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THE OUTLINE OF KNOWLEDGE

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JAMES A. RICHARDS

THE STORY OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT

THE PERSONAL ROMANCE OF HISTORY

By

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

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THE STORY OF
Religion and Philosophic Thought

by

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INTRODUCTION

HOW "RELIGION" CAME TO BE

THERE are no dates to fix the time when religion came into the world. But—almost as soon as the *soul-spark* made itself felt in the lowest, most primitive, most benighted among our human ancestors,—religion *was*. Religion may be said to have come into the world with the first *human* footprint. Why? Because religion was born with the human soul. The first primitives, no matter even if they did not know it as a "soul," realized that they had a spiritual as well as a *material* self. Though hair was their only covering, though their language was still akin to the beast-grunt, they had "gotten religion" For the possession of a soul practically implies a belief in beings—whether gods or devils—more powerful than man himself; beings on which man is dependent; beings that are *supernatural*, more than natural; that are accessible, but not to be reached merely by his *senses*.

Now for a hairy, naked savage who, possibly, is still eating his food raw, (not having discovered the use of fire), to find that he has a soul means that he has worked out a *thought*. Religion might almost be said to have two parents: the *emotion*, probably in the earliest times *fear* of the unknown, aroused by natural powers, mightier than man and surrounding him on every side; and the *thought*, accompanying the emotion of fear, that these powers in nature must be reverenced and worshipped.

Just as everything that is *bodily* human may be traced back to the original *life-spark* which gave life to matter, so everything that is *spiritually* human may be traced back to the *soul-spark*, out of whose

emotion and thought "religion" was born. The *doctrines* of religion, the *dutics* of religion, the *rites* or *ceremonies* of religion are all steps in the process of turning religious *thought* into religious *action.* For religion is a process of *evolution.* It is a process of *soul evolution.* Just as the human body, as explained in the "Romance of Evolution", at one stage of its progress was concealed in reptilian life-forms, so the human soul was—and among tribes of present-day savages, still is—bound by the fetters of *fetishism,* black magic and similar practices. If anything should make us tolerant of the beliefs of others, when they differ from our own, it is the fact that the highest forms of religion to-day, the *individualistic* religions—Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism—as well as the lowest forms of Voodoo worship—all hark back to the same dim, dark starting point in the soul of primal man, the starting point when the emotion of *fear* gave birth to the thought of *self-preservation!*

And the evolution of the soul of man in some ways is like his bodily evolution. There is a constant upward trend. From those early men who could hardly be told apart from the beasts, the tendency has been toward higher, finer and nobler ideas. For religious thought always has more or less reflected man's social surroundings. It always has reflected, more or less, the world in whcih he lives and has his physical being. And mental growth has kept pace with physical growth and advancement and even outstripped it. But as all along the long trail of man's physical evolution we find "blind alleys" of development, in which certain tribes and races of beasts and men "mark time" apart from the general upward movement of progress, so we find "blind alleys" in religious thought. Just as there are to-day primitive forms of reptile life, practically unchanged, still living as their ancestors lived millions of years ago, we find primitive forms of religious thought still flourishing in the backwaters of humanity's tidal wave of progress. These religious primitives who have survived down into the twentieth century are in many ways like the earliest men. They are still "carrying on" in the blind alley into which they were shunted off while the rest of the world progressed, and their blind alley is a *mental* and *religious* as well as a *physical* one.

In a general way it might be said that in the beginning practically all *mental* effort that was not mental effort along *practical* lines, was *religious mental* effort. And, no doubt, there was a good deal of *mass mentality*—that is every one, a whole tribe, looked at things in about the same way, and lived along in its traditions and customs, accepting them as they were. But, sooner or later, as in the practical things of life, here and there and everywhere, *individuals* turned up who "invented" *new ideas, new thoughts,* just as new forms of

weapons, pottery, hunting, working and living processes were invented. And with them the age-long conflict began between *conservatism*—clinging to things as they were because they always have been that way—and *progress,* which believes in trying out something new on the theory that it might be an improvement on the old. This struggle between tradition and established custom on the one hand, and the spirit of progress and innovation on the other, is as old as the world itself and still continues in all human thought, spiritual and practical. It is a struggle between the negative and positive principles in nature. And out of this struggle all religions have developed into what they are to-day.

The men in all ages who have questioned, challenged, denied or attacked *the existing order of things,* have supplied the "yeast" which set masses of settled thought fermenting. When they had been stirred up, they would settle down again, in a changed and different form perhaps, until some one else stirred them up again. But in religion we find that not only, in every faith, are there struggles *within* that faith about matters of creed, dogma and belief, but in addition religion itself is engaged in a constant conflict with *other worlds of thought,* not religious: moral thought, philosophical thought, ethical thought, scientific thought. For human thought cannot be fettered. As man grew and developed mentally he found himself thinking along other religious lines, and in many cases he came to conclusions which did not agree with those religion asked him to accept as true. One of the most fascinating things in the world is to follow the development of the world's thought, *religious* and *philosophic* and obtain an idea of the outlines of a struggle as romantic as any more purely physical. The whole story of religion is, in a way, the story of the development of individual liberty of opinion, of a *nobler tolerance* for the sincere and honest beliefs of others, of the recognition of the right—in our own United States solemnly guaranteed us by the Constitution—of *freedom of religious opinion for every individual!*

All religion is founded in man's recognition of the fact that he had a *soul* and out of the soul's instinct to find a god, the superior power which controlled his human destinies.

Great scholars and scientists have advanced many original theories as to how religion *originated,* how it *came to be.* Some say that all religion began with *Animism* or *Naturalism*—worshiping lifeless objects, stones, metals, rivers and wells, and the wonders of nature (stars, river, oceans, trees, mountains, rainbows, lightnings, thunders, etc), believing they were *living powers* or *gods.* Their theory is that all things in nature that seemed especially *strong* and *powerful,* waterfalls or thunderstorms, giant tree, sun, moon and stars, were

alive and should be worshiped. Another theory holds that all religion began with *Fetishism,* "the child of magic". They think it developed out of people's believing that certain images, idols and fetiches, had more than human powers. But the bulk of evidence tends to show that "magic is the child of religion" and not the other way around. Still another theory declares that all religion developed out of *Totemism,* a higher form of belief than *Fetishism,* based on the supposed relationship between individuals and clans of *human beings* and *animals.* With *Totemism* we often find combined the idea that places, men, women, objects of all sorts are *taboo,* that is, sacred or "forbidden", and *not taboo,* common to every one and profane.

A fourth theory, seriously advanced, is that early Oriental tribes, Syrian or Persian, in the dim ages of man, first got *drunk* on the juice of some intoxicating plant, and that thus *Intoxication,* which made the person intoxicated feel divine (for the time being), is the real origin of religion. Again we have scientists who look on *Ancestor worship*—the worship of their great dead chiefs, the greatest and most powerful men of a tribe, the source from which religion sprang. And there also is a theory which makes *Sex,* the sex instinct and its gratification, the source of religious emotion and excitement in primitive man.

It is clear that we have a wide choice when it comes to picking out a theory as to how religion really came to be. And, as in most other things, the truth probably is that not any *one* of these many theories alone accounts for the origin of religion. One man found he had a *soul,* developed out of all of them, more or less, in a confused, haphazard way. Some tribes thought this, and some tribes of men thought that, and some tribes of men thought the other thing. Man did not know that God had "created" him: he was too busy creating gods. He was too busy developing his own *fears* and *desires,* the mysterious, higher, stronger, more powerful creatures of his imagination, which could soothe his terrors and gratify his longings. Early man worshiped and prayed to about everything there was on earth, in the heavens above, and in the waters under the earth. Early man worshiped *himself* in the shape of his ancestors and of his priest-kings. He worshiped flowers, trees, stones, mountains, wells, rivers, likes and oceans, and every sort of beast, especially the serpent. The black or red earth itself, metals of all sorts, caves, and the imaginary spirits of the underground, were prayed to and worshiped. Cloud, mist, and wind, the rainbow, and the aurora borealis, stars, moon, sun, and the heavens themselves, all have been the object of early man's adoration.

But, though all these were either material *things* or ordinary phenomena of nature, man did not actually worship them—he always

had in mind the *something* he thought was in or back of them, the *spirit of power* which he feared and tried to win over for his own aims and ends. And, in the beginning he did not pray to these gods he made up out of his mind and saw all around and about him on the earth and in the skies to *improve himself,* to *benefit his soul.* He prayed to these powerful, mysterious spirits which lived in these things because they *were* powerful and he was afraid of them. And, since they were powerful, he tried to get them to help along in the *business* of life. Success in the hunt, good crops, the death of an enemy or the acquisition of some woman he wanted, such were the *pious prayers* of our early ancestors. For we must remember that in the early days of tribe's *moral code* was developed out of the *needs* of the tribe and its individual members. What was good for the tribe was *moral.* And the pious aboriginal savage to this day feels a thrill of holy exultation when, in darkest Africa, he pays a Voodoo priest to stick pins in a little image of his enemy, and lay curses on him so that he will waste away and die with horrible sufferings. He feels he has done something fine and holy, and leaves the fetish-man's hut with the same glow of righteousness which we might feel coming from an Easter communion service or a pontifical high mass. "Goodness" and "Badness" are still to some extent a matter of point of view, and in early days they were absolutely so.

All these confused earlier forms of worship, especially Animism, Naturalism and ancestor worship, gradually—though many, many tribes already have drifted into their own little "blind alleys" or belief—show a tendency to crystallize in the Bronze Age in what is known as *Heliolithic cults,* or "Sun-worshiping" religions. For gradually man began to feel that the sun was the *most powerful* of all the great planets, the lord of light and heat, without which the earth and all that on it was could not live. And these *Heliolithic cults,* in the days when man, seeking God, found a snake, took in all sorts of other religious ideas as well. *Priests,* the specialists in religion, who develop all its detail of ceremony, and reveal and explain what the gods are supposed to want, had become established as a class. And we find a whole system of lesser gods grouped around this central sun-god. Serpent or snake-worship and sun-worship generally went together. And the sun-god was provided with a family and a wife and all sorts of relations, in imitation of the human family on earth. For in the early days God did not make man in his own likeness: it was man who made gods in *his* own likeness. Finally, out of these Heliolithic cults, the elaborate religious systems of the ancient East—of Egypt, Babylon and Assyria, Phoenicia, India, China, Greece and Rome developed.

These "sun-god" and "serpent-god" religions, all of them, no mat-

ter what strange and horrible practices they may include—and they include many—are all on a higher *spiritual* level than the *lowest* forms of Fetishism and Animism. *All religion* is a move toward something higher and better in proportion as it gets away from the underlying idea of fear, and approaches that of love and good-will. And, on the principle of clearing away a noxious undergrowth of weeds and tares before moving on to higher forms of religious thought, we might as well first consider those debased and lower forms of human religious thought and practice which still exist on earth, as they did millions of years ago, and which are known as Fetishism and Animism. In all earliest religions man tries to get things from the gods. He does so either by grovelling to them, or, at times, by beating them over the head with a club. That was the simple, primitive way you got things from your neighbors in those times (we sometimes revert to the same practice in our more civilized day), and the gods of the early primitive man were not so much gods, as supermen.

Since all religious development begins with the birth of the soul and its emotional and mental activities, we will consider it first. From the Soul (and the many strange thoughts man has had in connection with it) we will move to what the Soul is seeking, Supernatural Powers, Spirits or Gods. We will begin with Fetichism, an attitude of mind, which leads in two directions. On its lower level it develops a system of devil or demon worship, with wizard and sorcerer priests; though this system is often combined with a mythology, a system of gods and of ancestor worship. In another development *Fetishism* leads to idol image worship. And here we will see the various forms (often combined) of *Animism.* We will consider: Stone, Tree and Plant Worshipers, Animal Worshipers, Snake Worshipers, Water, Fire, Earth and Star Worshipers. From the Stars to the Sun,—the greatest of all Stars,—is but a step. And that step takes us to the great Sun religions. All the religions of the early world are—in a greater or lesser degree—Sun religions. But the Sun gods change their nature as man advances spiritually. The supreme sun god as a *sun* god gives way to a supreme Godhead who rises above naturalism as in Zoroastrianism and the religion of Israel. Divine *revelation* in which doctrines set forth by lawgivers and prophets, Zoroaster, Confucius, the Brahman priests, arise. The *individualistic* religions follow—Christianity and Mohammedanism, (largely) developed out of the Hebrews' belief—and Buddhism, out of Brahmanism. Here individual Messiahs or prophets lay down the law of the special *theism*—belief in one supreme God—on the basis of a revelation that supercedes those which have gone before.

In connection with the development of these great systems of belief (and especially that of Christianity) we shall try to show how they have been *changed, modified* and *altered* by the *religious* as well as *non-religious thought* of the ages. In connection it might he remarked that this "Story of Religion and Philosophic Thought" told "with malice toward none and charity toward all."

The standpoint from which it is written is a purely *impersonal* one, a historical one. The one principle which may be said to underlie it is the spirit of *tolerance*—respect for the beliefs and opinions of others, if they are sincere and honest. In the highest religious as well as non-religious thought, if we strip it of the detail of dogma, forms, theology, if we get down to *essentials* we find truths of one kind or another which make for a better practical world. In every realm of thought the conservative and the progressive, the formalist and the non-formalist, the priest and the philosopher, the mystic and the materialist, are at variance. We no longer burn at the stake or murder those with whose religious thoughts and opinions we do not agree: but many of us often feel that we would like to do so. Now *two* people of the same faith kneel in any church with the *self-same* devotional angle of mind. No *two* mental *faith-prints* in the spiritual world are alike, any more than there are *two* absolutely identical *finger-prints* in the material world. And in this volume no *faith* or *thought-print* has been selected as the only one which shows the authentic stamp of divine approval. Instead an effort has been made (without concealing obvious weaknesses) to show the good, the true, the beautiful, the humanly helpful in all human thought that has to do with things spiritual and divine.

