

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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THE CAUSE OF REBIRTH.

While eagerly man culls life's flowers,
With all his faculties intent,
Of pleasure still insatiate —

Death comes and overpowereth him.— *The Buddha.*

Dhammapada, iv, 48 (trans. by H. C. Warren)

ALLEGED COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE DEAD:

by H. T. Edge, M. A.



A FEW years ago there died a well-known man who had been interested in psychism, and other people interested in it said at the time that it would not be long before his "spirit" would be heard from in the psychic circles. And a news dispatch states that learned investigators are actually claiming to receive such communications. These men call themselves scientific; but the communications are of such triviality that we prefer to leave them to the imagination rather than quote them in these pages. A newspaper, in commenting on this psychic research, emphasizes the curious *materialism* of the investigators, and also their lack of dignity for themselves and of reverence for subjects that are sacred to others: they are at the other pole from spirituality and "would climb Mount Sinai to receive, not the Ten Commandments, but a tip on the stock market."

It is clear that, whatever communications are obtained, they do not come from the deceased. They come from that confused and teeming atmosphere of thoughts which hangs like a damp fog over the purlieus of human society, and they are transmitted by latent faculties in the mediums and sitters. Such sitting is a well-known means of attracting to oneself certain most undesirable influences from the invisible regions — the astral and psychic remnants and effluvia of deceased human beings, in process of natural disintegration, but disturbed and galvanized into a semblance of life by the practices of these misguided experimenters. It is also recognized that indulgence in such practices is fraught with great risk to those engaged in them.

It seems a pity that this should be associated with the honored name

of science. If this kind of thing is what is called "evidence," we cannot entertain a very high idea of the judgment of those who are willing to accept it as such. In most cases the ideas reproduced at the sittings are picked from the brains of those present; for the brain is known to psychologists to be a storehouse of memories, which will preserve indelible records of impressions we have received, including many impressions of which our mind was not conscious at the time we received them. The fact that the familiar sayings of the deceased are reproduced is therefore no cause for wonder; and even if some of the things are such as could not have been derived from the conscious or subconscious memories of anyone present, still they could have been preserved in the astral light — that storehouse of all thought-impressions. At the very most, the only evidence of survival obtained is that of the survival of certain fragments of the deceased, and constitutes as good proof as would a lock of hair out of his coffin.

Most ancient races, and a good many still living, have been or are fully aware of the reality of that which the ancient Egyptians called the *Kha*, an astral remnant of the deceased which survives for a time the disintegration of the body, and on account of which certain funerary rites were prescribed and duly observed. But no one with any knowledge or discrimination would confuse this shade with the immortal reincarnating soul of the deceased. The nature attributed to the shade or *Kha* was exactly that which would correspond with and explain the phenomena obtained by the modern dabblers.

For those who regard the constitution of man and the questions of life, death, and immortality, as subjects worthy of serious and self-respecting study, there is an unlimited field of knowledge open; and those who enter on this quest will find their horizon ever expanding and brightening, instead of being led into a blind alley peopled by mocking phantoms and echoes of the seamy side of human existence.

Among our readers we may certainly reckon a preponderant number of persons whose minds possess a just proportioning of contemplativeness, logic, and seriousness; and such minds will be disposed to question the propriety of attempting to reduce the whole universe to terms expressed in the language of our daily mortal life. Behind the knowable stands the unknowable, nor can we conceive how, agreeably to the laws of thought, it could possibly be otherwise. And while it is certain that human endeavor can lift veil after veil, thus extending indefinitely the limits of the known, the conditions of conscious thought

seem to demand that mysteries shall ever lurk behind. To reduce the next world to a mere suburb of this world would leave the mysteries of life and death as great as ever; the case being precisely the same as that of the mechanistic theories of evolution, which, even supposing they could succeed in giving us a complete formulation of the cosmic plan, would leave us more forlornly and intolerably appalled than ever before the mystery of why and wherefore. How can we contemplate with satisfaction the departure of our friends or ourselves to a realm of nature as mysterious and as apparently arbitrary and unnecessary as is the mechanistic conception of this one; in which realm they are wandering and groping and speculating as hopelessly as ever?

Many must have asked themselves why the dead have never communicated to the living any definite knowledge concerning the state of the soul after death; but we can find answer enough in the mental limitations of the living. It is impossible to communicate to an animal the state of your own mind. Say, for instance, that a bird asks you for its accustomed crumbs, and you want to tell it that you have not any: how can you make it understand? You may show it the empty box or hold out your empty hands, or shrug your shoulders, but all in vain. If the deceased are, as we believe them to be, on a higher plane of intelligence than ourselves, they may well find themselves as helpless in their efforts to communicate with us as we are to communicate with the birds. Yet we can help the birds.

Knowledge lies behind the mind; but in attempting to bring it down into the mind, it often becomes lost in the translation. For purposes of helpful illustration the relation of the Soul to the mind may be compared with the relation of a man to an animal which he is trying to teach. He cannot communicate his own mind to it, because the animal has not the capacity; but none the less he can influence and uplift the creature very much. But the illustration fails in this — that the mind of man is not fixed to certain limits like that of the bird, but can be indefinitely improved. We must aim, then, to render our minds capable of entertaining higher orders of ideas. It is one of the teachings of Theosophy that, in a coming stage of human evolution, the principle called *Manas* will be fully developed; the highest so far developed being *Kâma-Manas*—the present normal human intelligence.

The Souls of the departed, freed from their mortal bonds, dwell in Light until their return to incarnation; and discarnate entities that communicate by raps and automatic writings are in another category.

THE EPIC OF CREATION, FALL, AND FLOOD:

by a Student



“NOAH as Eater of Forbidden Fruit: a Sumerian Epic of the Fall”—is the caption to some pictures in a recent issue of the *Illustrated London News*, showing the clay tablets with the inscription, and a view of mound-tombs in Bahrein, the largest of a group of islands of the same name in the Persian Gulf. The reason for the latter picture is that the place has been identified by an Oxford professor with the Sumerian “Paradise.” The Sumerian version of Creation places the Flood before the Fall, and makes Noah (called by another name) eat the forbidden fruit. The *News* quotes the following from *The Sumerian Epic of Paradise, the Flood and the Fall of Man*, by Dr. Stephen Langdon of Oxford University.

Enki, the water god, and his consort Ninella or Damkina ruled over mankind in Paradise, which the epic places in Dilmun. In that land there was no infirmity, no sin, and man grew not old. No beasts of prey disturbed the flocks, and storms raged not. . . . But . . . Enki, the god of wisdom, became dissatisfied with man and decided to overwhelm him with his waters. This plan he revealed to Nintud, the earth-mother goddess, who with the help of Enlil the earth-god had created man. . . . Nintud, under the title Ninharsag, assisted in the destruction of humanity. For nine months the flood endured and man dissolved in the waters like tallow and fat. But Nintud had planned to save the king and certain pious ones. These she summoned to a river’s bank, where they embarked in a boat. After the flood Nintud is represented in conversation with the hero who had escaped. He is here called Tagtug and dignified by the title of a god. He becomes a gardener, for whom Nintud intercedes with Enki and explains to this god how Tagtug escaped his plan of universal destruction. . . . Enki became reconciled with the gardener, called him to his temple and revealed to him secrets. After a break we find Tagtug instructed in regard to plants and trees whose fruit the gods permitted him to eat. But it seems that Nintud had forbidden him to eat of the cassia. Of this he took and ate, whereupon Ninharsag afflicted him with bodily weakness. Life—that is, good health, in the Babylonian idiom—he should no longer see. He loses the longevity of the prediluvian age.

According to Dr. Langdon, who is Reader of Assyriology and Comparative Semitic Philology, this version is older by 1000 years than the Hebrew version in Genesis.

It must have come as a shock to many people when it was found that the Creation and Deluge stories were to be met with in a Chaldaean account older than the Hebrew one; and perhaps the discovery now of this Sumerian version may awaken similar feelings. But

these facts are of little moment beside the greater fact that these or similar stories are to be found in every land of the globe. Ancient India has them; they are in the Norse *Edda* and the Finnish *Kalevala*; primitive African tribes know them, and they form part of the traditional sacred lore of Polynesian peoples. Crossing the ocean, we find that the families of Red Men in both North and South America have stories of the Creation, of an Eden and the Fall, of a Flood and an "Ark," and of a confusion of tongues.

The Masai, of East Africa, tell the story as follows: In the beginning the earth was a barren desert in which there lived a dragon. Then God came down from heaven and fought against the dragon and vanquished it. Where God slew the beast there arose a Paradise, luxuriant with the richest vegetation. Then God created by his word sun, moon, stars, plants and animals, and lastly the first human couple. He commanded the couple not to eat of the fruit of a certain tree; but they ate it, the woman being tempted by the serpent, which had three heads and was thereafter condemned to live in holes in the ground. The pair were driven out of Paradise by the Morning Star, who thereafter stood guardian at the gate. After this the human race multiplied and genealogies are recorded, until the first murder was committed, when there came a flood. Tumbainot was bidden to build a wooden chest and betake himself into it with his belongings and animals of every kind.

The *Popol Vuh*, or ancient scripture of the Quichés, describes how Hurakán called forth the earth from a universe wrapped in gloom; how animals were created; how man was created from wood; how the gods, irritated by his irreverence, resolved to destroy him, and how a great flood came. In another part the incidents of the forbidden fruit occur, and the confounding of speech, and the parting of the sea for a passage.

This is the first word and the first speech. There were neither men nor brutes; neither birds, fish, nor crabs, stick nor stone, valley nor mountain, stubble nor forest, nothing but the sky. . . . Nothing was but stillness and rest and darkness and the night; nothing but the Maker and the Moulder, the Hurler, the Bird-Serpent. In the waters, in a limpid twilight, covered with green feathers, slept the mothers and the fathers. Over this passed Hurakán, the mighty wind, and called out: Earth! and straightway the solid land was there.

— *Myths of the New World*, Daniel G. Brinton

Before the creation, said the Muskokis, a great body of water was alone visible. Two pigeons flew to and fro over its waves and at last spied a blade of grass rising above the surface. Dry land gradually followed, and the islands and continents took their present shapes.—*Ibid.*

These last are merely creation stories, but we could quote many legends of an Eden and the Flood, of which some are given in the work above cited. These stories are all alike in essentials, and differ but slightly even in details. How is the coincidence to be explained? Prescott, in his *Conquest of Mexico*, describes the astonishment of the Spanish missionaries on finding that the natives already had the Bible stories, and gives the theories they devised to explain the matter. But how can it be explained? No theory about traveling missionaries will suffice, because the coincidences are too many and the story is too ancient. There is but one possible explanation. All the races which have this story — that is, practically all the races now on earth — must have diverged at some remote period from a great and homogeneous civilization whose teachings were diffused over the globe. Afterwards some cataclysm caused a breaking up of the civilization and a dispersal of races — the very dispersal spoken of in the legends about the confusion of tongues. Then each separate colony handed down the mystic lore in its symbolical garb for long generations, until probably its real meaning was forgotten by most of the people.

The story is evidently in part historical and in part allegorical. It tells of the evolution of Man, how he was first created as a perfect animal and subsequently endowed with a divine mind; how he met his first probation and fell, thereby entailing upon himself long ages of toil ere he can regain the lost Paradise. The Paradise symbolizes the state in which Man lived before he abused his powers. It also symbolizes the early sub-races of the present Root-Race, before the period of materialism had set in. The Flood was the last of those periodic cataclysms of which geologists tell us, and all over the earth the memory of this catastrophe lingers. But science studies only the physiographical aspect of the question, and perhaps also its astronomical side; whereas the history of man is closely interwoven with that of the globe whereon he dwells. The ancient teachings say that the present (Fifth) Root-Race of humanity has been in existence as an *independent* race for about 800,000 years, which is a comparatively short period geologically speaking; also that each Root-Race has

seven sub-races, of which we form part of the fifth. Geological cataclysms coincide with the death and birth of races, and both of these again correspond with certain cyclic motions of the heavenly bodies. All this knowledge formed a part of the arcane lore of antiquity, and was embalmed in symbolism and allegory, as this is the only way in which such knowledge can be preserved intact and handed down to posterity. Now we have all the ancient records awaiting our study and interpretation; but this can only be accomplished by taking a comprehensive view of the whole field and dismissing from our mind all prejudices in favor of any set theory.

In the Creation myths is preserved the teaching as to Man's origin and evolution; and it will be remembered that there are two distinct creations of Man in the Genesis narrative. Chapter II describes the creation of Man as a perfected animal; while Chapter I tells us that the Gods (the *'elôhîm* or divine spirits, as the Hebrew says) inspired man with the divine breath and the heavenly image. Subsequently the animals are created. The story of Eden and the Fall is one that is enacted not only in humanity as a whole but in every individual man. The Serpent in this story is not the serpent which stands as a symbol for evil, but it is the symbol of knowledge, and as such the serpent is generally regarded as a sacred animal by various races of men. This Serpent was the initiator of man into knowledge; but the sequel shows that man at first abuses his gift and loses Paradise, which he can regain only by much tribulation. Such is human destiny and the destiny of human souls in their passage through the many halls of experience.

Every mystery has *seven* keys, it is said; so that the Jewish Bible stories cannot be fully interpreted by any short explanation. We have seen that the Deluge has a geological meaning and also an anthropological one; it signifies in general the ending of an old cycle and the beginning of a new, when the stubble and chaff are destroyed and the grain garnered, the "Ark" being a sacred vessel wherein the seed is carried over to the new cycle. Such is the history of the succession of human races and of the handing down of knowledge.

We may define these Genesis stories as an epitome of sacred lore, combining cosmogenesis or the birth of worlds with anthropogenesis or the evolution of man. They begin with a summary of the teachings respecting the birth of worlds out of undifferentiated matter or Chaos; or, in other words, with the dawn of a Manvantara or cycle of mani-

festation, after a Pralaya or cycle of latency. Next comes a brief account of the creations of man and other beings, and then a resumption of the history of the early sub-races of the present Root-Race, with an account of the cataclysm that ushered in the dawn of the New Race. And withal there is much symbolical teaching, such as that of the Tree with its fruit at its top and the serpent below. "Eden" is at once allegorical and geographical; for it means the habitation of the early sub-races, and the Old-World "Eden" must have been somewhere in southeastern Asia. It is the destiny of our studies in ancient history to prove gradually the nature of these traditions and to trace back civilization to its earliest great source in those lands, through one mighty race after another whose records the archaeologists will discover.



**SONNET — TO THE WELSH OF PHILADELPHIA FOR
SAINT DAVID'S DAY**

BY KENNETH MORRIS

HERE'S memory of a land of quiet vales
 And wild and singing waters; of blue hills,
 Of bluebelled woodlands and bright daffodils;
 Huge crags, and ruined towers, and lonely dales;
 A Druid Land, mystic with olden tales
 And fairy harpings heard in the mountain rills,
 That all our hearts with love and longing fills —
 Here's memory of our darling Land of Wales!

Cymmrodyr, if 'twere given to me to speak
 With tongues of men and angels; — could my soul
 Tell half the burning thoughts that round her throng —
 I'd send you all Wild Wales in one small song:
 You should hear Welsh winds blow round Snowdon peak,
 And Welsh sea-waves o'er Cantre'r Gwaelod roll.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
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THE ROSE AND THE CUP: by Wentworth Tompkins

(With Pen and Ink Drawings by R. Machell)



ROSES and roses and roses; the garden was aglow, mysterious, foamy with them; I doubt if you would have found the like in the Garden of Iram, or in al-Jannat itself. Roses with pale petals over-curving like the sea-wave or the lip of an exquisite shell, that within were all blush and peerless pinkness; roses amber-hearted, apricot-hearted; roses of infinite purity tossed in sprays whiter than the snows of Kaf; delicate yellow roses billowing over the latticed pergolas; crimson roses burning deep in the cypress gloom, redder of hue than the ruby, marvelously imperial and profound — not ostentatious, nor flaunting their beauty, but compelled into a pride akin to compassion by the lofty intensity of their dreams, of their secret knowledge. . . .

The Queen was in her garden; her divan set in a place of fretted marble: seven marble steps leading up to it from the path, and overhead a canopy of the driven foam of the yellow roses. You shall see her now, the Rose of all roses in the rose garden: with beauty drawn out of the sun and fragrant nights of eighteen Persian summers — no more. Dark and lustrous were her eyes, but with something more than softness in them; peerless among the princesses of the East was the beauty of her head, but there was much pride in the poise of it, and strength. And with the pride, humility, you would say; and with the strength, impersonality. . . .

It was a sore burden to be laid on her, this queenhood — in a kingdom left to her by her dead husband, to be held in trust for their unborn son. An over-civilized kingdom, wherein luxury was ensued and duty mainly neglected; a city of white palaces and mosques and lovely gardens, that put its trust in Turkish mercenaries, and thronged to hear too clever poets stab each other in spiteful-mellifluous *ruba'i* or *ghazal* over their wine; a city without patriotism, virtue or valor. She knew she had no defense, nor any to rely upon, but the hired Turks, and they — it would have been a strong king's work, or the

greater part of it, to keep them in order. She had five hundred of them in her pay: five hundred too many for peace; hundreds of thousands too few for war — such war as threatened. . . .

