

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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Gold must be tried by fire,  
As the heart must be tried by pain.

From *Cleansing Fires*, Adelaide Ann Procter.

## PEACE AND WAR: by J. H. Fussell



THE first International Peace Congress was planned in Boston and held in London in 1843. The second, held in Brussels was also due to an American, Elihu Burritt. Victor Hugo presided over the third, in Paris, in 1849; the fourth was held in Frankfort in 1850, and the fifth in London in 1851, the year of the first International Exposition.

No other Peace Congresses were held until 1889, since which time they have been held in many of the great cities of Europe and America.

The first Peace Society was likewise born in the United States, being founded by David L. Dodge in 1815. Three such societies were founded in that year. Today Peace Societies exist in almost every country of the world.

Looking back only three hundred years to see what has immediately preceded and led up to the efforts now being made, we find the names recorded of many notable advocates of Peace. Only a few can be mentioned here: Henry IV of France who conceived the "Great Design" as it was called, of bringing about the federation and peace of all Europe; Hugo Grotius, the Dutch author, a contemporary of Henry IV, who in 1625 published his famous work, *On the Rights of Peace and War*, denouncing the frequent quarrels of Christian Princes and pleading for arbitration; George Fox, the great founder of the Society of Friends; William Penn, another noble-hearted Quaker, who in 1693 wrote his memorable *Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe*, and who in his treatment of the North American Indians and his recognition of inter-racial rights and responsibilities set an example of peace and just dealing that will shine through the pages of history

for all time. Had his example been followed, one of the greatest blots, of injustice to the Red Man, would not have stained the pages of American history.

We must mention too Queen Margarita of Sweden, the Peace Maiden, who united the Scandinavian countries; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, whose counsels, if they had prevailed, would have kept united the English-speaking race throughout the world; Elihu Burritt, who, fifty years before the Czar's rescript, proposed a World Court; Jean de Bloch, born a poor Polish Jew, rising to eminence as economist, financier, and Russian Imperial Councillor, author of *The Future of War*, in which he scientifically demonstrates its futility; and Baroness von Suttner of Austria, whose story, *Lay down Your Arms*, and her unremitting efforts for peace won her the Nobel prize in 1905.

In August, 1898, Emperor Nicolas II issued his famous rescript which resulted in the Hague Peace Conferences, the first of which was held May 18, 1899; and in the establishment of a Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration in April 1901.

What is it that has been behind all these efforts throughout the ages? For though we have glanced back but three hundred years, could our sight pierce the dim vistas of the past, we should see a mighty army of torch-bearers, workers for the world's peace, for human freedom and enlightenment. Whence the divine urge, the impelling power that found expression in work for human welfare? Will it ever be known? It does not seem out of place to refer to the words of a great Teacher, whom, although unknown to the world, it is our inestimable privilege to know of and revere: "There never was a time within or before the so-called historical period when our predecessors were not molding events and making history, the facts of which were subsequently and invariably distorted by historians to suit contemporary prejudices. Are you quite sure that the visible heroic figures in the successive dramas were not often but their puppets? . . . The cycles must run their rounds." So consciously or unconsciously the great figures of the world's history serve in the fulfilling of the purposes of the Divine Law of human destiny.

Could we but read the true history of the world and look behind the scenes into the inner world of causes, we know from the teachings we have received that there would be found one mighty stream which has given rise to and supplied with force and energy every true effort for the elevation and freedom of mankind; that the great spiritual

teachers of the world, all true reformers, great statesmen and warriors — to the degree in which they have labored and fought for the upliftment and betterment of the human race and to the degree in which their motives have been pure and unselfish — have consciously or unconsciously received inspiration, help, and even guidance from that life-giving source.

Whoever by the example of his own life instils into the mind and heart of another a noble, unselfish ideal; whoever in the senate or the forum or the market-place, in the school-room or on the battle-field, sets the example of nobility of purpose, high endeavor, and uprightness of life; whoever fights against evil, and tyranny, for true freedom and against oppression, whether of mind or body; whoever puts into practice the principles of Universal Brotherhood, following the divine command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" — such a one, to that extent belongs to the Army of Peace and Light.

At the public inauguration meeting of the International Theosophical Peace Congress in Isis Theater, May 5th, Katherine Tingley said: "Splendid as have been the achievements of the Hague Conferences and other Peace Conferences, they have not yet reached a solution of the problem." She said further that the world needs to be startled by some new idea. We may not perhaps know definitely what that startling idea may be, or know fully what is the missing factor needed for the solution of the problem, yet I think we do know in part.

Arbitration Treaties, the establishment of a Permanent Tribunal of Arbitration, and Prize Courts to decide upon captures made in time of war; prohibition of bombarding or laying tribute on unfortified places; all these and many other agreements and achievements may be cited as eloquent witnesses to the Peace efforts of the present age. But how far are they effective? Are they effective at all? Are the great powers less jealous of one another, is there any surer ground for trust between them? Italy goes to war against Turkey; a few months later the Balkan Allies make war on Turkey. This is not the place to express any opinion on the rights or wrongs of these latest wars; I merely instance them in order to give point to the question: "How far, when it actually comes to the test, are the Peace achievements of the present day effective?" What binding moral power have they? If they had had any binding moral power on the great powers of Europe would these wars have taken place, could they have taken place? Would the former Balkan Allies be now at war among themselves?

Are we not justified in saying that the solution of the problem has not yet been reached?

Yet in spite of the failure of the Peace Propaganda and Peace efforts when the crucial test has come, the actual results have been and are great, and form an indispensable part of the great Peace Edifice that will one day stand as a World-Temple and common meeting-ground for the peoples of the earth. Splendid indeed are they, showing as they do the emergence of the Peace question into the arena of international and world politics, and as an educative factor that must demand ever increasing attention on the part of the peoples that compose the nations of the earth. But the incompleting edifice, beautiful as the part of it so far built may be, lacks foundation, the corner-stone has not been laid; however praiseworthy the achievements on behalf of international peace, there is still missing the prime factor which is essential for ultimate and permanent success.

What is the needed foundation? What is the missing prime factor? Where shall we find the corner-stone? Is international peace possible when there is no peace within the individual nations? Can a nation expect its efforts towards peace with other nations to be effective, if within its own borders there is injustice, rapacity, even what in some instances can only be described as civil war? And can there be peace within the borders of any country, or in any state or city, until there is peace, self-control, and self-knowledge in the individual men and women inhabiting that country, state, or city? This is where the beginning must be made if ever there is to be international and world peace. The corner-stone is the individual and home life; and this is the message that Katherine Tingley has brought to the world; this is the burden of the message that Helena P. Blavatsky and that William Q. Judge brought; this is the burden of Theosophy.

Only by recognizing this; only by ennobling the individual life, can the sure foundation be laid for effective peace propaganda; only by showing that it concerns every man in every walk of life, and by awakening all men to a sense of interdependence and brotherhood and individual responsibility, as well for the evil in the world as for the welfare and advancement of the world — only on this basis can the world at last attain to Universal Peace.

But we must go a step further. There is still another factor of the utmost vital importance. And if I were asked what I considered our Leader Katherine Tingley meant when she said the world needed to be

startled, I would say it was this: The International Theosophical Peace Congress is not only a declaration of Peace, but a declaration of War. The problem of Peace, whether international, national, domestic, or individual, has hitherto remained unsolved because the knowledge of the Art of Warfare has been lost. It is one of the lost arts, twin sister to the Lost Art of Peace which, however, will never be found until the Lost Art of War is regained. Time and again have there been those who have sought to restore to man the knowledge of this and other lost arts — all of them belonging to his true heritage. We have little knowledge of their efforts, little knowledge of those who through the ages have sought to restore them. Yet we have knowledge of some of the World-Helpers, though too often we have misunderstood their message. One such was the great Nazarene, whom his followers love to speak of as the Prince of Peace, but in whose name the bloodiest and most cruel wars of history have been waged, because his message was neither understood nor followed. But was he not equally and as truly “The Prince of War”? Did he not say, “I came not to bring Peace on earth, but a sword.” Aye, truly, he brought not peace but a sword, for each must take the sword and win peace for himself. No one, not even the greatest of the Sons of God can bestow Peace on another, each must win it for himself, and it can only be won by fighting.

So long as man is man, war in this sense is inevitable. War calls out either the noblest or the vilest qualities in human nature: the noblest if it is for the conquest of self, the vilest if for the conquest of others. If man will not learn the true art of warfare, the lost art, warfare against the evil in his own nature, warfare against the evil in the world, it is inevitable that war between man and man, and between nation and nation shall continue, all the efforts of Peace Societies and Courts of Arbitration notwithstanding. And should warfare between men and nations cease and the millenium come, would war cease? There is still chaos on the confines of space, and powers of evil outside of and beyond our present human ken, and such warfare as only the Gods can wage, noble service still to render and other worlds to conquer.

It is the knowledge of the dual nature of man, divine though he be in essence, one of the sons of God with all the potentialities of Godhood, that is the key-note of the Theosophical Movement. “Light and Darkness are the world’s eternal ways,” and there will ever be

war between the two. The abolition of war is a vain and futile dream; war there must be to the end of time. Yet what do I mean by "war"?

Do not misinterpret this statement. War between men and nations, one against another, must and shall one day cease. Our high destiny, the destiny of humanity, and the divine urge that is felt in the heart of every true man and woman towards brotherliness, friendship, and a recognition of our common humanity — these demand that we shall make every effort towards bringing about the Peace of the Nations and the Federation of the World; that we shall work unceasingly for the abolishing of the inhuman, fiendish slaughter of our fellow-men and for the eradication of all the causes of human strife: jealousy, hatred, lust, and greed, as well as bigotry, prejudice, and all forms of selfishness — all these must be eradicated and give place to their opposites. The noble efforts of the Peace Societies for disarmament and for arbitration, for a closer understanding and union among the peoples of the earth, in short, for the abolition of War (using this word in its most generally accepted meaning) call for and demand the support of all true-hearted men and women.

While giving due recognition to all of this, I have ventured to present to you another picture, that of the Lost Art of Warfare, knowledge of which I assert must be regained and put into practice if human strife and war of man against man are to cease. Man is a fighter, in his inmost nature he is a warrior, and therefore it is that I say, war there must be to the end of time; but we can choose whether it shall be the warfare of Gods or of demons. If he will not engage in the battle, *not* against men but against *evil* and in accordance with the Lost Art of Warfare, it is inevitable that he will engage in human strife and be party to human slaughter. The very nature of man compels him to engage. He may and does rightly desire peace, but that peace which is the only true peace, resplendent and Godlike, can be won in no other way save by knowledge of the Lost Art of Warfare, and be maintained in no other way save by continuous warfare.

When this is acknowledged, when this is practised, when man has conquered the kingdom of himself as he is bound to do, he shall achieve his destiny, he shall take his place among the high Gods; in his heart he shall find Gladness, Joy, and Everlasting Peace.

## RHYS GOCH O DIR IARLL WILL REPAIR TO THE GREENWOOD TO LEARN DRUIDISM

By **Kenneth Morris**

*Oni ddel Mai glasai glosydd,  
A gwyrddlen pen pob glwys irwydd? — Rhys Goch ab Einion*

I SHALL be sad the winter long,  
And reft of song and all I love;  
But now the May hours come, athrong  
With woodland poems, I know a grove  
That's bardic underneath the moon  
With one that wields a druid's powers  
To raise a druid wealth of tune  
Through all the dark-blue, star-strewn hours,  
Till night is wholly drenched and gleaming  
With druid laughter, druid dreaming.

I know a dark green, winding lane  
Where choirs of gray-winged poets hide;  
And fain I am thereof, and fain  
Of them that midst the oakleaves bide —  
Skilled bards and builders, everyone —  
None but with better skill than I —  
In that green world of shade and sun  
We'll hold our Gorsedd lone and high,  
Growing more learned, day by day,  
In the wildwood Druidism of May.

No one with sloven ways will come,  
Nor sloven words be spoken there;  
Harsh voices all are far and dumb,  
And quarreling far and dumb, and care.  
Where song hath many wandering words  
That whoso will may learn, shall Rhys  
Seek learning with the Gwyddon birds,  
Amidst the green and dappled peace  
Of sunbright and leafshadowed noon,  
And night made bright with a druid moon.

A house of green boughs in the glade,  
Skilfully built, shall be his home,  
Where he shall dwell midst sun and shade,  
And wander forth at dawn, to roam  
By many a fern-deep, leafy track  
The musing woodland races wander;

And he shall know no loss, nor lack  
 Of unborn forest songs to ponder;  
 Songs whispered on the forest breeze  
 Through that wild Gorsedd place of trees.

The unlittered floor is smooth and clean,  
 And here with gentle shamrock glossy,  
 Or deep in lady-fern, or green  
 With hart's-tongue fronds, or soft and mossy.  
 And here the gifted cuckoo sings  
 His well-framed, even-metered song,  
 Wandering on gray and viewless wings  
 His oakleaf alleys all day long.  
 He is no priest to whine and pray,  
 And plague with prayers the druid May.

And here's a bard with speckled breast  
 That pours pure Welsh along the wild;  
 Five blue eggs are in his nest,  
 Wealth more than any miser piled.  
 Pure is his language, clean his speech—  
 Tremulant melodies throbbing long;  
 His house is high in the quivering beech,  
 And the glory of summer fills his song  
 Till the whole woodland wakes, a-hush,  
 Heeding one brown-winged, bardic thrush.

From dawn to noon the skylark flings  
 A million verses from the sky;  
 There's some enchantment in his wings  
 That hail so near the Trinity.  
 And with the dusk, the nightingales  
 Chant their pennillion down the grove,  
 And half the secret lore of Wales  
 In their rich assonance in-wove—  
 Ay me, I must away, away  
 To the wildwood, druid choirs of May!



## “BRIGHTER BRITAIN”: by the Rev. S. J. Neill

(Continued from July issue.)



THE “Terraces,” in the “Hot Lake District” of New Zealand, which were once the pride of the country and one of the wonders of the world, have vanished for ever; even their exact location was a matter of uncertainty after the great earthquake. Not all the riches of the world could reproduce them. Some account of them and of the journey to reach them may therefore be of interest.

From the township of Ohinemutu, on the shores of Rotorua, a trip to the Terraces usually took at least two days. The distance was not so great, but it was part of the established order of things there that tourists should be shown everything. The native *hapu* at one place had advanced rapidly in civilization; there was a large board erected on which the various “charges” had been printed by order of the committee of the village. There was so much for a look at this mud hole, and so much for a visit to that pool of steaming hot water, etc., etc. But these are only items by the way. The main thing, the journey to the Terraces, was a subject of special legislation — a joint affair between hotel-owners and Maori guides, and it had to be carefully arranged beforehand. If there were very few tourists they had each the more to pay. If there were many tourists they were divided into two or more parties. Your party might include an ex-prime minister; and the other might boast of a French scientist. The journey along the first part of the way was charming, but very different from the grandeur of the usual New Zealand forest scenery. The road wound among trees that made one think of an English park more than anything else. After that one came to Roto Tiki Tapu or the Blue Lake, and to several other lakes, not very large, but set with exquisite charm among the surrounding hills. At last the shores of Lake Tarawera were reached, and a rest for the night had to be made at a little village, Wairoa. The native boys and girls soon gathered around, and there was no lack of entertainment, of a kind, until night cast her mantle over the lake and the distant range of hills — hills destined soon after to be the scene of a terrible earthquake. Next morning all are astir and two parties of natives ready to divide us between them and row us across the lake. The party of the ex-prime minister fell to Sophia. Sophia was no Gnostic Emanation, but a Maori guide, and it would have been difficult to imagine a more

splendid type of Maori womanhood. Tall, well formed, erect as a drill sergeant, and though a grandmother she was as lithe and active as many a woman of twenty. Of stately mien, as suave as a diplomatist, and as polished as a courtier, she had “guided” many of the most distinguished people from all parts of the world, and all carried with them wherever they went, the praises of Sophia. The other guide was Kate — not the one of that name who has lately been conducting a party of Maoris to England, and who has married a rather well-known Englishman. The Kate of ante-earthquake days was a different type of woman; and she had charge of the French scientists. In passing it may be noted here that Sophia was almost the only Maori in that region who survived the Great Earthquake in 1886. The others were swallowed up or covered by the eruption.

The two guides, Sophia and Kate, marshaled their respective parties to the boats that were drawn up on the shore of Lake Tarawera. There were the oarsman, the man at the helm, the man in charge, the guide, and there was also another person whose mission was not revealed for some time. He was a native policeman, whom the white tourists had to take whether they liked or not, and to pay him for watching them and seeing that they did not carry away any part of the Terraces or anything else. Who will say after this that the Maori has not a fine sense of humor? The fine large boats are soon half way across Tarawera and in full view of the range of hills of the same name. In the great earthquake and eruption it was said that this range of hills was rent asunder, and with terrific force a large stretch was blown right up into the sky with deafening sounds and belching flames — a great part to fall back again to plug up the rent that had been made; but a vast portion was blown over the whole country, and even far out at sea it covered the decks of ships several inches deep with a fine gray sand.

