan, observed on two special dates all over the Empire), and every house had its pile of rubbish in front of it, waiting to be carted off. The town is famous for its fine old feudal castle, built by the Daimyō of Owari, which cannot be visited, except by government permit. It is a massive stone keep, walled and moated, rising pagoda-fashion, story on story from its solid base,

and crowned on its topmost roof with two golden dolphins, tails in air, which can be seen glistening for miles over the town. We went inside and climbed the endless stairs, peeping through the slits arranged in the overhanging eaves to pour red-hot lead upon the enemy below (if he should ever go so far as to cross the moat and breach the wall), and then on to the top, where we looked out over the town in a vast plain ringed by towering mountains, while immediately below us, were barracks, with soldiers drilling.

Our hotel had a charming Japanese Annex, in which we had planned to stop, but the idea of sleeping on the floor in such bitter cold discouraged us. Two men of our party, bolder than the rest, took an apartment and invited us all to a real Japanese dinner with them. We doffed our shoes before entering and sat on cushions on the floor in a half circle with a copper brazier of charcoal between each two of us for warmth. Two little maids served us, bringing to each person a doll's table about nine inches high, covered with tiny lacquered bowls and dishes; they contained strange foods, such as raw fish, bean paste, boiled bamboo-shoots, and several kinds of soup. Everything is served at once, and served cold; a bowl of dry rice takes the place of bread, and water at meals has apparently never been heard of. Before eating we were served with tiny bowls, not much bigger than thimbles, full of hot *sake* (an alcoholic drink made of fermented rice), and at the end of the meal came the inevitable bowls of tea. We ate with chopsticks and found them less impossible than we had expected, though the two little maids laughed merrily enough at our awkwardness. It was good-humored laughter in which we all joined, and we had much conversation with them, through the interpreter. They asked most personal questions, and were particularly interested in the ages of the ladies present, how they curled their hair and what they did to make their faces so "light"! There does not seem to be such class distinction between servants and employer in Japan as in this country; they evidently regard themselves quite as members of the family, or of the party.

After dinner we went to a tea-house, where a geisha dance had been gotten up for our benefit. We sat on cushions against the walls, but had arm-rests to lean against—a great luxury. The dances were pretty but not exciting; there were four women musicians in dark colors who played stringed instruments and hummed monot-

onous chants; then four younger girls in gay brilliant dresses, who danced. They were very friendly and would come up between dances to warm their cold hands over our braziers and offer us cigarettes. They examined our watches and rings with childish curiosity, and showed us their mirrors, powder puffs, combs and other toilet articles, producing them one after another from their broad sashes, and conversing fluently by sign language all the time. Toward the end of the dancing, they made a sudden rush towards us, drew us out on the floor, showed us some of the steps and made us dance what they called an American measure with them. We were glad to warm up with a little exercise and there was much laughing and stamping and waving of hands and shouting of "one, two, one, two, three!" The geisha girls hung on our arms all the way down stairs and saw us into our rickshaws, apparently loath to let us go — such innocent friendly simple little creatures they seemed to be, hardly more than children!

From Nagoya we went to Kyōtō, the ancient capital and a very important city. It bears somewhat the relation to Tokyo that Boston does to New York; more cultured, more simple, more leisurely, full of historic associations that endear it to the hearts of the people, yet thoroughly alive and up-to-date. It is a city of charming homes, and we were fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction to one of these. Before being invited into the house, we were shown the garden — a remote, austere, and lovely place, being chiefly a lake and waterfall, with islands, bridges, stone lanterns, and winding paths between pine trees. We seemed to be in the heart of solitude rather than in the center of a bustling city. Beyond the pine-tree path we came to a big tennis court and discovered soon a more modern touch still, in a very pretty garage of Japanese architecture, containing an automobile. Then we were invited into the house, first removing our shoes, of course, seated on lovely blue cushions between shining braziers, and served to tea with pink and white rice sugar-cakes—very pretty, but ill-tasting. Our interpreter told us it would be polite to take them home, so we were thankful to be able to slip them into our pockets, to be given to children on the street later. One whole side of the room was filled with shelves and tables, containing toys and dolls, which the maids showed us one by one. It seems that March 3d is the girls' festival in Japan, when they receive presents

