

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THERE never, therefore, was a great man without divine inspiration. If a storm should damage the corn or vineyard of a person, or any accident should deprive him of some convenience of life, we should not judge from thence that the Deity hates or neglects him. "The gods take care of great things and disregard the small."* But to truly great men all things ever happen prosperously; as has been sufficiently asserted and proved. — CICERO, *On the Nature of the Gods*, Bk. ii, lxvi. Trans. by Yonge.

THE TRUE LAW OF SOCIAL EVOLUTION:

by Magister Artium



SOCIAL evolution is a familiar phrase and may well be taken as a starting-point for these remarks. The latter half of last century will go down to history as the age of evolution-theories; for, no sooner was the zoological and biological theory of evolution born than theorists began to apply evolution to sociology, history, and human life in general. And the same mistake was made by these later theorists as by the earlier: they confounded the process itself with its cause, and presumed that a mere tracing-out of the effects or events was equivalent to a complete explanation. Humanity was supposed to "evolve"; its religion evolved, its language evolved; and all its ideas and institutions evolved. Some advocated a policy of letting-alone, as though confident that evolution could be trusted to look after the interests of humanity.

But now we realize better that nothing will evolve unless some active power makes it evolve; and that steam-power is needed to make a train run, as mere locomotion will not do it. Evolution can no more cause humanity to evolve than locomotion can make a train locomote. It was Carlyle who said that doctrines alone could not

* Evidently the paraphrase of a Roman legal maxim, which we have as *De minimis non curat lex*, perhaps well rendered by "The law pays no attention to trifles."

move the world; there had to be men behind the doctrines. For him, the moving force in history was the "able-man." This is true; but let us now go a step further and ask, What moves the great men?

The answer can be found roughly in another familiar saying — that ideas rule the world. It is the Idea, projected with mighty force from its unseen source, that moves the world. It incarnates itself primarily in one person, and secondarily in a small group of persons. Looking at the map of history, we see these persons mysteriously appearing at certain times and initiating new eras in thought, literature, invention, endeavor, and general progress. Sometimes we can trace things back to a single individual. But whence the power that is manifested through these leaders and their followers?

Inquiring minds will not be satisfied with an answer that is no answer and equivalent to Topsy's "I just grewed." As to the "laws of heredity," they are merely formulated statements of what does happen, not explanation of how or why things happen. The laws we speak of here are those laws formulated by various people who are studying heredity and speculating thereon. No doubt there are also actual laws, but many of these remain yet to be discovered. Until we know these hidden laws, it is no help to say that the great men and geniuses were born in accordance with the laws of heredity. It is true, but it does not tell us what we want to know. We want to know what are the particular laws of heredity which determine the appearance of geniuses and leaders. If it is the "fortuitous" combinations of germ-cells, or other reproductive factors, resulting sometimes in a poor result, usually in an average result, and occasionally in an admirable result — if this is the whole explanation for the appearance of the Buddha, Socrates, Alfred the Great, Shakespeare; then indeed we are at the mercy of a dark and mysterious deity, Almighty Chance, and history is hardly worth studying, or life worth living. All that is necessary, however, is simply to leave this explanation for the benefit of those whom it may satisfy, and proceed to offer an alternative explanation for those whom it does not satisfy.

Our explanation, then, is that great men and geniuses, like other people, are incarnated Souls. The difference is that great men are great Souls. They enter the world endowed with a marvelous energy, wonderful faculties, and a remarkable power of spreading influence around them. Their brains are batteries from which radiate out streams of electricity at high potential, carrying their thoughts

far and wide and stamping them on the minds of all men. What they think, the world is destined ere long to think. They come with a message.

It is but rarely that they live long enough to see the effect of their work. Nor is this wonderful, seeing that they work on a grand scale and not in the shallow and hasty way that brings quick and palpable returns. Consequently they are not recognized during their own lives for what they are. Again, they are frequently resented and resisted by their contemporaries, for the reason that they are disturbing forces. This does not necessarily argue any special depravity in their contemporaries; the most worthy people are apt to resent being aroused when they are comfortable. They are often persecuted no doubt; but then they lay themselves out to be persecuted; they challenge opposition and confront obstacles. The opposition, however, takes the meaner form of calumny. For, though the contemporaries in general do not discern the greatness of the great man, there are a few who do. And among these few are some who not only recognize but *dread* that greatness. It is they who labor to bury his name and fame under a mountain of misrepresentation, so that, if possible, he may go down to posterity as an impostor and his work be undone.

A supreme characteristic of our own immediate times is the dynamic force with which the Theosophic Idea is stamping itself on the mind of the world. In countless directions it has influenced and molded our ways of thought. And all this can be traced back to one person — the founder of the Theosophical Society, H. P. Blavatsky. All radiates out from that one center. And she had all the characteristics of the Leader and Genius; immense energy, absolute conviction and sincerity, complete self-sacrifice to the life's purpose, disregard of obstacles and opposition. Her life bears witness of the failure of the many to notice her at all, and of the intense opposition of a few who both recognized and feared. Fortunately it also bears witness to welcoming by a few who recognized but did not fear. We may truly say, then, that here was a great Soul, conscious of a great message and charged with the single desire to impart it.

Her efforts resulted in the establishment of an indestructible nucleus of workers, *pledged*, but (mark well) not to her or to any other personality, but to their own Higher Selves, to carry on the work.

But here again we need not seek far to find the one individual, the nucleole within the nucleus — William Q. Judge, her best pupil. Another great Soul, endowed with the requisites of leadership in such a nucleus, he fell naturally into that position and guarded the growing but yet tender plant a few years longer, until the present Leader, Katherine Tingley, was able to assume the leadership. And now we see the seeds sown by H. P. Blavatsky yielding fruit.

What man of science has studied the laws that determine the diffusion and propagation of ideas among mankind? Such a man might be able to write history on an entirely new plan, that would outrival all the Freemans and the Froudes and the Greens and their several schools; for he would be behind the scenes of the drama with the scene-shifters. The Theosophical ideas commend themselves to the reason and they solve the difficulties of life. But, far more than this, being true, they speak to the intuition of man; so that, even when he is not ready and throws up obstacles, a deeper sense responds from within. Thus ideas have an intrinsic force and can impress themselves like a particle carrying a charge of electricity. But, apart from the visible machinery of books and the audible channels of the spoken word, there is a vast and all-important invisible machinery, which, thanks to the very efforts of Theosophists, one may now mention without being laughed at. Thought-waves in a mental ether, we may call it for convenience; or, favoring another phrase of scientific thought, mental electrons hurtling through space. Or we may even say, if so our fancy leads, that birds (of a kind) carry the seeds of ideas in their beaks and drop them hither and thither. Perhaps there are bees which carry pollen from mind to mind, or comets that bring with them a rarer atmosphere from remoter spaces. Words of some kind we must use if we are to speak at all, though no words may fit the facts. We can trace the growth of a plant from the tiny germ-speck in its seed, outwards in all the directions of space. But if we try to extend the lines backwards through that central point, we must fall back on transcendental geometry and "fourth-dimensionalism," in our futile efforts to form a concrete image. Albeit that central point in every finite thing is the place where it hitches on to the infinite. There is such a center in ourselves, and through it flow from an imperceptible source the germs of the thoughts that are born in our mind.

Theosophical ideas are certainly in the air, as is generally admitted.

And fortunate it is that the Theosophical Society has stood firm to its original program, and has not been led off on any side-track, as has often been threatened. For, things being so, the influence which it stamps on the world will be beneficial, and will overcome any deleterious influences that may have been set in motion by the side-trackers, or any secondary influence that the Theosophic thought-energy might produce by falling on an unkindly soil. The key-note of Theosophy is altruism in the highest sense of the word. But no one word describes it. The word "reality" is another that might be used. Everyone seems striving to reach the reality in his religion or whatever else he is interested in. Theosophy certainly deals in realities. Its students are in search of the reality in human life; they strive to penetrate the veils of that mysterious complex which we call "personality," and to grasp the reality behind. They seek the real object of life behind all the shams and delusions.

It gets more and more palpable that we stand at an epoch in time and are rounding a sharp turn in our evolutionary curve. And when the present time can be viewed in a proper perspective, it will be seen that H. P. Blavatsky and the philosophical movement she founded have been the guiding but unrecognized power. We could discern the same thing in the past if the veils of history were better lifted. What happened about the time of the Christian era, for instance? Countless scholars are trying to find out. A gospel was promulgated, and by a great Individual; but what the gospel was, and who was the Individual, is hard to tell. Both have been largely buried under subsequent accretions.

To sum up: in considering social evolution, we must give up the idea that a statement of the process is tantamount to an assignment of the cause, and must learn to distinguish between the organism which is evolving and the powers that are manifesting themselves through it and causing it to grow. Movements are made by men, and men are actuated by ideas. These ideas come from a source extraneous to the organism of human society; but if we care to say instead that that source is within, it comes to the same thing. In either case this propelling force is like that within the seed. We must consider the subject in the light of reincarnation; for reincarnation is true, and any failure to take it into account must result in failure or error. What a man by arduous toil and experience has gained in one life, he may carry with him to his next birth; and thus the appearance

of highly evolved Individualities among us is sufficiently accounted for. The law of ebb and flow applies also to racial divisions; and mathematical laws relate the duration of an individual life-time to the duration of a race's life-time. Thus the tide of oncoming individual Souls will coincide at certain intervals with the rising tide in racial progress. Finally let it be said that the human will is the moving power in progress, and so we shall not progress if we merely wait to be pushed on by forces or by other people. To evoke true Individuality (not Personalism) in men must therefore be the aim of any reform movement that is to be effectual. Theosophy does not dictate to mankind by means of dogmas and authority, but seeks to evoke in every man his own power of conscious choice and action.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD: by Barbara McClung

INDIA



CALCUTTA lies about eighty miles inland on the Hooghly River, a treacherous stream, whose shifting mud-banks tax the most experienced pilots. The *Cleveland* was too large to make the whole distance with safety, so we anchored halfway up, in the middle of Diamond Harbor, and lay there through the whole afternoon and night. On the distant river bank we got our first glimpse of Indian landscape — a low white dome in the midst of feathery palm-trees — and towards sunset a splendid storm gathered over this dreamy picture; such inky clouds and such blinding chains of lightning I never saw, and the wind shrieked and tore against our tightly-lashed canvas. The storm did damage to the landing-place, and we were considerably delayed in getting off the next morning in consequence; but at length we were set down from our tenders on a wide flat green meadow, diked from the Hooghly by a levee, and all very suggestive of Louisiana. There was a long wait for the train to start, which we beguiled by snapping pictures of the little group of natives that had gathered round us — solemn fellows draped in loin-cloths, and a few boys entirely naked except for a string tied tightly around the middle. (Not until many months later, after the trip around the world was a thing of the past, did we learn that this strange

custom, which we saw everywhere, was a caste-mark.) A journey of about two hours brought us to Calcutta, and we passed many Indian villages on the way, all of mud and bamboo, thatched with straw and huddled under palm-trees.

Calcutta is a handsome city with wide streets and splendid buildings, refreshing green parks and magnificent spreading sidewalk trees. The most striking feature is the *maidan*, characteristic of all Anglo-Indian towns—an immense grassy common, where horse-men canter, polo games take place, and troops can be seen reviewing on special occasions.

The streets swarm with native Bengalese, clad mostly in a single garment resembling a long white towel draped around the waist, but decked with nose-rings, bracelets and anklets in profusion, and chewing betel-nut, which stains the teeth red. Every person wears a caste-mark on the forehead; some have the brow entirely smeared with white ash, some have it marked with a single round spot of vivid crimson, others with a figure like an arrow-head of blue or yellow. During the hot midday hours, they sleep all over the sidewalks and in the doorways without rousing the slightest protest from the police; in the native quarters of the town, those who are rich enough to own such a luxury, bring their bedsteads out into the street and lie on them there. The swarming lanes of the native quarters are curiously fascinating; I can shut my eyes now and see the pyramids of saffron-dyed rice and different-colored grains spread out on the stalls; the strange earthen pots and brass jars borne on veiled heads, and leather water-sacks slung over swarthy shoulders; men squatting in shop-doors smoking water-pipes that looked like gourds, and great oxen drawing clumsy carts such as might have been used ten thousand years ago. One of our most interesting drives around Calcutta was to be the Botanical Garden, a place of soaring palms and lotus pools and rare fantastic plants; at a distance we saw a large grove of trees, which we learned with amazement was one single banyan tree, covering an area of a thousand feet. We walked underneath it, and it was like strolling through a small forest.

The heat and dust of Calcutta were almost intolerable, and it was a wonderful change to go from there to Darjeeling, the great mountain resort of India, 7000 feet above sea-level. The last part of our long twenty-hour journey was up a remarkable inclined railway, over a track just two feet wide; the grade was incredibly steep and

the track looped back on itself several times; it ran through a dense jungle of unknown extent, supposed to be inhabited by tigers and elephants in its deepest recesses.

Darjeeling is built on the perpendicular, with streets one above another like shelves, and the view of the snow-clad Himâlayas in the distance is overpoweringly magnificent. The native peoples are strikingly different from the Hindûs; they have the high cheek-bones, slanting eyes, and yellow skins of Mongolians, and the men wear long queues; the women paint their faces in pigs' blood in hideous splotches; and the men, women, and children, alike load themselves with cheap glass or iron jewelry, wearing ear-rings, nose-rings, bracelets, and bead chains by the dozen, and rings on every finger *and* thumb! The women and girls seem to be the burden-bearers, and we saw them carrying immense blocks of stone on their backs, supported in a sort of sling by a straw band over the brow. We passed two young girls, hardly more than children, carrying trunks on their backs up the steep road from the station, and apparently not minding it in the least.

Sunday morning is the great market-time in Darjeeling when the natives of the neighboring provinces of Nepâl, Bhûtân, Sikkim, and Thibet bring their wares, and better still, their remarkable selves, to exhibit in the public square. Here we saw white-robed lamas, with gray whiskers and shaven heads, passing their begging-bowls among the crowd, spinning their prayer-wheels or telling their rosaries. On the roadside we noticed trees with prayers tied to the branches, painted on strips of linen, and flapping gaily in the breeze.

One night in the courtyard of our hotel, we saw a Thibetan "devil-dance," which for dash, originality, and fun, was the best thing of the kind we had seen in the East, making all the Japanese and Burmese posturing seem insipid. There were ghosts, devils, tigers, an ostrich, and a turtle, all most cleverly and humorously concocted, especially the animals. A little boy in yellow with a big humpty-dumpty head seemed to be the hero of the tale which the dance was setting forth; he attacked and vanquished each of the monsters by turns, leaping and twirling amazingly all the time, and the antics and by-play of the animals were really very spirited and comic.

One morning we rose at two-thirty, had tea by candle-light, and went to "Tiger Hill," about seven miles distant, to see the sun rise on the Himâlayas. We rode in sedan-chairs, called "dandies," and it was certainly a strange experience riding in the black night up steep

mountain passes, in the border land of Thibet, borne on the shoulders of five wild Tartaresque-looking creatures, who chanted weird songs as they swung us along. When they set us down for an occasional rest, they tried to sell us the rings off their fingers and ears, or the dirks out of their belts, and we were almost afraid not to buy. It was dawn by the time we reached "Tiger Hill," and the sun rose clear and beautiful, flushing the long sharp outlines of the Himâlayas a wonderful rose color. Mount Kinchinjunga (28,156 feet high, and the third highest mountain in the world) was right before us, and in the farthest distance, looking like a speck of white cloud, was Mount Everest itself. We were lucky to get such a clear view, for they say it doesn't often happen, and it had been very cloudy the day before. Coming down, we admired the wonderful trees and growths of a Himâlayan forest, and were interested to see many similarities to our own North Carolina mountain vegetation, only everything was on a much grander scale. There were trees of gigantic pink magnolia japonica, ten or twelve inches in diameter; going down the steep shelf-like track, we could look upon masses of these blossoms spread below us, and the Tartars, seeing our admiration, were quick to swing over the ledges and break off quantities to pile into our chairs.

It was very cool the whole time of our stay in Darjeeling and the vegetation was just about what it would have been in April at home; there were lilacs in bloom, bridal-wreath, and forget-me-not, and in the parks we heard the cuckoo calling—the first time I had ever met him outside of a clock.

We went back to Calcutta to take the special "Across India" train, which was to be our home for a week. The compartments were comfortably equipped with four electric fans and a bath-tub each, the prime necessities of life in this climate. We carried our own bedding and towels from the ship, and had two excellent restaurant cars, which furnished much better food than any of the hotels we encountered. They were managed by Pârsî caterers, and we were waited on by majestic individuals in long beards and white robes and high conical caps, who looked like one's biblical conception of "the Medes and the Persians." We traveled by night and went sight-seeing by day, thus losing no time and securing the advantages of sleeping cool. There were three windows and a glass door on either side of the compartment, which stood open all the time, and this

created a most refreshing draught when the train rushed through the night. The heat of the daytime was certainly intense, reaching as high as 156° F in the sun one day, but it was so dry that we did not suffer severely. The chief trouble was with thirst, which no bottled waters could assuage, and they, alas, were the only kind we dared to drink. We soon learned that the most important thing to carry on the day's excursion, next to the smelling-salts, was a tube of cold cream to moisten the lips, which would become as dry and cracked as if chapped by the winter's cold.

