

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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ALL these souls, when they have completed the circle of the revolving years, the god summons in long array to Lethe's stream, so that losing remembrance of the past they may again enter the vaulted arch above, and then begin to feel desire to re-enter mortal bodies. — Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 746-751

## REINCARNATION: by H. Travers, M. A.



THE law of Reincarnation has won the attention of many thinking people since it was first brought prominently to the notice of Western peoples by H. P. Blavatsky. It commends itself to the intelligence and it answers the riddles of life. It has been earnestly and persistently urged by the followers of H. P. Blavatsky. And, being a truth, it carries with it a power to appeal to the intuitive perception of truth that is latent in all men. But there are many false ideas abroad concerning Reincarnation, and these mislead inquirers and turn them aside from the real teaching, of whose existence they may not have heard. These perversions of the teaching have tended to vulgarize the subject; for they present it in a form unworthy the attention of serious people and often merely ludicrous. For these reasons a clear and sensible statement of the teaching is always in place.

Reincarnation is so closely interwoven with other Theosophical teachings that it is impossible to consider it adequately without reference to them. In particular this applies to the law of Karma and to the teaching as to the Seven Principles of Man.

The law of Karma is that law of Nature in accordance with which all the events of our life are related to each other in a chain of cause and effect. In other words, our destiny is conditioned by our conduct. This principle seems so just and reasonable that people would accept it naturally, were it not for the fact that their ignorance of Reincarnation stands in the way of their understanding. For the period of a single earth-life is too short to display the pattern of our lives; and while we can trace the sequence of cause and effect in a few cases, there are many more cases in which we fail to do so. Especially is this true of hereditary conditions; ordinary philosophy is unable to tell us *why*, or on what principle of equity, people should be born with

defects, physical, mental, or moral, for which (apparently) they are in no wise responsible. Science, with its researches in heredity, does not give us the explanation we seek; on the contrary, by stating the facts so cogently, it only makes the problem more urgent. And the answer given by theology — that it is the Divine will — is too summary to please an age which aspires to know more about the workings of the Divine will. Reincarnation and Karma afford the best explanation of these crucial problems. Admittedly, we suffer because our desire to know is in advance of our actual knowledge. We cannot resign ourselves like the animals. The Divine spark within us urges us ever onward towards knowledge. And in the teachings of Reincarnation and Karma we may see that such problems as these are not eternally insoluble but may be understood more and more as we advance in knowledge.

Theosophy teaches that man's conduct in past lives conditions his experiences in the present and in future lives; and with this larger field of view it becomes possible to account equitably for every human destiny. It is sometimes objected that it is unjust that a man should suffer for acts which he does not remember and for which he feels no responsibility. But it must be borne in mind that man actually does so suffer; this is one of the facts of life, and the Theosophists have not ordained it so. The quarrel of these objectors, therefore, is with the facts of life, and it is unreasonable of them to try and saddle Reincarnation with the blame. Reincarnation tries to *explain* the facts, and should therefore be commended, not blamed. It is a fact that we suffer for reasons which we cannot trace; and if this be unjust, then God himself, or whatever power we believe in, must be unjust. But is it not more likely that there is something wrong with our own notions of justice? Clearly it is a case for wider knowledge rather than petulant objection.

It is necessary to have our minds clear as to what it is that reincarnates. It is rather misleading to say, without qualification, that *I* or *you* have lived before and will live again; for that neglects to distinguish between the Individuality and the personality. The Individuality is the real man, the real *I*; but the personality consists almost entirely of what has grown up during the present life. It is made up of things gotten from this life, and cannot have existed (as such) before. Again, death will remove so much of what goes to

make up the personality, that we cannot correctly say that the personality (as such) will live again.

Yet there is an immortal seed in the personality, and this will survive all the processes of death, and will in due time form the nucleus of a new personality. Thus it is seen that the Being who reincarnates is not that which we call our "mind," nor even that which we know as our "self"; but an essence much deeper and finer than these; being, in fact, the Soul — the real Self.

The Spiritual Soul is the real liver of the life, and its life is not limited by the seventy-year cycle of the bodily life. This Spiritual Soul is the real man, the "Individuality," as distinct from the personality. It may be called the Divine Man or the Divine in Man. When incarnation takes place, the Soul lends a portion of its light to the nascent human organism, and so the complex human being is born. Should this not occur, then there would be a merely physical birth resulting in the generation of an idiot. The human being thus has two kinds of heredity: the kind which he derives from his ancestry, and the character and destiny which pertain to the incarnating Soul. These two influences act mutually throughout the life, and sometimes one prevails and sometimes the other, according to their relative strength. Here, then, we find the clue to the puzzles of heredity.

The personality of a man is a complex structure built up around the nucleus of consciousness with which he enters life. From birth onwards his mind is steadily and continually directed to the experiences of earth-life, and any spiritual recollection which he may preserve of a previous existence is industriously discouraged; so that he speedily forgets, and may even become so deeply mired in the flood of material life as to lose sight of his Divine nature altogether and even to deny it. But in most of us the light still shines out with sufficient strength to give us occasional flashes of intuition and aspiration.

It is to be regretted that Reincarnation should ever be lightly considered, or that it should be thought of in any way but as a serious and sacred subject. More than anything, it brings clearly before us the idea of our own Divinity and bids us try to realize that we are far greater than we had dreamed. In place of a brief and troubled span of some seventy years, we contemplate an existence which to all intents and purposes is infinite. Instead of a life that seems aimless

and inexplicable, we have in view a life of great and enduring purposes, linked with the life of the ages, of one substance with humanity's past and future. Surely such a view cannot but be ennobling and uplifting; and it ought to have that influence upon our character. Such petty ideas as the balancing up of punishments and rewards, as though the life of an eternal Soul were a matter of huckstering, will pale before the light of our vision of the Soul's mighty purposes.

In the light of Reincarnation no life can be called a failure. For a life is but a small section of a great whole. Nor is our estimation of what constitutes a successful life necessarily a correct one. If we could live less in the contracted sphere of our own ideas, and reach out more into the spacious realms beyond, we might have a better realization of what has been achieved during our life.

The twin mysteries of birth and death bring all men back from vanities to realities; they force us to think. When a child is born to us, we are present at the entrance of an immortal Soul with a character, a career behind it, and a destiny before it. Ours has been the solemn duty and privilege of fulfilling the laws attendant upon the event. Upon us has fallen a responsibility so great and so sacred that it surely calls up in us all the best in our nature. For that Soul has *intrusted* itself to our care. We can make or mar the future life; for mankind is a great family, and each one of us has the power to bless or to offend another. The responsibility and the sacredness of parenthood are emphasized by Reincarnation.

And what of death? Though we may not escape the sorrows of bereavement, we can at least sanctify them; and, in the strong faith that the Great Law deals with equal justice and mercy, we can strive to make our experience a stepping-stone from which to rise to a higher level in our own life. The personality to which we were attached has gone beyond our ken. We cannot follow the Soul to its abode of rest. Yet in the innermost there is no separation. And what other belief is there which can afford so much consolation in bereavement as Reincarnation? What we call death is a release — a birth into a new life. That which is eternal in us knows nor death nor separation.

It is a fact that we all live as though we knew we were immortal. This may seem a bold statement, yet try to imagine how people would live if they really believed there is no other life. They do not believe it; their inner sense tells them otherwise. But they have been so fed up with strange doctrines that their theory contradicts their intuition.

Reincarnation is simply a truth, stated anew; and it strikes home with force to those who hear it. Perhaps we really understand very little about it; nevertheless, once the idea has entered the mind, there it will abide; and from this starting-point our inner life will begin to build itself up anew. For now we have a firm foundation in place of the old misconceptions. All the experiences of life will begin to show a new meaning; scattered ideas will fall into line; and we can enter on a road that will lead ever onwards to greater and greater light and understanding.

And the teaching can help us to an understanding of Brotherhood; because the link that binds your several lives to each other, and my several lives to each other, is like the link which binds you to me. For we are one in spiritual essence. As the knowledge of these truths spreads, mankind will grow more conscious of their Spiritual unity and will dwell less in their little personal lives; and then mankind may be more ready to receive knowledge of a kind too great for it now.

**From "The Book of the Three Birds," by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd**

(From the Welsh. Translated into English by Kenneth Morris.)

UNDERSTAND, O Eagle, that the Spirit is the Real, and that the world that is seen is but the shadow of the world that is unseen that pervades it; and the body is no more than the shadow, as it were the screen of the Spirit, the scabbard of the soul that endures forever. The Trinity abides within us as gold ore abides in the earth, or a man in his house, or the fetus in the womb, or fire in a furnace; or as the soul is in the eye. . . .

O Eagle, understand this; here is the root of the division of all the branches of knowledge and nature: the nature beyond time is the fountain of the nature within time.

The soul of man came out of immortality, and goes back into the eternal.

As sparks out of the rock, so are all souls out of the Primal Will.

There are many that would fain traverse the whole world, but that know nothing of the great, wide world that is in the heart.

And the minds of most men are running out through the eyes and ears towards things visible and perishable, without a thought of abiding within to listen to the insistent voice of the Spirit.

He who talks most among men, hears least of the voice of God.

*The Eagle:* Is there not a propitious hour for every one, according to the Planets?

*The Dove:* The Planets rule the animal mind, until it soars out from the body and from beneath the sun. The spiritual man is above the Planets already in his mind, although his body be animal.

For the evil, no hour is propitious; for the good, no hour is of evil omen.

THE CHANGELESS CHANGE: by R. Machell



**T**HE fog lies in the valley and the sky is clear, the mountains and the tree-tops rise dark against the glow of the rising sun, and a deep-voiced "siren" thunders its cry of warning from some great ship, lost to sight, as she feels her slow way up the bay. And other calls are heard: the call of the quail that run about the garden like chickens round a farmyard, fearless and eager. The trees drip, drenched with shining globules that melt into streams and fall in pools, and the sun mounts to his throne, growing more masterly moment by moment. The game of hide-and-seek lasts still a little while, but only till the shadows of the mountains shrink into themselves and vanish. Then the day is begun in earnest. But where are the shadows now? And where is the fog that a moment ago ruled the whole region? The moisture on the trees evaporates, the earth sucks in the pools and rivulets beneath; in a little while no trace of the dense white veil will remain. Yet no one was to be seen carrying it away or burying it; its conversion into invisible vapor was a transmutation, that would appear marvelous to one sufficiently ignorant to have a just appreciation of the marvelous.

We are too sophisticated; I do not say too wise, nor too learned, but too sophisticated. That is we are afflicted with too many theories, by which we deaden our appreciation of the marvels and mysteries with which we are surrounded, without really understanding the forces and the phenomena that are so familiar to us. So we have lost faith in marvels without gaining the power to perform the feats that we affect to despise. Our acquaintance with the theories, by which some few investigators attempt to explain the marvels of nature, serves to blind us to our very real ignorance of the laws of nature manifesting in the common occurrences of daily life. So we lose touch with the poetry of life without acquiring the mastery that real knowledge gives; and in losing this we let go our hold on a part of our nature that might guide our awakening intellect to a deeper and fuller comprehension of the vast scope of natural law. The poetry of prettiness is perhaps

more of a narcotic than a stimulant but the poetic imagination is capable of carrying even a scientist into regions that pure reason alone would not venture to recognize. Not that pure reason is not able to rise to these heights, but that, without the guidance of imagination, man fears to follow pure reason to the threshold of the spiritual world, to which it would lead him, and dares not face the abyss that borders the little land of material fact in which he is accustomed to disport himself.

“As above, so below,” is a Hermetic axiom. The phenomena of nature are a dramatic display of the action of forces operating also in human life. The dawn of day is a continual lesson to man as to the way in which human evolution takes place. If we begin to study nature seriously, if we merely study its appearances and moods as an artist is bound to do, we soon find that though the sun rises every day with exemplary punctuality, it never repeats the same succession of pictures. An artist, who tries to catch some one of these countless moods, knows that he may visit the same spot at the right moment every day for years and never find that picture exactly repeated, though a casual observer might see little variety in the daily occurrence; but then the casual observer is not an observer at all, and has not learned how to observe; observation is a faculty that must be cultivated by long practice, like any other of our latent powers, and can not be casual.

So we may learn that while there is a constant recurrence of events in life, and that history is but a partial record of these, yet there is also an infinite variety, and an unceasing change taking place. We may thus discover the futility of continued repetition of certain formulae, such as creeds and dogmas. Life does not stand still, nor does it move with the changeless regularity of a machine. Even a machine has its moods and its vagaries, as any chauffeur can tell us, and the successful machinist is generally a man of intuition, who trusts to his feeling as much as to his reason in seeking the cause of trouble in his machine.

In dealing with the great machine of organized life, political, social, or individual, the need for intuition is far greater; for this living organism is a machine that can not be handled quite as readily as even the most complicated of man's contrivances. There are at work here more unknown forces, and the combinations are more various. Mechanical methods frequently prove insufficient even in the repair shop, and the man of intuition and invention has to be called upon to exercise his imagination; but in the repair shop of social life, the world of

constructive and curative legislature, and of reform, the man of intuition is the only one that has any chance of accomplishing any real improvement. The man of machine-like method is only fit to keep the machine-like part of the structure in order, he can do no more; and, without assistance from the man of intuition, he will constantly fail in doing even that.

When one watches the difficulties of a navigator struggling in a fog, and then witnesses the instantaneous disappearance of the difficulties along with the lifting or the evaporation of the mist, one wonders whether the golden age may not dawn in just such a simple fashion.

The marvel of the fog can be scientifically explained; why not also the marvel of materialism, that terrible fog that still wraps the intellectual world today? and the marvel of Theosophy, the light of the rising sun, that shall dissipate the fog, when the Sun of Life shall have reached its strength. The Light of Wisdom has illuminated the world again and again, and no two days have been alike, nor shall they ever be. The golden age that is to be cannot repeat a golden age that is gone by, any more than one sunrise can repeat itself in another, though it may seem to the blind to do so; it has been well said that "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind man."

So we, who look for the dawn of a new day, look for no mere repetition of past glories, but for a new step in evolution, in which all shall be new, as all is eternally new in the "changeless change" of nature's ceaseless rebirth and re-creation of the universe.



MANY a woman has known of the uplifting and refining power, tending towards self-restraint and nobility and virtue, which Masonry has exercised in the life of brother, husband, or son; and without in any way encroaching on Masonry or trying to pry into its secrets, every true woman, in the light of the knowledge that is publicly given out by Masons themselves of Masonic principles, can, if she will, help brother, husband, son, or friend to be true to these principles. . . . As I understand Masonry, it seems to inculcate all the virtues, honor, rectitude, chastity. — *Katherine Tingley*

## A MARVEL OF MOTHERHOOD: by Percy Leonard

A RECORD OF OBSERVATIONS ON THE FOUNDING OF  
A COLONY OF HONEY-ANTS (*Myrmecocystus mexicanus*).

The parsimonious emmet, in small room, large heart enclosed. — *Milton*



**T**HE amazing contrast between Man and the Ants never strikes the observer more forcibly than when considering the first beginnings of an ant colony.

Imagine a human bride who, losing her husband on the wedding-day, retires underground and without the aid of any implement, not even of a barrow to remove the soil, succeeds in digging a tunnel some seventy feet in length in two or three days. Next suppose that she blocks the entrance with soil to exclude all communication with the outside world and that in this unventilated cavern, with no food supply, no light, nor help of any kind, she rears more than a dozen children and a score or more of babies all in the short space of six and a half months! The mind accustomed to consider human possibilities will scout the supposition as too improbable even for a fairy-tale, and yet undertakings just as incredible are successfully carried through by the ants, as the following observations show.

Early in 1912 an enormous flight of winged female honey-ants settled on Point Loma. At least one of these prospective mothers alighted on every square yard of surface in the College grounds. Arrived on solid earth, each widowed insect stripped off her beautiful wings and buried herself in the soil, still moist from the recent rains. For many days their little round tunnels were conspicuous on every side. Each opening was half-surrounded by a pile of earth-pellets arranged with the utmost neatness in the form of a crescent, half an inch high in the middle, and tapering away towards the horns.