The Tarawera mountains are esteemed very sacred and are *Tapu*, perhaps to this day, as being one of the burial places of the powerful Arawa tribe which landed at the east coast long long ago from the famous “Haiwaiki,” the only name the natives have for the land of their origin.

In crossing Lake Tarawera a fine view is obtained of Mount Edgecombe in the distance. At Titaka Point is the Moria settlement. The journey is now nearly at an end, for the Kaiwarra creek is all that remains to be traversed. In the early tourist days Mr. Charles

Morton Ollivier, writing in 1871, says that this creek on the occasion of his visit was tapu tapu, and two guineas (£2. 2s.) was the fee demanded from each tourist who would pass along it in a boat. He and those with him got out and walked the short distance. But, he adds, "the tapu tapu is to be removed this year upon the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit, when a grand battue of ducks is to take place." In later days the tourists did not get out of the boat, but Sophia or her assistant steered it up the little creek till beautiful Rotomahana was reached. Then everybody got out and walked to the White Terraces. The Terraces were on the side of a little hill and were formed by the boiling water from a vast cauldron higher up pouring down over the slopes of the hill and depositing silica and other substances which coated the hillside with white enamel. Many basins of various shapes and sizes were formed, and the whole was a unique and beautiful sight. Mr. Ollivier declares, in his booklet above quoted, that not even "Walter Scott, nor Bulwer Lytton, nor that prince of romancers, Dumas, could have adequately described these Terraces, and they would have to admit that truth is stranger than fiction." The boiling cauldron at the top varied in its action very much. Generally it was quiescent, or nearly so, only a heaving to and fro of the steaming water, now retreating, now rising up, almost like the sea waves on a rocky shore. But at certain times it dashed up a vast column of roaring, steaming water to a great height. Happy indeed was the photographer who, having waited for hours, or perhaps for days, had his camera ready then. Many good photographs have been taken. One strange peculiarity of the White Terraces was the fact that the direction of the wind had a good deal to do with their color. At times they would be a dull white, and at other times very white, with walls of a blue color. Another strange thing was that on the sides of the big cauldron farthest from the Terraces, and about half way up, ferns grew in great luxuriance. How it was that the hot steam did not scorch them, nor bursts of boiling water splash on them was a wonder. They must have escaped somehow, for there they were.

The guide tells the tourist that it is time to cross the lake Rotomahana and see the loveliest sight of all, the Pink Terraces — Otu Kapu a Rangi. These Terraces have been formed in a manner similar to the White Terraces, but with the difference that the huge cauldron at the top, fifty or sixty feet in diameter, was always full of boiling blue water, much too hot to come very near to it. This boiling water

slowly trickled over the lovely pink basins that curved in almost a semi-circle and extended tier after tier down to the level of Rotomahana. Each basin was about four or five feet deep; and to sit up to the neck in that delightful bath and look over the lip of the basin eastward, was a sight and an experience never to be forgotten. To begin with, the chemical elements in the water made the skin feel like velvet, and produced such a consciousness of utter restfulness that surely if one had stayed there long Nirvâna would have been the result! The outlook over the rim of the beautiful smooth pink basin, with the blue heavens overhead, the manuka-covered hills all around like a vast amphitheater, and the huge depression in front with the lake Rotomahana at the bottom, visible only when you raised your head a few inches — this was a sight not to be found elsewhere, and now but a memory; for the terrific eruption swallowed up the lake, and blew the Terraces and all the surrounding ground to atoms, or buried them deep in the earth. They have gone; gone too the native hapu, only Sophia and one or two others escaped. That one terrible night must have seemed — like the sinking of Atlantis — to be the end of the world to the natives in that district. Next morning the *London Times* cabled a large sum, up to £10,000, it was said, to Auckland to the Press Association, to have full details cabled to London. The night before was a night of wonder, almost terror, for a hundred miles or more from the scene of the eruption. It was just a little after the time of the “Panjdeh scare”; before the *entente cordiale* was thought of, or in other words, when war between Russia and Great Britain was thought to be imminent owing to a movement of Russian troops towards Afghânistân, at Panjdeh. Not a few imagined that the booming sounds were the guns of Russian warships bombarding Auckland. There were no earth tremors at that point, and no one thought of an earthquake. But next morning from near Auckland one could see over one hundred miles south in an air line, pillars of white steam rising high in the air over the Hot Lake District, several miles high they were estimated to be; and they marked the tomb of a small tribe of Maoris (one hundred and one perished) and the place where one of the wonders of the world had been up till June 10, 1886.

It must not be imagined that the earthquake scare frightened people from Rotorua for very long. Seismic tremors are not so infrequent in some parts of New Zealand that they produce a deep and lasting impression. The Anglo-Saxon peoples all over the world, especially

in new countries, have the power of meeting difficulties, and rather enjoy them. Before long the New Zealand Government took steps to make the Hot Lake District both useful and beautiful. A German scientist, Dr. Wohlmann, was appointed to superintend the use of the baths. The district was made a public reserve, and a township laid out near Ohinemutu in which nothing is wanting to charm and delight the tourist, or invalid while he is being cured of his ailments. Dr. Wohlmann writes: "The Sanatorium gardens afford an endless feast of floral coloring. Here one takes one's tea *al fresco*, sitting at daintily-spread tables, and attended by Maori maidens in picturesque native dress, while a band discourses music, or if more energetically inclined may repair to the beautiful bowling-green, the tennis or the croquet lawns. Or here the lazy man or the contemplative may sit on a shady seat and smoke his pipe at ease, watching the shadows purple the woods of the ever-beautiful Mokoia lying like a jewel on the breast of Rotorua." Thus, where destruction once reigned we now have "broad, straight streets, planted with avenues of English trees, lined with little villas each surrounded by its own gardens, giving plenty of light and air and space, while the public gardens will more than bear comparison with the finest in the country." There are the usual public buildings, an excellent public library, electric light, a telephone exchange, and direct railroad communication with Auckland. Dr. Wohlmann, in the official year-book of New Zealand, declares that "there is no district in the world containing a larger number and greater variety of hot mineral springs than Rotorua. Their total number is enormous and practically impossible to estimate."

Before taking leave of the Rotorua district, a plateau 1000 feet above sea level, a few words about the island of Mokoia, which Dr. Wohlmann well represents as "a jewel lying on the breast of Rotorua," may be of interest. Mokoia will always be associated with Hine-moa. The story of Hinemoa is worthy of a place with the Hebrew story of Ruth, or the Hindû story of Râdâ and Krishna, or that of Hero and Leander. The story is too long to tell in full, but the following is a brief outline.

The great ancestor of the powerful Ngati-Whakane tribe was Whakane-Kaipapa; and his wife Rangi-uru was exceedingly lovely, with a sweet, soft *naïveté* that was very winning. Her son Tutane-kai resembled his mother. He was tall, with a free, manly bearing, bright laughing eyes, a cheerful smile, and cheeks that showed dimples

when he laughed. Whakane who had taken up his residence on the island of Mokoia, often had his sons to row him across the lake when there would be a council-meeting or sports on the mainland. At one of these meetings Hinemoa, the daughter of the great chief Umu-Karia, was present. So also was Tutanekai. The course of true love, it has been said, seldom runs smoothly. Hinemoa's family did not wish her to meet Tutanekai, and kept her under strict guard. In the meantime Tutanekai had tried to console himself with music. Nightly he and his friend Tiki sat together in a bower on the shore of Mokoia, and played, the one on his pipe, the other on his horn. Tutanekai was not without hope that when the wind was favorable, the sound of his horn might be carried across the water to Hinemoa. So it was, Hinemoa heard, or thought she heard the voice of Tutanekai calling her. Now her father had taken care to have the boats drawn up high on the beach so that when Hinemoa got there she found no means of crossing the lake. She was not to be discouraged however, so, being a good swimmer she plunged into the lake, and swam towards Mokoia. The distance is considerable, and once or twice her strength nearly failed, but at last she reached the island. There is quite close to the lake a hot bath, almost as regular as if built by man. It is about twenty feet long by ten or twelve wide, not very deep and at the sides are ledges of stone like masonry. It is delightful to lie in this bath, as the writer has done, and feel the ripples of cool water splash from the lake, or plunge one's hands therein across the low rocky wall which alone divides it from the bath. It was into this bath that Hinemoa crept when she reached the shore; and it was there, sometime later in the night that a slave who had come for water, found her and told his master, who proved to be no other than Tutanekai. Needless to say they were married and lived happy ever after.

Much has been written of the Maoris, and not a few erroneous statements have been made, and copied from one newspaper or magazine to another. Not long ago a New York paper had an article about "The dying Maori race." Even from New Zealand itself statements are not always correct. The most trustworthy source is the Government Year Book.

Maori population from the Government Year Book for 1903:

1874 (first census), 45,470; 1878, 43,595; 1881, 44,097; 1886, 41,969

In 1911 the figures given are those which are presented below:

Census year	males	females	Total
1891	22,861	19,132	41,993
1896	21,673	18,181	39,854
1901	23,112	20,031	43,143
1906	25,538	22,193	47,731
1911	26,475	23,369	49,844

The Maori census was formerly not a very simple matter, owing to the tribes, or some portions of them, oftentimes moving about a good deal. If the *Tangi* of a great Chief took place about the time of the census, many natives might not be enumerated, for all from far and near felt it a sacred duty to be at the *Tangi*, or funeral. The census of 1891 may have been unduly swelled for some reason. Whatever be the ultimate fate of the Maori, he is more than holding his own at present. A natural and steady increase from 39,854 to 49,844 in fifteen years will compare favorably with many other countries.

No doubt the Maori population at one time was considerable, but inter-tribal wars, especially after the use of fire-arms, and wars with the colonists, swept away many thousands. The great chief Hongi, who in the early days (1820) was taken to England and laden with useful gifts, on his way back at Sydney sold these plowshares and reaping hooks, and turned them into weapons of war! Needless to say that on his return to New Zealand, in 1821, he decimated — almost exterminated — tribe after tribe. It is said one-fourth of the people were slain. The use of intoxicating liquors and the change of clothing and habits, for many years, did not tend to Maori health or longevity. The native mats when made of feathers shed the moisture, but when the Maoris sat on the wet ground in a wet, steaming European blanket before a big fire, the seeds of pulmonary troubles were sown. Lately, however, the natives have pretty well succeeded in banishing intoxicating liquors from their own villages. More attention to health is being paid, and prospects are brighter.

Ample provision has been made for the education of Maori children, up to a High School and University course. There are Maori lawyers, Maori clergymen, and Maori members of Parliament who are elected by the Maori population. In 1872 two Maori chiefs were appointed members of the Upper House, or Legislative Council. At the time of the war in the Sudân and during the Boer war the Maoris volunteered to go and fight for the Empire.

There are very many things of considerable interest that must be passed over in silence in a short sketch like this. The population which

at one time was Presbyterian in Otago, Church of England in Canterbury, and in the North Island a combination of Irish, English, and Scotch, is tending more and more to become cosmopolitan.

The “advanced legislation” of New Zealand is often spoken of, but it requires both careful and unprejudiced study to estimate its nature and influence justly. Settlers in a new country must borrow money in order to carry out necessary works such as railways, bridges, roads, harbors, etc. The money-lender must have security. In some countries he is given land and certain privileges to construct railroads, which he builds, owns, and operates. In other cases, as in New Zealand, the Government borrows the money on its own security, builds, owns, and operates the railways, and pays interest on the money borrowed, from the earnings of the railways. The Government, that is, the people of New Zealand, now owns and operates a great many things, such as the post office, telegraphs, telephones, railways, fire and life insurance, and other things. This of course makes the public debt seem very large, but as much of the money borrowed is paying a fair interest it cannot be considered to be in the same category with the unproductive debts of many other countries. New Zealand was the first country with which the United States of America instituted a parcel post; that was several years ago. The unity of interest and sentiment which has always been very close between New Zealand and America became much intensified by the visit of the U. S. Fleet to the harbor of Auckland when on a voyage around the world. So much was this the case that the Chief Justice, Sir R. Stout, declared that if New Zealand were in danger of passing from the sway of Great Britain, it would at once “run up the Stars and Stripes.” But while the two countries as a whole cherish mutually this kindly feeling, it is to be regretted that some individuals have maligned New Zealand very unjustly. One statement appeared in a paper last year, saying that New Zealand was “bankrupt,” etc. The High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, wrote and gave permission to use his letter, in which he says:

I may state however for your information, that so far as the statement that the country is in a bankrupt condition is concerned, it is on the contrary at the present time one of the most prosperous and thriving countries in the world. . . . The total excess of revenue over expenditure during the last sixteen years (1896-1897 to 1911-1912) amounted to £8,241,532, or an average annual excess of revenue over expenditure of more than half a million sterling. The moneys bor-



rowed by the country were and are to a considerable extent borrowed for industrial purposes and are interest-bearing.

It is not to be supposed that New Zealanders have been without the faults and failings of other peoples, but there can be no doubt that the "Dominion" occupies a peculiar position and has had a remarkable influence out of all proportion to its one million inhabitants. Almost unconsciously country after country has been affected by the attitude taken by this little nation. "Prevention rather than cure," might be used as the phrase to cover much of the legislative action of New Zealand. Of course this is easier in a young and small country than in older lands where things are hard to uproot. In one thing — a thing indicative of the progressive spirit — New Zealand stands alone in the world. For some years it has adopted "*Universal Penny Postage*," and has this on its postage stamp. The word "Universal" is indicative of the new age, and no doubt the other nations will follow in due time. Some groups have already done so.

The following are a few of the legislative measures lately passed in New Zealand. In 1910 Acts were passed to make "better provision for the erection of workers' dwellings." "Inalienable Life Annuities." "National Provident Fund." "Public Debt Extinction." In 1909, "To assist associations of private buyers to purchase freehold lands." In 1908, "Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration," etc., etc.

On May 22, 1903, "Mahuta Tawhiao Potatau te Wherowhero (formerly known as the Maori King) was summoned to the Legislative Council and sworn in as a Member of the Executive Council." Mahuta had an interview with Katherine Tingley in Auckland at the time of her crusade around the world. She gave him wise counsel; and it is to be noted that the increase in the Maori race has been continuous since that time! In *The Mysteries of the Heart Doctrine*, (p. 344, under the year 1897), we find the words, "Important Esoteric Center formed by Katherine Tingley in New Zealand."

There are many things connected with New Zealand which deserve mention, such as its Maori lore and traditions; its interesting history; the lives of some of its well-known men and women; but space forbids; besides, the steamer is leaving for Sydney to carry us across 1200 miles of the Pacific to the great Island-Continent, the Commonwealth of Australia — so large that correspondence for its eastern cities is sent by the Pacific, but for western towns by the Atlantic.

## THE MODERN PLATONISTS AND THEOSOPHY:

by F. S. Darrow, M. A., PH. D.



THE interest of the student of Theosophy in the modern Platonists is due to the unmistakable fact that they belong to that "great and universal movement which has been active in all ages," of which the modern Theosophical Society is a part. This is easily established by calling attention to two of their cardinal tenets: that of the complete eternity and divinity of the spirit, and that of the superior reality of the inner spiritual world of thought as opposed to the outer world of physics. George of Trebizond, a man notoriously deceitful, vain, and envious, in a work composed before 1469, writes:

Lately has arisen amongst us a second Mahomet; and this second, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatness the first. . . . A disciple and rival of Plato in philosophy, in eloquence, and in science, he had fixed his residence in the Peloponnese. His common name was Gemistus but he assumed that of Pletho. Perhaps Gemistus, to make us believe more easily that he was descended from heaven and to engage us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wished to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs; of whom it is said, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greatest things. He has written with no vulgar art and with no common elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs. . . . He was so zealous a Platonist that he entertained no other sentiments than those of Plato concerning the nature of the gods, souls, sacrifices, *et cetera*. I have heard him myself, when we were together at Florence, say that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace with one common consent and with one mind a single and simple religion at the first instructions which should be given by a single preaching. And when I asked him if it would be that of the churches or that of Mahomet he answered, "neither the one nor the other, but a third which will not greatly differ from the religion of olden time."

This account is, of course, a slanderous caricature. It has, however, decided interest because it refers to the founder of modern Platonism, the restorer of the philosophy of the Academy in Europe, Georgius Gemistus usually known as Pletho, one of the most celebrated of Byzantine writers who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth and in the early part of the fifteenth century. Although probably a native of Constantinople he passed most of his life at Sparta in Southern Greece.

Such was the nobility of his character and the pre-eminence of his abilities that despite the fact that many enemies were aroused by the successful spread of Pletho's Theosophical teachings, these enemies were compelled, by the universal honor and respect in which he was

held, to remain silent throughout the century of his useful and untiring activity.