The daughter of an obscure *dihqan*,* it was less than a year since she had traveled down from the mountain castle of her fathers to be the bride of a young warlike king she had never seen. It proved a marriage, however, of those that are arranged in heaven. He was of Arab race: a descendant, indeed, of Ali and Fatima, and with much of the spirit of the Lion of God in him — proud, brave, magnanimous, and possessed of a certain hold, also appropriate to his family, upon the inner things. She, all Persian, had in her veins the blood of Kai-kobad the Great and Kai-khosru, and more than a dash of the endemic mysticism of Iran. They became at once lovers and comrades, and foresaw splendid things they would do together: conquests they would make, not merely external: regeneration they would bring to their people. But within six months of their marriage he had died, leaving her to the protection of the Turkish guards and a crafty minister she loved not — and to the tender mercies of Mahmud of Ghazna. . . .

Which tender mercies were now beginning to precipitate: that was the worst part of her burden. With her five hundred Turks she was to oppose the great Sultan, unless means could be found of placating him. It had come about in this way:

During the months of her married life that ornament of the world, Ibn Sina, had deigned to shed the luster of his presence on her husband's court; and his was a light not to be hidden under any bushel. Now Mahmud wanted Ibn Sina himself. The four hundred poets at Ghazna, collected from all Islamiyeh willy nilly: lured by barbaric pearls and gold, or fetched in as pampered captives from conquered kingdoms, had no magic to dull the tooth of envy that would be busy at their master's heart while Ibn Sina the Great remained at court or city other than his. Poets, *ta!* — their wit and quarrels were amusing; it swelled one's sense of splendor to feed them, array them, set them cock-fighting, flog them on occasion, or stuff their mouths with gold; it was a thing to boast of, like the conquest of India, that one had twenty score of them fattening in one's palace; — and then, too, they were the minters of flattery, without whose service it should not

* A country squire or noble of pure Persian, as distinguished from the dominant Perso-Arabian, race.

pass current far or long. But every court in Iran had its living dozen or more of them; and one had lost one's Firdausi, the poet who outshone them all. . . . Ibn Sina, on the other hand, was unique. That he was a poet, and of the wittiest, was the least of his accomplishments. No science was hidden from him, not even the secret science; from China to Andalus, none had a tithe of his fame; he was the greatest of all physicians; and supreme, since Aflatun and Aristo, in philosophy. — A sovereign, luxurious and extravagant man withal, out-princing princes in the manner of his life, and with disciples unnumbered for his subjects; the gayest, the most brilliant of men, who could yet snatch time from his high living to pour out upon the world a torrent of books ten times as profound, ten times as scintillant, and ten times as many as any other ten thinkers could produce together. Why, one would give all conquered Hindustan for Ibn Sina, and think the exchange cheap; possession of the man would more allay one's ambition, more swell one's fame. . . . So Mahmud had sent ambassadors with rich gifts and a peremptory message: Ibn Sina was to start for Ghazna forthwith.

The king and queen sent for the philosopher, and let Mahmud's emissaries give their message direct. There was just one man in Islamiyeh in those days probably — at least in the Abbasid Caliphate — who would have dared flout Mahmud's commands; and that was Ibn Sina. In a lesser mind, you would ascribe it to puffed up vanity, and hold him victim of his own eternal brilliance and success. But Ibn Sina was a prodigy of nature; there was no room for fear or flattery in him; he was one naturally to look on world-conquerors as the dust beneath his feet. He told the ambassador quietly that the court of his master was no place for men of mind; they could do no good work there. Even here in Iran there was too much, for the dignity of civilization, of Turkish soldiery; was he to drown himself in the central ocean of Turkism, and become the slave of a barbarian? Let Sultan Mahmud bethink him of the insult he had offered Firdausi, and give up hope of associating with his betters. . . .

All of which the king al-Ka'us approved, and added sharp words of his own to tease the Ghaznewid's hearing withal. Haughty young leopard of a prince, he had himself been straining, north-eastward, at the leashes of peace: Mahmud's ambition grew intolerable to monarchs of will and spirit. . . . It was, of course, no less than to declare war; for which he, al-Ka'us, might have had as many Turks out of

Turan as he desired: swift, fearless bowmen and spearmen from the desert, nine-tenths of them with a nourishable hatred against the son of Sabuktigin already. And he could have overawed and led them — to victory? One could not say; no one yet had won victory from Mahmud; but at least to an equal and honorable warfare. — The Sultan, at that time, was busy in India; outdoing the exploits of Iskander of old, and taking in ripe empires as one might swallow grapes; he could but pocket the insult, and promise himself that the hour of these Persian princelings should come, and presently. And now it certainly was at hand. Al-Ka'us had died before Mahmud, returning, had reached Ghazna; and a month since, the message had come: "Deliver up Ibn Sina and so much in tribute, or expect the Ghaznewid armies to carry away the dust of your city."

What could she do? Ibn Sina had left them before her husband had died; otherwise that dire blow would not have fallen on her: the great doctor would have cured al-Ka'us. Should she flee, and leave the kingdom to Mahmud? She thought of her dead lord and of his unborn son, and dismissed the idea as unthinkable. Fight? — ah, but how? Hussein al-Ajjami, her vizir, she guessed, would make his own terms with Mahmud, selling without compunction herself, her son and her kingdom; and as for Oghlu Beg, the captain of her Turks, supposing he and his men would stand by her, what could five hundred do against the Ghaznewid's hundreds of thousands?

She had answered Mahmud's letter thus:

"The philosopher Ibn Sina left our court long since; and is to be sought now at Merv or Ray or Samarcand — we know not where. Sultan Mahmud is a mighty Champion of the F'aith, a most puissant prince, and also a man of honor; it is certain that if he leads his armies hither, I also, a weak woman, shall endeavor to give battle; let him consider, then, what kind of victory he might win. If I won, it would be a triumph for me until the Day of Judgment; if the victory were his, men would say: *He has only conquered a woman*. And the issues of war are in the hands of F'ate; it cannot be known beforehand what the result would be. Make war, then, upon the strong, and in the victory his strength shall be added to yours; but give the hand of your august friendship to the weak: so shall men praise your magnanimity, and your fame shall endure. We expect to receive your friendship, my lord Sultan; since undeniably we are weak.

"But we will not give up this kingdom to you, since it is not ours

to give, but the property of Hasan Ali ibn al-Ka'us, who is not yet born. Yet, knowing that the Sultan is wise and kindly, we have no anxiety in this matter, but repose on the couch of tranquillity and confidence."

She had received no answer to this, but knew that Mahmud was on the march. Now, what she meditated was the raising of an army to oppose him. She clapped her hands for a slave, and sent for the vizir.

He had held office under the father of her husband, had this Ajjami; planting his power by a thousand roots while the king's faculties were failing. He had been a very politic minister; had he strayed anywhere from honorable service, none, even of his own household, knew of it with certainty. Al-Ka'us would have dismissed him, but died before occasion served; now the Queen found herself dependent on him. If she did not trust him greatly, whom else should she trust at all? He had been all humility with her: all, she suspected, a soft buffer between her will and its carrying into effect. — A handsome old man, perhaps sixty; refined, smooth, white-bearded and aquiline: it might have been a noble face, but for a keen quietude in the eyes that slightly veiled selfishness and cunning, and a sensuous fulness of the lower lip. His strength lay in intrigue, in persistence, in perfect suavity not to be ruffled; in strength of will, too: a will that would hunt covertly for years, and never forgo its designs.

When the formalities of greeting were over, she began to question him. Had the messengers ridden forth? What answers had come in? Was the manhood of the provinces assembling? What numbers had been mustered? — Ah, but here we must work with caution, said he; must consider well before irrevocable steps were taken, and irrevocable disaster invited. Mahmud and his host were drawing near, and opposition was hardly to be offered. The swiftness of his marches, the terror of his name, his long tradition of invincibility — all these things were to be considered. The feeling throughout the country, among the nobles — which he, her slave, had so carefully tested — was that, since the king was dead —

Here she broke in upon his speech to remind him that the king, unborn, was present.

He bowed low, seemed a little distressed, tactfully, as one who reserves painful things. These matters were in the hands of God; who could build upon the uncertainties of fate? Then he fetched a compass,

and spoke of her beauty; ah, with tact, with wonderful tact! He indicated, not failing to make his meaning clear — and terrible — what the result of that beauty would be, upon Mahmud. And who could doubt the truth of his words? The kingdom would be annexed; she herself would be taken to Ghazna, to the Sultan's harem; her son, when he was born, would be enslaved or slain: at best would grow up the nonentity Mahmud might choose to make of him. — “And your advice, O Ajjami?” said she, knowing there were ill things to be spoken. His advice was couched in the language of utmost reverent devotion. Many of the prominent and influential had broached the idea to him; might his words, that were to declare it, be pearls of humility, rubies of love! It was that a king should be provided; for lack of whom, indifference and anxiety were rife, and would grow: a king about whom the people might gather, and with whom, perhaps, the son of Sabuktigin might deign to treat. Let her lift her slave to the throne, that he might meet Mahmud as king; so the radiance



of her own beauty should remain hidden from the burning glances of the world-conqueror. . . .

She turned a little cold as she listened to him; mastered a disgust that sickened her; mastered her face and voice, and answered him. She was but two months a widow, she said, and her heart demanded longer time for mourning. Meanwhile she would consider this plan . . . that seemed wise, and might come presently to seem best. And she had great comfort of the thought that he, who served her and was faithful, had served and been faithful to al-Ka'us her dear lord also; and to al-Amin, the father of al-Ka'us.

Ah, what treasures were honor and loyalty! Not all the riches of the realm, nor sovereignty itself, would weigh an ant's weight against the lack of them, on the day his friends would ask what wealth he had left behind, but the angels would ask what good deeds he had

sent before. She could trust him, she knew, to leave nothing undone for the safety of his prince. — So he left her, assuring her of his devotion; and went forth to the furthering of his plans. She might trust him, she supposed, to sell her to Mahmud.

She went down from her divan, and walked among the roses. Allah! must she indeed pay this price that she loathed? Mahmud, or al-Ajjami! . . . She believed, knowing him somewhat, that the vizir would have cunning enough to save her for himself, should she consent to his terms; he won his battles perhaps even more inevitably than Mahmud. For herself, she would rather the Ghaznewid's harem . . . But there was her son. . . . The white rose reached out its sprays to her; the apricot-hearted wafted her its sweetness; the crimson, as she passed, stirred by a delicate wind, brushed her cheek with its sovereign bloom, and came dewed with a tear from the touch. *We both are queens in Iran!* it whispered.

No, she would not pay the price. There was Oghlu Beg, the captain of the guard; dependable so long as he was paid — she would compound with him for the contents of her treasury, and ride out herself among his Turks to die on the field. Then she and her son would meet al-Ka'us together in Paradise; and she knew al-Ka'us would approve. . . . She mounted her divan again, and sent for the Turk.

“Oghlu Beg,” said she, when the big-limbed man was before her, “thy living depends on thy reputation for faith and valor. Thou hast received my lord's pay, and mine; and thy pay shall be doubled if thou wilt serve me well now. Doubled? — Thou shalt have the whole of my treasury, if thou wilt defeat me Mahmud ibn Sabuktigin.”

“Madam,” said he, with the heavy speech of the slow-thoughted; “it would be impossible without raising a great army. And I might do that, even now, had I the authority. But it would be a great task; the slave's son of Ghazna is renowned and feared. The men of Turan would not come to the banners of less than a king. And I also would serve for something better than money. . . . I love you; make me king, and I will go forth with you, and gather an army in the north that may meet even Mahmud with hope of victory. Otherwise I must clearly offer my sword to the Ghaznewid; there would be little profit in offering it elsewhere.”

Such things happened constantly. Turkish captains founded many a dynasty in Persia, and patronized art and letters thereafter, as vig-

orously as they pushed their conquests. Was not Mahmud himself a Turk, and the son of a slave? This slow, heavy, bow-legged warrior, for all his confessed readiness to sell himself and his men to her enemy, did not arouse in her the fear and disgust she had felt at the advances of her own so polished countryman. His bluntness was better than the vizir's tact; it was his business to sell himself, and he would do it; but he had a code that would keep him from selling her.

"This is thy one condition?" she asked.

"It is the one condition," he answered; "not only on account of my love, but also in consideration of the possibilities. Not otherwise could I gather an army."

"And thou wilt not ride with me against the Ghaznewid, even with the army that thou hast — and receive my treasury in exchange?"

"Dead men enjoy not wealth," said he. "It is the one condition."

There was no hope then, and she dismissed him. But an impulse came to her before he had passed from sight, and she called him back.

"Before thou camest here, O Oghlu Beg," said she, "al-Ajjami the vizir was with me. He too had a plan to propose, and his plan was even as thine is. He, too, would be king, and my husband."

"May his couch be made in hell!" growled the Turk.

"I will tell thee," said she. "The king that was my husband was not as other men, and no man shall have of me what he had. I will not marry al-Ajjami, O Oghlu; and I will not marry thee. Therefore thou shalt go to Mahmud with thy men, and serve him, while he pays thee, as thou hast served my lord and me. But I will even beg a boon of thee before thou goest."

The Turk bent his head.

"Stay thou here until the Ghaznewid is at the gates; go to him then. I desire thy protection against al-Ajjami."

He had no more command of metaphor than a dog. Where another would have said, "O Moon of Wonder," or "O Tulip from the garden-plots of Paradise," he could get out nothing but "I will stay. And I will guard thee from this son of Iblis." Then, after a pause for thought: "and I will not go to Mahmud. If it be thy will, I will carry thee to Bagdad; and none shall harm thee by the way; neither I nor another."

But the Queen had no idea of seeking refuge anywhere.

That night two things happened. First: the messenger returned

from Mahmud, and reported. The Sultan had laughed over the Queen's letter. Within a week he would be at the city gates. "She expects our friendship," he had exclaimed, "because she is undeniably weak. Tell her the price of our friendship shall be" — here he had looked around for a suggestion — "what shall it be, you poets?" And one had named a sum altogether preposterous, and another had doubled it; and a third, more gifted with imagination, had cried: "The Cup of Jemshyd!" — "Stuff his mouth with rubies!" said the Sultan; "the Cup of Jemshyd it shall be. If the Queen shall send us that, she shall have our friendship until her death; but if she send it not—" Not for nothing had Mahmud fed upon the ancient legends whereof Firdausi made the great epic for him; in which the Cup of Jemshyd shone remote and mystic, the Grail and supreme talisman of an elder age, before the Arab, before the Sassanian — before, and long before, Xerxes led his armies against Greece. His terms were a jest; there were no terms; he meant conquest, and thoroughly to wipe out the insults he had received. . . .

The other happening was this: Oghlu Beg supped, and died in great torment an hour later — just when he should have been carrying into action a plan he had been at pains to form. He was always a slow-thoughted man; now his slowness cost him his life. He did not die, however, before conveying his intent, and a mission to avenge his death, to his brother and lieutenant. Who then proceeded with five Turks of the guard and a headsman's carpet to the chambers of al-Ajjami; so that in the morning the Queen had lost both her suitors. Before noon the guard, being now captainless, rode away, after some minor looting, to join the standards of Mahmud.

The Sultan had promised to arrive in a week; it seemed he was to be much better than his word. All that day men came riding in from the north and east with tidings of his approach; none of them remained in the city, but sought safety farther afield. And all day through the western gates the city went emptying itself. Disturbances were to be dreaded, now there was none to enforce authority; but fear policed the place fairly until evening. Before the sun had set, one could see from the palace towers clouds of dust along the flat horizon northeastward. In the morning, Mahmud of Ghazna would be at the gates; by noon he would have entered the city; by nightfall, the city would be wrecked, looted and in flames. There was nothing to be done. He might have had the name *Ilderim*, that was

given to another of his race long after: his blows fell swift and terrible as the thunderbolt; there was no escaping them.

The Queen walked among her roses in the twilight, very calm and proud; not yet had she given way to despair. She had done all she could, though it was nothing; she had no plan; could not and would not dwell on the morrow. She still maintained a resigned queenly confidence: whatever fate might befall her body, her soul would still keep the trust. When she met her lord in Paradise — and might that be tomorrow! — she would have no cause to be ashamed; and her son would have nothing to forgive her. Her son? He had not yet been born; yet he stood in her mental vision as clear a figure as her husband. The dead and the unborn were her companions: there, living and on this earth, she stood for them: for the future and the past. She felt as if she were somehow in two worlds at once: one outward and illusionary, full of terrible phantasm and turmoil; one inward and stable, wherein there was peace, and she might look down from it calmly, untroubled by chaotic happenings without. There al-Ka'us walked with her; and the young hero that was to be, Hasan Ali ibn al-Ka'us; and the roses bloomed for the three of them: she and the roses were in both worlds. Out of the Persian earth they bloomed, the Persian roses, lovely with all ancient Persian deeds and dreams —

I sometimes think that never blows so red

The rose, as where some buried Caesar bled —

we will say, Khusru for Caesar. These were white, perhaps, remembering the white hair of Zal; and perhaps young Isfendiyar, on his seven-staged journey and seven marvelous labors, won from fate the golden wisdom and tenderness that made these apricot and citron hearted; and these so crimson, so peerless perfect — perhaps they distilled their glory from Rustem's sorrow over his slain Sohrab; perhaps the glow that shone from them was reflected from some ancient link between heaven and Persia, from Feridun's sword, or Zal's Simurgh-feather, from blacksmith Kavah's apron, or from Jemshyd's Seven-ringed Cup. . . . Ah, in the inner worlds, what was a thing carven of jewels or crystal, or any talisman, how potent soever, better than or different from His secret spiritual beauty God puts forth where our eyes can see it, through every rose that blooms in the garden? . . . Hasan Ali ibn al-Ka'us, mayest thou, too, bring new beauty to the roses! . . .