On January 15th one of these incipient colonies was scooped up with a trowel and the captive ant transferred to a glass tumbler nearly filled with sifted garden soil. By the next morning she had dug a spiral tunnel nearly reaching to the bottom of the tumbler three and a half inches long or nine times her body length! It must be borne in mind that only a few days before she had issued from her home as a dainty, delicately-nurtured bride, who had never done a stroke of work; but had been nursed from infancy by her industrious, stunted, spinster sisters. During her trial-flight she had accepted the advances of a dashing and devoted consort and there now lay before her,

at least as a *physical* possibility, a care-free life of pleasure, fluttering in the sunshine and sipping nectar from the bright flowers. But such a career would be *morally* impossible to our heroine. The resistless urge of maternity fills her whole mind with its insistent call to stern yet pleasurable duty. The shining wings are torn away, and freed from these encumbrances she flings herself with furious energy into the most stupendous mining operations.

In order to induce my captive to work close up against the glass, it was necessary to surround the tumbler with a tightly-fitting sheath of pasted strips of paper in order to exclude the light.

On January 17th when the sheath was slipped off, the ant was seen backing up the tunnel and carrying up little balls of pressed earth the size of her head to the surface.

On the 18th she had reached the bottom of the tumbler and was busily engaged in excavating a roomy cellar on the glass floor.

On January 19th she was still employed in enlarging her cellarage and at whatever hour of the day or night she was inspected, she always appeared to be hard at work.

On January 21st the opening of the tunnel was surmounted by a little pile of earth the size of a pea, and during the next few days the entrance was blocked to a distance of three quarters of an inch with hard-packed grains of soil. Friendly visits, hostile attacks, food supplies, fresh air, and surface water were now entirely shut out. The lonely hermit had now entered upon her retreat and the next six and a half months are to be spent in solitary confinement.

On January 30th two pearly eggs are noticed and to these she devotes her constant attention, licking them over with a devotion that never wearies. They are covered with a rough, moist membrane and are shaped like crocodiles' eggs, both ends being of an equal size.

On February 3d five eggs are lying in the glass-floored nursery at the bottom.

On February 4th at 1.35 p.m. the eggs were discovered in the highest part of the tunnel close up against the entrance barrier and attached by means of saliva to the glass wall. In a state of nature of course the upper galleries are the first to be warmed by the morning sun, the heat traveling slowly downward as the day advances. Wild ants usually carry their eggs and young near the surface in the morning, and remove them to the deeper levels as the heat descends, thus maintaining them at an equable temperature. In my artificial nest

of course the temperature is much the same in all parts of the tunnel; but there must be a slight increase in the humidity of the air in the upper portion because of the water occasionally sprinkled on the surface.

On February 5th the eggs had increased to eight and at this point a labor-saving device may be described by which many a tedious journey is avoided. Human twins may easily be transported from place to place in a go-cart. A small family may be conveyed in a pony carriage; but an ant has no vehicle in which to carry her young ones. Her substitute for these conveniences is astonishingly simple. She merely glues her eggs together, forming them into a solid package by the application of her adhesive saliva, and thus is able to carry fifteen eggs at one time. At least once a day her eggs are carried to the upper tunnel and fetched back again to the lowest chamber.

February 17th. The egg-mass was discovered in a disintegrated condition, the constituent eggs lying scattered about the floor of the nursery in the basement. Very slowly and methodically each egg was being licked over for the purpose of removing the spores of parasitic fungi which might otherwise germinate and feed at the expense of the the living occupant.

March 2d. The eggs were found to number fourteen, and now follows a long period of unbroken regularity, during which the egg mass (now reassembled) is daily carried to the upper part of the tunnel and the saliva baths are continued as usual. The young larvae are so little distinguishable from the eggs from which they hatch, that it was not until May 22d that about a dozen lusty, little white grubs were detected twisting and turning on their backs on the bottom of the tumbler. The larvae started growing at a rapid rate and here a question will arise in the minds of practical, human housewives as to how the mother obtains food for her hungry family, seeing all foreign supplies are cut off. As already mentioned, the mother ant is furnished with large wings when she bids her final adieu to the nest where she was reared and soars into the air for what is called the "marriage flight." Naturally, these wings required powerful muscles for their operation; but when the bride deliberately tears the wings from her shoulders, the muscles that supplied the motive force become superfluous. From this time forward they constitute a stock of available food material, and being slowly dissolved by the blood, together with sundry deposits of fat, they help to secrete the nutritive saliva with which she

nourishes her growing brood. The thought of dieting infants on saliva is somewhat astonishing until we remember that birds'-nest soup, esteemed so highly by the epicures of China, is made from the nests of swallows who build their "procreant cradles" of nothing but desiccated saliva.

Day by day the chubby larvae, as helpless and exacting as our own babies, thrive and grow. They are regularly bathed and fed with strict economy upon the precious "mouth-broth." The larvae are never carried to the upper portion of the tunnel, but remain in the lower chamber, with nothing but their own spongy bristles to mitigate the hardness of the glass on which they lie.

The honey-ants rear three distinct "phases" of those wonderful spinsters upon whom all the active labors of the nest devolve. They are known as majors, minors, and minims, and differ only in point of size. It is believed that the varying stature of the three classes is produced solely by regulating the quantity of food supplied them during the period of growth. The first few to be reared are always minims, the smallest size; and so we must suppose that these larvae, though apparently fat and flourishing, are always dumbly asking for more and conscious of an aching void within.

On June 6th one of the larvae entered the pupa state and span her silken case, and by June 9th three more were shrouded with the seamless robe which screens the magic transformation from the public gaze.

On June 22d the mother was first seen bringing up the cocoons one by one and laying them close against the barrier.

During the following month the slowly increasing number of cocoons, together with the egg-mass which was constantly receiving fresh additions, was moved up and down the galleries with unbroken regularity.

July 14th. The face of the earth-barrier showed unmistakable signs that the work of demolition had begun.

On July 22d, at 8.05 a.m., the proud mother was discovered in the act of licking over her firstborn, the earliest of all her brood to emerge from the cocoon, a perfect insect or "imago." The face of an ant is of course no index to its feelings, being composed of an inflexible crust of "chitin." An ant's emotions can therefore cause no play of facial expression; but a solid satisfaction was certainly evinced by her gestures and carriage at the successful emergence of this, the first perfect member of her family. The newly emerged ant (or "callow") was

pale and feeble, and the legs trailed in a helpless way behind it in the manner of a flying heron. At 12.50 p.m., the firstborn was staggering about the bottom chamber and beginning to "take notice." At 7 p.m. there were indications that somebody, most likely the callow, had been at work removing some of the barricade of earth. There is something rather shocking to our human notions that an infant only one day old should be employed in navy's work; but we must remember that on the emergence of an ant from the cocoon it is completely formed in all its parts and has reached its full stature. The only disability from which it suffers at this early stage is a softness of the chitinous integument which later on matures into a hard, rough covering.

On July 23d, at 8.15 a.m., there were fresh signs of work on the barricade, and the precocious youngster was detected at what colliers call the "working face," as if she had been digging there.

On July 24th the callow was busily shifting about the larvae at the bottom. There are now twenty larvae and at least as many eggs and all these not only produced but also nourished by a fasting mother who for more than half a year had tasted no food and whose only possible supply of liquid was the moisture of the earth.

On July 26th another callow had emerged.

On July 30th both the sisters were vigorously attacking the barrier which shut them from the world outside.

July 30th. The sisters abandoned their work on the barrier and commenced excavating an entirely new exit in a perpendicular direction. For some days past diluted honey and dead flies had been provided so that the hungry family should find food the instant they broke through; but it was not until August 14th that the last remaining obstruction was demolished and communication reestablished with the surface. Later in the day one of the minims, enormously bloated with honey and water, descended with fresh supplies. All that evening one of the workers was laboriously blocking up the newly made exit, no doubt for the purpose of excluding enemies. This was a memorable day in the annals of the nest, for it marked the termination of our heroine's voluntary imprisonment. For a space of six and a half months the devoted mother had been self-exiled from ant-society; for an "egg-mass" can scarcely be considered as "company," nor even the helpless, hungry larvae; still less the silk-shrouded cocoons whose entire anatomy is broken down into a structureless cream-like

fluid and who are certainly in no condition to contribute to their mother's entertainment.

On August 5th it was noted that six cocoons had hatched out.

On August 8th the exit had been so enlarged that the mother might have come out had she been so minded; but never once has she been observed outside the limits of the nest. A temporary barricade is erected every day and is broken down whenever an ant goes out for fresh supplies.

August 9th. Up to this date honey only had been taken down below, the flies being probably too tough for their young mandibles to deal with; but early this morning the first fresh meat in the form of a fly's abdomen was taken below, and at 6.20 p.m. one of the workers was caught in the act of dragging down an entire carcass.

On August 10th four of the split, discarded cocoons cases were brought up and scattered about the surface, and one of the now fairly well-matured workers was seen feeding a pale, unsteady callow with weak honey regurgitated from her crop.

On August 22d the egg-mass at the bottom was estimated to contain thirty eggs.

On August 28th three of a little band of workers who had escaped through an imperfect joint in the cover of the tumbler were recaptured, but some were still missing. It was touching to observe that, contrary to their invariable habit, the barrier was not built up, but that the mouth of the tunnel was left open as if to provide a ready entrance in case of the wanderers' return!

There are as yet no regular "repletes," that is, ants set apart as containers for honey. Some of the workers therefore habitually go about greatly swollen with honey so that their sisters may always be supplied with refreshments at a moment's notice. The hungry sister simply caresses a walking honey-jar with her antennae. The two stand together as if in the act of kissing for a minute or two, and during this brief commerce sufficient honey has been transferred to the crop of the recipient to last her for a long time.

I have never been able to detect a member of the nest asleep, although I have examined them at irregular intervals during the day except from midnight until half-past five in the morning. It is unlikely that they sleep during the small hours, because these ants are strictly nocturnal in their habits. Some species of ants certainly find time for sleep. They indulge in heavy slumber, and waken with a diffi-

culty almost human. They stretch and yawn and show all the well-known signs denoting reluctance to renewed activity.

Since her first retreat underground I have never seen the mother on the surface, and indeed there is no inducement to cause her to leave her quiet home. Her whole attention is concentrated upon the production of eggs as soon as her young ones are able to relieve her of her domestic duties. A few days previous to this present date I had observed some larvae of a slightly larger size lying on the bottom and completely buried under a pile of earth.

On September 11th they had completed their cocoons and lay awaiting the great transformation. The larvae cannot spin their cocoons in the open. The mother therefore surrounds them with earthen walls to which they can attach their silk. These larger sized cocoons are evidently those of "minors," the grade immediately above the tiny "minims." Now that food is plentiful we may expect that the community will indulge in the luxury of fattening up many of the young larvae into the size of "minors," and later on, that the lucky juniors will be so generously dieted that they will blossom out into "majors," that caste from which, in a well-established nest, are drawn those who specialize into "repletes."

At this point the observer was forced by circumstances to discontinue his studies; and so with deep regret the contents of the tumbler were turned out near a bank of earth abounding in natural cracks and crevices where shelter might be readily obtained. No doubt the faithful mother and her loyal band of children succeeded in establishing themselves in new and more commodious quarters.

The word marvel appearing in the title of this article is of course used in its primary sense as of something which inspires our wonder; and to those who have witnessed a solitary female retire underground and after six and a half months of fasting, appear surrounded by a numerous family, it does seem as though the substance of her body had multiplied in a marvelous way. Our astonishment is somewhat abated when we remember that a large part of an insect's body and of the contents of the eggs is composed of water, and if we suppose that the mother ant contains a quantity of highly concentrated substance, which she dilutes with moisture gained from the surrounding soil to form the bodies of her progeny, our wonder is somewhat reduced. But even so, when we behold more than a dozen "minims," as many cocoons, and the egg-mass containing thirty eggs, it seems

incredible that the solid substance of their frames was all packed within the mother at the time of her descent underground.

One hardly knows how to discuss the complete unselfishness of the mother ant. Her conduct soars into a region where praise and formal compliments are out of place. It is cosmic, impersonal, and has a quality of the Divine Beneficence, so that human patronage would be altogether impertinent. There is probably no struggle between inclination and duty. She does not indulge her self-esteem with the pride of conscious virtue, but simply forgets herself, and yields her little individual will as a pliant instrument for working out the purposes of Nature.

To toil unceasingly for half a year in some sequestered, gloomy cave, unvisited by friends, deprived of every comfort, lacking food and even proper ventilation, is a service from which each of us would shrink. It may well be doubted, however, if it appears in the light of a sacrifice to the ant. She may be living in a world of glorious dreams so vivid as to overpower all physical sensation. The enraptured insect may have entered into union with the formative imagination of her mother, Nature. There, in clear outline, she beholds the vast prophetic scheme. She scans futurity and takes a mental leap into the midst of generations yet unborn, so that her far-removed descendants seem companions of her present hour. She wanders through interminable galleries within the moist and friendly earth where busy workers in their countless thousands hurry to and fro. Clusters of spherical repletes all smooth and shining hang from vaulted roofs filled with the fluid treasure of the nest. Masses of pearly eggs are there, and nursery floors, where larvae, soft and lovable and plump, lie strewn in thick profusion all around. Ant-nurses step with tender care among the prostrate brood; and dominating all, the ceaseless rustle of the insect throng is merged and blended in an undertone of sweetest song. Her glowing fancy peoples the habitable globe with her offspring. She views with rapture her teeming families extending their dominion over all the world, and hunger, loneliness, darkness, and incessant toil, are swallowed up in her exultant hope.



THOSE who belong to us, whether living or departed, and whatever else there is which we wish for and do not obtain, all this we find there if we descend into the heart, where Brahma dwells, in the ether of the heart. There are all our true desires, but hidden by what is false. — *Chhândogya-Upanishad*

**PYTHAGOREAN GEOMETRY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.**

Das Theorem des Pythagoras, wiederhergestellt in seiner ursprünglichen Form und betrachtet als Grundlage der ganzen pythagoreischen Philosophie. (The Theorem of Pythagoras, restored in its original form and considered as the foundation of the entire Pythagorean philosophy.) Von Dr. H. A. Naber, Lehrer an der Staatsrealschule erster Ordnung zu Hoorn (Holland). Haarlem, 1908.



HIS book may be taken as one among many signs of the new Renaissance or revival of ancient knowledge. That Renaissance which gave us the ancient classics was only partial; for we have yet to understand them. Pythagoras we have never understood. H. P. Blavatsky speaks of him in terms of the highest reverence, as having been a great Teacher of the Secret, initiated in India, and founder of a school of esoteric philosophy in the Grecian world. His symbols and maxims are referred to continually by her. Other writers have also recognized him more or less as having been something more than he is usually considered to have been. The author of the present volume is not original in this respect; but he has been genuinely struck by the wisdom of Pythagoras, and has described the results of his studies and reflections in a way that is fresh. He has given us a number of mathematical *details* which will be found very useful in enabling us better to realize what we already believe about Pythagoras. It would require much erudition in the subject to be able to state how far the ideas of this author are original; so many have worked in this field.

He tells us at the beginning that he saw the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid thrown on a lantern-screen at a lecture and was struck by what was evidently a flash of intuition. The illuminated picture seems to have hit him in a new way and to have started him asking: "What does it all mean, any way?" The picture had been thrown through a piece of gypsum, on which the diagram was drawn; and the polarized light gave different bright colors to the different squares. The audience applauded, for they too were struck. Why did they applaud? Was it not, says the author, because they recognized a *truth*? We agree with him, and add that there is a racial memory as well as an individual memory, and that this often preserves truths which are not perceived by the mind but yet are recognized intuitively by a faculty beyond the mind. What did Pythagoras mean by his theorem? As the author shows, he did not mean a mere geometrical theorem but something far more important.

The author reproaches the innumerable geometers and writers of

school-books who have labored to “demonstrate” this theorem, which he regards as a proposition that should be self-evident and require no demonstration. He gives it therefore in a form in which it *is* self-evident, as follows. Passing over the *particular* case of square areas, he takes the general proposition — that if similar figures be described on the sides of a right-angled triangle, the figure on the hypotenuse is equal in area to the sum of the figures on the perpendiculars. By taking a right triangle and dropping a perpendicular from the right-angle to the hypotenuse we obtain three similar triangles, each of which is similarly described on one of the three sides of the original triangle; and it is obvious that one triangle is the sum of the other two. Thus the proposition becomes self-evident without proof. Euclid has something similar in his book on proportionals.