But scarcely had he died full of years and honors, than they gathered all their venom and found vociferous utterance for their abuse.

The Emperor Manuel Palaeologus appointed him in 1426 to one of the most influential of the offices of the Byzantine Court and in 1438 he was sent as a deputy of the Greek church to Florence where he was introduced to the famous Cosmo de' Medici, who, as a constant auditor at Pletho's lectures on Platonic philosophy, became so interested that he established the Florentine Academy "for the sole purpose of cultivating this new and more elevated species of philosophy."

It was also due to Cosmo de' Medici that we now know of Gemistus as Pletho. The word Gemistus is a Greek surname signifying "filled," given him not out of mere flattery, as is attested by his many writings, but because of his extraordinary knowledge in nearly every branch of science. The origin of the second surname Pletho is that the admiration of the statesman for the scholar suggested that Gemistus must be Plato come again, thereby causing him to be known by his now more familiar surname of Pletho, a synonym of Gemistus, jestingly bestowed because of its similarity in sound to the word Plato.

The lectures of Pletho at Florence attracted such widespread attention that he soon found himself the leader of a new school of philosophy in the west — a school, which numbered among its numerous disciples the celebrated Cardinal Bessarion and which continued to flourish even after its founder had returned to his native Greece.

Pletho wrote a surprisingly large number of able treatises, dissertations, and compilations, concerning geography, history, philosophy, and religion. Of these works his masterpiece was his treatise *On Laws*, of which the general title ran as follows: "This book treats of the laws of the best form of government and what all men must observe in their public and private stations, to live together in the most perfect, the most innocent, and the most happy manner."

It was divided into three books which have come down to us through the centuries only in fragments, for the treatise itself was condemned to the flames by Gennadius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, because, among other reasons enumerated by that ecclesiastical dignitary:

Pletho while speaking of the immortality of the soul argued to prove that in ac-

cordance with a system of reincarnation souls return to earth in new bodies, after certain definite periods of time.

Many Theosophical teachings are to be found in the writings of the Florentine Platonists and especially in those of the learned and honored Marsilius Ficinus, the translator of Plato and Plotinus, president of the Platonic Academy. In fact, the treatise of Ficinus *On the Immortality of the Soul*, contains perhaps more arguments proving the soul's indestructibility than any other single work in existence.

To treat our subject fully would require a study of the seventeenth-century Platonists at Cambridge, England; and the nineteenth century New England Transcendentalists and American Platonists, including such men as Dr. Hiram K. Jones of Jacksonville, Illinois, Dr. Alexander Wilder of New York, and Thomas M. Johnson of Osceola, Missouri; but the fact that we have on previous occasions already considered some of the Theosophical teachings as enunciated by Dr. Henry More of Cambridge and by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Amos Bronson Alcott of Concord, permits us to center our attention now upon one of the most prominent of the eighteenth century Platonists.

Therefore, in the words of H. P. Blavatsky:

We will recur to the untiring labors of that honest and brave defender of the ancient faith, Thomas Taylor and his works. . . . His memory must be dear to every true Platonist, who seeks rather to learn the inner thought of the great philosopher than enjoy the mere external mechanism of his writings. Better classical translators may have rendered us in more correct phraseology Plato's *words* but Taylor shows us Plato's meaning. . . . As writes Professor A. Wilder: "It must be conceded that Taylor was endowed with a superior qualification — that of an intuitive perception of the interior meaning of the subjects which he considered. Others may have known more Greek, but he knew more Plato." (*Isis*, II, 108-9)

And surely this is no small merit in the eyes of those who appreciate the golden words of Sir Philip Sidney: "I had rather try to understand Plato than waste my time in vain efforts to refute him." Words of warning indeed, that some verbal critics of modern times have been all too ready to disregard.

One of the best pen sketches which we possess of Thomas Taylor, the Platonist, is the following, which was written by his friend J. J. Welsh, and published when Mr. Taylor was in his seventy-third year:

He is of middle size, well proportioned and firmly put together; his countenance is regular, open, and benevolent. There is a dignified simplicity and unaffected frankness of manner about him which are sure to win the affections of all who have the pleasure of seeing him. In his dress he is simple and unpretending; in

his conduct, irreproachable. Among friends he is unreserved and sincere; a determined foe to falsehood; and always ready to make sacrifices when the end to be obtained is worthy of a noble mind. I verily believe that no man had ever a more passionate love of virtue, a loftier aspiration after truth, or a more vehement zeal for its diffusion. His manners . . . are peculiarly soft and graceful, alike destitute of pride, haughtiness, or vanity, which, together with his venerable appearance, never fail to inspire both love and reverence. Being gifted with a very extraordinary memory, he is not only enabled to retain the immense stores of knowledge which in the course of a long life, assiduously devoted to study, he has amassed, but to bring them into complete action at his will. Such is the comprehension and vigor of his mind that it can embrace the most extensive and difficult subjects; such the clearness of his conception that it enables him to contemplate a long and intricate series of argument with distinctness, and to express it with precision; an acute observer of men and manners, he possesses an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, so that the flow of his familiar chat, the cheerfulness of his disposition, and his easy communicativeness, are as attractive as his mental powers are commanding. Very rarely has an understanding of such strength and comprehension been found united with a heart so pure and ingenuous. . . . I have the honor to know him most intimately and can truly say that his whole conduct is in perfect harmony with the principles of his sublime philosophy; that his every thought is in accordance with the whole tenor of his blameless life and that his intentions are wholly unsullied by views of personal interest. . . . His very profound and extensive mathematical acquirements, his fine poetical taste and ready powers of versification, would have raised other men to distinction but in him are only the accompaniment of still higher gifts. . . . I do not think that I can more truly and concisely sum up the character of this great and good man, than by applying to him what Shakespeare's Mark Antony says of Brutus:

“ His life is gentle; and the elements  
 So mixed in him that Nature may stand up  
 And say to all the world, This is a man! ”

Taylor was in fact a poet of no mean talent, and in his Orphic hymns, as is justly declared by the same writer,

He has performed the very difficult task of translating them in a manner that reflects the greatest credit on his abilities, taste, and judgment. His ear for metrical harmony is exceedingly good and there is a rich yet varied melody in his versification which often suggests the happiest efforts of Pope.

The two leaders of the American Transcendentalists of Concord were both great admirers of Taylor and owed much to his labors. Thus Emerson says:

Thomas Taylor the Platonist . . . is really a better man of imagination, a better poet, or perhaps I should say a better feeder to a poet, than any man between Milton and Wordsworth.

And Thomas Wentworth Higginson states his opinion as follows:

He is certainly one of the most unique and interesting figures in English literary history.

Mr. Bridgeman wrote as early as 1804 of Mr. Taylor, that

It is to this gentleman that English literature owes the accession of some of the most valuable productions of ancient Greece, which are rendered doubly valuable by the elucidation and ample explanations which his intimate knowledge of the Platonic philosophy and laborious investigation of the early commentators have so so well qualified him to give.

Mr. Thomas M. Johnson declares enthusiastically of Taylor:

He had a profounder knowledge of the Platonic philosophy than any other man of modern times. . . . Today, amid the business, turmoil, and strife of this commercial age, Taylor's memory and character are revered and his monumental works studied and appreciated by hundreds of . . . philosophic minds.

Mr. Axon, the English biographer and critic, truly states:

Taylor's translations represent a side of Greek thought that but for him would be unrepresented in English literature. His books remain a mighty monument of disinterested devotion to philosophic study. They were produced without regard to and hopeless of profit. They are not addressed to popular instincts. . . . The gold that was in them the Platonist thought deserved the trouble of toilsome digging.

It must be acknowledged that a man who devotes himself to poverty and study in an age and country famous for the pursuit of wealth; who has the courage to adopt and the sincerity to avow opinions that are contrary to every prejudice of the time; runs the risk of persecution and imprisonment; a man who "scorns delights and lives laborious days" is entitled to our admiration and respect, and such was Taylor the Platonist, whose name should be remembered by all friends of learning and freedom of thought.

Thomas Taylor was born in London on the 15th of May, 1758, and died at his residence in Walworth on the first of November, 1835. His first essay was published in 1780, a pamphlet on mathematics, and his last work was a translation of some treatises of Plotinus, published in 1834. Therefore, it is evident that his literary activity extended over more than half a century.

While a mere boy his interest was aroused in mathematics by discovering that negative quantities when multiplied together produce positive ones, and this love of mathematics was fostered by a close study of the works of Dr. Isaac Barrow of Cambridge. As a youth Taylor was trained in accordance with his father's wishes for the Dissenting ministry, with the result that when the young man was prevented from realizing his father's plan both by aptitude and inclination he found himself compelled under the stress of parental anger to

struggle continuously for several years against the privations of utter poverty, during which time he was able to study only at night, and consequently for many years seldom went to bed before two or three in the morning. Nevertheless he persevered steadily in the study of mathematics and of Platonism amid the most adverse circumstances.

He began his acquaintance with philosophy by familiarizing himself with Aristotle and his Commentators, and then with Plato and his Interpreters. He paid the greatest attention to the ancient commentators, for he believed, as he was accustomed to say, that a man might as reasonably expect to comprehend Archimedes without first knowing Euclid, as to understand Aristotle and Plato, *who wrote obscurely from design*, without the aid of their ancient interpreters, and maintained that the folly of neglecting these invaluable storehouses of information was equaled only by the arrogance of such as pretended to despise them. In fact he believed so implicitly in the ancient Greek commentators that he contended that because of their neglect, the philosophy of Plato had not been completely understood for more than a thousand years.

Mr. Taylor soon turned to the study of the works of Plotinus and Proclus whom he admired in the highest degree; he often said that he had learned the Greek language from his knowledge of Greek philosophy rather than the Greek philosophy through his knowledge of the Greek language. In fact, he could read a philosophic Greek manuscript, in which the accents were unindicated, almost with as much ease as a book in his native tongue.

On December 12, 1788, Mr. Taylor received the following enthusiastic letter from the Marquis Valadi, then just of age. This eccentric nobleman was early filled with a love of liberty and philosophy, and went to England in search of simpler habits of life. This is the letter in an abridged form:

To Thomas Taylor, better named Lysis, G. Izarn Valadi, of late a French Marquis and Tanissaire, sendeth joy and honor:

O Thomas Taylor! mayest thou welcome a brother Pythagorean, led by a savior god to thy divine school. I have loved wisdom ever since a child, and have found the greatest impediments, and been forced to great struggles, before I could clear my way to the source of it; for I was born in a more barbarous country than ever was Illyria of old. My family never favored my inclination to study, and I have been involved in so many cares and troubles that it cannot be without the intervention of some friendly Deity that I have escaped the vile rust of barbarism and its attendant meanness of soul. My good fortune was that I met,

eighteen months ago, an English gentleman of the name of Pigott, who is a Pythagorean philosopher. . . .

I met with thy works but two days past. A divine man! A prodigy in this iron age! Who would ever have thought thou couldst exist amongst us in our present condition? I would have gone to China for a man endowed with the tenth part of thy light. Oh, grant me to see thee and be initiated by thee! What happiness, if, like to Proclus Leonas, to thee, I, who feel living in myself the soul of Leonidas, could be a domestic!

My determination was to go and live in North America, from love of liberty, and there to keep a school of Temperance . . . in order to preserve so, many men from the prevailing disgraceful vices of brutal intemperance and selfish cupidity. There, in progress of time, if those vices natural to a commercial country are found to thwart most of the blessings of liberty, the happy select ones, taught better discipline, may form a society by themselves — such a one as the gods would favor and visit lovingly — which could preserve true knowledge, and be a seminary and an asylum for the lovers of it. . . .

Music and gymnastics are sciences necessary for a teacher to possess — what a deep and various sense these two words contain — and I am a stranger to both. O Gods, who gave me the thought and the spirit, give me the means; for all things are from you.

Mr. Taylor, although he generously entertained the Marquis for several months in his own home, had but scant leisure to devote to such guests. He was never idle and his constant energy and steady perseverance enabled him to perform an amount of literary labor that has been equaled by but very few men. He published over sixty different works, or more than seventy volumes counting reprints, and was a frequent contributor to many English magazines. In 1791 he printed anonymously the first edition of his excellent and thought-stirring *Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, which was very favorably received, especially by Continental scholars; but the greatest of his works — a translation of all the Dialogs and Epistles of Plato, with the bulk of their Neoplatonic Commentaries — did not appear until 1804. His translation of Aristotle, also entire, was the result of the incessant labor of six years. His translation of Pausanias was accomplished within ten months at the expense of his health, for during it he lost the use of his forefinger in writing. When, indeed, the task was undertaken, Mr. Samuel Patterson, the literary auctioneer, declared that “it was enough to break a man’s heart.” Whereupon the bookseller with whom he was conversing exclaimed, “Oh, nothing will break the heart of Mr. Taylor.”

Some days before his death the Platonist asked if a comet had appeared, and when told that it had, declared: “Then I shall die! I



was born with and shall die with it." And in fact he did die early on Sunday morning, the first day of November, 1835, "an exile straying from the orb of light for seventy-seven long and weary years."

His motto presents a striking similarity in thought with that of the present Theosophical Society. Compare: "My sire is mind, whose sons are always free," with: "There is no Religion higher than Truth." Both alike fearlessly challenge dogmatism in all its forms.

A true Theosophist, Mr. Taylor was ever a courageous defender of the oppressed, fearless in his avowal of his beliefs and in his censures of wrong-doing and of wickedness, although thereby he had to run counter to many of the most firmly established prejudices of his time. "He desired no other reward of his labor than to see truth propagated in his native tongue." He explains:

As an apology for the boldness with which I have censured certain modern opinions it may be sufficient to observe that to reprobate foolish and impious notions, where there is nothing personal in the censure, is certainly the duty of every honest and liberal mind.

And again:

As an apology for the freedom with which I have censured modern writers and modern opinions, I deem it will be sufficient to observe that, in the language of Socrates, "bidding farewell to the honors of the multitude, and having my eye solely fixed upon truth, I will endeavor to live in the best manner I am able, and when I die, to die so"; which can never be accomplished by him who is afraid to oppose what he conceives to be false and averse to defend what he believes to be true.

Within nine years of the commencement of his literary career he had boldly declared in print that he was

not ashamed to own himself a perfect convert to the religion of ancient Greece in every particular so far as it was understood and illustrated by the Pythagoric and Platonic philosophers.

This sincerity immediately stirred up a veritable tempest of abuse which lasted for half a century, or rather for much longer, since it did not cease with his death. Although thus subject to all the venomous shafts of intolerance and bigotry, Mr. Taylor usually maintained a dignified silence, content to let the nobility of all his actions refute the slanders far more completely than mere words, for as he truly and eloquently states:

My views have been liberal in the publication and my mental advantages considerable from the study of ancient philosophy. Amidst the various storms of a life distinguished by outrage and disease it has been a never-failing support

and inviolable retreat. It has smoothed the brow of care and dispelled the gloom of despondence; sweetened the bitterness of grief and lulled agony to rest. After reaping much valuable advantage from its acquisition I am already rewarded, though my labors should be unnoticed by the present and future generation. The lyre of true philosophy is no less tuneful in the desert than in the city, and he who knows how to call forth its latent harmony in solitude will not want the testimony of the multitude to convince him that its melody is ecstatic and divine.

“Untamed by toils, unmoved by spite,  
Truth to disseminate I still shall write.”

My principal object has been to unfold all the abstruse and sublime teachings of Plato, as they are found dispersed in his works. . . . Let it be my excuse that the mistakes I may have committed in lesser particulars have arisen from my eagerness to seize and promulgate those great truths in the philosophy and theology of Plato, which though they have been concealed for ages . . . have a subsistence coeval with the universe, and will again be restored and flourish for very extended periods through all the infinite revolutions of time.

Truly an eloquent tribute to the truths of Theosophy, “wisdom old as time.” And again in speaking of the philosophy in accordance with which the ancient mysteries were developed, he adds:

It is coeval with the universe itself; and, however its continuity may be broken by opposing systems, it will make its appearance at different periods of time, as long as the sun himself shall continue to illuminate the world. It has indeed, and may hereafter, be violently assaulted by delusive opinions; but the opposition will be just as imbecile as that of the waves of the sea against a temple built on a rock, which majestically pours them back,

“Broken and vanquished, foaming to the main.”

Still another testimony to the wonderful help and comfort afforded by the truths of Theosophy, which were to him,

a source of the most solid consolation and incentive to disinterested endurance. They taught him to submit patiently to the will of heaven, to follow intrepidly the order of the universe and to abandon private advantage for the general good.

How accurately do the following words describe the unique peculiarity of the Theosophical philosophy, namely:

That it is no less scientific than sublime; and that by a geometrical series of reasoning, originating from the most self-evident truths, it develops all the progressions from the ineffable principle of things and accurately exhibits to our view all the links of that golden chain of which Deity is the one extreme and the body the other.