A hoarse roaring from the city broke in upon the peace of the

rose garden; panic-stricken women of the court came running to her; the dregs of the populace, they said, had risen to sack the palace, and where should they hide, or how escape, or who would protect them? "I will protect you," said the Queen; "Fear you nothing." She made her way into the palace, donned tiara and robes of sovereignty, took scepter in hand, and went to the gate where by that time the mob had gathered; then had that thrown open, and herself discovered in the entrance. Very queenlike, with a gesture she commanded



silence, and was obeyed; then spoke to the people. She took them into her confidence; called them her children, and felt that they were so; spoke of their late king as if he were present, and expected much of them; spoke of their king that was to be, whom she bore beneath her breast. . . . Thieves and men of trades still viler hung their heads; women you would have called she-devils were brought to wholesome weeping; when she bade them go, they went in silence. What was with her that evening, to make her greater than herself? Driven to the place where hope is not, she had attained that divine confidence which hope only promises and strives after; she had no need of hope, possessing the internal reality.

A great storm raged through the night; in the morning she found the palace deserted, but for two of her tiring-women: two she had brought with her from her mountain home. She bade them robe her in her richest robes, and deck her with all the insignia of royalty; not as a suppliant would she meet the world-conquering Mahmud. In the Hall of Audience, at the foot of the throne, she found a third who had not deserted her: al-'Awf the dwarf, playing with his cup and ball, and chattering. None knew how to fathom the mind of this 'Awf: sometimes it seemed that of a child just learning to talk; sometimes he was quite the idiot; sometimes out of his simplicity wisdom flashed, so that you would have said an angel spoke through him.

But the Queen would not await Mahmud there, but in the garden;

whither now the three that formed her court followed her. The wind that had blown in the night had made a wreck of everything, and it was a mournful desolation beneath grey skies, that she found there. Paths and lawns were bestrewn with petals; the beauty of the place had gone, and there was no comfort for her with the roses. White and yellow, apricot and crimson, the long sprays were tossed and ravished; not a bud had broken into bloom since dawn; there was no blossom anywhere. She came to her dearest bush, the ruby-hearted *Queen of Iran* in the shadow of the cypresses; all its glory had fallen in a beautiful rain of petals; one bud alone was left — but what a rose it would be when it bloomed! She picked it, and went up sadly to her divan in the pergola. This ruin of the roses was too much; the realities that had sustained her the evening before were no longer within her vision. . . .

Al-'Awf came hurrying to the foot of the steps; he had been peering about and chattering in the garden, full of some business of his own such as no human mentality could understand. Now he appeared big with an idea: swaggering with immense importance. The Wonder of the World should take comfort, said he; behold, here was al-'Awf the intrepid sent of heaven to protect her. Here was al-'Awf, about to ride forth and treat with his old-time gossip the son of Sabuktigin: to speak with that spawn of Iblis on her behalf — to command him. Here he crowed like a cock; with what intent or meaning, who shall guess? — No, no; not command; that would but put Mahmud out of spirits; in matters such as this more delicate means must be used; the Pearl of Pearls might trust to the wisdom of heaven-sent al-'Awf. He would carry to Mahmud the thing Mahmud had demanded of her; let her send by him the Cup of Jemshyd: a small matter in itself, but likely to appease the rascal. . . . Here he knelt before her, and held out both hands to receive the Cup; and she, being in no mood for his imbecilities, gave him the rosebud, and said: "Yes, go." — If he should go to Mahmud, at least he would get a court appointment, and be fairly treated. He swaggered out; then, having quiet, she fell asleep.

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She awoke to find the garden, brightly sunlit now, filled with resplendant guards, and before her, at the foot of the marble steps, a very kingly and warlike man all in gold armor and robes of cloth-of-

gold and scarlet; fierce-visaged, but with his features now softened into reverence and wonder, so that one noted potentialities of kindness and generosity that at other times might be hidden.

“O Royal Moon of Iran,” said he, “think not that I come otherwise than to render homage. It is thou that art the conqueror; thou who of thy wealth hast given me the sacred gift. . . .”

So far her eyes had been all on Mahmud of Ghazna; now she turned where he pointed, and beheld al-'Awf, robed sumptuously, standing on the Sultan's left. His mouth had been stuffed with gold three times over since he left the garden, and he had been installed chief of the court dwarfs of the mightiest sovereign in Islamiyeh.

“Let the veil be withdrawn from it, O dwarf, that the Queen may look once more on the glory of her gift, and say if Mahmud's friendship be worth such a price,” said the Sultan; whereon al-'Awf drew away the gold-cloth covering from the thing he held in his hands.

And all the resplendant guards of Mahmud, the flower of the nobles of Ghazna, fell on their faces and made obeisance. And Sultan Mahmud bowed his head, and covered his eyes with his hands to shield them from the excessive glory. . . . A ruby glowing like the setting sun: a vase from whose radiant splendor delight issued out over the world, and exquisite odors of musk and attar and sandalwood, and music like the lute-playing of Israfil, like the singing of spirits. In seven rings of unutterable loveliness it shone there . . . and only the crimson rose, the flower of the flowers of Iran, knew by what magic she had put forth the Cup of Jemshyd for a bloom.



It is the faithfulness and perseverance, the sound sense and moderation, the seriousness and solemnity of the Egyptian mind, which have secured for them an honorable position for all time. . . . This faithfulness is the only certain guarantee for the genuineness and depth, not merely of that which throws luster on cultivated races, external civilization, but also of that priceless jewel, the sense of the Divinity in man and in mankind. . . . Every people and every age has its vocation, and it is the condition of its existence, the prize of its life, that it shall not be unfaithful to its charge. In the Old World, Egypt filled and maintained with glory a vast position; it did honestly its part in advancing the development of mankind; and it has left behind enough imperishable monuments of deep ethic thought, of high artistic instincts, and of noble institutions, to be the admiration of remotest times.

— *Egypt's Place in Universal History*: Bunsen, iv, 698.

GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

PART II, CHAPTER VI — THE GREAT AGES OF JAPAN



THE Southern or Dawn cycle of China, which began in 420, ran its course in thirteen decades, and was followed by seventy years of quiescence; which in turn gave place to the Noon cycle, now not southern but national, of the T'angs. Where was the Crest Wave of Evolution during that interim, or between the fall of Wuti of Liang in 550, and the rise of Li Shih-min (T'ai-Tsong of T'ang) in 618?

By the beginning of the sixth century, fifty years before its lapse in Liang, it began to rise in Corea; for whom then followed a crowded and purple century, by the end of which, according to Fenollosa, Corean art had risen to the pinnacles, and was a fair rival for any that had been in China, or that was to be in Japan. Much work, and by competent scholars, has to be done before the native annals, a barren but faithful record of kings and events, can be made to yield intelligent history. But the last century and a half of the epoch of the Three Kingdoms — say from 500 to 650 A. D. — was a period of keen illumination; in the south, at any rate. For Corea was divided, in those days, into a rude, warlike Korguryu in the north; an unstable, luxurious-turbulent Pak-che in the middle and west, and a solidly civilized, artistic and be-Chinesed Silla in the south; and it was this south that was nearest to China, and to Japan. It was a time of material prowess also, as is proved by this: Corea beat back the armies of the Suy founder, a general not to be despised, in the five-nineties and after; and she alone between the Caspian and the Yellow Sea defeated and defied the hosts of T'ai-Tsong: who was a successful Napoleon in his day, with nine hundred thousand trained veterans to command. The T'ang conquest was not completed until after his death. — But her importance for us now, lies in the fact that she was the intermediary between China and Japan. Having learned Buddhism and civilization from the former, she passed them on to the latter; and it was in these seven decades of Chinese pralaya that she was doing it. Having said so much, we may pass on to the first rising of the Crest Wave in Japan.

A Messenger of the Gods came to Dai Nippon in those days: one of the hierarchy of the Nation-Founders; but a man whose work lay not in war at all, and less in statecraft — though in that too — than in the functions of a Teacher of Religion. Buddhism had come in, and

had made some progress, at the time when the Empress Suiko, in 593, assumed real sovereignty on the death of her husband; the latter had been a Buddhist, and she now determined to make Buddhism the dominant religion of the empire. Such a determination, in Europe, would imply the passing of penal laws and the lighting, perchance, of a few Smithfield fires for the heterodox; with these Buddhists it meant something quite different. The plan was to bring in Teachers from abroad who should show the people a higher path than any they had known hitherto; not only in questions of religion, but in every art and department of life. The Age of Suiko, as we may call it, followed: the age of the first awakening of Japan. It was not the empress, however, who was the moving spirit of the time, but her son, Prince Shotoku. Sage, saint, builder, and civilizer, he stood at the apex of the Crest Wave for the next twenty-eight years, and was the world's great protagonist of Light; contemporary with, but younger than, Chih-i the Tientai Master, who was preparing the way in China for a glory that was to blossom after thirteen decades; contemporary with, but older than, Mohammed, who was sowing in Arabia the seeds of a culture which, again after thirteen decades, was to bear fruit at Bagdad. And here we may note that it was for thirteen decades also that the movement started by Shotoku flourished in Japan; and that it was for thirteen decades that the glory of the T'angs endured in China.

He never came to the throne, dying in 621 (the year before the Hejira), some seven years before the death of his mother. He was a man so high in genius, so noble in character, that he must rank with the greatest of the sages: with Confucius and Socrates, if not with the Buddhas and Christs themselves. All the greatness of Japan flows down from him, so to say; he was her first redeeming Mutsuhito, and all succeeding Japanese ages are in debt to him. She has had many importers of civilization since, but he was the first: a man of peace, serene, faultless, Buddhalike; he transformed a race without arts or any remembered peaceful achievements, into the beginnings of one of the greatest artistic nations the world remembers seeing.

So far there were but traditions of a divine origin of the dynasty: of the descent of Sun-deities, and their establishing rule upon earth and in Japan; and since that event, of wars upon the Ainos, and the gradual conquest from them of the tiny empire which was then Japan. Shotoku devised something in the nature of a constitution, taking the

people into partnership in matters of government; righting wrongs that had crept in during the ages, and lifting the country, politically, on to a new and freer plane. As for the old incessant fighting, he would have none of it; he would conquer in realms of the spirit or nowhere; he would provide a sacred hearth or heart for Japan, to be a light to lighten her forever. Nothing less than that would serve him: to found a College-Temple where the mysteries of the Higher Life should be taught. Here we come on a piece of rare beauty indeed in our tapestry: high lights in glowing gold, shadows in the royallest of purple. It is the story of the building of Horiuji.

They knew something of building in those days; rather, the peers and coevals of Shotoku do, in whatever age they may be born. The esotericism, the occult side of it: the building upon the rock of ages, that wave and tempest shake not. For this *building* is one of the lost mysteries of antiquity, beyond a doubt; nowadays we do but jerrybuild, mostly; though we lay our foundations in deep granite, and set up walls to withstand the shot of howitzers. But these, the Master Builders, dig first deeper than into soil or subsoil, clay or marl or rock. They lay bare the soul of things; they build upon the Eternal Law. Whatever permanence there may be, is to be found here. The halls and courts of Horiuji may have grown silent and cobwebbed; the great light may have set there to rise elsewhere; but spiritual Japan, in reality, was the temple that Shotoku erected, and that endures. Here is how he went to work:

He had made a close friend of Prince Asa of Corea — whose portrait of him, by the way, remains. With Asa's help he brought in from the continent all manner of artists and artisans, sages and teachers; not from Corea only, but from all accessible parts of China as well. Did the fame of some great metal-caster or wood-carver reach him, he would move heaven and earth to get that man to Japan; and was no less quietly insistent in the matter of thinkers and saints. When he was sure that he had gathered at court the best teachers of everything, he went to work personally to learn all that they had to teach. He became first pupil to the master-carvers, painters, metal-workers, architects, carpenters, and masons; and made himself a master of all their crafts and arts: not merely a craftsman, but an artist who ranks high. But there were also the Buddhist priests: among whom he chose his Teacher, became the disciple of that one, studying philosophy and religion, entering and traveling upon the Path. Then, when his en-

lightenment came, he donned the yellow robe, and went forth preaching to thousands of his people. All this without for a moment letting slip the threads of sovereignty, or forbearing to press forward his great design.

As he had collected the master-craftsmen, so now his agents were traversing the islands in every direction, gathering the richest and rarest materials to be found, and bringing them to the site where he had decreed his Temple should stand. This was at Horiuji, near Tatsuta, the capital. The green rice-land runs up in bays into the hills there; the temple should be aloft on the hillside, looking out over the rich levels whose crops were to afford it sustenance. Shotoku in person superintended every branch of the work; not only superintended, but worked with the workmen; laying out the grounds, making the terraces, cutting and hauling the cedar pillars, founding the metal. Beside any building already in Japan, this should be a marvel: a palace of God's to a peasant's hut. Slowly the great pavilions and pagodas arose, story on story; the arcades and tower gates, the blue-tiled palaces that, terrace by terrace ascending, covered the mountain-side. It was the fruit of Shotoku's heart and genius; his interpretation into Japanese of art, culture, spiritual life, religion and philosophy — all that the continent had to give. Out of these elements he had distilled within himself a new civilization for his people.*

Horiuji was dedicated in 616, in the presence of prelates and ambassadors from the Corean states and from Suy; and its spiritual work for the national life began. This was the first historic impulse to civilization that had touched Dai Nippon: anything of that nature before was either mythical altogether, or belonged to forgotten times beyond the neck of the hour-glass. The Japanese before Shotoku were a very simple people: arts rudimentary and literature unwritten: and without clear memory of anything different. But there is a faculty in the race, and it appeared in Shotoku's time — as early as that — which proves an ancient splendor behind: its quickness to learn and adapt civilization. That is necessarily a faculty gained only through the experience of ages: what is new to you, you cannot learn in five minutes; but what you have learned once, and since forgotten, very likely you can. The impulse Shotoku gave, carried the Japanese forward by leaps and bounds through the seventh century, and produced

* See Fenollosa's *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*, from which this description of the building of Horiuji is taken.

an age of illumination in the first quarter of the eighth. Then Giogi, called the Bosatsu or Bodhisatva, great alike as artist, as religious Teacher, and as statesman, guided the affairs of the nation; then the first great poets, Hitomaru and Akahito, were singing; then the Nihongi and the Kojiki were written, the religious and secular annals of the country, compiled from native tradition helped out with Chinese history, and "held to be the chief exponents of the Shinto faith." Japan had looked inward, discovered her soul, and made of herself a nation. Shotoku brought in the impulse; it gathered impetus for a century; then Giogi took the direction of it in his hands, and guided it towards ancient half memories, to that old Soul-of-Japan religion, Shinto in its simplicity. Suddenly the bud became a wonderful lotus in the Eastern Sea; suddenly the chrysalis an exquisite moth. Of a race naturally warlike and gentle, stern and beauty-loving, but bound together with loose bonds, hardly conscious of self or of any high destiny, a self-conscious nation is formed, with the path to the utmost summits stretching before her feet. Shotoku and Giogi stand at the beginning and the end respectively, of this first cycle of Japanese civilization.

Now see how the cycles will turn, and no flow of the tide be left unfollowed by its natural ebb. In 724, one hundred and thirty-one years after the accession of Suiko, and the beginning of Shotoku's activity, Shomu Tenno became Mikado, and the great age of Nara began; it lasted until Shomu's death in 748. It was a time of external splendor, not of real growth. The vital forces which, since Shotoku, had been striking inward, nurturing her soul, and so making Japan; now went flaunting outward and away into wealth, pomp, luxury and ostentation. Nara, the capital, had more than a million inhabitants; and just as Nara exceeded old Tatsuta, Shotoku's chief city, so would Shomu exceed Shotoku. He would build more and splendorous temples in a year, than Shotoku's patient love had spent years over his lone Horiuji. So art died for the time being, killed by this disgusting get-rich-quickism. There was no time to follow the great models, or to do work such as would satisfy the Gods. National taste deteriorated; no new Giogi or Hitomaru appeared; the cheap and nasty triumphed. Not all at once, of course: the one prepared the way for the other. With Shomu's passing, even the shell magnificence began to crumble and flake; things were by no means as they had been. For ten years all intercourse with Corea, still the tutor nation, had been

cut off; the Coreans were over-busy withstanding T'ai-Tsong, and could afford Japan no new teachers or models; and nothing to stay the downward trend of the cycle was to be found within Japan itself. Corruption came to reign in the palace: a greedy nobility seized the land and the power; the people, who had been landholders under Shotoku's wise constitution, were sent empty away. Buddhism, it seemed, had not struck root deep enough; or it had lost its flavor since Shotoku, and offered nothing for the national salvation. — This decline lasted, going from bad to worse, until the eighties of the century, when Kwammu came to the throne; so quickly the little downward cycle came to its end.

