THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THERE are few myths in any religious system but have a historical as well as a scientific foundation. Myths, as Pococke ably expresses it, "are now proved to be fables just in proportion as we *misunderstand* them; truths in proportion as they were once *understood*. Our ignorance it is which has made a myth of history."—*Isis Unveiled,* H. P. Blavatsky

HOW KNOWLEDGE HARMONIZES DISAGREEMENTS:

by H. Travers, M. A.

THE idea that freedom of thought must needs result in diversity of opinion, and hence in conflict between people, is a question that needs disentangling before we can arrive at a conclusion satisfactory alike to our reason and to our intuitive sense of the fitness of things. On the one hand we feel that knowledge ought not to lead to conflict; on the other hand experience tells us that the proverb: *Quot homines, tot sententiae;* "so many men, so many minds," holds good. What is the confusion of thought herein involved?

It is mainly the confusion between knowledge and opinion. Where there is knowledge, there is no room for diversity of opinion. People do not argue and quarrel as to whether the sun will rise in the morning, nor do we find diverse sects, persecuting or tolerating or confederating with one another on such a question as whether trees conserve the rainfall. But when the question is whether trees promote rainfall, we find diversity of opinion because knowledge is lacking. It is reasonable to expect that some day we shall have definite knowledge on this latter question, and then it will be settled, and opinion will be replaced by knowledge, diversity by concord.

Thus a principle has been established — namely, that diversity of opinion rests on ignorance, while knowledge removes the diversity and brings unanimity. May we not justly apply this principle to the ques-

tion of differences of religious creed or politics, and whether the new century began in 1900 or in 1901?

While knowledge is the true unifier of thought, another means of securing the same end is habitually attempted. That is, dogmatism. Thus we have sects and schools, national prejudices, and other systems of regulated opinion. This we feel to be an imperfect state of affairs, and it is the reaction against it that induces us to seek relief in the opposite extreme of unrestrained liberty of opinion. But such license must, so long as knowledge is imperfect, and in so far as it is imperfect, lead to diversity of opinion instead of to unanimity. The immediate practical solution of the difficulty is found in compromise; but as regards ideals towards which to work, we shall do well to bear in mind the principle just enunciated — that harmony will supervene in the same ratio as our increase in knowledge.

It is important to establish this principle because its opposite — that freedom of inquiry leads *inevitably* to diversity — constitutes a slur upon the pursuit of knowledge and furnishes a plea for dogmatism and the attempted enforcement of uniformity in opinion and belief.

A recent writer claims consideration for having, as will be seen, laid in the right quarter the blame for diversity of opinion. With a clear-sightedness that excludes sophistication, he has attributed differences of opinion to human defects, instead of seeking (as sometimes happens with writers on this subject) to make out that this diversity is an ornament or an unavoidable consequence of human nature. Reference is made to George Trumbull Ladd,* Professor Emeritus of Philosophy in Yale University, who, in writing on the failure of attempts made from time to time in the world's history to "standardize human thought," attributes that failure to:

> Error in matters of fact, the warping of passion, the sinister influence of selfishness, dimness of spiritual vision.

He thus assigns as the causes of diversity, that error in matters of fact which we have spoken of; and, in the phrase "dimness of spiri-

* In the *Hibbert Journal.* Professor Ladd is quoted by H. P. Blavatsky, as long ago as 1890, in two articles called "Psychic and Noetic Action," which appeared in her magazine *Lucifer*, in October and November of that year, and have since been published in book form as Number III of "Studies in Occultism." The quotation then referred to the materialistic doctrine which sought to express all human consciousness in terms of cerebral action, a doctrine which Professor Ladd was combatting on logical grounds.

tual vision," implies the availability of certain superior faculties for attaining certainty as to matters of fact. He also adds the human frailties of uncontrolled passion, and the mistaking of the personal self for the real self, as causes of discord. The corollary is that, these defects being removed, unanimity and concord would result; which is a satisfactory conclusion to have reached on philosophical grounds.

At this point it is advisable to guard against another error — that unanimity implies narrowness. It does not. Consequently this idea cannot be alleged as an objection to uniformity of opinion. The reason why we connect the notion of narrowness with that of uniformity is that, in most cases, we see no better way to secure uniformity than by means of narrowness. If diverse sects desire a basis of union, they are prone to seek it in a program which excludes the points of difference altogether and includes only the points where there is no divergence. In short, the common basis is narrower than either of the sects taken singly. The analogy for this in arithmetic is the "highest common factor," which, as those skilled in such things know, cannot be greater than the original numbers and is usually less than any of them; whereas what we want is rather to be compared with a "least common multiple," which includes all the properties of the original numbers. Reconciling religions by the process of elimination results in a watering down, one stage of which is theism, the common ground of those who will accept a deity but differ in their views as to all other matters. To unify thought by such a method is evidently impracticable, since the divergences, though excluded from the common faith, continue to exist as fruitful causes of strife.

Clearly then, we must accept the principle that the more unanimous people become, the broader they will become, that a common belief must be embracing rather than exclusive, and that knowledge is comprehensive rather than microscopic.

If the idea of a uniformity of opinion among all men shocks us, this is only because of our inability to imagine a broad enough platform on which to unite them; and any attempt which, in our present stage of partial knowledge, we are able to conceive, thus to unite men, would imply a state of narrowness and stagnation. This is why the existence of an apparently inveterate tendency towards diversity of opinion may often appear as the lesser of two evils, the other evil being dogmatism and sectarianism.

When people disagree as to whether the presence of trees promotes

precipitation or not, we do not put this disagreement down to the glorious freedom of the human intellect; we should not consider it appropriate to quote the proverb, "So many men, so many opinions." Instead of giving up as hopeless the task of bringing about unanimity on this subject, and agreeing to live in separate sects on a basis of toleration varied by occasional internecine strife, the practical politician would endeavor to discover the truth about the matter so that differences of opinion would no longer be practicable.

To take another illustration — if there is a machine which is too complex for ordinary people to take the trouble to understand, then, lacking knowledge, they will rely on hearsay, superstition, old sayings, the authority of books or of prominent persons — on any sort of belief short of knowledge. The result is diversity of opinion and a plentiful assortment of advice. One who understands the machine is independent of all this advice; and if the people understood the machine, they would be in agreement as to its right use and care, instead of having to go by guess-work. We can extend the application of this principle to a different kind of case, as, for instance, that of a rule of health. People do not know what a cold is, and so they cannot tell how to avoid it or treat it; so they rely on books, proverbs, superstitions of various kinds, and we have a genuine case of "so many men, so many minds." Or suppose it is a rule of conduct that is in question: why must we do this, or not do that? If the reason is known, there is no conflict of opinion; otherwise there is infinite speculation as to the reason for the rule. In fact, the rule owes its existence to the fact that there is no knowledge; for otherwise it would not be necessary to have a rule.

Next take the case of religions. The reason they are many and diverse must be that none of them is "quite true"— that is to say, *true*. They are approximations, perhaps the best that can be made, but still approximations. We know the sun rises of a morning and warms the earth, and people do not quarrel or tolerate each other as to whether it is the sun or the moon or neither or both that warms the earth; nor is it found necessary to go about preaching these views as doctrines. But when it comes to the Deity, we find that men cannot see any deity, or think they cannot — owing to that defect of spiritual vision of which Professor Ladd speaks — and so there is room for difference of opinion in place of knowledge. And so in politics and education and those other things about which we are still uncertain.

No ordinary human mind, as at present constituted, can compass the truth on these larger questions, but different minds see different aspects, or the same mind sees different aspects at different times, so there is diversity of opinion and vacillation. But the present is not the supreme or only stage of the human mind. We shall approximate to unanimity in proportion as our understanding grows more comprehensive, and wisdom will supersede opinion. The way to bring about unity among people is by demonstration of truth.

Professor Ladd says that, fortunately for human sanity, there is enough agreement among men to bring to naught these attempts to standardize thought. This implies that there is already a certainty of knowledge as to some essentials, that there actually exists a basis of uniform knowledge among mankind. It is in the realm of the reflective mind that differentiation sets in and people begin to hold diverse views. And this particular phase of the mind is that which is personal to individuals. Doctrinarians are peculiarly illustrative of this kind of mentality; we cannot imagine a harmonious government of doctrinaires, however eminent, and would prefer a government of "business men," because their knowledge is of a more practical kind — that is, they have acquired it by intercourse with other men. All this means, then, that however widely the theorists may differ, the practical problem will not necessarily present such difficulties; and also that practical work among people is more likely to lead to wisdom than is mere theorizing. It means, too, that unanimity and unity must be based on those principles which have proven their validity by age-long experience, and which form the essence of all the great faiths.

In the domain of opinion we have dogmatism on the one hand and individualism on the other — contrary defects, each equally exclusive of that certainty in knowledge which brings about unanimity. Direct perception of a truth implies this certainty and unanimity; but instead of direct perception we have only speculation and inference to rely on; hence, instead of knowledge, opinions. A real teacher is a demonstrator.

It has been pointed out above that the passions interfere with the pursuit of knowledge and cause people to differ from one another. Hence the conquest of passions is a necessary step in the attainment of knowledge. Contention is a characteristic of the lower half of our nature. This would not matter if we were on the same plane as the animals, as we could then live in tribes and colonies according to our

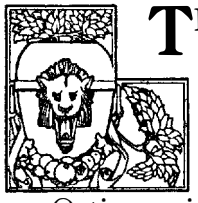
several peculiarities. But man in his present stage of evolution stands at a critical point between the animal nature and a higher nature. As he cannot take the backward step of achieving unity by sinking to a level of common animality, he must seek his unity in the direction of his common spiritual nature.

The problem of unity and diversity in mankind can be illuminated by considering the problem of unity and diversity in the individual. You find your nature composed of a large and varied assortment of qualities, among which there subsists a state of harmony, discord, conflict, toleration, etc., such as is found in the larger world of society. Your individual problem is how to bring harmony into all this medley. Ultimately you are destined to find that your numerous faculties can only be reconciled with each other in the light of a higher knowledge; and so it must be with human society. We shall have to declare the existence of a higher Law, which all can recognize and subscribe to, to replace those economic laws which we have lately found to be faulty or at least inadequate to the stage we have reached in our evolution. Read the history of constitutions and you will find they are largely based on the supposition that men will go to almost any length to overreach each other, except in so far as statutory regulations prevent. In short, they are based on laws of selfish emulation. The higher motives are not appealed to. This is what is called "practical" politics, wherein "hardheaded" people deal with "hard" facts. But imagine the possibility of an international tribunal whose members should regard the higher nature of man as a reality and conscience as a law they dared not disobey. Is such an idea an impracticable dream? We shall be driven to test its practicability sooner or later, as an only resource.

Those philosophers who admitted the limitations of the human mind and urged that it should be applied within those limits to the solution of problems within its scope, implied, where they did not affirm, the possibility of a faculty superior to the mind and not bound by those limitations. Some may say that this is the "transcendental" explanation; and so it is, and it is the theosophic explanation. The very fact that the mind (as we say) contemplates itself, implies at least a duality, and more likely a multiplicity. However much of the mind we can scrutinize, there still remains the scrutinizer; a man can look at his own chest but no amount of craning will enable the ordinarily-constructed individual to see his own neck. He can, it is true, resort to a

mirror, or he can look at somebody else's neck and apply the law of analogy as regards his own; and anyone who cares can apply these last two illustrations to elucidating the problem of introspection. The essential point is that the lower mind is not the ultimate, but there must be something beyond — something superior. We get a glimpse of this when we find that mutual love reconciles difference of opinion; we learn it as we grow riper in experience and find that other people's points of view are not altogether so unreasonable as we had supposed. The postulation of a higher nature for man is the key that unlocks many problems.

OSTIA AND THE CULT OF MITHRAS:
by Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato (Rome)



THROUGH a series of intelligent and well-conducted recent excavations, a special light is being thrown on the value of the ruins of Ostia. These appear today more important in the history of human thought than even those of Pompeii and of the Palatine.

Ostia, as is well known, is situated near the mouth of the Tiber, some twenty miles from Rome. It is reached by the ancient consular road, the Via Ostiensis, which traverses the arid and solemn Campagna. The very extensive ruins are situated on the bank of the river. At a short distance is modern Ostia, a small village inhabited by about four hundred peasants. Seen from afar, on the bend of the river along which they extend, white against the dull horizon, the ruins of Ostia have the appearance of a collection of broken skeletons.

The legendary founding of the town by the king Ancus Marcius is thus described by the Greco-Roman historian Dionysius:

> The river Tiber, descending from the Apennines and running by Rome itself and emptying on inhospitable shores offering no ports, was of little benefit to Rome, in consequence of its not having any place at its mouth fitted for the reception of merchant ships, either those coming from the sea or those coming down the river. The stream was navigable from its source for river-boats of good size, and up as far as Rome for very large transport-ships. Therefore Ancus Marcius decided to construct a naval base, utilizing the natural mouth of the river as a harbor; since the stream, where it enters the sea, broadens out greatly, forming wide basins like those of the best seaports.
>
> The Tiber is always accessible to ships; it empties through a single natural

outlet which cuts off the breakers, and, although the west wind be blowing with great force, ships propelled by oars, no matter how large, and transport-ships as well, enter the mouth and go up to Rome, driven either by oars or by sails. As for the largest vessels, they anchor off shore, where they are unloaded by river-boats.

The ruins of ancient Ostia — which place had some hundred thousand inhabitants — speak, with their thermae and their theater, of the tastes and habits of the people who lived in this city of seamen and stevedores. And they reveal to the one who approaches them — especially nowadays, thanks to the wisely-conducted modern excavations — the ancient unearthed city as a commercial and cosmopolitan emporium.

II

Ostia was founded about the third century B. C., for military purposes looking to the dominion of the Mediterranean. From its port set out, probably, the Roman ships directed against Carthage; we know positively that Scipio sailed from Ostia to the conquest of Spain. The Mediterranean having become a Roman lake, Ostia took on a decidedly commercial aspect, and became the only artery, so to speak, through which the grain, the oils, the wines, the marbles of Egypt, Cyrenaica, Tripoli, Numidia, and Mauritania reached Rome. The furnishing of grain was the chief object of the Roman merchant fleet, since with this means at its disposition the governing power had a weapon for use against the plebeians.

Phenomenal activity was the rule in Ostia. The inscriptions record numerous working agreements between the shipowners and the marine laborers, which in the fourth century A.D. became acknowledged official institutions.

About 450 A. D. Ostia seems to have reached its highest prosperity. Its cosmopolitan population exceeded 90,000 inhabitants; it was celebrated as an *amoenissima civitas;* and to the villas that sprang up in the neighborhood the Romans came for recreation; wealth abounded. The inscriptions recall two members of the Gamala family who became famous for their lavish expenditure: they gave the people splendid gladiatorial contests; gave a banquet of two hundred *triclini* to the Ostian colony; paved the streets; restored the temples; erected in the forum a court-house of marble; rebuilt the arsenal and the Antonian *thermae,* which had been destroyed by fire.

With the decay of Rome, Ostia passed away. Commerce languished, the citizens emigrated; towards the fourth century piracy became prevalent, and, terrorizing the inhabitants, gave the death-blow to the place; all industry was silenced by it, all splendor buried.

But today the skeleton of the dead and abandoned city begins to rise again out of the soil and to stand out each day more visible, more salient and ample against a desolate but grand horizon. It is already immense.

We find the principal city gate to the right of the necropolis; it was constructed of tufa, during Republican times, as is proved by the deeper excavations, and then, during Imperial times, overlaid with marble. The gate opened on the Strata Decumana, a long, magnificent and very busy street adorned on the right by a grand portico in two stories with shops of many kinds; from the portico one could enter the *palaestra* and the *thermae.* The mosaics in the waiting-room are stupendous, and the remains of the heating system are still in good condition.

Ostia had heating systems comparable to our modern hot-water system; it had very high buildings of many stories, comparable to those of modern America, as I once stated to a reporter of the New York *American.* It had also great navigation companies of the same kind as the modern Lloyd's; it was really a cosmopolitan town in the highest degree.