The true man is intellect [or Spirit] . . . the most excellent part of man, and the body is nothing more than the instrument of the rational soul, and exter-

nal possessions are, indeed, the good of the body but are totally foreign to the exalted good of the mind.

We cannot do better than end this sketch of the life of Thomas Taylor with a few extracts from his creed, which he says was intended to point,

a synoptical view of that sublime theology [or Theosophy] which was . . . promulgated by Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato, and unfolded by their legitimate disciples—a theology which however it may be involved in oblivion in barbarous and derided in impious ages, will again flourish . . . through all the infinite revolutions of time.

And in this creed we shall see that the teachings of Karma and Reincarnation occupy a most important place.

I believe in one First Cause of all things, whose nature is so immensely transcendent that it is even super-essential (i. e., beyond the realm of existence): and that in consequence of this it cannot properly either be named, or spoken of, or conceived by opinion, or be known or perceived by any being. . . .

I believe, however, that if it be lawful to give a name to that which is truly ineffable, the appellations of **THE ONE**, and **THE GOOD**, are of all others the most adapted to it; the former of these names indicating its transcendent simplicity as the Principle of all things, and the latter indicating that it is the ultimate desire of all things. . . .

I believe that man is a microcosm, comprehending in himself *partially* everything which the world contains divinely and *totally*. . . .

I believe that the rational part of man in which his essence consists is of a self-motive nature and that it subsists between intellect [or spirit], which is immovable both in essence and energy, and nature [or matter], which both moves and is moved.

I believe that the human soul as well as every mundane soul [every entity which is subject to birth upon earth] uses periods and restitutions of its proper life [i. e., is governed by the Cyclic Law].

For in consequence of being measured by time it energizes transitively [i. e., swings back and forth like the pendulum] and possesses a proper motion [i. e., a motion peculiar to its own being]. But everything which is moved perpetually and participates of time, revolves periodically, and proceeds from the same to the same. . . .

I also believe that the soul while an inhabitant of earth is in a fallen condition, an apostate from Deity, an exile from the orb of light, and that she can only be restored while on earth to the divine likeness and be able after death to reascend to the Intelligible [or spiritual] world by the exercise of the cleansing and theoretic virtues [namely, those which produce soul-insight], the former purifying her from the defilements of a mortal nature and the latter elevating her to a vision of true being. . . . [This refers to the pre-existence and rebirth of the soul and to the Theosophical teachings as to involution and evolution.]

I believe that the human soul *essentially* contains all knowledge, and whatever

knowledge she acquires in the present life is nothing more than a recovery of what she once possessed, and which discipline evocates [calls forth] from its dormant retreats.

I also believe that the human soul on its departure from the present life will [later] pass into other earthly bodies . . . but the rational part never becomes the soul of an irrational nature.

I believe that as the divinities are eternally good and profitable but are never noxious and ever subsist in the same uniform mode of being, that we are conjoined with them through similitude when we are virtuous, but separated from them by dissimilitude when we are vicious. That while we live according to virtue we partake of the gods, but cause them to become our enemies when we become evil; not that they are angry — for anger is a passion, and they are impassive — but because guilt prevents us from receiving the illuminations of the gods, and subjects us to the powers of avenging Spiritual agencies. Hence, I believe that if we obtain pardon of our guilt . . . we neither appease the gods, nor cause any mutation to take place in them; but by our conversion to a divine nature we apply a remedy to our own vices, and again become partakers of the goodness of the gods, so that it is the same thing to assert, that Divinity is turned from the evil, as to say that the Sun is concealed from those who are deprived of sight. . . .

I also believe that the soul is punished in a future for the crimes she has committed in the present life; but that this punishment is proportioned to the crimes, and is not perpetual; Divinity punishing, not from anger or revenge, but in order to purify the guilty soul, and restore her to the proper perfection of her nature.

## THE RUINED ABBEYS OF ENGLAND:

by Cranstone Woodhead



SURELY there is no greater charm for the visitor to ancient England from the shores of the newer western civilizations, than the remains of the Cathedrals, Castles, and Abbeys of the Middle Ages, which speak so eloquently of the ideas which permeated the society of England in the early centuries of her remarkable history. The Chronicles of those times have come down to us filled with records of struggles for power on the one hand, and for liberty on the other. Of the life of the people we know but little. Yet these ancient monuments still remain, as the graven witnesses of a vigorous and imaginative life of gentle deeds and noble concept, which *must* have filled the background of the blood-stained chronicle which is generally accepted as English history.

The cathedrals fortunately remain comparatively intact. Some of

them date back a thousand years. With care they have been repaired from time to time, and they bid fair to last for several centuries.

Many of the ancient feudal castles are in ruins, but a few still remain very much as they were built. Hardly any of the abbeys and priories, however, survived the struggle of progressive religious ideas in the sixteenth century, which destroyed the monasteries and revolutionized the life of the crowd of dependents of high and low degree which surrounded each one of them.

The Abbey of Furness was founded in 1127 by Stephen, Count of Boulogne, afterwards King of England. In consequence of royal patronage, and by many gifts, the Abbey became almost the richest in the kingdom, with a large income from its own domains, including mines, fisheries, mills, and saltworks. The abbot had almost absolute power over a wide area in the northwest of England, his position being confirmed by charters from twelve successive Kings of England, reinforced by divers bulls of the Popes.

In 1537 the Abbey and lands were surrendered to King Henry VIII, and the property finally became a part of the inheritance of the Dukes of Devonshire.

Bolton Priory is situated about the center of Yorkshire on the river Wharfe. The situation is one of the most exquisite in England. On a comparatively level space in a bend of the river, in a beautifully wooded and rock-covered valley, the ruins stand as a memorial of the taste and artistic sense of its founder, Alice de Romili, widow of William Fitz Duncan. She had two sons; the elder died young; the younger became the last hope of his mother. While hunting in the woods the boy came to a place about four miles from the present site of the Priory where the Wharfe suddenly contracts in width and rushes through a narrow opening between two rocks. Then, as now, the place was called the Strid, because adventurous hunters had often jumped from one rock to the other. The boy had a greyhound in leash, and in attempting to jump, the dog hung back and pulled his master into the stream and he thus lost his life. His mother, overwhelmed with grief, determined to found the Priory as near as possible to the scene of the accident, and this was done in 1151.

Wordsworth's poem, *The White Dove of Rylstone*, was founded upon another of the traditions connected with the Priory.

The establishment was sold in 1542 under the order for the dissolution of the monasteries, to the ancestors of the Duke of Devonshire.

## J. H. ROSNY, ROMANCIER SCIENTIFIQUE:

par J. L. Charpentier (Rédaction de *La Vie*, Paris).



**S'**IL existe encore, à l'heure actuelle, une majorité dans le public et parmi la critique pour contester la grandeur et la beauté poétiques de *toutes* les œuvres qu'inspira la croyance scientifique, ce n'est qu'en se retranchant derrière le plus entêté refus d'admirer, qu'elle garde intactes ses convictions. Elle ignore ou veut ignorer.

Aussi bien, est-ce quelque chose qui déconcerte, que les qualités supérieures des romans de M. J. H. Rosny ne soient pas généralement reconnus et appréciés. Après Flaubert et Zola dont il continue la tradition en l'élargissant, M. J. H. Rosny est en effet, et à coup sûr, la plus prodigieuse intelligence et la plus vaste imagination artistique que les sciences modernes aient données à la littérature romanesque.

Tandis que Flaubert qui croit cependant et écrit que *le grand art doit être scientifique*,<sup>1</sup> méconnaît la valeur métaphysique de la science et que Zola n'en retient et n'en applique, surtout, que la méthode expérimentale, confondant le rôle du romancier et celui du physiologiste et même du médecin, M. J. H. Rosny, dès 1891, rêve d'un art " plus complexe et plus haut . . . d'une marche vers l'élargissement de l'esprit humain, par la compréhension plus profonde, plus analytique et plus juste de l'univers tout entier et des plus humbles individus, acquise par la science et par la philosophie des temps modernes." En 1887, au lendemain de *Nell Horn* et du *Bilatéral*, il avait rompu avec les naturalistes en lançant le fameux manifeste des *cinq*, contre l'auteur de *La Terre*. Il ne reniait pas son effort, mais il le jugeait insuffisant; trop lentement et prudemment enquêteur; trop enfermé dans d'étroites limites, trop acharné à un point dans l'espace, pas assez élargi dans le temps. . . . Et c'est bien, en effet, par l'exiguïté de sa formule expérimentale, par le terre-à-terre de son réalisme que pêche la littérature sociale de Zola. La connaissance de l'historien des Rougon-Macquart est fragmentaire. Elle est faite ou, plutôt, elle *se fait* à chacun de ses livres, des renseignements qu'il recueille au hasard, en se transportant d'un milieu dans un autre avec une sérénité un peu lourde et presque toujours pareille à elle-même. C'est faute d'une vision synoptique ou, si l'on veut, d'un fil conducteur, qu'il a laissé choir en un déterminisme fouriériste l'idéisation impersonnelle qu'il a tentée de la société future dans *Fécondité*, *Travail*, etc. . . . à la fin de sa carrière.

1. Cf. *Correspondance*: passim.

Au contraire, M. J. H. Rosny apporte une philosophie scientifique à son étude des sciences. Il ne chemine pas en aveugle, à travers elles, comme une taupe. Il les domine, de toute la hauteur de son intelligence spéculative; il les voit en largeur de synthèse et il enrichit de détails le relevé immense que son analyse en fait. Zola n'avait que le sens et la curiosité des sciences. M. J. H. Rosny en a l'esprit et en possède la connaissance. Elles ne se sont pas imposées à lui, par leur force même; il ne se les est pas assimilées péniblement; ils les a *prévenues*. Il est allé à elles spontanément, poussé par une irrésistible sympathie et il les a embrassées tout entières pour les assouplir aux exigences de sa sensibilité et de sa pensée.<sup>2</sup>

Cerveau lucide, attentif à tout, il a le goût de l'observation du savant, mais du savant qui serait tous les savants à la fois, c'est-à-dire qui ne s'interdirait pas de regarder chez le voisin, sous prétexte qu'il aurait assez, pour s'occuper, de ce qui ce passerait chez lui. Il n'ignore rien des hypothèses et des découvertes les plus diverses et il est au courant des plus récentes nouveautés.<sup>3</sup> En même temps qu'elle l'instruit, qu'elle fortifie ses convictions philosophiques, la science l'amuse et le passionne. Elle est pour son imagination une source débordante et intarissable, au flot multiplement coloré, d'émotions fraîches; un renouvellement des aspects de la nature et du "merveilleux." Le sentiment et la beauté mêmes — l'amour et la femme se refont avec elle et par elle un charme essentiel.

Entre les quelques interprétations étroites de notre pensée, divisées et pareilles à des îles perdues dans la mer de l'infini, c'est toute une compréhension inattendue du monde et de la vie qu'elle fait surgir ou, plutôt, s'ouvrir sur de vertigineuses perspectives. . . .

Dans l'œuvre de M. J. H. Rosny, en effet, le monde et la vie, par un renversement total de la théorie de la faute originelle dont, plus ou moins, les littératures classique et romantique sont tributaires, apparaissent, non comme un avortement ou une déchéance, mais comme un accomplissement et une gloire.

2. Il les aime à ce point qu'il voudrait — si une seconde existence lui était dévolue — ne la consacrer qu'à des travaux de laboratoire.

3. C'est ainsi qu'il a indiqué magistralement, il y a quelque temps, dans *Le Pluralisme* (F. Alcan, éditeur), une manière philosophique de penser en rapport avec les dernières données de la science.

De ce livre M. Jean Perrin, notre grand physicien, a pu écrire qu'il "abonde en aperçus originaux sur la physique. Ses vues sur le principe de Carnot avaient frappé Pierre Curie qui les a présentées à l'Académie des Sciences." (*La Vie*; 13 avril, 1912.)

L'homme auquel ses origines obscures sont rappelées, se souvient de toutes ses métamorphoses et s'en pare pour s'enorgueillir du plus âpre, du plus colossal et du plus triomphant des efforts. La nature plus douce, semble-t-il, d'avoir été domptée, l'enveloppe et le baigne en son mystère qui se rajeunit d'avoir conservé la plupart de ses attributs primitifs. Il replonge au passé, en s'entourant d'elle. En s'identifiant avec elle dans l'espace, il s'identifie avec elle dans le temps. Il s'en éprouve l'expression définitive en reconnaissant, par l'analyse comparée de sa beauté et de la sienne, que ses éléments variés éternisent les différentes formes par où il a passé — du minéral antique, au végétal et à l'animal plus jeunes — durant sa lente et pénible évolution. Toutes les richesses de la matière chimique dont il sortit, s'assemblent en sa force et en la grâce de sa compagne et concourent à l'harmonie suprême de leur union. Au sein de la nature, non point spécifiante, mais synthétique; au milieu d'une civilisation qui ne peut valoir que par le contraste avec la barbarie que l'a précédée, le couple — dans les romans de M. J. H. Rosny — cesse d'être ce qu'il fut toujours — une abstraction. Il devient l'anneau lumineux d'une chaîne qui s'enfonce dans la pénombre du passé et plonge au clair-obscur de l'avenir.

Dire, pour le romancier-savant, c'est donc aussi et tout à la fois, induire et prédire. Parler de la vie c'est l'étendre à tout, la voir partout — élargir et multiplier notre enivrement d'elle par l'affirmation de sa pérennité et la révélation de ses innombrables aspects. Elle est continue et devient. Mais d'où vient-elle? C'est à le chercher, c'est à pénétrer les secrets de l'évolution de l'humanité, de son long acheminement au travers d'inextricables entraves et au-devant des âges progressifs que s'efforce le beau transformisme de M. J. H. Rosny.

Comme Buffon, comme Humboldt, pour ne citer que des prosateurs, comme tous les savants dont une idée générale domine les recherches et qui sont par là et par-dessus tout des poètes, c'est à des investigations dans la préhistoire que M. J. H. Rosny se complait, presque exclusivement. La nuit qui entoure la légende des millénaires le tente et, hardiment, sans s'attarder aux hésitations trop prudentes de l'érudition, il se fie à son intuition pour exprimer les hypothèses les plus ingénieuses mais les plus vraisemblables et les plus suggestives sur les origines.

Sa curiosité éveillée, perspicace et patiente à reconstituer, son inspiration inventive, son imagination récréatrice leur consacrent plusieurs œuvres magnifiquement et puissamment évocatrices, d'une émotion et



d'une beauté incomparables.<sup>4</sup> A des milliers d'années en arrière, sur la planète éprouvée par les refroidissements des zones septentrionales et en proie aux énergies hostiles des éléments et des bêtes, c'est aux luttes épiques des premiers hommes, des dolichocéphales blonds à la haute stature, pour la domination de l'Europe du pléistocène que M. J. H. Rosny nous reporte.

Sauvage, et toute parfumée de l'ardente jeunesse du monde, la brute humaine y déroule son histoire, celle de ses combats féroces et téméraires avec les grands fauves ou de ses tueries de tribu à tribu, de pleuple à pleuple, de race à race. En des paysages immenses et splendides où palpète la virginité du mystère et que déchirent les cris, traversent les élans souples des bêtes aux sûrs instincts, l'Ancêtre dresse sa forme verticale, armée du silex, et revit pour nous les angoisses et les appétitions de son âme obscure, s'efforçant à réaliser son destin, la beauté et la bonté natives de son corps et de son cœur. Esclave de fatalités inéluctables, d'ordre inférieur, dont il s'acharnera à se débarrasser mais qu'il ne parviendra qu'à remplacer par d'autres, plus élevées, sinon moins dures, une sympathie confuse l'anime à l'égard des espèces qu'il est dans la nécessité de tuer pour assurer sa survie. Une rêverie, qui l'incline à une admiration désintéressée, l'agite en présence des animaux mêmes qu'il a le plus à redouter et ce n'est jamais sans tristesse qu'il se résigne à les exterminer.<sup>5</sup> L'altruisme qui est la compréhension intelligente de la vie, interdit au primitif les hécatombes inutiles. Mieux que nous ne nous le figurons, avec notre raison, il a dû éprouver combien les animaux les plus terribles sont utiles et quels collaborateurs ils peuvent être. Nous ne concevons guère que la domestication des bêtes. Il se servait d'elles autrement. Il les laissait, en toute indépendance sauvage, s'interposer entre les éléments sournois et son ignorance de leurs redoutables mystères. Il demandait à leur ouïe, à leur odorat plus subtils que les siens de l'avertir des périls contre lesquels il se sentait désarmé. Son intelligence, déjà complexe, mais encore insuffisante, s'émerveillait de leur instinct simple mais infailible et il épargnait le fauve, encore qu'il fût pour lui

4. *Vamireh* (Paris, E. Kolb, 1892). *Les Origines* (Paris, Barel, 1895). *Erymah* (Paris, Plon, 1897). *Amour étrusque* (Paris, Barel, 1898). *La Guerre du Feu* (Paris, Plon, 1911).