The first night out brought us to Benares, the heart of India; it is a tremendously fascinating place, of course, but there was something rather somber and depressing about it, in spite of the blazing sunshine and vivid costumes of the people, ascending and descending the water-ghâts with shining brass jars on their heads. There were too many tired dusty pilgrims, too many funeral pyres, too many signs of death and disease; the dust lay thick on the city, and what few green things there were, were whitened by it until they looked dreary and lifeless. I don't wonder the people worship the Ganges, for to see a broad voluminous stream flowing through a desert like this, seems a marvel indeed. We were surprised at the clearness and greenness of the water, as we had imagined it would be very dirty, and they say there is no doubt as to its antiseptic properties. Small-pox germs will live but a few hours in it.

We spent several hours of the early morning on the river, seated on the upper decks of small boats poled by naked Hindûs, while our portly Mohammedan guide pointed out the most important ghâts. A "ghât" means a flight of steps leading into the water, and the shore is lined with an endless succession of these, the entire length of the city. Some of them were devoted to the burning of the dead, and as thousands of devout Hindûs come to Benares to die, the priests are kept busy piling the faggots. The bodies, which are sewed up in cloths and slung between long bamboo poles, are brought down to the waters' edge and dipped in the purifying flood until the pyre is ready. Then they are placed on the half finished pile of wood, more faggots are laid on top, and the whole thing is set alight. This ceremony is by no means revolting, as the body is entirely concealed by the wood, and the whole pyre is reduced in a little while to a heap of ashes, which are swept into the Ganges.

More lively and interesting were the bathing-ghâts with their

throng of worshipers, going through the daily ceremonial of purification. They would enter the water in their clothes and after first praying, would proceed to bathe, dashing the water all over themselves, rinsing out their mouths several times, and drinking deeply of the stream. Then they would retreat to the steps and change their clothes, peeling off the wet ones and winding on the dry ones at the same time with most astonishing adroitness, so that no part of the body was ever exposed. After which, they would kneel on the steps and wash the clothes they had taken off, shaking them out in the air to dry, where they looked like many-colored banners waving; and lastly, they would scrub and polish their brass jars with mud or sand, fill them with sacred water for the day's use, poise them on their heads, and ascend the ghât to be lost in the throngs on the street above. The bank was dotted with hundreds of big yellow umbrellas, under which sat Brâhmans meditating or teaching their scholars, and at the top of one of the ghâts an ascetic was lying on a bed of spikes. At one landing-place, a long-haired "holy man," clad in nothing but a girdle and a garland of yellow flowers, and thin to emaciation, attracted our attention by blowing on a trumpet; we took a snap-shot of him and threw him some money, but he showed an unholy greed by loudly demanding two annas more until he got it.

Benares is famous for its gold-thread fabrics and silk brocades. We went to some of the shops, more to admire than to buy, for the stuffs were very expensive. It was interesting to wander through those narrow streets, passing a Hindû wedding-procession, and palanquins such as might have borne the "hill rajah's widow" in Kipling's *Kim*; dodging the sacred bulls that wandered at large, and stopping to look at snake-charmers, or to watch some deft craftsman at work, squatting in the door of his shop, elevated above the street.

At Lucknow we visited scenes of the Indian Mutiny and had our imaginations well stirred by tales of that by-gone horror. It was strenuous work, and we enjoyed very much the relaxation of having afternoon tea on the great lawn of the Imperial Hotel, with elephants, camels, and horses, caparisoned in utmost splendor, standing around waiting to take us to ride. There were the usual lot of merchants with their gay wares of embroideries, brasses, and sandalwoods, spread out on cloths on the grass, and there were several jugglers and snake-charmers, offering to make a mango tree grow from a seed, or to show you a fight between a mongoose and a cobra

for a rupee, while half the population of India leaned over the fence, watching the strange sâhibs and mem-sâhibs.

We were rather late reaching Delhi the next morning, but felt no impatience, so great was our interest in the flying landscape — the strange trees with red blossoms, called “Flame of the Forest,” the wild peacocks strutting over the sun-baked soil, the oxen treading out the corn, the procession of women from their villages to the wells bearing water-jars, and finally the red sandstone walls of imperial Delhi looming in the distance. On our arrival we were given into the care of a seamed and wrinkled old guide with a musical voice, one Nankoo Lal by name, who had been with Thomas Cook and Son for twenty years, and who won our hearts by his gentleness and patience. He took us first to the Kashmir Gate, still broken and torn by cannon-balls, which was stormed by John Nicholson during the Mutiny. Then to the “Jumma Masjid,” or *great mosque*, second largest in the world, an enormous edifice of red sandstone, with vast flights of steps ascending three of the four sides of its great square. All Mohammedan mosques in India seem to be of one type; they are simply square open courts, generally with a tank in the center for the ablution of the faithful, and colonnaded on three sides with a deep domed recess at the back. There are no images or shrines or mysterious hidden alcoves so common to Hindû temples, only the simple pulpit, from which the preacher addresses the crowd standing in the courtyard under the open sky. At the “Jumma Masjid” we were shown several precious relics, among them a single red hair from the beard of the Prophet himself! It seems that Mahommed dyed his beard red when it began to grow gray, and all middle-aged Moslems follow his example. We saw one at the gate, as we went out, with whiskers of flame color, between an orange and a scarlet.

The most impressive thing at Delhi is the Fort, a walled town in itself outside the present city, within whose crenellated battlements of red sandstone, Shâh Jehân, the fourth of the Great Moghuls, built one of his wonderful palaces. It is of purest marble, carved exquisitely, and inlaid with precious stones of various colors, such as jade, lapis-lazuli, and carnelian, representing sprays of flowers in conventional designs. There are charmingly designed sunken fountains in the floor and ducts for cooling rills of water to flow in, throughout the length of the great pavilions; the roofs are supported by wonderfully carved arches and columns, and over the arches

run inscriptions from the Persian poets, celebrating the joys and beauties of this luxurious life. The most celebrated one is over the entrance of the lovely "Dîwâni-Khâs," or hall of private audience, and runs as follows:

*If on earth be a heaven of bliss,
It is this, it is this, it is this.*

These airy pavilions of a by-gone splendor, that make the Alhambra seem almost vulgar by comparison, are in nearly perfect condition, except that most of the precious stones have been jerked out and carried away by marauding bands of Jâts and Mahrattas, who invaded and plundered the country after the downfall of the Moghuls.

But even more beautiful than the palaces and mosques of Delhi are those of Agra, which we next visited. Here stands one of the crowning achievements of the human spirit, the Tomb which Shâh Jehân built for his wife Mumtâz-i-Mahâl, known as the Tâj Mahâl, a thing of such pure and absolute beauty that no words can overstate it or lead one to expect too much. Everything enhances its perfection — its gracious simplicity of line and curve, its ivory whiteness against the dazzling Indian sky, its splendid setting of spreading gardens, and the long cypress-lined, fountain-centered avenue of approach. We visited it three times, by early morning light, by sunset, and by moonlight, and each time its wonderful loveliness seemed to have increased. One cannot resist the feeling that this structure has a Soul — perhaps that of the dead queen, who lies buried here in the most perfect tribute Love ever paid to Death.

The Fort of Agra is similar to that of Delhi, and encloses palaces that are even greater marvels of carving and inlay and gracious proportions, such as one associates ever afterwards with these two cities. One grim note in the midst of splendor is the tiny cell back of the dainty Gem Mosque, where Shâh Jehân was kept in prison during the last seven years of his life by his usurping son Aurungzeb, the very child for whose life the Lady of the Tâj gave up her own. When the Emperor was dying, Aurungzeb allowed him to be moved into the Jasmine Tower, from whence he could gaze his last upon the Tâj far off in the distance, where he would soon be buried beside the Queen whose name he had immortalized. This Jasmine Tower was built for Mumtâz the year before her death, and ranks next in beauty to the Tâj itself. In carving and in inlay, in delicate columns

and in fountains, the *motif* of the jasmine flower is constantly repeated. After a long afternoon, exploring the Fort, we came back to this exquisite bower at sunset and sat for a quiet unforgettable hour, admiring the shifting lights on the vast plain below, with the river Jummâ flowing through it. Bathers splashed in its water (for like the Ganges it is a sacred stream) and others were washing clothes on its banks. Veiled women moved along the road below us balancing pitchers on their heads; and here came a procession of them in crimson robes just alike as though belonging to some order; pannier-laden donkeys passed; and two-wheeled ox-carts covered with flapping red curtains, through whose folds one could see a whole family stowed away within. Round about the palace walls small green parrots sported, darting from tree to tree and uttering little shrieks. It was just such a scene as Muntâz must have often gazed upon three hundred years ago, with no jarring feature, except ourselves, to spoil the illusion.

Our journey across India ended in the splendid city of Bombay, Kipling's birthplace, where we kept thinking of his descriptive words:

*Mother of cities to me,
For I was born in your gate,
Between the palms and the sea
Where the world-end steamers wait.*

Bombay will ever be associated in my mind with the Pârsîs, for here we became acquainted with some of these interesting people, and were entertained by several of them during our stay. They all speak English, it seems, are highly educated, and are most interested in meeting foreigners, especially Americans. They are Zoroastrians, who were driven out of Persia by the Mohammedans some seven or eight centuries ago; they are great merchants and dealers in high finance, and are back of most of the big business enterprises in India. Some of them have made enormous fortunes and have universally won a name for reliability, honesty, and high moral principles. They are much lighter-colored than other Orientals, and can be distinguished at a glance, even by the most unobserving, on account of certain peculiarities of costume. Some of the women are quite handsome; being tall and slender, and they wear graceful flowing veils (called "Saris") over their heads. We were invited one night to a Pârsî wedding, held in a big pavilion devoted to that pur-

pose. There were many strange ceremonies, which we failed to fathom, such as blessing the bridal clothes, and consecrating salvers of cocoanuts and other foods, and it was a long tedious wait before the two brides and grooms (for it was a double wedding) appeared. The couples sat on the platform, while four priests (one for each person) stood opposite and flung rice upon them in a continuous shower for about fifteen minutes, chanting monotonous stanzas from the Zend-Avesta all the while. The brides wore white silk veils glittering with silver and crystal, while the grooms were loaded down with garlands of flowers and looked very uncomfortable. Outside the hall was an immense courtyard filled with long narrow tables, seating about five or six hundred guests, who were served to a substantial meal of meats and fish, heaped on platters of banana leaves. The scene reminded me in some indefinable way of *The Marriage at Cana* as depicted in Italian paintings.

The last afternoon of our stay in Bombay, we went over to the Island of Elephanta, to see the wonderful temple-caves there, hewn out of the solid rock. The human labor required to cut these vast mysterious aisles and columns and elaborate carvings is inconceivable! There are two temples opening into the side of a cliff, and one of them is guarded by stone tigers; above these entrances is a forest of trees, and looking up we could see swarms of monkeys scrambling through the branches, chattering and barking and flinging leaves and twigs down on our heads. It reminded us of Kipling's story of the "silly bandar-log," playing in the dead Indian city whose history had entirely perished.

We did not return to Bombay, but went in a little tug from Elephanta to the *Cleveland*, which was anchored far out in the bay, and it was certainly good to get back to her cleanliness and comfort after three weeks of hard travel. The band played *Home Sweet Home*, as we climbed the ladder to the deck, and we felt indeed that our faces were turned homeward once more.

We steamed out into the west at twilight, leaving India behind us, and feeling with wistfulness and regret that we had scarce stirred the fringe of the veil that hides her mysteries.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC: by E. A. Neresheimer

I



SINCE the advent of Richard Wagner, that resourceful genius who was lyricist, composer, philosopher, whose musical legacy will always be a musical landmark of unimpeachable integrity, we have seen an extraordinary elaboration of the materials of musical expression. Developments have been chiefly on intellectual lines. Tonal commentary, in some instances, has become a wild sort of phantasm of chromatic cacophony; loud, complicated, restless, chasing the shadow with tyrannical persistence, finding repose nowhere. Admirable as is the clever invention, technical skill, and the astonishing effects, it must be confessed that this kind of modern music does not transport one into the lofty concepts of truth we feel so stern a need of, and for which we rightfully supplicate at the altar of the arts.

It appears that in contemporary music the conflict of passions and emotions has been exploited almost to the point of exhaustion. They thunder, hum, and stew, and whine, and when it is all over, we are as wise as before.

No doubt, this modern taste in music with all its emotional beauty and masterly eloquence — and, it is granted, with truly fine ideas also — is evidently much less concerned with the possibilities of the deeper penetration into ultimate truths of which music is capable, than with evanescent felicities and with the perfection of the expressed apparatus. As to final stability it does not promise for posterity the permanent internal influence that has obtained from the inspired works of the musical classics.

If it be true that within the will of man there is another will, vastly greater — then we have to look to the inspired arts and pre-eminently to music as the possible channels through which we may become conscious of its import. There are signs a-plenty that men's minds and hearts are really craving for an understanding of the mysteries of life, and, since there is no official source or science daring enough even to approach the subject, the people are reduced to resources within themselves and to the aid that the arts can give.

In spite of our somewhat barbarous civilization, a rising wave of spirituality is abroad; the cycles insisted on by the Theosophic Leaders are actually upon us; we are in the midst of a universal ameliorating social impulse where sympathies are enlarged, where mutual

confidence has grown stronger, and where the faith in supersensuous realities is happily a true instinct.

When a psychological impulse like the present is abroad, we shall not have long to wait for some genius to arise who shall put the people's ideals and longings into articulate form. In truth, it is not the genius that comes *after* the impulse, but seems to precede it, as it were, to give voice to the more or less undefined ideas latent in the subconscious mind of the people. Thus it was with the Theosophic Movement, which with its universal impulse has given an impetus to more than one department of culture; and being essentially concerned with the spiritual potencies of mankind, it was the forerunner and originator of the sanely mystic wave which now more or less pervades the consciousness of all peoples in every walk of life.

Already we have poets whose works are of absorbing interest: Maeterlinck, (Belgian), Yeats (Irish); and musicians: Debussy, d'Indy, and Ducas (French). All these move quite confidently in profound mystic regions and in a thought-atmosphere wholly new to the present age, adventurous, unprecedented; tending strongly towards the very heart of humanity's spiritual aims; seeking to interpret them through poetry and music.

When reviewing events in the history of music and the dramatic arts, it is curious to note in them the foreboding of the sentiments which were to prevail afterwards among the people. The Greeks molded their life after the ideals of their Pantheon and their classics; the martial Romans became more sedate after the manner of their drama and arts; Spain, France, Italy, at a later period became religio-sentimental like their music; two centuries ago, when musical sentiment reigned supreme in many countries as in early opera, the people reveled in the sensitively emotional. During the 18th century, the classic writers, Bach, Gluck, Spohr, Beethoven, Mozart, gave the keynote to a serene, semi-religious state of mind; the romantics, Schumann, Schubert, Berlioz, Weber, presaged a more restless trend; Wagner in the 19th century, who had no contemporary, espoused insatiable inventiveness, masterly lyrics coupled with brilliant intellectualism, precisely that which became the likeness of the people immediately afterwards.

Undoubtedly, to Wagner must be given the credit of having had the widest range of vision, inasmuch as he built with undeviating fidelity on the classic to which he added a new musical rhetoric. One

of his notable plans was the creation of perfect Music-Drama. He strenuously insisted that drama and music should be intimately blended; music should be subservient to plot and text. In this he succeeded only in minor points, although the plan was correctly conceived in theory. He had so much else to tell, and while so doing had to invent his own materials of musical expression; and in the stress of stupendous innovations he could not successfully resist the seductions of his exuberant and inexhaustible genius for lyricism. We must be content therefore to regard him as the incomparable dramatic symphonist and lyric enchanter par excellence.

The enthrallment of the senses in all lines of thought, especially in music, had no doubt reached its climax towards the end of the nineteenth century; other arts have also borne its mark. Since then the achievements in the perfection of the expressional apparatus created by Wagner have been seized upon with great avidity by some of the modern music-makers and have given rise to the later elaboration of the sensuous element, amorous flights, and sex-colored emotionalism. This latter direction has finally culminated in overwrought richness of the musical vocabulary, as it was elaborated by the ultra-moderns: Richard Strauss and his followers.

And now, while we are witnesses to a surfeit and decline of these forms, we are at the same time being initiated into new harmonic utterances of a substance quite absorbing. This new school, whose place of origin is France, is already clearly individualized, and speaks a strange tongue of mystic eloquence.

Surely then, the musical coloring of our time had its legitimate place in the progress of evolution of this art. And we are rich indeed for having had elaborated for us a medium of expression at once so intricate and so complete. It will minister to the speedier development of our spiritual potencies waiting at the threshold of our consciousness. Its voice is already heard through the subtle mysticism of the French School of Music.