CHAPTER I

THE SOUL

BEFORE we take up the widely differing jumble of superstitions, theories, beliefs and mental attitudes out of which higher forms of religion were to disentangle themselves in the course of time, let us consider the human soul, the starting point of all religion, and trace the position humanity has taken with regard to the soul through the ages.

To the savage the soul is *life itself*, jailed or confined in the body. A spirit, on the other hand, is free and unconfined. The soul is the *deathless part* of the human body or, in many cases the deathless "parts," because many savages think each part of the body has its own soul (the liver, the lungs, the stomach, the heart, etc.), while a spirit is the soul of something which is not human. Betwixt and between the free spirit, at liberty to rove wherever it wants to, and the human soul "inside the body", is the *graveyard ghost*. It has a certain amount of liberty, but is supposed to be more or less "on furlough" or "A.W.O.L." so far as its body is concerned. And not alone human beings but animals were originally supposed to have souls. The great medieval poet Dante, a devout Christian, shared with the degraded Basuto negro of to-day the belief that the *soul cast no shadow!* And it was not a bit of poetic imagination on his part. The same idea is found in the ancient folk-lore of Europe, and a dead man walking among his fellows in what is apparently a living body betrays himself by the fact that his body casts no shadow in the sun. The Basutos think that if a man is walking by the river and his shadow falls on the water he may lose his life. A crocodile may seize his shadow and draw it in, and his *body must follow*. In Australia, North and South America, and in modern Greece this superstition that the soul and the shadow of man are identified still exists.

Life,—action—is power; power,—action—is soul! This is the belief of the savage. And this explains why he thinks separate parts of the body have separate souls. And for the collective soul, the soul which is made up of all the smaller soul-units, the savage finds strange places of residence. Thus the Maoris of New Zealand (most

of them, nominally at least, are Christians at the present time) believed the soul lived in the *left eye*. We find other beliefs which make the *liver* the soul's headquarters. This explains why the priests of many Eastern religions as well as those of Greece and Rome examined the *livers* of the beasts they sacrificed to the gods to foretell the future from them. The Maori idea of where the soul lives is not, perhaps, as strange as it first seems. Primitive men naturally gave the soul a "place of residence" in organs which showed great life-power: the eye, the blood, the hair. When Samson's "hair-soul" was clipped by Dalila's shears, his strength was gone.

The Eye-Soul.—The simplest savages think that the tiny figure seen in the ball of the eye expresses the whole soul, the whole personality of its owner. It radiates love and hatred. It speaks more forcibly than the tongue itself. And the cannibal drinks an enemy's eye with a special thrill—for he is taking in his enemy's eye-soul or eye-power into his own physical system, on the principle that "every little bit added to what you have makes just a little bit more." And the superstition, which still exists, especially in Italy, to this day, of *jettatura* or Evil Eye, is due to the belief that the eye had soul-power and that where this power, in certain individuals, is very strongly developed and their eye looks with *envy, malice,* or *hatred* on another, the latter is sure to suffer. The late tenor Caruso was a firm believer in the Evil Eye, and crossed himself whenever he felt in danger of it. It was not always *purposely* used to injure others. Polish folk-lore records a case of a poor fellow whose eye-soul "was so injurious that he finally blinded himself in order not to harm the children." This superstition regarding the evil influence of the eye-soul is found in all ages. Children were thought to be especially exposed to its danger. So charms and fetishes and amulets to ward off power were used. The Arabs hung charms against the Evil Eye around the necks of their camels. The Greeks and Romans used charms, often grossly obscene, to protect themselves. But—and this charm is still used—spitting as soon as the "eye-soul's" glance fell on one was considered one of the best antidotes. Spitting three times into the breast of the person who had "over-looked" you was (according to Theocritus) the best thing to do, though one cannot help thinking that it must have started many a street row. Obscene gestures, the putting of thumb to nose, and others were also supposed to counteract this evil influence. In Ireland, if you look at a child, it is still customary to say "God bless it!" to avoid having people think you have the Evil Eye. Wherever horses are kept, in Arabia, India, China, Turkey, Greece, and Abyssinia, the Evil Eye is feared. In Turkey passages from the Koran are painted on the outside of the house to protect its inmates. In Naples, if a person

suspected of being the owner of an Evil Eye, a *jettatore,* comes down the street, there is a mad rush on the part of every one for safety. So strong is this superstition—handed down from the times before man had even discovered the fig-leaf as an article of clothing—that twentieth century human beings will knock each other down in their effort to crowd into shop-doors, alleys, passages or what-not when some harmless individual whom their imagination invests with the dread power draws near! A rather attractive idea of the eye-soul found in the *mystic philosophy* of the Hindus makes it a kind of twin: the right eye is the dwelling-place of a divine *male* eye-soul, and the left eye of a *female* eye-soul, husband and wife, so to say.

The Blood-Soul.—Most savages who drink the blood of an enemy do so in order that (as in the case of the eye) they may draw his escaping soul-power into themselves with the blood. The blood of a victim offered to a god, is his "blood-soul". And the idea of blood-brotherhood, by which a person of one tribe or race is made a member of another, *joins two souls* by means of the *blood* of each. The blood which blends—we have a number of instances of white men becoming blood-brothers of North American Indians—constitutes a *communion of souls,* for the soul lives in the blood. The "blood-soul" could still express *the hatred of the dead,* an awful thing, according to the superstitions of the Middle Ages. When a dead man's murderer stepped up to his body, the "blood-soul" was conscious of his approach. The black, coagulated blood once more *turned fluid with hate* and ran from the body. Many instances of this are recorded. It is said that when the body of King Henry II of England, all of whose sons had in turn betrayed him, lay dead in the Abbey of Fontevrault, that his sons Richard (Coeur-de-Lion), and John drew near to pray, and those who watched "saw a black stream well from the nostril of the dead and slowly drag a snake's way down the jaw . . ." Socrates was half inclined to think that "the soul dwelt in the composition of the blood."

The Hair-Soul.—All sacrificial offering of locks or shavings of hair to gods is based on the idea that the hair is a "soul-place", a place where power resides. The North American Indian who tore away his enemy's scalp did so as a sign that he had taken his *soul-strength.* Simply to *kill* a man was not a cause for war among the North American Indians. A slaying or murder could be "made up" by a fine or gifts of atonement. But a *scalping* was an insult and an injury so terrible that it was always regarded as a cause for war. Among many races priests, chiefs and warriors wore their hair long —it was a sign of their power and strength! And mourners cut off, "sacrificed" their hair to show their grief. Sorcerers and witches who got hold of a man's hair could make magic with it and do him

all sorts of harm. Brides—both among the high-caste Hindus and the filthy and utterly uncivilized Crow Indians of North America—had their hair divided along the head in a part which was colored with red or vermilion. Why? Because red was a color that drove away devils and demons. Hair, like blood, was looked on as a part of the *actual vitality,* the *actual life and soul* of man, and among the North American Indians it was firmly believed that if you lost your scalp you lost all hope of immortality in the Happy Hunting Grounds. But the idea of offering life in the shape of hair to the gods was eventually developed in a very unfortunate manner. From *hair to head* was but a step. If the "hair-soul", why not "head-soul"?

The Head Soul.—Quite a few savages believe that there is a special soul or spirit that dwells in the human head. Prehistoric *trepanned* skulls have been found in Europe, and trepanned skulls have also been discovered in Peru. And in Brahmanic India the skulls of the dead are still trepanned, to let the soul escape through. Actual scientific experiment has proved that when a modern Hindu *Yogi* buries himself alive for forty days, the *crown of the head* is the spot where the vital heat of the body, the vital "soul-power" gathers. And when the Yogi is dug up again after his forty days burial, the crown of the skull is "burning hot". The *Upanishads,* one of the Hindu sacred books, says that the soul leaves the body through a suture of the skull. A pretty wedding custom is that which is customary among one Hindu tribe (the Ghonds). There the *heads* of bride and groom are knocked together with quite some force to bring about—*a union of souls!* Not all skull-breaking is religious, however. Some North American Indian tribes were in the habit of smashing the skulls of their enemies merely in order to suck out the brains as a gastronomic tid-bit.

Head-Hunting is one of the horrible developments of skull-worship, religious observances founded on the idea that the soul lies in the skull. It was once customary among all the Malay races, and "head snapping" (the picturesque name given it by the Dutch) still exists among the Dyacks of Borneo, and was prevalent in the Philippine Islands* before the American occupation. It is also cultivated by certain hill tribes of north-eastern India, Assam and Burmah.

The Philippine Negrito who plays his flute with his nose instead of his mouth, is supposed to be the real Philippino aborigine, who is

*In the Philippine island of Luzon head-hunting was practiced until quite recent times. Now the Igorrotes only dance around the pole which used to be crowned by a head. And, with a sigh, no doubt, the young Ilongoto lover has given up the human head (preferably a Christian one) which he presented to his sweetheart as an *engagement ring.*

dying out. The Negrito theory of head-hunting is very simple. Every family must "snap" at least one head a year. It will protect them from sickness, wounds, starvation or death. The head in question is "snapped" with a *bolo,* buried under the house of the "hunter". A saucer with offerings for the evil spirit is put on the spot where the head is buried, and the house abandoned. Thus the head is a fetish which brings "good luck" to the "snapper", at the expense of the person "snapped". The Ilongots, on the other hand, while they used to carry off the hands and hearts of their enemies, attached no *religious* meaning to their heads. They merely cut them off to play ball with them for a little while and then tossed them away. But the Kalingas, who have a Malay strain, took head-hunting seriously. The warrior of a party who had "snapped" a head carried it joyfully home. There he removed the scalp and chopped it up into as many pieces as there are warriors in the party. Each one got a bit as a keepsake. After the lid of the skull had been removed, *basi,* an intoxicating drink, was poured into the skull, and stirred up with the brain-matter, and everyone who felt inclined drank deep of this horrible mixture. The lower jaw was then removed, and what was left of the skull was given to the old women of the tribe. They used it *devotionally* once a year. Then all the mutilated skulls were brought out, secret magic rites celebrated with them (men being excluded), to insure good crops at harvest-time. The Ifugaos celebrated the bringing home of enemy heads with a sacred dance, and afterwards arranged the skulls tastefully on a board over the fire-place, or made an attractive sitting-room dado or wainscoating of them. Some artistic souls kept these treasured relics in open-work baskets hanging from the eaves, as we hang flower-baskets in a conservatory.

The Bontoc Iforots, who often go about stark naked, are industrious agriculturists. As head-hunters, they made a point of celebrating their head-snappings by great drunken feasts. The "head-soul" or *anito* of the person killed, would enjoy this feast and be inclined to look more kindly on his "snappers". Among the Tingians, the wildest of these Philippine tribes, head-hunting was hardest to suppress. First of all, they were more deeply *religious* about their head-hunting than the other tribes. Secondly, *love*—the most powerful of human motives besides religion—was at the bottom of their "snapping" habits. In other words both hunter and hunted *lost their heads* because of a *woman!* No young Tingian or Ifuago lad hesitated a moment to annex the head of a member of some other tribe, for the sight of it would wake the love-light in his sweetheart's eyes! And besides it was a *religious* duty, and for the Tingian boy a case where *duty* was a *pleasure.* And even more, for no head by way of an engagement ring meant—no wife! It should be mentioned that

the wild Tingian girl, who beams with delight on receiving the head her lover has so tenderly plucked from its human stalk for her sake, has a standard of personal morality which many of her civilized sisters might envy. The women of the tribe are celebrated for their chastity, and the affection between husband and wife is deep and lasting.

The unfortunate who supplies the "head-soul" receives insult in addition to injury. The most vulgar, the most disgraceful thing that can happen to a member of a head-hunting tribe is to *lose his own head.* His headless body is carried far away from the village, and flung in a pit. And before it is covered, his neighbors crowd around and abuse him for his carelessness, and his gray-haired mother, with tears of rage in her eyes, curses him for disgracing the family.

Among the Dyaks head hunting has largely been suppressed, but among the wild Wa it still flourishes. The villages of these savages are perched high up on the hill slopes of Assam. Each village is protected by an avenue of skulls, the heads of those killed religiously to insure good crops at harvest time and to act as "watch-dog ghosts". March and April is the "open season" for head-hunting in the Burmese hills, and the heads of strangers, especially white strangers are especially valuable. The dead man's soul goes along with his head, the Wa believed, and sometimes hundreds of poles, each capped with a ghastly, grinning skull, make up the village head-grove or avenue. A head-hunting expedition among the Wa is a kind of Strawberry Festival with skulls for strawberries, and these simple people rejoice and are glad at heart when the boys of the tribe come home from their religious picnic well provided with the best sacred charms and fetishes in the world to protect their homes!

The Heart-Soul.—In the belief of the oldest savages and in that of civilized man the heart is the real soul-place. Mind, love, morality, center in the heart. They seem to have "moved up" there from the lover. The ancient Babylonians, Etruscans, Hebrews and even early Mohammedans regarded the *liver* as the *seat of thought.* The Malays and Melanesians have one word that means "liver, mind, heart". The ancient Hindus, however, located the thinking soul in the *kidneys.* In the Psalms the heart and kidneys are mentioned as the seats of emotion, and the bowels are "the bowels of compassion." The Hindu philosophers claimed that the soul lived in the heart. Everywhere the *heart* and not the *brain* was first regarded as the soul-seat. After 200 A.D. people began to think that the part of the soul that did the *thinking* lived in the brain, the part that made a man brave lived in the *heart,* and the part that made him passionate and sensual in the *hair.*

The Breath-Soul.—The old Greek philosopher Heraclitus taught that the soul was *fire,* and Anaximander that it was *air,* and many savages use the same word to express "breath" and "soul". Chrysippus the Greek said "the soul is breath" (a more etherial substance than the lung-breath) diffused through the body. With this idea a system of Hindu philosophy also agrees. It makes the *base of the spinal column the seat of the soul,* and declares that the "breath-soul" and the mind are the organs of this spinal column soul. And just like the Hindu philosopher, the breech-clouted Tongan savage thinks that "the soul is to the body as its perfume is to the flower!"