5. "Retourne là-bas, brave . . . si digne de vivre et de créer la grande race des Urus, si digne de pâturer longtemps encore les bonnes herbes de la plaine," dit Vamireh au taureau qu'il a dû blesser pour sauver l'un des siens. "Non brave . . . Vamireh ne frappera pas le grand Urus vaincu. . . . Vamireh regrette que la plaine soit privée du brave qui aurait protégé sa race contre le Lion et le Léopard." (*Vamireh*, p. 35)

un danger, afin de se préserver de dangers pires. Il n'était guère, au total, plus cruel que nous. Son énergie plus physique, plus simiesque ou plus animale que la nôtre, se dépensait certainement en des luttes morales moins âpres et affreuses. Inquiète, mais limitée à la satisfaction de ses besoins immédiats, elle le laissait goûter d'innocentes trêves. Aussi bien, est-ce, de la part de M. J. H. Rosny un trait de génie de vouloir que son activité offensive, sa rudesse farouche se poétisent et nous émeuvent d'être tourmentés de repos et de douceur et de prévoir quelle félicité serait en une contemplation apaisée du monde, en un abandon fraternel ou filial à ses harmonies et à ses rythmes.<sup>6</sup> Le fort<sup>7</sup> — qui n'est accompli que s'il a le sentiment de l'art et le goût de la connaissance — emploie sa supériorité à protéger. Sa psychologie, après les guerres meurtrières qui imposent les trêves et provoquent les réconciliations — s'éveille et s'anime à la *chaleur des solidarités*. Celles-ci s'établissent naturellement, par une action lente et logique, en tout conforme aux lois de la vie, et les premières morales en découlent, sanctionnant peu à peu l'indéfectible inégalité des valeurs humaines et n'exigeant du légitime vouloir-vivre, du légitime vouloir-progresser des plus hautes aucune abnégation, aucun *renoncement* en faveur des faibles. Les détruire, par contre, serait vainement, stupidement cruel. Ils ont leur utilité, leur *force* qu'il sied que le tout-puissant épargne et à laquelle il sache aider en son évolution.<sup>8</sup> Ainsi la sociologie s'éclaire à l'étude compréhensive de la préhistoire — trop souvent dénaturée — et des lois, en apparence les plus féroces, de la sélection. Le sage, qui est pour M. J. H. Rosny, le savant, s'affirme nécessairement bon d'avoir appris et compris d'être impartial, et il

6. "Les trois nomades s'exaltèrent; la retraite parut plus sûre; ils aspiraient délieusement la nuit: ce fut un de ces instants où les nerfs ont plus de finesse et les muscles plus d'énergie; des sentiments sans nombre soulevant leurs âmes indécises, évoquaient la beauté primordiale; ils aimaient la vie et son cadre, ils goûtaient par tous les sens quelque chose faite de toutes choses, un bonheur créé en dehors et au-dessus de l'action immédiate." (Épisode du *Lion géant et de la Tigresse*, extrait de *La Guerre du Feu*, Plon, 1911.)

7. L'homme du Moustier, le Solutrén (cf. *Les Origines*).

8. Il ne vainc un adversaire, il ne triomphe d'une nécessité que pour bander ses forces contre un adversaire, une nécessité plus élevées. En les dépassant il se dépasse. Mais il détruit le moins possible car, sur chaque nouveau plan où il évolue ses ennemis d'hier deviennent ses alliés de demain. Si M. Rosny fait dire à l'un de ses personnages (*Le Crime du Docteur*): "Je déteste en soi le sacrifice. Ce sacrifice c'est consentir au malheur," il entend que l'altruisme soit une force réglée par la volonté, l'intelligence mise au service de la générosité. La bonté, selon le titre même d'un de ses romans doit être "impérieuse." Elle est "une difficulté intellectuelle, un travail de toutes les délicatesses nerveuses," non un renoncement héroïque mais vain.

pratique la bonté rationnelle, la seule efficiente, celle que commande l'altruisme équilibré par l'individualisme.<sup>9</sup> M. J. H. Rosny revient sans cesse sur cette intelligente sympathie qu'éprouve l'homme pour toutes les espèces et jusqu'aux inférieures de la planète et c'est ce qui fait la haute moralité de ses livres. En dehors de ses romans pré-historiques, dans ses contes purement scientifiques, il ne vise pas seulement, comme Wells<sup>10</sup> à étonner et à amuser.<sup>11</sup> Il ambitionne de trouver "un élément de beauté en dehors des rêves de l'art pour l'art" et de faire de la bonté "une source de noble ambition et d'incomparable éducation esthétique et philosophique."<sup>12</sup> Outre qu'au contraire de Wells<sup>13</sup> il aime à montrer l'homme vainqueur, en définitive, des forces qui se dressent contre lui pour lui disputer l'empire du monde et que, par là, il stimule sa volonté et ses énergies les meilleures, il lui enseigne la pitié dans le triomphe et qu'il faut en user, non en abuser.

Vainqueur des Xipéhuz,<sup>14</sup> le sage Bakhoûn, le chef de la tribu nomade des Pjehou, déplore de n'avoir pu triompher autrement de ces êtres-éléments qu'en les exterminant. L'explorateur Algave, dans *Les Profondeurs de Kyamo*,<sup>15</sup> tombant, par hasard, au milieu d'une colonie de gorilles noirs géants, assiste avec une curiosité émue à leur conseil. Il guette l'éveil de la pensée chez les anthropoïdes et gagne leur sympathie par la toute-puissance du génie mise au service de la bonté, en sauvant ceux d'entre eux qu'une crue a isolés dans une île. Le héros de *Un autre Monde*<sup>16</sup> se sent pénétrer "d'un charme adorable" en étudiant les Mœdigen. . . .

9. En cela, la philosophie et la morale de M. J. H. Rosny me semblent réaliser la plus parfaite expression de la pensée française. Egalemeut distantes de l'idéal d'un Tolstoï et d'un Nietzsche, du fatalisme mystique et de l'individualisme outrancier, cette philosophie et cette morale ont, nonobstant, leur réalisme raisonné, noble, une séduction qu'ils doivent à la jeune ardeur de foi scientifique de leur interprète, à sa croyance en la bonté et la beauté de la vie, à la largeur de sa sympathie.

10. Les œuvres scientifiques de M. J. H. Rosny sont antérieures en date à celles de H. G. Wells.

11. Quand, encore, il s'abstient d'étaler son dogmatisme calviniste et son utilitarisme étroit (cf. *Anticipations*), où il divise l'espèce humaine en utiles et en inutiles. Il est essentiellement antiesthétique, au surplus.

12. Préface de *Daniel Valgraine* (Paris, A. Lemerre, 1891).

13. Dans *La Guerre des Mondes*, les Marsiens sur le point de triompher des Terriens ne doivent la mort qu'à un hasard. Dans *Place aux Géants* les géants finissent par dominer l'homme normal.

14. Société du Mercure de France (réimpression, 1896).

15. Plon-Nourrit, 1896.

16. *Ibid.*, 1898.

S'il est évident que M. J. H. Rosny joue avec la science en savant désintéressé, pour le plaisir qu'elle lui procure; si son imagination, qui se déploie à l'aise dans l'abstrait, s'enivre de son merveilleux, plus riche que celui de la fiction — il ne laisse pas, cependant, de lui demander de préciser sa conception de la vie et de l'être. Il ne va pas à elle avec cette humeur systématisante, ce parti-pris passionné qui viole les lois et les faits, mais il tente, avec succès, comme l'a dit M. Jules Lemaître, de concilier ces deux esprits, trop souvent séparés chez nous: "l'enthousiasme de la science et l'enthousiasme de la beauté morale." S'élevant jusqu'à un positivisme humanitaire, au-dessus du pur savant, il apporte à son étude du monde une curiosité moins terre-à-terre, un sens plus aigu des rapports des actions et des réactions réciproques du physique et du moral et la subtilité et la complexité des détails dont il illustre son idée n'en rompent jamais l'harmonieuse synthèse.

Aussi bien, *toutes les sciences*<sup>17</sup> se distribuent-elles ou se coordonnent-elles dans chacun de ses livres et de ses contes — en particulier — qui sont proprement des spéculations, pour procurer l'impression même de l'étroite union et du rythme où elles se généralisent à l'infini. C'est en dehors ou au-delà des classifications arbitraires, en dehors ou au-delà des règnes: minéral, végétal et animal que les éléments s'animent de par la fantaisie logique du savant-poète.

Quelle science se réclamera d'une autorité spéciale pour étudier ces "formes" qui menacèrent d'anéantir la race des hommes, quelques mille ans avant "le massement civilisateur d'où surgirent, plus tard, Ninive, Babylone, Ecbatane," et que Bakhoûn disait appartenir à un quatrième règne? (Xipéhu). Sortes de cônes bleuâtres, translucides, ils glissent sur terre, se dirigent à leur gré, se disposent en triangle pour se reproduire, tuent les oiseaux en les attirant, non pour les consommer mais pour les réduire en cendres, et leur mort est une pétrification.

Extra-naturels ou supra-humains, comme les *Mædigen* fluides, magnétiques, développés seulement en longueur et qui traversent le végétal et l'animal mais non le minéral, ils habitent, sans doute, les incommensurables espaces que notre ignorance, due à nos sens bornés, a laissés vacants entre les quelques genres qu'elle a étroitement catégorisés. . . .

Ce que nous savons, ce que les sciences exactes nous permettent

17. "Mathématiques, astronomie, physique, géologie, biologie lui sont également familières." Jean Perrin (cité plus haut).

de dire que nous savons est si peu de chose qu'il faut — puisque c'est son droit et sa raison d'être — que l'imagination du poète brise leur cadre et s'en évade par l'intuition. L'intuition seule permet de pressentir de nouveaux phénomènes, d'en créer même et de déduire, d'expériences supposées, des suppositions fécondes.

Si le savant, qui se méfie des systèmes et des généralisations hâtives, ne veut toucher que les faits précis, constants, certains, pour les ranger prudemment dans des cases où ils seront sans relation, que le poète — procédant d'une "vue de l'esprit" — se hasarde à tâter les ténèbres, pleines de surprises, pour y effleurer, peut-être, des rapports nouveaux. Qu'il s'ingénie à révéler, par exemple, spéculant à la fois sur l'anthropologie et la physique, l'humanité amphibique (*Nymphea*) qui s'est probablement développée autrefois sur les parties du globe noyées par les eaux et qui s'est parfaite en souplesse dans l'art de la natation.

Qu'il analyse subtilement le phénomène que peut produire l'attraction électrique exercée par un passage d'étoiles au-dessus d'un bolide tombé jadis de l'une d'elles sur le plateau de Tornadres.<sup>18</sup> Qu'il cherche, encore, en darwinien étonné et frémissant du hasard heureux qui nous a permis de devenir les maîtres du globe, si — parmi toutes les espèces connues ou inconnues qui le peuplent, l'ont peuplé ou *ont dû* le peupler — il n'aurait pas pu s'en trouver une, assez intelligente et assez forte pour nous disputer et nous arracher la suprématie. (*La Contrée prodigieuse des cavernes* qu'habitent les chauves-souris blanches, "un essai de la nature pour faire un homme-volant.")

Qu'il imagine, enfin, une hypothèse nouvelle — parmi toutes celles que l'on a hasardées sur la façon dont se terminera la vie des hommes sur la planète — et qu'il montre dans *La mort de la Terre*,<sup>19</sup> les derniers de nos fils cernés par la sécheresse du désert, s'épuisant autour de quelques sources près de tarir, dans la lutte contre les ferromagnétaux. . . .

Mais il n'est donné qu'à de très rares esprits, assez sûrement équilibrés et imprégnés de science pour ne pas craindre de la trahir par leurs audaces, de pouvoir se livrer — sans cesser d'être vraisemblables — à des divinations qu'un tel halo de merveilleux entoure qu'elles ont un air d'invraisemblance. A cette hauteur où l'imagination et l'art l'élèvent l'intuition scientifique n'est que l'attribut du génie. Chez M. J. H. Rosny, elle devient d'autant plus surprenante et admirable

18. *Le Cataclysm* (Ce conte fait suite aux Xipéhuz).

19. Plon, 1912

qu'elle ne reste pas limitée aux sciences mathématiques, physiques et naturelles, mais qu'elle s'élargit à la psychologie, à l'étude du système du monde, des rapports de l'homme avec l'homme et avec la nature, c'est-à-dire à la métaphysique.

Une foi magnifique l'exalte ; et s'il m'est impossible d'en démontrer ici la transcendantale puissance, on voudra bien me croire, cependant, si j'affirme que de toutes les hypothèses que M. J. H. Rosny émet, il n'en est pas une qui ne se défende et que ne défendent les lois scientifiques les plus rigoureuses.

Mais, à n'envisager ses romans et ses contes — indépendamment de leur valeur spéculative et de leur beauté morale — qu'au point de vue de la littérature même ; à ne leur demander que les qualités propres aux œuvres d'art, on s'étonne de la perfection à laquelle ils atteignent. L'émotion supérieure que leur lecture nous procure et que nous apprécions d'autant plus qu'elle est plus nouvelle, se subtilise et s'affine, en même temps qu'elle s'amplifie, de l'éveil de tous nos sens — s'intensifie de toutes les curiosités de notre intelligence, de toutes les réminiscences de notre être et de toutes ses appétitions.

Le monde qu'évoque — en connaissance rigoureusement scientifique — la magie de la phrase nombreuse de M. J. H. Rosny, se révèle à nous, tout entier, avec ses couleurs, ses musiques, ses parfums, ses saveurs et ses impressions multiples. Une immense et sereine poésie l'enveloppe d'une lumière et d'une harmonie. Éternellement jeune, universellement eurythmique, il déborde de vie et d'amour et l'amour y résume la vie en la refaisant. L'homme y est plus homme de rappeler l'humanité tout entière à chacun de ses gestes, à chacun de ses désirs et la femme plus femme de donner dans son baiser tous les baisers et d'être dans sa beauté une synthèse de la nature. . . . Mais pour apprécier plus convenablement la qualité exceptionnelle des dons de reconstitution et d'analyse d'un écrivain tel que M. J. H. Rosny, il faudrait une longue étude où on passerait en revue tous ses livres. Car, ceux mêmes qu'il ne consacre pas à proprement parler à la science sont encore d'un savant.<sup>20</sup> On ne divise pas, on ne décompose pas son œuvre sans la trahir. "J. H. Rosny, romancier scientifique," c'est J. H. Rosny tout entier. Il n'est pas artiste ici et savant là. Il est savant et artiste en même temps et toujours. De quoi que ce soit qu'il

20. Telle la dernière œuvre qu'il vient de publier, *Dans les Rues* — dramatique tableau de la vie aventureuse des Apaches parisiens où la jeunesse crapuleuse de nos faubourgs désire, agit, combat comme les hommes de l'âge de pierre.

parle, il en parle en homme dont des goûts, une éducation scientifique ont affiné la compréhension et la sensibilité, bien loin de les émousser.

Nous parlons souvent en France de la décadence de notre littérature. C'est que " nous sommes injustes pour nos vraies gloires," comme le disait M. Rémy de Gourmont, à propos, justement, de notre auteur. . . . Nous ne les connaissons pas. . . . De quel émerveillement on se prive en ignorant l'œuvre de M. J. H. Rosny! de quelle incompréhension on fait preuve en ne l'exaltant pas!

Pour moi, je le lis comme je suppose qu'il devait se trouver des gens pour lire Rabelais, au XVIIe siècle: avec le sentiment joyeux et fort de me multiplier et d'assister à une aurore. M. J. H. Rosny me fait croire à mon époque et en être fier. Ses livres ne sont pas de ceux qui illustrent les siècles de décadence, mais de renaissance. Quelque chose ne s'y rassemble pas pour s'y résumer, mais quelque chose en jaillit pour se développer. Ils ont le caractère des immortelles peintures du palais Farnèse. J'entends qu'ils débordent, comme elles, de vie fraîche, qu'ils expriment, comme elles, le ravissement d'une vive intelligence en face de la nature retrouvée — avec quelle puissance de vision! avec quelle subtilité dans la découverte du détail!

Peut-être notre génération n'est-elle pas encore assez savante pour assimiler avec aisance les enseignements dont M. J. H. Rosny enrichit son émotion et, par conséquent, pour en jouir. Peut-être ses symphonies sont-elles trop nombreuses pour nos oreilles, habituées encore, pour la plupart, à des harmonies très simples et très facilement accessibles. Elles ne sont indéchiffrables pour personne, cependant. Ceux qui n'en pourront goûter la synthèse en aimeront l'analyse. Elle leur réservera les surprises les plus délicieuses. . . .