Today the remains of the porticos, the fragments of the statues and gravestones, stand out of the ground and unite to form the outlines of the large but fragmentary mass, transformed by time into something unreal and ideal. Do not ruins always assume a quasi-ideal nature, whatever they may have been or sheltered or seen? Whatever may have been their use in past centuries, a fire has consumed it all: the fire of time. That which remains of an ancient building, its ruins, is only the ashes of the human work, the ashes of history.

Ostia was one of the first cities of the Roman Empire to accept the Christian faith; this latter had an open and much diffused cult in the cosmopolitan sea-town at a time when it was still persecuted in the capital; the soil for the new religion had here been prepared through the wide propagation of Mithraism.

Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, died at Ostia during the days they were waiting there for the ship to take them over to Africa.

III

The most important discoveries in the soil of this unearthed city seem to me to be those connected with the cult of Mithras. They are of universal importance; their bearing is not limited to archaeology; they reveal some of the highest symbols of religion and of theosophy. Among the highest symbols must be counted the figure of Mithras, which at one time was common to the religious thought of both the Persians and the Hindûs — a most complex figure, the moral attributes of which became confounded with the religious attributes, and in which the astronomical elements derived from Chaldaean sources amalgamated with the moral ideas of an eschatalogical and mystical nature originating in Iranic Zoroastrianism. The metaphysical and moral concepts of Mithraism are founded on Mazdeistic dualism, in which Ormuzd and the *yazatas,* which personify light, beauty, and perfection, are at war with Ahriman and the *devas,* the genii of darkness and evil; the good Mazdeist must combat evil and prepare the way for the triumph of Ormuzd on earth. In the Vedic hymns, and in those of the Zend-Avesta, Mithra is praised as a Genius of Light, who is not the Sun nor yet a star, but a higher divinity, infallible, creative and consoling. Because of these characteristics, we find in some of the monuments Mithras coupled with the Sun; and on others, the episode of Mithras slaying the bull, in which is symbolized the fecundating quality of the god: Mithras kills the bull, whose blood, spilled on the earth, fecundizes it, in spite of the emissaries of Ahriman, the scorpion and the snake, who try to suck up the liquid and hinder the beneficent action of the Light-Bringer. This cult, which conduced to meditation and which captivated through its practices and its astrological mysteries, soon rose in the Roman Empire to great honors; and the imperial policy itself, which placed the Sun above every other divinity and identified the person of the Emperor with the Sun, naturally favored its diffusion. In the inscriptions Mithras is called *Sol invictus Mithras,* or *Dominus, Summus, Omnipotens, Jupiter, Sanctus, Incorruptus, Genitor,* etc.; in others his figure is duplicated by that of the Sun, this being when it comes closest to the Oriental character which distinguishes the two figures: *Sol socius.*

The position of Mithraism in the Roman Empire was as follows: favored by surroundings whose tendency was to add to its army of divinities — whatever these latter might be — at that particular time when the souls of men felt themselves drawn towards mysteries which

they failed to understand and which therefore became superstitions: favored by the moral crisis which, following another path, had led to the propagation of Christianity: favored by the philosophical speculations of the cultured class, weary of a confused polytheism and athirst for a purer form of religion which would concentrate in the Sun the highest essence of the benevolent generating divinity, Mithraism arose. It must have been diffused in the centers of culture, in religious circles, at the court, among the civil employees, among the military class, and the followers of the Emperor, while it did not flourish in the provincial towns.

In the fourth century, when Mithraism was rapidly becoming decadent, its last efforts were directed towards fusion with Christianity; and the great similarity between the practices and doctrines of Mithras and those of Christ must have made such a fusion seem possible. The invectives of the Church Fathers are explained as due, not so much to rivalry as to the extraordinary correspondences between the dogmas and rites of the two religions, which correspondences they branded as satanic counterfeiting of Christian truths. . . .

While paganism was dying, Manicheeism succeeded Mithraism, becoming diffused in the Empire of the fourth century: it contains in its subtle union of Zoroaster and Christ a singular formula of abjuration. Although paganism was dead, its legacy was by no means exhausted; sects were constantly springing up, and in almost all of them Gnostic speculation recalled Mazdeistic dualism, which had reached its culmination in Mithras.

IV

The cult of Mithras was very diffused in Ostia, and it favored in highest degree the very rapid diffusion of primitive Christianity in the same place.

The first appearance of Mithraism in Rome is generally placed at the end of the first century A. D., and it is likely that it already at that time had made its appearance in Ostia, because this colony was in daily relations with far eastern countries; the conditions were thus very favorable, and it might have been imported by some merchant or ship owner. But, as we have said, the cult did not reach a wider diffusion until the middle or the latter part of the second century. It is very likely that this diffusion was favored by the support of the already

existing and almost officially protected cult of Cybele, *Mater Deum.* The fact should not be left unnoticed that the oldest Mithras temple, not only in Ostia but of all such sanctuaries known today as having existed in the Roman Empire, is that which stands in closest connection with the temple and precinct of *Magna Mater Deum,* in Ostia. "Conciliating the priests of *Mater Magna,*" writes Cumont, "the followers of Mithra obtained the support of a powerful and officially recognized clergy, and thus also participated to some extent in the protection offered by the State to this clergy. On the other hand, this alliance was very advantageous to the old cult of Pessinus which had been naturalized in Rome. The vocal pomp of its feasts no longer concealed the emptiness of its doctrines, which no longer satisfied the aspirations of the devoted. Its rather coarse theology reached its highest evolution by borrowing some of the teachings of the Mithraic religion."

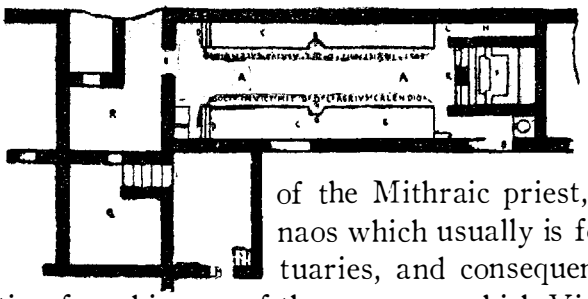
Thus the cult of Mithras grew more easily, and gradually reached a real popularity. Nevertheless it remained a private cult even at the time of its greatest diffusion. In fact, two of the three Mithraic sanctuaries whose ruins remain, formed part of private buildings, evidently inhabited by wealthy citizens during the second and third centuries.

The culmination of the Mithraic cult took place about the middle of the third century. After this time follows a rapid decadence caused by the invasions of barbarians and by the progress of Christianity. The decadence lasted perhaps for a century, since a furious persecution of Mithras began in the second part of the fourth century, and of this period of destruction traces are still seen in the Mithraic buildings in Ostia.

The architectural and sculptural material furnished by the Mithraic ruins at Ostia is very rich, but nevertheless the veil which hides the particulars of the organization of the priesthood remains undrawn. Only of the last of the seven grades of initiation (*corax, crypticus, miles, leo, perses, heliodromus, pater*) have we some information. The *pater* was the leader of the community and presided at the sacred ceremonies. Several special priests (*sacerdos* or *antistes*) who formed part of the clergy—the jealous keepers of the occult ceremonial — are also recorded. The *sacerdos* or *antistes* could be selected from among the priests who had reached the degree of *pater,* though it was not necessary. He was the intermediate between men and divinity, to

him the sacraments were entrusted, he had to do the service, he read the frequent prayers, he performed the sacrifices and libations.

There are conspicuous traces of the sacred Mithras temples, called "Mitrei," in Ostia. The most complete one is the "Mitreo Visconti," so called after its discoverer. We give here a detailed plan of the building, referring to it in our description.



The rooms *O*, *Q* and *R*, which Visconti took for parts of the habitation of the Mithraic priest, constitute a kind of pronaos which usually is found in the Mithraic sanctuaries, and consequently the peculiar construction found in one of these rooms, which Visconti explained as a stove, is rather an altar. We observe that at least in one of these rooms the sacred character is proved by the fact that there was found, in a carved niche, an image of Silvanus executed in fine, colored mosaic. (See *N* in room *O*.) The mosaic is 1.57 meters high with a deep blue background hemmed with a rose-colored border which also enframes the small (half) cupola. The representation of Silvanus, which is 71 centimeters high, shows him standing on the green soil, full face, with long brown hair and full beard. He wears a white tunic bordered with red, long green trousers which leave the toes of the feet uncovered, a yellow skin of some animal falls from his shoulders. Around his head is a bluish halo. In the left hand he holds a green branch and in the right a knife with yellow handle. At his left side is a dog seated on his hams, with eyes fixed on Silvanus; the dog is figured as almost leaning against a small tree. To the right is an altar with square compartments on which fire is burning, and close to the altar are two other small trees. In front of this niche a hanging lamp seems to have been found at the time of the first excavation.

The opening *M* can be considered as the first place of entrance to the "Mitreo," in order to enter which it was necessary to descend from the room *O* to the room *Q* by the small stair *P*, passing into the enclosed portion *R*, from which the door *E* opened directly into the sanctuary. The building was entirely made of bricks and measured sixteen meters in length and five and one-quarter meters in breadth. The interior was divided into three parts, of which the middle one, *AA*,

was on a level with the entrance, while the side parts, *CC*, formed two *podia*, to which small steps, *DD*, led up. The middle part was paved with white mosaic, in which a dedication was worked in large black letters repeated twice, running along the foot of the two *podia*. "SOLI INVICT[*o*] MIT[*hrae*] DO[*num*] D[*edit*] L. AGRIUS CALENDIO." It is evident that the donation made to the god consisted of the floor pavement. The walls are preserved almost up to the line where the vaulted roof began, and there were discovered no traces of windows or of any other openings when the excavation was made, as is also the case in the passage *R*. It seems thus probable that the place was illumined only by lamps of different kinds, of which a considerable number were found on the edges of the *podia*, among others a very beautiful one for twelve flames with the mark of the lampmaker: *Serapiodori*. The wan light of the oil lamps was probably rendered more brilliant by the reflections from the walls, which were probably painted entirely in red, as it seems from some traces of color found at the time of the excavations. In the background opposite the entrance, stood an altar (*F*) formed by a series of six or seven steps, on which certainly a group representing the god Mithras performing the sacrifice of the bull must have been placed. Of this group nothing else has been found except the head of the god and the right hand with the dagger. The remains prove that the sculpture was in marble, of natural size, and executed with greatest care, and it seems also to have been entirely colored. In front of this Mithraic group there stood a quadrangular altar (*K*) which is still *in situ*, of Carian marble, on which burned the sacred fire. On the front of this altar we read the following inscription: C. CAECILIUS HERMAEROS, ANSTITES HUIUS LOCI FECIT SUA PEC[*unia*]. Around the altar were found a number of pieces of tufa of pointed, conical shape, and a number of small columns of very fine marble, with extremely broad bases to ensure stability. They seem to have been intended for the support of lamps.

With their backs to the *podia* (*CC*), at about the middle of the room, were found two statuettes of the two ministering *lampadophori*, priests who generally assisted at the sacrifice of the bull, and who seem to have represented the rising and the setting of the light. They are of good workmanship, well preserved, and spotted with traces of gold. They are nearly half a meter high, and can now be seen in the Lateran Museum.

In another Mitreo (Mitreo Lanciani) there are worked in the

floor, close to the entrance, seven successive half-circles. These are the symbols of the seven degrees of initiation, or, according to Celso, the seven gates which in the Mithraic mysteries symbolized the passage of the soul through the seven planets. The first was consecrated to Saturn, the second to Venus, the third to Jupiter, the fourth to Mercury, the fifth to Mars, the sixth to the Moon, the seventh to the Sun. It seems very probable that prayers were recited at each of these gates, and ceremonies performed in honor of the stars to which the gates referred. It seems thus certain that the whole middle part of the sanctuary, which was on the level of the entrance, was reserved for the officiating persons.

The typical representation, symbolizing Mithraism in its solar function, is given in the so-called *Mithras tauroktonos* — Mithras slaying the Bull. In this a scorpion is always included: while the bull signifies the spring equinox, when nature reawakens to life, the scorpion signifies the autumn equinox, when the earth begins to fall into sleep. Thus, in the astrological speculations, the scorpion becomes a principle of evil, an enemy of generation (production), and in the *Bundahiś* he is the first among the destructive animals created by Ahriman. Just as in the Avestic myth of Gayômart devoured by Ahriman, when this latter reaches the generative parts of the hero two fine streams burst forth to fecundize two shrubs from which the first man and woman are born; so in the Mithraic representations, in which the idea of generation is set forth, Ahriman's substitute is the Scorpion, which tries to impede the beneficent action of Ormuzd. The myth of *Mithras tauroktonos* is well known, and is represented in a great number of reliefs: Mithras brings the Bull to the cave, slays him, and lets the blood run out on the soil to stimulate generation, but the Scorpion takes to itself the seed of the victim, trying thus to impede terrestrial life. We have thus in the Bull, which is the Zodiacal sign of the spring, the principle of fecundity, of life, of good, while the Scorpion, the Zodiacal sign of the autumn, represents evil and death.

The Mithras-cult offered, as I have said, remarkable correspondences with the primitive Christian cult. In the Mithraic practices the vine played an important part. In the Avesta, Haoma is not only the liquor taken from the plant with the same name, but also the personification of a vivifying being, identified in the Occident with Dionysus, and (because the haoma was here unknown) replaced in

the Mithraic cult with the vine. Thence came the representations of Mithras with clusters of grapes. The vine is, according to the *Bundahiś,* born from the blood of the first bull; its fruit is used in the sacrifice of the Mithraic celebrant, who consumes bread, water and wine, after having consecrated them, thus accomplishing the ritual commemorating the festival which Mithras celebrated with the Sun before ascending to heaven. This strange likeness with the Christian rite must have caused wonder. Just as in the Christian communion, so the Mithras-worshiper also expected salutary effects from the wine, to which he had access only after a long novitiate; he expected even immortality, because the vine was believed to possess supernatural powers.

In fact, no religion was better fitted than Christianity to fuse with Mithraism, with which it had so many characteristics in common. The pagans believed that the Christians worshiped the Sun, while the Manichaeans really identified the Sun with Christ. The frequent metaphor of Christian writers, in which Christ is likened to the Sun, must have aroused the idea among the pagans that Christ was nothing else than the Sun; the *Sol invictus* of Mithras was thus confounded with the *Sol justitiae.*

V

These memories and comparisons are evoked by the white skeleton of the ruins at Ostia. These ruins are in the highest degree suggestive, and stimulate the thought of ideal reconstructions. Here was once a populous city, resounding with traffic and trade. The navigation companies of the great ports of the Orient and the Occident, of Marseilles, Syracuse, Piraeus, Alexandria, and of Constantinople had here their "Lloyd's" and their docks. Many epigraphic evidences of these corporations still remain, the most artistic among them being a great ornamental mosaic.

This mosaic has in its center four emblems: the three-legged emblem of Trinacria (Sicily); a woman's head crowned with olive-leaves (Spain); another head on a crocodile (Egypt); and a third covered with an elephant's hide (Africa). These were the four provinces with which Ostia stood in closest commercial relations. At the side of each one of these emblems a winged head represents the most favorable wind for navigation; two dolphins represent the sea; weapons indicate conquest. We see here united the maritime com-

merce and the military power which protects it; in a word, the mosaic represents what was the grandeur of Rome.

Another mosaic in black and white represents the Nile: in the center is a long and light boat with the stem in the form of an animal's head; under it are stems of waterplants, some of them are lotus plants. To the east of it a crocodile pursues a dwarf, and on the west side parts of hippopotami are discernible.

A rather important discovery has lately been made in one of the large squares of the city — a statue of large size representing Victory. This statue is cut in a marble block, which behind and on the top of the figure takes the form of a pilaster. The goddess, "noble and awe-inspiring in look and bearing," wears a rich, long and ample *peplos* which reaches to the ground, and which is finely folded and girt a little above the waist; the helmet has a threefold crest; the Victory holds in her right hand a sword which touches the ground. The large and majestic wings cover the sides of the pilaster. The left hand, which now is missing, was probably lifted in the act of offering a crown. This statue, which has been found on Roman soil, is also Roman in the heavy workmanship of the marble — a workmanship not without defects and stiffness. This statue, made for decorative purposes, can be attributed to the second half of the first century, or to the early years of the second century A. D.; the idea and style are, however, not Roman but Greek.