“Its persuasions perhaps, shall lead us closer to the gates of our being — where are the fountain heads.”

PEACE: by Grace Knoche



IS it not true that most people are so hypnotized by the fancied necessity of war and its supposed inevitableness that they only half respect the ideal of Peace? They think of it as the absence of war; they can see in it only a meek and lowly *minus* sign, which, even though they may despise it, yet seems to them less objectionable than an iron-gauntleted *plus*. But is that Peace? Not according to Theosophical interpretation, nor the interpretation of the Nazarene, nor that of any of the Great Teachers who have striven for Peace to the world all down the ages.

Some who will read these lines may have heard the fresh, young voices of the Râja-Yoga International Chorus in their wonderful rendering of the "Ode to Peace" that was written, words and music both, by Lomaland Students for the Twentieth World Peace Congress held at The Hague last year. In every line rings out the note of dominant, positive triumph, the warrior-note of strength, virility, spiritual valor, and Divinity, the note of that Peace that passeth understanding because it includes all understanding within its heart of hearts.

Why tarriest thou, Peace, O flame-fashioned
 One, Child of the Gods and the Stars,
 That are star-fire and God-fire impassioned
 And stronger than Mars?

Men have deemed thee a meek, pallid maiden,
 Weak-handed, and girt thee in gray;
 We hail thee, the victory-laden,
 And the branch of thy sway
 Not a signal of sloth for the nations
 To bring dulness and slumber and ease,
 But virile and quickening elations,
 Like the surge of strong seas.

That is the Peace-ideal of Theosophy, the only Peace-ideal that can cope with present conditions, commanding respect even from the materialist. And it exists. It is, in truth, the Christos-spirit of the world, waiting to be brought forth from the brain-mind sepulcher in which it is entombed. It has not to be manufactured for the occasion. It is powerful and wholly alive, but fettered, unrecognized, separate from its throne of compassion while the War Spirit has its way.

The great question with everyone who feels any sense of his

responsibility as a member of God's great family must be, at the present time, "What is my duty?" Surely, the first duty must be to accentuate true Peace, potent, positive Peace; to build it up in the mind as an inalterable ideal, to picture it forth in other minds, to imbue our atmosphere, our environment, with its splendid confidence and power, so that one spot on earth, at least, shall be de-psychologized of the war spirit, to become a contagion-spot of rationality and true hope. The brain-mind may seek for a way to end the strife, the heart may bleed in compassion as Walt Whitman's bled when he stood over the wounded in the darkest hour this country ever knew, and simply said, "I do not ask the wounded person how he feels; I am the wounded person"; the opportunity to serve at the front or to hold up the hands of those who do serve, may be eagerly seized; we may be doing all in our power to mitigate the awful horror of this time — but are we doing enough? If we do not take a further positive step, is there not danger that even the most devoted may be psychologized by the despair of it all and that the power may be lost to do the work that the Higher Law most needs? If Katherine Tingley has any insight into human nature and world conditions, the danger of this is extreme; it is imminent.

Is it not logical? If we blur our sight and insight with the fog and death-mists of these war-pictures, how can the Sunlight of Truth pierce through? We are as fettered to a thing we intensely hate as to a thing we love; as much its slave. But there is a middle ground and it is that which the great Teachers have always tried to point out. It is that which Katherine Tingley has pointed out in her teachings again and again and which is the burden of many a talk to her students. It is the great high vantage-ground of Service made potent by the power of Imagination. The artist who would paint a picture must first create its image in his own mind; so must he who would set down in notes of music any original theme. The columns of the great Temple of Ammon, first existed as an imagining in the mind of some old Egyptian builder — a dream only, a fancy, if you will. But he wrote out that dream in stone and for millenniums they have stood a witness to the power of man.

If these things are possible, is it not equally possible to create an actual visible Temple of Peace — a Life of Peace throughout the world, an Era of Peace and Good Will on earth? Indeed, is it not our duty to *do* just this, for the sake of the many who have not our

present good fortune, who are prostrated under calamities which they can neither endure nor understand, who have not the clear sight of those who look to the sun; who have, perhaps, no clear idea of what Peace really may be, perhaps even no faith that Peace can ever be more than some lonely heart's fugitive dream. We are either our "brother's keeper" or we are not. If not, then let us send no more physicians and nurses over the water, nor ships of food. Let us be logical. But if we are — then is not our duty at this time something more profound, more far-reaching, more germane to the Soul of Things, than we ever thought it was before?

One of the French poets gives us the key in this exquisite sentence:

If I had but two *sous* in the world, with one I would buy bread, with the other hyacinths, for hyacinths would feed my Soul.

Have we no duty to the Soul of these suffering nations, the Soul of a suffering world? Food, clothing, nursing, medicines — these things can meet the needs of but one part of the nature — and that is not the higher part, by any means. They fill and heal the body and can quiet the mind for a time — but only for a time. The hosts of despair will rush in, the blackness of lost hope settle down, if hatred and revenge have been harbored they will return and becloud the reason and strangle the Soul and the conscience. Where is our medicine for this? What food have we to offer the Soul in this extremity? Fancy! If we could make Hope and Peace as actually real to the minds of the crucified nations of Europe today as a bandage or bowl of hot soup is to the physical sense! Would there not be a transformation, and would not the Karma of all the world be lightened, incalculably lightened?

The touch of sympathy that Europe already feels, the knowledge that there are across the water compassionate hearts waiting and longing to serve — all that will do much. But it will not do all, by any means. There is the menace of the future. What Temple can we build to shelter these agonized nations from the dread of that? For the nations are in travail and in their agony cannot see the hour of their deliverance, may even despair that there is such an hour. The wise physician at such a time infuses courage, new hope, with the quiet assurance of one who knows and whose service inspires trust. The body may writhe in suffering, but it is the mind that is the departure point — it is there the anxiety lies. Despair would

ruin all, it would be fatal. Hope, a living vital hope, is the medicine of the Soul.

The Peace spirit that alone can bring order out of hell and all chaos must be evoked, disinterred, enthroned once more, vigorous and kingly, as real and powerful as the War spirit has been these many ages, a true Warrior for the Right, helmeted in Knowledge, its shield Purity, its sword the Spiritual Will.

But is it possible to do all this? The world as a whole has been thinking about Peace only very lately. We have been fighting since Noah built the ark and long, long before. The five or six thousand years of so-called authentic history record over eight thousand wars; and the people have patiently cleaned up after these wars, patiently borne the burden of them in blood and toil, in sin and shame and crime, in heartache and despair, without its ever dawning upon them that there might be another way. At any rate, it seems so. The first Peace Society in the world was founded as late as 1815, in America. But great gaps marked the course of its work. It was in the midst of a long *hiatus* of nearly forty years that H. P. Blavatsky founded the Peace Organization of which the basic principle was Universal Brotherhood, and which aimed at the destruction of those prolific causes of war, "the barriers of race, caste, and creed."

Is it not too soon to look for any general expression of peace sentiments? Not at all; for as soon as we really want Peace enough to believe in it, we will have it. The truth is that we have war today because we have never wholly made up our minds that we did not want it, certainly most of those who are outwardly in power, although they may not sit on thrones, did not want it. As soon as an appreciable number of people make up their minds that war must go, it will go. But those should not ask for converts to Peace who can not offer something in place of war that will be equally forceful, equally masterful and virile.

We no longer tolerate duelling, nor black slavery, nor the working of women in mines, although we did once and not a hundred years ago. These things are obsolete because we would not have them any longer. Reactionary sentiment became so strong that legislators were aroused, legislation was affected, the public mind refused to endure such affronts to its intelligence and these things went. It is no farther up a hill than it is down, although it probably is true that to fall is easier than to climb. But the distance is the same in both

cases, the path is the same, yet should go to still greater heights.

This war did not spring from nothing at all. It is the upas tree grown from a tiny but well-nourished seed. The beneficent oak, the majestic cryptomeria, the kindly beech and elm, grow equally from tiny seeds, but seeds of another kind.

Supposing we were to try seeds of another kind; that, instead of a propaganda of war there should be started on its way a nation-wide, world-wide, propaganda of Peace; that instead of engendering false patriotism, suspicion and hatred of one's neighbor, there should arise enough splendid Peace-workers to cover the earth with an atmosphere of Peace and good will, coming indeed, as was prophesied of old, "in the clouds with great power and glory." The most materialistic will not deny that such an effort is perfectly possible. Through it, little by little, the pyre of Peace would lift its head skyward, the tinder of good will and love would pile up. And just as, when the psychological moment arrived, the war fires burst forth, so there would arrive the psychological moment when Peace would flame out in its radiant light and glory, to transfigure the earth and its dwellers, wrapped in the Golden Sheen of Spiritual Life. H. P. Blavatsky declared that such a time would dawn *providing* Universal Brotherhood as a fact in nature could take root in the general consciousness as something to be lived and made actual. Katherine Tingley has declared, and every aspect of our higher life today bears witness to this, that the idea of Universal Brotherhood as a working hypothesis for life *has* found a lodgment in men's minds; that the wonderful moment when, to quote an expression often used by her predecessor, H. P. Blavatsky, Peace will descend upon earth "in the twinkling of an eye," will come of a surety, and that ere long; that even before our eyes close in death many of us shall see the beginning of this Divine Transmutation.



IF ONE wishing to lift the burdens of life, would spent fifteen minutes every day in reading our Theosophical Literature, beginning with *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the original Theosophical Society, and continuing with the *Theosophical Manuals*, before many months he would find that new and helpful ideas of life and its meaning had been absorbed, and would acquire such knowledge as would enable him to meet life's battles more understandingly and courageously.—*Katherine Tingley*

QUEEN ELENA'S EXCAVATIONS AT CASTEL PORZIANO, AND THE ORIGINS OF ROME:

by **Anton Giulio Bragaglia** (Special Correspondent in Rome of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH)



WHEN he left the ships and the sea which Juno's wrath had lashed into fury, Aeneas, carrying with him the Trojan Penates, advanced with his companions from his landing-place on the banks of the yellow Tiber and camped in a vast forest. The next day a hundred Trojans, crowned with olive and bearing gifts from Aeneas, started on an embassy to the capital of the old Latin King. And the legend, which still lives in Virgil's poem, relates how a great battle was afterwards fought near the "Vasta Palus," not far from Laurentum. Here the venerable King had started in his sleep at the voice of the God announcing the advent of an unknown son-in-law coming from the sea. How many centuries have passed since these events, that link this region with the founding of Rome!

A forest of magnificent trees still waves over the ancient territory, and if all be silent and deserted, ancient tombs and traces of old cities and houses still speak eloquently of former populousness. The forest covers once opulent cities, and in the whole seventy miles from Civitavecchia to Anzio, only four villages break the solitude of a land that is sometimes wonderfully beautiful, sometimes aridly desolate. The old Latin region lying within the bounds of the royal preserve of Castel Porziano and Castel Fusano is entirely deserted, and only at Paterno do the walls of the ancient buildings tower over the huts of today, walls of imperial buildings that succeeded the huts of the shepherds who saw Aeneas. No accurate research had been made in the Laurentian territory to ascertain its history or verify the Trojan legend. No one knows where the old cities and roads lie buried. These wastes had, for hundreds of years, lost all trace of the life of other days; and the beginnings of Rome, not, after all, so far removed that they should defy research, are only known through a confused tradition, interwoven with fable.

It was Queen Elena who in 1903 initiated the study of the Latin Land.

At first it was supposed that the King was the archaeologist of Castel Porziano but it is now known that the honor belongs to the Queen. When the best existing copy of Myron's Discobolus was

found, public attention was called to the excavations that were going on in the royal domains, but no one realized that they were anything further than a passing experiment to satisfy a dilettante curiosity which had moved the King to dig a little in a spot that promised interesting finds. The lack of further notice had confirmed this opinion and no one thought of inquiring how the excavations were progressing because they did not even know that there were excavations. But the Queen was far from having suspended the work; on the contrary, her ardor increased. The late Professor Dante Vaglieri, the enlightened director of the excavations at Ostia, in speaking of the researches at Castel Porziano, told me that they were carried on systematically and scientifically and that many things of interest had been found. He said: "The Queen has stopped only for brief periods, and her excavations are conducted according to the most scientific methods. She herself studies the limes, separating the material, cataloging even the smallest objects, making plans and water-color drawings of the sections excavated, copying pavements, frescos, and statues, and keeping an exact daily register of the work. All that," he went on, smiling at my surprise, "seems incredible to you. But to me it is simple. It seems to me natural that their Majesties should understand the science of excavation as well as I do and that in those of Laurentum they should know far more than I do. We must not forget that in this science the Queen is a professional and that the King studies archaeology as keenly as he does numismatics."

"How is it," I asked, "that so little has been heard of these researches?"

"Their Majesties did not care to make their private studies known. No one but Professor Lanciani, Senator Pigorini, and myself, has visited the works, for a special permission is necessary from the King himself."

"And is there a regular bureau of excavation at Castel Porziano with a technical staff?"

"To a certain extent. The statues, mosaics, frescos, and glasses, are dealt with by experts because a sudden transference to the open air damages them. Lately the King asked me to send him an expert in frescos. However, my office at Ostia, which is conveniently near, serves in part also for the work at Castel Porziano."

The territory in the royal preserves is extensive and that it is rich in material that would serve for the reconstruction of history

has been proved in the course of the Queen's researches and by accidental discoveries. At the same time little has been found as yet belonging to the pre-Latin races. The shape of their huts is a matter of conjecture and we are ignorant of how their cities were built and even of their sites. This is not so surprising when we remember that the site of Alba Longa, which survived to a much later period than Laurentum, is not certain. Numerous burying-places have been found with their hut-shaped urns, but it would be rash to affirm that the huts of the living exactly resembled these. Altogether, although the discovery of some villages near the shore has given some useful hints regarding the pre-Latin races, nothing can yet be positively affirmed regarding the ancient history of this region nor of the events that led to the foundation of Rome. According to Senator Pigorini, it is not the cemeteries but the dwellings of the ancient peoples that should be sought for, for even if they yielded but few objects, these would be of the greatest value to students. The funeral rites are comparatively well known; it is the habits of the living that are now of interest. In huts, comparatively few things are found, merely some broken crocks, and refuse. But from these many facts may be deduced that help to verify legend and reconstruct history. Much research and diligent study are necessary, for the material for pre-historic archaeology is scant in comparison with that available for Roman archaeology.

The life of the people is known with tolerable exactness after the foundation of Rome, but we have only legend intermixed with fable. Therefore it is necessary to investigate the Latin territory to find out the records of these first beginnings which are as interesting to historians as those of the later greatness. Naturally this task is not an easy one. From the first the Queen realized its importance and though at present the excavations are mere trials in various places, directed to the exhumation of monuments of later times, this does not exclude the hope of realizing the larger aim later on. The system at present is to make experiments in many localities with a view to finding out where the best results are to be expected. A preliminary superficial survey is necessary in order to determine where more thorough excavations should be undertaken. But this preliminary work though superficial, is being carried out with the utmost care, and the monuments of a later period, which reward the efforts of the workers and add excitement to the exploration, are handled as scientifically

as though they were the chief object of the excavations. As this district is rich in imperial remains, it is not surprising if the desire to find works of art should sometimes overpower the interest in the more difficult task of searching for the faint traces of prehistoric times. It is for these reasons that the discoveries as yet made by the Queen in the territory of Laurentum belong to the period when that city had long been extinct, rather than to the more interesting time when Aeneas landed with the Penates of Troy. So that little is known of primitive Laurentum. Nevertheless, enough is known to make it permissible to advance certain conjectures, partly founded on general facts drawn from other sources. It is true that the history of a territory should be based on material found within its bounds, but supplementary evidence may be gathered from surrounding districts. It may thus be deduced that the ancient Laurentum, at the date when legend places the landing of Aeneas, enjoyed a more or less advanced civilization, partly due to the influence of its neighbors the Etruscans, and if it had not rich marble palaces such as that described by Virgil as being the dwelling of the venerable King, grandson of Neptune, it had at least a type of hut more advanced than those as yet discovered. These were large, oval or circular in form, hollowed out of the ground; the walls were made of stakes interwoven with branches and plastered with clay, and the roof was straw and clay. Steps or an inclined plane led down to the entrance. Each hut had its *haeredium* or field, and the enclosure for the flocks. Such were the huts of the Frigians described by Vitruvius, and such are the dwellings of the inhabitants of Kazan in Eastern Russia. The remains of dwellings found in the old cities consist of part of the walls, a few implements, and the *débris* of the kitchen. These poor remains are sufficient to reveal to us the life of the inhabitants.