Il y a tous les artistes en cet artiste truculent et nuancé, pittoresque et précis, rude et tendre, amusé et apitoyé, goguenard et prophétique. . . . Il me rappelle Rabelais, disais-je; c'est Rabelais, oui — le Rabelais du XXe siècle — mais, c'en est aussi le Racine et le Leconte de Lisle. (M. Maurras comparait les types de jeunes filles créées par lui aux héroïnes de Corneille.)

Ah! qu'il serait intéressant et passionnant de l'étudier sous tous ses aspects! De le montrer décomposant la psychologie complexe d'un moderne ou recomposant la psychologie obscure d'un primitif; peignant d'un pinceau éclatant le nuage qui passe ou sculptant d'un ciseau dur la roche antique! Je voudrais avoir à le relire tout entier. . . . Puissé-je avoir donné, du moins, le désir de le lire!

**PERSONALITY IN ART: by R. Machell**

ONE of the most baffling mysteries of art is the charm that is exercised by the personality of the artist. There is a mystery in this, and its presence reveals itself in the paradoxes and contradictions to which it gives rise. On the one hand we have seen instances of artists whose nature was markedly free from egotism, vanity, or selfishness, men filled with the pure love of nature, seeking to give true expression to the voice of nature undiluted by any injection of personal bias, who yet stamped their work with the seal and signature of their personality so strongly that some critics have been led to suppose the artists had no other aim in view. In such cases the utter unconsciousness of the artist may have been the cause of the strongly personal note in his work. Had he been more self-conscious he would probably have made some effort to conceal his personality, which, thanks to his simple innocence, has overflowed as freely as the waters of a spring.

On the other hand we have two modes of egotism revealed in the works of those who, fully self-conscious in the lowest sense, that is to say completely absorbed in the admiration of their own artistic sensibilities, seek either to give the fullest expression to it, openly professing the cult of personality as their artistic creed, or else elaborately hiding it under cover of an assumed and laboriously cultivated style or method.

In ordinary life we may see the same thing in the personal manner of great egotists; on the one hand are those that openly and aggressively assert themselves, pushing to the front, seeking the limelight, trying to attract attention by loud talking or by noisy movements; while on the other hand we have the men of much modesty, no less bent on self-assertion, but seeking their object by stealthy means. They take the last place, knowing that it has been said, "the last shall be first"; they move silently and stand apart as the surest means of attracting notice when the disturbance caused by the assertive person has subsided. So too in art we find personality asserting itself under cover of academic formalism as surely as under shelter of a loud profession of independence and revolt.

But what a difference there is between the charm of the unconsciously expressed personality first spoken of and the over-conscious self-assertion of either of the other two. In trying to understand the reason of the difference one is forced to realize that personality is an essential part of life as we know it. Personality is universal in the



human stage of evolution. Man is a man by virtue of personality; yet he himself is an impersonal being. That is to say, the true self is universal, and the personal self is a temporary instrument.

So the true artist, rising to the height of his universal self-hood, feels the beauty and harmony of the divine life of the world, and seeks to give expression to his joy of life through the work of his personality trained for that purpose. Thus he may be sublimely unconscious of the peculiarities of his personal method, which are but the adaption of means to a higher object, while he is intently striving to give birth on the mental or material plane of existence to the harmony he perceives in that higher state in which his soul finds joy.

But the lower artist, who may be more skillful, more intelligent, more highly trained than the former, has never consciously risen above the level of his personality, and is possibly unaware of the very existence of any higher state of consciousness than that in which his brain-mind and senses hold him bound. But even here we find the mystery of impersonality, and indeed here in its most puzzling form.

Living in the world of merely sensuous experience, that is in the ordinary life of the world, an artist may be moved by the universal spirit of beauty and harmony to interpret the spiritual harmonies, that mentally he hardly understands. He may even deny the existence of a spiritual world, while devoting his whole energies to interpreting its harmonies in his work. He may be wholly egotistic, and yet impersonally so. For egotism is universal so far as man is concerned, and an artist may be man the egotist but in a universal impersonal way. He will be, as it were, a simple instinctual creature, not selfishly identified exclusively with his own personality, but living in the instincts and emotions common to all men of his kind. Such a man may have no high ideals that he is aware of, he may have no philosophy beyond the desire to experience the joy of life; and yet he may be impersonal, and his art may charm by the *naïveté* of his unconscious personality. He may be, as it were, the voice of the people speaking with the voice of humanity through one of its units.

But the selfish egotist, who makes a religion of his vanity, and who worships his own personality, is a pitiful object, usually a degenerate; for self-worship of the lower kind is the foundation of degeneracy. He is proud of his vices, and takes the title of degenerate as an honor. Any title is an honor to a man that seeks distinction; and vanity impels men to value distinction above all else. Self-worship is the expression

of the principle of disintegration, and its crown is separateness. To be apart from the herd; that is the ideal, often openly declared, of these self-deceived self-destroyers. And this fatal vice of vanity is quite compatible with a high development of mind and technical ability, by means of which it can make a place for itself and enjoy for a time a large share of public notice, which is the breath of life to its devotees.

Of course it goes without saying that the highest types of art are most rare; it must be so; but it is well for us from time to time to "sit up and take notice," lest we be caught in the stream of popular applause that may greet a display of low art. We are always in danger of losing sight of the goal, and of being "side-tracked" by these waves of popular enthusiasm; and, unless we have some solid basis of philosophy to stand upon, we may easily lose our balance, and fall from the high place the student of Theosophy is called upon to occupy in the ranks of those that work for humanity.

**POETRY AND SYMBOLISM OF INDIAN BASKETRY:**  
**by George Wharton James \***

(Illustrated with Photographs by the Author and of Baskets in his Historic Collection.)  
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II



**T**HE first woman that we found was Juana Apapos. I had bought a number of baskets from her in the past few years and had no hesitancy in asking her to bring out anything she had for sale. She was busily engaged in weaving the basket shown in the center of Figure 15. I bought two or three other baskets she brought to me, but this was the one in which I became the most interested. I had long ago learned, however, that in dealing with most Indians it was not a good plan to ask questions which, in themselves, seemed to suggest the answers desired. Too often the Indian's idea of politeness is that if you suggest an answer to your question that is the answer you desire.

\* Author of *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert, In and Around the Grand Canyon, The Indians of the Painted Desert Region, Indian Basketry, Through Ramona's Country, etc., etc.*

Hence the vast amount of *misinformation* that people distribute among their friends as knowledge actually gained from the Indians. Consequently I asked no direct questions, but sat down upon the ground and using the sand to demonstrate upon, I explained to Juana that I had recently visited the Navahos, the great blanket-weaving Indians of New Mexico, and that they wove into their blankets a number of designs some of which seemed very similar to those that the Southern California Indians weave into their baskets. I then drew upon the sand several designs used by the Navahos, one of which was much like the conventionalized step design in Juana's basket, and I explained to her its Navaho significance. Almost immediately she replied, "But that was not what I meant when I put that design into my basket. You see where we live here there is no opportunity to see the majestic summit of Mount San Jacinto. I am very fond of that mountain. Up at Cahuilla, where some of my relatives live, one can see the whole glorious range of San Jacinto, with its steps leading higher and higher until you come to its broad flat top, over which the sun floods the country every morning in a scene of bewildering beauty. So, when my friends invited me to pay a visit to Cahuilla, I was glad to go, for I was really hungry to see the great mountain that I so much love. Every morning I used to get up early and watch the first gleams of the sunlight until the mountain slopes and the valleys as well were flooded with its light. Just before I came home I began to make this basket and thought I would put into it the steps that so reminded me of Mount San Jacinto and all it meant to me. Here are the steps you see (pointing to the design), leading from the mountain top into the valley where the earth is, which you see I have made, and under it running springs of water, which are also represented. Thus the basket gives me much pleasure in reminding me of the joys I had on that visit."

Here Juana ceased her narrative, without any explanation of the tree-like figures which overshadow her representation of the valleys. Accordingly I asked her to tell me what they meant. This, for a time, she refused to do under the plea that I would laugh at her. When, finally, I convinced her that I would not laugh, she explained as follows: "In some parts of the valleys are wonderful pine-trees which spread out their great branches in every direction. These, in the winter were covered with heavy snow. This you could certainly tell by the way in which the branches bent over. I wanted to put these trees into my valleys, but when I started to weave them I did not think

enough beforehand and so started to make them too big, so that when they were finished, the trees were bigger than the valleys. I do not like to see them." Then, with a quaint expression upon her face, she handed me the basket saying: "I think I will sell you this basket now." I did not waste any time but immediately asked the price and paid it, for it mattered much to me that Juana realized that her design was carelessly conceived and indifferently executed and therefore she was glad to get the basket out of her sight. I know many white workers who have not yet learned enough to be able to discern good from evil work, especially if it is the product of their own fingers.

The next weaver we visited was an almost blind old woman who was just finishing the large basket in the center of Figure 16. In speaking of this design the old lady reminded us that they lived in a region where the white man had stolen practically all the available water supply, the springs, etc., and that unless there was abundant rain their crops did not grow, the grass did not spring up, so that their flocks went hungry and that meant poverty and hunger to themselves. But the year before there had been much rain; the sky was filled with clouds and rainbows; and the constant falling of the rain filled the springs, watered the earth, gave them an abundance of crops, and made everything happy and prosperous. "So," continued she, "as I am only a poor old woman, nearly blind, and unable to do anything else, I am making this basket in order that I may take the sacred meal and sprinkle it at the shrine where I shall pray to 'Those Above' that they send us much rain this year, and to remind them of my prayers I put the rainbows into my basket that they may know exactly what my prayers are for." Then, with a pathos that was touching in its naïve simplicity, the old lady, raising the basket to her nearly blind eyes and peering at the rainbow designs that she had made, exclaimed, "I am an old woman and cannot weave very well and my sight is nearly gone, and I never attempted to make any rainbows before. They are not very good, but I think Those Above will understand what I mean, and I hope they will answer my prayers and send us rain."

The work thus begun interestingly continued all day and I got a vast amount of lore from the Saboba people suggested by the designs in their baskets, that filled a large notebook.

Figure 17 is of Pedro Lucero, one of the patriarchs of the tribe, whose wife was one of the most skilful weavers of her people. She had just completed the basket the old man holds in his hands. I pur-

chased it and with the aid of Bonifacio Cabse obtained from the old man and his wife the following legend of the advent of the Sabobas in Southern California :

“ Before my people came here they lived far, far away in the land that is in the heart of the setting sun. But Siwash, our great god, told Uuyot, the warrior captain of my people, that we must come away from this land and sail away and away in a direction that he would give us. Under Uuyot’s orders my people built big boats, and then, with Siwash himself leading them, and with Uuyot as captain, they launched them into the ocean and rowed away from the shore. There was no light on the ocean. Everything was covered with a dark fog and it was only by singing as they rowed that the boats were enabled to keep together.

“ It was still dark and foggy when the boats landed on the shores of this land, and my ancestors groped about in the darkness, wondering why they had been brought hither. Then, suddenly, the heavens opened, and lightnings flashed and thunders roared and the rains fell, and a great earthquake shook all the earth. Indeed, all the elements of earth, ocean, and heaven seemed to be mixed up together, and with terror in their hearts, and silence on their tongues, my people stood still, awaiting what should happen further. Though no voice had spoken they knew something was going to happen, and they were breathless in their anxiety to know what it was. Then they turned to Uuyot and asked him what the raging of the elements meant. Gently he calmed their fears and bade them be silent and wait. As they waited, a terrible clap of thunder rent the very heavens and the vivid lightning revealed the frightened people huddling together as a pack of sheep. But Uuyot stood alone, brave and fearless, and daring the anger of Those Above. With a loud voice he cried out: ‘ Wit-i-a-ko!’ which signified ‘ Who’s there; what do you want?’ There was no response. The heavens were silent! The ocean was silent! All Nature was silent! Then with a voice full of tremulous sadness and loving yearning for his people Uuyot said: ‘ My children, my own sons and daughters, something is wanted of us by Those Above. What it is I do not know. Let us gather together and bring *pivat*, and with it make the big smoke and then dance and dance until we are told what is required of us.’

“ So the people brought *pivat* — a native tobacco that grows in Southern California — and Uuyot brought the big ceremonial pipe

which he had made out of rock, and he soon made the big smoke and blew the smoke up into the heavens while he urged his people to dance. They danced hour after hour, until they grew tired, and Uuyot smoked all the time, but still he urged them to dance.

“ Then he called out again to ‘ Those Above, ‘ Witiako!’ but could obtain no response. This made him sad and disconsolate, and when the people saw Uuyot sad and disconsolate they became panic-stricken, ceased to dance, and clung around him for comfort and protection. But poor Uuyot had none to give. He himself was the saddest and most forsaken of all, and he got up and bade the people leave him alone, as he wished to walk to and fro by himself. Then he made the people smoke and dance, and when they rested they knelt in a circle and prayed. But he walked away by himself, feeling keenly the refusal of ‘ Those Above’ to speak to him. His heart was deeply wounded.

“ But, as the people prayed and danced and sang, a gentle light came stealing into the sky from the far, far east. Little by little the darkness was driven away. First the light was gray, then yellow, then white, and at last the glittering brilliancy of the sun filled all the land and covered the sky with glory. The sun had arisen for the first time, and in its light and warmth my people knew they had the favor of ‘ Those Above,’ and they were contented and happy.

“ But when Siwash, the god of earth, looked around and saw everything revealed by the sun, he was discontented, for the earth was bare and level and monotonous and there was nothing to cheer the sight. So he took some of the people and of them he made high mountains, and of some smaller mountains. Of some he made rivers and creeks and lakes and waterfalls; and of others, coyotes, foxes, antelope, bear, squirrels, porcupines, and all the other animals. Then he made out of other people all the different kinds of snakes and reptiles and insects and birds and fishes. Then he wanted trees and plants and flowers, and he turned some of the people into these things. Of every man or woman that he seized he made something according to their value. When he had done he had used up so many people that he was scared. So he set to work and made a new lot of people, some to live here and some to live everywhere. And he gave to each family its own language and tongue and its own place to live, and he told them where to live and the sad distress that would come upon them if they mixed up their tongues by intermarriage. Each family was to live in its own place and while all the different families were to be friends and live

as brothers, tied together by kinship, amity, and concord, there was to be no mixing of bloods.

“ Thus were settled the original inhabitants of the coast of Southern California by Siwash, the god of the earth, and under the captaincy of Uuyot.”

In the design of this basket the upper row shows the sun, moon, and stars shining through the openings in the mountains as related in the story. The bottom row represents the different villages of the people, each separate and distinct, yet each connected with the other by the bonds of kinship and affection.

Unfortunately this basket is no longer in my collection. While traveling and lecturing in the East the basket disappeared. Whether it was stolen or accidentally lost I have never been able to determine, but should it ever be seen, I give this public announcement that it was never sold by me; that it should be in the collection and that I should be very happy to see it returned there.

A few years after I gained this story from Pedro and his wife an earthquake visited Saboba and though the *temblor* was not a severe one, it shook down the old adobe wall under which Pedro and his wife, with several others, were sleeping. I then wrote the following true story which it is well should find a place here.

“ Everybody knew Pedro and his wife. They were a loving couple, though aged, wrinkled, and worn. ‘ Poor ’ was no name to describe the abject wretchedness of their lot, yet in each other’s love they were content, nay, even happy. But Pedro was blind. I never asked him whether he was born blind, or if it were the result of some later accident, but ever since I have known him he has been without the power of sight. His wife was a quiet, even-tempered, sweet-spirited, industrious old woman, one of the few remaining basket-makers of the Sabobas, and she would sit hard at work, day in and day out, shaping the pliant willow and tule root into the useful and pretty baskets that in these days we have learned so much to value.

“ They did not have much of what we should call intellectual intercourse. There were no chats on the latest operas, or novels, or poems, or pictures. They did not discuss the newest scientific theories and argue about the descent of man, or life being a product of ferment. One would have thought there was little to bind them closely together. Poverty is said to be ‘ grinding ’; and where one is ‘ ground ’ he does not generally feel loving and gentle. Still this couple were ever loving

and gentle one with another. The old woman would talk to the old blind man, and he would reply, and a look of content and peace would come over his face in spite of his sightless orbs. For they loved each other deeply, truly, faithfully, lastingly. Theirs no fair-weather love, while youth and good looks lasted; no formal tie to be severed at will for a younger man or woman, but a true union of hearts — Indian hearts though they were — and their ever-present reward was a conjugal happiness to be envied. Happiness is a relative term, and, as the Christ put it, it comes not from without. ‘The kingdom of heaven is within you.’ Poverty and squalor cannot affect it, for it is a state within. The ‘diners on herbs’ might enjoy it and the ‘feasters on stalled ox’ know nothing of its calm delights and perpetual inner banquets. These two loved, and in the gentle serenity of that never-failing devotion to each other the days passed in happiness and content, and one, seeing them as I did, could wish them nothing better than to pass out into the beyond together, thus loving and being loved.