Other Soul-Particles.—The "shadow-soul" is precious to the savage. And he objects to having pictures or photos, "shadows" of himself made, lest they weaken him or cause sickness and death. Nails, excrements, saliva—which all over the earth among primitive people is supposed to have mystic religious and curative powers—sweat and urine (among the Hindus) have soul-powers. The saliva of the god Marduk of the ancient Babylonians was called "the spittle of life". And the Mohammedan saint or *santon* in Algeria spits in the faces of the faithful, thus graciously giving them a portion of his own holiness. Among some African tribes the courteous host spits on the guest who is leaving his hut. "I make you a gift of some power", he says, with a beaming smile. In India, on the other hand, an evil woman spits on a man to cast her sin on him.

Cannibalism a Form of "Soul-Eating".—To the pious Polynesian, cannibalism is not a repulsive and disgusting form of gluttony. It partakes instead of the nature of a sacrament. The savage thinks every part of the body has its own special "soul". The cannibal who eats the heart of a brave enemy, thinks the soul or "power" of that heart passes over into him. If he eats his strong right arm, the strength of that arm is added to his own. And no cannibal warrior will eat women and children, no matter how appetizingly they may be flavored, no matter how nicely they may be browned. If he did their weakness and timidity would pass into him. Of course, in many cases (as among the Maori, in Dahomey and in primitive America) the *religious cannibalism* gradually became mere gluttony. Men came to devour human flesh because of its (to them) delicious flavor. From our point of view there is something shuddery about the Polynesian mother who piously eats her dead child as a religious rite. Yet to her this unspeakable roast is seasoned with a divine blessing. We may deplore her pagan blindness, we may criticize her good taste, but we must remember that she is sincere, and that she has said "grace before meat" with honest zeal. Why does she eat her child? She eats it with a beautiful thought in mind—to keep her little one with her, to merge its little soul in her own mother-soul, which loves it so dearly. For

the same reason, we find a man and his wife making a solemn meal of their parents. It would not do to let the physical "soul-power" of those whom they love go out of the family. Relatives as near and dear as parents must be theirs to have and to hold. We could not stomach the idea of acting as living tombs for our nearest and dearest. But to the savage the thought is a beautiful one. No clear idea of how the gentle Polynesian feels about his religious cannibalism can be given than the little tale of Queen Victoria and the Polynesian queen whom she once received in audience. The royal lady from the South Seas wished to make clear that she had English blood in her veins. So she said to Queen Victoria, with an engaging smile and innocent sincerity: "You know, I am partly English myself, for one of my ancestors ate Captain Cook!"

The Soul and Souls.—All these "souls" when they left the body did not do so separately. The Dakota Indians are happy in the possession of four souls. One stays with the body, another stays in the village, a third flies up into the air, and the fourth, finally, goes to the land of souls. There its fate depends largely upon whether its soul is a *male* or *female soul* (in which latter case, seeing the low esteem in which the Indian squaw is held, it gets the shorter end of the soul-stick), its rank, and the proper observance of the funeral. The Fanti and Ashanti negroes of the Gold Coast believe in a *dual* soul, just like the ancient Egyptians. The Gold Coast negro has two souls. When he dies, his *Kra,* his *spiritual soul,* turns into a *Sisa,* to ramble around until it can find some other body to enter. But when the *Kra* leaves the body, its double, the body's *shadow-soul,* also does. This shadow-soul is the ghost or *Shahman.* It goes to a shadowy ghost-land where in shadow-kraals, and amid shadow-cattle and sheep, it leads a pale double of the life it led on earth. But the African has a proverb which shows his true opinion of the ghost-land: "One day on earth is better than a year of *Srahmandazi,* the land of ghosts!"

The ancient Egyptians believed in a body-soul, the *Ka,* a body-double that was a guardian spirit, a kind of glory or halo of concrete strength and in a *Ba,* a winged breath-soul, that flew straight up to the gods. It is the idea of a physical or material soul, and a spiritual or ethereal one. Everywhere, in many variations, we find the idea of the dual, triple, or quadruple soul in primitive religion. But the physical soul, the body-soul, is the one that turns into a trouble-bringing ghost. It is the old belief in this physical soul which in civilized life makes people unwilling to walk through cemeteries and grave-yards. The soul, the spirit-soul may be in heaven, but the ghost-, the earth-soul, lingers near the grave. When an Iroquois warrior was laid to rest his ghost clung to the skull, but his soul rose to the Happy Hunting Grounds *complete.* The Poly-

nesian may leave his "dead man soul" to haunt the earth, but his "self-soul" goes on to another world. It almost seems as though the soul came to be split up and divided in consequence of the eternal "moving days" of progress in human thought. First, in the most primitive beliefs, the soul lived in the family hearth, it was a hearth-spirit. Then it moved to the grave. From the individual grave it moved again, this time to the underground world (Babylonians and Egyptians). Another "moving day", and Chinese, Hindus, North and South American Indians and other races carried it to a top story apartment—a heaven! Since then the soul always has had a heaven to which to go. The Zoriastrian has an elaborate process of soul-division that carries him into the heaven of Ormuzd, the god of goodness and light. The Zoroastrian's soul was made up of *five* parts. The *anhu* was the breath-soul; the *baodhanh,* was the soul-activity; the *daena* was the conscious soul-intelligence; the *urvan* was the soul-will; the *fravashi* was the preëxistent soul, the soul-idea in the mind of the creator Ormuzd, before the body's birth. The *fravashi* was the individual's guardian angel or genius. *Anhu* (life) *baodhanh* (intelligence), *urvan* (will), *fravashi* (guardian genius) go to paradise after death. There, on the third day after death, they are joined by the *daena* and the dead man meets them before the judge. And the *daena* stands before the dead man and testifies: "I am your (good or bad, as the case may be) thoughts, words and deeds!"

The Body and the Soul's Resurrection.—The ancient Egyptians and Peruvians believed that the resurrection of the dead implied the resurrection of the *body,* with heart and lungs, liver and intestines. The followers of Zoroaster also thought that the Saviour, the "Raiser of All Having Bones", would raise up the dead *materially* in their *bodies.* At the time of Christ the Sadducees denied that there was a conscious life of the individual soul after death, and denied that there was a resurrection of the *body,* like the Greeks. The Pharisees, however, believed in a *bodily* resurrection on earth. The *Zoroastrian belief* in a resurrection and a judgment day, and in a Satan or demon opposed to a god of good and of light, are supposed to have supplied the *basis* of the *Hebrew* and *Christian belief* in a resurrection and day of judgment, and of a devil who fought against God. The good Brahman goes straight to Indra's or Brahma's paradise *Swarga,* just as a good Buddhist goes straight to the Buddhist heaven. Christ and St. Paul taught the resurrection in the sense of the resurrection of a higher spiritual body.

The Christian Soul.—Origen looked on the Christian soul as a pure spirit, existing *before* the body was born, but this view is regarded as a heresy. Most early Christians thought a soul was expressly created for *each* human individual. Tertullian, an earlier

Father of the Church, held that the soul was "propagated" and hence "inherited" sin. Certain Hindu and Christian mystics claim that the soul of the human individual is a fragment of the great omnipresent soul of God. The Christian Church as a whole, however, holds that the soul is an *individual* thing, and not a portion of God's self. But, like many other points of doctrine, the individual can only tell which is the true theory when he himself has become a soul.

CHAPTER II

FETISHISM

WHAT is a "fetish"?* In the very beginning a fetish was a mascot. It was some object which was supposed to give its possessor good luck. It was like the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit or a "lucky penny" of to-day. Fetishism is not a religion. Just as the *taboo* expressed the *fear* of primitive man and the present-day savage, so the fetish expressed *hope.*

But from being a mascot to bring good luck, the "fetish" in course of time came to be regarded as something that had the *will* and the *power* to *give* good luck. It turned into an object inhabited by a spirit or into an actual spiritual power itself. To the African native his *gris-gris, jou-jou, makissos* or whatever he may call his fetish is a *living, conscious* will. In West Africa the fetishes take up almost the entire religious attention of the people. There are war-fetishes to make the warrior bullet- and arrow-proof. There are love fetishes to make him gain the girl he wants. There are fetishes to guarantee him a good haul of fish, or success in hunting. And when the fetish does not come up to the mark he is punished. For the savage argues that it shows laziness, indifference or lack of good-will on the part of his fetish—he could help if he only wanted to.

Of course, in the elementary African savage, where Fetishism is a regular system, controlled by a debased, ignorant and corrupt priesthood, it is one of the most dangerous and evil forms of belief that can be imagined. When rival sorcerers and witch-hunters (for Fetishism is always accompanied by a belief in witchcraft) "match fetishes" with one another, innocent bystanders are apt to suffer. A famous sorcerer, whose power resides in his fetish or *gris-gris,* and who hands out "what the fetish had told him" as the word of a god, can carry on religious robbery and murder with the greatest ease

* The word came into being in the days when Vasco da Gama and Prince Henry the Navigator made the Portuguese name famous on the seas. The Portuguese sailors all had their religious amulets, their *feitocos* (fetishes), "things that made things happen", to bring them good luck. And when they saw the negroes of Guinea and other coasts wear similar charms, they gave them the same name, although one charm had been blessed by a parish priest, and the other by a naked wizard of the bush.

and without danger. And this he does. The negro wizard is in the happy position of being detective, judge, jury, executioner and profiteer rolled into one. His fetish enables him to "smell out" the person accused of any tribal crime: interfering with the rain-magic that is to bring rain, robbery, adultery, poisoning. And he naturally selects as his victims his personal enemies or those whose wealth (which he will in part inherit) makes them suitable persons to be convicted. All sorts of fetish trials and ordeals mark the work of the sorcerer priests of the African tribes, among them, as in the darker ages of Christianity, water-tests: a warlock or witch thrown into the water sinks if guilty and floats if innocent. The whole basis of Fetishism is one of mingled hope and fear. And, though the fetish never detects *virtues* but only *sins,* though it is an unspeakable agency for *evil* in the hands of its sorcerers and wizards, though it represents religion on one of its lowest planes, even here we have an *upward* moral trend. The *fetish,* even at its worst, is a moral agent *for detecting sin!* That means it is one step toward a belief in a higher moral power.

Fetishism plays a part in the religions of most savage peoples. It is strongest in tribes and races whose beliefs, while they may vaguely take in a "Great Spirit" or a supreme god of some kind, are at the same time fetishists, totemists, and worship indiscriminately all sorts of gods and spirits in nature. The primitive brain, as a rule, cannot distinguish between *body* and *soul.* It cannot imagine a soul without a body of some kind. The Australian "black fellow" believes in a "Great Spirit", *Boyma* or *Byamee,* whom he calls "Our Father". And "Our Father" sits on a great white throne, "the crystal rock in which he sits in *"Bullimah"* (Paradise). In *Grogora gally* the Australian has a "Son of God", equal in power to his father. When he buries his dead the Australian black cries: "Our Father, let the spirit of so-and-so pass into *Bullimah!* Save him from *Eleanbah wundah,* the abode of the wicked! For so-and-so was faithful on earth to the laws you left us!" We have an uncanny feeling that there is something "Christian" about the whole thing. And yet—this is quite deceptive.

The Corroborree.—For the same pious mourner, if another black steals his wife, makes him an instrument like a knife. He takes it to a sorcerer or, kneeling before it himself, sings a magic incantation begging the fetish to kill the man who has injured him. And, side by side with ceremonies and rites which teach *respect for old age, truth telling* and *loving one's neighbor as one's self,* we find what we would term the most flagrant immorality developed in *religious dances!* The Australian *Corroborrees* are religious "nature dance" festivals. But obscene movements and postures, followed by promiscuous intercourse between the sexes, is their outstanding

feature. And combined with a belief in a universal godhead and a paradise we find faith in every kind of fetish and magic incantation. The Australian black who is in love (?) with a certain girl, obtains possession of the forehead-band or the breech-apron of his adored one. This, after "making magic" over it, he hangs from his own girdle. Or he has recourse to *music magic*. He takes his *ulpirra* or horn, and inhales the smoke of a magic fire through it. Then, at the *Corroborree* he blows his horn and—the girl for whose sake he has made the magic turns to him. As the natives say she is *okunjepunna oknirra*, "completely captivated". Descriptions which pious missionaries and travelers have given us of Australian Corroborrees, however, make it seem unnecessary for any young Australian warrior to act the part of "Little Boy Blue" to win the favor of any particular girl of his tribe.

The New Guinea Kainama.—Fetishism was and is an outstanding feature of the religious beliefs of the Polynesians and Melanesians. As in darkest Africa, the wizard is all-powerful among the Papuans of New Guinea. Like many African tribes these savages are demon and devil worshipers. *Yabahou,* the evil spirit, hovers over the secret preparation of the terrible *wourali* poison into which they dip their arrows. One of the most horrible proofs of the power of the New Guinea wizard over the minds of his fellows is shown by the practise of *kanaima.* If a man dies (possibly from perfectly natural causes), the wizard or sorcerer selects—his selection often determined by his own dark reasons—the man who caused his death. Then he picks out the avenger of blood. The latter's body is at once supposed to be possessed by a wandering spirit, *Kanaima,* which does not leave until the dead man is avenged. The way to kill the condemned man, who does not know that he has been set apart for the slaughter, is to come on him from behind, and stun him with a blow on the back of the neck. Then the fangs of a venomous serpent are quickly pressed through his tongue—and Nature is allowed to take her course! The tongue at once swells to monstrous size, and the poor wretch dies in a day or so. *Kanaimas* who pride themselves in doing things in the socially correct way, avoid the more common snake-fang process. They delicately press a powerful poison-powder, kept in a tube made of a bird's wing-bone, into the tongue of their victim. The effect is the same, and it is considered better form. Three days after the victim's burial, the Kainama thrusts a pointed stick through the earth into the body and tastes the blood. This done, his religious duties are at an end in the matter, and he returns to the ordinary social round of savage existence.