This is the greatest artistic discovery made up to the present, though other smaller discoveries are constantly being brought to light. Epigraphs, mosaics, inscriptions, and sacred statuettes reveal each day in larger degree the cosmopolitan character of Ostia, where so many Oriental religions had established centers of their cults.

When we remember that religious tolerance was much greater in antiquity than it is today, it seems very probable that the priests of these various cults discussed among themselves with perfect good feeling the supreme mysteries of the world, and that they discovered in the laws and rites of their different religions common sources, usages, and principles. Is any joy greater than this? What greater joy is there, indeed, than to discover in the different beliefs of mankind the elements of one religion, of one Universal Brotherhood?

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE:
by Lilian Whiting

To know the universe itself as a road — as many roads — for traveling souls.
— *Walt Whitman*

"KNOW thyself!" said Madame Katherine Tingley, opening her brilliant and ever-to-be-remembered address in the splendid salon of the Copley-Plaza in Boston, two or three years ago. "Know thyself!" she repeated, impressively. The scene and the lecture were alike memorable. The beautiful auditorium of Boston's finest hotel was filled with a throng representing not only the traditional Boston "culture," thought, scholarship, but beauty and fashion as well. An air of expectancy pervaded the large audience. On the platform sat some twenty youths and maidens, students from the Râja-Yoga College, representative of its noble and beautiful culture; musicians they were who sang and played like the choral Greeks of old. Then came on a lady of winning presence, the thinker, the educator, the humanitarian: which? or all? For all these personalities seemed blended in the charming woman who stepped forth to give the address for which the audience waited, and found so interesting. It was an occasion typical of New England ideals, and worthy of the daughter of New England who addressed the company that evening. It was also, to many of us, the initial glimpse into the valuable results of Râja-Yoga training in the first and as yet only college in America offering this ideal system of development.

The brilliant and remarkable achievements of one of the most gifted and distinguished daughters of New England — her establishment of the Râja-Yoga College at Point Loma; of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, easily the most beautiful periodical of this country; the founding, developing, and conducting so marvelous a work as that of Madame Katherine Tingley, in its breadth of educational advance, its

[Miss Lilian Whiting, though not a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, has of late years been a frequent contributor to the pages of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH. She was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y. in 1859; was literary editor of the Boston *Daily Traveler* from 1882 to 1890, editor-in-chief of the Boston *Budget* (1890-1893), and correspondent of various papers and magazines. For the benefit of our foreign readers who may not yet have enjoyed her books, the following names of some of her works may be of interest: *The World Beautiful* (3 series); *From Dreamland Sent* (poems); *Life and Poetry of Mrs. Browning; Boston Days; The Outlook Beautiful* (1905); *From Dream to Vision of Life* (1906); *Italy the Magic Land* (1907); *Paris the Beautiful* (1908); *Louise Chandler Moulton* (1910); and *The Brownings, their Life and Art* (1911).—*Ed.*]

artistic culture, its spiritual life, with her own extensive travel and lecturing, offer their own commentary upon the significant and the ideal life of New England. For this life is essentially a matter of great personalities. The scenic charm and loveliness of this corner of the United States, which is, in its peculiar way, a sort of national Mecca, and a region to which the entire country lays claim, romantic and beautiful as it is, has always been second to the great personalities it has produced. Madame Tingley, as one of the younger women linked to that group of the golden age, has fared forth in so entirely new a direction of progress as to render her line of achievement unique and unparalleled; yet it is a legitimate outcome of the New England ideals that have gone forth to nearly all parts of the earth. I crave the boon of pardon from the editor of this magazine for so personal a reference: I here record my *Apologia;* but so great a work as that of Point Loma, so beneficent in all its aspects, so far-reaching in its results, is its own explanation of reference. The great life of New England, from the Puritan Fathers to the present time, has been fruitful in the culture of ideal aims which have flown far abroad and expressed themselves in many directions.

Picturesque New England is one of the garden spots of the world. The northern region of mountains, lakes, and forests; the alluring Berkshire haunts of western Massachusetts; the impressive loveliness of all the Connecticut Valley; the south shores on the ocean bays and the Sound; and the entrancing "North Shore" of Massachusetts, which, from Lynn to its terminal at Pidgeon Cove, the extreme northeastern point of Cape Ann, is all aglow with the lovely blossoms of the eglantine in the early summer, and golden with the yellow flowers of autumn in the waning seasons, is constantly noted and sung. The fine old cities — Newburyport, Gloucester, Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, and the favorite seaside resorts — Magnolia, Manchester-by-the-sea, Pride's Crossing, and others, offer to summer tourists resorts of such beauty that it is little wonder that the summer pilgrimage taxes every accommodation. More than this, New England's poets and prophets have set to music all this region. Whittier, Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, and Lowell, have celebrated in verse the loveliness and the rich associations of this region. Newburyport, all dignity and refinement of an older day, was, if I am not mistaken, the native place of Madame Tingley, and it is the home of one of the most lyrical of the poetic group, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose romantic home on

Deer Island, in the Merrimac, has long been a shrine for the passionate pilgrim. Mrs. Spofford is the last, (with the single exception of Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord) of that elder group that made their time the Golden Age of New England. It is a striking fact, and one unparalleled, I think, in the history of any one specific region, that within a period of hardly more than twenty years so large a number of eminent persons should have been born within the circumference of Boston. For while Amos Bronson Alcott was born in Connecticut, Mr. Longfellow in Maine, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in New York, and while a few others of the group were not natives of Boston, yet, practically, their lives and work were all identified with this city. Between 1799, the birthyear of Mr. Alcott, and 1822, that of Edward Everett Hale, what a galaxy is unrolled! Alcott, Emerson, Allston the artist, Lydia Maria Child, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Elizabeth Peabody, Hawthorne (who married Sophia Peabody, the youngest sister of Elizabeth), George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, Rufus Choate, Longfellow, Whittier, Charles Sumner, Lowell, Mrs. Howe, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, James T. Fields, Mary A. Livermore. Thoreau, Abby Morton Diaz, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, all appeared upon this planet. Certainly Theosophy holds some explanation of the incarnation of the wonderful group in one place and within so short a period of time. The Golden Age of Pericles is not more distinctive. If one should extend the time a little more than a decade, it would then include Phillips Brooks, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Louise Chandler Moulton, who were all born in 1835. So, easily within thirty-six years, all this remarkable group were incarnated here.

Perhaps the most ideal creation of St. Gaudens, in all the long list of his sculpture, is the statue of *The Puritan,* standing with a staff in one hand and a Bible under his arm, supremely typical of the spirit of New England. To conquer by the strength of the spiritual forces! Is not this, indeed, especially applicable to the founding of the beautiful College at Point Loma, where the desert has been made to bloom as the rose, and classical culture to unite with the profound underlying faith of Theosophy? The story of New England is really the story of the fire brought down from heaven to be the living coal on the altar. From the days in the early years of the decade 1630-40, when John Winthrop wrote to his wife in England: "We are in Paradise where we enjoy God and Jesus Christ; is not this enough?" when

that saintly young divine, John Harvard, with his slender endowment of eight hundred pounds and the incalculable richness of his faith, founded a college in the Wilderness — from those days to the present the story of New England life has hardly been less wonderful than that of old when Moses lead his people into the Promised Land.

The arrival of Cotton and of Increase Mather was an event of determining influence. Rev. John Cotton was followed by one of his parishioners, Mistress Anne Hutchinson, the Mary Livermore of her time. Governor Winthrop characterized her as "a godly woman, and of special parts," but who had "lost her understanding by giving herself to reading and writing"; but Mistress Anne was as indomitable as Lucy Stone, and she was essentially a twentieth-century woman, quite unable to fit herself to the seventeenth century. She was a born mystic, a transcendentalist, with a wonderful power to attract and to influence people. Her home was on the site of Boston's former landmark, the "Old Corner Bookstore," and there she gathered about her the "females" of the day, to expound to them the religious truths with which her soul was filled. Cotton Mather, born in Boston in 1663, the son of Dr. Increase Mather and Maria (Cotton) Mather, impressed himself upon the times with a force that pervades the air today. In the old Copp's Hill burying ground are the tombs of the Drs. Mather, a resort for all the visitors to historic Boston.

But it is the New England of a later period — of the nineteenth century — that is the more vital to us today. The New England ideals were largely due to the Boston group. "There was not an ism that had not its shrine," Edward Everett Hale has said,

> nor a cause that had not its prophet. The town was so small that practically everybody knew everybody. "A town," as a bright man used to say, "where you could go anywhere in ten minutes." Lowell could talk with Wendell Phillips, or applaud him when he spoke. He could go into Garrison's printing-office with a communication. He could lounge into the "Corner Bookstore," where James T. Fields would show him the new Tennyson, or where he could meet Edward Everett, or Oliver Wendell Holmes. He could discuss with a partner at the dance the moral significance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, in comparison with the Second, or the Seventh. Another partner in the next quadrille would reconcile for him the conflict of free-will and foreknowledge. At Miss Elizabeth Peabody's foreign bookstore he could take out for a week Strauss's "Leben Jesu," if he had not the shekels for its purchase, as probably he had not. Or, under the same hospitable roof, he could in the evening hear Hawthorne tell the story of Parson Moody's veil, or discuss the Myth of Ceres with Margaret Fuller. . . .

Emerson printed lectures in the *North American Review,* and he told me in 1874, after his return from England, that he had then never received a dollar from any of his own published works. He said he owned many copies of his own books, but that these were all he had ever received from his publishers.

But how significant was the Boston life of those days! In the decade of 1840-50 the Lowell Institute courses became an important factor in New England life, for they drew their audiences from a wide radius. Webster, Everett, Choate, Channing, Sumner, Emerson, Dr. Holmes, were heard from its platform. Somewhat later came Benjamin Pierce the (then) astronomer in charge of the Harvard Observatory, who told his audiences of the strange and intricate relations between the physical and the spiritual life. "What is man?" he questioned.

> What a strange union of matter and mind! A machine for converting material into spiritual force. . . . The body is the vocal instrument through which the soul communicates with other souls, with its past self, and even, perhaps, with God. The body is needed to hold souls apart and to preserve their independence, as well as for conversation and united sympathy. Hence body and matter are essential to man's true existence. The soul which leaves this earthly body still requires incorporation.

For a scientific lecturer of nearly fifty years ago was not this an advanced view?

It was in 1847 that John Amory Lowell (founder of the celebrated Lowell Institute of Boston) invited the great Agassiz to come from Switzerland to deliver a course of lectures. Harvard then invited the distinguished naturalist to accept a chair; he subsequently married one of the most eminent and gracious of Boston women, Miss Elizabeth Cary, who entered into his scientific life with intelligent enthusiasm. In 1894, when Radcliffe College received its charter, Madame Agassiz was the chief leader in the movement, and later she became the honorary President, which office she held until her death a few years ago. The meeting and mingling of all this wonderful Boston coterie in those mid-nineteenth-century years, was full of charm. Mr. Longfellow, in his diary record for January 9th, 1847, writes:

> In the evening there was a reunion at Felton's (then the Greek Professor of Harvard,) to meet Mr. Agassiz, a pleasant voluble man, with a beaming face.

A little later the poet records:

> Agassiz, Felton, and Sumner to dinner. Agassiz is very pleasant, affable, simple. We all drove over to South Boston to take tea with Mrs. Howe.

Not the least part of the significance of life in those days was the fact that there was leisure for friendships. Ten years later came the fiftieth birthday of Agassiz, celebrated by a dinner, at which Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell each read poems, Mr. Longfellow presiding at the feast, and reading his own poem on this anniversary. In 1865, when Professor and Madame Agassiz departed for a tour of the Andes, another dinner marked the event, which was enlivened by a poem from Dr. Holmes, in which occur the lines:

> How the mountains talked together
> Looking out upon the weather,
> When they heard our friend had planned his
> Little trip among the Andes.

In 1873 the great naturalist died, and in a commemoration poem of him Lowell wrote:

> His look, wherever its good fortune fell,
> Doubled the feast without a miracle.

In the early decades of the nineteenth century the influence of William Ellery Channing was potent in Boston. The power of Theodore Parker (almost the Savonarola of Boston) was at its zenith about 1840-50. Later he went to Florence, Italy, where he met his friend and correspondent, Frances Power Cobbe, for the first time, only three days before he passed into the life more abundant. His grave in the English cemetery in Florence is near that of Mrs. Browning, and is always an object of American pilgrimage. The memorial marble (placed there some twenty years ago) was unveiled by Grace Ellery Channing, the granddaughter of the great divine, now the widow of the California artist, Charles Walter Stetson, who, though a native of New England, and who died in Rome, was yet a Californian by virtue of intense love for his adopted State.

The famous Transcendental Period of New England made itself a most significant date in human progress. James Freeman Clarke and Margaret Fuller (both born in 1810), with Emerson, were the initial leaders, largely inspired by the German literature that had then become so much a matter of New England culture. Everyone learned the German language and read the philosophers and poets in their own tongue. But they read Greek, too, and the Greek philosophers. Sophia Peabody (afterward the wife of Hawthorne) wrote to a

friend of one day: "I went to my hammock with Xenophon. Socrates was divinest, after Jesus Christ, I think." With such themes did the people of that day concern themselves. Emerson's *Nature* has been held to have been the entering wedge of the Transcendental Movement, which, indeed, might well have been initiated by his words: "We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us." The lectures on "Spiritual Laws," "Compensation," "The Over-Soul," "Circles," and others, given by Emerson in those days, were a tremendous factor in the general progress, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that to these lectures may be traced much of the results of today, in the stimulus and insight they generated and imparted, which has continued from generation to generation. Who can say what factor these lectures may not have been, however indirectly they have worked, in the splendid achievement of Madame Tingley in the Râja-Yoga College, and all that it means in its larger inclusiveness? For the germ of Idealism descends from generation to generation, and works as the most vital of determining forces. Dr. Holmes, indeed, called Emerson "the Buddha of the West," and the witty Autocrat humorously describes Emerson's manner on the platform:

> Emerson's oration began nowhere and ended nowhere, yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. . . . He boggled, he lost his place, but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was all such stuff as stars are made of. . . .

Beacon Hill was rather the Mount of Transfiguration in those days. There the "Transcendental Club" held their mystic meetings. One latter-day commentator declares that New England Transcendentalism is an arc, "one end of which was held by Mistress Anne Hutchinson, and the other by Margaret Fuller." Life, indeed, is but another name for spiritual evolution, and all these influences and researches into Idealism prepared the ground for the Theosophical Movement which was to come far later. Now, in Huntington Avenue, Boston, there is a flourishing branch of the Theosophical Society, whose Headquarters are at Point Loma, and whose guiding influence is that of Madame Tingley, the Leader of the Movement. But the "Conversation Classes" of Margaret Fuller, the "Radical Club," the general prevailing interest in Theology, Revelation, Inspiration — were

all factors in those days, that have borne their legitimate fruit of these results in the present.

The name of Margaret Fuller was one to conjure with. It was not so much that she was a literary woman as it was that she was an incarnation of spiritual force. Miss Fuller (later the Marchesa d'Ossoli) left no specific literary work of any special claim: it is not in libraries that one must search for her bequest to mankind; it is in the impulse that she communicated to life itself. A close student of scholarly accomplishments and of profound power, a trained philosophic mind, with a special gift that can only be described as divination — in these was Margaret Fuller supreme. She had a depth of spiritual insight, a high order of thought, for which too much reverence can hardly be claimed. Yet, on the other hand, she lacked form, lacked artistic expression, and the records that she left, so far as literature goes, are meager. But she was one of the exalted spirits sent into this life; and her brief sojourn (for the fatal shipwreck occurred when she had just passed her fortieth birthday) was one of constant conflict with conditions. Her life, up to the age of thirty, was almost entirely occupied with teaching. Her real literary achievement, the *History of Italy,* went down with her in the wreck that also carried her husband and child. Margaret Fuller was the muse, the sibyl, the improvisatrice; she was a diviner of mental states, and an inspirer of nobler aims. Sometimes I have wondered if she were not the reincarnation of Vittoria Colonna, with her intense love of Italy, her infinite and almost instant assimilation with Italian life when, at last, she realized her dream of visiting Italy. "All the good I have ever done," she once said, "has been by calling on every nature for its highest." As a friend she was ideal. James Freeman Clarke has said of her capacity for friendships:

> Margaret was indeed the friend. This was her vocation. She bore at her girdle a golden key to unlock all caskets of confidence.