“But the cyclone considers not the gamboling of the innocent lamb. The tornado sweeps with equally direful force over the happy as well as the wretched, just as the rain falls upon the just and the unjust. The stormy blasts of winter have no discernment of the poorly clad, and the disasters of the earthquake smite the deserving and the good as well as the undeserving and the bad. So it need not seem strange that when the earthquake of a few years ago shook up Southern California it slew the wife of Pedro as well as several other women, none of whom, perhaps, were as happy in conjugal bliss as she.

“Sad and bitter were the wailings when the mournful news of these tragic deaths was told. Assembled together in an adobe hut, asleep under its walls after a *fiesta* of celebration of the happy Christmas-time (and let us not be too censorious that their feasting was of the grosser kind), the *temblor de tierra* came, one of the walls fell, and the lives of the sleeping women were instantaneously dashed out, Pedro’s wife being among the number.

“He himself was also a victim of the earth’s unsteadiness. Leg and collar bone (I think it was) were shattered, and when the dead body of his wife was found and brought out into the sunlight, Pedro was lying in agony and pain, broken and shattered in body. Out of kindness he was not told of his aged companion’s tragic death. The Indian agency doctor visited him and gave him all the benefit possible of his great skill and knowledge. Ever since Pedro had opened his



heart to the doctor, when he and I several years before had talked with him about the origin of his people, the physician had taken the deepest interest in this old blind man and his wife, so that now he needed no urging to do all that could be done to restore him to health. The fractures were reduced and the wounds treated, and the pure natural life of the old man aided the surgeon's endeavors so that he seemed on the way to speedy recovery. But all the time he kept asking for his wife. Where was his wife? Why didn't he hear her voice comforting and consoling him in his pain? That it might not retard his recovery the dreadful news was still kept from him, and he was left under the impression that his wife, like himself, was injured too seriously to come to him, but that she would doubtless soon recover. Tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks from his poor, sightless eyes as he thought of his loved partner thus injured and of his inability to minister to her.

"His distress was pitiable to observe, and it was only when the doctor urged self-control and speedy recovery for her sake that Pedro's agitation was overcome.

"Those Above had stricken them with severe blows. Why was it? He could patiently have borne for himself, but his poor wife — she was so feeble, and so old. Could not she have been spared?

"His broken bones began to knit and his wounds to heal. Speedy restoration to a fair degree of health was looked forward to, when it was deemed that the time had come to tell him the truth. The result was terrifying. In a few pathetic words this poor Indian exposed his whole inner heart.

" 'And she is gone from me? Shall I never hear the gentle love-sweetness of her voice in my ears again? From youth to old age we have walked hand in hand together, and now she has left me alone. She has gone on alone. I need her — she needs me. Care for me no more, I must go to her,' and straightway he turned his face away from all succor, refused all food, and in a few hours was again walking hand in hand, though now in the Indian spirit land, with the aged wife, who doubtless, with himself, had renewed her youth."

To return to the symbolism of the baskets, the design in the basket to the left in Figure 15 is one containing the same motif of aesthetic pleasure in objects of natural beauty as revealed in the basket by its side. This weaver, living on Warner's Ranch, where there are many springs and many beautiful flowers and butterflies, conventionally

designated them all in this basket. In the center the small design represents springs and in the body of the design it will be seen that butterflies and flowers alternate one with another.

The basket in the upper row to the right of Figure 16 has the same motif. With nothing but the black and white of her splints the appreciative weaver expressed her joy and delight at the beauty of the trailing vines and flowers in this manner.

The large basket in the center of Figure 19 was sent to me by a Cahuilla weaver while I was lecturing in New York. At that time she and her family were camped some sixteen or eighteen miles from Redlands. Desirous of knowing the symbolism of the design and knowing that she was an intelligent woman and would answer correctly I wrote to a friend of that city if he would kindly go out and get the desired information. When he arrived the weaver asked him to come in the morning *before sunrise* and she would then show him what the design meant. My friend was wise enough to do as he was told and a full hour before sunrise found him at her camp. Taking him a little distance away she pointed to the ridge in the East, where, silhouetted against the beautiful clear white light of the early morning, a number of yuccas were to be seen. The white light of the morning shining through the dark spikes of the yucca afforded her so much pleasure that she wished to place them in her basket. The little groups in the design represent the flowers conventionalized. This was one of the baskets the coloring of which gave such delight to the master artist to whom I have above referred, but unfortunately, the engraving does not reproduce the rich and perfect harmonies of its color scheme.

Several of the baskets are prayer-baskets, carrying out somewhat the same idea that the old Saboba woman had when she put the rainbows in her basket — see Figure 16, for instance, and the basket to the left in Figure 19. When I first saw and purchased this basket, I could not conceive what its peculiar design could mean until upon inquiry the weaver showed me that the central cross design was a conventionalized representation of the four paws of a bear, showing their sharp claws, and that the other sharp pointed portions of the design represented the incisor-like and dangerous teeth of the bear. Instinctively realizing what the basket meant I asked her if I might accompany her when she took the basket to the shrine of prayer. In amazement she looked at me and asked me how I knew she was going to pray.

I made no reply, but simply asked that I might go and satisfied her that my desire was an earnest one and that I should sincerely unite my prayer with hers. She then took my request in the most matter of fact way and before long put a supply of prayer-meal into the basket and took me to the shrine where she knelt and prayed most fervently to the Powers Above. From her prayer I gathered that her husband and sons were working in a portion of the Sierras where a number of bears had been seen. She was afraid that these wild creatures might jeopardize the lives of her loved ones. According to her reasoning the bears were subject to the two great powers — one good, the other evil. This must be so, for all bears have equal power to do damage and injury, but only a few show the disposition to attack man. These, therefore, undoubtedly are under the domination of the evil power and she sought especially to propitiate this power in order that no injury would come to those she loved.

This same motif is found in the basket to the right in Figure 18. Here is clearly outlined a diamond-back rattlesnake, although in the engraving the head of the rattler is in the shade and is indistinct. The woman who made this knelt in my presence, and after sprinkling the sacred meal as is their wont when at prayer, petitioned the powers of good and evil that her loved ones might be preserved from the poisonous fangs of the rattlesnakes that abounded in the region where they were at work.

It will also be noticed that in this basket there is a figure that looks like that of a mouse or rat. There are two of these figures in the basket. I forgot to ask the weaver the significance of these, hence I do not know definitely what her idea was in placing them here. The assumption, therefore, is purely my own and may be erroneous, but it is not improbable that her thought was to suggest to the powers that controlled the rattlesnakes that if the gods would undertake to preserve from injury those she loved she would see to it that plenty of mice and other reptilian foods were forthcoming for these creatures.

The basket to the right of the lower row of Figure 16 is the well-known Bat Basket, the story of which has been told many times. When I first saw this basket the old weaver was busily engaged in its manufacture. As I chatted with her she told me that the design which she was weaving into it was that of the flying bat.

“Why do you put the flying bat into your basket?”

The answer came with a childlike confidence and simplicity that

were intensely interesting and pathetic. "For a long time when I have gone to my bed to sleep, the flying bats have come through that hole" — pointing to a small hole at the junction of the wall and roof — "*and sucked away my breath*. You see I cannot breathe very well, for they have taken away nearly all the breath I have." (The poor old creature was suffering from asthma — a very rare complaint with Indians.) "So I am going to pray to Those Above to keep the bats away from me. I am making the basket to take the sacred meal to the shrine" (mentioning a place where the old Cahuilla Indians go to pray as in the old days before priests and missionaries were known), "and I am putting the bats in the basket so that Those Above will know what I am praying about. I will sprinkle the sacred meal and then pray earnestly that the bats be kept away so that when I lie down to sleep my breath be no longer taken away from me."

Impulsively I placed my hand on her shoulder and exclaimed: "And when you pray will you remember that your white brother will pray with you?"

I took good care, however, before leaving, to close up the aperture through which the bats entered her hut to disturb her. It was nearly a year before I returned to Cahuilla, but one of the first visitors to my wagon was this old woman. She took my face between her hands and kissed me on each cheek, and shook my hands with cordial earnestness, while tears streamed down her cheeks. Almost her first words were: "You see I now have my breath. Those Above heard *our* prayers."

Her gladness almost touched me to tears, and they actually did flow when I realized the significance of the plural pronoun she had used: "*Our prayers*." Here, indeed, was the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. Then she continued: "I told you if our prayers were answered I would keep the basket for you, and it is there on my wall waiting for you to come and fetch it."

The second basket from the left in the upper row of Figure 16 has an equally pathetic prayer connected with it. It was made by the squaw of Panamahita, a Havasupai Indian, who lives with his tribe in Havasu or Cataract Canyon, one of the tributaries of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Their home is deep down in the Canyon some fifty miles west and south of El Tovar. Some months prior to my visit on the occasion of my getting this basket, there had been a severe cloudburst which had completely washed away the gardens of several fam-

ilies of the Indians and had done a great deal of damage to their peach and fig trees. Upon these vegetables and fruits the Indians depended for a large share of their subsistence during the year and all of these having been destroyed they were naturally in sad circumstances. I had ridden into the Canyon from Bass Camp and had just passed the school-house when I met the family leaving the village to visit a shrine some fifteen to twenty miles away where I doubt whether any other white man save myself has ever been privileged to go. This basket was in the hands of the weaver and in our conversation I learned that she had made it expressly for the visit they were about to make to this shrine. Before long the symbolism of the design was made apparent. According to their belief, with which I have been familiar for many years, the Havasupais believe that "Hackataia" is the great central power behind all cyclones, tornadoes, cloud-bursts, and destructive forces of this nature. They regard the roaring, turbulent Colorado River in the depths of the Canyon as a manifestation of Hackataia; the thunder as another manifestation. The destructive cloud-burst which had devastated their gardens and partially destroyed their homes was also an exhibition of his malevolent power. Accordingly, in the center of the basket the black part of the design represents the great Hackataia from which all the smaller Hackataias come, the latter being represented by the inverted pyramids which surround the central black design. It was to this god their petitions were to be addressed. Now, as I have explained, these people live in the region of deep canyons, surrounded by high plateaus. In the next circle of the design this country of alternating plateau and canyon is shown, and it will be observed that all symbols of Hackataia are absent. This was to be the chief burden of the prayers, that if it were the will of the gods, all this country, that they regarded as their home country, should henceforth be completely free from the ravages of tornado, cloud-burst, fierce storm, or other injurious power. Then, fearful of asking too much at the hands of the gods, the upper row of the design suggests a modification of the prayer, namely, that if Hackataia *must* come into this region, will it not be possible to confine him to the plateaus, so that when he reaches the edge of the canyon, instead of descending into it and bringing evil and misery and distress to the poor, hard-working Havasupais, he will jump across the canyon and continue his destructive work upon the plateau where there are no human beings with little children to be made to suffer.

In the basket to the left in Figure 18 will be seen four pairs of birds. The central portion of the design is a conventionalized flower or shrub near which these birds, the doves, were often seen by the weaver. She was a young maiden about to be married at the time that I found her engaged in the making of this basket. I had known her practically from her babyhood and we were exceeding good friends. She trusted me implicitly, hence when I asked the meaning of the design of the birds in her basket, she looked at me sweetly and shyly for an instant and then explained: "You know José and I are soon to be married. Every day when I am busy with my work I see the love-birds" — this is the name given by many Indians to the dove — "they are always cooing to each other and stroking each other's feathers down with their bills and showing how much they love each other, so I thought to myself I would pray to the god of the Palatinguas that not only before our marriage, but afterwards, and all the time, José and I may make love to each other and be as happy together as are the love-birds."

"But why did you put the four pairs of love-birds in your basket?" I asked.

"Oh, that was to represent all the seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and thus represented, one year to represent all years," she replied.

When I asked, "Will you sell me the basket?" she replied, "No, I cannot sell it now, because if I were to sell it that might spoil my prayer."

It was some three years before I saw her again and when I did she was the happy mother of two beautiful and healthy children. The basket hung upon the wall. Immediately I saw it, the question instinctively sprang to my lips, "Are you happy, Juanita?" With a smile she responded, "Yes, I am perfectly happy and satisfied, and now if you want the basket I shall be very happy to have you take it."

Need I say that it now occupies an honored place in my collection?

On the small basket to the right in Figure 19, which was made by a Pima, will be seen that almost universal symbol, the swastika. Dr. Thomas Wilson, while he was Curator of Anthropology, National Museum, wrote a most learned monograph, illustrated with hundreds of engravings, giving the history of this symbol as found by him among the different nations of the earth, both civilized and uncivilized. While

he presented a few Indian designs and gave their explanation, he failed to present the interpretation that had been given to me some years ago by the Pimas and other tribes in Southern Arizona. These people live in a region where water is exceedingly scarce. Indeed, the chief burden of their prayers is that the "Reservoirs of the Above" (the rain-clouds) and the "Reservoirs of the Below" (the springs) may be kept perpetually full so that they may not be deprived of this life-giving fluid. One of their dances is a prayer of thanksgiving and also of petition to Those Above for this purpose. This dance is called the "Dance of the Linked fingers." The dancers stand two by two, one crooking his first finger from below and the other crooking his first finger, but holding it downwards as from above, and the two thus linking their fingers represent the meeting of the waters of the "Above" and the "Below." If the reader will kindly link the first fingers of his right and left hands, he will see that they make the design of the Greek fret. This symbol is found in infinite variation in the designs of the basketry of the Pimas and Apaches and other tribes of Southern Arizona.

Now, while the worshipers with their fingers thus linked dance to and fro, it is natural that by and by their fingers should slip from this position into the easier cross-linked position. When the weaver seeks to imitate this design, which to her mind is exactly of the same symbolic significance as the Greek fret, the exigencies of the art of basket-weaving force her to make it in the form of the swastika as shown in the basket in Figure 19. Here, then, we have the interpretation of these two symbols. They both mean the same thing — Thanksgiving to the gods above for the feeding of the reservoir of the clouds and the feeding of the reservoir of the springs.

While there are other baskets in the collection the symbolism of which I have not described, because I have not been able to learn it from the weavers of the baskets themselves, there is one more that must receive attention at my hands. It is the center basket with the star-design in Figure 18. The story of this basket is connected with the origin of that part of the story of *Ramona* which describes the killing of Alessandro by the Jim Farrar of the novel. This part of the story is literally true, the original Indian's name being Juan Diego, and the wife actually bore the name, "Ramona Lubo." It must be remembered, however, that this parallel of absolute truthfulness between the fact and the fictitious story of *Ramona* does not apply

throughout the whole novel, although every isolated fact of the story has its counterpart in actual fact.

Here is the story of the basket as I wrote it some years ago in my book entitled *Through Ramona's Country*: "Ramona Lubo is herself a fine basket-maker, but for many years she has not cared to exercise her art in this direction. One of the most highly-prized baskets in my collection was made by her, but was purchased by me in ignorance of that fact. The basket is an almost flat plaque, with a flange, giving it somewhat of the appearance of a soup-plate. In color it is a rich cream, with a large five-pointed star in the center and a host of small dots representing stars surrounding it, all worked out in stitches of deep brown of tule root.

"The manner in which I learned the meaning of the big star and the little stars from Ramona is as interesting as the story itself. It came about as follows. After hearing Ramona's story of the killing of her husband by Sam Temple, as recited in a former chapter, it seemed that it would be an excellent thing to preserve her story in the graphophone, told in her own way. Accordingly on my next visit to Cahuilla, I took a large graphophone with the necessary cylinders, and soon after my arrival set up the instrument in the wagon ready for use. Timid and afraid of everything new, as usual, it was difficult work to persuade Ramona to come into the wagon. Fearful as a doe she sat down, while I wound up the machine and adjusted the cylinder, on which was one of Nordica's songs. Our explanations of the mysterious powers of the graphophone only seemed to excite her fears the more, so that I was not surprised when the clear voice of the great artist burst forth from the horn to see a look of absolute terror come over Ramona's face, and the next moment to see her flying form darting through the wagon doorway. She fled incontinently to her little cabin, and it seemed as if our hopes of a record were doomed to disappointment. Mrs. N. J. Salsberry, the beloved teacher of the Indian school, and her daughter, Mrs. Noble, women in whose integrity Ramona had the highest confidence, united with me in persuasions to get her back to the wagon, but it was some days before she would consent.

"In the meantime I had wandered about the village, buying all the baskets I could find, and among others this one with the design of the large star surrounded by all the lesser ones in the firmament. In vain I sought to know something of the design from the Indian woman of whom I purchased it. She did not make the basket, and she did



not know the meaning of the design. "Who was the maker?" She refused to tell, and I had at last settled down to the thought that I must be content to be the mere possessor of the basket without knowing anything of its design or weaver, and had placed it with my other purchases in the wagon.