The introductory thirteen decades, and the twilight that followed them, were now things of the past, and Japan, under Kwammu, entered into the Age of Asian greatness. That was in the year 782. Here, again, we have to do with one of the great Kings of history. Kwammu found the government corrupt, art grown coarse and traditional, life altogether deteriorated; and determined at once on radical reforms, not merely political. In the Buddhism that remained: a court religion hand in glove with court evils, and no glimmer of Shotoku's sweet strength left in it: he found nothing that might encourage progress, and much that might tend to its reverse. Beyond that, there was no potent influence at home; so, like Shotoku, he would seek a means of salvation abroad. Chinese wars in Corea, in early T'ang times, had cut the connexion between Japan and the continent; now, however, Corea was prospering as a T'ang dependency, and Kwammu resolved to open those connexions once more. A hundred years before, a Tientai — called in Japanese *Tendai* — teacher had come as a missionary from China; but the islanders would have none of him, and banished him for a magician. He might have supplied a spiritual motive force to carry Japan through the eighth century; but it was not to be. Kwammu, aware of the splendors of the court of Hsüan Tsung, but not that those splendors had died with him, sent out emissaries to enquire into the secrets of Chinese greatness; who found Confucianism dominant, and brought back word to their master to that effect. Forthwith it became his purpose to introduce Confucian teaching; but the Confucianists of China had no thought of extending aid to the outer barbarian, and Kwammu's advances were repulsed. Here, then, was the Mikado's position: he saw that the external elements of Chinese culture: the arts, universal education, the great

universities, the stately court pageants and ceremonial, the perfect manners and lofty breeding generally, could never be acclimatized unless he held the spiritual secret on which they were based. Where to find it, since Confucianism, apparently effective in China, he might not have in Japan?

At this juncture, help was at hand. The Tientai monastery had, with the close of the cycle of T'ang greatness, to a certain extent shut its gates to the world, and become esoteric; its voice was no longer heard in public affairs. But it was still a center of Light, and had an Adept Teacher at its head: one Tao Sui, known in Japan as Dosui. Among his disciples were several Japanese; one of them Sai-cho, commonly called Dengyo Daishi, Dengyo the Teacher, a man great in genius as in character, who was now found ready to be sent forth into the world. Just when Kwammu was in need of him, Dengyo returned to his native land; brought the message of Tendai to the emperor, and became at once his Teacher and chief counsellor.

Kwammu had undertaken the rebuilding of the national life; and was working, aware of the perils of his course, along military, commercial, and educational lines. Without help from the Gods, he foresaw that an era of externalism might be the best he could bring upon Japan; now, in Dengyo Daishi he recognized a helper sent by the Gods, and in Tendai Theosophy that which should turn the new energies into true channels, and maintain an inward growth to balance, dominate and keep wholesome the outward. Dengyo the Theosophist set the new wave of Japanese evolution flowing towards spirituality.

Kwammu deserted Nara; he found its influences unwholesome, and would begin all things anew with another and far more splendid capital at Kyoto. He built it upon T'ang models in city planning: models that we use today, shorn of their grace and beauty, in America. Within twenty years Kyoto had reached its million mark in inhabitants, and had become the center of a new and vigorous national life. At Enriakuji on Mount Hiyei, just outside the city, stood Dengyo's monastery: symbol of the spiritual life that he and the emperor intended should crown and dominate the life of the nation. It was their plan that government should be, as Fenollosa puts it, "a kind of mystical theocracy such as never existed in China or any other Buddhist kingdom." While Charlemain was uniting Church and State in Europe, Kwammu and Dengyo were doing the like in Japan; but there, the result of the union was to force and spiritualize civilization. Through

the early centuries of Kioto, the State was Theosophist: its heart wholly in a devout and warriorlike worship of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. Tientai might have wielded a vast influence in T'ang China, and yet left the Son of Heaven dallying with a courtesan; though it produced the mightiest creations in art, and lifted life generally to splendid heights, it failed to capture the heart of the State. In Japan, Dengyo saw to that at the outset; his rôle was that of prelate-statesman; his first convert the Mikado: working with whom he founded the empire, not merely upon righteousness, but on a burning, real spirituality.

A little later another Messenger arrived from China: Ku K'ai, better known as Kobo Daishi: and did for the commonalty that which Dengyo was doing for emperor and body politic. He built his temple on Mount Koya in Yamato, far away from the capital; but mostly was wandering through all the provinces, teaching and preaching. A philosopher of the first rank: Japan's very greatest, one of Asia's very greatest, or the world's: he founded the Shingon School, with fuller and deeper revelations, possibly, even than those of Tendai; and achieved uniting it with the old national Shinto or Way of the Gods. In all these inner schools of Buddhism, sanctity went hand in hand with genius: your great priest was also a great artist, or at least patron of the arts, invariably; and Kobo was as great at painting and sculpture as at philosophy. So now he gathered about him the youthful genius of the islands, aspirant at that time after the Chinese learning; they became his disciples; he pointed out for them the path of the higher life, and the path to artistic creation in the grand T'ang manner. Thus he was the Father of Japanese Art, no less than of Japanese Philosophy. He had brought with him hundreds of T'ang masterpieces from China; understanding the secret of their sublimity, he used them to inflame the genius of Japan.

So far, so good: Dengyo's success had made possible the work of Kobo; government and people had been captured, and the Gods had their ambassadors working openly in Japan for many years. But the Gods too are governed by laws which they must not, cannot, transgress. Such open teaching is a kind of seed-sowing, which has its proper season, and may be done in no other. Or it is the outward coursing of a sacred life-blood, driven by the systole of the World-Heart; a diastole shall follow, when the blood must return to the heart. Came the time when a third Teacher was needed in Japan: not now for

public work, as the time when that was advisable had passed; but to gather the currents set in motion by Dengyo and Kobo, lest they should flow on outward ever and to waste; and to open a channel for them inward into the Heart of the World. In 864 such a Messenger appeared: Chisho Daishi: whose work was almost altogether esoteric. He built his monastery at Miidera, near Lake Biwa in Otsu: there, according to Fenollosa, the highest heights in discipleship, in Master-ship, have been attained, that have been attained in Japan. Enriakuji, Dengyo's foundation, had served its purpose: made a great age possible, then lost its light, and became presently a mere nest of turbulent political monks. Mount Koya remained, it would appear, a center of art and holy living; but it was at Miidera that you should have found, I suspect, even in the darkest ages of the Asian pralaya, the living flame of the Soul of Japan, the link between nation and Gods. Dengyo and Kobo, I think, and especially the former, worked definitely for one age that was coming: the great age of the Fujiwara Shogunate, particularly the period Engi (901-922), when the Crest Wave was all in Kioto, and made that the crown and glory of the world; but Chisho, it would seem, worked for all time.

For the ninth century was rather one of preparation than of achievement. Almost until Chisho came to Miidera, a wing of the Chosen People was yet lingering in the Abbassid Empire, whose glory lasted undimmed at Bagdad until the accession of al-Mutawakkil in 847. Thither it had passed a century before, from a China grown dissolute under Hsüan Tsung, and a Japan vulgarized under Shomu. Mark the dates, they are instructive: Shomu died, and his pomp passed with him, in 748; Hsüan Tsung abdicated in 756; Bagdad was built in the seven-fifties. When the Golden Age of the Abbassids ended, Japan, rising always, stood well in the van of the world; her sun reached its zenith some fifty odd years later, during the pure youth of the Fujiwara régime. By that time the Japanese mind and imagination had become inspired, devout, creative; quickening a civilization virile and exquisite: strong, untouched with effeminacy, but having all the delicate beauty of a flower. It was intensely spiritual, vividly Theosophical and artistic; and therein lay its power. "Kioto of Engi," says Fenollosa, "worshiped in one vast temple without decay of heart or intellect. . . . Nothing before or since, probably, has possessed a more perfect flavor."

Women were the equals of men in those days; the age is glorious

with the names of as many great poetesses as great poets. Prose, indeed, and especially fiction, was largely in the hands of the court ladies; who have left us, in the great Monogatari novels of the period, some of the most perfect pictures of life to be found anywhere.* Music had a ministry of state devoted to it, and lapped round and ensouled every phase of life; music and poetry, the composition of them, formed a necessary part of all education. On the material side, architecture, dress, all the outward appurtenances of civilization, were beautiful, rich, splendid. Morals were clean and lofty; manners — where else shall you look for the like of them? It was a race of gentlemen and ladies, in the fullest, sweetest fragrance of the terms. The heart of it all was the devout Theosophical enthusiasm of Tendai. “To make and administer sound laws, to effect hospital, charitable and university organization, to play a birdlike part in the variegated paradises of court and villa, to beautify the person and flash poetry as fountains do water — was only to do naturally what the Gods wished done upon the hardened circumference of heaven; for after all the earth is only an outlying province, and the very best of the fleshbound soul is in touch with the central molten life of Paradise. Thus men did their menial functions in the very eyes of the Gods, and there became practically no difference between a palace and a temple.” Thus Fenollosa: inspired, one would think, by something like actual memory.

This was the time of the Mikado Daigo, grandson of Fujiwara Mototsune, and the first of many emperors who were to be the grandsons of the successive heads of the great clan that had already taken the whole government into its hands. It was a hundred years before their régime showed any signs of weakening; although art and literature were not again what they had been during the first twenty years of it, the period Engi. Yet neither night nor day may last forever; light shall follow the one always, and darkness the other. By the end of the tenth century the Fujiwaras were being spoiled by power; by the middle of the eleventh, Japan had exhausted wholly the impulse of T'ang culture, and was afraid of new ideas from the continent. They were teaching Confucius and humdrum at Kioto, although they were busily laying both on the shelf at Kaifongfu. The fighting generals on the frontiers were no longer prepared to submit to the courtly, unwarlike Fujiwara lords at the capital; they had become half barbarian, and despised the over-civilized. Holding hereditary commands,

* Fenollosa: *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art.*

they bequeathed hereditary ambitions; so power grew into the hands of one and another of their families. In the middle of the twelfth century the rude Tairas were ousting the Fujiwaras, and an uncouth feudalism set in. Taira Kiyomori, indeed, supreme throughout the empire by 1160, essayed the great Fujiwara rôle: with something of its outward splendor, but none of its inward grace. The secret of that last was lost; nor could the Minamotos recover it when the Tairas fell. Japan had drawn in from a barbarous circumference elements that swamped for the time her central culture; there were wars and rumors of war; her essential warriorhood had passed from the inner to the outer plane. The Cycle of Asia was drawing to its close: China had but one more glorious century before her — after which you must seek the greater part of what light there was, in Europe.

But how different was the fate of Japan, when the great cataclysm came, from that of all other eastern civilizations! She alone was not to fall to the Mongols; she first was to drive the European peril victoriously from her shores. — Well, three Messengers of the Gods had come to her in quick succession, and she had received all of them open-heartedly; Tendai Theosophy had had its way with her, evoking in her soul an indomitable warrior spirit. Saracen civilization was to become effete and effeminate, and Tartar and Spanish savages were to smash it and sweep it away. Chinese civilization was to ossify and grow sterile, and to go down stubbornly fighting against invincible Kublai and his Christian artillery. But no such fate was for Dai Nippon. Night was to fall upon her; but not disastrous and destroying night. The warrior spirit was never to depart from her. Passing outward from its proper spiritual sphere, it wrecked her glorious culture outwardly, imposing on her feudal, rough and troublous centuries. But it still carried within it the seeds of Truth: was redeemed by the knightly code of Bushido; and still you should have found within her shores centers such as Miidera, where the one true Light still shone, and there was refuge and an open way for those of her sons who might desire to find the Gods. And all through the long winter of Asia, which has been the summer of Europe, she carried within her unconquerable heart the promise of a new spring: she remained intact and inviolate; and with the first swallow, the first snowdrop, the first thawing of the snows, she was ready to take the field.

HOMESICKNESS: by R. Machell

(With Pen and Ink Drawings by the Author)



AS the autumn sun was setting behind the trees of Cumberly plantation, old Molly Mathers came to her garden gate, to watch the transfiguration of the familiar landscape, from a mere matter of fields and trees and cows and clucking fowls, into that mystery of interblending tones, that glow and melting merge themselves in shade, uniting heaven and earth in one strange harmony, whose ancient beauty is as fresh today as when man first awoke to consciousness of beauty on this old Earth, and felt his heart respond to the eternal glory of the pageant of the passing of the day. So the old woman watched and wondered, thinking such thoughts as spring spontaneously from unknown depths into the mind of every unspoiled child of nature, and which appear to each entirely original: why not? Originality does not call for novelty in the ideas that are the souls of thoughts. Ideas are eternal, rays from the Central Sun, the Soul of the Universe, of which we are a part: there is no novelty in ideas, though, as they flash upon the mirror of the mind, and find reflection there, the thoughts, that are their outer form, and which translate their formless spirituality into the mode of our mentality, may be new, must be indeed; and these are original, being the children of the mind, born of the momentary union of Spirit and Matter.

The hour of sunset is like no other hour of the day; in Molly's mind it was associated with tea-time, not only from the fact that the one was more or less timed by the other, but also because she looked

upon her evening meditation as a kind of natural sacrament, from which she drew refreshment for her soul, just as she looked to get refreshment for her old body from her evening meal. She never put the thought in words; she was too wise to talk about such things to those that could not understand them, and the only one who could was Sally Cottrel her niece, who was as reticent as herself, and was perhaps even more sensitive to the spell of Nature.

So Molly stood and meditated on the marvel and the mystery that accompanied the changing of the day, while Sally made the tea; and, as she stood beneath the shelter of the arching thornbush, the vicar, passing down the lane, caught sight of her, and knew, by the infallible illumination of experience, that the old woman stood there waiting for him to pass, in order to suggest the fitness of the season to the accustomed dole of sundry sacks of coal, of which she surely stood in need, and of the which he was the administrator. And she, poor soul, as soon as she caught sight of him, responded to his train of thought and justified his judgment by a greeting followed by the familiar formula applicable to sacks of coal.

The application duly recorded, the genial vicar passed on his way filled with the satisfaction of benevolence, and of compassion for the poor and ignorant, who have no higher thoughts to brighten the darkness of their simple lives than those suggested by their own needs, or by the misdoings of their neighbors.

But the old woman turned, as he went, and took one last look at the fading glory of the sky, and wondered once more, as she had wondered from her childhood up, at the strange opening and closing of the door between the ordinary world, where sacks of coal and parsons play so prominent a part, and that other realm of mystery, that reveals its majesty just for a moment, maybe, when the change takes place that marks the closing of the day. That other world, that seemed so real, so much more real than this, that seemed so near, yet was so easily shut off, so hard to find again when lost; what was it? It was not visible, and yet it was perceptible in some strange way, it seemed to be intensely present, actual, and yet invisible: the glory of the sky was not a picture that evoked esthetic feelings, but, as it were, a mere accompaniment to the opening of a door, through which she passed into a state of ecstasy, that in itself was not of any measurable duration, and that yet had in it a feeling of eternity. She did not think of it as some place; she did not think of it at all, though she

did think about the wonder of it. But the experience itself was not a mental process, and for this reason possibly it would have been beyond the comprehension of the worthy vicar, who was so sure he understood these village people thoroughly, and had long ago concluded that they were almost as unintelligent as animals, and were only linked on to the upper classes by the saving grace of Christianity as brought down to their level by the ministrations of the clergy of the Established Church. To him imagination meant delusion simply, and intuition mere guessing or insanity, dangerous, and liable to lead to heresy. There was, for him, no other link between the world we live in and the rest, which he called heaven, than the religion of his Church. That was the only bridge that spanned the gulf between his world and all the vast universe that lies beyond this little span of physical experience that we call life.

Old Molly's demand for coal had put out of his mind a question that he meant to ask about the gossip he had heard, concerning an intimacy reported to exist between her handsome niece and that young Baxter, whose profligacy was notorious. The Baxters were of the old yeoman class, who held themselves too good to mate with villagers, and therefore the intimacy was most compromising to a girl like Sally Cottrel. It was said that she was seen going to meet him after dark in the Cumberly plantation, as the wood was called that lay close by between old Molly's cottage and the church.

There was an undeniable laxity in the morality of the villagers, doubtless a survival of the last generation's indifference to the mere form of marriage. The ceremony, before the vicar's time, had been regarded as a proper ratification of an existing union already blessed by progeny. This simple custom had deeply scandalized the good man, and he had done his best to raise the moral tone (as he called it) of the village. What he accomplished was to modify the custom, and to make marriage respected in the form at least. As to the real life of the people, it was a sealed book to him, both in its lower levels, which he thought he knew, and in its higher or inner phases, of which he had not the faintest suspicion.