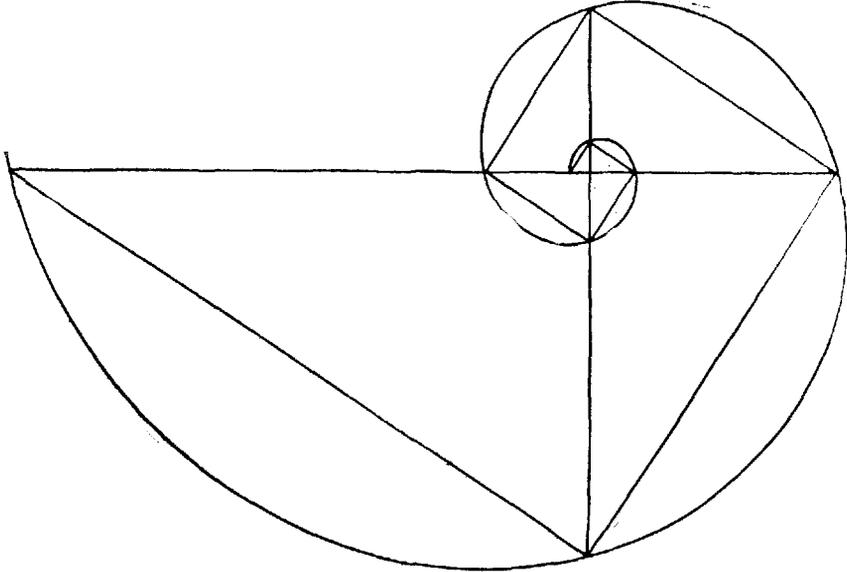


Figure 1. Right triangles giving rise to a logarithmic spiral.

The Pythagoreans taught that the hypotenuse is equal in *power* (*δύναμις*) to the other two sides put together; and, referring to the 3-4-5 triangle, that the number 5 is equal in power to 3 and 4 together; 3 is father, 4 mother, and 5 offspring. It may be observed that 7 is the sum of 3 and 4, and is produced by the same two lines with an angle of  $180^\circ$ .

The author attaches great importance to the significance of the word “gnomon.” This is generally applied only to that figure which, when added to a square, turns it into a larger square; but the author extends the meaning so as to include *any* figure which, when added to

a given figure, produces a figure similar to the given figure. Thus, if a right triangle be divided into two similar right triangles, then each of these latter is a gnomon to the other. And the process, being continued indefinitely, gives us an endless series of smaller and smaller triangles. Also, by reversing this process, and applying gnomons (that is, similar triangles) to the initial triangle, we can get an endless series of larger and larger triangles.

By connecting up the corresponding points in these various triangles, we obtain logarithmic spirals; and the author obtains some spirals which are identical with those found on ancient monuments. One of these is the double right-and-left spiral of the Ram's horns, sacred to Jupiter Ammon, the sign of Aries, and found also on the

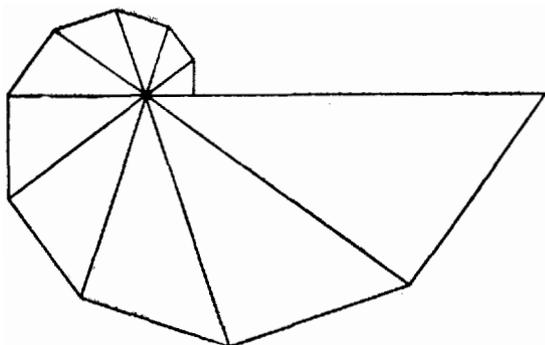


Figure 2. Right triangles and Nautilus.

Ionic column. We observe, by the way, that if the two horns are drawn so as to curve towards instead of away from each other, the sign of Taurus is obtained. The Ammonite, a well-known fossil, is a spiral curve, and the Nautilus is another. The Nautilus form can be readily drawn by means of a series of right triangles described

in the above way. (See figures 1 and 2 herewith.)

The author thinks that Pythagoras was formulating in this way his doctrine of Evolution, as to which he says:

Pythagoras taught geometry as a kind of introduction to a doctrine of emanation or evolution.

The author's favorite triangle is that of the regular decagon; for the side and base of this are in the proportion of  $1 : \frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$ , which is that of a line divided in extreme and mean ratio, or the *Sectio Divina*, or golden ratio. Much importance is attached to this wonderful ratio, which forms, in the author's opinion, one of the most vital parts of the Pythagorean teachings. Those who have studied it are aware of its wonderful properties. If a line, whose length is one unit, be divided so that one part equals  $\frac{\sqrt{5}-1}{2}$ , then the small part is to the large part as the large part is to the whole line. The parts are approximately

.618 and .382. Thus .382, .618, and 1 are in geometrical proportion; and the next two terms of the series are 1.618 and 2.618. Any term of the series can be obtained by adding together the two preceding terms. If we take the numbers 1 and 2 and add them, we get 3; then 2 and 3 make 5; 3 and 5 make 8; 5 and 8 make 13; and so on. And these numbers approximate more nearly as we go higher, to the golden ratio.

The decagon triangle is called the triply isosceles triangle, because it can be divided into two isosceles triangles, one similar to itself, the other dissimilar. These two kinds of triangles have their angles 36, 72, 72, and 36, 36, 108. One of them is acute, the other blunt. The acute one may be called positive, the blunt negative. The author calls the pair of them Castor and Pollux, or Gemini. The obtuse triangle can also be divided into three — one acute and two obtuse, making something like a Balance.

We have noticed also the following remarkable fact (not in the book, we believe). By adding the negative triangle to the positive, either another positive or another negative triangle is produced. The resultant triangle is positive if the negative element in its composition is in excess, and negative if the positive element is in excess. (See figures 3, 4, 5.)

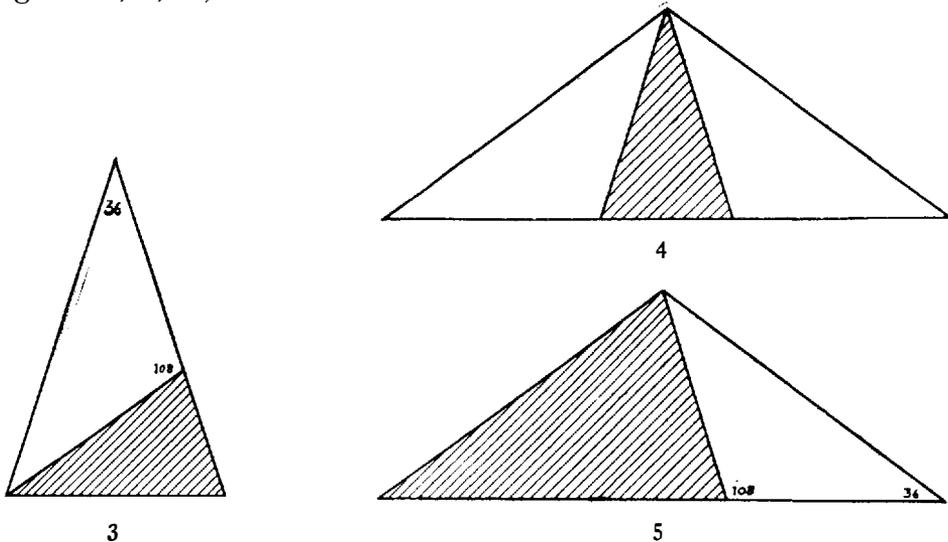


Figure 3. The triply isosceles triangle divided into a (similar) acute triangle and an obtuse triangle. Showing also how the acute and obtuse triangles together make an acute triangle.

Figure 4. The obtuse triangle divided into one acute and two obtuse triangles and suggesting the Balance.

Figure 5. Showing how the acute and obtuse triangles together make an obtuse triangle.

The three problems of the squaring of the circle the duplicature of the cube and the trisection of an angle, are all considered; and the use of the curve known as the "limaçon" in trisecting the angle is shown. An ancient ratio for  $\pi$  was  $\sqrt{10}$ . It is found in Egypt and also in the *Sûrya-Siddhânta*. Its use in the latter is puzzling, since it is by no means a good approximation, and the other calculations in that work are so marvelously exact. One feels that there lurks some mystery behind the use of this value by those who so evidently knew better. It is the hypotenuse of a right triangle of 1 and 3.

The author has a good deal to say about the Pyramid of Cheops, referring to Piazzi Smyth, Petrie, and others, and mentioning that the periphery of the base is supposed to be  $2\pi$  times the height. As to his own theory — the angle of inclination of the Pyramid is given by some authorities as  $51^{\circ}50'$ , and this he finds to be the angle given by a right triangle, one of whose perpendiculars is .618... of the hypotenuse.

A great many geometrical figures, series, and ancient ornaments are considered, and the geometry of the regular polyhedra is touched upon. Under "Evolution" the author maintains that the generating of a series of triangles by the successive addition of similar triangles (that is, gnomons), and the drawing of spirals thereby, was for Pythagoras a symbol of all growth and evolution. It is evident that by letting the spirals proceed in a third dimension, we shall get helices, and the growth of plants is at once suggested. The shapes of leaves, including even their apparent irregularities, can be thus explained geometrically. It would be possible to follow the author's suggestions endlessly and to apply them to shapes in all the kingdoms of nature, as well as (by extending the analogy) to formless ideas. The following gives a good idea of the author's thesis:

If I interpret rightly the scanty remains of Pythagorism, there was, according to him, originally only one point, of atomic smallness. It had the form of a triply isosceles triangle. [An isosceles triangle which divides into two other isosceles triangles — the decagon triangle.] *It was an ensouled point.* It drew Space magnetically to itself, and a surface was built, like an ice-sheet on tranquil water. On the analogy of the formation of the icosahedron from the pentagonal figures this surface absorbed into itself matter; took on, like a kind of bubble, a third dimension.

The remark about the atom being ensouled, which we have italicized, will especially remind the reader of H. P. Blavatsky, who, in

passages too numerous for citation, insists upon the fact that the atom of the ancient philosophers was not a physical speck or a geometrical figment but a living entity — the only kind of entity there can be, unless there can be *dead* entities. They knew full well that the rudiment, the unit, of manifestation must be a living conscious Soul. They had never obfuscated their minds with fruitless efforts to conceive the inconceivable by endowing metaphysical abstractions with a fictitious reality. They knew that the properties of matter are nothing in themselves, but are simply *properties* — properties of something that has real existence.

Such a work is difficult to review adequately; the writer is concise; one would have to reproduce whole chapters. We must be content to supplement a brief summary and some general remarks by a few choice references. The word “Theorem” is derived from a Greek word meaning “to see”; yet it is nowadays regarded as something which has to be *proved* — something *not* obvious. Pythagoras, by cutting a right triangle into two similar ones, rendered his theorem (as to the areas of similar figures described on the sides) self-evident. Since then some mathematicians have labored to demonstrate this theorem, and thereby earn the scorn of the writer.

If we make a small square and call its area 1, and make larger squares by affixing gnomons with areas 3, 5, 7, etc., thus making the squares 4, 9, 16, etc., then the number 1 is seen to be at once a square and a gnomon. It is androgyne.

Referring again to the subject of the gnomon, the author quotes Philolaus to the effect that: “Knowledge is possible only when between the soul and the essence of the object there exists a relation similar to that which the gnomon has.”

It is interesting to note that the Greeks, when they had any building to do, “did not, like us, stick in the straitwaistcoat of a metrical system, but chose their unit of area according to the immediate need.” This of course is well known to every student of ancient building proportions.

Plutarch is cited as saying that all bodies are divisible into elementary triangles. Here we may quote H. P. Blavatsky to the effect that “everything in nature appears under a triune aspect; everything is a multiplicity and trinity in unity, and is so represented by him [the Kabbalist and Hermetic philosopher] symbolically in various geometri-

cal figures.” (“Six-pointed and Five-pointed Stars,” *The Theosophist*, vol. II, no. 2.)

Thus we have briefly summarized the author's principal points, and now add some remarks in comment. It is evident that he has received a touch of the real meaning of Pythagoras and his school, and that he has not been able to reduce all his intuitions to the mental plane. Innumerable books have been written by people with gleams of intuition, which they have endeavored to formulate; and these books are often very suggestive and often very obscure. Sometimes — though not in the present case — the author is a very indifferent mathematician, as judged by ordinary standards; and this circumstance still further impedes the conveying of his ideas. Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* will be familiar with the names of Ralston Skinner and Parker in connexion with the quadrature and ancient measures of dimension, and with H. P. Blavatsky's criticisms thereupon.

That there is a mystery underlying the complex mass of ancient symbolism, geometric, mathematical, decorative, astronomical, musical, theogonic — what not — is very evident; and we need not trouble ourselves with those who find themselves able to regard it all as mere primitive superstition. But what is that mystery, and how is it to be plumbed? If one goes elaborately into the subject, one compiles a mass of erudition and discovers a number of curious “coincidences”; but instead of solving the mystery, these only open up new and wider fields. But what is worse one finds no useful direction for his studies and discoveries: he becomes bewildered and a mere crank. The fact is that he has not provided himself with some necessary *key*; he is exploring the country from afar without being able to pass the portal. He is playing with the most colossal jig-saw puzzle ever conceived, but can never stick more than two or three pieces together, and even they do not make anything that he can use.

What was the key? To answer that question we need but turn to Pythagoras himself. We find that all his studies, unlike our own, had to be preceded by most strenuous and careful self-preparation, such as years of silence, abstinence in eating, and the like. This surely gives the clue. Perhaps these symbols contain meanings that cannot be conveyed to the mind in customary condition, but which strike the intuition like a flash when the whole nature has been purified and refined to the necessary quality. Perhaps these symbols are the alphabet and vocabulary of a mystic tongue that can be understood only

by him whose ears have been duly prepared by long and arduous study.

In *The Secret Doctrine* there is of course infinitely more about these matters than the writer has touched upon; but it would not be of much use to try to present any of it here. The same difficulty would arise; it might lead to an additional piling up of suggestive but un-useable lore. People need the key to understand such teachings. And that key is to be found in the ancient doctrine that wisdom is inseparable from conduct, and that discipline must precede knowledge. What is the etymology of the word "discipline," in any case? It means teaching.

Geometry, as we know it now, is indeed something very different. On its applied side we have carried it to great perfection. In its purely theoretical aspect it is an entrancing mystery. But who ever thinks of connecting it with religion and conduct? Pythagoras is said to have kept secret the properties of certain geometrical forms. It is certainly no longer necessary to do so. But after all we are not sure what it was that he kept secret. We have inherited the tools of the Master and put them to such uses as we could devise; but we do not know how *he* used them.

Pythagoras learned his philosophy in India. Hence the similarity in the fundamental ideas of the ancient Brahmanical Initiates and the Pythagorists.

So says H. P. Blavatsky in the place cited above, adding that:

Our authorities for representing the pentagram or five-pointed star as the *microcosm*, and the six-pointed double triangle as the *macrocosm*, are all the best known Western Kabalists — medieval and modern.

And with regard to the double triangle:

So well known and widespread is this double sign that it may be found over the entrance door of the Lhakhang (temples containing Buddhic images and statues), in every Gong-pa (lamasery), and often over the relic-cupboard called in Tibet Doong-ting.

It is manifest that this kind of geometry was an essential part of the sacred mysteries; and if the teachings of Pythagoras and other Greeks were only early attempts at our kind of geometry where do these Buddhistic diagrams come in? But indeed such symbols are universal, as witness the Svastika, the Cross, and many others. Useless to us now (as we perhaps think), they evidently served an important purpose once. It is said that not all of the teachings in the Mysteries were oral. Much was taught by symbols, graphs, and scenic methods.

## THE DRAMA IN WALES: by Kenneth Morris



SUCH a title sounds a little like the famous *Snakes in Iceland*; there is no drama in Wales — or was not until recently. There was good promise of it at one time: when Twm o'r Nant the carter was wandering the land, writing and performing his interludes — and suffering no lack of audiences, it would appear. But then came the religious movement, a Joshua to arrest the sun, and hold him for a century at an hour before dawn. The barn or booth that might have grown into a national theater was, so to say, “nipped in the bud” by the frosts of theology; and Wales remains a terra incognita, which may be desert, for all the world knows, or flowing with milk and honey. She has found her enjoyment in singing hymns and listening to sermons; squeezing the last drop of juice out of a somber, narrow, but somewhat pictorial dogmatism; squeezing it out again and again; and nothing creative to show for a vast expenditure of emotion.

In the twelfth century she had produced (or recorded) the Mabinogion: promise of a literature which, had it grown and borne fruit, might have equaled that of France itself; for these romances are better than the French ones of that period. But then came the conquest, blighting her highest genius for centuries. So, as we are often told now, the soul of Wales remains elusive, uncaptured, never written down.