A born scholar, she was taught Latin and English at the same time, and at the age of six read Latin well. Within the next two years she was absorbed in Shakespeare, and fascinated by Cervantes, Molière, and Coleridge. She drew from the deepest wells of thought, as did Vittoria Colonna in her time. By some subtle spiritual alchemy she had the power to transmute any truth into crystal clear thought, worthy to be held as law. But the conflict with conditions never ceased. Her ideals, her temperament, her circumstances, all kept up a

conflict among themselves. Good health, too, which is a very determining rational factor in life, was not hers. She had probably little idea of true hygienic living. But her magnanimity, her exaltation of soul, never faltered. Her life was far greater than her specific work.

The centennial of Lucy Stone will fall on August 18th, 1918; a date that may well be commemorated by American women. For here was a true heroine. "If a god wishes to ride, every stick and stone will bud and shoot out wingèd feet to carry him," says Emerson. In this case, a goddess desired to ride — and the traditional stick and stone put out its wings to bear her on. Born in Western Massachusetts, the daughter of a small farmer, she conceived the idea to go to college. Her father regarded her as crazy. But this did not quench the divine madness. She worked, earned, saved, and at the age of twenty-five started for Oberlin, where she graduated, the valedictorian of her class: she who had done housework in the Hall at three cents an hour, and had lived on fifty cents a week. She and Antoinette Blackwell shared one room; they laundered their own clothes, and did their own cooking; Dante, in his exile and poverty, was not nobler than this New England young woman, whose limitations in the material extended her excursions into the intellectual realm. Initiating the cause of the political enfranchisement of women, she really builded better than she knew, for to her untiring zeal may be traced the opening of the higher education for women, and that of large industrial opportunities.

Writing to Charlotte Cushman, Julia Ward Howe once said:

> The grandeur of the inner life is such that no advantageous circumstances can heighten it, though to our short-sighted gaze they seem to do so.

These words might not unaptly be applied to her own life. Born into the home of refined elegance and beauty, dwelling always in the atmosphere of modest comfort and freedom from material care, these outer circumstances neither add to, nor subtract from, increase nor lessen the personal impress Mrs. Howe leaves on life. Her vocation was distinctly that of the poet and prophet. In the range of poetic literature Mrs. Howe takes noble rank as one who appeals to the spiritual energy. Like the handwriting on the wall are such stanzas as these:

Power, reft of aspiration;
Passion, lacking inspiration;

Leisure, void of contemplation;
Thus shall danger overcome thee;
Fretted luxury consume thee,
All divineness vanish from thee.

Mrs. Howe spoke high counsel to the soul. In poetic form she gave such insights as these:

If the vain and the silly bind thee,
I cannot unlock thy chain;
If sin and the senses blind thee,
Thyself must endure the pain;
If the arrows of conscience find thee
Thou must conquer thy peace again.

Of wealth, when unaccompanied with effort for the betterment of the world, she wrote:

To me the worship of wealth means the crowning of low merit with undeserved honor; the setting of successful villany above unsuccessful virtue. It means neglect and isolation for the few who follow a heart's high hope through want and pain, through good report and evil report.

Of the poets of the nineteenth century — Whittier, Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, Lowell, Dr. Parsons, Emerson, Mrs. Howe, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Chandler Moulton; of that fine interpreter of Dante, Professor Charles Eliot Norton; of Alcott, "the acorn-eating Alcott," as Carlyle called him, and Louise Alcott, forever remembered as the author of *Little Women;* of Thoreau; of that great prophet of the diviner life, Phillips Brooks; of Mary A. Livermore, the noble and most inspiring lecturer; of Col. Higginson, and many and many another, the limits of space will not permit me here to speak. But, however unrecognized, the spiritual forces generated by this noble galaxy take form and meaning in life today. "It is a familiar lesson which the ages teach us," said Frank Benjamin Sanborn, "but which no age ever learns for itself, that the spiritual force which is to change its current, and determine the trend of its future, is never recognized by the passing generation."

But life is a continued story. I have been dwelling upon the Boston of the nineteenth century, but there is a twentieth-century Boston as well. There is a current legend that a man from Seattle came to this city and was amazed to find there *was* any Boston now existing; he said he had believed it to be a Revolutionary relic! But the Boston of today is so distinctive and alert that the visitor would find her

decked out in all the latest enthusiasms. In 1920 she purposes to celebrate the tercentennary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Will she achieve the resplendent and ineffable beauty of the Panama Exposition? Will she produce a spectacle that may allure the Pilgrim Fathers to "revisit the glimpses of the moon?" Who may tell? We are in "the flowing conditions of life." The law of evolutionary progress is as resistless as that of the stars in their courses. The Significance of New England Life is that matrix out of which new and deeper significance shall inspire and exalt mankind.

What has succeeded? yourself? your nation? nature? Now understand me well — it is provided in the essence of things, that from any fruition of success, there shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

Divine things are before us. The awful tragedy of Europe in which the nations are engulfed is but the mighty prelude to a marvelous era on whose threshold we stand. The old is rushing on destruction; the new awaits the stage of a far loftier and more magnificent human effort. Pain and Terror shall be transmuted into the loftiest triumphs ever known to man, into a Happiness never before known.

"Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things
well enveloped;
I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful
than words can tell!"

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER'S *PHILOSOPHICAL LETTERS:* by Vredenburgh Minot

THE celebrated German poet Schiller was versatile with his pen; his writings include powerful and inspiring dramas, highly intelligent historical essays and works, and numerous essays upon subjects of art, morals, and philosophy.

His *Philosophical Letters* are meant to represent an exchange of philosophical ideas of two fictitious young friends, Julius and Raphael, who though differing in methods agree in the main; they are in search of truth, and desire some decided reforms in the world of thought. The longest of these letters Schiller entitles *The Theosophy of Julius.*

The Theosophy of Julius is divided into several sections. Julius says that all things complete in the universe are united in God; that God and Nature are two factors which are completely alike; that the

entire sum of harmonious activity which exists together with and in the Divine Substance is separated in Nature — a copy of this Substance — into innumerable grades, measures, and degrees. Nature is an infinitely divided God. As in the prismatic glass a white ray of light divides into seven darker rays, so is the Divine Ego broken up into countless perceiving substances.

The universe Julius calls a thought of God. According as this ideal spiritual image stepped across into actuality, and the universe, born, fulfilled the plan of its Creator, so it is the office of all thinking beings to find again in the existing totality the first design, the principle in the machine, the unity in the composition; to seek out law in phenomena, and to devolve the building backwards upon its ground plan. Consequently there is for Julius only one phenomenon in Nature, the thinking being. The great composite which we call *universe* is thus to him noteworthy only because it exists to point out symbolically the manifold expressions of that being.

The doctrine of reincarnation Julius suggests by saying that every spring which drives the plant-shoots out of the bosom of the earth illustrates to him the fearful riddle of death, and confutes his anxious dread of eternal sleep. The swallow which we find benumbed in winter and in spring see come back to life again, the dead caterpillar which rejuvenated as a butterfly rises into the air, presents us with a striking symbol of our immortality.

Julius explains that in the world of ideas all spiritual minds are attracted by perfection. All strive for the state of highest free expression of their powers, all possess the common urge to expand their activity, to draw everything into themselves, to make their own whatever they recognize as good and excellent. Contemplation of the beautiful, the true, and the excellent, is momentarily possession of these attributes. Whatever condition we perceive, into that we ourselves enter. At the moment when we think of it for ourselves, we are possessors of a virtue, originators of an action, discoverers of a virtue, proprietors of happiness. We ourselves become the object perceived.

Julius was a true lover. He says that love, the most beautiful phenomenon in the ensouled creation, the most powerful magnet in the world of spirit, the source of devotion and of the most exalted virtue, is but the refulgence of this unparalleled primitive power, namely, an attraction of the excellent, resting upon a momentary barter of per-

sonality, an exchange of beings. Whenever Julius hates he knows that he takes something from himself; whenever he loves, he feels himself richer just to the extent of his love. Pardon is the recovery of alienated property; misanthropy is a prolonged suicide; egotism the greatest poverty of a created being.

Julius believes in self-sacrifice for the benefit of one's fellow-men, for he declares that egotism and love divide humanity into two very dissimilar species, the borders between which never intermingle. Egotism establishes its central point in itself, while love plants the same outside of itself in the axle of the eternal totality. Love aims for unity, while egotism is loneliness. Love is the co-regent citizeness of a flourishing republic; egotism the despot in a desolate world. Love gives away; egotism borrows.

Enough of Julius' letter has been above set forth to show that it is a close approximation to Theosophy as taught by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the Foundress of that Theosophical Society in 1875, which, now known as the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, has its International Headquarters at Point Loma, California, and is under the Leadership of Katherine Tingley. The terms used by Julius are in many cases different, but the doctrine of the relative First Cause of the Universe, the Absolute, and its dual manifestation as Spirit and Matter; of the seven planes in Cosmos; of the innate perfectibility of man; of love of one's neighbor before oneself; of reincarnation; of the law of cause and effect, or Karma; of the contrast between the higher and lower natures of man; and of the nature of the thinking principle, are all outlined by Julius with more or less clearness.

The reader may ask how Schiller became acquainted with Theosophy, though this question may be easily answered by a study of the more recondite currents of European history. H. P. Blavatsky, after stating that magic (in its beneficial sense) was much practised by the clergy of Medieval Europe, by men such as Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Ratisbon, and Trithemius, Abbot of the Spanheim Benedictines, and others, goes on to say —

> . . . and while the confederations of the Theosophists were scattered broadcast about Germany, where they first originated, assisting one another, and struggling for years for the acquirement of esoteric knowledge, any person who knew how to become the favored pupil of certain monks, might very soon be proficient in all the important branches of occult learning.
>
> This is all in history and cannot be easily denied. Magic, in all its aspects,

was widely practised by the clergy till the Reformation. And even he who was once called the "Father of the Reformation," the famous John Reuchlin, author of the *Mirific Word* and friend of Pico di Mirandola, the teacher and instructor of Erasmus, Luther, and Melanchthon, was a kabalist and occultist.

—*Isis Unveiled,* II, 20

Goethe and Schiller were intimate friends, as the memorial statue of them standing and holding hands, in front of the Weimar Theater, shows. Such works of Goethe as his *Faust* and *Naturphilosophie* are full of the spirit of medieval Theosophy and of the *magia naturalis,* as Julius Goebel of Harvard University, in his introduction to *Faust,* explains. *The Key to Theosophy,* by H. P. Blavatsky, points out clearly that the root of Neo-Platonism is identical with Theosophy. Goebel states that it was this Neo-Platonism which had its scattered followers during the Middle Ages in Europe and was finally revived during the Renaissance; that the Theosophy of Neo-Platonism gradually spread itself among the various Protestant sects after the Reformation, under the leadership of men like Paracelsus and Jacob Böhme, who were deeply imbued with the spirit of Neo-Platonism and the Kabala, either through Agrippa von Nettesheim or by the direct study of the Hermetic and Neo-Platonic writings.

Now Goethe says in his own autobiography that in 1768 when he returned sick in soul and body from Leipzig, he became a convert to the *quasi*-theosophical movement which had its followers among the pietistic circle in Frankfurt, and the leading thoughts of his later *Naturphilosophie,* Goebel affirms, have a remarkable conformity with the philosophical principles of Theosophy. Goebel says that Goethe read the works of Paracelsus, Agrippa, and of the Neo-Platonists. When Goethe, before he had finished his *Faust* manuscript, asked Schiller's advice upon it, the latter replied, in part: "The duality of human nature and the unsuccessful effort to unite the divine and physical elements of human nature is never lost sight of in this play," a statement which demonstrates his sympathy with the underlying philosophy of Goethe's famous play.

Inasmuch, therefore, as Theosophy has had such expression in Germany, and inasmuch as Schiller was not only a sympathetic friend of Goethe but an associate of Weimar and one of the leading thinkers of the time, it is not difficult to discover what was the source of the Theosophy as expressed in his *Philosophical Letters,* replete as they are with Platonic and Neo-Platonic doctrines.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART III

CHAPTER II — "THERE SHALL BE NO COMPULSION IN RELIGION"

HIS monotheism is not surprising; nor, from the standpoint of the vast sweep of history, that takes no account of creeds and sects, important. It was a curb for the riotous personality of Arabia: a teaching that might not impossibly grow to be spiritual. His ethics, too, were precisely those which his people most immediately needed: aiming all at submission and subordination of self, where their old ideals had been forever towards self-exaltation. So much you might have expected from Mohammed, had there been nothing more in him than meets the eye of the casual: a *Man's Son* in religion, yes: no impostor, but no great light-bringer; a mere valiant enthusiast arisen haphazard. That will serve, perhaps, for the personality and outward setting of the man; to which what he called "God" was more real than his tangible environment: "nearer to thee than thy jugular vein." Nearer and more real, for example, than the bare sword of his enemy, lifted to kill him as he woke from sleep. "Now who shall defend thee?" said the Koreishite; to whom Mohammed, unperturbed:—"God!" and did come scatheless from the encounter. Whether his mind so interpreted the Supreme Fact to itself; or whether he but spoke in a kind of shorthand for the sake of his hearer; who shall say? He had at least full warrant for his confidence. Universal Will, manifesting in time and space, is Karma; and Karma and his own courage were a shield for him actually impervious. "God!" said he; meaning the Higher Law; whether the brain-mind knew it or not, the Great Soul knew. — There is no unpleasing unction here; it is a man run by his soul, and not by any lesser fires of petty piety. Still, we could have understood it of any genuine enthusiast.

But that he, having that hot faith in him, and being all Ishmael and the sandstorm in the hotness of his faith, should have enunciated religious toleration as the policy of Islam, to be cleaved to by all who desired spiritual right to profess and call themselves Moslems — that should give us pause, I think, and is not so easily explainable. It is not what you would expect of any enthusiast; it is diametrically the opposite of what you have always believed about Mohammed. Yet here are a few of his dicta: judge! *Be ye tolerant unto the unbelievers,* said he; and again: *Let there be no compulsion in religion.*

And at another time: *There shall be no interference in the practice of their faith or their observances, nor any changes in their rights and their privileges . . .* THEY SHALL NOT OPPRESS NOR BE OPPRESSED — the capitalized words particularly in reference to the Christians. — A little knowledge will answer, perhaps: All true, with respect to the "People of the Book"; but these sayings bore no reference to any but Christians and Jews. Not so, however; "those who are Jews, Christians or Sabaeans," specified Mohammed; and included Magians as soon as the first of them were conquered. Certain of his followers grumbled then, that tolerance should be extended so far, and were rebuked for their bigotry. "I bear witness of the Apostle of God," said Abdurrahman ibn Awf to the Caliph, when Omar was in doubt as to the treatment of the Magians of conquered Persia — "I bear witness that he said: Deal ye with them as ye deal with the People of the Book." Jews, Christians, Magians and Sabaeans made up the whole non-Islamic world, as known to Mohammed; and toleration was to be extended to all of them. But there were to be no more vile rites to the desert godlings; too much evil had come of that.

Now two religions possessed temporal power in those days: Magianism in Persian, and Christianity in Rome. Both were fiercely intolerant, wholly given over to the spirit and practice of persecution. The old broad tolerance of pagan Rome had gone and been forgotten; the Jews lacked the power rather than the will to persecute; and the pagan Arabs had persecuted Mohammed himself and his disciples to the limit of their power. One cannot say, then, that he took the idea from this creed or that. West of Buddhism it was dead, until Mohammed raised it from the tomb. Or rather, as he knew nothing of Roman history, and still less of Buddhist practice, we must say that he brought it with him from the unseen: a clean new idea through the gates of birth.