But often the murdered man has friends. Then an interesting game of hide-and-seek develops. The friends try to bury the body

where the *Kainama* cannot find it. And if the *Kainama* cannot find it he is in a bad way. He must remain a *Kainama,* and is haunted by the spirit of the murdered man because he has not carried out the proper religious rite with the pointed stick. Often *Kainamas* who have been unable to find the body of their victim go mad. This is only one instance of the influence of the wizard priest, and the belief in demons among the Papuans.

Heavenly Filth-Flingers.—The Polynesians in general are wizard- and sorcerer-ridden. Their gods and spirits are mainly malignant demons, full of ill will toward mankind. Spirits of disease, death and thievery, horrible reptile-, fish- and sea-monster-gods, animism and totemism, together with fetishism make up a curious mixture of fantastic beliefs.* And, together with devil-gods, they believe in a heaven and hell. In the under world the demon *Miru* cooks and eats the souls of the base. Warriors and nobles go upward, following the sun to heaven. But what a heaven it is! The souls of the blest can find no better way of occupying their time than to jeer and mock at the poor fellows who are trying to climb out of hell and—to drop down filth on them! We will touch on a few of the more picturesque phases of this wild jumble of beliefs. According to another religious theory, the souls of the blest, when a number are gathered together, go to the river Wioratane. If brave, the bridgekeeper lets them cross the narrow bridge, if base and cowardly they are turned back. Once they have crossed the bridge, the souls come to the "jumping-off place". There, as from a spring-board, they leap up into the sky and become clouds or stars. This is far more dignified, at any rate, than sitting in a Polynesian paradise dropping filth on other unfortunate souls trying to crawl out of hell.

And, as an example of how different the ideas of human beings are regarding the hope so beautifully expressed in a hymn of the Christian church: "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand", we need only mention the Polynesian idea of what "being an angel" is. Many a pious Polynesian looks forward when he dies to becoming an angel—in the snape of a *crocodile!* Incidentally, as in the case of Cannabalism, the Polynesians have been unfortunate in the *practical* working-out of other ideas which in themselves are prompted by noble and beautifully reverent thoughts. For instance, the tender Papuan son and daughter may, with the best intentions in the world, lovingly *strangle their parents.* They do so while the latter are still strong and vigorous. It would be too sad, they say,

*It is curious to note that there are Polynesian secret societies which have a *ghost form* of ancestor-worship. They believe that their ancestors are *reptile ghosts* and, since all of us have reptile ancestors if we care to trace back our family tree far enough, they are not altogether wrong.

with tears in their eyes (for family affection is a notable Polynesian virtue) if the ghosts of father and mother had to hobble along the paths of shadow-land bent down by age and rheumatism. To their simple minds there is something sweetly kind and tender in thus choking the dear ones to death while in good health in this world, lest they suffer from disease and old age in the next. As among most primitive peoples, the licentious nature-dance has a religious character among the Polynesians. In fact, Polynesia and Africa probably hold the palm in this respect. Missionaries and travelers have described the lascive *hula-hula* of Hawaii, the *upa-upa* of Tahiti, and other frenzied religious dances of Polynesian passion. We will not dwell on them, but pass on to one of the most interesting features of their animistic and fetishistic belief, the *taboo*. The *taboo* is found among all sorts of other savage tribes, but has been very highly developed by the Polynesian sorcerer-priests.

The Taboo.—The *taboo* (Polynesian *tapu*—"forbidden"), is a system or practise which marks as "set apart", or "sacred" or "forbidden" certain persons, places or things, idols, temples, food, animals, names, days, etc., and lays a terrible curse on those who do not observe the law. The sorcerers or priests were *taboo*. Why? Because they were full of spiritual power. The hands of ordinary mortals dared not touch them. This strength which fills the Polynesian wizard is known as *mana*. And, in this respect, the savage Polynesian and other primitives saved themselves a great deal of mental worry with the idea of the *taboo*. Was there anything they did not understand? Was there something that struck them as being mysterious? All unknown things are dangerous.* All mysterious things are dangerous. Put a *taboo* on them! Life and death and the spiritual world are all mysteries. Taboo them and let them alone! Of course priests and kings (who had divine power), soon found out that the *taboo* was a decidedly convenient idea. They made an intelligent use of the *taboo* system and annexed anything worth for themselves, by making it *taboo*. So, in many cases, it became a *political* instead of a *religious* institution. And when a *taboo* of this sort has become established by *custom*, when it is sanctified by *tradition*, even non-savage peoples are apt to regard it with veneration at the present time. We have *political abuses* whose survival is against every law of national advantage and common sense. Yet in most cases the *taboo* of tradition prevents their correction. In that respect many civilized nations, ourselves included, are still hopelessly Polynesians, mentally.

* The spirit of taboo is still strong in the civilized world of to-day. Many of us are all to apt to believe, with the Polynesian savage, that all unknown things are dangerous. We are afraid to investigate. So we put a mental *taboo* on anything we do not understand. It is so much easier to *taboo* anything than strain one's brain trying to find out what it means.

In general *taboos*—though they might first have been religiously laid on stealing, adultery, and other crimes—did not *originate morals,* though they helped to strengthen and create legal moral ideas when these gradually developed.

Before passing on to Shamanism, a special development of demon-worship and the fetish-making wizard priest, we might select among the many tribes of animistic and fetish-worshiping savages two in particular, situated respectively at the North and South poles, as happy examples of nature- and demon-worship in its lowest forms.

The Eskimo ("eaters of raw flesh"), as the Chippewas termed them, who dwell on the Arctic coast fringes, Asiatic and American, are primitive hunters—the Northernmost Greenlanders so much so, that as late as 1868 they had neither boats nor even the whale-rib bows and arrows of their fellows—who reproduce the life of the *Stone* Age in a species of *bone* version. Like the Neanderthal men they are filthy, though babies are sometimes licked clean by their mothers before being thrust in their featherbag cradle. In summer the muskox and the caribou, in winter the seal and whale, are their chief game; and their faith in the *Whale-Spirit* and the *Old Woman of the Sea,* whom they worship, is as great as is their wizard-priests, or Angakoks, who reveal the will of the supernatural beings, mainly evil, to them.

Immortal Souls and Animistic Idea.—Comfortably provided with two souls, one on a good Eskimo's death, may enter the body of some child to renew its existence there, while the other departs for a Land of Souls, either above or below the earth. Contrary to our belief, the Eskimo regards the *latter* as the more desirable. One of their legends tells of a girl who by magic means descends into the Land of Darkness, where all animals and birds are black as night, and, winning a husband there, returns with him to earth with rich treasures of great blue pearls and costly furs. Firm believers in *magic,* their folk-tales are full of those allusions to unions between human beings and beasts which hint at a past *even more remote* than the Stone Age. A grim and bloody strain of primitive animism runs through these tales: there is a great *man-worm* who marries a woman, and in revenge for the death of their child destroys an entire village. There is *Ta-ka-ku,* who from playing at being a red bear to murder her husband, *becomes one,* and tears to pieces her children. There are fox-women, whose musky smell betrays their origin to human husbands. There are magic ravens, ice-birds and other weird creatures. In their fantastic creation myth there is a passage which carries us back to the Reptilian Age, for in a dry pond-bed in heaven lies "a large, strange six-legged creature

with a long head. The two hind-legs are unusually long, the two front ones short; and a very short pair of legs (?) stood out from its belly. . . . Two thick horns bent backward, rose from its head. The beast's eyes were small and it was dark in color." And the Eskimo tale of "The Last Thunder-birds", giant creatures with wings like clouds, which snatch up reindeers and rise with thunderous beat of wing to devour them on a mountain height, recall the pterodactyl. The Eskimo *angekok* calls up his demons or ancestral spirits by beating a magic drum.

Eskimo Morals.—Weapons of sharpened tusk and bone in place of flint; skin tents in summer and half underground huts of stone or turf or snow igloos, take the place of the Neanderthal cave and squatting-place. But Eskimo social life is almost as primitive: there are no community ties save the loose one of individual village associations: there are no chiefs. And their morals are quite as loose as their village ties. While public indecency is rare, private life is lax. Utter lack of shame on the part of the women goes hand in hand with unrestricted privileges of divorce and remarriage, and they cultivate as expediency may dictate monogamy (one wife), polygamy (plural wives) and polyandry (husbands in common), at one and the same time. The "wild Eskimo" still rubs noses in greeting and his morals in keeping with this form of salutation. In their hot, unventilated huts, "men and women," to quote the explorer Cranz, "doff their filthy clothes, swarming with vermin;" and Halle tells us that young couples practice trial marriage; that "lending" a wife or daughter to a guest is hospitality's first law; that adultery is a commonplace of existence, and unnatural vices are indulged without the least secrecy. They, like most savage primitives, are too low in the human scale to have developed the idea of "love" in any more ideal sense: the sick must shift for themselves and widows, when food is short, "hover about the squatting-places like starving wolves until hunger and cold terminate their wretched existence." These among the primitives of the North Pole, are the blessings wizard-priests and demon-worship have given the worshipers.

Aside from special magic practices which the individual carries out for some private purpose at his wizard's command, the Eskimos, such as the Aleuts of Kamchatka, have only the religious "productivity" or "fertility" dance to *express religious* feeling. This "service" dance these engaging savages dance naked on the snow. To encourage the life which comes through birth the Eskimo uses in the dances the same sensuous emotions he experiences in person. It is partly a *birth dance* and partly a *death dance.* The latter is to honor the ghosts, who, if pleased, will make the women of the tribe productive.

The Tierra del Fuegians.—The Eskimos of the Artic have not nearly the same primitive appearance as the Yagan and Alakalufs of

the Tierra del Fuego archipelago at the end of South America, on the Antarctic Sea. The low brows, the heavy arches which join the temporal and cheek bones on the side of the skull, the loose, wrinkled skin, disproportionately large chest, and curved legs of the latter, suggest an older race than that of their Arctic brethren. With only a few legends, with practically no gods, no higher social unit than the family, they stand at the foot of the human social ladder.

Like the Eskimo, they draw their food mainly from the sea and with similar weapons, made of bone. A stooping posture when they walk increases their anthropoid appearance. Their primitive spear has a bone head, but as regards their arrows, which are tipped with flint, and their slingers, made of a cup of *guanaco* skin, in which they use sling-stones with incredible skill to bring down birds and game, they are true children to the Stone Age. Like the Eskimo, the Fuegians have gods. Molluscs form a considerable portion of their diet, and a curious animistic idea prevents them from throwing the empty mollusc-shells into the sea. They think the molluscs would take warning if they saw them in the water, and forsake the coast. Sea-urchins, stranded whales and other fish, seals, sea-otters and a fungoid growth of the Antarctic beech-tree vary their diet of shell-food. Like the Neanderthal men, they are "squatters," putting up rude bough shelters against the wind where they squat.

Cleanliness and Godliness.—The Fuegians and the Eskimo go far to establish the truth of the claim that cleanliness and Godliness are akin. The same results an Eskimo achieves with a double suit of furs, the Fuegians of either sex attain unclothed—unless we except a patch of deer skin or seal fur about eighteen inches square, carelessly slung across one shoulder to guard against the wind. For though they spend much of their time in the water, *they never wash,* are infested with parasites and are undescribably filthy. The first sight of a European washing his face seemed so irresistibly comic to them that they burst into shouts of laughter. In a climate where people have been frozen to death in mid-summer at no great elevation above sea-level, the Fuegian's almost utter nudity might seem astonishing. But it is in reality proof of the fact that they belong to the early primal times when men had not *learned* to wear clothes—for clothes were not originally worn as a protection against cold, but for ornament.

If anything the Fuegian as regards his religious beliefs and, in consequence his social life, is even below the wild Eskimo. The Fuegians have sorcerers and conjurers, believe in evil spirits and in a vague giant or man-god who "makes the weather". While the Polynesians eat their children with tears of genuine religious emotion, and strangle their parents out of an excess of tenderness, the Fuegians do away with the old folk of the tribe for low *practical* in-

stead of high *moral* reasons. In times of famine the Fuegian has the choice between eating his dogs, of which he really is fond, or the old women of the tribe. The faithful beasts, however, may still help him catch fish and guanaco: the old women are worn out and useless, so he eats them. To say that the result is the same for both the Polynesian and the Fuegian woman is irrelavant. Even Cannibalism has its ethics. The Papuan, whose indulgence in human food is (as he thinks) sanctified by a noble moral or religious motive stands on a higher level than his Fuegian brother. For the latter eats the authoress of his being for the basest material reasons.

An especially interesting development of Fetishism is *Shamanism,* because while it still exists in its primitive form it has in other religions led over into higher forms of ancestor-worship. And we find in some religions ancestor-worship flourishing together with *Shamanism.* In a way the whole theory of demon—or devil-worship seems to be most prominently identified, in historic times, with the black and yellow races.