The discoveries in the tombs speak of their funeral customs and their belief in immortality, while those of the huts enable us to penetrate to their home life. Many holes found together show the site of a village. These were built in a square with one wide street and many smaller ones cutting it at right angles, dividing the groups of huts regularly, as in some of the modern cities. Such villages are not only found all through Italy, but in many other countries of Europe. In the time of Aeneas, the inhabitants of Laurentum were shepherds, tillers of the ground, hunters and warriors, and remains of pottery and other imported articles show, that if not themselves

traders, they had relations with other peoples from beyond the sea. The discoveries already made in the territory of Laurentum have given rise to a discussion of exceptional importance on the question as to what these relations were. The founders of the city of Lavinium must have established themselves on the lower slopes of the hills, where there are traces of escarpments made by the hand of man, and in their tombs articles are found that clearly came from the Aegean. Somewhere here must have stood the rude sanctuaries that sheltered the Gods and the Penates; and the hut, still existing in the time of Dionysius, where the sacrifice of thirty pigs was made, a sacrifice at which no stranger might assist. Senator Lanciani who assisted the Queen in her excavations, divides the archaeological remains found in this territory into three classes: those of the archaic period, consisting of the finds in the primitive necropolis; those of the middle period in which the Etrusco-Campanian art made itself felt; and those of the imperial Roman period, rich in inscriptions and sculptures. In the archaic period, most of the material is of the early iron age, contemporaneous with that of the oldest tombs of the Septimontium, somewhat more modern than the oldest tombs on the Latin hills. The swords are of the Aegean pattern, which eventually spread from the coast towns through central Italy and as far north as Norcia. And Professor Lanciani's conclusion is: "The discovery of arms of this special pattern in these old tombs, confirms the tradition of the founding of Lavinium by strangers coming from the Aegean. And this is something gained." But Senator Pigorini, who is the greatest living authority on prehistoric questions, denies the coming of Aeneas and the founding of Lavinium by strangers, maintaining that the arms found in the tombs had been brought by commerce. He says in fact: "It seems to me that all the evidence is against the legend. The only immigration into the district was an Aryan one, and it came by land. At the date at which legend places the coming of Aeneas, no strangers landed in Italy. The arms were brought as merchandise, just as Cyprus exported copper to Sardinia, and Spain exported silver." This would prove that our ancestors were traders, but that the travelers were not the Latins but other nations. But on the other hand, the fact that the inhabitants of this district traded with peoples across the sea does not exclude the possibility of the landing of Aeneas. Commerce may have brought Trojan arms to Italy, and Aeneas may have been a semi-piratical trader who land-

ed and fortified himself against the indigenes in order to push his trade. Other students are of opinion that the legend was invented by Greek historians to flatter their Roman conquerors by linking their origin with the Odyssey. At the same time, one of these students, Signor Pais, does not deny to the legend some historic foundation. He holds that the battle between Aeneas and Turnus, sung by Virgil, was a real battle, but that it took place in the seventh or sixth century and that the poet antedated it in order that it might have as its heroes the grandsons of Venus and Neptune. This disagreement between students makes the excavations for which the Queen is preparing the way all the more important; they may be expected to throw light on the history of the region and to clear up the point as to whether its rapid advance in civilization was due to the immigration of strangers. "By means of research in the pre-Roman ages, undertaken without preconceived ideas, the problem should be solved, for if a new people intrude themselves into a land already inhabited it necessarily leaves a clear imprint of its arrival; the division between the old and the new will be marked in many ways. Language and tradition may be modified in the course of centuries and therefore do not furnish sure grounds on which to base conclusions regarding events of which there is no written record.

"But no race passes over a country without stamping its imprint on what it leaves in its dwelling-places and deposits in its tombs. Thus if those tombs and dwellings can be found, the clue to the origin of the race will be found." So says Senator Pigorini. The remains of Imperial Laurentum extend along the old coast line; the sea has retreated three miles since the days of the empire, so that the old seaside villas are now quite a distance inland, and the forest has covered the old sands. The place where Laurentum stood takes its present name of Paterno from the Torre Paterna near by. This tower was built by Marcantonio Colonna as a defence against the corsairs who made frequent descents on this coast during the middle ages and until as late as the 17th century. The city of Laurentum, perhaps so named from the laurels that scented the air around it, lost its importance after the foundation of Lavinium, as this latter city, named, according to the legend, from Lavinia, daughter of the Latin King and wife of Aeneas, was situated in a much healthier position, "in regione pestilenti salubris." The two cities formed part of the "nova respublica." Towards the end of the Republic, it met the same fate as

Antemnae, Tellenae, Bola, "propter infrequentiam locorum," and instead of a town, became a villa, and later, an imperial residence.

The excavations made by the Queen have revealed more of the extensive and grandiose remains which were already visible in Nibby's day, and which might have been a large salon; it is the only one that shows first century construction; it is of *opus latericius*, [brick work] analogous to the Neronian structures on the Palatine. The rest of the buildings are of the time of the Antonines, cut up and spoilt by later additions. Beyond the reservoir in which the aqueduct ended, there was a square enclosure that may have been a garden, made in the fourth century. At the foot of this garden, towards the east, is the large salon of primitive construction, that is built of triangular sharp-cornered bricks laid with little lime and perfectly regular. Towards the west there is another room shaped like a triclinium facing the sea, and to the right there is a room which closes the series at this side of the buildings. Between the wall of the enclosure and the triclinium there is a little church dedicated to St. Philip, before which an Ionic capital of good style records the decoration of the old building. Other capitals like it are to be seen at Borgigliano, having been taken from here. The little church is built against the wall of the large room and occupies an old recess flanked by two other recesses and rooms.

The extraordinary richness of the whole building and the beauty of the decorations, columns of the rarest marbles, statues of the finest workmanship, beautiful capitals and vases, cameos and medallions, and terra-cottas, show how great was the luxury of its fittings. Indeed, all the buildings discovered in the course of the Queen's excavations show the luxury of the imperial settlement. The mosaic pavement in the atrium of the large baths is unusually beautiful. Some of the designs are those frequently used, but others are new and very well drawn. The animals are specially successful, full of life and motion, and well colored; the most characteristic motion of each is seized. The growling dog with his arched back, the heavy torpid bear with its air of sleepy menace, are effectively rendered. The ostrich, the galloping horses, the panthers, the lions, are all happily caught, with a certain savor of savagery that is not displeasing in such subjects. The designs are repeated, but as the pavements are many, the result is not monotonous. In some, stories are told, as when a beast of prey springs at a horse and the next scene shows

the horse in full flight pursued by its assailant. The shadows are curious and are represented in a very primitive fashion. In some of the particulars there is an ingenuousness that is the more remarkable because the art is in many respects sure and expert, and anything but primitive. The sea-scenes with monsters show less originality. The motion of the water is well rendered, and streaks of light are introduced to show the reflection of the sun's rays on the waves. The anatomy is strong and true, from which it may be gathered that the drawer of the cartoons was a good artist, better than the mosaic workers. In fact the technical execution of the mosaics is careless. The work appears to have been done hastily and carelessly, as is the case also in some of those at Ostia, perhaps by the same workmen. Those of Laurento date from the second century, the age of Trajan and Hadrian. It was about this time that most of the buildings were erected or at least modified and decorated. The villas are numerous and extend beyond the ancient pagus, and together with the remains of houses along the old shore reveal the old Laurentian life. Between Ostia and Nettuna there are traces of thirty-five Roman villas which were rich in marbles and works of art. The life of the sea-side is mentioned by old writers but not many particulars are known regarding it. Amongst the notable objects found is a pedestal of exquisite workmanship belonging to the Flavian epoch.

An alto-relievo representing Venus and Cupid is curious, for while it professes to be an antique piece of sculpture with its non-Roman Palace in perspective behind Cupid, it seems really to be an imitation of ancient work, done in the sixth or seventh century, and it is puzzling to account for its presence in the Laurentine territory, which was a deserted waste at that date. In imperial times there were fourteen cities and many villages in this region, and the population was more than 150,000. The Latin coast had ports capable of accommodating all the military and commercial ships of the Empire, so that the shore of those days might be compared to the Ligurian Riviera of today. Along the Via Severiana, which united the cities of the coast, the luxurious life of the rich Roman nobles flourished in the villas with their extensive parks, ornamented with statues and vases, gleaming white under the trees of their shady alleys. The Via Severiana and the Via Laurentina have been minutely studied by Senator Lanciani, who, in tracing them through the woods, has come on many ruins and remains of the old villas. One on the old shore-line not far

from Tor Bovacciana has been proved by her Majesty's researches to be the one that Pliny the Younger describes.

Professor Lanciani, who has made a special study of the topography of this part of the coast, confirms her conclusion. It is now called "della Palombara," and is in the grounds of Castel Fusano belonging to the Chigis, but rented by the King. As it is on the old shore, it is now three miles from the sea, which, as we have already said, has retreated that distance since the time of Trajan. Some time ago, excavations had been made in this Villa, uncovering some walls, a round room, some remains of what were perhaps two towers, and a few lead pipes, and other trifles. But these excavations were not serious. Lately the work has been done scientifically and the earth has been removed from a room with hot-water pipes in the walls. The Queen has arranged for the protection of the whole edifice. The next villa explored after that of Pliny appears to have belonged to the famous orator Hortensius, and it must have been one of the most luxurious, as its proprietor, who was very rich, loved splendor and was extravagant in his tastes. Varro recounts: "The wild boars and goats gather themselves together at the sound of the horn to be fed. From a high place, destined for gymnastic exercises, acorns are thrown to the first and vetches to the second. I saw this theatrically done when I was staying with Hortensius in the Laurentine territory, for as he told me, there was a wood of more than fifty jugera surrounded by a wall." "In this wood there was an elevated spot on which was a place where three persons could dine and to this Hortensius summoned Orphens." "He presented himself in a long robe bearing his zither, and having received orders to sing he struck the instrument; at the sound we were at once surrounded by a great number of stags, boars, and other quadrupeds: this spectacle appeared to me not less admirable than that given by the aediles in the circus when they represent a hunt; but without panthers." Always following the old shore-line, after the villa of Hortensius we come to a pretty little town, the Vicus Augustanus, small and elegant, with the Curia and the Forum and the Temple facing the sea, linked to the other cities by the Via Severiana, and flanked by the forest rich in game. A villa completely explored by her Majesty is the fourth to the east of Tor Paterna, and, like the others, lies on a little green hill. The excavations here at once yielded the best existing copy of Myron's Discobolus, and further research

revealed this little house furnished with every comfort almost like a modern villa. Three flights of marble steps lead from the garden to the apartments; there are half columns of brick work beside them, meant probably for the support of statues or vases. A large glass corridor ended in a salon with a rounded end, rich in marbles; another corridor with a marble pavement led to three rooms behind the salon, probably bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, and with windows looking towards the sea. The pavements of these rooms are of mosaic well executed and of graceful design. In the inner walls three openings give air and light to other rooms, one of which is a caldarium fitted up with pipes. A large veranda more than twenty yards long, which perhaps had a pergola, with a pavement of black and white mosaic, finely wrought, led to the fragrant forest. The main walk from the house was to the sea, where there was a portico with eight columns. Some steps lead to a little side garden, where, beside a pedestal at the end of an alley — along which the disk might be thrown — the Discobolus was found. The Queen at once tried to put the pieces together, tying them with a cord.

In this straight alley with the Discobolus at the end, perhaps with cypresses cut into pyramids and monsters and pheasants, and parrots of boxwood, and amidst the flowers and the niches, and the mottos cut in the green, we think of Quintilian's saying: "What can be more beautiful than a place where everything is regular?" This little house with the luxurious fittings perhaps belonged to some court official whose duties obliged him to be near the imperial residence at Laurentum. Senator Lanciani thinks it was rather a summer residence than a winter one, though the hot-water pipes would make it habitable all the year round. Also there is a thick layer of broken stones under the foundations to obviate the fear of damp, and the terra-cotta balls have been found that were put in the middle of the tassels that weighed down the heavy curtains before the doors. The house was a one-story building about thirty feet high. The kitchens and servants' rooms, etc., were in separate buildings in the grounds. Water for the house, and for the fountains in the garden found in their original position, was brought by pipes from a large aqueduct of which remains still exist at a place called Quarticciolo. The large lead pipe is stamped with the name, "Aurelii Caesaris." When making one of the numerous avenues with which the King is intersecting the estate, in the locality of Capocotta, inscriptions and monuments

were found, the remains of another town similar to Vicus Augustus. The discoveries in this locality show that there was a large population, as there are many tombs along the avenue. Professor Lanciani is studying the inscriptions in order to find out if possible the number of the inhabitants, a question interesting not only to archacologists, but to the students of the economic conditions of the Roman Campagna. He has demonstrated more than once that the cultivation of the land and the introduction of good water made this region a delightful place of residence both in summer and winter. Pliny, writing to a friend, vaunts the delights of his villa at all seasons, and Marcus Aurelius when living at "Bottaccia," a place now scourged by deadly malaria, wrote of the pleasures of his home. Not a year passes without the discovery of remains on the royal estate, of human habitations in the most malarious spots and with them the traces of the cultivation and draining of the land whereby the Romans made this district a healthy country resort. The northern ports of Ostia, Astura, Pirgi, Cere, Alsio, Punico, etc., were then also bathing places, where people came to enjoy the health-giving sea breezes. There are innumerable villas scattered through the forest, some excavated, others scarcely touched. The woods have covered the roads and buildings so that it is not unusual to find a dense thicket amidst the marble of an atrium. Columns and capitals and friezes lie under a thick carpet of moss. The villa of Macius, son-in-law of Marius, stood in a now malarious hollow at the present Trafusina, surrounded by rocks cut with the pick and pierced by caves. The Solonium of Caius Marius, which was at Castel Porziano, shows traces of very ancient origin. Macrobius writes that his estate was one of the four that the Laurentians cultivated rationally according to the Etruscan method. The Via Severiana and the Via Laurentina and all the smaller cross-roads, now buried in the forest or under cultivated land, led to inhabited places of which the remains are found amidst the fantastic beauty that strikes the eye at every turn. At Decimo, for example, there are fragments of sculpture, epigraphs, columns, cornices, tombs, monuments, sarcophagi, etc. A little further on, Lanciani discovered an enormous tumulus not yet explored, measuring thirty-five yards in diameter, which must be the tomb described by Virgil as that of the old King Dercenius. Every spot possesses traces, eloquent of the life of the past, and every group of ruins may have treasures of art. Strabo relates how the scourge of malaria destroyed

the ancient cities and monuments linked with the coming of Aeneas. Nothing now remains of the magnificent Aphrodisium of which Pliny speaks, which tradition says was founded by Aeneas as soon as he landed in Italy, thus confusing this tradition with the Latin temples. It stood at Campus Venerius, now Ieneni, between Ardea and Lavinium, and was erected by the Latins to Vecus, who being in Italy the goddess of spring, was confounded with Aphrodite the mother of Aeneas. Nibby speaks of an excavation made in 1794, and of a large room where many statues were found, one of which, a Venus, he says was sent to London, but now these remains have disappeared.

Many fortuitous finds have been made, but the Queen's excavations are directed to the verifying of facts that can only be discovered by scientific study. It is to be hoped that a clear light will be cast on the history of this region, which was the cradle of Roman civilization and power. Some facts have already been established; Ardea has yielded pottery similar to the oldest found on the Latin hills; and the tombs contain the same material as those of the Roman Forum, thus proving that the primitive Latin immigration reached it. The pages of the earth are being turned over and read here and there and the Queen's researches are furnishing material for the history of the origin of Rome and also for the solution of the question of the economic and commercial development of the modern city.

They have shown that if it wishes to become a busy center, it must again make roads, found cities, and build ports in this once-smiling region.

POLARITY IN STRUCTURAL THOUGHT: by W. A. Dunn



THE antagonisms which appear to exist between ideal and practical knowledge are symptoms of a mentality divided against itself. The culturist who etherializes all objects of sense into a fabric of a dream, and the practical man wholly absorbed in worldly affairs, represent extreme polarities that in a healthy mind unite in a midway fact of momentous import. *Efficiency* in any profession, art, philosophy, or religion is *realized* alone through a complete blending on the field of action of ideal thought with the forces and material of physical life. Ideal and inventive thought is the intelligent principle that causes and guides all progress in art, science, and religion — the Ideal

being buried, as it were, within the manifestations it brings about. The will to serve and work, even when associated with a high grade of feeling, is utterly powerless unless it knows *how* to work and *what* to operate upon. No one can will to play the piano, or paint a picture, or operate a railway, or live a spiritual life, without correct theoretical knowledge acquired through careful study and organized thought. Will is the motor-force behind all grades of action — the *forms* it energizes being first outlined as theory or ideal — hence the tremendous importance of correct knowledge properly arranged in structural thought.

The divided segments of character over which the personality is spread, deflect the main stream of the will into separate tendencies and desires which in their multiplicity cause the mind to forget its fundamental state of unity. This state of a mind divided against itself is redeemed by loyalty to the moral sentiments, accompanied by an active process of structural thought whereby the separated segments of thought and feeling are riveted together as integral parts of an inner mind-body, in which the Soul may exist as the self-conscious director of its material instrument of expression. And not only does the mind regain its original unity in self-knowledge, but the body becomes refined and glorified by reason of the directive power proceeding from the awakening Soul. This return of the mind to itself is like the action of a general who leaves the ranks of his army for a station wherefrom he may survey the whole field of action and gather data for intelligent guidance of the forces under his command.