And it did become a guiding principle of Islam: transgressed against at certain periods, no doubt, but in the great sum of history, far more often followed than discarded. Marvelously, at times, when one considers the infection of neighboring and opponent creeds! Just for the lack of such clear pronouncements as Mohammed's, think what we have suffered in Christendom: Calvin's and Torquemada's fires; rack and thumbscrew and all unnamable tortures; the fall of empires and the destruction of civilizations; bloody Crusades, and wholesale massacres in taken cities. Such was the fate of Jerusalem

when the Crusaders captured it; look now on this other picture: —

Khalid and his horsemen have beleaguered the Holy City, and the time of its fall is at hand. Patriarch Sophronius stipulates that the surrender shall be to the Caliph in person; and Khalid agreeing, old Omar sets forth from Medina on his camel. Robed in his one poor garment, the great emperor traverses the desert; attended by his one servant, and in his hand the sole scepter of his sovereignty: the staff wherewith he is accustomed to deal out (corporal) justice where he finds it called for. These are among the terms he gives Jerusalem: she shall possess all her churches, have complete freedom of worship, full protection of the law, exemption from military service and the alms (Sadiqát) obligatory on Moslems; in exchange, she shall pay a poll tax lighter than the imposts of Heraclius to which she is accustomed. Jerusalem rejoices, and will not be above doing honor to her conqueror.

Accordingly, Patriarch Sophronius meets Omar at the city gate, and the two old men walk through the streets together in friendly converse; there is something in the old Arab to disarm hostility and intolerance. The talk, we are told, is of the antiquities of Jerusalem; but the patriarch is at school again, and learning wordless lessons. — Comes the hour of Moslem prayer, and down with Omar on his knees, there where he stands in the street. Byzantine refinement moves Sophronius, but the presence of human Reality to which he is not accustomed, moves him more: "Not so," he says; "but yonder is the Temple"—"Let be," says Omar, and goes through with his devotions. Then, rising: "Friend," says he, "assuredly the Moslems will build a mosque hereafter, where the Successor of the Prophet first prayed in the Holy City; but the treaty affirms that your Temple shall remain Christian." And yet Jerusalem and its Temple were sacred places to the Moslems, as well as to the Christians.

And in fact, as the tide of empire rolled onward, Jew and Christian and Guebre alike found themselves, in respect to religion, robbed only of the power to persecute. They kept their churches and temples; might believe and worship as they pleased. It is true that their lot was none too pleasant at times: under the Ommeyads of Damascus, when theocracy and brotherhood had both gone, and the Commander of the Faithful was merely a temporal sovereign (and generally a bad one at that), taxation was multiplied on them as a rule; but neither then nor ever is there evidence of "conversion by the sword."

After twelve centuries of Moslem, and six of Turkish rule, there remain millions of Christians and Jews in Western Asia; whom the sword would have converted thoroughly and at once; but not one Moslem is left in Spain, where there were once some fifty millions of them; and has not been these several hundred years. And it is not that Father Rack and Father Stake are more efficient missionaries than the notorious Marabout Sword; but that the latter has never taken the mission field. Turkish and Berber massacres have been assignable to the passions of uncontrolled men, not to zeal of propaganda; it has been the fate of Islam, generally, to contact the fiercest and most passionate races; and it has always made them better, whom you would say no human or inspired agency could possibly make *good.*

How came it that Zoroastrianism died so utterly in Persia? It took a long time to die, we answer; there were Magian temples still in the thirteenth century in Iran. But in fact, the Persians almost en masse had welcomed Islam, for these reasons. Magianism, in Sassanian days, had been the state religion, eagerly persecuting heretics, and exacting of its orthodox rigid performance of a highly complex, and to them long since meaningless, ritual. Now your true Persian is by nature speculative, inquiring, rather mystical; loves to start a brand new religion once a century or so; is a born heretic, and an eel in the hands of any church. The state religion of the Chosroes had become unendurable to him: its doctrines had lost their tang of newness; its ritual had become the worst kind of bore. But Islam, with its two-claused little creed, offered him freedom; you say: *There is no God but God,* and may mean anything by it, even to the dethronement of the idols Self and Passion. As to *Mohammed is the Prophet of God,* 'twas as natural to the Persian to believe in avatars, "as to a blackbird 'tis to whistle." Decidedly there was no need of swordly eloquence, to convert Persia; where, as everywhere, it was the poll tax rather than the faith that was demanded of the vanquished. — We hold no brief for the Moslems; in whose history, especially in its decline, there has been, heaven knows, enough of evils; as there is in the history of every race and perhaps every creed. But this presence, if not prevalence, in it of toleration, and that as a full-fledged doctrine and traditional policy, must be emphasized for its immense historic import; but for it there would not have been leave for all shades of thought to exist side by side unpersecuted; nor

for Moslems to learn at once all that Jews, Greeks, Persians and Christians could teach them: main causes, both, of that general sharpening of the mind which made the great ages of Bagdad, Cordova and Cairo. So, too, oppositely, intolerance was a main cause of the barbarism of Europe: where you might not use your mind to inquire, and there was none near you, whose different-mindedness suggested the wisdom of inquiry: different-mindedness, indeed, being heresy, and commonly punishable with death.

THE ETIOLOGY OF EPILEPSY: by Lydia Ross,

They [the scientists] will be driven out of their position, not by spiritual, theosophical, or any other physical or even mental phenomena, but simply by the enormous *gaps* and *chasms* that open daily, and will still be opening before them, as one discovery follows the other, until they are finally knocked off their feet by the ninth wave of simple common sense.
— H. P. Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*

SINCE Madame Blavatsky wrote the above words, some thirty years ago, scientific materialism has reached the high-water mark of influence in the affairs of the day. Notwithstanding that it still floods the thought-world, there are evident signs that the tide has turned toward more humanistic and more complete conceptions of life. Even the medical press is sounding, if only between the lines, a less confident note in mechanistic methods of diagnosis and treatment. A saving minority of the writers frankly deny the kinetic god of the somatists who creates man offhand — a mere by-product of muscular action and organic chemistry.

Apropos of this reaction is an interesting and significant article in a recent *Medical Record* by Dr. L. Pierce Clark. This paper, read before the New York Neurological Society, suggests treatment based upon the "Newer Psychological Studies upon the Nature of Essential Epilepsy." Reviewing the current trend of psychiatric research and treatment, Dr. Clark logically supports his protest against diagnostic methods which regard physical conditions as the prime origin of psychic wrongs. The essential conditions, he justly claims, are obscured by many diagnosticians under elaborate reports of physical pathology

— and psychiatric cant phrases that are often meaningless. The patient's precise behavior, conduct and disordered train of thought are omitted. . . . It is not sufficient for us to recognize that structural or organic neurology is inadequate

to handle the nature and treatment of the neuroses, but that even many organic disorders are incompletely understood until one gains a proper evaluation of the psychologic settings involved. . . . This nervous disorder has been commonly accepted as definitely organic in nature and origin, although not a few epileptic brains have been found entirely normal histologically. . . .

First there is a definite make-up or inherent defect of the instincts in epilepsy long before the seizure phenomena are added. Indeed it is demonstrable in earliest childhood, whereas the seizures may be added years after. These defects embrace all the emotional life and the major portion of the so-called character alterations in the frank epileptic in later life, and they are but the innate defects of the childhood writ large. The seizures are but the pronounced maximum expression of the inherent constitution in environmental conflict, and the latter are only made plainer as such individuals deteriorate. The nucleus of these defects is in the realm of egotistic tendencies and an extraordinary supersensitiveness. Upon this primary make-up the increasing demands for adjustments are made, and various kinds and degrees of epileptic reaction develop, such as moroseness, sullenness, lethargies, extra lability of mood, tantrums and rages, daydreams of an intense pathologic sort and frequency, mental abstractions with diminished consciousness, and finally, complete breaks with reality, as shown in loss of consciousness and convulsions. . . . Then there succeeds a temporary respite or riddance from the daily tension, the psyche regresses to that point or state where it gains peace or harmony. . . . The state sought or found is usually defined as one of complete physical and psychic freedom. . . . Pure physical or chemico-toxic states probably never solely generate an essential epilepsy. There must always be a preparedness in the defective make-up, and the psyche is finally involved in the last elaboration of the fit. . . . The majority of all arrested or cured cases of epilepsy are recruited from the essential epilepsies. The organic epilepsies, once frankly established as such, with the possible exclusion of the depressed fracture and brain-tumor cases, are rarely ever arrested. The potential epileptic has character defects and bad mental habits which antedate the ordinary school-age by several years. It is therefore largely in the realm of the nursery that the training-out process must commence. This training largely concerns the proper development of the *will*, especially in the domain of the reflex, instinctive, ideational, imitative and deliberative responses of the child. . . . Disharmony in the development of the will is largely responsible for the moral and ethical cramps of these children as shown in the tantrums. Next the child becomes demanding and stubborn, and when its instinctive purposes are further blocked, the supersensitiveness is further increased.

Students of Theosophy will read interesting meanings into Dr. Clark's excellent pen-pictures. Knowledge of man's inner nature and of human duality makes epilepsy markedly illustrate the common play of contending forces in embodied existence. The violent symptoms of convulsions and the unconsciousness are not only the innate defects of neurotic childhood writ large, but they graphically portray, like

living cartoons, the almost universal lack of inner peace and self-knowledge.

The royal union of the physical, mental, and moral natures attained through the Râja-Yoga education, not only forestalls a convulsive maturity, but prevents other phases of related pathology. Katherine Tingley believes and proves that true education is not mere acquisition of knowledge but all-round development of character.

Only by tracing symptoms back through the individual to the primeval make-up, can the tap-root of many-branched disease be reached, and treatment be found which makes for the wholeness of all-round development. The mechanistic treatment which regards man as merely the "cunningest of nature's clocks," lacks the clue by which rightly to repair even his physical disorders. Surgery records some brilliant hits in curing epilepsy due to pressure of fractured skull, or of cerebral tumors upon the motor centers of the brain. But the essential epilepsies — those not of mechanical origin — elude the subtleties of physical diagnosis and the resources of treatment as of yore. The classic makeshift treatment which reduces convulsions by a bromism that dulls the normal activity of both mind and muscles is merely juggling with symptoms.

The potential epileptic, in spite of reaching a hyponormal maturity, often begins with certain congenital features of make-up which belong to a progressive evolutionary type. These neurotic cases have a more marked degree of the usually latent psychic senses, which function differently from the brain-mind. William Q. Judge pointed out years ago that, in this gain of psychic sense, the physical integrity would suffer more or less during the period of adjustment. The present time of racial transition, marked by rapid changes on all lines, affords many proofs of his statement. Nature intended that humanity should unfold its body, mind, and spirit in the proportions of balanced growth, so that the psychic senses would open, not in a sordid, sensuous atmosphere, but in conditions of pure thought and refined feeling. Instead of this, the rank growth of materialism and selfish mentality have sapped the vitality of the whole nature. The ultra-scientific physician stands in his own light, baffled by vague neurotic and neurasthenic types. The interpenetrating astral world, of which the psychic sensitives are becoming aware, is being crowded with animal entities, prematurely deprived of their bodies by vivisection, which intensifies rather than weakens the passion, venom, and

despair of their instincts thus turned loose. Man's cruel mutilation and destruction of weak, dumb, innocent creatures, strengthens the tie of direct connexion by which their liberated impulses react upon him and his. Add to this the human hatred, the despairing bitterness, the unsoundness, the lust of cruelty and revenge, and all the fostered passions freed to prey upon embodied humanity by capital punishment, murders, suicides, war and famine. Meantime, the unhappy heritage of classic half-truths entails a lack of self-knowledge and ignorance of the protecting power of the spiritual will, which is often narcotized by the sophistry of fad metaphysics or paralysed by hypnotism.

Madame Blavatsky's aim in founding the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood in 1875 was to form a nucleus of unity upon the higher human levels, to offset consciously the disintegration brought about by rank selfishness and materialism. She wrote:

> The development of the psychic powers and faculties, the premonitory symtoms of which are already visible in America, will proceed healthfully and normally. Mankind will be saved from the terrible dangers, both mental and bodily, which are inevitable when that unfolding takes place, as it threatens to do, in a hotbed of selfishness and all evil passions. Man's mental and psychic growth will proceed in harmony with his moral improvement, while his material surroundings will reflect the peace and fraternal goodwill which will reign in his mind, instead of the discord and strife which are everywhere apparent around us today.

Epilepsy is nothing new, but prevalent social conditions bear peculiar relations to the etiology of it and allied disorders. The artificial tone of life, its intensive individualism, the competitive stress and strain everywhere, the extended range and refinement of indulgence, the feverish unrest and unworthy aims, make for an unnatural atmosphere whose lethal effects penetrate even the prenatal realm. The antenatal quality of parental and social influence is stamped upon the living cells of the little body. With this congenital handicap of the newly-born and an environment of deep-seated egotism and restless longing, the sensitized modern generation does not naturally levitate to the higher levels of expression.

The child who grows into epileptic attacks and mental and moral deficiency, shows a degenerative human evolution and reversion toward the animal type. The infantile nervous system is relatively less stable than the adult's. The onset of fevers, acute indigestion, etc., often are marked by convulsions in the young — a rare symptom in

like disorders in adults. The average child outgrows this tendency, but the potential epileptic, as noted, *grows into* convulsions. Does not the problem of restless, precocious, undisciplined, sensitized young life everywhere challenge the most serious and searching attention?

The convulsive climax is a consistent outcome of uncontrolled tendencies in the neurotic child's make-up, which is the Karmic heritage of his own past lives. The lower nature has the persistency, the boldness, the subtlety and the keen instinct of an animal linked with the power of mind, and literally fighting for life on its own level. Indulged, it grows aggressive and dominating: suspected, it changes its tactics; challenged tentatively, it storms and often wins by the power of disturbance; balked, it sulks or mopes or snarls, seeks to wear out opposition by whining, or to win sympathy by an injured air or pathetic self-pity; denied pungent experience, it diffuses energy into wilful mischief; controlled at one point, it plans equal license in other ways, even plausibly discussing the relinquished error or evil while providing for compensating indulgence. The appetite, often gluttonous in heavy types, may appear delicate in the mental temperaments, because it is exacting, fastidious, artificial, and irregular.

The life-currents that ebb and flow upon the lower levels wear an open channel for the psychology of outside forces. As a result, the victim of his own lower nature may become the prey of dominating influences distinct from himself. Dr. Alexander Wilder, the late eminent scholar, said:

> We are all of us surrounded by innumerable entities, bodied and unbodied, that transfuse thoughts and impulses into us. They are drawn to us by our peculiar temper of mind, and in a manner so interior as to be imperceptible, except as they bring into objective display whatever operation they may have induced.

The epileptic, not being dead during the fit, is probably conscious on the lower astral plane of sensation and desire, the habitat of earth-bound disembodied entities. The succeeding exhaustion and stupor are the reverse of the buoyant strength following an experience of conscious inspiration or the deep dreamless sleep which reaches the reality of higher planes of existence. What less than a convulsion would oust a man from his body for the vicarious experience of some foreign conscienceless entity?

Truly there are more things in human pathology than the physical senses can discover or the evil magic of serums can control.

THE VIOLINIST'S DREAM: by F. McHugh Hilman

AMBROSE the verdurer is riding home slowly through the summer evening. Along the green drive through the bracken he rides, passing now between beeches that rise like fountains of golden-green, delicate flame into the mellow sunlight; now through wide and lovely glades where the deer will be hiding amidst the fern. He has had a long day of it, though the sun is yet three hours from its setting; and is pleasantly and placidly tired, and glad his ride is so nearly over. One more wide valley to pass, with its slow peat stream at the bottom; one more long slope up which to lead Tina, his shaggy little forest pony; and from the ridge where the yew-trees grow by the ruin, he will see the hearth-smoke of his home. And then there will be the placid evening meal; and the placid music after, with adoring and adored Matty and the little ones for his audience; and tomorrow there will be more riding through the pleasant forest, and another sweet home-coming in the evening; and many tomorrows will follow, placid and sweet and earnest. Life is altogether a beautiful thing, thinks Ambrose the verdurer;— and the more so since there is still so much to learn, so much to become.