from their friends, wear new dresses, and are made much of generally. The little boys have a festival also, at another time, and I fancy the two together correspond somewhat to our Christmas. Well, all these presents had been received yesterday by the two little daughters of the household, and were being kept on exhibition for the entertainment of guests. We asked to see the little girls (aged 5 and 8), and they soon appeared around the sliding screen, dressed in gay new kimonos; on seeing us, they promptly touched the floor with their foreheads, and then walked up to us on their knees, such is the courtesy shown by well-bred children to their elders in this polite country!

The palaces of Kyōtō are very beautiful, with splendid gardens, superbly carved gateways, and vast suites of apartments full of most exquisitely painted screens and panels. Then, there are two famed temples, Chion-In, and Kiyomizu-Dera. The former is a monastery also, with many extensive and handsome apartments, connected with the temple. The floors of the passageways are made of wooden planks of a peculiar character, that give out a soft chirruping sound when stepped upon, like the chatter of many birds. It is called "the nightingale squeak," and is a quality much prized in Japan. From Chion-In, we went to Kiyomizu-Dera, climbing up to the steep height on which it is situated, through a narrow winding street, known as "Teapot Lane," lined with shops and booths, containing the most extraordinary gimcracks imaginable, and hideous images of foxes with enormous paunches and horrid leers (the fox being sacred to Shintoism). There is one of the loveliest pagodas in Japan on the vast stone platform of Kiyomizu-Dera, and in its shadow a group of merry little girls were skipping rope, and managing it marvelously in their wooden clogs. One is constantly impressed with the way the temple precincts are frequented and enjoyed by the great masses of the common people; children play round them and they form a happy meeting-place for countless lovers and gossips.

The next town to be visited was Nara, famous like Nikkō, for its beautiful temple park and numerous shrines. Hundreds of tame deer live in the great cypress groves sacred to the temples and flock around the visitor, eager to eat out of his hand, and there are not lacking numbers of old women and children, who make a humble living selling oatcakes to tourists for this very purpose. Bordering

the avenues are thousands of stone lanterns, placed closely together and two or three rows deep, all erected in memory of the dead — a most touching and impressive sight. They are illuminated on anniversaries and to them are paid all the visits and the honors that western people give to the graves of the deceased. Not in temple groves only are these lanterns placed, but in the gardens of private homes. On birthdays and festival days, and especially on the four great Feasts of the Dead that occur during the year, the wandering spirits are supposed to come home and be welcomed and cheered by the lights in their lanterns, fed by the faithful hands of those left behind. There is an immense temple bell at Nara, housed in a shed by itself, as indeed is the common custom everywhere in Japan. Their bells are very different from ours; instead of having a metal clapper, they are struck from without by a great beam of wood swung against them, and the sound is much softer and more muffled; it sounds as though it were rising from the ground itself. There is an exquisite pagoda here, reflecting itself in a lake; we saw it bathed in a rich sunset glow, as we were returning from a long walk through the stately park, and it is ever afterwards associated with deer and stone lanterns and solemn, whispering trees.

From Nara to Osaka, (a bustling commercial city, picturesque only in its canals), and from there to Kobe, we traveled next day and were glad to reach our floating home, the *Cleveland*, lying in the harbor. Thirty-six hours through the beautiful Inland Sea, with its vistas of mountains, bays and villages, brought us to Nagasaki, the most important coaling point in Japan, if not in the East. The coaling is done entirely by hand, which speaks volumes for the cheapness of human labor. Hundreds of workers, mostly women, (some with babies on their backs), stretched in lines from the coal barges along the ladders against the sides of the ship; they stood near enough together to pass small baskets from hand to hand, and along this living belt, the coal went traveling all day, all night, all the next day, with the swiftness and regularity of machinery, until 52,000 tons were stowed away. The features of the women were heavy and low-typed, their skin blackened with soot; yet they smiled and jested as they passed the ceaseless baskets, and displayed the qualities of patience, willingness and cheerful acceptance of life, which we observed and admired among the Japanese working-classes everywhere.