Structural thought is not to be confused with ordinary processes of observation and perception, nor with information gathered from books. All these represent material for the soul to work upon and are possessed in abundance by all intelligent men and women. Structural thought refers to a higher mode of direct insight *within* and behind, that builds its surrounding material into a mental structure of its own, in which the will and imagination operate in a powerful and orderly manner upon the data gathered by the ordinary organs of perception. But structural thought is not an end in itself.

In studying the laws which govern structural thought we find it necessary to understand and control the forces that exercise polarity between related objects. Every active condition in life, whether mental or physical, has two poles — a positive giving pole and a negative

receiving pole, of equal values. Between them is the neutral point of equilibrium in which thought and its object are comprehended as aspects of a higher unity. Any given activity is energy moving from one condition to another, the line traced by the transition having terminals of positive and negative polarity, or cause moving to its corresponding effect. Throughout nature, the law of polarity governs every degree of attraction and repulsion operating between bodies, or parts within a body. All possible movement is *to* or *from* a correspondent object of attraction or repulsion. This is clearly indicated in human affairs by the polarities that operate between our personal desires and the external objects with which they seek union. These two poles as between our personal forces and their external objects, are the active agencies which constitute the world we each feel attachment to. When independent thought is not cultivated, the infinite variety of polarities that relate us to diverse objects in environment operate according to *their* elemental tendencies. In other words, that deeper aspect of the thinking principle which is rooted in the law that governs polarity between all pairs of opposites is not consciously known or used. In the plane of opposites we move in thought *to* or *from* objects of attraction or repulsion, generally ignorant of the fact that a point of equilibrium governs the two extremes, at which point self-consciousness may take its station and develop a *power of self-control* that comprehends cause and effect in one unity. In constructive thought, self-control is the state of equilibrium in which the receptive and giving forces of human life are comprehended in a higher unity — passivity and assertiveness not appearing as such because of being fused into a higher synthetic power. No human being can avoid the fact that the surroundings which present opportunities for growth affect us as truly as our acquired capacities affect our surroundings. That is to say, we and our surroundings are tied together by an infinite variety of polarities — the seat of self-control being the neutral point that as a pivot links them all, and also radiates an interpenetrating unity of consciousness. On that pivotal point all distinctions as between inner and outer, of subject and object, are superseded by a direct insight and power of volition from a plane above that in which the polarities operate. Thus mere introspection is not sufficient to explain the objects by which we are confronted — nor is objective investigation by itself adequate. The two attitudes must be thought of as being coexistences of a higher fact. They

really manifest in a circle that returns on itself. Communion with nature is not a discourse which we deliver if merely assertive, or receive if merely passive — but an ideal conversation in which question and answer are mutually exchanged to the end that a mutual *understanding* be established that translates polarity into unity. By each giving and receiving from the other, nature and the soul become one in their higher source — a principle that remains hidden on the lower levels of existence.

The ordinary division of philosophy into antagonistic camps of materialism and idealism is an illustration of polarity. The materialist asserts that man is the final product of physical evolution; the idealist asserts that the world is a mere mental creation. Both are relatively true as *contrasts* on the plane of polarity, but if considered together, as mutually adjustable in a higher comprehension, they unite naturally as the force and substance of constructive thought.

Now the question naturally arises:—What are the factors in human evolution that unite the separate notions we possess of body, mind, and soul? That such higher insights are possible to man is obvious — and it is equally clear the exclusive materialistic or ideal explanations cannot adequately formulate them. Naturally we turn to midway thoughts that embody a reflection of a coexisting unity which knows and feels them as integral parts of one spiritual self. The segments of life, like notes of a scale, yield harmonious values when played upon by a perceptive faculty that is held free from limited points of view. Ideas and impressions of any nature, that are considered as separate from the totality of life, are as truly obstructions to the eye of the soul as is a finger interposed between the eye and the sun.

Among the broken lights of the lower mind we are apt to lose thought of the spiritual self that is the one source of all light in consciousness, as the sun is the one source of every reflected color and tint in nature. We may group impressions and ideas into forms without number, and still the light of the soul remains unchanged, illumining each notion as it evolves, the broken colors being brought about by changing phenomena of evolving thought. When constructive thought ultimates in unity of the mind as between its many aspects — its separate colors must necessarily unite in the full white glory of its parent source.

For easier study, the mind may be divided into three aspects:

(1) Elemental impressions received by the senses, such as sound, light, touch, etc.

(2) The working up of these into thoughts and feelings that are polarized by desire to separate external objects, and

(3) Constructive thought, in which the Soul progressively gains consciousness of the divine Self, and knows itself as the sustaining power behind all forms of experience.

Language corresponds to this division in (1) its elemental letters; (2) its separate words as compiled in dictionaries, and (3) in its works of literary art in which the soul mirrors itself in its various phases according to the individual characters it informs. Constructive thought is shown at its worst in literature that represents the lower passions in their contrasting polarities; at its best in such literature as the Vedas and Upanishads of India in which are reflected the Universal Self of Humanity. It should be noticed that in constructive literature the elements of language are common to all grades — their differences being shown in the various *modes of their construction*. Similarly, in lifting the mind from one state of evolution to another, we do not add or subtract from its contents — but alter its present setting to a higher form of construction to enshrine the ideal shining overhead. In other words, we take the words of life out of their present setting of polarized thought and desire and plant them as integral parts of a poem that yields the overtones of universal life.

In the first volume of the *Theosophist* it is said: “To fully define Theosophy, we must consider it under all its aspects. The interior world has not been hidden from all by impenetrable darkness. . . . Plato and Plotinus called ‘Noetic work’ that which the Yogas term Vidyâ. . . . By reflection, self-knowledge, and intellectual discipline, the soul can be raised to the vision of eternal truth, goodness, and beauty — that is, to the Vision of God. . . . Plotinus tells us that the secret gnosis or the knowledge of Theosophy has three degrees — opinion, science, and illumination. The means of the first is sense or perception; of the second, dialectics; of the third, intuition. To the last reason is subordinate; it is absolute knowledge founded on the identification of the mind with the object known. . . . Theosophy develops in a man a direct beholding of that which Schelling denominates ‘a realization of the identity of subject and object in the individual;’ or, as Emerson says, ‘becomes recipient of the Soul of the World.’ . . . Ideal laws can be perceived by the intuitive faculty

alone; they are beyond the domain of argument and dialectics, and no one can understand or rightly appreciate them through the explanations of another mind, though even this mind be claiming a direct revelation."

In Vol. II of *Lucifer*, Madame Blavatsky states: "The three Egos are man in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual, and the spiritual planes. . . . When the astral reflects only the conquered man, the still living but no more the longing, selfish personality, then the brilliant Augoeides, the divine Self, can vibrate in conscious harmony with *both* the poles of the human entity — the man of matter purified, and the ever pure spiritual Soul — and stand in the presence of the Master Self. . . . He who would profit by the wisdom of the Universal mind has to reach it through the *whole of Humanity*."

Thus the search for truth is not furthered by the formation of mere ideas and opinions, but in *attuning the mind* to truer and higher modes of thinking that may reflect and embody the truth already existing. In other words, perception of truth is relative to the mental lens through which it is viewed. Reconstruct the mental instrument through which the Soul views its world and increased sight must necessarily follow. Sight (that which goes out) and insight (that which goes in) are relative to each other, and remain fixed until the organ of perception is raised by discipline in constructive thought. Higher unities, progressively attained in Self-knowledge and self-conquest, are opening doors, through which the individual Soul feels its identity with superior levels of existence. In reference to this thought Madame Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, page 40: "Whatever plane our consciousness may be acting in, both we and the things belonging to that plane are, for the time being, our only realities. As we rise in the scale of development we perceive that during the stages through which we have passed we mistook shadows for realities, and the upward progress of the Ego is a series of awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea that now, at last, we have reached 'reality;' but only when we shall have reached the absolute consciousness, and blended our own with it, shall we be free from the delusions produced by Mâyâ."

And as confirmatory of the teachings of Râja-Yoga which sets forth the need for balance as between body, mind, and Soul, Madame Blavatsky states in Vol. II of *Lucifer*: "Nowhere in the Theo-

sophical teaching was it stated that a life of entire devotion to one's duty alone, or a contemplative life graced even by 'fine selfishness,' was sufficient in itself to awaken dormant faculties and lead man to the apprehension of final truths, let alone spiritual powers. To lead such a life is an excellent thing under any circumstances. . . . But to expect that leading the best of lives helps one — without the help of philosophy and esoteric wisdom — to perceive 'the Soul of things' and develops in him 'a physical command of the forces of nature' . . . is really too sanguine."

Thus in constructive thought every aspect of man's threefold being is taken into account, and dependence on others is replaced by a rich feeling of co-operation. This awakening of individual responsibility brings home the truth of Madame Blavatsky's words: "Man acts on this, or another plane of consciousness, in strict accordance with his mental and spiritual condition."

THE "SEX-HYGIENE" FAD: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



ONE is glad to see that a certain well-known psychologist has spoken strongly against the prevalent fad known as the "teaching of sex hygiene to children." Katherine Tingley, the Leader of the Theosophical Society, has always protested against this and other fallacies of the kind, which, however well intended, are fraught with danger. And now we find her views receiving confirmation from authoritative quarters in the scientific world.

The professor naturally bases his objections on his own familiar ground of psychology, and his observations have certainly stood him in good stead in this case; for what he says commends itself to the judgment as simple common sense. He has put into reasoned scientific language certain facts well known to us all, but especially to those engaged in the care and education of the young, the feeble-minded, and the impressionable. These facts are summed up in the statement that the influence of example and of suggestion are far more potent in the formation of character than are arguments.

The sex hygienists argue that, because it is wise to teach children about the danger of dirt and infection, so that they can guard themselves against disease, therefore it is wise to teach them all about the sexual functions. **B**ut a great fallacy creeps in here, as the profes-

sor shows. The cases are by no means parallel; and if we assume that they are parallel, we shall be led to disastrous conclusions. In the case of the dirt and the disease germs there is no question of morbid imagination, seductive mystery, powerful instinctual propensity, or romantic fantasy; but in the case of sexual matters these factors are of paramount importance. This makes all the difference and renders the argument futile; what is true in the one case is certainly untrue in the other.

The learned psychologist rightly points out that the danger of initiating a girl into these mysteries is much greater than any dangers that could result from keeping her uninformed. To exaggerate the former dangers is impossible; the latter can be, and have been, greatly exaggerated. What, he sagely asks, are we to think of the wisdom of those who expect by their reasoned arguments to overcome the overwhelming force of the *suggestions* which they implant in that hitherto virgin but prolific soil? One is reminded of the schoolmaster who, on taking leave of his boys, said: "Be sure you do not pump down the back of each other's neck." One knows what those boys did directly his back was turned; what chance was there that they would have done it if he had not warned them?

The sex hygienists argue that sex evils are due to neglect to teach sex hygiene; and that they can be removed by teaching it. We disagree on both points. The dangers are not so caused, nor can they be so removed. And not only can they not be removed by that method, but they will be greatly increased thereby.

The customary reticence observed by the old to the young is a wise rule, thinks the professor, based on the psychology of the question; and again we entirely agree with him, basing our opinion, however, on still broader grounds. "The faint normal longing can be well balanced by the trained respect for the mysterious unknown"; but, on the other hand, if we initiate the child, then we leave an enormously accentuated craving with nothing to balance it but a mere warning or advice. Obviously the balance of forces greatly preponderates, in the second case, on the side of danger. For we have added an overwhelming weight on the side of danger and removed a counterpoise from the side of safety.

We feel sure that the great majority of parents and teachers must feel instinctively that this is the case, and that their intuitions are borne out by the weight of their experience. Let them be assured that

they need not be alarmed or shocked out of their position by the speciousness of arguments so easily shown to be one-sided and fallacious. There is no antagonism between intuition and reason, nor does experience contradict wisdom. The antagonism is between sophistry and sense, between experience and theory.

We have stated that the sex evil is not due to reticence but to other causes. What are these?

First and foremost, the age is sex-mad. So morbidly do thoughts circle about this subject that it thrusts itself into prominence in all doings—literature, the drama, art, conversation, religion, philosophy, all. What wonder that our children reflect the atmosphere they are brought up in! Then these children are left to associate with those who will corrupt them, allowed to go loose on the street, read papers and trashy novels, confronted everywhere with suggestions; and, in short, are thrust headlong into an atmosphere thickly charged with the germs of moral disease. Here surely is cause enough! Is it not against this that our efforts should be directed?

Suppose a parent should send his child into a leper colony or typhoid ward, armed with a scientific book about germs, and should argue that this was better than keeping him at home? Yet this is what is done with children. And what is the remedy proposed? To shield and protect them from the contamination? By no means. To inject into their minds more germs, and to do this as a prophylactic! The sex hygienists will protest against this view of course; they will say that they do not sow germs in the child's mind. Here is where we take issue, and the professor above-named takes issue. The force of *suggestion* will far outweigh the force of the advice. People with the best intentions may be mistaken, and we think we shall have large support in saying that this is a case in point.

The dangers of reticence have been greatly exaggerated. A carefully brought-up child would have no difficulty in connexion with his physiological functions, for these would be normal and cause him no trouble. He (or she) would feel no undesirable propensities, any more than does an unspoiled animal. There would be no more need to instruct him as to this particular function than there is with regard to other vital functions, which fulfil their duties naturally, without interference. This is the ideal; and it should always be remembered that ideals govern conduct and are necessarily in advance of attained results; if they were not, they would not be ideals. Also, if

we reject high ideals, then their place will be taken by low ideals; for ideals of some kind man must have. The sex hygienists have set up their ideal; we set up ours.

But supposing the nature of the child is *not* normal — perhaps oftener the case than not — what then?

The answer to this question is very simple: the child is then a case for treatment. But what treatment? This is the crucial point, because one treatment may be right and another wrong. If a man has a bad leg, we do not necessarily have to cut it off. But to point to the diseases of society as an argument for a particular cure is no more logical than to point to the sores on a limb as an argument for amputation. Treat the child, we say; but *not* in the way proposed by the sex hygienists.

This leads us to the grave question of secret vice, which is perhaps the worst and most subtle foe. After all, it is like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, to make such a to-do about the “social evil,” which, fearfully bad as it is, is *comparatively* natural; when there is this unnatural vice gnawing at the very core of youth. It may begin almost in the cradle and grow and flourish during all the years of childhood, so that the whole nature of the man or woman, including every cell of body and brain, every thought and habit, becomes warped and cast in a vicious mold, and the entire after-life is rendered a miserable failure. And this evil is almost ignored by parents and teachers. They do not even possess the means of knowing whether or not it is present; for it is subtle and often leaves no immediate trace that they know how to recognize. Moreover, their own prideful reluctance to recognize it in their own children is the surest kind of blinkers to fond eyes. And so the young hopeful leads a double life, until that becomes unconscious second-nature to him.

Now what, it may be asked, is the right policy to pursue in the case of a child known to be in difficulties and dangers with his lower nature? The child must be enlightened and warned — but *not* in the fashion of these sex hygienists. What need is there to arouse his curiosity and to thrill his imagination with new and exciting suggestions? Why cannot the matter be argued out on the score of health? Why not on the score of decency? It is surely easy enough to point out and to prove that the habits debilitate the whole nature, physical, mental, and moral; produce illness, ill temper, shyness, deceitfulness, and vanity; throw the child back behind his fellows in

his studies and in his games; and lead in the end to a broken life, often ending in premature death, suicide, or the asylum. All this can be impressed on the child, with telling effect, and without suggesting any ideas whatever about procreation. And what is the treatment? First and most important, to keep his mind off the subject. (And how can this be achieved by the method of the sex hygienists, which works in exactly the contrary direction, and concentrates his mind with renewed force on the very subject he should avoid?) The child has to be kept busy all day, especially with open-air work and exercise. His diet has to be studied and regulated. He has to be carefully looked after, so that he may have no opportunity of falling victim to his weakness.

One argument used is that other children or bad companions will initiate the child into evil, and that consequently it is better to forestall this by initiating him or her ourselves. What a sad lack of mutual confidence between parents and their children is here revealed! If the proper mutual relation existed between them, the parent would be the child's natural confidant in every slightest matter, and would instantly report any such mischievous conversation. Then would be the parent's opportunity to tell the child to cast all such ideas out of his mind and to avoid such company and conversation; a task that would present no difficulty to a cleanly-minded child. If, however, conditions exist which render these evils unavoidable, then the best we can do is to counteract them in every way by filling the child's life with pure, sweet, healthy influences.

Why not appeal to the divine nature of our children? Why not strive to evoke in them a power that shall resist and overthrow every impure suggestion and be to the child a sure bulwark against every poisonous dart? This is the method of Theosophy. But perhaps the reason is that we lack confidence in our own divine nature.

Many of the people, we shall be told, who advocate sex hygiene, are most worthy and estimable; and our strictures may therefore seem somewhat harsh. We admit their worthiness and the excellence of their motives, and can only add: "How mistaken!" But in any case, believing, as we do, that the policy is most harmful, we can only condemn it; regarding as an added danger the fact that names of weight can be cited in its support.