This is true, whether native or English literature be considered. Scott, and after him the men of the Kailyard, have held up the soul of Scotland for the world to gaze upon; Lever and Lover and their ilk created an Irish type for stage purposes that persists; but Wales, that knows not herself, is known even less beyond the border. In Shakespeare's day it was not so: Fluellen, to be recognized, hardly needed to make p's of his b's, or to force his leek upon Pistol; he is sound flesh and blood, full stature, where his Scotch and Irish colleagues are but shadows. Milton's “old and haughty nation, proud in arms” has become obscured under a fog of chapel-going and revivalism; Tennyson's Arthurian Welshmen have nothing Welsh about them. For lack, we may say, of collateral support, even Blackmore's Deio Llewelyn — wonderful old garrulous Deio, so lovable with all his imperturbable vanity and sharp methods in fish-dealing — though he deserves to rank with Sancho, Tartarin, and Sam Weller, came into the world of fiction stillborn, and laid no hold on popular imagination. Allen Raine, indeed, did something in her day; her Wales is

Wales, and lovely, so far as it goes. She caught, to a certain extent — we think to a very great extent — the atmosphere of the shores of Cardigan Bay; the sentiment and humor of her people; the gentle sweetness of the natural beauty of those regions: the sea, and the sea-pinks on the cliffs, and the sea-gulls; the simplicity of the life of the peasants, their quick hatreds and passions, and their unbounded sympathy and kindness; the sunny cliffs and moors with their rushes and gorse and heather; the hedges with their wild-rose and honeysuckle; the foxgloves in the fields, and the daffodils and phlox and box hedges in the farm gardens. All these things are Welsh, very Welsh indeed; but they are not the best and greatest there is to tell. Those who know the spirit and atmosphere of the sixth century bards, and the romances from of old that were written down for us in the two centuries preceding the conquest, know that there is an El Dorado of unminted gold, pure and magnificent, to be mined in Wales; a literature august, severe, and ennobling, waiting to be written; a poetry to be sung that shall take you right into the arcana of the human soul, revealing the grandeur, beauty, and unconquerable heroism that hide there: the brightness of those beings whose home is the sunlight, the awful splendor of the dwellers in the mountain and the storm.

It would seem as if creative ages were always born of the union of two forces: Nationalism and Internationalism. A light shines out of the World Soul, a universal spirit stirs, and runs forth quickening the souls of this nation and that, so that they leap into flame and illumine their epoch. But the national soul must be prepared first: there must be a grand courage, self-confidence, and hope; the future must appear to be teeming with high possibilities: where this tinder is not, the sparks will fall and die. We never find, I think, any great nationalism arising, of the kind that produces genius, unless internationalism was wandering the world at the time to stir and awaken it; as if the souls of the nations were the treasure-houses wherein the World-Soul stores its riches, and it could not come by any wealth to wear or squander, save with the key of nationalism and national awakenments. Not nationalism and universalism are the two poles or opposites, but nationalism and provincialism: the more national is your book, the less provincial, and the more international or universal it is. Athens and Florence bear witness; or again, is there anything so Spanish as *Don Quixote*, which the whole world treasures; or so (Elizabethan) English as universal Shakespeare? In a period of national deadness, such

works as may be produced are essentially provincial and minor; but when nationalism awakes, fanned up into a Bagdad, an Ispahan, or a Córdoba by some Moslem breath from the desert; into a Florence of Lorenzo, a France of the Pleyade, an England of the great Elizabethans, by some Revival of Learning — then, and not till then, are the grand universal words spoken.

In Wales, the native literature of the last six hundred years has been mainly of the kind tinged with provincialism: interesting, but falling short of greatness. The Renaissance hardly affected her; for the ground of a vigorous and hopeful nationalism was lacking. The conquest, mortally wounding her aspirations, paralysed in her the forces that bring genius to its fruition. Mortally wounded her aspirations, we say; they were not quite to die until the fatal victory of Bosworth put a Welsh prince on the English throne, and killed them by seeming to grant them all that they could ask. So between the fall of Llewelyn and the rise of Henry Tudor, there were still signs of life. The spirit of troubadorism, before its wane, found some response in a conquered but still rebellious Wales; it touched the greatest of the troubadors, Dafydd ab Gwilym, and his successor, Rhys Goch o Dir Iarll, in the fourteenth century, and awoke in them a wonderful vision into the magical beauty of the land of their birth; but the paralysis of national conceptions and aspirations forbade that they should produce any great constructive work. Had Owen Glyndwr succeeded, and had Dafydd ab Gwilym been Iolo Goch . . . . Then again, the international movement of a century ago found a Wales just stirring to receive it; an awakening of national life, headed by certain antiquarians who devoted their lives to collecting, rescuing and publishing the ancient relics of her literature and philosophy. Chief of these was Iolo Morganwg, mystic, druid, liberal and advanced thinker, linked on to the universal movement by his friendship with Paine. Iolo, delving into the fugitive and unclassified traditions of the centuries, brought to light a great measure of the ancient esoteric wisdom of the bards: certainly, with the Mabinogion, the best, Welshest, and most universal treasure that we have; one which would have borne fruit in a great creative literature, but that theology deflected the national impulse. For this old Welsh wisdom is but part of the Theosophy of all elder nations: cognate with the teachings of Pythagoras, the Mysteries of Egypt, and the esoteric philosophy of the East.

The spirit of the Victorian period, so fruitful in all lands where

the World Movement, quickened by scientific discovery, might find scope for its action, found the ramparts of Calvinism raised high along the borders of Wales; and nationalism, beginning to be reborn there latterly, still too weak to speak with any but minor voices. Of these the most important were Ceiriog and Islwyn the poets, and Daniel Owen the novelist. Ceiriog, like Burns, was a peasant poet, altogether a lyricist; he was a sweeter singer, and clean in his life and verses; but without the tang and bite of the Scotchman. It has been said by German critics that his lyricism outweighs all that of the England of his century; it is a large claim; but not quite ridiculous, when one considers the matter purely from the standpoint of lyricism. But he fell short of extra-national importance, through inability to voice any of the deeper things of life. Theology shut the inner worlds from him; though he was, yes, a prophet of the dawn, the dawn in Wales was yet some decades away. Islwyn, on the other hand, was a mystic; a great national impulse would certainly have carried him to the heights, and his message far and wide; but it was lacking; his audience limited him, calling to the most trivial, and not to the greatest that he was. Daniel Owen drew his waters from the well of Dickens; writing down the life that he saw about him, he would have written great novels to pass the border and survive translation, if that life had been stirred to any great purpose by national-universal ideals. But theology obscured his Wales from him, and put blinkers on his imagination. So one must dismiss the three of them, now; though were there opportunity, one might say much on their great gifts and genuine value.

Between Daniel Owen and the writers of the Mabinogion there had been no Welsh fiction at all; and what a gulf is there! Style, imagination, beauty and mystery, titanic humor, and a real something from the inner worlds: something that set Arthurian legend burning over western Europe, keeping alight heaven knows what fires and ideals and aspirations, the best that existed at the time — and from that to the little preachers and puritans of *Rhys Lewis* and *Ystraeon y Pentan*, with only one bright unorthodox Wil Bryan amongst them all to say that there is still laughter and wit in the heart of the Celt! Where is the ancient poetry, the burning imagination, the warrior tradition; the *old and haughty nation, proud in arms?*

*Lle bu bonedd Gwynedd gant  
Adar nos a deyrnasant;  
Y llwybrau lle gynt bu'r gan  
Yw lleoedd y ddyllhuan.*

But what has all this to do with the drama? Everything; because drama is the culmination of creative literature: all roads lead to it; and we must climb a little of the hillside, if we are to appreciate the view from the crest. Here then was the position a few years ago: certain influences, historical and religious, had arrested the development of literature among a people so naturally literary as the Welsh; so that for six centuries practically nothing had been produced beyond lyrics and odes in poetry — some of them, indeed, of rare and extraordinary beauty; numberless biographies, countless works on theology, and one novelist who stands fairly high in the second rank. As for drama, theology, with lifted hands and eyes would have breathed its most sulphurous anathema at the mere mention of such a thing — only it never was even mentioned.

## II

But now all this is changing, or has changed — most astoundingly, most incredibly. When the religious revival of some ten years ago spent itself, thoughtful minds were not lacking, to predict that it would prove the last of its kind: that the next revival would be nationalistic; and events are showing that they were right. A new Wales has been born, and is entering into conflict with the old; rather, I think, it is an old, old Wales that has reincarnated to take the field in the cause of the Gods against the dull, lugubrious usurper who has been obscuring realities so long. Herein lies the excuse for the present article: any national awakening is of universal interest, because it promises the revelation of a new type of beauty in literature, a new kind of force in life.

It would not be possible to trace here all the causes that led to this awakening in Wales; but a few of them may be indicated. First and foremost, an international movement of the kind is in the air: it is pre-eminently a time of the reawakening of the nations that have been asleep. H. P. Blavatsky, a voice crying in the wilderness of nineteenth century utilitarianism, planted certain ideas in the atmosphere of the world; among others, that of the immense value of the lore and mythologies of the ancient nations of the east and west. By a “curious coincidence” (blessed words!) such nations here and there began turning to a study of their forgotten treasures; and finding in them, strangely enough, an impulse, an encouragement, a new heart for the future. She proclaimed human brotherhood; the innate divinity of

men and nations; ideals sweeter and vaster than those of the materialism of the age; and, *mirable dictu*, many peoples that had never heard of the Messenger or the Message, began to behave as if they had. So much for the world movement: which, it may be said has already affected Ireland very strongly.

In Wales itself a great deal was due no doubt to the foundation of the Welsh University; which dates, as a corporate whole, from the eighties or nineties. A great deal was due, also, to the coming into touch with Ireland and Brittany, through the Gorsedd and the Panceltic Movement; it was from these two countries that Wales received the sparks, in the twelfth century, which set her own smoldering fires ablaze then. The modern rapprochement began at the National Eisteddfod at Cardiff in 1899, we believe; when Irish and Breton bards appeared on the platform for the first time with their Welsh confreres. Then the Eisteddfod itself, which owes its modern existence to Iolo Morganwg, had been growing in influence during the nineteenth century; and whatever criticisms may be leveled against it, it had served as an evident symbol of national unity. Lastly, one must not forget the work of certain disinterested politicians of the last quarter of the old century: such prophets of nationalism as Henry Richards and Tom Ellis. But it is in the last six years or so that the wonders have been happening.

What these wonders have been, so far as concerns the politico-national plane, one need not mention; but the world is beginning to hear of Wales, as Wales is beginning to realize herself and her potentialities. Katherine Tingley, visiting Cardiff in December 1907, felt in the atmosphere the oncoming of great things, and foretold then immense progress; her words have been verified beyond the imagination of those who heard them. Almost yearly now, the Eisteddfod is revealing the existence of some new poet of a new order: national, but no longer provincial, and with something to say, and a way of saying it, that the world will wish to hear. There are men who but for the circumstance of the language, would probably be given rank even now with the first poets of contemporary Europe. Above all, the Mabinogion, for centuries an utterly sealed book, is becoming the source of a national inspiration: one reads complaints here and there, that it will soon have supplanted the Bible in Welsh affections. We are no longer turning, say such complainants, to Moses and Joshua, or to Joseph and his brethren, but to Plenydd, Alawn, and Gwron; no

longer to the story of the gospels, but to the stories of Arthur and the sons of Don. Where of old we wrote Crown or Chair poems on *Elusengarwch* (Almsgiving) or *Y Greadigaeth* (The Creation), now we write on the Coming of Arthur, or on the exploits of Gwydion ab Don and Llew Llaw Gyffes. These are all shining figures out of the Celtic dawn: Gods and demigods, Masters of Magic and Music. Though perhaps indeed, that dawn were better called twilight: the twilight of a long, golden, wellnigh forgotten day, since whose waning it has been all night with the Celts, starlit at the best.

It is within these last few years, too, that Wales has become possessed with the desire for a national drama. To this ambition, no doubt, the success of the Irish drama has been a main incentive; and great credit is to be given to many of the nationalist leaders in Wales, and to a Welsh-American, Mr. D. R. Williams of Utica, who has most ably preached, to men of his own language, the drama as a factor in the higher education of the people. But the fun began, as we say, when Mr. Lloyd George, turning from politics to the real needs of the Welsh people, as he often does when speaking in Welsh to Welsh audiences, announced to an astounded theater-abhorring Wales, that among those real needs was the need of Welsh drama. Such things had surely never been spoken in a chapel before; but from this man — “*He isn't God Almighty,*” said the Englishman in the story, wearied of hearing Lloyd George's praises. “Well, no,” replied the Welsh encomiast, abashed; — “but he's *young yet.*”

Then things began booming. Lord Howard de Walden, a Welshman with the soul of the Welsh princes in him, took to offering prizes of a hundred pounds each year for a Welsh play, either in Welsh or English; and himself produced, in co-operation with Mr. Josef Holbrooke, the opera *The Children of Don*. Of this one may venture the following, although with no better guide than the newspaper criticisms: Lord Howard was on the right path in going to mythology for his subject, and in treating it symbolically. Thus did Wagner also, who should be followed so far; but not much farther; for his genius, universal in spirit and intention, was too Teutonic in its methods of expression to fit the Celtic myths. Two other plays must be mentioned: Mr. J. O. Francis' *Change*, now running in London, and soon to appear in New York; and Mr. W. J. Gruffydd's *Beddau Prophwydi*, which was produced at Cardiff. Both are notable and serious works; the first tells of the passing of the old religious order in Wales, and the second

does something to expedite that passing: which something, significantly enough, was received with rapturous applause.

Dramatic societies are springing up everywhere, that write and act their own plays; and if things go well, bring them up to the annual Eisteddfod to compete for a prize; generally these societies are in connexion with some chapel. For from anathema, drama has become orthodox — we may hope not merely as a means for keeping the young folk in the fold, now that the bonds of dogma are being loosened.

Needless to say, a National Drama will not come into being at the bidding of any statesman, or for the sake of prizes offered; nor could you expect great things from first popular efforts. But anything will set the ball rolling when the slope is steep and it is no longer being held in place. Here we have a national awakening in process; a genuine movement of the people, and search being made everywhere for the true road to success. One can hardly open a Welsh magazine or newspaper, without coming on articles about this; one reads recommendations on all sides that the Greek, French, Irish, Shakespearean, or Ibsenic model should be taken or eschewed; or that we should turn to the Mabinogion for inspiration and soak ourselves in the spirit of the ancient and medieval bards.

One thing is certain: matters are moving. The future has come to seem of immense importance, of most glowing promise; and Wales is growing in the conviction that she can voice her soul in drama, and in certain other directions as well. The psychic energy that used to run riot in religious revivals is now being turned, a deal of it, to meet national needs. Welsh nationalism, rapidly growing to be the most potent force there, has this much to be said for it: it inculcates no antagonisms, and finds no pleasure in vilifying “the foreigner.” It takes for its watchword *Wales for the World*; and seeks the redemption of the national soul, that the treasures that lie concealed therein may enrich humanity at large. This is the Higher Patriotism, preached by Theosophy; we do not know where it has more vogue and insistent propaganda than in Wales. It is this that actuates the search for a National Drama: so searching, it is thought, the people may find the treasures of the national soul; which treasures cannot be expressed or indeed brought out so well in any other way than in the drama.

## III

It is an interesting situation then; an effort, we would say, that deserves success. By what road that success should be sought, it will now be our purpose to inquire.

It is a truism that the drama must mirror life; were there nothing to be added, all would be plain sailing. You might go to the inn, the club, the chapel, or the cottage, and write down what speech and action you should observe there: a photographic farrago to serve to a public that knew it all already, and whether they liked it or left it, would be neither better nor worse for your pains. But take this as your A B C and most dogmatic canon: the drama is to make people better; and unless it can do so, is but a thievish plebeian jackdaw in peacock's feathers.

Again, you might so treat and arrange your common speech and action as to make them interesting, witty, sensational; you might, by flattery of the senses, by cosseting personal weaknesses and predilections, win popular favor galore; and still have done little better than disgrace yourself. For your true dramatist is a Bard or teacher; he considers the needs of the people, and lets their "wants" go hang.

You might even preach — sectarianism, politics — even social reform; and excellent sermons too; and still be, dramatically speaking, but as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. For art neither moralizes nor demoralizes, but lays bare the truth of things; it is not a preacher, but a wizard; not a sermon, but a living lesson. *Do as I say, not as I do*, says the preacher; but the drama: *Do as I do, and — watch the consequences*.