By no means an ordinary peasant is this gentle Ambrose. He is small and slender, while the forest people tend to big bones and height; beautiful-headed, while the bulk of them are very plain; has much book-learning, where they are wholly uninstructed; and adds a careful and acquisitive intellect to his forest instincts. There is nothing coarse in his mind or build or features; you would expect to find him in the Church, not in the verdurer's cottage. And in the Church, in good sooth, you should have found him; had not Matty at a critical moment appeared on the scene.

He was born in the forest, some thirty years ago; his father, it is to be supposed a political refugee from somewhere, was a learned

man, and moved in court circles before he buried his identity in the woods, and got a verdurer's post from the friendly Grand Duke. There he married a peasant woman of the country, careful, pious and undemonstrative. He died not long after; so that it was the mother who had the bringing up of Ambrose; and she did her work nobly. From her he inherits his even temperament and perseverance; from his father, refinement, a measure of idealism, love of learning, and a somewhat Italian type of physique and features. From his own past, one must suppose, come what deeper possibilities may lie in his soul.

His mother intended him for the Church; and the good monks of Saint Anselm, twenty miles away and in the heart of the forest, gave him his schooling; they found him a pupil whose diligence and quickness mastered everything. Passion, it seemed, played no part in his make-up; temptation was unknown to him; he was devoted to doing the right thing by his books and his fiddle and his fellows, as he might find it to do day by day. None ever had pain or trouble from him; the more enthusiastic of his teachers even spied in him the latency of sainthood. And then came Matty; and quietly, but with peasant firmness, Ambrose disappointed them all and married her. Ten years ago; and he has been wonderfully happy with her during those ten years — wonderfully happy.

He had no trouble in getting the verdurer's post which his father had held. The monks, in spite of their disappointment, love him dearly; and a recommendation from the abbot to the Grand Duke was enough. Thus they would still have their eyes on him; as he showed no inclination to forgo his studies, perhaps some day he would repay them for their pains. And yet, it was difficult to say; one feared to build too much on him. Did he not fall in love and marry, when a splendid churchly career seemed open to him? — and not merely churchly, we will say; but one of conquests in the things of the spirit. . . . There is something lacking in him; of which, too, he has even himself been conscious at times. — As one who possesses quarried mountains of marble and alabaster, onyx and rare porphyry, but no architect nor architectural design. . . . It is a mind with every quality — diligence, patience, the faculty of absorbing limitless knowledge — except originality and daring thought: which may come in time, or may not. In music, too, there is promise almost infinite; but no absolute guarantee of ultimate achievement. There is the

faultless ear, the endless perseverance, the ever-improving technique and the love which marks genius, or something of it; but not the divine fire.

Father Victor used secretly to sigh over him in this respect, considering that in the Church neither pain nor passion would reach him, great enough to tighten the strings of his soul. Father Victor himself is a supreme musician: to hear him fiddling, the angels would have stayed their flight. He plays their wingy marches through the vastness, their victories along the brink of the abyss; the wailings of the demons vanquished: triumph unimaginable and anguish unspeakable—all the possibilities, you would say, that lie in the human soul, Father Victor can scrape out of the fiddle-strings. But then assuredly Father Victor never learned his music in a monastery; he has had a past in the great world, of which he will not speak. Once when the Grand Duke, riding through the forest, spent a night at Saint Anselm's, the abbot, knowing him for a connoisseur, prevailed on Father Victor to play for him. —"But this is marvelous, titanic!" said the High-born; "good father, you must come to court; you shall have" —and he named a fabulous sum —"yearly as Director of Music." —"Multiply your offer by three, your Highness," said Father Victor. —"I do, I will." —"And still I will not come," said Father Victor; and neither bullying nor cajolery would budge him. "But at least, who was your teacher?" said the Grand Duke, meditating a search for pupils of the same master. The monk turned pale, hesitated a moment, then brought it out bitterly and proudly: —"Sorrow," said he; "sorrow — and sin"; and flouted all etiquette by hurrying undismissed out of the presence. Several shades of emotion swept over the High-born's face: anger and offense, doubt, then reverence. "Ah," said he, "a great man, and a good. Some of these days his bones will be working miracles for you." The foresters know Father Victor for a ministering angel; the friars know him for a colossal genius with the fiddle; but neither know much of his endless penances. . . .

And yet, too, it was Father Victor alone who rejoiced — secretly — when Matty appeared and Ambrose became unshakable against a monastic career. He believed the boy had genius in him, but doubted a monastic life would ever bring it to the surface. A great love, he thought, might do something. But he was destined, as we have seen, to disappointment. He crossed the forest one day, a year after their

marriage, and came upon them in the evening in their cottage, and tasted its atmosphere of quiet, excitementless content. "Bah!" thought he; "it does him no harm and will do him no good." But at least it kept him out of the Church, and one could not say what might come. He made Ambrose play, and listened sadly to the gentle, intellectual, careful music: quite perfect, it must be owned, of its kind.

Then, not without a touch of bitterness, he took the fiddle himself, and let loose heaven and hell from its strings — ah, but brought hell forth out of the deeps where it lurks, lurid, horribly beautiful and alluring, damnable and damning, so that one could feel humanity dragged down helpless, glad to be destroyed; and then with a crash brought Michael and his host upon the scenes, and their lances terrible and scathing: virtue a fearful and burning thing, brighter and more perilous, more threatening than the lightning, to burn up hell with fires swifter, lovelier and more majestic than its own. He shook out winged tragedy on the little cottage and garden; and then on the heels of tragedy, sent forth Peace, redemption, a beauty and serenity that absorbed into themselves and transmuted the whole world-conflict and sorrow; and he himself had the aspect of an archangel homing from the eternal wars, as the last notes died away.

"Ah!" said Matty, "it was lovely, quite lovely! I don't know which I liked best, dear father: your playing or my Ambrose's."

But Ambrose knew very well; for in respect of taste, he was a musician utterly; and he was a little sad, at the time, in a wistful way; though far more glad of the beauty of the music than sad. Memory of it comes back and back to him: shines upon the horizon of his mind at any time of emotional stress. But he has no grand ambition, spiritual or worldly; and no clearly defined sense of his deficiencies. He determined — and has carried out his determination — to practise harder than ever; and study too; to travel patiently the patient, plodding path he saw in front of him; which, after all, ran through a bed of thornless roses. It is right to improve oneself, to develop one's faculties; and ah, music is beautiful, beautiful! He senses in it, especially when Father Victor plays, a far-away and radiant goal; to which, indefinitely, he hopes to come sometime by the sole path his nature indicates to him. So, without great effort or internal opposition, he has gone on doing his duty by the Grand Duke, by Matty and the children; by his books and by his music. No greed,

no passion or impatience disturbs him; but his playing is still mild, forceless and uninspired.

Indeed, what should enter that little clearing in the wildwood where his home is, to change the tenor of things and stir his soul? A paddock field under the shadow of the high beeches on this side, where Tina the shaggy lives "when she is at home"; a garden, very rich in blooms scarlet and crimson, blue and purple, yellow and white; very rich, too, in its cabbage and bean-rows, the former for *sauerkraut;* in its seven skeps for the bees, and its three appletrees, all good bearers, for *apfelkuchen;* a little cottage, wood-built and fern-thatched and neat; three rosy-cheeked children, all as good as gold; a Matty, small, gentle and flaxen-haired, and rosy-cheeked too, like the blush side of the yellow apples in the garden; an Ambrose, small, black-haired and sunburnt, gentle too, and a little dreamy, and rosy-cheeked after the fashion of the russets; all bound together by unruffled affection, perfect sweet contentment: what should come in among these to hurry evolution or force to the front things hidden in the soul? Beyond the kitchen-garden, indeed, the ancient forest restores itself: there grows the great oak by the stream: hundred-branched, druidic and immemorial: beyond it are fairy-haunted stretches of bracken and heather, with here and there the silver grace of a birch. And to the left of the cottage, beyond the clearing, the dark woods begin; that may contain heaven knows what of mystery and terror. And then on the other side, between the high beeches and the oak, the land rises into rolling hills of gorse and heather, with valleys between where are bog-cotton and rushes and sweet bog-myrtle: a region again of loveliness and mysterious loveliness, through which the cart-track from the highroad runs down to the clearing. Are there no forest voices to cry in from all these quarters and be heard in the cottage and the garden? — voices, I mean, other than the belling of the deer, the barking of foxes, hooting of owls or bleating of snipe and the like: spiritual voices, not laden with passion or terror, but capable through their mysterious beauty of alluring the soul into its grand warriorlike and creative moods? Ambrose at least has heard nothing of them; though perhaps he suspects that they — or something — may be there.

He has the forester's material lore, and can read all such woodland signs as eyes of the flesh may see; but for the folklore sense, he has only book-learning. He loves the forest beauty, but has not deep

vision into it; sees not nearly as far as to the presiding wizard life. So now, as he rides homeward, the proud, whispering, fountainlike beeches, wherein another might hear rumors of worlds more majestically beautiful than ours, speak to him only of the things of common day; the leagues of green give him no tidings of fairyland.—

— What do you see, and what do you see,
That your eyes so strangely and wistfully burn?
— Oh, the Seven Enchantments of Faërie!
—And I, but a glade of fern.

— What do you hear, and what do you hear
When the brown owl cries from the dusk in the hollow?
— Infinite mystery gathering near,
And God knows what, to follow!

— What do you see, and what do you see,
That you gaze so fast on the timber there?
— Oh, a Druid Prince in the guise of a tree,
And the Star of Eve in his hair!

— And I, I heard but the hooting owl;
And I, I saw but the beechen tree;
The one was only a night-going fowl,
And timber the other, for me.

—And for Ambrose. This evening he will tie up the carnations in the garden; perhaps, when he has supped and rested, he will hoe the bean-rows; next Friday he will ride to the monastery, and get new books to study: in particular the treatise on trigonometry that Father Sylvester promised to get him from Nuremberg. . . . So his mind runs on as Tina ambles forward.

Rumor drifts very slowly through the forest; this morning he heard from his nearest neighbor, Michael the Charcoal-burner — and fifteen miles of beech and oak, pine and heather, lie between their squattings — that there is talk of the war having drifted southward: that Simon the Tavern-keeper, a couple of leagues north on the main road, heard in Waldburg, last Saturday was three weeks, that Tilly was on the march, and the Grand Duke likely to be dragged in after all. Well, no ripple of the war has ever washed as far as into the forest. . . . 'Tis to be hoped there will be no levy of the foresters. . . He pays little heed to the rumor; 'tis an old familiar thing one has been hearing off and on these years. . . . Best not mention it to Matty, perhaps. . . . Thank God, one lives remote from all that trouble: that the passing of an occasional Grand Ducal hunt is all that one sees of the great world, where there are sin and sorrow. —Terms, in good sooth, meaningless enough to this gentle Ambrose; since he has neither seen nor tasted either. — Out there to the right a graceful head rises above the fern, and a herd of twenty deer trots

off silently into the beeches. His quick eyes catch the glow of the evening sunlight on the red body of a fox by the stream yonder in the bottom. Life is a pleasant thing, thinks Ambrose the Verdurer.

He reaches the ridge where the yew trees grow about the ruin — there is a dark tale in connexion with the place, which he never has bothered to tell the children, as he never found it interesting himself — and sees the blue curl of smoke rising; he blows his horn, that presently will bring the children scampering through the wood. He has a present for them: a hedgehog he caught over in Koboldsthal this morning, and is carrying, curled up and sometimes wriggling a little, in a bag over his shoulder; it will make a fine pet for them. . . . Why doesn't he hear them shout? — Well, perhaps Matty is washing them for supper; she may have been a little late with her work today, hindered by something. . . . One may thank God for a wife so careful, and yet so loving; not like Simon the Tavern-keeper's Grethel, who is a shrew; nor like Michael Charcoal-burner's Dorothea, who is a slattern. . . . Strange that the children do not come to meet him — that he does not even hear their voices. . . . He rides on, and comes to the gate in the paddock fence. . . . *O God! . . . O God!*

He dismounts and runs forward — this white-faced, suddenly aged Ambrose. No wonder he saw the smoke; it rises from the smoldering ashes of his cottage. No; there is no hope; no answer to his cries. The flower-beds are trampled and ruined . . . and there — there are the children; and there — *O God, O my God* — is Matty. . . .

It dawns upon his dazed mind slowly; this is the meaning of the rumors he heard: this is War. . . .

Thirty past years given to the placid and earnest performance of duty interpose themselves between him and the stroke of madness. If it is the war, then there is a duty to perform — *now;* one must have one's mind in order; must possess oneself. He begins to consider, to calculate; not heeding the tears that fall uncontrolled. How many will these fiends have been? —A hundred, by the hoofprints, so far as an expert forester can judge. They came down by the cart-track from the high road, and will have ridden on to Waldburg; taking this short cut through the forest, eighteen miles by ridable drives, in place of the thirty by the road. There are enough of them to take the town, if they can surprise it; and then — more of this

devil's work. . . . How long since they started? —About an hour; on fine warhorses; that will make for speed, as against what tired Tina can do. But Tina and he know the forest, as they do not; and there are short cuts again, which will reduce the eighteen miles to ten. One can take the broad drives and ride neck or nothing for a while; then will come the time for forest wisdom and caution. To get to Waldburg well ahead of these spoilers, ravishers and murderers; to give warning; to save the lives of other wives, other little children; much more than their lives . . . *O my God, my God!* . . . No; back all that; time for that tomorrow; now for the collected mind, the full exercise of one's powers. It is only just possible that the work he has to do can be done. . . .

With all dispatch he gives Tina a feed and a rub-down; then mounts, and rides on for an hour with all the speed he can get from her; — strong, brave little pony, it seems she understands she is to do her best. The slayers have been going none too quickly, it appears. Twice he leaves the drive and rides through the beechwood; now he must begin to use caution. Before taking the open here, he must dismount, creep through the fern, and observe. Yes; there they are, half a mile in front. . . . Best leave Tina now, cross the drive, cut through the forest on the other side, make all speed possible running under the oaks there, and come out on the road, perhaps in front of the soldiers — since further on the drive makes a good bend which they will have to follow. Then, in the open bog and heather, he may catch a pony easily, and ride on without saddle, with better speed than tired Tina can make, anyhow. He gives her a whistling call, and takes the bridle from her, and his pistols from the holster; then kisses her nose, and bids her go home. *Home!* . . . Once more, back all that, and to action! But the tears drop continually as he goes forward.

He slips across the drive, dashes through the fern and on under the oaks. It is almost dark in there; but he can go through the forest blindfold or by night without stumbling. He comes to the fern at the wood's farther edge, and looks out again; *pest!* there they are, still a quarter-mile in front. Well, it must be risked now. Across the drive is a waste of bogland, with heather and grass intermixed; if they attempt to cross that, it will be the worse for them; but he, on one of those forest ponies he sees, dimly through the dusk, grazing out there, with luck can manage it well enough. He darts

over, runs out into the heather, rounds the soft places; gives a forest call to a pony, catches it and flings Tina's bridle over its head; and is off at a good pace before a shout tells him he is seen.

A mile in front of him, across the dangerous land he is traversing, is a low line of hills, crowned with beeches; through that wood runs the road to Waldburg, and at the end of a league of it, is the town. But the drive the soldiers must follow fetches a long compass to the right; takes five miles skirting the bog before it reaches the ridge. So that with luck, and especially if they try to follow him through the bog, he will have gained a splendid start of them by the time they get to the road. And they may not divine, from the direction he is taking, that he is bound, as they are, for Waldburg; which will seem to them — if, as is probable, they only know they are on the right track for it, and not what twists and turns that track may take — to lie south and west; whereas he is going south and east. In that chase, his flight will not cause them to hurry.