As Theosophists, we say: "Initiate the child into the mysteries of his *divine* nature, confirm him in the habit of self-command in

every deed, thought, and feeling; and then it will be time to see whether it is necessary to initiate him into anything lower." If those who advocate these mistaken views had any idea of the splendid possibilities of a child's nature, when encouraged to grow according to the laws of divine harmony, they could not for a moment entertain the bare shadow of such views. The mere suggestion seems a profanation. Let us ask you, parent, teacher, might you not be better employed than in teaching your daughter, pupil, by means of a flower pulled to pieces, certain well-known physiological things? Yes, it is possible that you might be better employed. Why see in the matchless rose nothing but a physiological arrangement of stamens and pistils? Why see in your own child nothing but a glorified animal with a negligible soul? And why could you not use the same flower as a symbol of the divine nature and use it as a means of inculcating the might, the beauty, the fragrance of the divine-human Soul and its invincible lordship over the things of the flesh? Truly you are neglecting priceless opportunities at your door.

A marriage should be a sacred vow of chastity, truth, mercy, purity, nobility of life; a model for the harmonious living of the great human family. The family is the unit, the atom-soul of humanity. To achieve a harmonious family-life is to help on the whole of humanity to fulfil its own career.

If our daughters grew up in such pure unselfish ideals of their functions and duties, they would not need to be inoculated against dangers which for them would never exist. The purity and dignity of their own natures would be more than sufficient protection. We repeat: let our youth of both sexes be brought up in purity and self-command, their minds carefully kept free from all thoughts on the sex-question. And if their heredity has unfortunately rendered them prone to bad habits, treat them on the ground of health and decency. The plan of giving sex-instruction, no matter how delicately and carefully carried out, will do far more harm than good. It is *not* through want of this instruction that children err or incur danger; and therefore its bestowal cannot shield them. Its bestowal can, however, do additional harm and very probably will do it. The neglect to instruct a child as to his *higher* nature is a really serious neglect; and it is for want of just such instruction that people fall upon such desperate expedients as the one we have been considering above.

SAINT-GERMAIN: by P. A. M.

XII

MADAME DE GENLIS AND SAINT-GERMAIN



THE famous Madame de Genlis met Saint-Germain in her childhood. In her memoirs, (everybody wrote memoirs at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries) she gives us an interesting little sketch of him as she knew and remembered him. She protests against some of the silly gossip published about the time she wrote, but was not sharp enough to avoid some of the cunningly-sown details that were amiably spread abroad to catch such ears as hers. She calls him a charlatan. She knew absolutely nothing about the point.

What she says of her own reminiscences is doubtless correct enough, but when she goes off at the end into what she "heard," she is wide of the mark. The "dying terrors," "the terrible fear of an agitated conscience," and other details which she ought to have known enough not to repeat, have on them the stamp of overdoing that always betrays their origin. One thinks involuntarily of the last chapter of Mark, "verse nine to the end," where some pious hands cannot let us go without this same trail of the serpent, invented horrors and vague fears that actually found believers at one time. Now people know better and "some versions omit," etc. It is an old story.

One thing she tells us is especially interesting. It is about Saint-Germain's childhood as he described it. As in so many lives like his, it is possible to have facts which are facts and symbols too, or even symbols alone. In this case a wise student declares that Saint-Germain was talking the language of pure symbolism and obligingly gives us one meaning of what he said. We must not forget that even if he was much greater than his associates, he was still a Mason and could use Masonic symbolism legitimately. When that same student tells us that he was born at a certain place, he in his turn may be using symbolic language, and we shall have more to say upon the point later.

Madame de Genlis was born on January 25, 1746, and when she was a child she saw Count Saint-Germain in Paris. Judging from her account of him her acquaintance with him must have been about the year 1757 and before 1760, between the ages of eleven and fourteen.

In her *Mémoire*, published in 1825, she says:

But I have forgotten to speak of a very singular personage whom I saw almost every day for more than six months, before the departure of my father: this was the famous charlatan, comte de Saint-Germain. [Note. In the year 1813, in the Journal of the Empire for May, several characteristics have been quoted about this Count Saint-Germain, taken, they say, from the unpublished memoirs of a Baron de Gleinhau (Gleichen?): all these anecdotes are false and are related by some one who had never known this Count Saint-Germain].

He appeared then to be at the most forty-five years old, and from the testimony of people who had seen him thirty or thirty-five years before, it seems certain that he was much older; he was a little above medium height, well built and with a brisk step; his hair was black, his complexion deep brown, his physiognomy very spirituelle, his features regular. He spoke French perfectly without any accent, and also English, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was an excellent musician; he accompanied from memory on the clavecin any song, with a wonderful perfection at which I have seen Phillidor astonished, as well as at his style of playing his preludes. He was a good physician and a very great chemist; my father was a well-qualified judge and greatly admired his work in this line. He painted in oils, not in the very highest style as has been declared, but agreeably. He had found a secret of colors that was truly marvelous, rendering his pictures very extraordinary; he painted historical subjects in the grand style; he never failed to adorn his female figures with jewels and precious stones; then he used his colors to paint their ornaments, and the emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, etc., really had the brilliance, the reflections, and the glitter, of the stones they represented. Latour, Vanloo, and other painters, have been to see these pictures and have admired greatly the surprising workmanship of these dazzling colors, which had the effect of leaving the figures in the shade, destroying their balance by the power of their astonishing illusion. But for ornamental purposes great profit could have been made with Saint-Germain's singular colors, whose secret he would never disclose. M. Saint-Germain's conversation was instructive and amusing; he had traveled a great deal and knew modern history with an astonishing amount of detail, which made him speak of the most ancient people as if he had lived with them; but I have never heard him say anything likely. His principles were of the loftiest, he complied with all the exterior duties of religion with exactitude, he was very charitable, and every one agreed that his morals were the very purest. Also, his whole bearing and discourse were serious. However, one must confess that this man, so extraordinary in his talents and the extent of his knowledge and all that can merit personal consideration, knowledge, noble and dignified manners, and an exemplary conduct, wealth, and beneficence, that this man, I say, was a charlatan, or at least a man exalted by some private secrets which have certainly given him a robust health and a life longer than the ordinary life of men. I avow that I am persuaded, and my father believed it firmly, that M. de Saint-Germain, who appeared at that time to be at most forty-five years of age, was more than ninety. If people did not abuse everything they would reach a more advanced age than even that

of which one sometimes sees examples: without man's passions and his intemperance, *the age of man* would be a hundred years and a very long life *a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty years*. In such a case one would be as vigorous at ninety as a man of forty or fifty years; thus, my supposition as regards M. de Saint-Germain has nothing unreasonable about it, if one admits the supposition that he had found, by chemical means, the composition of a potion, especially of a liquor suited to his temperament; one could admit also without believing in the philosopher's stone, that he was at the time of which I speak of a much more advanced age than that which I give him. M. de Saint-Germain, during the first four months of our acquaintance, not only never said an extravagant thing, but did not even make a single extraordinary statement; there was even something so dignified and worthy of respect in his person, that my mother dared not question him as to the singularities that were attributed to him; finally, one evening, after having accompanied me by ear in several Italian songs, he told me that in four or five years I should have a beautiful voice, and he added: "And when you are seventeen or eighteen years old, would you not like very much to be fixed at that age, at least for a great number of years?" I replied that I should be charmed. "Well," he replied quite gravely, "I promise it to you," and immediately changed the subject.

These few words emboldened my mother; an instant later she asked him if it was true that Germany was his country. He shook his head with a mysterious air, and giving a profound sigh, replied, "All that I can tell you of my birth is that at the age of seven years I was wandering in the depths of the forests with my guardian, . . . and that there was a price put upon my head! . . ." These words made me shudder, for I did not doubt the sincerity of this great confidence. . . . "On the eve of my flight," continued M. de Saint-Germain, "my mother, whom I was never to see again! . . . attached her portrait to my arm!" . . . "Ah Dieu!" I exclaimed. At this M. de Saint-Germain looked at me, and appeared to be affected at seeing my eyes filled with tears. "I am going to show it to you," he continued. At these words he turned back his sleeve, and detached a bracelet perfectly painted in enamel, representing a very beautiful woman. I contemplated this portrait with the keenest emotion. M. de Saint-Germain added nothing and changed the conversation. When he had gone, I was much annoyed at hearing my mother laugh at *his proscription*, and the *queen his mother*, because this *price placed on his head at the age of seven years*, that flight in *the forests with a guardian*, gave us to understand that he was the son of a dethroned sovereign. . . . I believed and I wanted to believe this grand romance, so that my mother's pleasantries greatly upset me. After that day M. de Saint-Germain said nothing remarkable of that kind; I only heard him speak of music, arts, and curious things which he had seen during his voyages. He constantly gave me excellent bonbons in the form of fruits, which he assured me he had made himself; of all his talents this was not the one I esteemed the least. He also gave me a very curious bonbon box of which he had made the lid. The box, of black tortoise-shell, was very large; the top was ornamented with an agate much smaller than the lid; the

box was placed before the fire, in an instant, on taking it away, the agate was no more to be seen but in its place one could see a pretty miniature representing a shepherdess holding a basket full of flowers; this figure remained until the box was again heated, when the agate reappeared and hid the figure. This would be a pretty way of hiding a portrait. I have since invented a composition with which I imitate all sorts of stones sufficiently to deceive any one, and even transparent agates; this invention has made me guess the trick of the box of M. de Saint-Germain.

To finish all that has any connexion with this singular man I should say that fifteen or sixteen years later, when passing through Siena in Italy, I heard that he was living in that town and that they did not suppose he was more than fifty years old. Sixteen or seventeen years later, being in Holstein, I learnt from the Prince of Hesse, brother-in-law of the King of Denmark, and father-in-law of the Prince royal (now occupying the throne), that M. de Saint-Germain had died at the Prince's residence six months before my arrival in the country. The Prince had the kindness to answer all my questions about this famous personage; he told me that he looked neither aged nor broken down at the time of his death, but that he appeared to be consumed by an intolerable sadness. The Prince had given him apartments in his house and had made experiments in chemistry with him. M. de Saint-Germain had made his appearance in Holstein not with the appearance of poverty, but without a staff of servants and without any magnificence. He had then several beautiful diamonds.

He died of consumption. He showed in dying horrible terrors and even his reason was affected by them; it went to pieces completely two months before his death; everything about him showed the terrible fear of an agitated conscience. This tale troubled me, for I had retained much interest in this extraordinary personage.

ACCOUNT OF SAINT-GERMAIN AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XV BY
MADAME DU HAUSSET, LADY-IN-WAITING TO MADAME DE POMPADOUR
THE KING'S FAVORITE

M. de Saint-Germain said one day to the King: "In order to respect men it is necessary to be neither confessor nor minister nor lieutenant of police." The King said to him, "Nor King."

"Ah, Sire," said he, "you have seen the fog there was some days ago. It was impossible to see anything four steps away. Kings, (I speak in general terms) are surrounded by still thicker fogs, which intriguing courtiers and unfaithful ministers raise around them, and all classes are in league to make him see things under an aspect different from the true one."

I heard this from the mouth of the Count Saint-Germain when he was visiting Madame de Pompadour who was indisposed and in bed. The King came in and the count who was very welcome had been received. There were there M. de Gontaut, Madame de Brancas, and the Abbé de Bernis.

One day Madame said to him before me at her toilette, "What did Francis I look like? He is a King I should have loved." "He was also very amiable,"

said Saint-Germain; and he then described his face and his whole person as one does of a man whom one has looked at very thoroughly. "It is a pity that he was too hasty. I could have given him a good piece of advice which would have protected him against all his misfortunes . . . but he would not have followed it, for it seems that there is a kind of fatality that attaches itself to princes and makes them close their ears, that is to say their mental hearing, to the best policy, above all at the most critical moments."

"And the Constable," said Madame, "what do you think of him?"

"I cannot say too much good or too much bad," he replied.

"Was the court of Francis I very beautiful?"

"Very beautiful, but that of his grandson infinitely surpassed it; and at the time of Mary Stuart and of Marguerite de Valois, it was an enchanted country, the temple of pleasures; those of the mind blended together there. The two queens were very clever, making verses, and it was a pleasure to hear them."

Madame said to him laughing, "It seems that you saw all that."

"I have a good memory," he said, "and I have read much of the history of France. Sometimes I amuse myself, not in making people believe, but in letting them believe that I lived in the most ancient times."

"But in any case you do not tell your age and you give yourself out to be very old. The Countess de Gergy, who was fifty years ago, I think, ambassadress at Venice, says she knew you there exactly as you are today."

"It is true, Madame, that I knew Madame de Gergy a long time ago."

"But according to what she says, you must be more than a hundred years old now?"

"That is not impossible," he said laughing; "but I agree that it is even more possible that that lady, whom I respect, is in her dotage."

"You gave her," she says, "an elixir of astonishing virtue; she claims that she has stopped at the age of eighty for a long time. Why do you not give some of it to the King?"

"Ah, Madame," said he, with a sort of fright, "I should be ill advised to give the King an unknown drug; I should be mad to do so."

I went to my room to write this conversation. Some days later the King, Madame, some gentlemen, and the Count de Saint-Germain were discussing the secret he had of making spots disappear from diamonds. The King sent for a medium-sized diamond which had a spot. They had it weighed, and the King said to the Count: "It is valued at six thousand livres, but it would be worth ten without the spot. Will you undertake to make me gain four thousand francs?" He examined it well, and said: "It is possible, and in a month I will bring it to your Majesty."

A month later the count brought the diamond to the King without a spot; it was wrapped in an asbestos cloth which he took away with him. The King had it weighed, and it weighed about the same. The King sent it to his jeweler, without saying anything to him, by M. de Gontaut, who brought back nine thousand six hundred francs; but the king had it returned so that he could

keep it as a curiosity. He did not recover from his surprise, and he said that M. de Saint-Germain ought to be worth millions, especially if he had the secret of making big diamonds out of little ones.

To this he said neither yes nor no; but he positively asserted that he knew how to make pearls grow and how to give them the most perfect appearance. The King treated him with consideration, and so did Madame. It is she who told me what I am going to say.

M. Quesnay told me in regard to pearls: It is a disease of oysters and it is possible to learn the principle of it. Thus M. de Saint-Germain can enlarge pearls; but he is none the less a charlatan, since he has an elixir of life, and he also gives people to understand that he is several centuries old; besides this the man is a little affected, and sometimes speaks of being of a high parentage.

I have seen him several times; he appeared to be fifty years old; he was neither stout nor lean; he had a fine manner and bright, dressed very simply, but in good taste. He had very beautiful diamonds on his fingers as well as on his snuff-box and his watch. One day when the court was in full dress he came to Madame's apartment with his shoe buckles and garters holding such fine diamonds that Madame said she did not believe the King had such beautiful ones. He went into the anteroom to take them off and brought them to be seen more closely; and in comparing the stone with others, M. de Gontaut, who was there, said that they were worth at least two hundred thousand francs. That same day he had a snuff-box of infinite value, and ruby sleeve buttons which were very rich and extraordinary; and the King never suffered any one to speak of him with contempt or jokingly. They say that he is a bastard of the King of Portugal.

The Count de Saint-Germain came to Madame who was unwell and who was on the sofa, and showed her a little box which contained topazes, rubies, emeralds. It appeared that he had enough of them to form a large treasure. Madame called me to see all these beautiful things. I regarded them with astonishment, but I made signs behind Madame's back that I thought they were all false. The Count having looked for something in a portfolio twice as big as a spectacle-case, he took from it two or three little papers which he unfolded, showing a superb ruby, and disdainfully throwing aside on the table a little cross of white and green stones. I looked at it and said: "That is not so much to be despised, either."

I tried it on and I showed that I thought it pretty. The Count immediately begged me to accept it; I refused and he insisted. Madame also refused on my behalf. Finally he pressed me so insistently that Madame, who saw that it could scarcely be worth more than forty louis, made me a sign to accept. I took the cross, very well contented with the Count's charming manners; and Madame some days afterwards made him a present of an enameled box on which was the portrait of some Grecian sage whose name I forgot now, to compare with himself.

I showed the cross to the others and they said it was worth fifteen hundred

francs. He proposed to Madame to show her some portraits in enamel of Petitot, and Madame told him to return after dinner during the hunt. He showed his portraits and Madame said to him:

“They are talking of a charming story which you told a couple of days ago when you were at supper with the Premier and of which you were witness fifty or sixty years ago.”

He smiled and said:

“It is rather long.”

“So much the better,” said Madame, and she appeared charmed. M. de Gontaut and the ladies arrived and the door was closed. Then Madame made me a sign to take a seat behind a screen. The count made many excuses as to the possibility of the story being wearisome. He said that sometimes one could tell a story passing well and that at other times it was a different matter.