Life itself is twofold: there is an inner and an outer to it; you have not explained everything when you have said that life must be mirrored. The outer man struggles to obtain his living, his love, or his fame; and that struggle concerns us not, for nothing important can be made of it. But the soul that is within struggles also: to master its personality, to silence the noise of the passions; and this does concern us, and is of infinite importance in every age. Man evolves as the soul masters sense: there you have the theme of all true drama; because that is the One Drama, whose stage is the inhabited universe, and its seven acts the seven ages of eternity.

The drama, then, has to tell the story of the inner man; but it has to tell it in terms of the outer; it has to mirror the world of soul into the world of sense. Through pictures presented to the eyes, and spoken

speech for the hearing, it must deliver that which seeing has not seen, nor hearing can hear. Following its own canons, in a fashion apprehensible to the mind and senses, it tells in symbols the eternal grand adventure of the soul incarnate in the world.

Otherwise, how should it lay hands upon eternity, or grasp anything of the immortal? The outer life dies at every death, and is buried with every funeral; there is nothing to outlast personality in it; there is no anchorage against the tides that wash things down into oblivion. Though the play that reflects it, and nothing deeper, may run for ten thousand nights, it is essentially trumpery; it accomplishes no work in the world, and the idler and trifler are dead already. *To hold as 'twere a mirror up to Nature* — but the mirror must reflect the hidden sun of truth, and flash down light from that into our darkness. So all great drama has done; and because the inner life is the same in all ages: because we have always the war of the Soul against self, sense, passion, *Hamlet* and *The Eumenides* are just as true now as they were when Aeschylus and Shakespeare wrote them; and will be, while man is man.

But this inner life — who knows about it? One must live it first, engaging upon the great adventure. And for that one needs not to round the Horn or cross Africa; the life that is tamest, to all outward seeming, may inwardly be the richest and most epic. One may have had no experience but the daily going from the cottage to the school, mine, or office; and yet have found El Dorado and fought great dragons and monsters of the deep. It is those inly wars and expeditions that must be told — in outward, vivid, and splendid terms. Whoso would find the secret of drama, let him plunge first into the depths and obscurities of his own being; and find there the Hero, and the Gods that aid, and the demons that oppose him.

For self is not the little and confined thing that we suppose; it is a vast Africa awaiting, in most of us, its Livingstone and Stanley; it is a lonely Arctic and Antarctic, where many Nansens may adventure, and many heroic Scotts may die. Within the least of us there is an Orestes dormant, and dormant Furies waiting to pursue him; and there is a divine Athena too, who at last shall transform the Furies into beneficent Eumenides. So also within ourselves *Hamlet* is played, and we are all the characters; and we are Shylock and Antonio and Portia, Macbeth and Duncan, Othello and Iago and Desdemona. For the matter of all drama is the warfare between good and evil, fought out

within ourselves. How to know of it, without examination, study, finding the keys of self?

So when one says that we must go to life itself for our inspiration, one means more than that the people in our plays shall seem to be living men and women. These indeed are the material of which our story shall be told; but the story itself we must have found within. We must have sought and fought within: challenged chaos and hell and all the demons of Abred and Annwn to the conflict, and borne off some few of the Spoils of the Deep to vindicate our spiritual manhood.

So much, then, for our drama, if it is to be Drama; now a word or two as to its needs, if it is to be Welsh. Truth, which is to be found within, is the same whether it takes a Greek or an English, a German or a Welsh or any expression; so no models can be taken for the stuff or essence of our drama, except the eternal truth. For the form and outward clothing of it, we must find Welsh material; rather, we must see truth from a Welsh angle; from the angle of all Welsh history. The present and immediate past are too small; the real thing has been too much obscured. If the soul of Wales is to be captured, one must seek it by the light of a pre-Christian Wales: in a land of druid enchanters and titanic warriors; in the Wales of Taliesin and Arthur and the Mabinogi. Not that this has vanished utterly: catch your Calvinist unawares, and he is still often a Welshman; and there is still a human element by no means incompatible with the old grandeur, to be found among the country people. Also, I think it will be best expressed in poetry, or at least in the most exalted and beautiful forms of prose. One ought not to be afraid of aiming too high. Without question, poetry is the rightest form of all for drama, being the supreme method of language. Nor is it a lost art in Wales, or divorced from the life of the people, where a poet may very well be a popular hero, and his literary exploits pass into folklore: told and retold, and kindling new enthusiasms always, among the peasants and miners. One has heard unlettered men so expatiate and kindle over Dyfed's victories. Let the men who can wield the cywydd look to this: poetry is a grand key to the higher nature of man, and you cannot get language too splendid, too melodious. But let us have our own meters: Welsh will not be at its best, probably, in English heroic decasyllables, or in French Alexandrines. There is the cywydd of Dafydd ab Gwilym; still better, there is the old meter of Myrddin's *Afallenau* and Taliesin's *Preiddieu Annwn*. Marlowe's mighty line does not excel this last in glory, nor

does Homer's hexameter; and we have seen it used consummately in these latter years. Let the poets of Aberystwyth and Caerdydd look to this. 'There is a flood of majesty and high beauty to be let loose on the world, now hidden away in the mountains and in the ancient subconscious memories of this race: offer to it the most august vehicles; be assured that though there have been Golden Ages and Golden Ages, the best is yet to come. This is not to exalt the Welsh above others: what you may predict of one people, you may foretell of all; but how shall the splendid destinies of humanity come to pass, unless great gifts be given, and this nation and that lay the perfect treasures of its spirit on the altar of the world? So the best is yet to come; we must appeal for a transcendent faith. The mighty vowels of the Cymraeg, the sweet rippling liquids, and the incessant fire and energy of the aspirates, shall inspire and build up art-forms statelier and more excellent than any we have imagined. There shall be a poetry, loud as the mountain wind with innate music: flaming as the dawn or the sunset with brilliance of color: in form, having all the style and grandeur of the Wyddfa or Carnedd Llewelyn. The best is certainly yet to come.

*(To be concluded)*

### **BOLIVIA: by C. J. Ryan**



**B**OLIVIA is an inland country, until lately very difficult to reach from outside. By the loss of Mollendo, on the Pacific coast, to Peru, and of Acre, on the upper water of the Purús, to Brazil, no direct access to the oceans was left but the apparently open door of the rivers Madre de Dios, Beni, and Mamoré, leading to the Madeira, the Amazon, and thereby to the Atlantic. Ocean steamers can sail up the rivers to San Antonio, which is not far from the frontiers of Bolivia, but from there a long series of cataracts begins, and the surrounding country, through which the river Madeira flows, is hidden in dense jungle. The open door was not really open, therefore, and, owing to the natural obstacles, the magnificent possibilities of Bolivia have been greatly hindered in their development. An idea of the risks to be encountered by the daring navigators who attempt to shoot the rapids of the Madeira in charge of merchandise may be gained when it is known that almost fifty per cent is lost every year. For a long time efforts have been made to skirt

the rapids by means of a railway. Two unsuccessful attempts were made, but at last the principal portion has been completed, and now Bolivia is really accessible to the outside world. Immigration will become easy, and great developments in mining, agriculture, and trade in general, are certain to follow. The Maderia-Mamoré railroad is considered to be a remarkable achievement in tropical engineering. Another outlet, the railway from La Paz to Arica, the Chilean port on the Pacific, has just been finished by Chile as part of the indemnity due to Bolivia for the loss of its sea-coast. It is three hundred miles long. As soon as Bolivia has completed its internal main lines of railroad its future as a united, compact, and powerful country is absolutely assured, for it has great natural advantages in extraordinary variety. Railroad building, as may easily be understood from a study of the nature of the country — high mountains and plateaus, and tropical plains of dense jungle — has been very slow. In 1892 President Arce formally opened the first railroad, and now there are 1500 miles in operation, 280 under construction, and 1100 planned.

Bolivia is the third largest country in South America, being exceeded in size only by Brazil and Argentina. Its area is 540,000 square miles and the population 2,266,000. The largest city is La Paz, containing over 80,000 inhabitants. It is the seat of the Legislative Palace. The legal capital is Sucre, a smaller but very attractive city, and the seat of the Supreme Court. The Constitution of Bolivia is framed on progressive lines; the government is divided into three independent branches, the Executive, the Legislative, and the Judicial. The President and the two Vice-Presidents are elected by direct popular vote for four years, but are not eligible for re-election. The Legislature consists of a House of Representatives and a Senate, elected by the people. All registered male citizens over the age of twenty-one having a fixed income, and knowing to read and write, have a vote. The Supreme Court is elected by the House from lists proposed by the Senate, and the members serve for ten years. The Bolivian Republic is not constituted as a Federation of sovereign states, like Brazil, Argentina, or the United States of North America; but, for administrative purposes it is divided into eight main Departments, at the head of each of which is a Prefect, appointed by the President and subject to his authority. The Departments have their own local councils and administer their own revenues and affairs.

Freedom of the press and of religious belief, and the right of all

persons to hold property, are leading features of the Constitution. Primary education is compulsory, and colleges for secondary education are found in each of the Departments. Schools of Commerce, Mines, Engineering, and Mechanics, have recently been established. The university courses are limited to the professions of medicine, theology, and law. The population of Bolivia in the cities is mostly of Spanish descent; some half-breeds are also found. The main population of the rural districts is of Indian origin, survivals of the great Inca Empire that once flourished before the Spanish Conquest. Bolivia possesses a small but well-trained army of 3750 men, and a large Reserve; the total is 103,750.

As before remarked, Bolivia is a land of immense possibilities, and its prospects are exceedingly bright. Three countries stand forth in the New World as pre-eminently rich in mineral wealth: the United States of North America, Mexico, and Bolivia. Though great quantities of gold, silver, and copper have been taken out of the Bolivian mines there is far more remaining, but the scarcity of labor and the high cost of transportation is a serious obstacle to the working of many of the mines, particularly the silver mines since 1873, owing to the depreciation in the value of the white metal. At the present time tin is the most profitable source of revenue; the ore is of high grade, and in 1910 over 100,000,000 pounds were exported. With the development of the railways and the increase of immigration the prosperity of the mining industry will greatly increase.

The vegetable resources of Bolivia are enormous, and it is impossible to set a limit to the future of agriculture, for, in consequence of the great variety of climates, every known vegetable can be grown with success. Over 325,000 square miles of vast forests and grazing plains occur in the eastern section of the country in which the great navigable rivers flow. This, undoubtedly, will be the seat of the densest population in the future. At present agriculture is in a backward state and many commodities, such as flour, have to be imported. The chief vegetable article of export is rubber, which is abundant. In 1910 over eight millions of pounds were exported. The vast plains of the southeast are capable of raising enormous numbers of cattle.

The history of Bolivia since the Conquest has, until lately, been a very disturbed one. The South American War of Independence began and ended on the plateau of "Upper Peru," which included modern Bolivia. On the soil of Bolivia the first blood of the great revolt was

spilt, and there the last Spanish soldiers laid down their arms. Lying on the great route for traffic from Lima to Buenos Aires, her territory inevitably became the battleground of the hardest and most continuous fighting on the continent; from 1800 till 1825, with scarcely an intermission, the fighting raged, each side alternately being victorious until the final success of the South Americans. The name Bolivia was given in honor of Bolívar to the state formed from the provinces of Upper Peru which formerly constituted part of the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires. The famous hero prepared a Constitution for the new republic, but it was quickly modified, and the present one is quite different.

To the archaeologist, and to every one who feels the least interest in the mysterious past of the human race, Bolivia offers a source of wonder and speculation unequalled elsewhere in the Americas in the possession of the marvelous ruins of an unknown prehistoric civilization on the shores of Lake Titicaca on the borders of Peru. Tiahuanaco is in the very heart of the region called the Tibet of the Western world; it lies on a plateau which is over 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from which the lofty Cordillera range rises. The ruins consist of rows of stones, carved doorways, stairways, and great monoliths carved in human forms. Looking at these mysterious relics of past greatness, and picturing in one's mind the populous city which once they graced, and which clearly was equal in magnificence to the ancient capitals of Egypt and the Orient, one can hardly feel too much interest. History repeats itself, and we have no reason to believe that ours is the first real civilization on earth. Indeed, we have every reason to believe the contrary, and that the history of mankind is a very long, slow process of cyclic rises and falls. Each race develops some valuable characteristic and impresses it upon the general consciousness of the whole of humanity. In time, through the process of Reincarnation, the perfected man will appear, and then we shall see that all the vicissitudes of history have been necessary stages in the development of the ideal which was outlined in the Universal Mind from the first.

One of the great mysteries of the pre-Inca empire of which the remains at Tiahuanaco are witnesses, is the fact that the climate is now so severe that it would be impossible to support a populous city at that height above the sea. The few miserable inhabitants eke out their livelihood with difficulty on *chuno*, the frozen potato, and *cholona*, or dried

goat or mutton. The hillsides around the lake are barren, except for a few cultivated patches. It is generally believed that the whole country has been greatly elevated since the period of the pre-Incas, and that formerly it had a temperate or warm climate. This implies an immense age for the ruins. Lake Titicaca is the highest body of water on earth which is steam navigated. While crossing the lake the traveler obtains a view of an uninterrupted chain of mighty Nevadas, stretching from Illampú to the graceful Illimani, the beautiful White Lady, which overlooks the picturesque city of La Paz.

### THE LIFE WITHIN; A STUDY IN MYSTICISM:

by W. A. Dunn



THE advances made in scientific knowledge in recent years, especially those growing out of the momentous discovery that radio-activity is universally present *in* matter, independent of external sunlight, will inevitably lead to the removal of prevailing scepticism as to the permanent presence of a divine light and of an invincible creative energy which permeate the inner nature of man.

The humiliating notion that the arena of active life is restricted to the material objects associated with the physical senses, must in no long time give way before the vast array of discovered facts which prove man to be intimately associated, throughout the *many* octaves of his inner spiritual being, with *every* possible aspect of universal life, from an all-permeating spiritual radiance down to the last analysis of minute physical cell, and outward association of cells in various forms of organized matter.

The doctrine of evolution, in that phase of its application that traces but a few selected lines of individual development (like unaccompanied melodies in music) must be amplified so as to include the powers that supervise the correlations *between all evolving entities*, like that demonstrated in the harmonious association of *many* melodies woven into an orchestral symphony. Melody is simply a line of single notes successively extended through time. Harmony is the association of many melodies welded into a stream of mass chords organically related.

The keynote and scale of evolution, which is usually thought of as progressing through long periods of history, must be associated with

the truth that on either side of the process we happen to be aware of, countless *other* lines of special evolution are also active, the interweaving of which with our lives makes man the complex being that he is. As a further illustration of this, consider the phenomena of time. We think of time as proceeding in *successive* moments, throughout the days and years. Yet this view is but a relative one, bound up with the geographical location we *personally* occupy on the surface of the globe. Thinking of time as it appears from the center of the earth or the sun, all time-units appear as *mutually coexisting* in a larger unity. Hence "divisions of time," as we each perceive them, are rhythmic currents that mark *our* journeyings over the ocean of life. When the heart-center is lived from as at one with the Heart-center of Humanity, all "time divisions" of past, present, and future, must appear as coexisting in the *present* harmony of the spiritual consciousness. From a similar point of view all forms of evolution mutually coexist in the total organism of Humanity, their correlations as between nation and nation, man and man, being evidenced in the events of history.

Within the adult human body the evolutionary processes of nature, in their totality, are simultaneously active from germ cell up to perfected organism. All stages of life from birth to death — and from death to birth — never cease to operate in some "corner" of our being. The dim light of the lower mind merely reveals the objects of thought relating to the geographical station we occupy, or to the plane of consciousness to which we are attuned — just as unthinking minds will tacitly accept the religious creed that prevails in the place where they are born. Hence the separation between the ordinary *local* consciousness and the all-inclusive consciousness of the spiritual self is a mere delusion, just as our notions of "time divisions" cannot be thought of as actually existing in Nature.

The vital principle of life, the energies ever active within blood-corpuscles, the manifold functions and qualities of the bodily organs, the endless streams of sensation and feeling, the electrical rivers coursing through the nerve fibers, the digestion and assimilation of food, the organic relations and adjustments to heat, light, and other etheric forces, the marvelous processes of thought that proceed in orderly sequence as well as in structural complexity, the tremendous power in polarized energy and intelligence — are all processes *simultaneously* active and correlated in the bodily and mental organisms (in tune, or

in confusion, as the case may be), and are largely independent of the restricted intelligence that surveys and controls a few local interests. All these bodily activities bear a strong family resemblance to the so-called "external" forces of nature and give rise to the irresistible conviction that nature *within* humanity is in very truth the soul of the world that gives birth and life to the external aspect which is the arena of ordinary scientific research. Hence the inner and outer aspects of life are but two poles of one supreme all-enveloping consciousness; and no possible restriction can be imposed on the mind that resolves to break down its local prison walls and establish association with all other powers at work within and without human nature. The antagonisms of those who believe that the present era is at the pro-v-point of evolution cannot disturb the true testimony of the ages that innumerable paths lead to the mountain-tops of life and have been traversed by countless feet in ancient as well as in modern times.