His reasoning is faulty, however; he ought to guess they have a guide. Who, as it chances, knows the road and general direction of things better than he knows the peril of the bog. On his representations, then, ten men are detached from the troop for pursuit; but are hopelessly bogged before they have ridden twenty yards; and time is lost rescuing them — all but two, who are drowned. This Ambrose notes with satisfaction, and hurries on, not too quickly for proper caution; and on by the drive, now at full speed, ride the soldiers. He reaches the road a mile ahead of them, his pony still going splendidly. The cry of an owl comes floating out of the dark wood,

Infinite mystery gathering near,
And God knows what to follow.

The moon is high in heaven by now. The troopers are in full hue and cry after him; not together, but each according to the speed of his horse. After a half-mile three of them, well ahead of the rest, are too near for comfort; he takes his pistol from his belt, and listens for the time to turn and shoot. On come the hoofs behind; the foremost, he judges, will be at twenty yards behind him; the next at seventy or thereabouts; the third at a hundred. He turns in his seat, and two shots ring out together; he feels a sting at his side, and hears the rider behind fall. On and on; the pain at his side is most welcome; it helps him to keep away from the awful

pain in his heart. On, and round the bend in the road; his mind is going now; he is getting giddy . . . will fall. . . .

The pony stops with a jerk; someone has caught the bridle and stopped him at full gallop; and he falls — into remarkably strong peasant arms.

—"Hey, Ambrose, lad, what's the matter? Why the speed? What — ?"

—"War, Michael. . . . They come . . . two of them . . . the rest follow. Tilly's troopers, I think. . . . No time to lose . . . warn Waldburg. . . ."

He feels himself carried into the fern; hears the second trooper come up, the twang of a bowstring and the whiz of an arrow. Then huge Michael bends over him again, and says: "There, dear lad; his soul is comfortably with Satan; now to bind thy wound. . . ."

"No," gasps Ambrose; "I am safe; warn Waldburg. . . Go!"

A great and terrible music burst upon him, passing into ——

. . . . . .

The greatest Violinist of the Age awoke, in his room at the Hotel in Waldburg. It was his first visit to these parts; yesterday he had come by coach through the forest, and in the evening had given a concert at the Opera House. And he had had the grandest reception of his life; and knew that he had played as he never played before. Notably, two improvisations; which he would write down since undoubtedly they were the finest of his compositions. The first he would call *The Forest:* it was the forest, as it had revealed itself to him on his drive through it: full of wizardry, full of wonderful sunlit magic and magic of the green gloom; full of the Seven Enchantments of Faërie. It was a side of music he had never come upon till then. And the second — an inspiration also from the forest, though he could not tell how or why — he would call *Pain the Light-Bringer.* No eye in the audience had been dry as he played it; no heart but was inspired, uplifted, grandly comforted. . . .

He had been wonderfully stirred by this beautiful forest country; and that, and the music it had brought him, he supposed would account for this vivid dream . . . in which he had been at once the dream-hero, feeling the whole agony of his losses — and as it were a detached spectator, conscious of all the limitations of his own — that is to say, of the dream-hero's—mind. And the dream ended, passing

from emotion into music which seemed to him, while he still slept, a reminiscence of Father Victor's playing, terrible in its beauty; but when he was awake, he knew it for his own second improvisation of the evening before. It was the passage of dire pain into peace, weakness into strength. . . .

That day the Grand Duke took him for a ride in the forest. "I want you to see this monument," said the High-born, stopping the motor before a stone cross at the roadside. "It commemorates one of our national heroes of the Thirty Years' War."

The inscription read:

Here Ambrose the Verdurer died,
who saved Waldburg
from Tilly

PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples.—*From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

THE PREHISTORIC AEGEAN CIVILIZATION:

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

PART III — MINOR WORKS OF ART, THE WRITING AND THE NATIONALITY OF THE PREHISTORIC AEGEANS

SMALL WORKS OF ART

IN addition to the vases a number of other small objects of art found on prehistoric Aegean sites are of much interest. A few of these will now be described.

On Plate XLIX are shown some of the small gold disks, which were discovered in the Shaft Graves of Mycenae. More than seven hundred of these were found in the third grave alone. As the disks lay below, above and around the bodies, it is believed that they served as ornaments and were attached to the clothing of the deceased. The principal types of design are spiral patterns of several kinds; the octopus or cuttlefish, whose eight arms are converted into spirals; flowers, butterflies, leaves and rosettes.

The splendid bull's head of silver with golden horns, reproduced on Plate L, was discovered in the fourth Shaft Grave of Mycenae. It was cast in a single mold and is hollow. Ears, muzzle, and mouth preserve distinct traces of gilding and were first plated with copper and later overlaid with gold. The plating has almost entirely disappeared from the eyes. Presumably a Mycenaean double-headed axe was once inserted in the hole which is visible in the rosette placed between the horns. This head is of particular interest in connection with the study of various sacrificial scenes described by Homer, such as that ordered by Nestor at Pylus in honor of the youthful Telemachus:

And now there came the heifer from the field, and from the swift, balanced ship there came the crew of brave Telemachus; also there came the smith, with

his smith's tools in hand, his implements of art, anvil and hammer and the shapely tongs, with which he works the gold. There came Athena, too, to meet the sacrifice. Then the old horseman, Nestor, furnished gold and the other welded it round the heifer's horns, smoothing it until the goddess might be pleased to view the offering. Now by the horns Stratius and noble Echephron led up the heifer; Aretus brought lustral water in a flowered basin from the storeroom, and in his other hand held barley in a basket; and dauntless Thrasymedes a sharp axe in his hand, stood by to fell the heifer, while Perseus held the bowl. Then the old horseman, Nestor, began the opening rites, of washing hands and sprinkling meal. And fervently he prayed Athena at the beginning, casting the forelocks into the fire.— *Odyssey*, γ, 430-444; Palmer's translation.

Plate LI reproduces a number of "Mycenaean or Island Gems," which are engraved with figures of animals. These gems are for the most part either round or oval, and are usually pierced. Some, however, are scarabaeoid and cylindrical in shape. Favorite motives are heraldically grouped animals and animals suckling their young. The intaglios shown in the plate were selected for the purpose of showing the great talent and individuality of the Aegean engravers. Most of those shown are now preserved in the British Museum, but they were found on such sites as Ialysus on the island of Rhodes, Vaphio, Mycenae, and Menidi in Attica. The stones are of rock crystal (which seems to have been particularly precious, as it was regularly reserved for careful artistic work), chalcedony, steatite, sardonyx, hematite, jasper and agate. The animals represented include the antelope, the lion, the deer, the dolphin, the octopus, and the winged griffin. The lion and the bull were the artists' especial favorites, while the deer, the wild goat, the griffin and the sphinx proved hardly less attractive. In size the engraved gems vary from the size of a quarter to that of a half-dollar. They served not only as seals, but were also set in rings and worn loose as ornaments.

Frescos

At Cnossus in particular, but at other sites as well, there was a lavish use of brilliant frescos and painted reliefs, which recall the paintings of Egyptian tombs in technique, but not in artistic conception. These mural paintings of the Aegean artists were regularly framed by formal borders and were generally in monotone, but the few fragments of the frescos of the earlier Palace at Cnossus show the use of the same colors as those painted on the contemporary polychrome pottery.

On Plate LII is shown the Flying-Fish Fresco, discovered in a

small room of one of the houses of the Second City of Phylakopi, which is dated in the first Late Aegean period, about 1600 B. C. This is an excellent example of the naturalistic style, and is apparently a portion of a framed panel. It is about twelve inches long and is painted in polychrome. The fish are blue with the under parts of their bodies and portions of their wings orange. Traces of red are distinguishable on the wings of the fish and on the conventional rocks which border the picture. Blue, orange, and black are used in representing the rocks, and the frame is black.

The fresco reproduced on Plate LIII was found at Hagia Triada. It is a fragment of a design representing a woman rising from a seat. The extant portion has been somewhat blackened by the fire which destroyed the palace upon whose walls the fresco was discovered. Its discoverer, Professor Halbherr, an Italian excavator, thus describes it:

> The dress is a very rich Mycenaean costume, consisting of a pair of wide trousers of blue material dotted with red crosses on a light ground. Halfway up the thigh, from beneath a white border edged with purple and embroidered with small recurring rings in the same shade, fall two waved frills, with white, red, blue, and dark bands. The trousers end halfway down the leg and have the same trimming of frills and furbelows. The rest of the leg and foot appear bare and this is confirmed by the light color in which they are represented. The torso was perhaps partly covered by a tight-fitting chiton or by a light-colored corset ornamented by stitchings, at least so it seems from the upper extremity of the fragment.— *Monumenti Antichi, R. accad. dei Lincei,* Vol. XIII, page 59.

This and other finds show that the Aegean fashions of 4000 years ago in women's dress and headgear were strikingly modern in appearance, and they often seem to be closely similar to current Parisian models. Low bodices, laced in front, restricted waists, and short sleeves were apparently in vogue. The skirts were usually divided and elaborately flounced. Frequently metal belts were worn. The men, on the other hand, are usually represented, except on ceremonial occasions, as wearing only an abbreviated form of trousers. Nearly every form of footgear worn today existed in prehistoric Aegean times, including high-heeled shoes.

At Cnossus not only numerous frescos have been found, but also a number of painted stucco reliefs, which were used as mural decorations. A fragment of one of these, representing the upper part of a man's torso is to be seen on Plate LIV. The relief is nearly life-size

and the modeling of the shoulders and arms is of great beauty. Recently, it has been shown that the head of this figure also is extant. Doubtless the man represents one of the kings of Cnossus, for upon the head is a crown with a peacock plume. The long, flowing hair hangs down upon the painted *fleur-de-lis* necklace.

On Plate LV is reproduced another example of the painted stucco reliefs of Cnossus. This ruddy life-sized bull's head is at once so powerful and so true that Sir Arthur Evans maintains that it is unrivaled by any production of later classical art.

WRITING

It was long maintained by many scholars that writing was unknown in Greek lands during the prehistoric times. But as early as 1883 it was suggested in an article published by Madame H. P. Blavatsky in her magazine entitled *The Theosophist,* that the Pelasgians (the common name applied by the Hellenes to their prehistoric predecessors) were the real inventors of the so-called Cadmean or Phoenician letters, from which all European alphabets are derived. (See "Some Enquiries suggested by *Esoteric Buddhism*"; *The Theosophist* for September 1883, Vol. IV, 302; republished in *Five Years of Theosophy,* 2nd ed., page 170.)

That this was actually the case, as was reported even in ancient times by Diodorus Siculus, may now be regarded as practically certain. Again in 1888 in *The Secret Doctrine* (II, 440) Madame Blavatsky declared that writing was known during the prehistoric age in Greek lands, and ridiculed the current scepticism, then prevalent, which denied this. In the following year, 1889, six years after the suggestion was first published, the possibility that a system of writing existed in prehistoric Greece, closely resembling the Hittite, was suggested to Sir (at that time Dr.) Arthur Evans, when in that year a four-sided seal of red carnelian was presented by Mr. Greville Chester, a well-known antiquarian and traveler, to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The inscribed figures of this seal, the first to be discovered in modern times, are to be seen on Plate LVI. The seal was purchased at Athens and was at first wrongly described as "from Sparta." It is now known to have come from Candia in Crete. That the figures are signs belonging to a conventionalized system of picture-writing, cannot be doubted, and the wolf's or dog's head with its protruding tongue is identical with a not infrequent Hittite pictograph.

Later, in 1893, Dr. Evans, while visiting Greece, found a number of similar hieroglyphic seals, all of which, like the first, he succeeded in tracing to Crete. These seals are of five varieties: (a) three-sided prisms, some elongated and others globular; (b) four-sided equilateral stones; (c) four-sided stones with two larger faces; (d) stones with only one side engraved; and (e) ordinary gems. The first three forms are the commonest.

During the last twenty years not only have additional seals been discovered, but also thousands of clay tablets, similar in color, size, and shape to cakes of chocolate, and inscribed with the signs of this prehistoric writing, have been excavated at Cnossus, where their preservation was primarily due to the baking which they received when the palace of Minos was burned. Originally the clay of the tablets was only sun-dried. Different sets of tablets are distinguished by certain recurring formulae, peculiar to themselves. Thus it was possible to prove in court in 1901 that one of Sir Arthur Evans' workmen, named Aristides, had stolen a number of clay tablets from Magazine XV of the Palace at Cnossus and had sold the stolen objects to the Athens Museum.

The documents now known are in two systems of script: (a) a pictographic and (b) a linear script. The pictographic or hieroglyphic writing seems to have been transcribed in the so-called "boustrophedon" style, that is in the style which follows the plough, running in alternate lines from left to right and from right to left. Crude examples of this pictographic script are found cut on seals of steatite even in Early Aegean times, that is, as early as or even earlier than 2500 B. C. These symbols were later developed into artistic pictorial forms in the Middle Aegean period, about 2200-1800 B. C.

One hundred and thirty-five of these pictographic characters are shown on Plate LVII. In the columns headed *A* are given the glyptic forms of the symbols, that is, their forms as found engraved on seals; while in the columns headed *B* are noted the parallel pictographs, which are inscribed or cut in linearized forms on clay documents. The letter *X* signifies that the sign in question does not exist either in its glyptic or inscribed form, as is indicated by placing the *X* either in a column headed *A* or *B*. The glyptic forms of the symbols are, as a rule, more pictorial than the linearized variants. Pictographs 1-11 represent the human body and its parts; 12-35 arms, implements and

instruments; 36-40 cult objects and symbols; 41-46 houses and enclosures; 47-56 utensils, stores and treasure; 57-60 ships and marine objects; 61-84 animals and their parts; 85-86 insects; 87-106 plants and trees; 107-114 the sky and the earth; and 115-135 uncertain objects and simple geometric signs. To these 135 symbols a few other hieroglyphs, whose delineation is at present only imperfectly known, could be added. The total number of signs known previous to the discoveries at Cnossus in 1900 and the ensuing years was only sixty-five. Of the 135 signs reproduced on Plate LVII, 45 are found only in their glyptic forms and 43 only in their linearized forms. Of the remaining 47 signs, 45 are surely found both on seal-stones and on clay documents. Therefore, it seems probable from these and other considerations that, were the documentary evidence complete, all or practically all of the symbols would have been used in both forms. In any case enough has been discovered to prove that the hieroglyphic system of prehistoric Crete formed a consistent whole, and the discovery has demonstrated beyond the possibility of further cavil the falsity of the scepticism which declared that the hieroglyphs of the seal-stones had only a talismanic value and denied that they were a form of writing.

Plate LVIII shows a number of Cretan seals with the pictographs in their glyptic forms.

On Plate LIX are reproduced some of the clay labels, inscribed with the conventionalized script. These were found at Cnossus and show the pictographs in their linearized forms.

Other examples of the linearized pictographs are to be seen on the clay "bars," also found at Cnossus and shown in Plate LX.

Plate LXI is a synoptical table of the pictographs, which are impressed on the most famous example of the prehistoric Aegean hieroglyphic script, namely the Phaestus Disk. This was discovered in July 1908 by Dr. Pernier of the Italian Mission in a chamber at the northeastern corner of the Acropolis of Phaestus in an annex of the palace, among various objects dating from the end of the third Middle Aegean period, and is usually dated about 1600 B. C. It is by far the longest hieroglyphic inscription yet discovered in Crete. It contains on its two faces 241 signs and 61 sign-groups. On one face are 123 signs and 31 sign-groups, and on the other 30 sign-groups and 118 signs. Every sign has been separately impressed on the clay while soft by means of punches, which must have resembled our

rubber stamps. The Disk is, in fact, a remarkable anticipation of the modern art of printing.