“The Marquis de Saint-Gilles was Spanish Ambassador at The Hague at the beginning of this century. In his younger days he had known very well the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest lords of the country. Some months after his arrival at The Hague, he received a letter from the Count, who, invoking his friendship, begged him to do him one of the greatest of services. ‘You know,’ he said, ‘my dear Marquis, the disappointment I have had in not being able to perpetuate the name of Moncade; it pleased heaven a short time after I left you to hear my prayers and to grant me a son; he has early manifested the inclinations worthy of a man of his birth, but unfortunately he has become enamoured of the leading actress of the troupe of comedians in Toledo. I shut my eyes to this vagary of a young man who until then has only given me satisfaction. But having learnt that passion had carried him to the point of wanting to marry this girl, and that he had promised it to her in writing, I petitioned the king to have her imprisoned. My son learning my procedure, anticipated me, and has fled with the object of his passion. I do not know his movements for the past six months but I have some reason to think that he is at The Hague.’

“The Count then begged the Marquis in the name of friendship to make the minutest search for him and to get him to return home.

“‘It is only right,’ said the Count, ‘to set the girl up in life if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage, and I leave it to you to settle the amount she should have, and also the sum necessary to send my son in a suitable manner to Madrid. I do not know if you are a father,’ said the Count in conclusion, ‘but if you are, you can form an idea of my distress.’

“The Count gave with this letter an exact description of his son and his mistress. The Marquis had no sooner received the letter than he sent round to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, but in vain, for he could discover nothing. He was beginning to despair of his search having any success when he conceived the idea of employing a young French page who was very wide-awake. He promised him a reward if he succeeded in discovering the person in whom he was so keenly interested and he gave him the description. The page for several days went round all the public places with-

out success; finally one evening at the theater, he perceived in a loge the young man and a woman whom he was attentively regarding; and having noticed that struck with his attention, the young man and the woman retired to the back of the box, the page no longer doubted that he had succeeded in his search. He did not lose the box from sight and carefully watched all that went on. At the moment when the piece finished he went to the passage that led from the boxes to the door and he noticed that the young man passing him observed the livery he wore and tried to hide himself by putting his handkerchief to his face. He followed them unostentatiously to the inn called the 'Viscomte de Turenne' which he saw them enter together. Sure of having found what he was looking for, he ran quickly to tell the ambassador. The Marquis de Saint-Gille immediately put on his cloak and followed by the page and two servants, went to the 'Vicomte de Turenne.' After arriving at the inn, he asked the landlord for the room of the young man and woman who had been lodging there for some time. The landlord at first made difficulties in asking him to give the name of the one he wished to see. The page told him to observe that he was talking to the Spanish ambassador who had good reason to speak to these persons. The landlord said that they did not want to be recognized and that they had forbidden that any one should be taken to their room without giving the names; but out of consideration for the ambassador he pointed out the room and took them to the top of the house to a wretched room. He knocked at the door and there was some delay in opening; then having knocked again more sharply, the door was half opened and at the sight of the ambassador and his suite the one who had half-opened it wanted to shut it again, saying that there had been some mistake. The ambassador pushed the door violently open and made signs to his people to await him outside. Alone in the room he saw a young man, of very good figure, and whose features were exactly those given in the description. With him was a young woman, beautiful, of very good figure and equally corresponding to the description given by his friend the Count de Moncade, as regards her hair, her figure, and her features. The young man spoke first and complained of the violence that had been used to enter the apartment of a stranger in a free country, and who was living there under the protection of the laws. The ambassador replied as he advanced and embraced him:

" 'It is no use pretending here, my dear Count. I know you and I have not come to annoy you nor this young lady, who appears to be very charming.'

"The young man replied that there was a mistake, that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant at Cádiz; that the young lady was his wife, and that they were traveling for pleasure.

"The ambassador cast his eyes round the room, which was very badly furnished with a single bed, and saw the very meager baggage here and there.

" 'My child,' he said 'my tender friendship for your father authorizes me to call you so — is this the proper place for the son of the Count of Moncade to live?'

"All the time the young man made as if he could not understand this language.

Finally, overcome by the insistence of the ambassador, he avowed, weeping, that he was the son of Moncade, but declared that he would never return to his father, if he had to abandon a young woman whom he adored. The woman, bursting into tears, threw herself at the knees of the ambassador, telling him that she did not want to be the cause of the ruin of the Viscount de Moncade, and her generosity, or rather her love triumphing over her own interest, she consented for his happiness, she said, to separate from him. The ambassador admired her wonderful unselfishness. The young man gave way to despair, blaming his mistress and did not want to abandon her at all, nor to have her turn against herself, in the sublime generosity of her heart.

“The ambassador tells him that the intention of the Count de Moncade is not to make her unhappy, and he announces that he is charged to give her a suitable amount for her return to Spain, or for her to live in any place she pleases. The nobility of her sentiments and the sincerity of her tenderness, inspire him, he says, with the greatest interest and obliges him to make as high as possible the sum which he is authorized to give her; and in consequence, he promises her ten thousand florins, about thirty thousand francs, which will be given to her the moment she returns the promise of marriage which had been given to her, and as soon as the Count has taken an apartment at the embassy, and promised to return to Spain. The young woman appears not to observe the amount, only thinking of her lover, of the grief of parting from him, of the cruel sacrifice which reason and her own love oblige her to make. Then drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage signed by the Count, she says:

“‘I know his heart too well to have need of it.’

“She kisses it several times with transport, and gives it to the ambassador, who is surprised at such magnanimity. He promises the young woman that he will always take an interest in her future, and assures the count that his father pardons him. With open arms, he says, he receives the prodigal son returning to the bosom of his sorrowing family; the heart of a father is an inexhaustible mine of tenderness. What will be the happiness of his friend, so long afflicted, when he learns this news, and how happy he will be to know that he is the instrument of such felicity!

“Such is the discourse of the ambassador, and the young man appears keenly affected. The ambassador who fears that during the night, love may reassert its empire, and will triumph over the generous resolve of the young woman, presses the young Count to follow him to his mansion. The tears and the grief of this cruel separation are difficult to describe. The ambassador is keenly affected and promises his protection to the young woman. The Count's few belongings are no trouble to carry, and he finds himself installed that evening in the ambassador's most beautiful apartment. The latter is full of joy at having returned to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its splendors and of the magnificent domains of which it is the possessor.

“The next day, on rising, the young Count sees tailors, cloth-merchants, and lace-makers arrive, and he has only to choose. Two valets and three lackeys are in his antechamber, chosen by the ambassador among the most capable and

best of their class; they present themselves to him and declare that they are at his service. The ambassador shows the young Count the letter which he has just written to his father, in which he congratulates him on having a son whose sentiments and qualities respond to the nobility of his blood, and he announces his prompt return. The young lady is not forgotten. He avows owing partly to her generosity the submission of her lover and does not doubt that the Count will approve his gift to her of ten thousand florins. This sum was remitted the same day to the noble and interesting person in question, and she lost no time in departing.

“The preparations for the Count’s journey were made; a magnificent wardrobe and an excellent carriage were embarked at Rotterdam on a vessel leaving for France, and the Count’s passage was taken so that he could proceed from France to Spain. A fairly large sum of money was given to the young Count at his departure, with letters of credit on Paris for large sums, and the parting between the ambassador and the young nobleman was most touching.

“The ambassador awaited with impatience for the reply of the Count de Moncade and imagining himself in his place, enjoyed his friend’s pleasure. At the end of four months he received the long and eagerly expected reply, and it would be in vain to try and picture the astonishment of the ambassador on reading the words:

“ ‘Heaven, my dear Marquis, has never accorded me the satisfaction of being a father. Loading me with possessions and honors and yet making me the last of an illustrious race, it has rendered my life the more bitter thereby. I see with extreme regret that you have been deceived by a young adventurer who has abused the knowledge he possessed of our ancient friendship. But your excellence must not be the loser for it. It is very true that the Count of Moncade is the one you wished to oblige, and he must recompense what your generous friendship has advanced in order to procure him a happiness which he would have deeply felt. I hope then, M. le Marquis, that your Excellency will find no difficulty in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand French louis, in accordance with the account you sent me.’ ”

The manner in which the Count de Saint-Germain made the young adventurer, his mistress, and the ambassador speak, made his audience weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every point, and the adventurer surpasses in cleverness even Guzmán de Alfarache, as those who heard the story say. Madame had the idea of making it into a play, and the Count sent her the story in writing. So I have copied it here.



As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man when he has done a good act does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act.—*M. Aurelius Antoninus*

SCIENTIFIC GHOSTOLOGY: by H. Travers, M. A.



A RECENT writer on the subject of Ghosts — Professor Schrenk-Notzing—thinks that modern thought is reverting to ancient necromantic practices.

He says that science is not telling the whole truth about psychic research; but is keeping silent about one matter which is the most important of all. What is this matter on which, as he charges, the investigators are keeping silent? To quote him:

We hear a great deal about the wonderful phenomena of “cross-correspondences,” by which, it is maintained, evidence is being furnished of the operation of one mind, independent of an external to the experimenters and the medium. We hear of wonderful occurrences. . . . We hear nothing at all about the effects, moral and physical, which attend the evocation of these phenomena —

And what are these moral and physical effects, as to which science is (according to the Professor) concealing the truth? We continue: — of the permanent undermining of health and character and well-being which result from them, and of the terrible disorder which the disclosures emanating from this source are apt to produce in the social and family life.

These are grave charges. To proceed to detail:

Sir William Barrett was constrained some years ago to declare that “he had observed the steady downward course of mediums who sit regularly,” and so open-minded an investigator as Sir William Crookes wrote, after his experiments with Home: “I could scarcely doubt that the evolution of psychic force is accompanied by a drain on vital force.”

Lombroso declared that, after a séance, the medium is overcome by morbid sensitiveness, hyperaesthesia, photophobia, and often by hallucinations and delirium, during which she asks to be guarded from harm. There are also serious disturbances of digestion, and paralysis of the legs, so that she has to be carried and assisted to undress. Another medium mentioned by Schrenk-Notzing awoke from the trance in a state of absolute exhaustion, having lost much blood. As a general thing, he adds, it was two days before the medium recovered from the prostration.

We are told that few men of science believe that the dead are trying to communicate with us. What poverty of imagination! This comes of living in a world of abstractions dubbed realities, till all the reality is driven out of life. The idea of a universe in which

the dead are experimenting and speculating on one side of a wall, while we are speculating and experimenting on the other, in mutual fatuous attempts to establish communication, is something that passes power of description. What a revelation it would be if the experimenters on this side could see the denizens of those murky regions that are holding out their hands to those so eager to grasp them. These denizens of the astral realm are not devils; neither are they human spirits. They are, in the vast majority of cases, human shells; or, semi-conscious elementals.

At times, in reading of such experiments and speculation, it flashes into the mind that a large and representative section of our thinkers positively do not realize what man is or what life means; the whole business seems conceived on so small a scale that one is reminded of the proverbial cheesemonger's outlook on life. Materialism has many facets, but it always narrows the vision; and to a considerable extent vision has been of the microscopic order — not adapted for viewing things as a whole. Too much living in an imaginary world has contributed to a limitation of vision that makes such speculations seem not absurd. But to people of imagination, poets, artists, historians, mathematicians, philosophers, to anyone who views human life on the larger scale, there is the greater, the larger world.

There have always been attempts at evocation and they have always been unseemly. For the only things that can be evoked are the decaying remnants or "shells" of what was once a human being. If there be any men competent to summon back *the Soul* from its place of rest to the purlieus of earth, such are not to be found among the adepts of physical materialism, nor among the dignitaries of churches. Nor is it easy to imagine what occasion could warrant such an evocation. Rather than seek so to drag down the liberated Soul, we should aspire to purify our own lives to the point of being able to understand the mysteries of life and death and *to live in those realms of thought where Death does not hold his sway*. For bereavement is a condition of our ignorance, and is inevitable as long as our conscious life is centered in the phenomena of the physical plane and restricted solely to the concerns of mundane life.

In this connexion we may remember the vogue enjoyed a generation or so ago by hypnotism, and mark how it has since abated. The dangers have been found to outweigh any possible advantages.

The methods at present claimed by materialism as peculiarly its own are of their very nature unadapted to the discovery of useful knowledge as to the fate of the Soul after death, but eminently calculated to bring to light any purely materialistic phenomena that may be connected with the subject.

The present cycle of civilization has reached a stage in its evolution at which it has developed forces that are incompatible with each other; and the result has therefore been a catastrophe. The sequel may be either a change for the better, or, failing that, further catastrophes in the future. Fortunately the crisis may be expected to afford an opportunity for the aroused conscience and intelligence of our race, so that we may hope to see the beginning of a new order of life. This new order must involve the principle of discipline in the real sense of the word; discipline imposed, not by force, but by the common obligation recognized by everybody to respect those high ideals that constitute the essential vitality of a race. We have been living too much at hap-hazard; and liberty of action, so excellent in itself, has swung too far in the direction of license and non-control. Science has advanced so far that the question of *motive* becomes all-important for it, in order that its achievements be not perverted to ignoble and destructive uses. Those who have insight are aware that psychism is fraught with great danger to civilization, and all the warnings uttered by Theosophists in this regard have been justified by events; further justification can be avoided by heeding them now. For psychism, if pursued under the conditions that now obtain, must inevitably result in disaster. The pursuit is thrown open to all and sundry without the slightest safeguard or guarantee; while uncontrolled desire, self-love, idle curiosity, and ignorance, vie with each other among the motive powers that inspire the quest.

A greater self-knowledge and self-control in the individual is the one thing that will be needed in the immediate future for the up-building of a renovated and stable order of society; and so the question of education occupies the center of the field. The controlling power in man is his own higher nature; but this cannot act unless by his *mind* he effects a junction between the higher and the lower. At present he is not trained to do this. On the contrary, self-love is generally made the ruling motive; but luckily there has been enough naturally good and inherited stamina in the race to counteract a good deal of the injurious tendency. But we cannot live for

ever on our capital, and the race will grow more sophisticated and morally infirm unless some change is made. Nor is the suggestion to abandon children to their natural caprices of any use; for these caprices are of a mixed nature, and it is the harmful ones that find the most fertile soil. We must be able to guide and protect our children morally, even as we guide and protect them physically. It is for this that they are intrusted to us as parents and guardians.

The above may seem like a digression from our original topic, but it is not so. What men want to know is how they are to avoid aimless wandering into mischievous bypaths, whether in psychism, vivisection, the invention of engines of wholesale destruction, or what not. And the answer is as above — by proper education.

There is but one sure way to obtain direct knowledge concerning the mysteries of life and death; and that is to awaken dormant *spiritual* (not psychic) perceptions. And these, as all Teachers assure us, cannot coexist with any form of blind selfishness or selfish passion. Such direct knowledge, therefore, is necessarily reserved for the wise and selfless. But ordinary intelligence, even though denied direct knowledge, finds the highest possible approximation thereto in the results of unerring logic applied to an unprejudiced observation of the facts of life. There is also the Secret Knowledge, the traditional philosophy, of the human race; but as this is not recognized, we do not more than mention it.

What is known to us as a human “personality” is an unstable compound, whose coherence is temporarily effected by the fact of its embodiment and by the terrestrial conditions pertaining to that embodiment. The decay of the body, the removal of the conscious entity from terrestrial life, means the break-up of the personality (*not* of the Individuality), as though the center-pin were knocked out. There is a genuine decomposition, which one might illustrate by a chemical analogy: from the stable compound, sulphate of copper, remove the copper; the remaining SO_4 group is no longer coherent, but splits up, and its constituents may enter into fresh combinations with extraneous matters. And thus it is the body that holds together the conflicting elements that go to make up man. Take away the body; and the self-conscious human mind, having now no fit physical vehicle through which to manifest itself and perform its functions, retires, and its lower vehicles decompose. The immortal essence is withdrawn and retires into ineffable peace; a vestige or

imprint of intelligence is left behind and for a while animates the "shell." If *natural* processes are allowed to act, this shell soon disintegrates, being cut off from its root—and this is the "second death." By vampirizing the living, it can temporarily recreate a simulacrum of the erstwhile personality, and thus perhaps pose as a lost relative returned; and this is *unnatural*, i. e., artificially induced.

It is easy to understand from the above how there *may be* enough left of a deceased one to constitute, together with the vital magnetism provided by medium and sitters, a plausible imitation of the deceased. But it is improbable that circumstances would bring together these factors, and it is much more likely that the phantom evoked contains nothing whatever of the departed one. The medium is a sort of vital reservoir or machine, ready to unconsciously impersonate anything; and the minds of the sitters contain the characters to be impersonated.

In *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 244) we find the author quoting a French Kabalist, Éliphas Lévi, and subjoining her own commentary, as follows:

The soul has three dwellings. These dwellings are: the plane of the mortals; the superior Eden; and the inferior Eden. (*Lévi*)

The Soul (collectively, as the upper Triad) lives on three planes, besides its fourth, the terrestrial sphere; and it *exists* eternally on the highest of the three. These dwellings are: Earth for the physical man, or the animal Soul; Kâma-loka (Hades, the Limbo) for the disembodied man, or his *Shell*; Devachan for the higher Triad. (*Commentary*)

Thus, apart from the Soul's eternal existence, it has three abodes of life. With its physically embodied life we are familiar, though perhaps we cannot be said to understand much about it. Its spiritual life is, in modern literature, a vagary of religious controversy. About the abode of the "shell," nothing is understood at all, but the facts have always been recognized by ancient races, as they are still by the races we call primitive. The ancient teachings, beliefs, and practices, relating to the *shade* and its Limbo, are often treated by modern scholars as though they represented beliefs as to the destiny of the immortal *Spirit*; and thus much learned ignorance is displayed.