Now Sally Cottrel was one of many, for the family of Cottrel was not one that could be charged with the crime of race-suicide, and the Cottrel girls were the most notoriously attractive in the parish. Sally herself had made a home almost of her aunt's cottage, escaping the swarm of children in her own mother's most disorderly

establishment at the North End, and more often than not would stay with old Molly when she went to look after her a bit. So now she was inside preparing the evening meal of tea and toast while Molly watched the sunset as she loved to do. She saw the vicar pass, and had no wish to meet him, but she watched to see if he would come to the cottage, meaning to escape into the back garden if he came.



There was a certain likeness between the young girl and the old woman, in spite of the exuberant vitality of the one and the fragile, tired appearance of the other. It was in the eyes, and also in the smile, that something shone through from an inner life: there was a strange intensity in the glance, and a peculiar charm both in the smile and also in a certain simple ease and dignity that indicated natural refinement.

No doubt the vicar would have been surprised if any one had questioned the orthodoxy of old Molly and her niece, for the old woman was a regular church-goer (for diplomatic reasons) and her niece Sally had been one of the brightest of the Sunday-school class in her young days. Yet it is safe to say they were as truly unorthodox as they well could be. The church religion had no point of contact with their soul-life; and their uncultivated mentality was absolutely indifferent to the dogmas of the Church or to the entire scheme of salvation which often passes for Christianity. But to both of them the inner life was a reality, for which indeed they had no language, and in the cult of which they used no ritual: but they had their own feelings and to some extent each knew that they shared a life that was a closed book to most of those they had to do with. Sally was no diplomatist, and stayed away from church because there was no meaning in it all to her. When her aunt looked into the fire and read the pictures that she saw there, the girl's quick imagination started into life, and carried her to heights beyond the range of mere mentality. Such things were

real, intensely real, while all the parson's sermons and the ritual of the church were cold and meaningless to her; nor could she comfortably sleep through the wearisome ordeal as did her aunt, and so she fell from grace, and was looked upon with much doubt as to her future by the vicar and his wife. His faith was fixed on the Established Church, outside of which he had no wish to wander. All speculation on religious matters was distasteful to him: he had a horror of free-thought, and a supreme contempt for mysticism, his reverence for conventionality was sincere, his own respectability unquestionable, and his orthodoxy immaculate.



When tea was over and the last glimmer of the after-glow had faded from the sky, the girl grew restless, and said she would go up to the North End to see her father and help care for the childer a bit. All which she did; but when she left her father's house she took the lane that led to Cumberly plantation across the old bridge by the mill. By that time the mill was empty and the miller comfortably established by his own fireside, but the lane was not altogether deserted, for a white fox-terrier came trotting up to her and greeted her with unmistakable familiarity. A little later, as she climbed the stile and passed into the silence of the wood, the owner of the terrier appeared and greeted her with a familiarity as unmistakable, though less demonstrative. The fox-terrier had matters of importance to attend to in the neighborhood, and when he made his

entry later into the drawing-room at the vicarage, his condition raised a protest from the lady of the house, who said that if her sons could not keep their dogs from hunting they should at least lock them up in the stables till they were dry and fit to come into the house. She went herself into the boys' smoking-room to say so, and found Charlie, the owner of the dog, quietly reading and smoking. He apologized for his dog's misconduct, and went to see his mother's wishes put into effect, and the dog locked up for the night to punish him for leaving his master when he was on his usual evening stroll. The dogs of the family were a constant source of trouble in the house, but no one dreamed of seriously objecting to their presence; they were a part of the household, more so indeed than most of the servants, who came and went unnoticed by the family in general. The house was large, and there was room enough for all, if each one would but look after his or her own dog properly. So said Mrs. Maister, and the family agreed with her, only regretting that she did not look after her own pet dog a little less carefully.

Charlie Maister returned to the smoking-room, but made no pretense of reading, though there was but a short time to the date of his next examination, and it was important that he should not fail again; for his father had made it clear to him that he must either get into the army or go to the colonies, and he had been really anxious to get through creditably; but just now reading was more than distasteful; the army had lost its charm, and the colonies seemed to offer a chance of freedom from discipline that was inviting to his easy-going nature. So that the examination loomed up before him as an experience to be avoided if possible, rather than as an opportunity to be seized.

He was not given to self-analysis, nor to serious reflection on the problems of life. Until now he had been content to take life as he found it, and to get all the pleasure he could out of it; while the future had troubled him not at all. He would go into the army, because that seemed the most attractive career open to him, not at all because he felt any ambition for distinction. It was simply a question of choosing the easiest and pleasantest path that lay before him. His ideal in life was enjoyment, and his principles briefly stated were to make life pleasant for himself first (naturally) and next for those he came in contact with; to respect his class; to conform as far as possible to the standards of honor generally accepted among gentlemen, and for the rest to avoid shocking the conventionalities. In

fact, if he were not absolutely unprincipled, it was due rather to his natural generosity and instinctive sense of right than to any definite ideals of life or well-defined principles of honor. Religion was an empty convention which did not interest him in the least. The respect he paid to his parents was more a matter of habit than of conviction, for he had almost unconsciously taken the measure of their mediocrity, and knew himself superior, though the thought had never taken definite form in his mind. Now, however, he was thinking, and thinking seriously, and the process was something like an initiation into the mysteries of life. His finer feelings had not been cultivated, nor indeed can it be said that they had even been recognized in the general scheme of his education, so that the possibilities of his own nature were an absolute mystery to him. He had no idea that he was capable of great things, and he took it for granted that he could not do anything dishonorable, while a crime was of course unthinkable. No one had ever told him of the duality of human nature; he knew that some men were bad and some good, while the rest he supposed were just normal, like himself, that is to say, natural.

Who was to tell him that his love of pleasure was the expression of the lower nature, which is capable of the deepest degradation; or that his intuitive perception of right was the proof of his inherent divinity and the evidence of heroic possibilities? Not his father with his cut-and-dried rules of conduct and formal orthodoxy, nor his mother with her unconscious selfishness and conventional propriety. What did they know of the real nature of those souls entrusted to their charge by the Great Law of life? They could not teach their children more than they knew themselves, and carefully refrained from teaching them even what they had learned from their own experience of life. And so, like most young men of his class, he had to learn by dangerous and painful experience those simple lessons of right conduct, that might have been mastered in the nursery easily and in safety. His love of beauty was intense and would have borne fine fruit if rightly cultivated, but it had been ignored and left to run riot in his nature; so that it was entangled with the lower tendencies, and gave to them a fascination that intoxicated his imagination, blinding him to the really vicious character of the passions, that lurked beneath the delusive blossoms of the enchanted garden of the senses, where every flower has its own peculiar poison or some serpent coiled about its stem, for the destruction of the ignorant.

His natural refinement had protected him from the grosser temptations that seduce men of coarser fiber, and he supposed himself therefore superior to the fascination that leads to vice; but when a child of nature crossed his path, his love of beauty swept him at once into the current of the passions he despised, when represented by the grosser forms of vulgar profligacy.

A village girl seen in a cottage garden set all the poetry of his nature to work weaving webs of fancy for his mind, to make into a royal robe wherewith to clothe the desire. And, because she too knew nothing of the forces that run riot in the human heart, her fancy caught the reflection of his poesy, and plunged her into an intoxication of romance that seemed to her an exaltation to undreamed-of heights of blessedness.

So these two learned the first letters of the alphabet of life in Nature's school; and woke to find that Nature teaches without any care for the conventionalities of civilized society, and with no regard at all for human convenience or respectability. The simple lesson, that yet seems so hard to learn, was not yet learned indeed, for man learns slowly when he only learns by personal experience; each new example of the same old rule seems like a new lesson involving unknown principles, and it may need innumerable repetitions of the same teaching, couched in countless forms of various circumstance, to bring the pupil to the recognition of the principle expressed in some simple adage, such as "ye reap as ye have sown," or "results follow causes as the furrow follows the plow." So simple, and yet how many life-times will it take to teach a man this fundamental law of life?

Now Charlie had to face the natural consequence of his own acts, and it seemed to him as if some cruel fate had interfered and changed the natural order, so as to put him in this dilemma. He felt not only trapped, but betrayed, fooled, put in a ridiculous position, which he had really not deserved. Of course he did not shirk responsibility, or wish to blame the girl, far from it; he was indeed more deeply concerned for her than she was for herself; but all the same the position in which he found himself was so incongruous, that he could see no sort of justice or right relation of results to causes, in the business.

He was an honorable man and would shield as far as possible the woman he had compromised; and he would make provision for her, and so on. Just how this was to be done by a youth without independ-

ent fortune or means of even supporting himself was another question. The immediate problem was how to avoid a scandal that would compromise his family: how could he keep it from his mother's knowledge. He saw no way out of the difficulty and began to move round the room like a caged animal, and that is what he felt like. He took up a book and the book-mark fell out: it was an illuminated text presented to him by one of his sisters on his birthday; and he hated texts, but this reminder of his sister acted as a spur to his impatience of the net he felt closing round him. He threw the marker on the table and the text caught his eye: "I will arise and go to my father, etc." He almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the suggestion — go to his father! — ridiculous!

The door opened, and the vicar came in with a bed-candle in his hand.

PART TWO



CHARLIE — I want a word with you."

Charlie turned hot and cold, and pulled an armchair forward for his father, while he filled another pipe rather uncomfortably. There was a pause. Then, as if anxious to get over an unpleasant matter quickly, the vicar flung a letter on the table, saying:

"Look at that.

That is what Blenkinsop has to say about you, mother's settlement, and your share in it; you know I told you I could appoint a certain part of it, so as to secure you a small income, enough to make it possible for you to live decently in a good regiment. You know you never could expect to get along with nothing but your pay, and I cannot undertake to pay your debts for you, as I have done for Arthur: he is the eldest and has a right to expect more than the rest; but I am not

a rich man as you know, and — well — there — read it yourself.”

By this time Charlie had glanced at the letter, and had seen that his share in his mother's settlement had mysteriously melted into a nominal sum secured on worthless mortgages. So he was to be penniless after all. He looked at his father rather blankly, and his father fidgeted awkwardly in his chair. He was not to blame, and yet he somehow felt guilty in the presence of his son, robbed of his small inheritance, by mere mismanagement, or perhaps simply by the ordinary accident of business failure. Charlie laughed somewhat sardonically as his eye fell on that text; there would be no fatted calf for him this time, evidently.



“Fortunately,” said his father, “my own investments have turned out well and so my income is not much reduced by these unfortunate mistakes of the trustees, or rather of Blenkinsop, who suggested the investments. But even so it is far short of what I need to meet the expenses of all the family, and keep things decent about the house for your mother and the girls, and make a home for the rest to come to occasionally. But you will see for yourself that you boys have got to earn your own living, and must not expect me to keep you always. I

am afraid you will have to give up the army and go to Canada or New Zealand, like your cousins: they are all doing well, and there is no reason why you should not get on as well as they.”

Charlie nodded, having heard this kind of thing so often, and having hitherto paid so little attention to it, that force of habit made it sound rather reassuring than otherwise. Anyway, he felt relieved of all responsibility as to the examination for the army, for which he had been supposedly preparing this last few months at home. Also his father's rather apologetic manner made him feel less like a prodigal son with a confession to make, and he decided not to spoil the feeling of the occasion by making any confession, tonight at least. So he

laughed it off, and wished his father good-night in his usual light-hearted manner. And the vicar went to bed feeling he had done his duty and maintained his dignity, and, what was more, had got an unpleasant matter off his mind. He sighed to think what a responsibility his large family was to him, but took comfort in the reflection that they had such a good home to come to and to think of in their absence. It was a principle with him to maintain the home in such a manner that it might serve to keep up the moral tone of the family, and make the boys feel the contrast if they fell into low society or got acquainted with second-rate people; he held that family pride was a great protection against low associations; and the girls were taught that it was their duty to make their brothers feel the good influence of refined society in their own home, so that they should have a good standard to measure other women by, and so be protected from the temptation to make undesirable acquaintances or bad marriages. There was, however, something lacking in this scheme apparently, though the vicar had not discovered it. He was very well pleased with his home and very proud of his family, which he felt was a model to all his less fortunate neighbors.

Now that it was settled that Charlie could not go into the army, it was considered wise to get him off as soon as possible; and his uncle, Colonel John Maister, who was one of the trustees for the settlement that had been so mismanaged, offered to send him out to Canada at once, to the farm in which one of his own sons had a share. Further, he proposed to pay his fare and provide him with a good outfit, urging him to lose no time in making up his mind, and invited him to visit him in London so as to settle matters more conveniently.

This offer was gladly accepted, and in a very short time, all these matters were arranged. Charlie confessed to his uncle that he was in debt to the amount of nearly £100, and, as he had made no complaint about the loss of his expected inheritance, his uncle gave him a check for the amount, as a sop to his own conscience. This sum the young man devoted to the soothing of *his* conscience, and, after much deliberation, placed it in the hands of a young lawyer with whom he had been at school, for the use of the girl whom he had compromised, and whom he was about to leave to bear the consequences of their infatuation as best she could. For himself, he awoke from his dream with something of a shock, and with a well-defined feeling of contempt for his own blind passion, tinged with regret for the poor girl, who had

worshiped him as a superior being, and who had idealized their passion into an ecstasy of almost superhuman bliss. He vaguely felt that she was no ordinary child of passion, but he failed utterly to measure the depth and the simplicity of her nature. The people in the village called her proud, and prophesied wisely enough that she would come to a bad end, because she despised her class, and had ideas. Yes, she had ideas: ignorant, and uncultured she was; but she had ideas. Unfortunately she did not understand the first word of the mystery of the human heart, and followed the impulse of the moment unquestioningly. Her love was adoration, her passion ecstasy, her ideal lover was a being, not as other men, but indeed divine, according to her measure of divinity; and she worshiped at his shrine the sacred fire of the Gods, intoxicated by the exhalation of her own imagination, even as a pythoness with exhalations from some cavern of the mysteries.

In his absence, she lived in dreams, and wandered in the wood, that was to her a sacred grove, in which the mystery of love had been revealed; her dreams were all etherealized beyond the range of mere emotion; they were impersonal states of ecstasy, in which her own heart seemed to open out into the heart of nature, feeling the throb of universal life, as if it were in no wise separate from the great mother-heart of Nature: and the first premonitions of maternity came to her as a revelation of her own divinity. Fortunately, perhaps, she had no language to express her own emotions, and lived her inner life alone with blessed dreams for company. The first cloud to cast a shadow in her paradise came in the form of a communication from the young lawyer, in which he said that he had been instructed by his client Charles Maister to provide her with such funds as might be necessary in certain eventualities, and said he would himself pay her a visit in a few days' time to explain matters more clearly, as Mr. Maister might be absent for some time. But this diplomatic mitigation of her lover's desertion was robbed of its virtue by the crude gossip of the village, which said that the parson's son had been sent off to Canada because he had got into debt; some said he had committed forgery, and had bolted from the clutches of the law; but oddly enough his name was never coupled with that of the village girl.

The lawyer was a gentleman and did his errand tactfully, assuming for the occasion the formal manner that seemed to exclude all possibility of general discussion, which he dreaded, for he felt somewhat

ashamed for his client and somewhat alarmed at the probability of a "scene." But there was no such thing. The girl seemed to be satisfied that all was as it should be, or at least, as well as circumstances would permit, and merely thanked the lawyer for his services, leaving him deeply impressed with the calm self-reliance of this strangely attractive girl.

He had suggested that she might find employment for a time in the town, and there make arrangements for the future, so as to avoid the gossip of the village; his intention being to protect the Maisters from a possible scandal: as yet apparently no one knew anything of the affair except Molly Mathers, who was a strange woman, not addicted to gossip, and yet well liked in a community that lived on gossip, one might say. Sally agreed to the proposal, and went to the neighboring town to talk with a relative who had a small business there. She found the family making their final arrangements to quit the country, in order to try their luck in a new land; and they being full of great expectations, persuaded her to join the party, when they learned that she was wishing to leave her home. Sally needed little persuasion when she heard the land of their choice was Canada; and the lawyer, when told, replied in a most encouraging letter and assurances of help, that would smooth the way for all the party. He arranged it so that the girl should not be compromised by his assistance, and represented himself as acting for a certain emigration company with which he was connected. There seemed to him to be a certain fitness of things in this move, and he wondered if the hand of destiny would bring his friend Charlie to book, by one of those tricks that most of us call accidents. He himself was loyal to his client, and did not betray his whereabouts, of which indeed he was not himself clearly informed, for Charles Maister seemed to have ideas of his own as to his future; and his friend thought it hardly likely that he would settle down permanently on a farm, not if there were gold-fields within reach.