CHAPTER III

SHAMANISM

SHAMANISM is a special religious "attitude of mind" especially associated with the mind of the "yellow race". It is the Mongolian equivalent of the African sorcerer-priest or witch-doctor's practises, transferred to the eastern part of northern Asia, where it flourishes in particular among the Tungunse, and other Mongolian tribes. Shamanism also was a feature of the earlier faiths of certain Ural-Altaic peoples, such as the Finns, the Hungarians and Turks. The origin of present-day Shamanism may be sought in the dim past of Chaldea. The original Accadians and Sumerians were Turanians, "yellow men", who broke through the mountain barriers of the Ural and made their way to the Mesopotamian plains. Later, when the Semitic tribes overran and conquered their land, their religion was absorbed by that of the Babylonians and Assyrians. But it held in itself the germ of Shamanism—the belief in evil spirits and devils as the most powerful of all supernatural beings, and tried by means of sorcerer-priests and magic rites (eventually developed in an elaborate ritual of temple services and psalm-services) to ward off the ills with which these devils afflicted mankind. Eventually other gods were added to the Sumerian mythology,—gods beneficent and kindly, but in the beginning the seven Maskim or demons of the underworld, and their countless followers, were the spirits to be feared and worshiped.

The Shaman.—The Shaman or wizard holds the keys of power over the thought and deeds of men by means of his *ancestral ghosts.* It is a kind of ghost ancestor-worship, and the son of a *shaman* inherits his father's ability to deal with the nine ancestors who guard mankind, the *Somo,* and through them approach the good spirits above the earth, head of whom is *Kaira Khan,* father and mother of the human race, living in the highest of the seventeen heavens of light. But—and it is an important but—the *shaman* is also the wizard-priest who can invoke *Erlik,* the lord of hell. His kingdom is below earth, and is inhabited by evil devils and spirits, unblessed ghosts, goblins and swan-maidens. And it is to *Erlik,* the prince of evil that the *Shaman's* prayers and incantations usually are addressed. After all, why bother *Kaira Khan* in the seventeenth heaven? He means well by men as it is. It is far more important to honor and please the malignant evil demons

who take pleasure in injuring men. And the *shaman,* the wizard-priest, when he is seized with a religious ecstasy, and falls into the spirit-trance, and the ghosts of his ancestors enter into him, can penetrate into the depths of hell. He beats his magic drum, the *tungur,* which has power over the demons, mounts the *pura,* the ghost of the horse which has been sacrificed to *Erlik* without shedding blood with secret ceremonies in a sacred grove, and comes back with weal or woe for those who have questioned the oracle.

The Dugpa.—A special kind of *shaman* is the *dugpa,* the devil-priest of Thibet, who wears a scarlet cap and claims to be a direct descendant of the Lord of Flies. The *dugpa* is the wizard of the debased form of *Lamaism** known as the "*Tantra* System." These *dugpas* or devil-priests, especially of south-eastern Thibet, are followers of the primeval Thibetan religion of the Bhons, of which practically nothing is known. They are said to be the offspring of a strange race whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. An especially powerful *dugpa* is known as a *Samtschch Mitschebat,* that is to say a being who might no longer be called a *man,* who could "bind and loosen." For such a *dugpa* the ability to treat time and space *as mere figments of the imagination,* makes nothing on earth too difficult for accomplishment, so the superstitious believe. According to the Tantrist doctrine, there are two ways by means of which the steps leading *beyond* the purely human may be mounted. The first is the way of the "light," *the merging of the individual identity in Buddha.* The second, opposite way, is "The Path of the Left Hand," to which only the born *dugpa* knows the gate of entrance. It is a mental road *full of awfulness and horror.* The born *dugpa* or devil-priest—though only now and again—is to be met in every land under the skies. Strange to say, they were almost invariably the children of very pious parents. "It is," says an authority, "as though the hand of the lord of dark-

**Lamaism* is the religious-political, corrupt system of *Buddhism* which prevails in Mongolia and Thibet. The Buddhist reformer Tsongkapa (b. 1357), who has been called the "Luther of Thibet", tried to reëstablish the purer Buddhist doctrine, and do away with the magic rites and incantations which have ignored Buddhism's true spiritual meaning. His followers were known as the "orange-hoods". The ceremonial he introduced is said by Catholic missionaries—Fathers Huc and Gabet—to have greatly resembled the Roman high mass. The "red-hoods"—the sect of the devil-priests or *dugpas*—were the upholders of the corrupt "Tantra System" of Buddhism. This is given over to devil-worship, blood-offerings, and the most degrading and horrible practices of black magic. At the present time (since the middle of the fifteenth century) the leaders of the "orange-hoods", the *Dalai Lama* and the *Pantschen Lama,* the abbots of the two great monasteries of Gedun Dubpa, near Lhassa and Tashi Lunpo, in Farther Thibet, have been acknowledged as the lords spiritual and temporal of Thibet. Yet the devil-priests of the "red-hoods", or *shamans* who are supposed to have all sorts of evil magic at their disposal, still flourish.

ness had grafted a poisonous shoot on the tree of holiness, and there is but one known way of telling whether a child is *spiritually* a member of the band of the *dugpas,* and that is when the roots of his hair run from left to right on his skull, instead of the other way around." As a rule no *Samtscheh Mitschebat* ever stoops to show a white man his arts. But it would seem that there are exceptions. The strange tale which follows which gives us an insight into some of the alleged powers of *shamanism,* of the magic of the devil-priest, purports to be a record taken from the diary of a European scientist travelling in Thibet. In a far Asian land it gives us a fantastic and improbable, yet highly stimulating *magic* theory of the origin of the World War. And while it cannot lay any claim to scientific consideration, it supplies a very thrilling illustration of the powers claimed by the devil-priest of all times.

Grasshopper Magic.—This all too eager opposition of my headman aroused my suspicions, and after several hours of cross-examination, I at last found out that he himself was a follower of the Bhon religion, and knew positively—from the crimson color of the mists which rose from the ground, such was his lying explanation—that an "initiate" *dugpa* might be found not far away.

"But he will never show his arts to you," he always ended by saying.

"Why not?" I finally ask him.

"Because—he will not undertake the responsibility!"

"What responsibility?" I now queried.

"In consequence of the disturbances which he might create in the empire of causation, he would once more be caught up in the whirlpool of reincarnation, unless something even far more serious happened to him."

This interested me. I was desirous of discovering more with regard to this mysterious religion of the Bhons, and therefore asked: "Has a man a soul according to your belief?"

"Yes and no."

"Explain yourself."

The reply of the Thibetan was to take a blade of grass and tie it in a knot: "Is the grass now tied in a knot?"

"Yes."

"He untied the blade of grass: "And now?"

"Now it is no longer knotted."

"It is in just the same way that man has a soul and yet has no soul," he said with great simplicity.

I made another attempt to obtain an idea of his point of view. "Very well, take for granted that you had fallen when, not long since, we were crossing that terrible pass through the mountains,

no broader than a man's hand—would your soul have gone on living or not?"

"I would not have fallen."

I thought I would take another method, pointed to my revolver and said: "If I shoot you now, will you continue living or not?"

"You cannot shoot me."

"Indeed I can."

"Then try it."

I would do nothing of the sort, was my mental reflection. What would be my position were I left without a caravan guide to wander about in this illimitable table-land. He seemed to divine my thoughts and smiled ironically. It was maddening. I kept silence for a time.

"It is merely because you cannot 'will' yourself to do it," he suddenly resumed. "Behind your will are wishes, wishes of which you are aware and wishes of which you are unaware, and both are stronger than you are."

"Then what is the soul according to your belief," I asked him angrily, "have I, for instance, a soul?"

"Yes."

"And when I die, will my soul continue to live?"

"No."

"But your own soul, so you believe, will continue to live when you die?"

"Yes! Because—I have a name!"

"What do you mean by a name? I have a name as well as yourself."

"Yes, but you do not know the name which is rightfully yours, hence you do not possess it. What you regard as your name is no more than an empty word invented by your parents. When you fall asleep you forget it. But I do not forget my name when I fall asleep."

"Yet when you are dead you no longer know your name," I insisted.

"No. But the Master knows it and does not forget it. And when he calls it I rise again; but only I and I alone, for I alone possess my own name. None other possesses it. What you call your name is something you own in common with many others—just like the dogs," he murmured contemptuously between his teeth. I understood his words but pretended not to have heard them.

"What do you mean by the term 'Master'?" I asked with seeming innocence.

"I mean the *Samtscheh Mitschebat!*"

"The one who is in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, but it is only his image, his reflection, which is in this

neighborhood. He himself, in reality, is everywhere. He can also be nowhere if such be his wish."

"Surely he cannot make himself invisible?"—I could not help but smile quite against my will—"You mean to say that sometimes he is within the sphere of the worlds, and then he is without it. Sometimes he is there, and then, again, he is not there."

"A name, too, is only there when it is spoken, and no longer there when it is not spoken," rejoined my Thibetan.

"And would it be possible for you, too, to become a Master some time?"

"Yes."

"Then there would be two masters, would there not?"

I triumphed inwardly, for to be honest, the fellow's intellectual arrogance was offensive to me. Now I had trapped him, so I thought (and I had already prepared my next question: if one Master wishes to let the sun shine and the other wants it to rain, what will happen?) hence I was all the more dumb-founded by the singular answer which he gave me. "When I have become a Master I shall be the *Samtscheh Mitschebat*. Or do you believe there can be two things exactly alike, without their being one and the same?"

"Nevertheless, you will then be two and not one; and if I met you I would be meeting two men and not one," I objected.

The Thibetan stooped and hunted up a particularly transparent crystal among those lying on the ground at our feet. Then he said mockingly: "Hold this to your eye and look at yonder tree! You see it double, do you not? But does that make one tree—two trees?"

I had no immediate answer ready for him, and besides it would have been difficult for me to follow so complicated a subject logically in the Mongolian tongue, which we were obliged to use in our conversation. So I let him enjoy his triumph. Inwardly, however, I could not recover from my astonishment at the intellectual flexibility of this half-savage creature, with his slanting Calmuk eyes and his dirty sheepskin. There is something strange about these highland Asiatics. Outwardly they look like animals; but touch on their souls and they reveal the philosopher.

I once more returned to the starting-point of our conversation: "You really think that the *dugpa* would refuse to show me his arts because he declines the—responsibility?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"What if I were to assume the responsibility?"

For the first time since I had known him the Thibetan lost control of himself. A trouble which he could hardly conceal distorted his face. Then an expression of savage cruelty, quite inexplicable to me, gave way to one of treacherous jubilation. During the long months of our life together we had looked death in the face weeks

at a time; we had crossed horrible abysses on swaying bridges of bamboo, no more than a foot in breadth, and which made my heart rise to my mouth; we had crossed deserts in which we had wellnigh perished with thirst; yet never had I seen him lose his balance, spiritually, for so much as a minute. And now? What could be the reason of this sudden loss of equilibruim? I could see the thoughts driving through his mind like lightning.

"Lead me to the *dugpa* and I will reward you richly," I said to him with eagerness.

"I will think it over," he finally replied.

* * * *

The night was still dark when he woke me in my tent, and told me that he was ready. He had saddled two of our woolly little Mongolian horses—they do not stand much higher than large dogs—and we rode off into the shadows. The men of my caravan lay about their dwindling watch-fire in deep slumber.

Hours passed without our exchanging a word. The peculiar musky smell which the Thibetan steppe gives forth on July nights, and the monotonous swish of the broom which the legs of our horses brushed as we proceeded, nearly cast me into a stupor, so that in order to stay awake I had to keep my gaze fixed on the stars, which, in these savage highlands, have a flaming, flickering quality, like shreds of burning paper. They seem to radiate an exacerbating influence that fills the heart with disquiet.

As the dawn crept over the hills I noticed that the Thibetan's eyes were wide open, and that he was staring fixedly at a certain point in the skies without winking. I could see that his mind was far away.

Did he know the spot where the *dugpa* kept himself so well that there was no need of paying attention to the road? I asked him once or twice, but received no answer.

"He draws me as the magnet draws the steel," he finally replied with a heavy tongue, as though in his sleep.

We did not even rest at noon: and again and again he urged his horse on to a swifter pace. I was obliged to eat a few bits of dried goat's flesh in the saddle.

Toward evening, turning the corner of an eroded hill, we stopped near one of those fantastic tents which one occasionally sees in Bhutan. They are black, pointed at the top, sexagonal at the bottom, with turned-up, bellying edges, and are erected on high poles, so that they look like a gigantic spider whose belly is touching the ground.

I had expected to encounter some dirty *schaman*, with matted hair and beard, one of those insane or epileptic beings frequently found among the Mongols and Tugus, who stupefy themselves with the

lees of fly-agaric and then imagine that they see spirits, or murmur incomprehensible prophecies. Instead, however, there stood before me a man who was easily six feet tall, noticeably slender in build, quite beardless, and whose complexion was a peculiar shimmering olive-green, a face of a color which I had never yet seen in a human being, with slanting eyes, unnaturally far apart. He was a type of a race of men totally unknown to me.

His lips, which, like the skin of his face, were as unwrinkled as so much china, were bright red, thin as knife-blades and so powerfully curved—especially at the corners of the mouth, turned up in a very noticeable manner—that they appeared to have been painted on.

I could not withdraw my gaze from the *dugpa*—that is, not for long—and when I now think back upon that meeting I might almost say that I felt like a child, deprived of breath by the sudden popping up of a horrible mask out of the darkness.

On his head the *dugpa* wore a close-fitting, rimless scarlet cap; and he was wrapped from head to foot in a valuable sable pelt, dyed orange-yellow.

The *dugpa* and my guide exchanged not a single word; yet I take for granted that they must have come to some understanding by secret gestures, for without asking what I wished the *dugpa* quite suddenly and without any preamble said that though he was willing to show me whatever I might wish to see, I would have to bear all responsibility, even though I did not know what that responsibility was.

Naturally, I at once declared myself prepared to do so.

He then demanded that I touch the earth with my left hand in confirmation of the fact, and this I did.

He thereupon led us onward for a little distance, and we followed him until he told us to be seated. It was a table-like elevation of the ground at whose edge we established ourselves. Had I brought a white cloth with me? he asked.

In vain I hunted through my pockets, but all I could find, and that was in the lining of my coat, was an old, faded, folding-map of Europe—evidently I had been carrying it with me during the whole of my Asiatic travels—which I spread out between us, informing the *dugpa* that the drawing was a picture of my native land.