ON THE OTHER SIDE: by Stanley Fitzpatrick

CHAPTER III

THE GOVERNOR IS FOUND



GOVERNOR Milton had enjoyed an excellent dinner in the company of a number of guests, and they had retired to the library to discuss important political and business affairs.

Mrs. Milton with her friend Mrs. Weisman were conversing together in the drawing-room. They had been old school-mates and the closest sympathy and affection existed between them. They were just leaving the room to go up to Mrs. Milton's more cosy little sitting-room when their attention was arrested by a commotion at the door.

"What is it, James?" inquired Mrs. Milton.

"Why, ma'am, all these people are determined to come in. They want to see the Gov'ner, but I tell 'em it's no use, and they must go to his office tomorrow. But they will not listen to that."

"Why yes," said Mrs. Milton gently, to the woman who was forcing her way past the footman, "that is the proper time and place to see my husband."

"But I've waited there all day and couldn't see him," cried Mrs. Hewit; "an' tomorrow it'll be too late. It's about Jimmy, my boy, ma'am, an' they're agoin' to hang him for what he's never done. O lady!" she went on, emboldened by the expression on the sweet sympathetic countenance before her, "O lady, if you have a son you will know how I feel! They say your husband can save him — that all he has to do is jist to write his name on a paper. I'll kneel down in the dust and kiss your feet if you'll only persuade him to do it for us."

"Bring them in here, Agnes," spoke Mrs. Weisman from the drawing-room door.

They went in and the door was closed. Here the stricken mother poured out her tale of woe, and for the first time that day she wept; while the two ladies, each holding one of her rough, toil-worn hands, mingled their tears with hers.

"Shore, shore he'll listen to you," Mrs. Hewit concluded. "Take me to him an' let me tell him what a good boy Jimmy always has been. An' he's innocent of murder. Why it's a awful thing to kill my boy—my little Jimmy! An' Anne; they was goin' to get married."

"O Clara, what *can* I do?" said Mrs. Milton appealing to her friend.

"Do what she asks of you."

"But Robert — you know him — what will he say? How dare I intrude on him — and bring these?"

"Dear Agnes, we must dare many things for the sake of justice and right."

"I'll do it," said Mrs. Milton. "Come."

Mrs. Hewit and Anne both started forward eagerly, but Mrs. Weisman laid a detaining hand on Dave's arm, saying kindly: "Wouldn't it be best to let the women go alone?"

"Well, ma'am, I reckon it would," said Dave.

"Then you can sit here and wait for them."

"You've been kind — mighty kind to us, you an' the other lady. I hope you'll both git paid back for it. But thankin' you, I'll go outside and wait."

With a wildly beating heart Mrs. Milton led the way to the library. She was afraid of her husband; she always had been afraid of him. Frail in body, her gentle nature had ever been dominated and overborne by his strong obstinate masculinity. She trembled now at the audacity of her decision. But all the woman and the mother in her had been aroused, and she could not allow this wretched mother to miss even the shadow of a chance to save her son.

Without waiting to knock, Mrs. Milton opened the door and stepped into the room followed by the others. The gentlemen all rose; a frown gathered on the brow of the Governor.

"Well," he said, "this is a most untimely and I must say an unwelcome interruption of an important business conference. Who are these people? those who have been annoying me all day? And it is useless, perfectly useless; for as you well know I always refuse to interfere with the course of the law. I can do nothing for them."

"O sir," cried Mrs. Hewit, clasping her hands and taking a step forward, "you don't know what a good boy Jimmy has always been! He never killed nobody — he couldn't a done sich a thing. Why he'd never kill even a little bird; but tamed 'em so they'd come all round him. He's all I have left—my youngest boy. You shore won't take him from me!"

"I am not taking your son, madam; it is the law that does it."

"But you can change it: an' it's a wicked law that kills the innocent; an' Jimmy never hurt nobody."

"They all say that. I cannot do anything for him."

"O Robert," murmured his wife, appealingly, "can't you at least grant a short reprieve, or commute the sentence to imprisonment?"

A murmur of approval arose among the gentlemen present.

"O sir, let my boy live even if it's in prison," implored the mother. "Killin' him can't do anybody any good no more'n lettin' live can do any harm. Won't you jist let him have a little more time? Maybe something will come up to show he is innocent."

"Yes do, sir, please do," pleaded Anne, weeping bitterly. "Jimmy didn't kill the man; it was some one who swore it on him that done it."

"I have given my answer — I cannot change it," said the Governor. "Agnes, you are responsible for this very unpleasant scene. Please take these women away."

"Come," said Mrs. Milton, taking Mrs. Hewit's arm to lead her away. But near the door the latter stopped, and looking back wildly, cried in shrill tones:

"Isn't he goin' to do anything? All you gentlemen, you look like kind folks; won't you try to persuade him not to let Jimmy be hung tomorrow? O my God! it's tomorrow!"

"Agnes, take this woman away; or shall I call James to do it?"

But Mrs. Hewit turned, and holding out her hand before her like one suddenly stricken blind she staggered out of the room. Anne helped her through the hall and at the door Dave gave her the support of his strong arm.

While Mrs. Milton, weeping bitterly, was being comforted by her friend, the wretched mother was hastening blindly toward the prison where Dave had secured a permit for her admission into the building where her son was.

"O Clara," sobbed Mrs. Milton, "this thing will haunt me to my dying day. Just think if that poor boy should die innocent, and I believe he will. That woman is so certain — I believe her mother's instinct is true."

"Say rather her intuition. Yes, I am afraid a dreadful mistake has been made."

"And a mistake that can never, never be remedied. That poor mother! and we can do nothing — nothing to right these wrongs."

“Yes, Agnes, we can. We can direct all our mental and moral forces toward the abolishment of capital punishment.”

“O, but think what we have to fight against! It seems as if all the weight of the world was arrayed in opposition. Clara, I never dreamed of the power of these political machines till I heard the conversation of people who come here to see Robert. It seems that they rule and dominate everything.”

“Well, strong as they are, they will have to yield in the end to the power of truth and right. The time is coming when recognition of the great fact — a fundamental fact in nature — of the brotherhood of mankind will reign. Then, and only then, will these abuses be swept away.”

“I know that is your belief — I wish I had your strong brain. You know, Clara, Robert dislikes all these opinions and disapproves of the meetings at your house.”

“I am well aware of it; but I shall nevertheless continue my weekly evenings at home and invite whomsoever I choose to my house.”

“But if he forbids my going what shall I do?”

“My dear,” replied Mrs. Weisman, “that is for you to decide. I cannot interfere between a husband and wife. Each soul must decide what its own duty is, and walk in that path according to its own strength.”

“But Robert is so obstinate in his opinions, so — so dominating.”

“Perhaps, Agnes, you are somewhat to blame for that. You have always yielded to him in everything, have you not?”

“I have *had* to, Clara. You do not know him as I do. He will have his own way.”

“But do you think it good for anybody to always have his own way?”

“I never thought of it in that way.”

“But don’t you think we should try to prevent people from injuring themselves and others?”

“Why, of course, if it were anything serious.”

“Well, I don’t think anything can more warp and spoil a character than obstinacy and a love of ruling exercised constantly and unchecked.”

“You think we should oppose such persons?”

“When our *own* duties and responsibilities are concerned I cer-

tainly do. Each one is a living soul with whose growth and development no one has a right to interfere — not even those nearest and dearest to us. That inner sanctuary we must guard no matter what else we sacrifice.”

“I wish, Clara, that I were as strong and wise as you.”

“You are. If people only knew that each has within his own heart the unfailing source of all wisdom and power. But each must open up that fountain for himself; no one can do it for another. Goodbye, dear; I hear my auto at the door.”

“Come again soon and give me some of your strength.”

“Look for your own, Agnes, and you will find it.”

CHAPTER IV JUSTICE IS SATISFIED

The fatal act had been consummated. Every part had been carried out with calm precision. Those appointed to the task had simply performed a duty; an unpleasant duty it might have been, yet they had all been willing to assume such duties — with the salaries and emoluments thereto pertaining.

The doctor was there to watch critically the death agony; to note the minutes and seconds of its duration; to count the last fluttering pulsebeat of the unfortunate youth.

The clergyman was there, the exponent of Christ's life and teaching, to give the sanction of the church and religion to the killing of a human being.

But Jimmy had up to the last rejected the consolation offered by the church. When the clergyman exhorted him to confess his crimes and make his peace with God, he steadfastly affirmed his innocence, and said that he would tell no lies to God nor to anybody else.

“I don't remember any great sins I ever done, an' if God lets me be hung when I didn't kill anybody what's the use of askin' any favors of Him any more than of Gov'nor Milton? I don't reckon He hears much about sich as me anyhow.”

“But my poor brother, you wish to enter heaven, do you not?”

“I don't want to go to heaven — leastways not now, I want to go home and take care of mother an' Anne. No, Mister, all I've asked for was a square deal an' I hain't got it; that all.”

“No, he hain't,” said his mother. “It's no use talkin' to Jimmy 'bout mercy an' forgiveness an' sich like. He don't want that — he

wants right an' justice. But they won't give him no chance. They wouldn't give him a little time, a month even. An' I do shorely b'lieve if I only had that time I could go 'mong them people an' git some of 'em to tell the truth of the matter. But they won't give me time — they won't."

"But my good woman we must abide by the law and be resigned to the will of God!"

"No, Mister, me an' Jimmy, we don't want to hear no sich talk. An' you call Jimmy yer brother! If he was yer brother or son you'd talk an' do diff'rent. Why don't you go to that man, with a heart like a rock, an' tell him *he's* the murderer for hangin' my pore innocent boy. Jimmy never told no lies about it. If you *are* a Christian why don't you go to them men that made sich laws an' tell 'em they're wrong? Thar'd be some sense in that stid o' comin' here tryin' to argy innocent people into bein' willin' to be hung. Maybe you mean well — but you can't do good here. You'd better go; we don't want strangers 'round now."

Before Mrs. Hewit went to her last interview with her son she had regained her composure and kept it to the end. For his sake she sternly put by all expression of her own anguish and despair. When the last hope was extinguished Jimmy also became calm and self-poised, and spoke quietly to his mother of her future now to be deprived of his care and protection.

"I told you t'other day that I was afeard — but I ain't now; nobody must think I was a coward. I want you an' Dave to tell the folks in the Hills that I wasn't feared at the last. An' tell 'em, mother, that I *wasn't no murderer.*"

"They all won't never b'lieve you was, Jimmy," said his mother. "The Hill folks ain't like the folks here."

"I wish I'd stayed with 'em; but it ain't any good wishin' for anything now. Anne, don't you fret too much. I want you to stay by mother, jist as if we'd been married; won't you, honey? I'd love to see the spring under the big rock. An' the logs are there too, that I handled for the beginnin' of our house. We'll never build it now, Anne. Let 'em be — an' if somebody else wants an' needs to live there let 'em do it an' don't mind."

Poor Anne could only answer by clasping her hand more closely and bathing it with her tears.

"An', mother," the boy went on, "I want to be buried in that

little openin' under the big fir tree, the silver fir that shines so in the sun an' looks so pretty in the moonlight. I reckon they'll let you do that anyway. I can jist shut my eyes an' see the woods now — the prettiest time in the year. I was 'lowin' to be back for 'Thanks-givin'. Why, mother, I can't hardly make it seem real sometimes that I'll never go home, or marry Anne, or see any of the good old neighbors an' friends any more. If I'd really killed somebody it might be different — but to be hung *for nothin'* — it's hard mother — it shore is!"

Then Jimmy slid to the floor, and sat at his mother's feet as he had done when a child, and laid his head on her knees. Anne sat beside him, and the boy and girl who had been lovers all their brief, happy lives twined their arms about each other knowing that a violent and shameful death, sanctioned by law and religion, would part them in the morning.

Jimmy was the youngest and last of five sturdy sons. Two had sailed away on a ship that never sailed into any port. One had lost his life by an accident; and one had died when his father died of a virulent fever, contracted while attending some of his neighbors who were ill with it. Jimmy only was left, and with his gay smile and bright sunny nature, had become the pride and joy of her life. She had no daughter, but she loved Anne and looked forward to seeing her grandchildren growing around her.

All these memories surged through her mind as she sat staring at the wall while her rough, toil-worn hands caressed the bent head, and smoothed the silken curls so soon to be hidden from her sight in the gloom of the grave.

As if in answer to her thoughts, between intervals of silence, when at times he even dozed a little, the boy rambled on about childish days and memories, and of the things he had intended to do. And so the night passed and the sun rose in a cloudless sky. Jimmy knew how the hills and mountain sides looked today, arrayed in their gorgeous autumn coloring. He could see the flaming red and yellow of hickory and sumach; the gold and brown and crimson of the maple; the myriad tints of the oak, birch, and mountain ash. He thought of the still, shadowy pine woods, with their long aisles and dim vistas, shot with beams of quivering sunlight; of the frisky squirrel and chipmunk and the little birds who knew him for a friend, and came so fearlessly near him. And then swiftly rose the vision of the great

rock, of the clear spring, and of the logs to build the home for Anne.

The stir of life, of prison life, went on around him. They brought him breakfast and he drank some coffee and took a little food. His mother and Anne were sent away, and Dave, kind, faithful Dave, had said goodbye.

He was led out into the sunlight; he saw the gallows in black outline against the calm, blue sky. He mounted the steps and looked down on the faces below: there were the officers of the law; the teachers of the Gospel; physicians; invited guests to whom the killing of this boy was an interesting if horrible performance. He wished no prayers said; in a clear voice he once more asserted his innocence.

Then the frank, boyish face was hidden; the bright young life was quenched. To what purpose? To what end?

Mrs. Hewit had sat silently in her room, her face buried in her hands until the time had passed when they knew that all was over. Then she rose suddenly and prepared to go out. Without question or comment Dave and Anne accompanied her into the street.

To their surprise she walked rapidly toward the Capitol, entered, and made her way to the office of the Executive, her companions following in half-dazed silence. She opened the door of the outer office, passed in, and without a word or glance at any one made straight for the door of the inner room, which she had nearly reached before any of the clerks or numerous other persons now present thought of intercepting her.

Before she could open the door, however, it was suddenly thrown open and the Governor stepped out, followed and surrounded by half a dozen gentlemen with whom he had been in conference. They all paused at sight of the woman confronting them, his excellency frowning heavily.

Her face was pale and haggard, dress and hair disordered; but in her somber eyes was a look not good to see. Stepping in front of the Governor who would have passed her, and raising her hand with a commanding gesture, she spoke.

"You would not see me yesta'day, goin' out by back ways an' keepin' me all that time away from Jimmy. Las' night you drove me like a dog out of your grand house. You wouldn't listen to reason nor common human feelin' an' now it's too late. But now you've got to hear what I have to say. My boy was innocent an' you let them murder him; yes, I say *murder!* I prayed to you to wait, only

a little month till we could prove it; but you wouldn't — when it couldn't harm nobody — you wouldn't, you refused; an' I curse you for it.

“ I pray God a mother's curse may follow you — that you may lose your money an' friends, and your place an' power. You're not fitten to hold it. If you have a son I pray that he may be trapped an' tempted like my boy was, an' that he may die as Jimmy has. I curse an' hope disgrace and shame an' grief may be poured out on your stony heart till it breaks as mine broke today.

“ You had to hear me, an' you can't help thinkin' o' my words, an' the curse 'll come to you an' your'n; an' may neither God or man pity you.”

When the woman ceased, she gazed at the man with dry burning eyes for a moment. Then her uplifted hand fell heavily at her side and turning abruptly she strode swiftly from the room.

By this time the hall was filled with a crowd of curious listeners who parted silently and made way for Mrs. Hewit and her companions, who went as they came and were seen no more. But many who heard her words that day had cause long after to remember them.

Twenty-four hours later two farm wagons drew up before the cabin in the edge of the pine woods where Jimmy had been born and had lived his brief happy life. A group of the mountain people from far and near, were waiting to receive their afflicted neighbor; the men with uncovered heads and the women silently weeping.

Friendly hands assisted Mrs. Hewit and Anne from one wagon, while the coffin was lifted reverently from the other. Then it was borne through the forest aisles with the shafts of golden October sunlight filtering through, and falling on it like fleeting touches from tender, loving hands.

The grave was ready under the silver fir, and there in silence, save from the low sobbing of the women, the body of Jimmy was lowered to its last resting place.

When Mrs. Hewit entered her desolate house the people noticed that her erect and vigorous form was now bent and trembling as of one stricken in years; and that her dark hair had grown white.

(To be continued)