In his final interview the lawyer explained the arrangements he had made, giving her a letter of credit on a bank in Canada for the sum he thought necessary, and advising her to register as Mrs. Mathers going to join her husband. He gave her a wedding ring and advised her to wear it, undertaking himself to explain the situation to her fellow-travelers; which he did successfully, with a very slight straining of the truth to meet the needs of the case. So Sally sailed for Canada within a few weeks of her lover; and the young lawyer, won-

dering what the future had in store for his young client, felt well pleased with his own share in the business. And the vicar too was pleased to think that Charlie's loss had been discovered before he had taken the final step of entering the army; because he knew the boy was too luxurious by nature to be satisfied to live on a subaltern's pay; and now he was at least out of the way of mischief. Thinking of the gossip he had heard about young Baxter and one of the Cottrel girls had made him realize that there were dangers for a young man like Charlie even in his own village; and when young Baxter, just about this time quarreled with his father and left the country without saying where he was going, and when Sally Cottrel emigrated with her relatives, and gossip put a connecting link between these two events, the vicar shook his head wisely and thanked God none of his sons had so disgraced themselves.

And Molly Mathers looked into the embers of her cottage hearth, and saw such pictures as are seen by those whose hearts reflect the heart-light of the world, that shines in the sunlight, shimmers in the stars, gleams where the stream reflects the glamor of the moon, glows in the embers when darkness shuts the daylight from the house, and the winds moan and whistle through the trees.

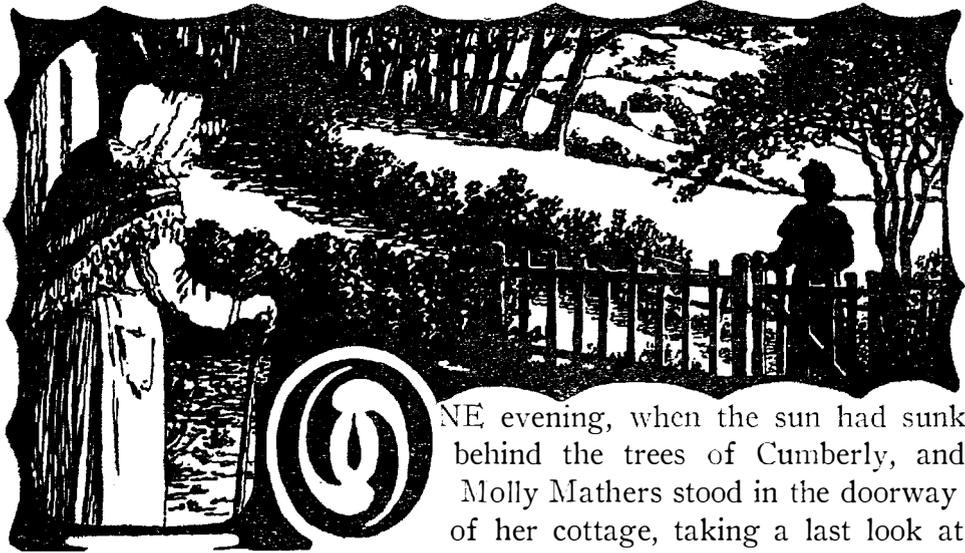
Those pictures in the embers puzzled her, it was so hard to read them right.

The vicar came, and questioned her discreetly as he thought, but the old woman was so ignorant and so confiding, that she seemed blind to the weaknesses of young women generally and of Sally in particular, and expressed her absolute conviction that there was no truth in all the gossip about young Baxter and her niece. But the vicar was too astute to be deceived, and drew his own conclusions, as he did usually, in strict conformity with his own preconceptions, and with a total disregard for the convictions of old Molly, who watched him, and read his thoughts more easily than she could read her Bible; and she played with him, leaving him utterly blind to the true reason for the girl's disappearance.

Then came letters from his son, and then a long silence. Colonel Maister wrote, saying no news had come of the arrival of his nephew at the farm; and there the matter stood, until a few months later, when a letter came to the colonel, in which Charlie explained his reasons for his change of plans, and said that he had joined a mining group and had good prospects and great hopes, and that was all. And

Molly looked into the fire for news; and was not disappointed when no letters came. She missed the girl more than she cared to say, and chafed at the difficulty of interpreting her pictures and her sunset meditations. There was so much of mystery and majesty in those visions and so little news, as one might say, that her life seemed lonelier than before, and the long winter seemed more barren of consolation than in former years, by reason of the fogs and storms that robbed her of her pictures in the sky. Cumberly wood looked cold and cheerless now, and her own hearth seemed comfortless. She grew uneasy for the girl, who had come nearer to her heart than she had realized; but no one guessed what ailed the old woman when they spoke of her failing health. And the months passed, and summer came and went, and autumn slipped away, and the long days of winter dropped into the lap of Time like dead leaves from the trees, and only a sense of loneliness remained as harvest of the passing seasons: this was her gleaning in the field of life. The little world she lived in became more like a strange land, and the cottage she had loved so well scarce seemed to be a home now that the girl was gone. She had lived so long alone and never known her loneliness, that now the desolation that had fallen on her appeared unnatural, and she rebelled against it, fighting off the hand of time, facing the empty future, with a courage born of an inner consciousness of immortality, and refusing to be crushed by the mere delusion of her loneliness, she who had caught some glimpses of the universal life in meditation on the Mysteries of Nature revealed to her here in her little home. And those that saw her thought that she only lived because she refused to part with what they loved so well and she so little. Death had no terrors for a soul like hers.

PART THREE



ONE evening, when the sun had sunk behind the trees of Cumberly, and Molly Mathers stood in the doorway of her cottage, taking a last look at the familiar scene, which never lost its novelty to her, there came a woman to the garden gate; not one of the villagers: a lady seemingly, to judge by her dress, though it was hard for the old eyes to see distinctly in the fading light. She seemed to hesitate a moment, looking towards the path that led to Cumberly plantation, as if she thought to go that way, then catching sight of the old woman in the cottage doorway, she apparently made up her mind to speak to her. Opening the gate as one familiar with the ways of cottage gates, she came up the narrow pathway eagerly, and put her hands on the old woman's shoulders, looking her in the face, with such a stange intensity in her gaze as might have made a stranger think that this was some demented creature. But Molly met the searching look with eyes as deep, though dimmed by age, and knew the woman with the luminous eyes for her whose absence had been the absorbing topic of her thoughts for all these years. She clasped her hands and laid them on the woman's breast, and looked into her soul in silence; and in that glance passed beyond barriers of time and place into the wonderland that lies within, where there is neither age nor separation, only the peace and joy unspeakable of Home.

That night none of the Cottrel grandchildren were about the house, which was a kind of refuge to them from the frequent storms that broke the occasional monotony of life at home, and made a temporary change of domicile desirable; so the two women were alone. At first they hardly spoke, but drank their tea as quietly as if the

gulf had closed and left them where they were ten years ago. But when the meal was over and Sally had cleared up, as she was used to do in the old days that seemed like yesterday, she took her place beside the fire, and began abruptly:

“I couldn’t keep away. I had to come. When the child died it seemed as if something in me died too, and all I wanted was to be at home again. I thought if I could once more see the sun setting through the trees of — the plantation, I could get back where I was before — this happened. And so I came.”



Old Molly nodded quietly as if she knew it must be so.

“I left him at last because I lost my hold on him, and could not keep him straight. At first he listened to me, let me have my way, and we might have done well enough, as others did: but he loved company too well, bad company with drink and cards, and quarrels, and the like, and it is not hard to find company like that out there. At last he turned on me, and I could do no more. Then the child died. And then I left him. I could have made a business for myself, indeed I did, but I had no heart for it, and sold the place, because I had no rest thinking of home.”

“How did you find him, Sally?”

“I saw his name in the paper in an account of the finding of a new mine. I guessed that it was he, although the name was wrongly spelled; and so I followed him. It was a long journey, and I had to stop to earn money on the road to get from place to place; it is a terrible great land is that.”

The old woman nodded knowingly, as if she too had been a traveler. Indeed it seemed to her as if she had been traveling all her life, exploring the limits of the habitable world, seeking some unknown one whom she had lost in a forgotten past, of which remained only the yearning in her heart.

There was a pause, and then she said:

“They say it is a hard life that, for a gentleman not used to such-like.”

“Yes. The life is hard, though not too hard for a young man; but it is worse, it is a bad life for a man who is not master of himself and cannot say ‘No!’ and stand to it. They drink and fight and gamble, and women from the cities go there to get their money from them; and they too gamble and drink. The men that live clean and sober, soon get rich, but the rest squander all they get, and die in a fight, as like as not. And so I came away.”

“Poor lass!” said Molly gently. “I’ve looked into the fire many a time, and tried to find you. I knew that you would meet, but what would come of it I could not tell; and then I lost you altogether. I saw travel, and sorrow, and death, but I could not read the story right. . . . We’ve got another parson now; Mr. Maister went to Desbro’; he is dean of the cathedral and a big man now, they say.”

“Yes, I heard of that.”

The old woman went on meditatively.

“I think he fretted a bit about the lad; but then he always made himself believe his sons could never come to harm—he was that proud and confident. I always thought his mother was too fine a lady to be much of a teacher to her childer; but they had a good schooling, all those sons; and most of them have married money and hold their heads high, at least that’s what folks say.”

“He might have done the same, perhaps; I’ve often thought it was a bit my fault, and that’s what made me stay with him after he—wanted to be free. I thought I might save him from the worst; but it’s hard to hold a man in such a place, once that the drink has got him. I had to leave him at the last. Besides, the homesickness came

on me then: it is an awful thing to have no home and feel yourself lost in a strange land, but the homesickness is the worst of all. I've seen men out there go melancholy mad just pining for a home they never cared for when they had it. It's like living in hell and hearing the angels singing up in heaven, just overhead, beyond your reach. I sometimes think it is because we came from there — we must have come from somewhere — and some of us remember just enough to know we are in hell and ought to be in heaven. There's heaven and hell upon this earth as well, and they are not far apart; but there's another world that seems to call and call, it calls us home. That is what homesickness means. And yet I only thought of Cumberly and here. This was the home I thought of, but the call comes from some other world than this."

"Aye, aye," said the old woman dreamily; "it keeps on calling all the time. I used to wonder what it was, and once when I was down with fever, and parson came, he read the Bible to me, and some of it seemed so like what I was dreaming of, I asked him what it meant. That was because the fever made me weak and foolish. There's only those that know can say what such things mean, and parsons have other things to think about; I've naught to say against them; they have their business to attend to, and a body has no need to ask questions about such things. But I was not just myself, being full of the fever. And now you speak of it, I think I have been homesick all my life, although I never left the village, and have had my own home to live in; and that is more than a many have. To think of all the people in the world, and all the towns and villages, and all the houses people call their homes — that's what I've thought of most of all: Why are there so many houses that are not homes?"

"I don't know why. It seems to me that home is not just the house we live in, nor just the place where we were born; it may be somewhere else; it may not be a happy place, and yet it may be home. I think it is a place where one belongs, because one feels so safe at home. It seems as if one knew that somewhere in the home there was a doorway that might open all by itself, and we should see the world we come from, and the part of ourself we left behind, the better part. That's what we pine for most, that other self. That's why we are so lonely when we are away from home: we cannot find the door anywhere else; and so we long to be at home again, hoping to find it open. One lives on hope, I think. But when that

feel of loneliness comes over one it makes us homesick. There can be no loneliness when one is At Home, for there we are all one."

There was a silence in the darkening room, and a strange sense of peace, like that which falls upon us sometimes when the sun goes down, and nature hesitates as if about to open wide some portal in the temple of the mysteries. It may be that the door is open then, though we, who watch and wait, can neither see nor hear: but in our heart we know that Home is very near, just out of reach, perhaps, just hidden by a veil, the veil of time, that masks the mystery of eternity, that fools us with fond memories of the past, and tempts us with fair visions of futurity, blinding us to the portal that stands open all the while, the Present Moment, the Eternal Now, the only door through which we can approach the mystery of Home.



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, A. M., PH. D.

PART I — TROY AND CRETE



IT is noteworthy that all our positive knowledge of the prehistoric peoples of the Aegean has been gained through excavations that have been carried on during the last forty-five years. It was therefore during the last quarter of the 19th century, a time contemporaneous with the activity of Madame Blavatsky and the founding of the Theosophical Society, that the veil was lifted from this chapter of the world's history, a time stated by Madame Blavatsky as one in which new discoveries would make accessible to the world a wider knowledge and understanding. Before 1870, practically nothing was known regarding this early race beyond a few massive stone walls of Cyclopean masonry, similar in style to those found in many other parts of the world, and the early Greek myths and legends. These myths and legends, as embodied in the Iliad and the Odyssey, were usually considered to be purely the product of poetical imagination and no credence was given to them as of possible value in historical research. This scepticism was, as we now know, quite unjustified, for each new archaeological discovery in Greek lands has tended to substantiate the statement of H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* when she says:

That all the Greek fables were built on historical facts, if that history had only passed to posterity unadulterated by myths.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 769

The vindication of the historical truth embodied in the early Greek myths and legends has chiefly resulted from the unbounded enthusiasm of one man, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, a German, who overcame one obstacle after another until he made discoveries of such magnitude that the world was *forced* to believe, although some scholars still scoffed, even when at Schliemann's invitation they ate bread, made

from grain that had been stored more than three thousand years before in the giant jars of Priam's palace, or that of some other pre-historic king of Troy. The finds, they asserted, were probably those buried by the Goths about 267 A. D., or perhaps were even of very recent Byzantine origin!

Schliemann's life is filled with so many remarkable incidents that it is worth while to sketch it briefly. Surely it was no accident that he was chosen by the Muse of History to open a door in the chambers of the past which had long been sealed, and his love of and veneration for Homer must have been brought by him down from antiquity, an ante-natal inheritance long antedating his birth.

Heinrich Schliemann, a clergyman's son, was born on January 6, 1822, at Neu Buckow, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He passed his boyhood in his father's parish of Ankershazen where his natural love for the romantic and the marvelous was increased, for as he himself writes:

Our garden house was said to be haunted by the ghost of my father's predecessor Pastor von Russdorf, and just behind our garden was a pond called "das Silberschälchen," out of which a maiden was believed to rise each midnight holding a silver bowl. There was also in the village a small hill, surrounded by a ditch, probably a prehistoric burial-place (or so-called Hünengrab) in which, as the legend ran, a robber knight in times of old had buried his beloved child in a golden cradle. Vast treasures were also said to have been buried close to the ruins of a round tower in the garden of the proprietor of the village.

All these tales were ardently believed by the sensitive child, who, whenever his father complained of poverty, expressed his surprise because his father did not dig up the silver bowl or the golden cradle and so become rich.

When seven years of age, Schliemann received a Christmas present of a child's history of the world, in which the picture of Troy in flames with its huge walls and the Scaean Gate with Aeneas in flight, carrying his father Anchises on his shoulders and leading his son Ascanius by the hand, made a deep impression upon him and awoke a passionate longing in him to visit the site of Troy. Great was his grief when he was told that the massive walls of the ancient city had been destroyed without leaving even a trace, and he replied, "Father, if such walls once existed, they cannot possibly have been completely destroyed; vast ruins of them must still remain, but they are hidden beneath the dust of ages." His father stoutly maintained the con-

trary opinion without convincing the son until at last they agreed that Heinrich should one day excavate Troy. When he was ten he was able to please his father by composing a Latin essay on the chief events of the Trojan War. But family misfortunes soon drove him from his studies and compelled him to be apprenticed to a small grocer in the village of Fürstenberg. For five and a half years the long monotony of his apprenticeship was broken only by one great occurrence. One night a drunken miller entered the shop and in the words of Dr. Schliemann,

recited to us about one hundred lines of the poet (Homer), observing the rhythmic cadence of the verses. Although I did not understand a syllable, the melodious sound of the words made a deep impression upon me, and I wept bitter tears over my unhappy fate. Three times over did I get him to repeat to me those divine verses. . . . From that moment I never ceased to pray God that by His grace I might yet have the happiness of learning Greek.

Many remarkable events soon happened to the boy, who after injuring his chest in lifting a heavy weight, became a cabin-boy and joined a ship bound for Venezuela and was wrecked off the Dutch coast. He then became an office boy in Amsterdam and endured much suffering by spending half of his trifling earnings on his studies. He says:

I never went on my errands, even in the rain, without having my book in my hand and learning something by heart. I never waited at the postoffice without reading, or repeating a passage in my mind.

At this time he learned on an average of six months each, English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese. Then followed his study of Russian and this gave him his great opportunity, for he was sent to Russia as an agent of his firm and ultimately set up business for himself. He devoted himself entirely to the indigo trade. In 1850 he became an American citizen because he happened to be in California in that year on July 4th, the day upon which the state was admitted into the Union.