He exchanged a rapid glance with my guide, and once more I saw the expression of hateful malice which I had already noticed flare up the evening before in the Thibetan's face.

Did I wish to see the grasshopper magic?

I nodded and at once felt that I knew what was coming, a well-known trick—a luring forth of the insects out of the ground by whistling, or something of the sort.

And, in fact, I had not guessed wrongly. The *dugpa* allowed a soft, metallic chirping to be heard (they produce the sound by means of little silver bells which they carry about with them), and at once a great number of grasshoppers came crawling out upon the white surface of the map from their nooks and crannies in the ground.

More and more of them came: they were countless, in fact.

I had already begun to feel annoyed to think I had undertaken such a wearisome ride for the sake of a silly trick which I had seen often enough in China; yet what I now beheld amply compensated me for my fatigues. These grasshoppers not only belonged to a species quite unknown to science—hence in themselves were highly interesting—but they also acted in a most peculiar way. No sooner had they crawled upon the map than they first began to move about aimlessly in circles; but before long they gathered in groups and regarded each other with evident distrust. Suddenly a rainbow-colored fleck of light fell upon the middle of the map—it proceeded from a glass prism which the *dugpa* held up to the sun—and a few seconds later the hitherto peaceful clusters of grasshoppers had changed into a clump of insect bodies tearing and destroying each other in the most hideous fashion. The sight was too repulsive to permit of its being described. The whir of thousands and thousands of wings produced a shrill, singing sound, which set my teeth on edge, a shrilling in which were merged so hellish a hatred and so anguished a death agony that I shall never forget it.

A thick, greenish juice oozed out from beneath the insect pile.

I commanded the *dugpa* to stop the performance at once—he had already replaced his prism—but he merely shrugged his shoulders.

In vain I tried to separate the grasshoppers with my stick: their insane lust for murder had by now passed all bounds.

New crowds of the grasshoppers, too, were continually crawling up, and raising the horrible, struggling and quivering mound higher—it already was as high as a man standing.

For yards around the earth was alive with the swarming, maddened insects. A white mass, squeezed together, its components all crowding toward the middle, it was animated by a single idea: to kill, kill, kill!

A few of the insects, which fell mutilated from the great heap, and could not crawl up again, tore themselves to pieces with their own mandibles.

At times the shrilling sound grew so loud and so horribly piercing that I was obliged to clap my hands over my ears, since it seemed impossible for me to endure it.

At last, heaven be praised! the insects grew less and less in num-

ber, and the new swarms seemed to be less numerous, and finally ceased to appear altogether.

"What is he doing now?" I asked the Thibetan, when I saw that the *dugpa* showed no intention of leaving, but on the contrary seemed to be earnestly concentrating his thoughts upon something else. His upper lip was drawn high, so that his teeth, filed to a point, were visible. They were coal-black, probably as a result of the betel-chewing which is a custom of the country.

"He loosens and binds," I heard the Thibetan answer.

In spite of my repeating to myself that these were, after all, only insects who had gone to their death, I still felt very much upset and actually near fainting, and my guide's voice sounded as though from a great distance: "He loosens and binds!"

I did not understand what this was intended to convey, and do not to this very day; nor did anything else out of the ordinary take place. Why was it that in spite of this—it may have been for hours, since I no longer remember—I remained seated where I was? I had lost the will, the wish to rise.

Gradually the sun began to sink, and the sun and the countryside and clouds took on that crying, incredible coloration of red and orange-yellow which is familiar to everyone who has ever visited Thibet. The impression made by this picture is comparable only to those barbarically colored tent-walls of traveling European menageries which one sees at country fairs. I could not forget the words: "He loosens and binds!" and little by little my mind invested them with a suggestion of terror—in my imagination the quivering heap of grasshoppers turned into millions of dying soldiers.

I was stifled by the nightmare of an enigmatic, monstrous sense of responsibility, whose torture was the more keenly sensed because I vainly sought to find its origin.

Again it would seem to me as though the *dugpa* had suddenly disappeared, and in his stead—scarlet-red and olive-green—towered the repulsive image of the Thibetan god of war.

I fought against the illusion until the naked realities were once more plain to my eyes; yet they were not real enough. The mists which rose from the ground, the jagged glacier-peaks of the giant mountains on the distant horizon, the *dugpa* with his red cap, I myself in my semi-European, semi-Mongolian dress, and finally the black tent with its spider-legs—all these surely could not be real? Actuality, fantasy, vision, which was which, which was illusion? And again and again my train of thought was torn asunder as that throttling dread, that terrible, elusive feeling of *responsibility* awoke in me!

Later, much later—on my journey home—the occurrence grew

and spread in my recollection like some rankly luxuriant toad-stool, which I vainly endeavored to uproot.

At night, when I tried to sleep and could not, a horrible foreboding as to the meaning of the sentence, "He loosens and binds!", vaguely haunts me, and I try to stifle it, lest it become articulate, as one might try to smother an incipient fire at the start. But it is useless for me to fight against it—in spirit I can see a reddish vapor rising from the mound of dead grasshoppers, a reddish vapor that ascends and turns into cloud-shapes which, darkening the skies like the horror-inspiring phantoms of the monsoon, rolls toward the West . . .

* * * *

At this very moment while I am writing, it overpowers me . . . I . . . I . . . "

Two curious magic beliefs of the Thibetans might also be mentioned. The one concerns the "Fetish of Faith". A woman who so loves her husband that when he dies she does not paint her cheeks with ox-blood to show she is willing to take another, is known as an "eternal widow". But to make sure that her husband is faithful to her in the spirit-world, as she is to him on earth, she obtains from a *dugpa* a "Fetish of Faith." It is a little bronze amulet no larger than a finger joint, which shows two nude human figures closely embraced. The woman wears it on her breast hung from a gut string. But if the widow loses this amulet—her man will not remain true to her and she will lose her love in the world to come. So a Thibetan "eternal widow" would lose life itself rather than her amulet.

The ghastly "Drum of Betrayal" is beaten at the hour of prayer in the Thibetan temples. The priest whose duty it is to cut up the bodies of the dead on the burial stone and cast the fragments to the birds has the right to keep the brain-pans of any faithless man and faithless woman. Each brain-pan is covered with a thin membrane, a "drum-head". The two little drums thus formed the priest soldiers together at the curve and when they are shaken a small ivory ball imprisoned behind each membrane rolls without stop against the wall of the skull and the membrane. And thus, chained to each other for all eternity the two betrayers know no rest after death, for every day at the hour of prayer this ghastly drum is beaten in the temple as a warning to the living who come to worship.

CHAPTER IV

TAOISM AND CHINESE BUDDHISM

DEMONS may be either human (ancestral spirits, ghosts) or non-human spirits that never had a bodily form. As we have seen, they enter into relations with human beings by means of wizard-priests, sorcerers or *shamans* and, though they *may* be kindly ancestral spirits, are often malicious and destructive. Among the Chinese their three great religions or systems of religious thought—Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism—never have quite freed themselves from magic. They all go back to demon-worship* or ancestor-worship. Confucianism —of which ancestor-worship is the back-bone—represents at its best the higher, nobler and more beautiful development of the idea. But in Taoism and Chinese Buddhism, we have the case of two systems of religious thought which, originally pure and beautiful in themselves, have in the course of centuries been pulled down to the low level of wizardry and demon-worship, black magic and *shamanism.*

Taoism.—Taoism is a religion "by courtesy". Like Confucianism it is rather a moral system, a scheme of thought and discipline for life than a religion. Lao-Tsze, its reputed founder (b. 604 B.C.), according to legend was carried in his mother's womb for eighty years and came into the world with white hair. This led to his being called "The Old Child", "Old Boy", or "The Venerable Philosopher". Lao-Tsze's Bible, is the *Tao Teh King,* a treatise half the size of the Gospel of St. Mark. "*Tao*" means "The Way", and Taoism aims to

*Nearly every race, especially those on a low standard of development, peoples the earth with demons. Demons are in the skies, rocks, winds, clouds and waves, according to the Eskimo. The Koreans number demons by the thousands of millions: house, shed, shelf, jar, are filled with them. Thousands wait for the man who leaves his home and dance in front of him, behind him, at his side, crying out from air, earth and water. In Malay skies the Spectral Huntsman—a man who has become a demon—hunts with his dogs what he vainly hunted on earth—a buck mouse-deer pregnant with male offspring. In Egypt and other parts of the Mohammedan East, the *djinns* swarm so thickly that it is best to ask permission before pouring water on the ground—you might spill some on a *djinn,* and he would resent it. Many nations have disease-demons. And the Mongol demons, the demons of the *Shamans,* of the *dugpas* and the Chinese wizards, all hark back to the demons of the old Sumerians and Accadians, which were so numerous that there was a demon for every part of the human body.

show "the way" man should take through life. This "Way" is an all-powerful principle which impermeates the whole universe. Taoism is a doctrine of *inaction.* "Perfect virtue" says Lao-Tsze, *"does nothing,* and because of that does everything". Or, again, "*Tao* is like the emptiness of a vessel." Lao-Tsze's most famous commentator, the Chinese philosopher Tchouang-Tsze, declares that "Man is born in the *Tao* like the fish in water, for the *Tao* penetrates and envelops everything. But one cannot hear the Tao: for the *Tao* one hears is not the *Tao,* one cannot see it, one cannot say it. It is formless, yet gives form to everything. The *Tao* created everything, but is not itself anything. It is by the absence of all thought, the absence of all meditation that one can come to know the *Tao. Repose in inaction and the world will be good to you.* Throw off your envelope as the serpent does its skin! Spit out your intelligence from your mouth! Cease noticing differences! Liberate your soul and spirit! Be empty, be nothingness!"

Once man has reached to the summits where he is raised above the vain appearances and contradictions of the earth life, he becomes a pure spirit. The *Tao* is the spiritual principle of all things: it has neither form nor substance, it is infinite, and identifies spirit and matter. *Tao* puts the man who attains it on lofty heights: "The whole ocean might be consumed by heat, he would not feel warm! The Milky Way might be frozen like a sheet on an icy floor, he would feel no cold! Though the greatest mountains were split by lightnings and the immense sea were raised from its depths, he would not tremble. Instead he would mount the clouds, drive sun and mono before him, and pass beyond the limits of the external world to where life and death no longer overcome man!"

"Pay no heed to time, to good or to evil, but escaping into the region of the infinite, there find eternal repose", says the Chinese sage. *Tao* is the principle of all life, yet no life expresses it, and all material forms are only its changing vestment. This is shown in a Taoist parable.

The True Horse.—"A Chinese emperor wished to possess the most beautiful horse in the world. He sent experts out to find it. After a long time they returned and told him a certain *brown mare,* in a certain far land was a perfect horse. The emperor sent officials laden with treasure to buy it. But when they came to the place where it was supposed to be, instead of a *brown mare,* they found a *black stallion.* They brought it back and all declared it was the model of the perfect horse. For, to those who know, the perfect horse may be recognized by signs superior to such *secondary things as sex, color or any other external sign."* All beings are merely incidents without reality or duration. Forms mean nothing, and all forms change. Real life is hidden beneath them, and all life reunited does

not explain life, because it is that which brings forth and not that which is. *Tao* may be compared to *inspiration.* Life cannot be explained nor genius or inspiration communicated.

The Mysticism of Lao-Tsze and that of Wordsworth.—The great English poet Wordsworth in many ways explains in his poems Lao-Tsze's mystic doctrine of *fruitful inaction* and *communion with* nature. Both take refuge in nature in order to enter into communion with her eternal life, and the universal soul of which their own human souls are merely a breath. Like Lao-Tsze, Wordsworth went to Nature, far away from men. Without striving, without effort, he finds his wonderful vision of the countless narcissus-flowers (See Wordsworth's "The Daffodils") which spring has sown on the borders of a gleaming lake. They are quivering with gladness beneath the sun and the breeze. And the poet's whole soul is filled with their elementary life. He carries off with him their dancing happiness. For *through* them, for a moment, without knowing it, without seeking it, he has *shared in the life of the universe* and acquired without effort a divine and unsuspected pleasure. Only in solitude do the voices of Nature and of Humanity make themselves heard. And, together with Lao-Tsze, Wordsworth believes that all human misery comes from man's being unable to content himself *with himself.* Man would be happy if he would do without the world, its vanities, its vain efforts and ambitions. Wordsworth has expressed this idea in his "Sonnets" as Lao-Tsze has in his *Tao Teh King.* The world and the pursuit of worldly things dries up our divine sensibility. Then we no longer can live that inner life which is the only true one, and which reveals the *meaning of existence* and brings happiness. Happiness lies in *contemplation,* not in *action.* It is in *us,* not in *things.* They cannot give us happiness if we do not have it in our own hearts and souls.

Where the Thought of the Fifth Century Before and the Nineteenth Century After Christ Agree.—Aside from its moral maxims and reflections, this is the spirit of Taoism, the Taoism of the Chinaman Lao-Tsze and of the Englishman Wordsworth. "Differences of race, religion and external circumstances are unimportant in comparison with these spiritual resemblances. For both, in the solitude of Nature the noises of the world die on the borders of their dream. They are alone, face to face with their God. Around them spreads the country-side, as light as smoke, as immaterial as the visions it calls forth. The mountains have no weight, they are like vague vapors, the smoke of a sacred incense rising from the valleys. All are only divine phantoms rising from the changeless center of all things, and bearing the eternal peace of earth. This peace descends on man the *dreamer.* Matter turns into spirit. The identity of all things is revealed, and becomes one with the individual soul.