The thoughtful mind will ask in amazement: "How is it possible for man, whose body, mind, and soul are inextricably interwoven with universal nature, to be removed from a radiant essence that is the living principle of the very air he breathes and of the food he assimilates?" Radiant matter can no longer be thought of as a far-off metaphysical theory, but as an ever-present, all-penetrating life-essence that perpetually bombards every cell of our being. It is now known that every particle of matter is a living world in itself, as luminous and as harmonious as the solar system. Though but one unit to the outer perception, its correlated forces represent every degree of substance from primordial matter down to its molecular constitution. Within each molecule are congregated the atoms known to science. The atoms themselves have *their* internal constitution of electrical corpuscles, which obey fixed laws of relationship as infallibly as those which govern chemical affinities. A celebrated scientist has computed that with every breath we breathe, we take in enough energy imprisoned within the particles of air sufficient to run the machinery of the world, if it could be released and utilized.

It is small wonder, therefore, that earnest-minded men and women, who have lived in obedience to the higher laws of life, should speak of the actual revelation to them of the Light Within. The power to assimilate the deeper and purer elements of the life in which we exist, whether through food, air, thought, or feeling, must surely be possible of growth and expansion as self-conscious power and efficient know-

ledge is obtained through assertion of the divine energy that exists at the summit of all our faculties and attributes. Like the chemist at work upon crude material, an active application of superior knowledge is necessary to unfold the divine properties locked up in the grosser aspects of our lives. The discovery of radium and other radio-active substances is perhaps the most important ever known to chemical science. Their properties are so startling as to demand a reconstruction of all theories as to the construction of matter. Radio-activity is known to be diffused throughout substances that hitherto were thought of as "dead." Yet this radium is more intensely living than the energies attributed to all other elements. Shall we exclude man alone from these radiant forces of life? Is it utopian to believe that within the *depths* of his thought and feeling an unfading radiance is present that is hidden from physical sight?

History demonstrates that such a light does exist. The spiritual teachers of all time have proved themselves as transmitters of that Light, which was manifestly as clear to them as sunlight to the eyes. Reflection will convey to any earnest and sincere mind that within the entangled elements of commonplace human life the higher properties of spiritual existence must somewhere be present; and that a process of readjustment and purification will surely lead to that condition in which the light stands revealed.

History presents many examples of thoughtful men who have sensed the spiritual light that overshadows the race. They all speak of the *same* truth, and corroborate to the fullest the teachings of Theosophy. To take a few modern instances:

Alfred Tennyson, the poet, speaking of his own experiences, says:

Individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state but the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility — the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life.

The American poet James Russell Lowell wrote in one of his letters:

I had a revelation last Friday evening. . . . . Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking, the whole system rose up before me like a vague destiny looming from the abyss. I never before so clearly felt the spirit of God in me and around me. . . . . I spoke with the calmness and clearness of a prophet.

From Professor Starbuck's collection the following is taken:

I remember the night, and almost the very spot on the hillside, where my soul opened out, as it were, into the Infinite; and there was a rushing together of the two worlds, the inner and the outer. It was deep calling unto deep — the deep that my own struggle had opened up within being answered by the unfathomable deep without, reaching beyond the stars. I stood alone with Him who had made me. . . . . I did not seek Him, but felt the perfect unison of my spirit with His. The ordinary sense of things around me faded. For the moment nothing but an ineffable joy and exaltation remained. It is impossible fully to describe the experience. It was like the effect of some great orchestra when all the separate notes have melted into one swelling harmony that leaves the listener conscious of nothing save that his soul is being wafted upwards.

J. Trevor, in his book *My Quest for God*, writes:

Suddenly, without warning, I felt that I was in heaven — an inward state of peace and joy and assurance indescribably intense, accompanied with a sense of being bathed in a warm glow of light, as though the external condition had brought about the internal effect — a feeling of having passed beyond the body, though the scene around me stood out more clearly and as if nearer to me than before, by reason of the illumination in the midst of which I seemed to be placed. . . . . The spiritual life justifies itself to those who live it.

J. A. Symonds, the English poet, states:

My soul became aware of God, who was manifestly dealing with me . . . . . in an intense present reality. I felt Him streaming in like light upon me. . . . . I cannot describe the ecstasy I felt.

In another letter Symonds writes:

Suddenly, in company or when reading, I felt the approach of the mood. Irresistibly it took possession of my mind and will. . . . . It consisted in a gradual but swiftly progressive obliteration of . . . . . the multitudinous factors of experience which seem to qualify what we are pleased to call our self. In proportion as these conditions of ordinary consciousness were subtracted the sense of an underlying or essential consciousness acquired intensity.

These modern instances, that bear witness to the reality of "The inner light," are substantially similar to references made by ancient writers. In the ancient Hindû writings this Light is described as Daivîprakriti, the Light of the Logos, a conscious power and energy whose presence is the condition of all life. In the Egyptian Book of Hermes it is written:

I am that Light, the mind, thy God, who am before the moist nature that appeared out of darkness, and that bright lightful word is the Son of God. . . . . God and the Father is Light and Life, of which man is made. If therefore thou learn and know thyself to be of the Light and Life, thou shalt again pass into

Life. Shining stedfastly upon and around the whole mind, it enlighteneth the Soul, and loosening it from the bodily senses and motions it draweth it from the body and changeth it wholly into the essence of God. For it is possible, O Son, to be deified while yet it lodgeth in the body of man, if it contemplate on the beauty of God.

A famous Chinaman who lived seven hundred years ago, wrote:

There is in the universe an Aura which permeates all things and makes them what they are; below, it shapes forth land and water; above, the sun and the stars. In man it is called spirit, and there is nowhere where it is not. In times of national tranquillity this spirit lies dormant in the harmony which prevails, only at some great crisis is it manifested widely abroad.

From the *Life of Dr. Henry More*, published in 1710, the following extracts are taken:

I say that a free, divine, universalized Spirit is worth all. How lovely, how magnificent a state is the soul of man in, when the Life of God, in actuating her, shoots her along with Himself through Heaven and Earth; makes her unite with, and after a sort feel herself animate the whole world. . . . This is to become Deiform, to be thus suspended, not by imagination, but by union of Life, joining centers with God, and by a sensible touch to be held up from the clotty, dark personality of this compacted body. Here is love, here is freedom, here is justice and equity, in the superessential causes of them. He that is here, looks upon all things as one; and on himself, if he can then mind himself, as a part of the whole. . . . Nor am I out of my wits . . . for God . . . converseth with me as a friend, and speaks to me in such a dialect as I understand fully, and can make others understand that have not made shipwreck of the faculties the God hath given them, by superstition and sensuality. . . . For God hath permitted to me all these things, and I have it under the Broad Seal of Heaven. . . . He hath made me full Lord of the four elements. . . . All these things are true in a sober sense. . . . We may reach to the participation in the Divine Nature, which is a simple, mild, benign light that seeks nothing for itself as self. . . . The whole life of man upon earth, day and night, is but a slumber and a dream, in comparison of that awaking of the soul that happens in the recovery of her ethereal or celestial body. . . . I profess I stand amazed while I consider the ineffable advantage of a mind thus submitted to the Divine Will. How calm, how comprehensive, how quick and sensible she is, how free, how sagacious. . . . There is a kind of sanctity of Soul and Body, that is of more efficacy for the receiving and retaining of Divine truths, than the greatest pretenses to discursive demonstration.

In the fourth volume of *Lucifer*, Madame Blavatsky gives the following extract from the teachings of Iamblichus:

There is a faculty of the human mind which is superior to all which is born or begotten. Through it we are enabled to attain union with the superior intelli-

gences, of being transported beyond the scenes and arrangements of this world, and of partaking of the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones. By this faculty we are made free from the dominations of Fate [Karma] and are made, so to speak, the arbiters of our own destinies. For, when the most excellent parts of us become filled with Energy, and the Soul is elevated to natures loftier than itself, it becomes separated from those conditions which keep it under the dominion of the present everyday life of the world, exchanges the present for another life, and abandons the conventional habits belonging to the external order of things, to give and mingle itself with that order which pertains to higher life.

Many long centuries separate the ancient author just quoted and our modern poet Walt Whitman, yet that they would be brothers-in-arms and fellow-students in life's mysteries could they meet face to face, is evidenced from the following, taken from Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days and Collect*:

There is . . . . in the make-up of every superior human identity, a wonderful something that realizes without argument, frequently without what is called education (though I think it the goal of and apex of all education deserving the name) an intuition of the absolute balance, in time and space, of the whole of this multifariousness, this revel of fools and incredible make-believes and general unsettledness we call *the world*; a soul-sight of that divine clue and unseen thread which holds the whole congeries of things, all history and time, and all events, however trivial, however momentous, like a leashed dog in the hands of the hunter. Of such soul-sight and root-center for the mind mere optimism explains only the surface.

Considered apart from the different styles of literary expression peculiar to ancient and modern Teachers, there is an undoubted identity between them as regards the subject matter they treat of. It is a far cry between Hermes Trismegistus and Iamblichus, Dr. Henry More and Walt Whitman, yet upon consideration of their writings side by side, who can doubt the identity of fundamental thought and feeling that exists between them? This remarkable identity of thought common to the Teachers of every race and age, is an intuition of the Wisdom-Religion from which all exoteric creeds and sects have sprung. More or less hidden from age to age by the rise and fall of ecclesiasticism and exclusive dogma, its unbroken perpetuation is demonstrated in the lives of the pure in heart, who have purified their minds to such a pitch as to be at one with the higher laws of life.

No one would suspect the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of partiality towards the teachings of Theosophy, yet under the heads of Mysticism and Neoplatonism it gives the following testimony as to the religious philosophy taught in the early centuries of the Christian era:

By Plotinus, the One is explicitly exalted above the *νοῦς* and the ideas; it transcends existence altogether, and is not cognizable by reason. Remaining itself in repose, it rays forth, as it were, from its own fulness, an image of itself which is called *νοῦς*, and the soul of its motion begets corporeal matter. The Soul thus faces two ways — towards the *νοῦς* from which it springs and towards life which is its own product. . . . . On the practical side mysticism maintains the possibility of direct intercourse with the Being of beings. . . . . God ceases to be an object to him and becomes an experience. . . . . The thought that is most intensely present with the mystic is a supreme, all-pervading and indwelling power, in whom all things are one. . . . . The mystic is animated not merely by the desire of intellectual harmony; he seeks the deepest ground of his own being, in order that he may cast aside whatever separates him from the true life

The writer in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, after stating, “*It is undeniable that the very noblest and choicest minds of the 4th century are to be found in the ranks of the Neoplatonists*” (italics ours), proceeds:

Neoplatonism seizes on the aspiration of the human soul after a higher life, and treats this psychological fact as the key to the interpretation of the universe. Hence the existing religions, after being refined and spiritualized, were made the basis of philosophy. The doctrine of Plotinus . . . . . consists of two main divisions. The *first* or theoretical part deals with the high origin of the human soul, and shows how it has departed from its first estate. In the *second*, or practical part, the way is pointed out by which the soul may again return to the Eternal and Supreme. . . . . Along the same road by which it descended, the Soul must retrace its steps back to the Supreme Good. *It must first of all return to itself.* This is accomplished by the practice of Virtue, which aims at likeness to God, and leads up to God. . . . . The lowest stage is that of the civil virtues, then follow the purifying, and last of all the divine virtues. The civil virtues merely adorn the life, without elevating the soul. That is the office of the purifying virtues, by which the Soul is freed from sensuality, and led back to itself, and thence to the *νοῦς*. . . . . But there is a still higher attainment; it is not enough to be sinless. . . . . This is reached through contemplation of the Primeval Being, the One. . . . . Then it may see God, the fountain of life, the source of Being, the origin of all Good, the *root* of the soul. In that state it enjoys the highest indescribable bliss; it is as it were, swallowed up of Divinity, bathed in the Light of Eternity.

How inspiring, how profoundly true and sincere must have been the lives of those early Theosophists, is evidenced by the fact that a representative modern scholar should write so impressively of the spirit that animated them. And what a glowing contrast they present with the ecclesiastical discord that prevailed in the early Christian Church. This “inner” and “outer” aspect of Religion have moved side by side throughout all history — the “inner” aspect ever remaining con-

stant because true to Life; the "outer" rising and falling with changing material conditions and sectarian love of dogmatic power.

The same thought is to be found in the teaching of Jakob Böhme when he wrote:

Within myself will be the paradise. All that God the Father has and is, is to appear in me as in his own image. I am to be myself a revelation of the Spiritual divine world.

The late Professor William James of Harvard University, whose influence on modern philosophic thought is unquestioned, wrote that

Mystical states when well developed, usually are, and have a right to be, absolutely authoritative over the individuals to whom they come. . . . . They break down the authority of the non-mystical or rationalistic consciousness based upon the understanding and the senses alone. They open out the possibility of other orders of Truth, in which, so far as anything in us vitally responds to them, we may freely continue to have faith. . . . . 'The mystic is, in short, *invulnerable*. . . . . I repeat once more, the existence of mystical states absolutely overthrows the pretension of non-mystical states to be the sole and ultimate dictators of what we may believe. . . . . It must always remain an open question whether mystical states may not possibly be such superior points of view, windows through which the mind looks out upon a more extensive and inclusive world. . . . . The counting in of that wider world of meanings, and the serious dealing with it might, in spite of all the perplexity, be indispensable stages in our approach to the final fulness of the Truth. . . . . They tell of the supremacy of the Ideal, of vastness, of union, of safety, and of rest.

The great German philosopher Immanuel Kant taught, in the interpretation given by Josiah Royce, a sometime colleague of Professor James at Harvard:

Your world is . . . . . glorious . . . . . if only you actively make it so. Its spirituality is your own creation, or else it is nothing. Awake, arise, be willing, endure, struggle, defy evil, cleave to good, strive, be strenuous, be devoted, throw into the face of evil and depression your brave cry of resistance, and then this dark universe of destiny will glow with a divine light. Then you will commune with the Eternal. For you have no relations with the Eternal world save such as you make for yourself. . . . . This determination of ours it is that seizes hold upon God, then, just as the courage of the manly soul *makes* life good, introduces into life something that is there only for the activity of the hero, finds God because the Soul has wrestled for His blessing, and then has found after all that the wrestling *is* the blessing. God is with us because we choose to serve our ideal of Him as if he were present to our sense. His kingdom exists because we are resolved that it shall come. This is the victory that overcometh the world, not our intuition, not our sentimental faith, but our living, our moral, our creative faith.

Equally inspiring are the words of Fichte, a German philosopher

who lived a short time after Kant. Professor Royce thus interprets him:

The true self . . . . . is something infinite. . . . . Each one of us is a partial embodiment, an instrument of the moral law, and our very consciousness tells us that this law is the expression of an infinite world life. . . . . All we human selves are thus one true organic Self, *in so far as we work together*. . . . . With you I stand in the presence of the divinest of mysteries, the communion of all the spirits in the one Self whose free act is the very heart's blood of our Spiritual Being. . . . . We and our world exist together. Our world is the expression of our character. As a man thinketh, so is he—as a man is, so thinks he . . . . . no one can exist unless he is ready to act. My life, my existence, is in work. I toil for self-consciousness, and without toil, no consciousness. . . . . My deeper self produces a new world, and then bids me win my place therein.

Extracts similar to those given above could be multiplied ad infinitum as indicating the undying persistence of the aspiration of the human heart throughout the whole extent of history. The living threads laid down by its votaries may be traced through every age and in every race as the palpitating nerve fibers from which all external formal creeds have received the vitality they may have possessed. All advance of civilization, all religious institutions, have existed, and still exist, *because* of the life-giving currents that unseen and unannounced, proceeded from those who ever labor for the evolution and upliftment of humanity. Their influence upon the thought of the world has been certain and authoritative.