In 1858, Dr. Schliemann believed that his fortune was sufficiently large to enable him to devote his energies entirely to archaeology. He had begun to study Greek two years before but he had not dared to do so earlier because he feared that he would fall under the spell of Homer and neglect his business before he could afford to give it up. He traveled extensively, just reached Athens and was on the point of starting for Ithaca when a lawsuit recalled him to St. Petersburg

and detained him there for several years. Therefore he was forced temporarily to resume his business activities, but when the lawsuit was decided in his favor, in 1863, he permanently severed all his business ties and in the spring of 1864 traveled to Carthage and India, remaining several months in China and Japan. He resided in Paris from 1865 to 1868 and devoted his attention chiefly to the study of archaeology. In 1868 he first visited the classical spots, whose excavation was to make him world famous. He spent almost all of 1869 in the United States and in April 1870 first turned the sod at Hissarlik, the site of ancient Troy. The excavations proper, however, could not begin until September 1871, because of the necessity of obtaining permission from the Turkish Government. As he had risen above the difficulties and misfortunes of his youth so hereafter he gradually vanquished the scepticism and dogmatism of contemporary scholars. In 1873 Dr. Schliemann's zeal caused him to return to Hissarlik in February and for six weeks thereafter the cold was just bearable during the day, while busy with the excavations, "but of an evening," he writes, "we had nothing to keep us warm except our enthusiasm for the great work of discovering Troy." The year 1873 brought Schliemann's first real success with the discovery of the famous "Great Treasure" of the second city of Troy.

From Troy Schliemann followed Agamemnon to Mycenae and turned his attention to the mainland of Greece. The excavations at Mycenae continued until the end of 1876. Then Schliemann again excavated at Troy and later at the so-called "Treasury of Minyas" at Orchomenus, in Boeotia. From March until June 1884, Dr. Schliemann worked at Tiryns. In 1886-1888 he excavated in Egypt. In 1887 he wished to dig at Cnossus in Crete, but the excessive demands of the owners of the land frustrated his work. Dr. Schliemann generally spent his periods of leisure at Athens, where his palatial home is filled with reminders of the world in which its owner lived and worked. Copies of the chief vases and urns discovered at Troy are worked in mosaic on its floors. Along the walls are friezes filled with pictures illustrative of the Greek epic and with appropriate Homeric quotations. The porter who admitted visitors was named Bellerophon, the footman, Telamon, Dr. Schliemann's daughter, Andromache, and his son Agamemnon. In 1889, less than a year before his death at Naples, on December 26, 1890, Dr. Schuchardt, the author of "Schliemann's Excavations," wrote:

Dr. Schliemann is now in his sixty-ninth year, but his activity and love of enterprise show no signs of decay. We may still look to him for many additions to science, and we hope to thank him for disclosing the heroic age of Greece in the periods of its power and its decadence, which may perhaps be found in Crete, the land of Minos.

Although Schliemann's death prevented him from realizing these hopes, his mantle, as we shall see, fell upon Sir Arthur Evans, the excavator of Cnossus, a man in many ways much like Schliemann in character and disposition.

Archaeologists are accustomed to classify prehistoric civilizations according to the materials out of which the men of those civilizations made their tools and their weapons. The divisions thus obtained are (1) Palaeolithic, or Old Stone Age, (2) the Neolithic or New Stone Age, (3) the Bronze Age, and (4) the Iron Age. In this connexion it is interesting to compare the five Ages of the world according to the Epic poet Hesiod, who wrote probably in the 7th century B. C. His Ages are: (a) first, the Golden; (b) secondly, the Silver Age. Both of these are ideal. They are succeeded by (c) thirdly, the Bronze Age, mighty and strong. "Of bronze were their vessels, of bronze their houses, with tools of bronze they worked; dark iron was not yet." Then came (d) a fourth generation,

a generation juster and better, the divine race of Heroes, who are called demi-gods. Cruel war and the stern cry of battle destroyed them, some as they strove for the flocks of Oedipus at Thebes and some when they had been led on ship-board over the great gulf of the sea to Troy for the sake of Helen with her fair tresses.

Then these, too, went hence—

to dwell in the Isles of the Blessed by the deep sounding ocean, like Happy Heroes, and the fertile earth yields them honey sweet harvest thrice a year.

(e) the fifth and last age is the Iron Age.

During the Palaeolithic and Neolithic Ages men's tools and weapons were made principally of stone, and during the Bronze Age, principally of bronze. It is important to note that these terms are not connected with any given period in the world's history; for example, when the Spaniards conquered the American Indians in the 16th century, the Indians were living practically in a Stone Age culture, while the end of the Stone Age in Greek lands is usually placed as early as 3000 B. C. At any given time in the world's history, one portion of its surface may be the seat of a high and advanced civili-

zation, while contemporaneously another portion may be in or just emerging from a "Dark Age" barbarism. Also, a cataclysm or gigantic calamity may arrest the development of civilization in any given place, so that a Bronze or an Iron Age civilization may *there* be succeeded by a Stone Age culture; but the normal cycle of development is from the Stone Age to the Bronze and from the Bronze to the Iron Age.

In the Aegean basin up to the present time no certain remains of Palaeolithic man have been discovered, but this fact is not usually regarded as indicating that man did not then inhabit the mainland of Greece and the Aegean Islands. Such remains may indeed be discovered later. They are usually found in caves or in gravel drifts of river beds. The tools and weapons consist of chipped stone, usually flint, while the bones of the animals found with these are those of fossil species. The implements of Neolithic man, on the other hand, are made of smooth or polished stone. Neolithic remains have been found on the island of Crete especially at Cnossus and Phaestus, on Melos and on the mainland of Greece in Attica and in Thessaly. The date of the beginning of the Neolithic Age in Greek lands is quite problematical but it must have been many millennia ago, as is indicated by the great depth at which these remains have been discovered. Sir Arthur Evans believes that the Neolithic settlements at Cnossus began *circa* 10,000 B. C.; more conservative scholars have suggested 7000 B. C.

The great antiquity of the human race, as stated by Theosophy, would imply either that we have not even yet discovered the earliest civilization of the Aegean basin or that the present-day estimates of the antiquity of the civilization, which is known, is not sufficiently extended. Perhaps both implications are true, for Mme. Blavatsky says,

Although historians have dwarfed almost absurdly the dates that separate certain events from our modern day, nevertheless, once that they are known and accepted, they belong to history. Thus the Trojan War is an historical event; and though even less than 1000 years B. C. is the date assigned to it, yet in truth it is nearer 6000 than 5000 years B. C.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 437

Despite the inadequacy of the modern chronological tables which fail to recognize the vast extent of historic antiquity, it has been thought advisable to adhere to the current conclusions of the best archaeologists of today for the purposes of these lectures upon the early Aegean civilization, since these dates will prove to be of

service as aids to classification, if they are treated as provisional and hypothetical only.

Archaeologists are more nearly at one in their calculations as to the end of the Neolithic Age, aided, as they are, by a comparison with the civilization of Ancient Egypt. The date usually given for this is 3000 B. C.

During the Neolithic Age the makers of the prehistoric Aegean civilization not only carried on an extensive commerce but also developed a good knowledge of the art of decoration. The designs found on the pottery of this period consist principally of rectilinear geometric figures, which are either incised or modeled but apparently not painted until the end of the period. The Neolithic pottery shows no trace of the potter's oven or of the potter's wheel. The houses of Neolithic times were generally of mud and wattles, but there are some examples of stone-built houses, which are of a rectangular shape. In Thessaly Neolithic culture survived throughout the flourishing periods of Cretan and Mycenaean art. Neolithic houses of three rooms, with sockets for wooden pillars, have been discovered, and caves were also still used as dwellings.

The question of giving a definite name to epochs succeeding the Neolithic Age is a complicated one due to the fact that the remains are widely separated and cover various periods. Consequently, local names, such as Mycenaean or Minoan, are inadequate, though naturally emphasized by the various discoverers most closely interested. Neither is it wise to use the term Prehistoric Greek civilization, for such usage would be misleading since the nationality of the makers of the civilization is still an open question. Therefore the term Aegean seems to be the most satisfactory.

Since the discoveries which have been made on the island of Crete are far more important and continuous than those made elsewhere, the system of classification worked out by the Cretan excavators and in particular that made by Sir Arthur Evans is the most useful. According to this system the Neolithic Age began *circa* 10,000 B. C. and extended until *circa* 3000 B. C. To this period belongs the cave at Miamu, the house at Magasa as well as the Neolithic settlements at Cnossus and Phaestus.

Then, the Bronze Age, which Sir Arthur Evans begins *circa* 3000 B. C., is divided into three periods corresponding to its rise, culmination, and decline, and each of these three main periods in its

turn is subdivided into three minor subdivisions, also corresponding to the same cyclic progression of rise, culmination, and decline. All these nine strata, existing above the Neolithic, are named Minoan. The term, however, is open to serious objections and is, I believe, more provocative of confusion than of help; for although there is some doubt as to the date and nationality of Minos, in any case he can hardly have lived before what in this system is called the Late Minoan period. Therefore, confusion and inconsistency inevitably arise from the association of the name Minos with a civilization which for the most part was far anterior to his birth and a descriptive *place* rather than a *personal* name should be chosen. If, then, the term Aegean is substituted for Minoan in this scheme of classification, we obtain the following results.

The first Early Aegean period or Early Aegean I, is believed to be contemporary with the first four dynasties of Egypt, *circa* 3000 B. C. It is not represented by any important finds. Early Aegean II, *circa* 2500 B. C., is parallel to the sixth dynasty of Egypt. To this period belong the settlements discovered at Vasilike and Mokhlos and the tombs found at Koumasa, Hagia Triada, Hagios Onuphrios, and in the cist graves of the Cyclades. In Early Aegean III, *circa* 2400 B. C., the Cyclades seem first to have come into close connexion with Crete. Before this date the Cycladic culture was apparently more progressive than that of Crete. Early Aegean III is contemporary with the beginnings of the first city at Philakopi, on Melos, and the Second or "Burnt City" at Troy. It is also in this period that Egyptian influence begins to be strongly felt in Crete.

Middle Aegean I, *circa* 2200 B. C., is distinguished by the use of a pictographic script. To this period seem to belong the beginnings of polychrome painting and a naturalistic tendency in art. In this period are to be dated the earlier Cretan palaces, whose foundations lie underneath the ruins which have been excavated.

Middle Aegean II, *circa* 2000 B. C., is parallel with the twelfth dynasty of Egypt and is the period in which the first climax of the Aegean civilization culminated at Cnossus and at Phaestus. The so-called teacup ware, the highest development of the "Kamares" vases, belongs to this period. The patterns are usually geometric. This age ended in a general catastrophe and the destruction of the earlier palaces.

In Middle Aegean III, *circa* 1800 B. C., the later palace at Cnossus

and the first villa at Hagia Triada were built and the town of Gournia begun. This is parallel with the Hyksos invasion of Egypt. The vases display a beautiful naturalism. Particularly delicate are the lily patterns.

Late Aegean I, *circa* 1600 B. C., is parallel with the Seventeenth Dynasty in Egypt. It is the time of greatest prosperity at Hagia Triada — the time when the first villa was reconstructed — Gournia, Zakro, and Psyra; the age of the Second city at Phylakopi on Melos, the period in which the later Palace of Phaestus was begun. During this age were made many of the masterpieces of prehistoric Aegean art which have survived, such as the elaborate checkerboard found in the palace at Cnossus. Naturalism still prevailed in the vases. Especially common are flower and shell designs and linear writing of the first class was in general use.

Late Aegean II, *circa* 1500 B. C., is parallel with the Eighteenth Dynasty. Of particular importance as proof of the connexion between Crete and Egypt are the frescoes on the tombs of Sen-Mut and Rekhmara, at Thebes in Egypt, belonging to this time; for on these monuments are seen "Keftians" and "men of the isles in the midst of the sea," who are probably the prehistoric Aegeans bringing gifts or tribute to the Egyptian king and the very vases which they carry are similar to those of the great Palace period of Cnossus. It is the Golden Age of Crete, the period in which the later Palace of Cnossus was remodeled. This is the great architectural period of Cnossus; to it belong the Throne Room and Basilica Hall of the Royal Villa. The frescoes at Cnossus, of which the "Cupbearer" is the most notable example, were made at this time, as well as the reliefs of stone and of painted plaster. In this age were destroyed the country towns of Gournia, Zakro, and Palaiokastro, and in this age were founded the mainland capitals of Mycenae and Tiryns. Here belong the shaft graves of Mycenae and various links between Crete and the Greek Mainland appear. In this period the vases of the "Palace Style" were made, and linear script of the second class was used. Late Aegean II ended with the fall of Cnossus, which is believed to have occurred somewhat before 1400 B. C.; at the same time also were probably destroyed the palace at Phaestus and Hagia Triada. According to Sir Arthur Evans there was no evidence of decadence, but "it was a civilization which was still young and developing, that

was given a sudden and crushing blow by the sack of Cnossus." Minos probably lived toward the end of Late Aegean II.

The third Late Aegean period, *circa* 1400-1200 B. C., marks the end of the Bronze Age. It was a period of great political upheaval. Cnossus was partly reoccupied and so were Hagia Triada, Gournia, and Palaiokastro. To this period belong various tombs found at Kalyviani near Phaestus, at Mouliana and elsewhere. There was a steady decline in prosperity and art throughout the island of Crete, and the supremacy was transferred to the mainland capitals of Tiryns and Mycenae. This is the Age of the Sixth City at Troy.

The remains of the Bronze Age prove that this period marks a distinct advance over the Neolithic culture. The center of this civilization seems to have been at first among the islands of the Aegean rather than on the continent of Greece. The architectural remains are much more massive and their workmanship testifies to a high degree of skill. The pottery shows the introduction of the potter's wheel and oven; the decorations are of curvilinear geometric designs. The cities of the Bronze Age were well fortified and well laid out with elaborate and successful drainage. The houses, with apparently pitched roofs, consisted of several rooms, and the general level of the civilization was high. The commercial relations were extensive, as is shown by the similarity in objects found on the islands of the Aegean, the mainland of Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor.

The remains of the prehistoric Aegean Bronze Age civilization are strikingly uniform. The chief monuments which have been preserved are city walls, palaces (the most important of all), private houses, tombs and theaters. Temples are strikingly absent from the extant remains. Some of the larger halls were lighted from above by a clerestory, or kind of skylight. The building materials are stone for the foundations and lower parts of the walls, with sun-dried brick, a perishable material which has long ago crumbled, and wood, in the upper parts, which has likewise been destroyed. The brick was reinforced by wooden beams and faced by wooden planks, while the windows, doors, and frequently the columns were also of wood. The masonry is of three styles, (a) the Cyclopean, consisting of roughly hewn stones, (b) the Polygonal, consisting of irregularly cut stones admirably fitted together, and (c) the Ashlar, which is characterized by tiers of rectangular blocks of regular height.

Plate I is a view of Pergamus, the citadel of ancient Ilium or Troy,

seen from the north. The excavation shafts are visible at various points and have revealed the remains of nine superimposed cities, or, if all minor settlement periods are distinguished, of fifteen. This great complexity makes the plan of the different strata difficult to unravel but the puzzle has finally been pieced together by the excavators. Schliemann was fortunate in being assisted at Troy by Dr. Dörpfeld, who completed the work of excavation after Schliemann's death in 1890. The great northeast tower, belonging to the fortification walls of the Sixth City, has been identified with the Scaean Gate of Homer. Schliemann himself excavated at Troy in the years 1870-1873, 1878-1879 and again in 1882.

Plate II shows the present appearance of the Second or Burnt City of Troy. Particularly noticeable is the large and well-preserved ramp, which leads to the Acropolis of the Second City. The Second City really belongs to the Second Early Aegean Period, *circa* 2500, although Schliemann himself had wrongly identified it with the Homeric or Mycenaean Troy, which belongs to the Third Late Aegean Period, dated, according to the current chronology, at least a thousand years later. The rich collection of gold jewelry and other objects reported by Schliemann as found in the Second City and known as the Great Treasure, was apparently correctly assigned to the Second City although because of the magnificence of the finds many scholars maintained it must actually have fallen down from the level of the Sixth City. The short stone walls of the Second City were surmounted by brick. The Second City, like most of the following settlements, consisted not only of the Acropolis but also of an extensive lower city as well.

Plate III shows the remains of the great northeastern tower of the Sixth City of Troy, the city belonging to the Third Late Aegean Period contemporary with the climax of Mycenae's greatness. The tower was originally fifty or sixty feet high but is now only twenty-seven feet. The masonry is the ashlar style, although not perfectly regular. The staircase as well as the wall, which abuts on the tower to the northeast, is of late workmanship, dating from Roman times. The gentleman seen standing at the base of the tower is Professor Dörpfeld, to whom is due the credit of proving by the excavations of 1893-4 that the Sixth City is really the Homeric Troy, 1500-1200 B. C. Possibly this is the very tower on which the Trojan elders sat when,

in the third book of the Iliad, Homer represents Helen as advancing towards the walls overlooking the plain in which the Greeks and Trojans were contending.

O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids, Clymene and Aethra, wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scaean gate.

There sat the seniors of the Trojan race;
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace,)
The king the first; Thymoetes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried;
Panthus, and Hicetaon, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the reverend throng.
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls and bask'd before the sun:
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These when the Spartan queen approach'd the tower
In secret own'd resistless beauty's power:
They cried, "No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! What majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, O Heaven, convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race." — *Pope's translation*

Plate IV shows a portion of the southeastern wall of the Sixth City. Noteworthy are regular and periodic projections in the face of the wall. These seem to have been used merely for their aesthetic effect. A number of house walls are shown above. The cross wall in the foreground is a later wall and was built at the time of the Ninth or Roman City.