"At length Mrs. Noble's persuasions were successful and she and Ramona came again to the wagon. While preparing the graphophone I suggested to Ramona that she look at my baskets. With the child-like interest and curiosity Indians always display in one another's work, she began to examine the baskets and question me as to their weavers, when suddenly she caught sight of this star-basket. Seizing it with eagerness she exclaimed:

"'Where did you get my basket?'

"'It's not your basket, Ramona,' I replied. 'I bought it, and it is mine!'

"'No, no! It is not yours,' she excitedly answered. 'It is my basket, my basket!'

"'How can it be yours when I bought and paid for it?' I queried.

"'Yes!' said she. 'I know it is yours in that way, but that is not what I mean. It is my basket, mine! It belongs to me! I made it! It is part of me — it is mine!'

"Need I say that in a moment my keenest interest and profoundest curiosity were aroused?

"'Ah,' said I, 'I understand, Ramona; you made the basket. It is a part of you. Why did you put the big star and the little stars in your basket?'

"'I will not tell you,' was her reply, with the keen directness of an Indian.

"'Surely you will tell me,' was my response. 'You often say you will not tell me things and yet you generally do. Do not say you will not tell me, for I want you to tell, and I think you will.'

"I forbore pressing the question, however, at this time, as I saw it would be useless, but securing her promise to allow me to come down to her cabin, and there obtain more photographs of her, I determined to use that opportunity for further queries on the subject of the basket.

"In the meantime she told her story in the graphophone, and I now have the cylinder. Unfortunately she was so afraid of the machine that in spite of all my urgings her voice was low and timid, and did

not make much impression. It is clearly to be heard, however, when one is perfectly still, hence is a valuable record.

“The following day when I went to her house, I took the basket along, and after I had set up my camera I handed her the basket. As I put my head under the focusing cloth, while she sat before me at the end of the little cabin, holding the basket in her hand, she voluntarily began her story, her son, Condino, acting as interpreter.

“‘There are many times when I lie down out of doors, tired and weary, but I cannot sleep. How can I sleep? I am all alone, and as I roll and toss, all at once I think I can see that wicked man riding up to the top of the hill and looking down upon our little home, and I hear him cry, “Juan Diego! Juan Diego!” Then I see my poor husband, tired and sleepy almost to death, stagger to the doorway, and that wicked man, shouting foul oaths, put his gun to his shoulder and fire, bang! bang! — two shots — right into the heart of my poor husband. And I see him fall across the doorway, and although the blood was oozing from his dead body, and I knew I had now no husband, that cruel, bad man pulls out his little gun and fires again, ping! ping! ping! ping! four more shots into his dead body.

“‘When I see this, how can I sleep? I cannot sleep, and my face becomes wet with many tears.

“‘Then I look up into the sky, and there I see the Big Star and all the little stars, and I think of what they tell me, that my husband, Juan Diego, has gone somewhere up there. I don’t understand, I am only a poor ignorant Indian, but the priest understands, and you white people understand; and he says that Juan Diego has gone there and that he is very happy, and that if I am a good woman I shall go there too, and I shall be very happy, because I shall be with him. And when I think of this, it makes me feel good here (putting her hand over her heart and body) and my head does not feel so dizzy, and I am able to turn over and go to sleep.’

“‘So that was why you made the basket, was it, Ramona, that you might see the Big Star and the little stars even in the daytime, or when you were indoors, and it might make you feel good to see them?’

“‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘that was it.’

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘if the basket gave you so much comfort, Ramona, why did you sell it?’

“As I asked the question such a look of despair came over the face of the poor woman as I shall never forget, and raising her hands with

a gesture of helpless hopelessness she exclaimed: 'I wait a long, long time, and I no go. I want to go many times, but I no go. I stay here and I no want to stay here. Nobody love me here, white people no love me, Indians no love me, only Condino, my little boy, love me and I heap tired! I heap tired! I want to go! I no go!'

"And then flinging the basket away from her in a perfect frenzy of fury, she shrieked, 'Basket say I go! I no go! Basket heap lie! Basket heap lie!'

"So that I see in this basket not only a beautiful piece of work, with dainty colors arranged in exquisite harmony, but I see the longings of a woman's soul to be again with her husband in 'the above,' her aspirations to be at rest, and alas! the sickness of heart that comes from hope long deferred — a woman's despair."

From these simple and pathetic stories it will be seen that far more human interest attaches to the basket of the Indian than we have hitherto conceived. No longer can they appear to us as mere pieces of aboriginal wickerwork with no other thought connected with them than their beauty of form, color, and design, and the use for which they were intended. Henceforth one can never look at a basket without realizing that the Indian weavers and people are human with ourselves, feeling all the emotions, enjoying equal hope and aspirations, and feeling equal wretchedness and despair as ourselves.

And if this brief and imperfect presentation of the subject leads my readers to feel even a small part of my own sympathy for and interest in the Indian, its recital will be more than justified and my labor abundantly repaid.



### Sacrifice

WHY should we not rejoice  
 When sorrow meets us,  
 As 'twere an angel hither sent from Zeus;  
 Why doubt the inner voice  
 That ever greets us  
 When trials descend in mortal life — for use?  
 Like happy bird beneath  
 A mother's pinions,  
 Ah, dwell in peace within the higher will!  
 Though death his sword unsheath  
 And send his minions,  
 The inner light shall gain the victory still.—*From the Swedish*—J.

**PEACE: by Walter J. Renshaw**

**I**N *Letters that Have Helped Me*, William Q. Judge says: "Use with care those living messengers called words." In studying words etymologically, i. e., as to the value and meaning of their roots, one is struck by the degeneration of words until they come to signify in common use something far away from, perhaps even contrary to, their original meaning, their living message.

The word "Peace" has suffered the degeneration inflicted on some of the noblest words of our language, and one has only to think of the word *pacify*, say in connexion with a spoiled child, to realize the extent of its degradation. The word peace comes from a root signifying to *bind* or to *unite*, as is seen in the cognate word *pact* — a contract or league.

The world, since a certain time, to be noted later on, is becoming full of cries of Peace! The war-weary world groans for peace. Many are running to and fro if haply they might find peace, crying, "Lo here, and lo there!" but peace cometh not.

While much good has undoubtedly been done by peace-advocates, very little impression has been made on the rampant militarism of the age, and it is becoming the fashion in certain quarters to sneer at their efforts, and to try to down them by the opprobrious epithet of *pacifists!*

War, militarism, spring from the ungoverned selfishness of the lower nature of man, the selfish, personal, animal side of human nature. In the absence of a true philosophy of life, of a knowledge of the higher, the Divine nature of man, the Soul (another word which has lost all its grandeur and become the plaything of sectarianism) — in the absence of true Soul knowledge, war is the inevitable result of the divisions of men. Each lower nature fights for itself. In the soul-life all mankind is one. Brotherhood is the law of life, and the unbrotherliness we see all around is, as Katherine Tingley has said, "the *insanity* of the age."

It is no good dealing with effects while their prolific causes remain unchecked. The lower human nature cannot be pacified. It is insatiable, all-desiring, all-devouring, and only limited (through a *merciful* provision of nature) by the weakness of man's frame and the shortness of his life. Removed for a while from the scene where he has destroyed all his spiritual powers and worn out his bodily frame

and its faculties long before their time, he returns, reaping what he sowed, hampered by disabilities of his own making, just so that he may learn he has been on the wrong path and begin the search for the right one, the path of brotherhood, the peace-path.

Nor can the lower nature of man be rationalized by "an enlightened selfishness," for it is essentially irrational. There is ever, as Carlyle says, "the cursed fraction" which eludes the nicest, most rational calculation —

The little rift within the lute,  
That by and by shall make the music mute.

The lower nature of man can neither be pacified nor rationalized. It must be *spiritualized*; and to this Theosophy alone is adequate. And why? Because Theosophy alone makes true peace. Its philosophy is Universal Brotherhood; its whole grand effort is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood. No mere "Social Contract" is the aim of Theosophy; nothing less than a divine pact or peace between the souls of men and nations. To man and all his words and works it restores their ancient nobility, their root meanings, possibilities, and proofs.

We have everything by halves or by negatives. Virtue is taken to be the mere absence of vice, instead of being the presence of active life — *virility*. From the Theosophical standpoint every virtue is a potent spiritual power, the key to realms of nature closed to the inactive, the negative, however "virtuous" in the ordinary sense.

Theosophical peace is not the mere absence of strife. It is a positive, active, spiritual power. It is easy to gain an acquaintance with the terms, phraseology, categories of Theosophical literature — which is open to all. But as Madame Blavatsky said, "Theosophist is who Theosophy *does*." And the real mark of a Theosophist is that he is at peace: at peace in his own nature first, and at peace with his fellows. Until he is so he is not a Theosophist, however Theosophical his language and ideas may be. It is only in that divine virile peace that the soul can grow, and the man *begin to be* a Theosophist. A true Theosophist makes peace, gets the real knowledge of it; not the mere mental comprehension of it, but the spiritual apprehension, the taking hold of it and making it a living power in his everyday life.

Theosophy spiritualizes the word peace. As we have seen, virtue is commonly taken to be the absence of — *push*. But while there is one virtue of the immovable object, there is another virtue of the irre-

sistible force. We all remember the conundrum of our schooldays: "What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object?" Of course when one of these is posited the other is necessarily excluded. Perhaps the ordinary "pacifist" hinders his own efforts by thinking of what he is attacking too much as an immovable object — human nature as ordinarily conceived, without the spiritual illumination of Theosophy — and so he finds his force spent and very little, if anything, done.

The Theosophical idea of peace is that it is an irresistible force which knows no final obstacle. It is the mark of the awakened, divine, all-conquering soul of man, alive and advancing to its dominion.

Out from its birth-throes and growing-pains the Theosophical Movement has passed scatheless through the relentless, unceasing attacks of its mortal enemies, stronger and more triumphant because of those attacks. Lomaland, the International Theosophical Headquarters, is a synonym for peace: Theosophical Peace; International Theosophical Peace. Around its ceaseless Theosophical peace activities of Music, the Drama, Literature, Art, Business, Industry, it has gathered, and continues to gather in ever-increasing numbers, warm hearts, open minds, heroic lives; the cultured, the gifted, those who love their fellows, who seek peace and ensue it. All these, from its world-wide membership, it has gathered at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, into an international unit of brotherly love and energy the like of which has been unknown in the world throughout recorded history — a royal body of Peace Warriors in the Great Cause of Human Perfection through Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, whose advent in 1875, with the appearance in the West of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, marks the entrance into human life of the new Peace-thread. This is a matter of traceable history.

The lives and works of the three Theosophical Leaders and Teachers mark the path of this new Peace-thread in recent history and now, Lomaland, the creation of Katherine Tingley, the third Theosophical Leader and Teacher, is recognized as an impregnable center of world-peace. This is because here the Râja Yoga system of education is established. Râja Yoga means literally, "Kingly Union" (or Royal Peace), the spiritual peace and balance of the whole nature of man, all faculties working together in harmony with the evolutionary laws of nature and the soul towards the great end of human perfection.

In Râja Yoga the Theosophical ideal of peace is demonstrated to be no less than a new and higher order of life, in which all that is noblest, most beautiful, and most inspiring, is evoked and becomes a part of the daily life. Thus music and the arts, culture and craftsmanship, are spontaneous natural growths in this Theosophical atmosphere of brotherhood and peace.

From this ceaselessly active center of world-peace the spiritual energy thus evoked and concentrated is now led to another ancient home of peace, beautiful, legend-haunted Visingsö — “the Pearl of Sweden,” the land of the Viking, the Skald, and the Saga. If *their* hands and songs were war-red — it was theirs to cleave a way through a peace that had lost its virility, for the new peace that is to be.

Many have been the visions of poets, prophets, and seers, of a “New Order of Ages” — a divine “Republic,” a “City of God,” a “New Atlantis,” etc. Among the moderns Browning (in *Paracelsus*) and Whitman (in *Song of the Exposition*) have seen and stated it with the greatest clearness. Indeed Whitman seems to have had an intuition, startling in its fidelity of detail, of the new order of life actually obtaining at Lomaland. Before quoting this we may notice that in the *Song of the Redwood Tree*, which commences: “A California song . . . ,” he sees in “The flashing and golden pageant of California” (thus fixing the site of the fulfilment), “the promise of thousands of years, till now deferred, promised to be fulfilled” . . . “The new society at last, proportionate to nature. . . . Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America, heir of the past so grand, To build a grander future.” And the burden of his “waking vision” is Peace:

Mightier than Egypt's tombs,  
Fairer than Grecia's, Roma's temples,  
Prouder than Milan's statued, spired cathedral,  
More picturesque than Rhenish castle-keeps,  
We plan even now to raise, beyond them all,  
Thy great cathedral, sacred industry, no tomb, . . .  
As in a waking vision,  
E'en while I chant I see it rise, I scan and prophesy outside and in,  
Its manifold ensemble.

Around a palace, loftier, fairer, ampler than any yet,  
Earth's modern wonder, history's seven outstripping, . . .  
Over whose golden roof shall flaunt, beneath thy banner Freedom,  
The banners of the States and flags of every land,  
A brood of lofty, fair, but lesser palaces shall cluster.

Somewhere within their walls shall all that forwards perfect human life be started,  
Tried, taught, advanced, visibly exhibited. . . .

Here shall you trace in flowing operation,  
In every state of practical, busy movement, the rills of civilization, . . .

In large calm halls, a stately museum shall teach you the infinite lessons of  
minerals,  
In another, woods, plants, vegetation, shall be illustrated — in another animals,  
animal life and development.

One stately house shall be the music house,  
Others for other arts — learning, the sciences, shall all be here,  
None shall be slighted, none but shall here be honored, helped, exempld. . . .

The male and female many laboring not,  
Shall ever here confront the laboring many,  
With precious benefits to both, glory to all,  
To thee America, and thee eternal Muse. . . .

Echoed through long, long centuries to come,  
To sound of different, prouder songs, with stronger themes,  
Practical, peaceful life, the people's life, the People themselves,  
Lifted, illumined, bathed in peace — elate, secure in peace.

Away with themes of war! Away with war itself!  
Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return that show of blackened,  
mutilated corpses!  
That hell unpent and raid of blood, fit for wild tigers or for lop-tongued wolves,  
not reasoning men. . . .

Humanity has long wandered through the blood-red valley of woe;  
its feet have long been “washed in the blood of its heart,” and can  
we not feel the nearness of peace even now?

“Peace be unto ye, O ye nations,” is heard on all sides; and peace  
yet tarrieth. Nowhere has it yet been said to the nations: “*My  
peace I give unto you.*” The International Theosophical Peace Con-  
gress at Visingsö is the opening wider of the Gates of Life and Peace  
for the nations, to whom the Theosophical Movement, through its  
Leader Katherine Tingley, says:

*“All my works are Peace. Pleasant and Joyous is the Path of  
Peace. My Peace I give unto You, O ye Nations. Peace to all Beings.*



**Mathematics at the Râja Yoga College**(From the *Râja Yoga Messenger*, July, 1913.)

**S**o many articles have appeared in newspapers and magazines about alleged discoveries of ways to trisect an angle, that it may be of interest to our readers to learn that the problem admits of a very simple, and purely Euclidean, solution. In Euclid's fourth proposition of the first book, he makes use of coincident planes, one triangle being supposed to be moved upon another, by translation and rotation, until they finally coincide. In either of the moving coincident planes, according to Euclid's axiom, a circle may be described from any center. And in the case quoted, it will be noted that the apices of the equal triangles having first been brought into coincidence, one of the coincident planes has to be rotated relatively to the other, around that point as a center, before the first pair of equal sides can be brought into coincidence. Calling one plane M, and the other N, and the point of rotation A, we see that the point A is common to the two coincident planes. Now suppose that in plane N there is a point B, the center of rotation of a third plane, Q, coincident with plane N; and that another point, C, is marked on plane Q, so that the distance BC on plane Q, equals AB on plane N. Then plane M remaining stationary, plane N rotates round A, while plane Q simultaneously rotates round B, so that point B describes a circle on plane M, while point C describes a circle on plane N. Thus there are two centers of motion only, and this is all that is needed to trisect any angle. The method in detail is simplicity itself, and was discovered by an Irishman in the middle of the last century, and when propounded in the Râja Yoga College here, as many as eight different Euclidean proofs were found by various pupils. A recent method discovered by a pupil in Philadelphia, employs ten centers of simultaneous motion. Like others, this problem may be said to belong to the Euclidean domain of kinematics.

A TEACHER

**Earthquakes and Rainfall, etc.: by Student**

IN the latest Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America, an article on earthquakes and rainfall infers that, so far as shown by incomplete data, there is a general agreement between the maxima-years of earthquakes and of rainfall. Water infiltration probably stimulates chemical change. Seismograph records show curious results regarding the rigidity of the Earth. The crust sinks and rises under high and low barometric pressures, as well as with the rise and fall of the tide. Would a globe of mean density  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , and of the rigidity of steel behave thus? It might, if a hollow shell; but then what about the mean density?