Under the former Leadership of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge, and now of Katherine Tingley, the modern Theosophical movement is a serious effort to establish conditions of life and thought that will draw the attention of the world, through a process of true education and effort, to the absolute Presence of the Wisdom-Religion in our midst and in our hearts. There is no human being who does not carry some germ of spiritual life within his heart that will awaken into activity through effort in the *right direction*. Whatever the law of spiritual existence may be, it cannot act except under conditions that are inviolable. It is our power to establish those conditions, and they have been stated times without number by Teachers of all times. Theosophy is the embodiment of all such teaching, and no sincere truth-seeker can fail to find in its philosophy the instruction and aid he hungers for.

In *The Secret Doctrine* Madame Blavatsky states that:

It is the Spiritual evolution of the *Inner*, immortal man that forms the funda-

mental tenet in the Occult Science. To realize even distantly such a process, the student has to believe (a) in the ONE universal Life independent of matter (or what science regards as matter); and (b) in the individual intelligences that animate the various manifestations of this Principle.<sup>1</sup>

With every effort of Will towards purification and unity with that Self-God, one of the lower rays breaks and the spiritual entity of man is drawn higher and ever higher to the ray that supersedes the first, until, from ray to ray, the inner man is drawn into the *One* and highest beam of the Parent-Sun.<sup>2</sup>

No one will deny that the human being is possessed of various forces: magnetic, sympathetic, antipathetic, nervous, dynamical, occult, mechanical, mental — every kind of force; and that the physical forces are all biological in their essence, seeing that they intermingle with, and often merge into, those forces that we have named intellectual and moral — the first being vehicles, so to say, the *uphâdi*, of the second. No one, who does not deny Soul in man, would hesitate in saying that their presence and commingling are the very essence of our being; that they constitute the *Ego* in man, in fact.<sup>3</sup>

William Q. Judge says, in *Lucifer*, Vol. VII:

Just as muscular strength comes from physical training, and is perfected by exercise, even so with strength of character and moral force; these come only by *effort* at self-conquest. . . . . In no single instance . . . . . is man master of the plane above him. Nothing less than experience and conquest determine power. . . . . Can there be any question as to what constitutes strength of character? It is the struggle of a strong man against all his foes. . . . . He recognizes no enemy without, *all are within* — and having conquered these he is master of the field . . . . . at one with *Nature without* and *God within*. Here is the true meaning of Life.

Under the Leadership of Madame Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical movement has presented the practical application of the teachings of Theosophy in daily life and in education. The phenomenal success of this work has attracted the attention of truth-seekers in every country because of its sincerity and truth to nature and to the Laws of life. The spirit which animates this work is beautifully suggested in these words of Madame Tingley:

O my Divinity, thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself temples of might power! O my Divinity, thou dwellest in the heart-life of all things and dost radiate a golden light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth. O my Divinity, blend thou with me, that from the corruptible I may become Incorruptible, that from imperfection I may become Perfection, that from darkness I may go forth in Light!

1. Point Loma edition, Vol. I, p. 634.      2. *Ibid.*, p. 639.      3. *Ibid.*, p. 669.

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES: by Archaeologist

### ROMULUS AND REMUS REINSTATED



ATTENTION should be paid to the recent discoveries in the Roman Forum and to the conclusions which the excavators have reached in consequence thereof. We are informed that, after penetrating through the remains of Imperial times, they reached traces of the original foundations and delimitations of early Rome; and that the discoveries indicate that much of the familiar story of the founding of Rome is true after all, and not mere folk-lore, as it had become the fashion to call it. The story of Romulus and Remus may be true after all, we are informed.

This is by no means the first time that stories pooh-pooed as myths have since turned out to be true; and it certainly will not be the last. Not a few thoughtful people have been forced to the conclusion that, as H. P. Blavatsky says, myth is often more reliable than history. History is written by careful people who “winnnow the chaff from the grain,” or sift the facts for us; but owing to the imperfection of the winnowing machine and the sieve, which are human instruments, some of the grain gets on the wrong side. The following passage from Dr. William Smith’s *History of Greece* is an interesting sample:

Some writers represent Pythagoras as forbidding all animal food; but all the members cannot have been subjected to this prohibition, since we know that the celebrated athlete Milo was a Pythagorean, and it would not have been possible for him to have dispensed with animal food.

This reads strangely nowadays, and is hardly credible; yet Dr. Smith did write it, and we are bound to infer that he has applied similar processes of reasoning all through his book, and that other writers have done the same. We cannot blame them for using their judgment, for it was the best they had, and perhaps as good as ours; but still — there it is.

As to tradition and myth, they are preserved in the racial memory, and are kept essentially intact. For the notion that a myth is repeated from one to another until it gets changed beyond all recognition, is only a theory after all; it can only be tested by the facts. And the facts seem to show that myths hold true.

Could anything be more presumptuous and unreliable than the species of argument which says that the ancients “could not have known this or done that, and therefore, etc.”? We are familiar with it in connexion with ancient buildings; for it is said that the builders

could not have had metal tools, and so must have used stone tools; which only makes it all the more wonderful. Much argument is built upon pure assumption and hangs together beautifully — which is a good thing, because it has nothing else to hang to.

“RECORDS OF THE PAST”

IN *Records of the Past* for January - February, 1914, Dr. Flinders Petrie gives an account of the excavations at Tarkhan, a site entirely free from modern plundering, being unsuspected by the dealers. Tarkhan, which the Egyptian Research Account acquired, lies about two hours' railway journey above Cairo. Fifteen hundred graves have been opened and over six hundred skeletons measured. The age is just before and after the beginning of the Ist dynasty. Yet

Altogether this population at the beginning of the history of Egypt was apparently well-to-do, and possessed better things than are made in Egypt today. So far from being an age of dim barbarism the people were well off, with much taste, and owning ornaments that are still beautiful to the tastes of men 7000 years later. From the Palermo stone we also know that they had precise historical reckoning, and a register of the annual Nile flood; while from the historical mace-head we see that a complete numerical system was used with special signs up to millions.

This record of high civilization, art, and culture, 7000 years ago (if no older — but archaeologists are continually putting back their dates) tends to negative favorite theories of the derivation of the human race and to confirm the teachings of Theosophy. Such a single fact as this about Egypt might not of itself invalidate the anthropological theories; but such facts accumulate more and more, and all tend in the same direction. According to the writer these tombs belong to a time when new arrivals were settling in Egypt and inaugurating what he calls the dynastic period. An examination of the bones leads him to the conclusion that the arrivals were mainly men, the female skeletons being those of the former inhabitants of the region. These arrivals evidently brought with them their culture, but whence? Egypt was probably the home of many different civilizations, perhaps as miscellaneous as those which occupy the earth today, and its history introduces us to the study of an ancient cycle of humanity on a large scale, and not to anything like a primitive state.

Dr. Petrie gives us an account of the careful method of tabulating finds and results employed by the excavators, and describes the graves, of which some were merely covered with a mound, others crowned

with a *mastaba*. Alabaster vessels and ornaments were among the objects, as also vases of green glazed pottery, bead necklaces, amulets, etc. Remains of wooden architecture were found, and it is but natural to suppose that buildings so superb in their stone-work would be fitted interiorly on a corresponding scale of excellence.

An archaeologist who confines his attention to Egypt or any one corner of the earth is likely to suffer from a lack of sidelights and a comprehensive view. The same number of this magazine contains an article on the ruins of a Guatemalan site, namely Nakum, in the most important center of Maya culture. The main group of ruins is about 1350 feet, from north to south, and 1000 feet from east to west. As is well known to students of Theosophy, these American remains have to be considered in connexion with the African, Asiatic, and other vestiges of humanity's past, if we are to arrive at a just conception of history.

#### MAGICAL PROPERTIES OF GEMS

A CERTAIN writer, in reviewing a work on jewels, admits that "the great majority of mankind" have always attached importance to some properties of gems which science has taught us to neglect. Such a weighty judgment as that of the great majority in all times is worthy of respect, and one may well wonder whether science has done right in teaching us to neglect these properties. Again, he says, that "of course magic is plainly impossible"; but goes on to admit that clairvoyants react very markedly to different gems, and that some queer things have been seen in crystals. This illustrates a transition stage in modern thought, and the attitude is somewhat difficult to maintain; for why should magic be impossible if clairvoyance and crystal-vision are facts? But indeed the qualifying words, "of course" and "plainly" weaken the dogmatism of the statement and are virtually weak negatives.

The great majority of mankind, we are told, attached great importance to analogy; and a forced distinction between analogy and causal relation is drawn, the latter being supposed to be the principle of modern science. But modern science uses analogy too; nor did the use of analogy by the other people imply that they did not also recognize the causal relation. The real difference is that their field of view was larger. A gem may be alumina with a trace of metallic impurity, and still have magical properties.

As regards the question of evidence for the existence of magical

properties, it may reasonably be argued that such properties may be delicate and shy, ready to desert their dwelling-place on slight provocation; so that the fact of not finding them might prove nothing more than that the investigator drove them away before he looked, or did not know how to look. To walk under a ladder will not necessarily bring ill luck, any more than forcing down the barometer will bring rain; nor does either procedure invalidate the principle involved. In water-divining, some people have success and confirmation, and others not; and in the latter case the methods employed strike one as those most likely to render the experiment abortive by banning any intelligent forces that might be supposed to be operative in divining. We do not know how to use jewels and talismans, but other people claim to have known how. The same applies to divining with the cards and many other things. We lack the clue; and if we presume to dogmatize and deny, we may be in the position of one who denies that a musical instrument can be played because he cannot make it sound himself.

As to the question of the trace of mineral matter being an impurity, why should it not be the essential ingredient? Certainly it is the characteristic and all-important ingredient, and by comparison with it the alumina is mere stuffing. What does mere physical bulk count? On the same principal we should have to describe the essential principles of most of our drugs, beverages, and fruits, as mere impurities, and the whole earth as so much impure dirt; while the soul of man, being quite imponderable, cannot even be called a *trace* of impurity!

A gem can be considered as a product of evolution in mineral life; and gems and metals are certainly the highest products in that kingdom. The theory which stops short at defining them as impure forms of alumina stops short almost at the beginning, and leaves the rest of the inquiry open — unless indeed it resorts to dogmatism on the principle of “thus far shalt thou go and no farther,” or, “what I don’t know isn’t knowledge.” A universe wherein forms of matchless beauty and symmetry are created for no purpose whatever and in accordance with no principle, is an unthinkable universe. In a gem we see the finished work of invisible workers, but to see the workers needs an eye sharpened by a more sympathetic understanding of nature.

And finally, what about artificial rubies? Do they, or do they not, possess the same magical properties? A question we leave to others.

## COUNT SAINT-GERMAIN IN MADAGASCAR: by P. A. M.

## IV



IN a letter from Count Saint-Germain to his friend Count Max von Lamberg there is an interesting anecdote of the voyage to India and the visit to Madagascar in 1755.

There were four of the East India Company's ships in the little squadron that left England for Bombay in the spring of that year. They were *The Stretham*, *Pelham*, *Houghton*, and *Edgecote*. On February 22 Captain Clive's baggage began to arrive on board *The Stretham* and on April 2 he called to see the ship in person. Only three days later he embarked with "his lady" and was received with a salute of nine guns. They left the Thames on April 24 with their full complement of soldiers and cargo.

Even the first days of the voyage were not without their little anxieties. On Tuesday, May 6, *The Edgecote* saw two Algerine zebecks hovering about in a suspicious manner, and as the pirates had not been suppressed — that was left for the Americans in the next century — the ship's company were kept to quarters, standing by their guns all night. This was in latitude 42.23 N., longitude 7.2 W. At two p. m., on the 7th the zebecks approached and fired a gun to leeward, then bore away and were soon lost to sight. Apparently they had decided that *The Edgecote* was too tough an antagonist for them to tackle.

The squadron arrived at Madeira about May 10 and took the opportunity of a homeward-bound ship to send mails to England. It was at Madeira that the chaplain of *The Stretham* went on board *The Pelham* to celebrate a marriage. Captain Clive dined on board at the wedding dinner.

Count Saint-Germain was on board *The Stretham* with Clive, although his name does not appear in the passenger list, for a very good reason. He found it at that time especially necessary to conceal his identity to ensure privacy, and traveled, he tells us, under the name of Count C — z.

On June 12 an interesting little old-world sea-ceremony took place. This was the opening of the Company's sealed packet of instructions to the captain in the presence of the chief and second mate. Sometimes such sealed instructions contained matter of extreme importance and were the cause of much curiosity until the solemn moment came to open them. And the captain often had to keep the instructions private, leaving the curiosity of the witnessing officers unsatisfied.

Five days after arrival at Madeira the ships came in sight of the wonderful Peak of Tenerife that stands in the southern sea like a Fujiyama of the Atlantic, a holy mountain of old Atlantis erected like a pyramid in an ocean desert for the contemplation of every traveler who passes within a hundred miles. But the ships had to press on and only stopped at Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands to take in water, cattle, sheep, and goats. They arrived on May 22, but *The Edgecote* was three days late. They left on May 28. This gave *The Stretham* a week in the island and it would be interesting to know if Count Saint-Germain anywhere left a record of his possible and probable inquiry into the strange legends of the "cantadas" or mysterious white race of "mermaids" or sirens, who live in a wonderful underground kingdom whose entrance is in a still lake at the base of the crater of the mountain of Santiago. The peak stands like a sentinel of a prehistoric world, and it is strange that the story of the white race that lives beneath the sea should prevail today to such a degree that a native has been known to contract to accept no payment for two days' services if he could not actually show these people by the lake, where one or two come to bathe when all is still in the silent twilight. Exactly similar stories exist in the mountain lakes of the West Indies. Count Saint-Germain was, for his own purposes, an inveterate talker, and he was forever talking of the wonders of antiquity, gigantic races that once inhabited the earth, marvelous histories of long-lost nations, legends and tales of the things that might awake the world to a sense of greatness beyond that of courts and intrigues. Could he have failed to contact such a strange legend of a vanished but still existing race in the midst of the Atlantic?

On June 17 the wind was very unsettled and the weather variable. The captain of *The Houghton* says he never met such an interruption in the trade wind before. On June 25 they saw the Island of Trinidad, just two days after there had been wedding bells on board *The Pelham*. The ships hove to, and Captain Clive, among others, went on board *The Pelham* with *The Stretham's* chaplain to celebrate the wedding of Captain Galliard and Miss Hill.

Not always were there wedding bells. In the same ship one month later, on the 31st of July, at four p. m., they "committed the body of Captain Ferguson to the deep, after which fired three vollies of small arms and forty-six half-minute guns."

The captain of *The Edgecote* was quite an observant naturalist.

He tells us of the birds and butterflies they saw, of the seaweed, and the strange fishes and monsters of the deep. There were albacores, turtles, dolphins, gannets, "pittrels," Cape hens, silver ducks, pintadas, grampuses, and all sorts of odd creatures.

*The Pelham* was at St. Augustine's Bay in Madagascar on Sunday, August 17, 1755. *The Stretham* and *Edgecote* came in a few hours later, the latter not having been in company since the ships left Porto Praya in the Cape Verdes. *The Houghton* arrived on August 18. The Swiss soldiers on board suffered badly from scurvy and were sent ashore, with two tents, up the river. None of the English soldiers or sailors suffered from the malady. *The Pelham* sent the jolly-boat ashore to build a tent for the train of artillery, probably by way of protection as well as recreation, for they knew little of the natives of the country they were in.

It was a beautiful moonlight night on August 17, 1755, when the ships commenced erecting their tents on the shore. The peace of the day and the arrival in that tropical paradise on a Sunday evening had their effect in arousing the wonder and curiosity of the sick soldiers and tired sailors who were looking forward to their arrival in the Golden Indies.

There were plenty of things to do besides caring for the sick. Cattle and sheep and goats were purchased at Tullea, and the stewards with their parties spent their days and nights ashore, salting and preserving the meat. The steward of *The Edgecote* devoted his energies to the manufacture of candles from the tallow, while others bought haricot beans and Indian corn and other dried products of the East for the ships' stores. Parties went into the forests cutting wood, and altogether there was a busy scene in the little English camp on shore.

On August 20 the captain of *The Stretham* dispatched the long boat to Tullea with a present to the King of Baba, the purser being in charge. The boat returned the next day from Tullea, and on the 26th, the King came down to visit the tents and the ships with his court and his retinue.

Nearly twenty years after this, in 1773, Count Saint-Germain wrote a long letter from Mantua to his friend Count Maximilian von Lamberg; it is so interesting that it deserves a place to itself. We will here quote only that part which relates to the visit to Madagascar in 1755.