Plate V represents a portion of the southern wall of the Sixth City. The projections in the facing are again seen. Note the house walls of the Sixth City above. Below in the foreground are also house walls which belong to the earlier cities.

Plate VI shows a portion of the eastern fortification walls of the Sixth City of Troy and clearly reveals the great breadth and substantial character of the Homeric City. The central portion between the two faces was filled with rubble, or rough stones. Some of the adjoining house walls of the Sixth City can also be distinguished.

Of the Cyclades, the island of Melos seems to have been a particularly important commercial center at an early date because of its deposits of obsidian, or black volcanic glass, which was used in prehistoric times in the place of metal for knives, razors, arrow-heads and the like.

Plate VII is a view of some of the walls of the prehistoric settlements at Phylakopi, a site on the northeast coast of Melos. Here four settlements have been discovered. The first is attested only by finds of broken pottery. These belong to the Second Early Aegean Age, *circa* 2500 B. C. The second settlement, or the first fortified city, belongs to the First Late Aegean period, *circa* 1700-1500 B. C. The fourth settlement, or the third fortified city, is Mycenaean and therefore dates from the Second and Third Late Aegean periods, about 1500-1200 B. C. Most of the walls shown in this photograph belong to the third settlement, the second fortified city, but some are restorations of a Mycenaean date. The Mycenaean palace found here is of particular interest because it is of the mainland type similar in plan to the Palace of Tiryns. This, as will later appear, differs considerably from the earlier type of the Cretan palaces.

In the *Odyssey* occurs the following important passage:

There is a land, Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a land fair and rich, sea-girt. On it are many men, countless, and ninety towns and their speech is manifold. There are the Achaeans, there the valiant-hearted Eteo-Cretans, there the Cydonians, there the Dorians with their waving plumes and the noble Pelasgians. And among their cities, there is Cnossus, a mighty city and there Minos became king, when nine years of age, Minos, the bosom friend of Mighty Zeus. (XIX, 172-179, Palmer's translation)

The Greeks themselves believed that Crete was the original home of their law, religion, and art. Thus their legends declared that the world-famous laws of Lycurgus resulted from the Spartan Lawgiver's study of Cretan legislation, and Diodorus says that the chief Hellenic deities originated in Crete.

It was the grotto on the slopes of Mt. Dicte or the cave upon Mt. Ida—

that early Greek tradition, in the centuries that followed the sack of Cnossus, fabled as the birth cave of Zeus, the holy ground that dimly symbolised the passing away of the old faith before the new. It was here that Mother Rhea fled to bear the King of Heaven that was to be, God made in the image of man; while Father Cronus and the world he rules, confident that the new anthropomorphism was destroyed, clung to the stone child, the aniconic pillar

worship that expressed itself in the Bethels of the Semites and the Pillar Rooms of Cnossus. It was here that Zeus, come to man's estate and the throne of Heaven, loved the daughter of man, Europa; and here that their son Minos went up into the mountain, while his people waited below, and, like Moses, communed with God. Like Moses, too, he came down with the Commandments, the Imperial Law that governed the Aegean, and followed men, so the legend ran, even to Hades below, where Minos judged among the dead.— *The Discoveries in Crete*, R. M. Burrows, London, 1907, p. 25

Although Schliemann desired to excavate in Crete, he was unable to do so, because of the exorbitant demands of the owners of the land; in fact it was not until after the Graeco-Turkish war of 1896, that the country was opened to the archaeologist. In 1900 work was begun at Cnossus by Sir Arthur Evans.

Of all prehistoric sites in Crete that of Cnossus is the most famous and the most important. Cnossus, unlike the prehistoric cities of Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenae, was unfortified. This was due presumably to the fact that the Minoan State depended on the sea rather than on the land for its wealth. In the Second Late Aegean, or Cnossian palace period, the prehistoric Aegean civilization culminated in a display of regal magnificence which is really astounding. At this time the kings of Cnossus were apparently the chief potentates of the times, as is shown not only by the recent discoveries but also by the legend of the Labyrinth, in which the Minotaur, or Bull of Minos was kept. The Labyrinth itself may well have been, as Sir Arthur Evans has suggested, the palace at Cnossus, the house of the Labrys, or double-headed axe, a symbol which has been found frequently inscribed upon the palace walls. The legend of the yearly tribute demanded by the king from the Athenians, proves the wide extent of the Cretan power, which must have reached not only over the islands of the Aegean but to the mainland of Greece as well.

Of the palace of Minos, which covered many acres and which was large enough to house thousands of retainers, are preserved the foundations of hundreds of rooms. The best masonry was worked with perfect regularity and the walls were covered with very excellent frescoes, several of which have been preserved in part. The drainage system of Cnossus is superior to any known in Europe throughout the thirty five or more centuries which separate the time of its construction from the present day.

At Cnossus have been discovered magnificent halls, decorated with painted frescoes and stone carvings in high and low relief. Particu-

larly noteworthy is a great hall of audience, shaped like a Roman basilica or an early Christian Church. There are also upper stories, light wells, double staircases, a theater with the royal box, a water gate, magazines and storerooms, the Queen's Chamber and the Hall of Distaffs, as well as a royal villa. Among the wonders is the checkerboard on which doubtless Minos played backgammon. It is of gold and silver, of ivory and crystal and of blue glass or kyanos.

The dominating feature of the palace is the great central court, a paved area 190 feet long and 90 feet wide, with corridors, halls, and chambers built around it so as to form a rough square that is about 400 feet each way. Sir Arthur Evans believes that the Palace was definitely conceived as a symmetrical square with four main avenues approaching it at right angles, as in a Roman camp or in the plan of Thurii, as built by Hippocrates.

The earlier palace at Cnossus was built in the First Middle Aegean period, *circa* 2200-2100 B. C. It was destroyed at the end of the Second Middle Aegean period *circa* 1900 B. C. It was remodeled in the Second Late Minoan or Palace period, the Golden Age of Crete, which is usually dated about three hundred years later — *circa* 1500 B. C. In the main the ruins date from this period of re-construction, 1800-1500 B. C. Cnossus was burnt by invaders apparently at the beginning of the Third Late Minoan period or *circa* 1450 B. C. Subsequently it was partially reinhabited, although it was never entirely rebuilt a second time. Everywhere the palace affords evidence of a high state of culture, as is shown, for example, by the elaborate staircases, the bath-rooms, and the wonderful drainage system. The frescoes are very interesting.

Plate VIII shows the North Entrance to the Palace of Cnossus. The masonry is of an excellent ashlar type. This was probably the main entrance of the palace. The base of the columns of the portico are made of blocks of gypsum more than 3 ft. high and 2½ ft. broad. Note the channel, which carried off the water from the central court. Although, as noted, Cnossus in general was unfortified, there is a guard house just outside the North Gate, sentry boxes and flanking bastions, which command the passageway which leads to the Central Court. Near the entrance are also three walled pits, nearly twenty-five feet deep. These may have been used as dungeons for state prisoners.

In Plate IX is seen a portion of the audience chamber and the so-

called Throne of Minos, situated in the western wing of the palace at Cnossus. The carved stone chair or throne is made of gypsum. On the western wall of this chamber were painted winged dragons which faced each other, one on either side of the door, as if to guard those within. Along the wall are stone benches. Opposite the throne are columns and a sunken chamber like a basin or tank that has been thought to be a bath; it may, however, have been a chapel, as there is no means for draining off water, and its sides are lined with alabaster which is not impervious to water. The lower level is reached by a staircase.

Plate x is a view of several of the magazines which at Cnossus extend along the great western corridor which is 200 ft. long. In the giant casks, or pithoi, grain, oil, and other articles were stored. The cists in the flooring were closed by wooden covers. They were used to store treasure, such as vases, leaves of gold, and objects of porcelain and bronze. It has been suggested that these floor receptacles were used as a kind of bank, or safety vault, in which the ruling prince caused the property of his wealthy subjects to be deposited. The richness of these magazines and their great extent in comparison with those in other palaces suggest that here at Cnossus was the capital of the kingdom; in fact similar cists have not been discovered elsewhere. In these cists were found many inscribed clay tablets which have yet to be deciphered to the general satisfaction of scholars.

The dividing walls between the chambers were covered with slabs of gypsum or alabaster; their upper parts were built of sun-dried brick and therefore have not been preserved.

Plate xi gives a closer view of one of the magazines of the palace at Cnossus. The giant pithoi are decorated with a serpent-like pattern. The simple bands of clay are worked in imitation apparently, of metal belts.

Plate xii is a view of the passage-way and staircase, which leads from the upper to the ground floor of the palace of Cnossus, near the Queen's Megaron or Hall. The columns are restorations, but they are presumably fairly exact representations of the original. They are of the characteristic Aegean form which tapers downward. At first sight they suggest the Greek Doric columns of the Archaic period but they are not channeled. The capital shows a square plinth, or abacus, and a curved echinus, or cushion, with a convex molding or torus at the neck.

Plate XIII is particularly interesting because it represents the theater at Cnossus. Fifteen years ago the history of the theater in Greek lands began with the year 534 B. C., when the Athenian tyrant Peisistratus gave a representation of the first tragedy at Athens. Now that Crete has been excavated the history of the drama begins at least 2000 years before Peisistratus. The main wing of the theater at Cnossus, as shown here, consists of the flight of eighteen steps seen on the left. A second flight of six steps is visible on the right. Into the angle is built a square bastion, which probably served as a platform for distinguished spectators. Sir Arthur Evans calls it the "Royal Box." The entrance to the theater and the causeway, which served as an approach, is still in existence. Legend says that Theseus fell in love with the daughter of Minos at Cnossus during a performance of games. This area, then, must have been the place where the Athenian Prince and the Cretan Princess first met,

the dancing place which in wide Cnossus Daedalus of old wrought for Ariadne of the fair tresses. Therein youths and maidens, costly to woo, were dancing: holding one another by the hand. Some of the maidens wore garments of fine linen and others well woven tunics glossy with the sheen of oil. Yea, they had fair garlands on their heads and the men had golden swords hanging from silver baldrics. Sometimes they would trip it lightly on tip toes, as when a potter sits and tries the wheel that fits between his hands to see whether it will run. And sometimes they advanced in lines toward one another while a great company stood around the lovely dance delighted and in their midst a holy bard sang to his lyre, while among the dancers, two tumblers, twirling in their midst, led the measure. — *Iliad*, XVIII, 590-606

Next to Cnossus the most important site in Crete is Phaestus, which is called by Homer, "the well built city." Its Acropolis, girded by the river Electra, lies in the south of the island on a steep cone-shaped hill of yellow earth which rises 300 ft. clear of the plain, adjacent to the bay of Messara. To the east and west lie Mounts Dicte and Ida, both of which were said to be the birthplace of Zeus. Besides the palace there are cemeteries and other remains at Phaestus. Across the valley to the northwest, on the slope of Mount Ida is the roomy cave of Kamares from which characteristic polychrome vases of the Middle Aegean period derive their name.

The first palace was built in the First Middle Aegean period about the same time as the first palace at Cnossus, but it lasted longer, for it was not rebuilt until the First Late Aegean age. It is this fact which has led to the surmise that the first palace at Cnossus was destroyed

by the Lords of Phaestus. The bulk of the excavated ruins of the palace belong to the second or later palace at Phaestus. This was begun in the First Late Aegean period, *circa* 1700 B. C. The palace is built on four different levels. Since the walls stand higher as a rule than at Cnossus, the ruins at Phaestus are even more impressive than those at Cnossus. Also the evidence of the rebuilding of the palace is much clearer at Phaestus, but the plan of the palace is similar to that of Cnossus. It consists of two wings, a central court with a corridor and storerooms, grand staircases, and a theater. From a comparison of the Cretan palaces it thus becomes evident that certain architectural elements are characteristic of the prehistoric Aegean buildings, namely, corridors, pillared halls, or colonnades, baths, light-wells, magazines, and stairways. Many doors open into one room and the windows are large.

Plate XIV is one of the rooms of the older palace at Phaestus with the vases in position, as found. It is situated near the excavations shown in the previous view.

Plate XV shows the walls of the original palace at Phaestus, below those of the later. The plate is from a photograph of the excavations which have been made at the foot of the Grand Stairway in the palace at Phaestus. The main entrance is from the south.

Plate XVI gives a view of the grand stairway of the palace at Phaestus, leading from the first to the second level. This stairway is worthy of being classed with the most impressive monuments of the Minoan Age, for it is a striking example of the originality of Cretan art. It is said that no other architect has ever made such a flight of steps. These consist of well joined blocks of limestone, about 45 ft. long, 28 inches broad and scarcely $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. high.

Plate XVII is a view of the Central Court of the palace of Phaestus, as seen from the south. Unfortunately, a landslide has carried the end of the court with a part of the palace walls down into the valley below.

Plate XVIII shows the Vestibule and Reception Hall of the Palace of Phaestus. These are situated at the top of the Grand Stairway. The column bases and a partially broken giant amphora, or double-handled jar, are here shown *in situ*. This great Reception Hall was always open, for no marks of hinges are visible on the threshold.

Plate XIX is a view of the Corridor of the Palace of Phaestus, which was lined on both sides by magazines in which food was stored.

Note the huge blocks of stone used in the walls. These magazines are located on the right hand side near the Grand Stairway. There are twelve chambers opening on to the corridor, in the middle of which stands the base of a pillar, made of great cubes of stone. Within the chamber were found huge vases, similar to the pithoi of Cnossus.

Plate xx is the theater at Phaestus which is quite similar to that at Cnossus. It consists of a well paved court with two flights of steps, sloping up the hill. A third stairway leads down in the angle between the two flights of steps.

About a mile and a half from the palace of Phaestus, at Hagia Triada, has been found what may possibly have been the residence of the heir apparent of the principality of Phaestus, or it may have been the summer palace of the Lords of Phaestus. Its situation is attractive and like the palace of Phaestus, that of Hagia Triada was built on terraces.

The plan of this royal villa is similar to that of Cnossus and of Phaestus, but it is simpler and smaller and consists only of two wings, magazines, and porticoes without a central court. Extensive frescoes of skilful design were found here. The sewers at Hagia Triada are even larger than those of the other palaces. The walls are of finely squared ashlar masonry and are preserved standing to a greater height than those of any other prehistoric Aegean building. The earliest villa was built in the Third Middle Aegean period and its successor, the villa which has been excavated, belongs to the Third Late Aegean age. Thus in both cases Hagia Triada, as a royal residence was later than that of the parent site of Phaestus, where two palaces were erected respectively in the First Middle Aegean and the First Late Minoan periods. The earlier villa was much smaller than the later and was surrounded by a cluster of houses. In the First Late Aegean age, contemporaneous with the rebuilding of the palace at Phaestus the earlier villa of Hagia Triada was reconstructed, on a more expanded scale. This is the epoch of greatest prosperity at Hagia Triada. The later palace erected in the Third Late Aegean period was smaller than that of the reconstructed earlier villa.

Plate XXI is a general view showing the situation of Hagia Triada.

Plate XXII is the Grand Flight of Steps which form the entrance to the villa at Hagia Triada. The stones consist of well squared blocks bound together by mortar. This is especially interesting because mortar was not used in the architecture of Classical Greece.

Plate xxiii is a view of the room of the Palace at Hagia Triada, which has been named Belvedere. This is situated on a terrace facing the sea and its walls were ornamented with frescoes.

Among the other Cretan sites, Gournia is of especial interest. This name is modern and is equivalent to the topographical use of our word "basin." The prehistoric town at this site was discovered by Mrs. C. H. Hawes, who was then Miss Harriet Boyd. The remains belong to the close of the Middle Aegean period. Also "house tombs" of the Second Middle Aegean period prove that the valley was inhabited from the very beginning of the Bronze Age. Gournia has been styled the "Mycenean Pompeii" because it consists not only of a palace but of an entire town as well.

The low Acropolis is foot-shaped like the hill of Tiryns and is edged on both sides by a road, which leads to the small palace of the local chief, which is situated in the heel of the foot. The buildings for the most part consist of small houses grouped along the two well paved streets. The palace is of regular ashlar masonry and occupies the highest point.

Great interest was called forth by the discovery of the small shrine which in 1901 was found in the center of the town, because this was the first prehistoric Aegean shrine to be discovered intact. The houses of Gournia are superior to those of any other Bronze Age houses so far discovered on the Greek mainland. In one of these houses on the top of the ridge a whole carpenter's kit was discovered. The entire town seems to have been abandoned suddenly when it was destroyed by a conflagration. The discoveries show that Gournia in prehistoric times was the home of an industrial community which flourished in the First Late Aegean period and which fell in the Second Late Minoan or Palace period of Cnossus.



CORRIGENDA — In the preceding number of this magazine the following typographical errors should be corrected:

Page 287, in quotation from Iamblichus, for: (27,000) — read: (270,000)

Page 290, line 5, for: 1600 — read: 3600

Page 292, line 17, for: that that the *historic* — read: that the *historic*

Page 293, line 16, for: same — read: some

Page 296, insert foot-note: 18. *Op. cit.*, II, 771-2

Page 298, line 9 from foot, for: *Gods of the Egyptians* — read:

Gods of Egypt.