When the pictographs of Plate LXI are compared with the standard forms of the Cretan pictographs, which are reproduced on Plate LVII, noticeable differences between the signs of the Phaestus Disk and the ordinary Cretan hieroglyphs are distinguishable. Thus, the human figures represented on the Disk are not prehistoric Cretan either in outline or in costume, while the helmeted head, shown as No. 2 of the pictographs of the Disk, has been compared with the crested Philistine warriors painted on Egyptian tomb frescos. In fact, of the forty-five different hieroglyphs of the Phaestus Disk, four-fifths are new and independent forms, and not more than ten closely resemble the ordinary Cretan pictographs. Even these ten show appreciable differences. The subjects, however, of the two sets of pictographs are similar. Of these forty-five signs of the Disk, Nos. 1-9 represent the human body and its parts, including articles of dress; 10-23 arms, implements and utensils; 24 a building; 25 a ship; 26-34 animals and their parts; 35-39 plants and trees; and 40-45 uncertain objects. The differences in the symbols has led to the belief that the Disk is an importation into Crete, probably from Asia Minor, and that it is in a different language or dialect from that of the other pictographic inscriptions. This, however, is a mere surmise, although the clay, which is not only very fine and well baked but also in a perfect state of preservation, is thought to be not of Cretan origin. The Disk is not quite round; its diameter is a little more than six and one-half inches, and its thickness, which is not entirely uniform, is about five-eighths of an inch.

Face *A* of this Disk is shown on Plate LXII. On both faces the inscription coils around the Disk in several spirals. Sir Arthur Evans believes that the writing begins at the center of Face *A* and runs from left to right until it reaches the circumference at the line marked by five points; but Professor Hempl of Leland Stanford University reads the inscription in the opposite direction and calls attention to the oblique scratch, which is placed under some of the characters. This is comparable to the *virâma* of the Sanskrit, Venetic and Early Runic writing. Since the *virâma* is placed under a final consonant and not under an initial one, Professor Hempl infers that the writing runs from right to left and that it starts at the line marked by five points, and ends at the center. This inference is further substantiated

by a close examination of the spirals. The facing of the figures toward the right may be explained by the circumstance that if the figures were carved on the stamps so as to face the left, they would appear reversed when stamped. They were pressed down somewhat more heavily on the left. This indicates that the impressor formed them by using his left hand. Had he used his right hand, since he was writing from right to left, he would, of course, have covered up what he had previously stamped while in the process of completing the inscription.

As may be seen on Plate LXII, the signs are arranged in groups, placed within the spiral coils and separated from one another by upright lines. Doubtless each of the groups so marked off forms a word. The parallelism which exists, not only between the faces of the Disk but also between the sign-groups themselves, seems to indicate a metrical arrangement. On this face, shown in Plate LXII, the crested helmet pictograph appears in fourteen groups, and in twelve cases it is accompanied by the round shield, which also occurs by itself in three other groups.

As early as 1897 a German scholar named Kluge attempted to read the Cretan pictographs as representing Greek words, and recently Professor Hempl has actually transliterated the symbols of the Phaestus Disk into Ionic Greek words; while in his lectures delivered last summer at the San Diego Session of the Archaeological Institute of America he derived the characters of the Greek alphabet from the Cretan script. He has also called attention to the identity which exists between some of the Cretan pictographs, the Egyptian hieroglyphs, and some of the most primitive Chinese characters. For example, the old Chinese sign for "stream" or "river" is identical with the three-line character of the Phaestus Disk. "The world is large but the streams of learning early flowed to the utmost parts thereof." (See Professor Hempl's *The Solving of an Ancient Riddle. Ionic Greek before Homer,* in *Harper's Magazine* for Jan. 1911, Vol. 122, pp. 187-198.)

These pictographs, Professor Hempl believes, have syllabic values, indicated by the first syllable of the particular Greek word which was used to signify the object represented by the particular symbol in question. With this key he has succeeded in transliterating into Greek anapaestic tetrameters the first nineteen sign-groups of this face. These he thus translates:

Lo, Xipho the prophetess dedicates the spoils from a spoiler of the prophetess. *Zeus guard us!* In silence put aside the most dainty portions of the still unroasted animal. *Athena Minerva be gracious!* Silence! The victims have been put to death. Silence!

The dialect Professor Hempl finds to be Ionic and not Attic Greek, although he believes Attic Greek to be the language used in the palace archives of Cnossus. Therefore he agrees with Sir Arthur Evans in supposing the Disk to be imported from Asia Minor, and interprets the inscription as indicating that piratical privateers of Phaestus had formerly plundered a shrine of "the most august prophetess, Xipho," in Asia Minor, but that later the robbers were forced to placate the prophetess and make atonement for their sacrilege by establishing an affiliated shrine at Phaestus.

When Professor Hempl published his "Solution of an Ancient Riddle" in 1911 there were still a few words in the latter part of the inscription which he had not succeeded in transliterating. Therefore he published only a partial translation of the inscription. Also the grammar and the forms of the Greek words which he obtained are not those of the ordinary Greek grammar and forms familiar to classical scholars. This, however, is what *a priori* would be expected, because no Greek has heretofore been known earlier than Homer. Consequently, in view of our present lack of knowledge, these grammatical differences can hardly be urged as a proof that Professor Hempl has not succeeded in reading the inscription.

Pictographic writing disappeared at Cnossus after the destruction of the earlier palace, which is usually dated about 1800 B. C. Therefore, the Phaestus Disk is peculiar not only in the forms of its pictographs but also in its comparatively late date, since it is thought to have been written even as late as 1600 B. C., that is, two or more hundred years later than the date accorded the latest pictographic inscription discovered at Cnossus.

The second form of Cretan writing, a new and more advanced method than that of the earlier pictographs, is first found in the third Middle Aegean period, that is, about 1800 B. C., although it did not come into general use until Late Aegean times. This is a conventional linear script, of which two varieties, classified by Sir Arthur Evans as Class A and Class B respectively, have been discovered. The second variety, which is closely allied to the first, seems not to be a derivative but a parallel form, and so far, at least, has been found

only at Cnossus, where during the period of the remodeled palace, that is, during the second Late Aegean period, or the Golden Age of Crete, dated *circa* 1500 B. C., it entirely superseded the first variety of linear script. Examples of Class B linear script have been discovered not only at Cnossus but also at various other places in Crete and on the island of Melos as well. The inscriptions of the first class were written generally, and those of the second class always, from left to right.

The numerical system both of the hieroglyphic and of the linear script has been deciphered. The symbols of the two forms differ somewhat, but the system of both, like the numeration of ancient Egypt, is decimal. On the inscriptions written in the linear script the units were represented by upright lines; the tens by horizontal lines, or sometimes, especially on the earlier tablets of linear Class A, by pellets or dots; the hundreds by circles; and the thousands by circles with spokes. The thousands could be raised ten times by the addition of the ordinary symbol for ten, namely, a horizontal line.

On Plate LXIII is reproduced an ink-written inscription of Class A of the linear script. This is written on the inner surface of a terra-cotta cup, which was found on a higher floor level immediately above the Pillar Chamber of the Palace at Cnossus. This, like a similar inscription written on a second cup found in the same place, was apparently made with a reed pen before the final firing of the clay. A certain similarity between some of the signs and the letters of the historic Greek alphabet can be quite readily detected. Many ink-written documents once existed at Cnossus, but these were destroyed when the Palace was burned. Their existence is attested by the discovery of many clay sealings, which formerly secured and authenticated such documents. They may have consisted either of parchment or papyrus or of both materials.

Plate LXIV is a facsimile of a clay tablet, containing three paragraphs of the linear script, Class B. It was found in a large deposit near the northern entrance of the Palace at Cnossus and is of exceptional size, measuring about six by four and three-quarter inches. There are eight lines of writing in characters of good style. Apparently the separate words, which seem to consist of from two to five characters, are here marked off from one another by upright lines. The total number of words seems to be twenty, and these are, apparently, divided into three paragraphs: the first paragraph end-

ing on line 2, the second on line 6, and the third on line 8. As there are no quasi-pictorial indications of persons or objects here and as there are no numerals, it is believed that this is a contract, a judicial decision, or perhaps an official proclamation.

Besides the pictographic and linear scripts, there have also been found on various prehistoric Aegean sites a number of letters or marks, inscribed on masonry, pottery, and objects of ivory, bone, and porcelain. Of the twenty-one different marks thus found at Cnossus, ten "are practically identical with the forms of the later Greek alphabet." Therefore, in the words of Professor Burrows, it is now believed that "the Greek alphabet was a selection from an extensive repertory, from which each highly civilized branch of the Mediterranean race had picked and chosen in its turn." (*The Discoveries in Crete,* 1907, page 148.)

Says Diodorus Siculus:

> Some claim that the Syrians were the inventors of letters and that the Phoenicians learned from the Syrians and brought the art of writing into Greece, wherefore the name of "Phoenician Letters" (which is applied to the alphabet). But the Cretans declare that *the first discovery came not from Phoenicia but from Crete,* and that the Phoenicians only changed the character of the letters and made them of common knowledge among the nations.

That this claim of the Cretans was presumably true has been amply shown by the discoveries which have been made during the last twenty-five years: for the date now assigned to the earliest examples of Phoenician writing is about 1000 B. C., but the Cretan pictographic script goes back to, at least, as early a date as 2500 B. C., and the linear script to, at least, some time before 1800 B. C.

When the suggestion was published by Madame Blavatsky more than thirty years ago, that the Pelasgians, or the prehistoric inhabitants of the Greek lands, were the real inventors of the so-called Cadmean or Phoenician letters, from which all European alphabets have been derived, it was either ignored or was disbelieved by scholars. Ought not, therefore, the fact that the scholarship of today has, although tardily, vindicated this suggestion (and many other similar instances might be given), I repeat, ought not this vindication help to open the eyes of progressive scholars and thinkers to the fact that *The Secret Doctrine* and the other writings of Madame Blavatsky contain well-nigh inexhaustible treasures, from which may be drawn torches of truth to guide travelers on the paths of research? Let

us hope that some, at least, may thus learn how to avail themselves.

In the extant literature of classical Greece and Rome we find indications showing that examples of the prehistoric Aegean writing were discovered in antiquity and that scholars then succeeded in deciphering what was to the men of that day a strange script. Thus in Plutarch's essay on *The Guiding Spirit of Socrates* is told with considerable detail how King Agesilaüs of Sparta, who reigned 398-360 B. C., opened a tomb, said to have been that of Alcmene, near Haliartus in Boeotia. This was presumably a tholos similar to the "Treasury of Minyas." In this tomb —

was found a small bronze armlet and two clay amphorae . . . and a tablet of bronze, containing many letters, which excited wonder from their appearance of great antiquity. For nothing could be understood from them (although when the bronze was washed the letters came out clearly), because the characters were outlandish and very similar to the Egyptian writing. Therefore, Agesilaüs sent a copy of the tablet to the King of Egypt, asking him to show it to the priests. . . . Agetoridas the Spartan, by order of the King, came to Memphis with letters to Chonouphis, the priest . . . and Chonouphis in three days' study having collected all the different sorts of characters that could be found in the old books, wrote back to the King that the writing enjoined the Greeks to institute games in honor of the Muses; that the characters were such as were used in the time of Proteus (that is, the time of the Trojan War), and that Heracles, the son of Amphitryon, then learned them, and that the Gods by this admonished the Greeks to live peaceably and in quiet, to contend in philosophy to the honor of the Muses, and laying aside their arms to determine what is right and just by reason and discourse. (Chapters V and VII)

A second discovery of the prehistoric script in antiquity is recorded in the prolog of a work which claims to be a Latin translation of a Greek chronicle of the Trojan War, said to have been originally composed by Dictys of Crete. The Latin translator was L. Septimius, who dedicated his work to Q. Aradius Rufus, presumably the official of that name who was Prefect of Rome in 376 A. D. In general, modern scholars until recently maintained that the entire work was a fabrication of Septimius, and that no Greek original had ever existed. Now, however, all doubts in regard to this have been removed by the publication in 1907 of a substantial fragment of the Greek original, which was discovered in Egypt. The editors of this newly-found fragment state that "apart from unnecessary verbiage and occasional minor differences the Latin version follows the original faithfully." (Grenfel and Hunt, *The Tebtunis Papyri*, Part II, 1907)

According to the prolog of this work, as translated by Septimius, Dictys was an eye-witness of the Trojan War, a companion of the Cretan chiefs Idomeneus and Meriones, who are named by Homer. Returning to Cnossus in his old age, Dictys is said to have written an account of the Trojan War, and to have ordered that it be enclosed in a tin chest and placed in his tomb. The prolog continues that in the thirteenth year of the reign of the Emperor Nero, that is, the year 67 A. D., a violent earthquake at Cnossus exposed the interior of the tomb of Dictys. The chest was then discovered and opened by some passing shepherds, who took the documents, which were unintelligible to them, to their master, Eupraxides. He, conjointly with Rutilius Rufus, who was then the Roman governor of the island, presented the find to Nero, who believed that the characters were Phoenician and ordered experts to interpret them. When this was done, it was discovered that the documents were the memoirs of one of those who had taken part in the siege of Troy. Therefore, the Emperor further commanded that they should be translated into Greek. When this was done, Nero placed the Greek translation in his Greek Library under the title of *Dictys*. It is worth noting that in the dedicatory letter of Septimius it is said that *the discovered documents were written in Greek but with Phoenician characters*. This statement has been regarded by scholars either as nonsense or as evidence proving the work to be a literary forgery. May it not rather indicate that the solution proposed by Professor Hempl may be along right lines? Documents written in the prehistoric Aegean script may well have been written in Greek although the characters of that script were not identical with the letters of the later Greek alphabet.

The *Chronicles of Dictys* are almost universally believed to be fictitious. But even if this be true, the value of the account of the discovery of documents in the prehistoric Aegean script at Cnossus may also be true. The details, as enumerated in the prolog, have every appearance of not being fictional, for in the year 67 A. D. Nero actually did travel through Greek lands, and in that year, from other sources, we know that there was a violent earthquake at Cnossus. Nero's sentimental love for anything connected with Troy and the Trojan War is too well known to require mention, and the recent discoveries at Cnossus of cists, containing thousands of inscribed tablets certainly make it appear extremely probable that a discovery such as is recounted by Septimius was made in the year 67 A. D. at Cnossus.

The prehistoric Cretan writing might very naturally, if of the linear form, be confused with "Phoenician" letters, and the stone cists discovered at Cnossus by Sir Arthur Evans suggest an explanation of the "chest of tin," in which it is said the Memoirs of Dictys were found; for *these stone cists are frequently lined with lead.*

May we therefore not infer from the stories of the bronze tablet found in the "Tomb of Alcmene" and of the "Chronicles" found in the "Tomb of Dictys" that if the ancients of historic times succeeded in deciphering the prehistoric Aegean script we also may be similarly successful, and that perhaps we have already discovered or perhaps we shall in the future discover other documents having an important literary value and not merely accounts and inventories?

In regard to the language of the prehistoric Aegean inscriptions a word of caution is necessary. Although the Greek alphabet was presumably derived from the prehistoric Aegean script, and although the Phaestus Disk may be written in Greek, the Cretan pictographic writing, of which the linear script is admittedly a later variation, apparently originated among the pre-Hellenic inhabitants of the Aegean basin, the so-called Pelasgians, who, as we shall soon see, were closely allied to the ancient Egyptians. Therefore, presumably the language of the pictographic inscriptions is quite different from what we know to have been the Greek language in historic times. And this possibility cannot be disproved merely by proving the language of the Phaestus Disk to be Greek, because the Disk is admittedly unique and is thought to be an importation into Crete from Asia Minor. Also it is possible that should the clay tablets of Cnossus in linear script be found to be written in Greek, other examples of this script may prove to be written in Pelasgian, the pre-Hellenic language of the Aegean basin. Therefore it is necessary to emphasize the possibility that although Professor Hempl may have discovered the key to some of the prehistoric Aegean inscriptions, it does not, therefore, follow that the same key, even allowing for dialectical variations, will unlock the meaning of all the inscriptions, since these may not all be written in one and the same language, even though the form of the script be identical. But how much Pelasgian may have resembled the pre-Homeric Greek is unknown, and it may well be that there is a common element sufficiently extensive to enable the knowledge of Greek to assist in the deciphering of the Pelasgian language.

(To be concluded in the next issue)