The Count is speaking of his wonderful power of "melting"

precious stones, by which means, he, as it were, reconstructs diamonds, cleaning them of all defects and flaws in the process and making them far more valuable than before. This was a real process, for he thus cleaned a diamond for Louis XV, and it underwent the supreme test of the jeweler offering a vastly greater price for the gem. Louis XV was so struck by the fact that he kept the diamond rather than the money.

Count Saint-Germain says in his letter:

I have to thank my second journey to India, which I made in the year 1755 with Colonel Clive, who was under Admiral Watson, for my art of "melting" stones. On my first journey I had only received a very limited insight into this wonderful secret of which I am speaking. All my attempts made in Vienna, Paris, and London, are merely experiments; the great work was accomplished at the time I have mentioned. I had very important reasons for making myself known in the fleet only under the name of Count von C — z; I enjoyed wherever we landed the same distinction as the Admiral. The Nabob of Baba especially received me without asking me of what country I was a native, as being of no other country than England. I still remember the enjoyment he experienced at my description of the races at Newmarket. I told him also of a famous racehorse which is known by the name of Eclipse, and runs more swiftly than the wind. And I told him no lie: for actually this horse covered in one minute an English mile, which works out at  $82\frac{1}{2}$  feet per second, so I say that if he had even for no more than one or two seconds maintained his greatest pace, you could without fear of contradiction reasonably maintain that such a horse went faster than the wind, whose highest speed is not more than 85 feet, since a ship which can only answer to a third of its impulse is driven forward six yards in a second, which is the highest speed we know on the sea.

He proposed to me that I should leave with him my son, whom I had with me. He called him his "Milord Bute," after the example of his courtiers, who all had English names. This Nabob had among his children a Prince of Wales, a Duke of Gloucester, of Cumberland, and so forth. During the visit which Mr. Watson paid the nabob, the latter inquired after the health of King George, and when he had learnt that he had lost his eldest son, he sighed and exclaimed, "And I, too, have lost my Prince of Wales!"

I am,

The Marquis of Belmar.

Count von Lamberg makes a note to the effect that in the *Literary Gazette* this incident was ascribed to the Admiral himself. But the fact is that at the time Admiral Watson had already been on the station a long time before the call of the Indiamen at St. Augustine's Bay, and it is much more likely that he quoted it from Saint-Germain, if indeed he did ever quote it, for, if memory serves, the records say

that Admiral Watson died in India within a year or two, without returning to Europe.

On August 21 the tents were struck and the soldiers, "greatly recovered," returned on board. On the 30th the ships weighed at half-past eight and proceeded on their voyage to Bombay.

The voyage was not quite without incident, for *The Edgcote* saw lights on November 27 and cleared ship for action, sending the "Centinells" to their stations. Fortunately it proved a false alarm and no encounter took place, although there were plenty of pirates and enemies about, ready to snap up any unprepared merchantmen.

*The Pelham* anchored in Bombay harbor on Saturday, November 8. *The Streham* was already anchored, but *The Edgcote* and *Houghton* did not come until the 30th.

The following day, November 9, Rear-Admiral Charles Watson arrived in his flagship *The Kent*. The East India Company's ships saluted him with fifteen guns and he returned thirteen.

On Monday, December 1, *The Pelham's* men were employed getting out "Elephant's Teeth and Barr Iron, Faggotts of Steel and Iron Shott . . . ."

Those were rough old times. On December 2, at Bombay, the captain came on board *The Edgcote* and had Samuel Anso, a seaman, tied up and given a dozen lashes with the cat for some offense or other. He was then released on his promising good behavior for the future.

Shortly after *The Kent* had arrived at Bombay *The Cumberland* came in with Admiral Pocock, accompanied by *The Tyger*, *Salisbury*, and *Bridgewater*. The three fleets all joined in a grand salute on December 10, as it was the King's birthday.

The adventures in India of the "Wonderman," as Count Saint-Germain was called in Austria, are unknown to history, but we find him back in Europe before long, so he could not have stayed more than a year or two; quite enough, however, for him to learn how to "melt" diamonds. Sometimes one is inclined to wonder if this process, fact as it was, was not really also in the beautiful imagery of the Eastern Wisdom, the symbol of the purification of the Diamond Heart.

**DEUX LIVRES SUR LA FRANCE:** par J. L. Charpentier,  
(Rédaction de *La Vie*, Paris).

## I



**P**ARMI les écrivains de la génération militante, il en est peu dont l'activité soit aussi grande, l'idéal aussi élevé que ceux de Marius-Ary Leblond — romancier, critique, essayiste — dont l'Académie Goncourt couronna l'œuvre en 1909.

Artiste vibrant et coloré mais observateur réfléchi, Marius-Ary Leblond croit avec ferveur optimiste à la mission civilisatrice de la France et veut participer, dans tous les domaines de la pensée, à son traditionnel effort.

Après avoir étudié la composition de *La société française sous la troisième République*<sup>1</sup> et défini l'*Idéal du XIX<sup>me</sup> siècle*<sup>2</sup>; il envisage, aujourd'hui, "une quarantaine d'années après 1870" — *La situation de la France devant l'Europe*. Pour apprécier l'importance de cette situation, il se place à un point de vue plus moral que politique, et ce faisant, il reste dans la logique de la conception qu'il a de son glorieux rôle.

Pour la France des Croisades, de la guerre d'Indépendance Américaine, de 1792 et de 1848, il ne saurait être question de situation, en effet, que sous le rapport de l'autorité sociale, scientifique, littéraire, philosophique et artistique. D'autres pays peuvent mesurer leur importance au degré de crainte qu'ils inspirent. La grandeur de la France, au contraire, ne saurait être qu'en proportion de la qualité de son influence sur la destinée des peuples. L'orientation de sa politique même dépend de cette influence.

"Pour elle, écrit M. Leblond, le premier *devoir* est d'être une puissance morale." Aussi bien, l'accomplissement de ce devoir est-il la condition essentielle de son existence. C'est par lui qu'elle se prouve sa vitalité. Plus il lui est facile d'affirmer sa fraternité à ceux qui souffrent et plus elle a conscience de se réaliser pleinement. Son action est "action-bonté" selon la signification sanscrite pour qui les deux mots sont inséparables.

Mais à quoi reconnaître qu'elle jouit actuellement de l'influence qui lui est particulière, comment se rendre compte qu'elle agit dans le sens du rapprochement des nations et que par là elle aide à la réalisation de cet idéal de fraternité qui lui tient plus encore à cœur que celui de liberté que sa Révolution de 93 proclama?

1. Alcan, éditeur.

2. Fasquelle, éditeur.

C'est à nous le préciser que vise la consultation de M. Leblond, et son livre est à proprement parler un examen de conscience national. Ainsi s'explique que la première étude qu'il se propose soit celle du patriotisme. Définir le patriotisme d'un peuple c'est, il est vrai, préciser le caractère de son idéal collectif : Ce qu'il aime dans sa patrie étant l'expression de ce qu'il appelle de tous ses vœux, de cet effort de perfection qui répond aux besoins de tous et qui est autant l'effet du sentiment que de la raison.

Qu'est-ce donc qu'être patriote, en France ? C'est avoir, pour citer M. Leblond : "*Le sentiment d'une mission à remplir au bénéfice de l'humanité entière.*" Ainsi, point de patriotisme étroit dans ce pays. Ceux qui s'y effraient de le voir accueillir trop d'étrangers comprennent mal son rôle. Il ne saurait pas plus l'accomplir en se renfermant dans un individualisme jaloux qu'en se dispersant trop hâtivement dans un humanitarisme imprécis et qui se perdrait vite dans un avide et vulgaire désir de jouissance. La tendance d'une démocratie étant de s'impersonnaliser, il lui faut prendre conscience d'elle-même dans la patrie. C'est dans la patrie que le peuple acquiert le plus ample-ment la connaissance de ses vertus et qu'il les cultive avec le plus vif enthousiasme pour les dévouer aux fins supérieures de l'humanité. L'humanité n'est pour lui que l'impersonnalité. Il ne peut savoir l'homme, dans son caractère, c'est-à-dire en dehors des instincts qu'il a de commun avec lui, que par la nation qui le représente.

"La masse, écrit M. Leblond, serait entraînée à une grande confusion de conscience, si l'élite ne concentrait sa notion de patriotisme de façon à l'élever ensuite pour servir de symbole précis, de drapeau à tous."

Sans exciter son humeur belliqueuse, il sied donc de fortifier dans le peuple le sentiment national — première étape du sentiment humanitaire qui ne saurait s'épanouir en s'élevant que chez les élites. Il faut le convaincre du droit des nations et de l'importance de leur rôle civilisateur. Trop souvent se pratique encore, non seulement par le monde mais par l'Europe, l'exercice du droit du plus fort. Aucun acte de spoliation ne doit être considéré comme un fait accompli. Que les nations chez qui règne le sentiment de la justice affirment leur volonté d'exister et qu'elles soient puissantes. Le sont-elles ? Et, en particulier, à cette question : la France est-elle en décadence ? Que convient-il de répondre ? Qu'elle est le pays le plus riche ? (appréciation anglaise), non — mais qu'elle est un des pays dont les énergies sociales, artis-

tiques, littéraires et scientifiques sont encore les plus vives. Ses forces morales, seules, paraissent assez hésitantes. Sa stérilité marque, à coup sûr, que sous ce rapport elle traverse une crise. Les principes, qui formaient hier encore sa conscience, groupent de moins en moins d'adeptes. Sa conception du bonheur sans être aussi grossièrement sensualiste que celle du XVII<sup>e</sup>me siècle est toujours d'ordre matériel et demeure confuse. La nation française, par ses écrivains et ses philosophes qui plaident en faveur de l'amour et du mariage le plus libre possible, sans songer au développement de la population, semble vouloir exprimer qu'elle aspire à une félicité plus individuelle que familiale. Préoccupés d'enrichir de jouissances l'instant présent, indifférente de l'avenir, maintenant qu'ils ont secoué la foi de leurs pères, les Français manquent d'élan vers la vie. Ils se sont ramassés sur eux-mêmes. Le mariage malgré les sentiments souvent très nobles qu'ils y cultivent en communiant dans la même recherche du bien est insuffisant, parce que privé d'enfant à exalter leurs cœurs vers la perpétuation d'une œuvre utile aux hommes.

Ce n'est pas assez de vouloir composer à deux un seul caractère qui s'affine et se perfectionne; de vouloir devenir à deux une personne douée d'énergie supérieure, il faut créer l'enfant qui continuera l'œuvre entreprise.

Réalisant le plus heureux équilibre de positivisme et d'idéalisme, le Français pourrait en se tenant à une égale distance du rêve et de la force brutale, imposer son action généreuse à l'Europe, si son pouvoir d'expansion correspondait à ses activités diverses et s'il était aussi prolifique que sa volonté d'altruisme le réclame.

Paris, certes, est toujours un foyer exerçant la plus vive attirance sur les intellectuels de tous les pays. Mais la France devrait être assez riche en hommes pour en pouvoir répandre pacifiquement sur les nations voisines sans s'appauvrir.

S'il est vrai, comme le pense M. Leblond, qu'il appartient à son génie de comprendre les races, de les révéler à elles-mêmes analytiquement et d'éveiller dans leurs âmes, enfin, la conscience de leurs droits, elle n'exercera pleinement sa mission que le jour où, sans appareil guerrier et sans effusion de sang, cette fois, ses enfants iront enflammer de nouveau les peuples, comme à la fin du XVIII<sup>e</sup>me siècle. . .

En attendant de former des foyers d'influence française en Europe, la tâche actuelle est donc d'encourager les entreprises, de multiplier les relations amicales avec les élites des divers pays du monde entier.

Telle est la conclusion de ce livre, d'une intelligente et abondante documentation. Je me suis borné à en résumer ici les principaux chapitres; mais il en est qui, à eux seuls, mériteraient une étude à part. Parmi ceux-ci, il convient d'en signaler tout particulièrement deux sur la *Jeune fille et la France* et la *Langue* qui abondent en observations profondes et originales. Œuvre d'un esprit clairvoyant quoique optimiste enthousiaste, *La France devant l'Europe* répond aux préoccupations de tous ceux pour qui le mot " progrès " a encore un sens et qui croient que la France peut toujours prétendre à une glorieuse part dans l'ensemble des collaborations qu'exige la poursuite du bonheur de l'humanité.

## II

En même temps que M. Leblond, l'historien et critique d'art, M. Théodore Duret vient de publier un livre<sup>3</sup> où, avec autant de positivisme, mais sans la même ferveur humanitaire, il étudie également la France actuelle. La vue qu'il jette sur son histoire et qui s'étend de la fin du XV<sup>e</sup> siècle à nos jours, embrasse un champ très vaste. Mais M. Duret voit de haut. Aussi, point de confusion dans l'immense étendue d'événements qu'il fait se dérouler devant nous. Tout s'éclaire à la pensée qui le guide dans le magnifique effort de synthèse qu'il accomplit. Ce qui lui apparaît en relief, ce qui pour lui se dégage avec évidence des périodes les plus diverses de l'histoire de notre race c'est la constance de son instinct belliqueux.

" L'amour de la guerre, écrit-il, avec les traits de témérité et d'absence de vues politiques propres aux Gaulois, réapparaîtra chez les Français lorsque, après huit siècles de sujétion à Rome d'abord et aux Francs germains ensuite, une nouvelle nation se sera formée, ramenant à la possession d'elle-même la vieille race débarrassée du régime étranger. Les Français ont fait, au cours de leur histoire, la guerre pour les motifs les plus divers. Ils ont été parfois attaqués et ont dû alors se défendre, mais les guerres qu'ils ont engagées de leur plein gré, maîtres de ne pas les faire, ont un caractère commun essentiel. C'est celui que l'on trouve aux guerres des Gaulois et qui, ayant un même caractère, entraînent les mêmes conséquences."

C'est cette passion de l'épopée, de la guerre pour elle-même non pour ses résultats qui l'a menée à des succès vite suivis de revers et qui reparait jusque dans les manifestations, en apparence les plus dissemblables, de son activité.

3. *Vue sur l'Histoire de la France Moderne*, Fasquelle, éditeur.

Déjà dans un précédent ouvrage sur *Napoléon* M. Duret s'était demandé quel homme avait jamais enthousiasmé un peuple comme Bonaparte et il avait analysé la persistance de cet instinct qui porta les fils des Gaulois à faire la guerre pour la seule joie de triompher. C'est à retrouver la preuve des réveils plus ou moins violents de cet instinct au cours de cinq siècles qu'il s'attache aujourd'hui avec un esprit impartial et une rare intelligence.

Pour lui la Commune, aussi bien que les guerres de la Révolution et que l'épopée impériale en ont été également les explosions. A l'origine de toutes ses fautes, derrière tous ses désastres, M. Théodore Duret, découvre à la France sa passion effrénée de la guerre. Froidement, en savant qui ne veut faire appel qu'à l'expérience et qui considère la vie d'un peuple comme celle d'un organisme naturel, en philosophe pénétré du sentiment de la fatalité, il dénonce à la nation la plus entichée de gloire la folie de son culte pour les beaux exploits militaires. Il la convainc de l'absurdité de se montrer fière de combats dont elle n'a tiré aucun résultat pratique.

Son réalisme blâme avec sévérité cet idéalisme fanatique qui a conduit tant de fois la nation française au bord de l'abîme. Mais il ne désespère pas, et bien au contraire, de l'avenir de la France. Il la voit, réagissant contre le romantisme né de Rousseau et des idéologues du siècle dernier, s'orienter vers le positivisme.

“ Avec le temps, écrit M. Duret, par un travail lent mais continu, sous le coup des leçons dues aux événements, un autre esprit se formait. . . Les intelligences émancipées venaient à considérer définitivement l'homme comme partie intégrante de la nature, régi par les mêmes lois qui règlent l'ensemble des phénomènes. La conception positive du monde prenait enfin sa croissance et arrivait à la domination. Elle amenait un changement de l'intelligence, qui faisait répudier l'esprit révolutionnaire ayant accompli sa fonction. On allait pouvoir fonder l'ordre nouveau qui assurerait au moins un perfectionnement certain. Cette réalisation s'accomplit après 1870. La République, vainement survenue à deux reprises, s'établit maintenant d'une manière définitive. Avec elle, deux des grands points de la rénovation entrevue et poursuivie depuis le XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, à travers tant de déceptions et d'obstacles, se trouvent enfin acquis: la forme politique libre et la paix.”

Cette conclusion de son livre est réconfortante et l'on est d'autant plus sensible à son accent optimiste qu'on a moins de méfiance à l'égard de celui qui l'exprime.