PROFESSOR JULIUS KRONBERG: by Carolus



PROFESSOR JULIUS KRONBERG, painter to the Court of Sweden, is one of the best known artists in Scandinavia. He was born in 1850, and studied chiefly in Munich and Rome. His *Wood Nymph*, exhibited in 1875, was the first picture which attracted great attention to his ability and since that date his career has been one of increasing success. The late King Oscar became one of his steadfast patrons and personal friends. The king, who took great interest in the decoration of the Royal Palace at Stockholm, commissioned him, in 1891, to paint the ceilings of the great staircase, the outcome being three of the finest works of the artist. One represents the Genius of Sweden, Svea, surrounded by allegorical figures of Agriculture, Commerce, and Industry. The second is Aurora, the Goddess of Dawn, flying through the early morning air in a car drawn by flocks of delightful little amorini; the third is a mystical picture of the ascent of the soul *From the Depths to the Heights*. Professor Kronberg has executed many other fine mural paintings, notably those in the church of Adolf Frederick, Stockholm, and in the Cathedrals of Lund and Strängnäs. He is noted for his deep knowledge of archaeology, and many of his pictures, such as *David playing before Saul* are fine examples of his skill, in which the correct rendering of the accessories shows careful study. This picture was painted in 1885 and is well known in many countries by reproductions. In 1893 Professor Kronberg executed an interesting series of pictures whose subjects were all taken from the New Testament; of these the *Three Marys at the Sepulcher* and the *Ascension* are especially striking, from the originality in the treatment of the themes. His genius is many-sided, and he has not neglected water-color painting or portraiture. His portrait of Consul Ekman is a fine piece of characterization, quite different in its simplicity and dignified realism from his elaborate and decorative allegorical works with their wealth of brilliant color and immense display of invention and delight in the joy of life and sunshine. One of Professor Kronberg's later works, and perhaps the most impressive of all, is the great *Eros*, a single figure of the Spirit of Love standing in meditation upon an altar with half-folded arms, thoughtfully regarding the flames which play around him. There is a mystery and a profundity about his treatment of the subject which provokes thought, and places the picture in a class quite removed

from the ordinary. This picture is now the property of Katherine Tingley, having been presented to her by the artist during the International Theosophical Peace Congress at Visingsö in Sweden last June. He also gave the Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society a large and valuable collection of works of art, including many of his own pictures and sketches, art furniture, embroideries, and oriental rugs. These will be permanently exhibited at the Râja-Yoga College to be established at Visingsö, with other pictures already there, and will be a splendid nucleus of a great art gallery. Professor Kronberg was so much impressed by what he heard and saw of the work of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society during the International Theosophical Peace Congress that he and his wife applied for membership in the Society; and he is now an enthusiastic worker. One of his sons is a student in the Râja-Yoga College at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. Madame Kronberg comes from a family distinguished in art and literature; she is the daughter of the late Madame Karin Scholander — a woman of high culture and literary ability, one of the founders of the Swedish Section of the Theosophical Society, established twenty-four years ago — and sister of Madame Anna Boberg, a landscape painter of international reputation, wife of Ferdinand Boberg, the Swedish architect.



LET it be known that your Society is no miracle-mongering or banqueting club, nor specially given to the study of phenomenalism. Its chief aim is to extirpate current superstitions and skepticism, and from long-sealed ancient fountains to draw the proof that Man may shape his own future destiny, and know for a certainty that he can live hereafter, if he only wills, and that all (so-called) phenomena are but manifestations of natural law — to try to comprehend which is the duty of every intelligent being.

They have to prove . . . constructive of new institutions of a genuine, practical brotherhood of humanity, where all will become co-workers of Nature, will work for the good of mankind, *with* and *through* the higher planetary spirits, the only spirits we believe in. — *From the letter of a Helper* (1881)