Turning Mysticism into Magic.—But what did the Mongol soul, changeless through the centuries, finally make of this mystic, poetic, beautiful philosophy of inaction and dreamy nature communion? The Mongol soul, the soul of the yellow race, has not changed from the days when the first Turanians descended into the Euphrates valley. Lao-Tsze's system, in the course of centuries, simply went back to demon and devil-worship, black magic, incantation and *shamanism.* From a beautiful mystic philosophy, Taoism was turned into a "religion" with a mythology of greater and lesser gods (though Lao-Tsze hardly mentions religion in his "Bible" and does not speak of "God") filled with base and dangerous superstitions.

Taoism as a Superstition.—Lao-Tsze's little gospel of negation is half the length of the Gospel of St. Mark. The fantastic legends developed by Taoism as a *magic faith* would fill volumes. As early as 221 B.C., Taoist monks and magicians are searching for a fairy island in the eastern sea, where the *herb of immortality* grows. They people the sky with gods and demi-gods, and the earth with magician monks, Taoist sorcerers and conjure-men. Mortals, if they attain to absolute negation of all feeling and learn "the art of eternal life", are translated to the heavens. Among these Taoist divinities is the "Queen of Heaven" or the "Holy Mother". There is a curious analogy between her and the Virgin Mary in the latter's conception as "Stella Maris", "The Star of the Sea", the patroness of sailors.

The Taoist Star of the Sea.—This Taoist Queen of the Heavens was a pure maid named Lin, who died at the age of seventeen, and rose to the skies to have power over wind and wave. Her image is found in every Chinese *junk.* The legend of how she came to win her place is a lovely and human one. Lin lived in the coast town of Fukien. Her folk were fisher-folk. One night a great gale blew at sea and as the girl lay with her mother in their dark hut, her heart was torn with love and anxiety for her brothers, her cousins and other kindred and friends who were tossing on the dark waters. And suddenly, she could rest no longer. She left the hut and, how it was she did not know, but, urged by her love and longing to help, she found herself at sea, swimming through the storm, through waves mountain-high. As she swam she grew larger and more powerful and all fear left her heart. And coming upon the three *junks* which held her loved ones, tossing on the waves, she stretched out her hands, took one in each and the other in her teeth, and began to swim back. And then, as she was near shore, she heard her mother calling her—and dropped the junk she held in her mouth! And then her spirit was back in the hut again—for in body she never had left it. And the next day two of the *junks* came in, though the third was lost for good. For that deed of love Lin, when she died, was made queen of the Heavens, and became the

patron saint of all Chinese seamen. When the sailors pray to her she appears in the skies, and divides the winds with a sword. And in the darkness of tempest she appears on the face of the waters with a red lantern, and those who steer by the lantern will win free from danger.

Pills of Immortality and Mushrooms of Life.—In the first century A.D. the magician Chang Tao-Ling appeared as the first Taoist Pope or spiritual ruler. With him the search for the "pill" which gives eternal life becomes a prominent part of Taoist activities. And, passing out of the body, like other *shamans*, the Taoist monks and sorcerers visit mysterious regions unknown to mortals. There are the Swamps of the Primal Mist, where lives the old man with yellow eye-brows. He lives on air. The pupils of his eyes have gained a green glow which reveals all hidden things to him. Every thousand years he turns around his bones and washes the marrow. In the North-East heavens grow the mushrooms of life. If a mortal eats them he becomes immortal, but to reach them one must cross the red river in which even a feather sinks at once of its own weight. By a lake near the Fire-Mirror Mountain, at the North Pole, grows the glimmer-stalk grass, that shines like a golden lamp. If plucked and used for a candle it reveals all things, even the shapes of spirits. There is the Dew of Life. It is formed by the five-colored clouds that rise above certain heavenly swamps. When men drink it it turns the old young; makes the sick well. Chang Tao-Ling was one of the magician sorcerer-priests who penetrated into these unknown realms by the power of his incantations, and who could destroy millions of demons by a stroke of his pen.

Preparing the Pill of Life.—In the guise of a magic fox, the Taoist magician often prepares the "pill", the elixir of life, out of his own breath, which he allows to rise to the moon. Chinese legend has given us a description of the process: "A young farmer passing the gardens of a wealthy gentleman's house, suddenly saw something floating in the air, something that glowed like a ball of crystal. He climbed the garden wall . . . there was not a human being in sight. But at a distance something that looked like a dog was gazing at the moon. When it blew out its breath a ball of fire came from its jaws and rose to the moon. When it drew in its breath the fire-ball sank down and was caught in its jaws again. It was a fox preparing the elixir of life." The farmer boy stole the fire-pill, swallowed it and grew rich, for he could make himself invisible, see ghosts and devils, and deal with spirits. Kings and emperors during the flourishing days of the Taoist magicians, gathered the sorcerers around them and experienced all sorts of marvels. Some of these fantastic legends are very poetic. It was worth while being a magician in Taoist China.

Taoism To-Day.—These legends show some of the more poetic sides of Taoist magic. But there are all sorts of darker and more fantastic ones. The Taoist magicians claimed to be able to bake lime into gold, and cook lead so that it turned into silver. Like the alchemists of the Middle Ages, they were always hunting for the philosopher's stone, which turned base metals to gold, and held the life secret. They could mingle water and stone so that it effervesced in bubbles and formed pearls. Spirits and ghosts did their bidding. They could tame serpents and dragons and ride on them to the eight poles of the world. They beat the magic drum, and knew the secret of *whistle magic,* to which the motes of the sunbeams dance. A descendant of the first Taoist Pope who claims that the soul of his ancestor still lives in him, dwells in the Lung-Hu Mountains, near Kiang-Si, with his books, fetishes, sword and seal. And Taoism to-day is an *empty shell* in China. The true principles of its founder have been forgotten. Instead, the Chinese spirit has turned its pure philosophy into devil-worship and sorcery. The principle of *the unity of all things* has been turned into a search for the philosopher's stone. The doctrine that *immortality means being absorbed into the life of the universe* has turned into a search for the elixir of long life. As early as 200 B.C. the emperors surrounded themselves with devil-priests in the shape of Taoist magician-monks who were busy trying to transmute base into precious metals, and discover the fountain of youth in a "pill". All that remains of original Taoism in China to-day is its gentle founder's love for Nature and flowers. Otherwise the Taoist priests are mere fortune-tellers, wonder-workers and *shamans,* who prey on the superstitions of their fellows. And yet—if one only could believe it, there is something very charming about the ascension into heaven of a good old Taoist flower-lover, as legend has described it. He was one of those clever mystics who had learned the *fine art of living without food*—and one day he had his reward. "A magic fragrance filled the atmosphere. Blue phœnixes and white storks flew and danced about in the air. A cloud on which sat the Guardian Spirit of the Flowers and other kindly deities came down, and with a happy smile the old man stepped on it. Then, to the sound of celestial music, he was carried up to the skies, waving a friendly farewell to the neighbors he left behind." Elijah's chariot of fire took the prophet up in a more dramatic way, but how cool and pleasant it must have been to float heavenward on a cloud.

Chinese and Japanese Buddhism. In the fifth century A.D., Buddhism, which had come from India, flourished in China in its original purity. But like Taoism, it could not in the long run make headway against the inborn feeling of the Mongol race for its ghost-cults. On the one hand Buddhism had to take in ancestor-

worship, on the other the corrupt, magic-ridden *Tantrist* doctrines which teach, as in Thibet, that the evil spirits must be appeased. The Chinese Buddhist allegorical tale of "The Ape Sun Wu Kung,"* a kind of Mongol "Pilgrims' Progress," gives us some of the fantastic ideas of this magical Buddhism, with its hero Wu Kung, the stone ape, who represents the hard stone heart of natural man, its Devil-King of Chaos (Sensuality) whose seat of power is in the human *kidneys,* and other weird characters of whose philosophy Bunyan never dreamed. To-day the *Tantric* Buddhism and the magic Taoism of China can hardly be told apart, so thoroughly have they been "bedevilled."

Buddhism in Japan.—Buddhism, which came to Japan about 593 A.D. by way of Korea, took on a higher development after passing through corrupter stages. There are various sects. Lowest in the scale is the *Hinayana Buddhism.* Its main aim is the selfish one of individual salvation. *Jodo* (Pure Land) *Buddhism* teaches that the endless repetition of prayers, and the blind observance of ritual is the true way to salvation. The *Zen Buddhists* believe that truth is reached by pure contemplation. The *Nichiren* teach that there is but one true Buddha—like the real moon in the heavens—all other Buddhas being only shadowy reflections of the moon in the water. The *Shinshu Buddhists* are among the most progressive of the sects, and make no use of magic charms, amulets or spells as the followers of all the other sects do. Chinese and Japanese Buddhists, though the sects may wrangle, quarrel and fight among each other, just like the sects of any other great faith, never have burned or tortured each other because of differences of religious opinion. It cannot well be denied that in this respect they have set Christians of all varieties an excellent example. On the other hand, during the Japanese internal wars (12th to 16th centuries), we find—just as we find Roman Catholic monks and bishops and Protestant divines and ministers going out sword in hand to do a little blood-letting in battle among the enemies of their particular creed—Buddhist monks and abbots of conflicting sects getting into armor, and bringing the sword to bear as one of salvation's most striking arguments.

*See "The Chinese Fairy Book", Dr. R. Wilhelm. Translated by Frederick H. Martens.

CHAPTER V

CHINESE MYTHOLOGY AND ANCESTOR WORSHIP

(*Confucianism*)

Chinese Mythology.—There is a Chinese mythology. In the beginning the five elemental spirits, the Five Ancients, disentangled the earth from the chaos's water ball of vapor, sending the heavens floating upward by the exertion of their power. These Five Ancients were: the *Yellow Lord**, earth's ruler, the *Red Lord,* fire's ruler, the *Dark Lord,* water's ruler, the *Wood Prince,* the ruler of all wood, and the *Metal Mother,* mistress of the metals. They opened the heavens, the sun, moon, stars, winds, clouds, rain and dew. The earth divided, the *Yellow Lord* set it spinning by pure power, and grasses, trees, birds and beasts, insects, serpents, fishes and turtles came forth. Out of light and darkness the *Wood Prince* made the first men and women. And then the *True Prince of the Jasper Castle* happened along. Alas, how the Mongolian mind clings to one idea! We read that "He had acquired the wizard's arts through the cultivation of *magic.*" When the Ancients begged him to become the Supreme God, he consented. And here again we have the gist of Chinese belief. Even the Great God of all, who dwells in his golden-gated castle of white jade-stone, high above the three and thirty heavens, is originally a—*wizard!* The stewards of the eight-and-twenty houses of the moon, the gods of the thunders, the gods good and evil, prostrate themselves before him—but he was originally a *sorcerer.* He rules the thousand tribes under the heavens, and deals out life and death, fortune and misfortune on earth and in the skies. But—after all, he is merely a glorified *shaman.* And a Supreme God who "acquired the wizard's arts through the cultivation of magic," points to one of mankind's most primitive beliefs—the beliefs in evil ghosts and spirits. Why? Because the magician exists primarily to act as a *middleman* between spirits,—especially evil ones,—and ghosts, and living men.

But these and all the other numberless gods of Chinese mythol-

* Later Taoist doctrine identifies the "Yellow Ancient" with *Lao-Tsze,* who is supposed to be one of his reincarnations on earth. A Chinese saying declares "First Lao-Tsze was, then the heavens were." The "Dark Lord", the master of the polar skies, where he lives in a castle of liquid crystal, is supposed to have sent *Confucius* down to earth, and for that reason *Confucius* is sometimes called "The Son of Crystal."

ogy, sun, moon and star gods, earth, element and animal gods, are not important in comparison to the *Kwei.* The *Kwei,* the spirits of the departed, the ghosts of the ancestors, have been the true gods of China, the gods who have counted, from the earliest times to this day. The Chinese sacrifice to the other gods, and the nature spirits, they worship their ancestors with their heart and soul. And ancestor-worship, as practised by the Chinese, is one of the most interesting examples of a dim, traditional belief surviving practically unchanged from the earliest ages of man, to influence the lives and destinies of a race and people.

The ghost of the dead lives on after death. It must be nourished, appeased, worshiped. If not, it may become spiteful and malignant, and there are terrible tales of the powers of such spirits. The ghost of any dead man which has been offended wrecks its revenge on the offender. The ghost unhonored by its descendants must wander through eternity wretched and miserable. So "Honor thy father" (not so much "thy mother") has a meaning which goes beyond the tomb in China. The individual Chinaman does not really have a separate existence. He is just a *link* in the long ancestral *chain,* which goes back to the dawn of the race. And there are no priests and no temples needed in this strange faith. In the family of primitive man the head of the family was at the same time its "priest". The family hearth was his altar. Religion was not an "individual" matter: it was a "family" matter. And only the *male* of the family could carry out the rites and observance of ancestor-worship. For woman was merely a means of family perpetuation. As the Chinese prettily put it: *"Woman is a simple receptacle of the superior life"* (man). Woman's duty is to bear a male son to carry on the ancestral cult. If she is barren, her husband can divorce her. If he has no sons by other wives or concubines, he adopts one. Chinese girl babies are so often exposed to die because they are looked on as useless, especially if there is a sister or two. The average Chinaman would approve of the proverb used by the savage Arabs before Mohammed's day: "The best son-in-law is the grave." The rites must be carried on.

Where the Living Depend on the Dead.—The life of all China and of all living human beings in China depends on the *dead.* For if the dead are not worshiped according to the rites and ceremonies prescribed, evils of every kind result. The happiness and safety of every Chinese family—and the whole Chinese nation is merely an aggregation of families—depends on ancestor worship. Thousands of years have gone by, the ancestors of the modern Chinese have passed from the nomad life of Neolithic times to the settled life of civilization, twenty-five dynasties of emperors have reigned, wars,

revolts, upheavals of every kind have swept the land—yet ancestor-worship persists as it did in the primal days. The individual is still nothing, the family everything. A man who is disowned by his family is a wretched outcast. He is a living dead man, without a tie that binds him to earth. Neither the excommunication of the Roman Catholic Church nor the loss of civic rights with which lay civilization punishes the criminal are as terrible. For when a Chinaman is outlawed by his family he is dead in this world and in the world beyond, dead in the present and in the future, at one and the same time. Ancestor-worship is the essence of Chinese belief, it is the Chinese form of patriotism, it is the soul of civilization. Nor should we look on it with contempt. It has, by and large, given Chinese life a great degree of happiness, stability and harmony. And we must respect it as a religion altogether *human*. It has no *mysticism*. It has no *metaphysics*. It has no "church" and no "priest", save the father of the family. Humanity is its only God. It has neither heaven nor hell. In actual human life itself, in its aims, ends and rewards it finds contentment and happiness. It may not be the highest solution man has found for the problem of existence, but it has proved to be the most satisfactory to millions of human beings for thousands of years.

A Tale of Ancestors.—An old Chinese legend, however, shows the Mongolian mind realized that, under certain circumstances, the power of the ancestral ghosts might make itself felt in an unpleasant way. "Once there was a customs official named Hu. He had a mandarin's button of the third class, did his duty conscientiously and led a peaceful, contented life. One night he woke up—his straw pillow was rustling. He opened his eyes. The moon was shining into the room and there, beside him on the pillow, he saw another head. For a moment he thought it was his deceased wife, come to pay him a visit, and cried happily: "Come, dear wife, I have long been yearning to see you! But the head on the pillow showed its teeth in a grin and then Hu saw in the moonlight that it was a horrible white skull. And the skull said: "I am not your wife. I am your father." Said Hu: "What do you wish of me, father?" "I want you to give up your position, and ride to the capital to pass your examinations. For you must get a mandarin-button of the first class and a yellow riding-jacket!" Hu sighed. "But I am satisfied with my present life and position." "That's nothing to me," shouted the skull on the pillow, "I wanted a first-class button and a yellow riding-jacket all my life, but died too early to get them. You are my son. In you is my blood and spirit. Through you I will get my wish. Up with you, saddle the ass, and ride to Peking!" And when Hu said he did not want to leave his good place in town, the skull screamed with rage, and bit his ear with its great yellow

teeth. Terrified, Hu leaped out of bed to escape his father's ghost. But the skull dangled on his shoulder, for it had grown fast to his neck, and shouted into his ear: "Saddle the ass, Hu! Ride to Peking! For I am bound to have my way!"

Hu had no sooner done as he was told and was riding on the road to Peking, than he heard a voice whisper into his other ear: "Do not ride to Peking, Hu! Ride to the Land of the Four Rivers! There is a cave there with the treasure of the Dragon Dasu Whu. You must raise the treasure. I meant to do so, but died underway. Through you I shall attain my end!" And when Hu turned his head, he saw a second skull sitting on his right shoulder. Full of fear he asked: "And who are you?" "I am your grandfather, Hu, and I am bound to have my way!" "But, grandfather," cried the customs' man, "my father wants me to ride to Peking. Besides, I do not know the way to the dragon-cave." "Your father sprang from my seed as you did from his," shouted the death's-head on Hu's right shoulder, "and as I made you, so shall I destroy you!" And with that grandfather's skull bit Hu's right ear. "Ride to the Land of the Four Rivers. Hu! Turn your ass! I shall ride along and guide you!" But when Hu turned the ass from the Peking road, his father's skull, which had been sleeping on his left shoulder awoke. "Where are you riding?" it yelled into his left ear. "Did I not tell you I wanted the yellow riding-jacket!" And he bit him in the left ear. Then the skull of Hu's grandfather shouted from the right: "Hu, Hu, to the Land of the Four Rivers!" while from the left his father's skull cried: "Hu, Hu, on to Peking!" And then the two skulls fell upon one another and struggled and bit each other with clattering jaw-bones so that the ass grew frightened, threw Hu to the ground and ran away. And while the two skulls were fighting on his head, poor Hu heard a third voice speaking to him from behind:

"Hu, Hu, I must gain my end! I am your great-grandfather. I married the lovely Hai-Nu, and was stabbed on the threshold of our bridal chamber when I was about to enter it. My son had to marry her daughter, my grand-son had to marry her grand-daughter, and you must marry her great-grand-daughter. I will gain my end through you. Up with you, Hu, I will guide you!" And when Hu did not at once rise, the third skull bit itself fast so tightly in his neck that he leaped up with the pain, and commenced to run quickly.

But the one skull dragged him to the right, and the other to the left. Each screamed at him that he must have his way, and all three bit him with their great bared teeth, so that Hu, the customs' official, ran around the field in a circle and did not get from the spot. At last he broke down. Then all the death's-heads which had grown

fast to his neck like his own head, cried: "Hu, Hu, we are bound to have our way! We gave birth to you, and we will destroy you, if you are not willing to do as we say!" But the customs official lay on the ground and could not move. Then the skulls of the ancestors flung themselves on him, and mangled him, and ate him up, so that there was nothing left of him."

Confucianism.—Ancestor-worship is the true religion of China, and Confucianism is no more than a justification of it. The whole doctrine of Confucius is devoted to emphasizing the observance of the rites, the many ceremonies which have been handed down from the past. Confucius' great work was to clarify the *thoughts* of the ancestors and give their wisdom its definite form in the collection of the books of the past, the Chinese "Bible" or *Kings.* And—Confucius (551-479 B.C.)—embodied the true attitude of the higher Mongol mind toward the many gods and non-human spirits of its mythology. Three old Chinese proverbs speak for themselves in this connection. One says: "No image-maker worships the gods: he knows what stuff they are made of." Another declares: "One more good man on earth is better than an extra angel in heaven." And the third says: "Man is God on a small scale: God is Man on a large scale." Confucius was a Chinese philosopher whose attitude was one politely *agnostic,* that is "questioning" where the gods and heaven were concerned. Man's duty toward man is more important than man's duty toward God, is the gist of his teaching. He wandered about as a philosophic teacher, together with his disciples, with occasional stops at royal courts, in a feudal China. It was a China of feudal monarchs, dukes, princes and barons, of great battles, feats of arms and heroic deeds. Seen through a pair of yellow glasses, it was much the same, during the fifth and sixth centuries B.C., as the feudal Europe of the Middle Ages was during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries A.D. Confucius began to teach at the age of twenty-two and though, like many prophets, he was neglected when alive, his grave for twenty-three centuries has been a place of pilgrimage and an object of veneration for all China. It is a mound-tomb, before which stands a marble statue, in a separate cemetery enclosure outside the city of Kiuh-Fow. On the mound grows a strange tree known as the "crystal-tree", supposed to be found nowhere else in China. In the adjoining city live some 30,000 or 40,000 descendants of the sage, all members of his family, the *Kung* family. The chief of the family has inherited the title of "Duke" and large estates through the centuries.

The Spirit of Confucianism.—A pronounced fatalist, Confucius speaks of the Supreme Being vaguely as "Heaven", and his whole philosophy develops the idea that man can find plenty to occupy his attention on earth—including sacrificing to the ghosts of his

ancestors as Confucius himself piously did—without troubling his mind with heaven. If man did his part, heaven could be relied upon to do the right things by him. It is not a *mystic* faith, like the original *Taoism*. It is a clear, frank, simple religion of humanity for humanity's sake. And Confucius has rightly been called "the embodied spirit and conscience of the past of his race." His moral maxims all teach the Golden Rule of Christianity. Long before Christ came to earth, Confucius, the first to say so, said: "Love thy neighbor as thyself", "Return good for evil", and "What you do not like when done to yourself do not do to others". For Confucius, as for the great majority of Chinese, all light, all wisdom comes from beyond the grave. *Humanity is richer in its dead than in its living.* It is the ancestors living in their descendants who determine the latter's lives. And since the past rules the present, the voice of the past should be the oracle of the present. "We must sacrifice to our ancestors as though they were present. We must worship the ghosts and the spirits as though they were here," says Confucius. To him the solemn rites of ancestor-worship were not empty ceremonies. They were the beautiful vases of form which enclosed and transmitted the most subtile and precious of essences—the *feelings*. A sacred blood-tie of mutual respect and dependence existed between the living and the dead, between the quick who walked the earth and the ghosts who had passed from it. And to many the Confucian doctrine that man is absolutely pure at birth and afterwards becomes depraved owing to his environment will seem more sane and logical than the Christian doctrine of infant damnation. His chief disciple Mencius (b. 375 B.C.), known as "The Second Holy Prophet", wrote a book of commentaries on his master's teachings. It is full of sententious maxims, of which one might be given as a specimen: "Human nature is like a block of wood. Duty toward one's neighbor is like a wooden bowl. To develop charity and duty towards one neighbor out of human nature is like making a bowl out of a block of wood."

A Prophet Degraded into a God.—Alas, the great moral and philosophic teacher, who laid no claim to godship while living, was soon turned into a god after he had died, like Lao-Tsze! Confucius is now worshiped as a god, a worship which has nothing to do with his philosophy. But in spite of his many divine associates in the polytheistic (many-god) Chinese mythology, which includes deified doctors, the gods of the old walls of Peking, the gods of certain famous old bronze cannon, and thousands of others, the Confucian religion is still a religion of ancestor-worship, pure and simple. Poor Confucius! A kindly, humane aristocrat of intellect, simply trying to teach a code of good morals, and living like any other well-bred and educated person of his time, eating, drinking

and sleeping like any other ordinary mortal, is breathed upon by the popular imagination, and becomes a god. According to authentic historical accounts, Confucius was born in the old-fashioned way still customary among savage and civilized nations alike, without any miraculous happenings. But legend must improve on this. It says that as soon as he saw the light the *Kŭlin,* a mystic beast which is the lord of all four-footed creatures, apeared in a state of great excitement and spat out into the wise babe's lap a jade amulet, with the inscription: "Son of the Water-Crystal, you will become an uncrowned king!" And so powerful is the *red halo* which surrounds the head of Confucius as a god that the other gods, including the god of war, cannot endure its glare a thousand miles away, but must hurry to get under cover. An irreverent emperor who visited Confucius' tomb and put on the saint's red silk shoes, their tips adorned with a pattern of clouds, fell ill of a fever and died as soon as he left the sacred spot.

Shintoism and Ancestor-Worship.—Shintoism, the old national religion of Japan, is a mixture of nature-worship and ancestor-worship, with the emphasis on the latter. The *Kojiki,* the gods, people the earth with their own children instead of creating men and women. *Izanagi,* feeling in a creative mood one day, allowed *Amaterasu,* the sun-goddess, to be born out of his right eye, and the moon-god out of his left. Then he sneezed the Japanese Satan or Lucifer out of his nose. The sun-goddess's grandson was the first ruler of Japan, and the throne has descended in unbroken succession ever since to the present Mikado. Besides an immense number of nature-gods and goddesses, among which the sun-goddess ranks first, there are the ancestral spirits or ghosts. Twenty-seven rituals exist for their worship. Like their Mongolian brethren the Chinese, the Japanese regard the spirits of the dead as disembodied spirits who live in shadow-land. If properly worshiped they bring joy to the living, if not, sorrow and ill luck. Confucius provided ancestor-worship with a detailed *code of morals,* this Shintoism does not seem to possess. Whether or not the fact has anything to do with the superior reputation of the Chinese as regards *commercial morality* and *honesty* one cannot say. At any rate, Shintoism comfortably takes for granted that human beings are *virtuous by nature.* This is coupled with the moral principle expressed in the United States by the phrase: "Let your conscience be your guide." The combination, neither in Japan nor in United States, always makes for the highest moral results. In the ninth century Buddhism swallowed up Shintoism, but a strong emetic in the shape of national political feeling brought Shintoism to light again in the seventeenth century as a state religion, and as such it has continued ever since.

Some of the many beautiful religious legends of the Japanese deal with the power of the ghosts.

Ancestor Worship Among Various Races.—Nowhere has ghost-worship, ancestor-worship, reached such a high state of development as among the Mongolians, though the Africans of Ashanti and Dahomey also have an elaborate ancestor-worship system. Yet the earliest Mongols, the Turanian yellow men of Chaldea, were devil and demon worshipers, and ancestor-worship is only the highest development of this despairing belief. Chaldean ghosts lived in a soul-prison and their jailors were devils. The North American Indians did not worship ghosts of ancestors, but widows made affectionate pilgrimages to the skulls of their dead to weep over them. Along the great Appian Way, the road of tombs that led into Rome, the ghosts were supposed to lurk in their sepulchres, whose inscriptions begged the passer-by for a prayer or flowers. The Christian mass for the dead is an echo of the ghost rites of antiquity. And the Christmas wreaths we usually hang *inside* a window should be hung *outside,* for they were meant to provide the poor wandering ghosts of Holy Night with a refuge from the cold, just as fires are lighted at Christmas in the Irish fields with the same idea in view. The Hebrews might have become ancestor-worshipers, but the prophets nipped their hopes in the bud by denying that "the dead had any conscious existence." And to eat the dead as a mark of love and to take in its soul is not confined to the Polynesian. The African mother often devours her babe to keep its dear little ghost with her, and according to the religion of Zoroaster, the first man and woman ate up their first children because they loved them to *excess.* But ancestor-worship, and the rites and ideas connected with it, always is accompanied by other beliefs. It seldom makes up an entire religious system, but is combined with all sorts of other religious ideas.

CHAPTER VI

ANIMAL WORSHIP

PRIMITIVE and savage man in his ignorance arrived at somewhat the same conclusions regarding animals which modern science has proven by the undeniable logic of Evolution—that man and beast were kindred. Beasts, "our younger brothers," as the Hindus call them, have far more in common with himself than the savage really suspects. His way to acknowledging the relationship in *religion* has been to worship certain beasts as *ancestors,* or great *living powers,* and to make their bodies the dwelling-places of human souls, gods and spirits. And from this idea springs the idea—horrible if we look at it from a standpoint of *morals* instead of *folk-lore*—of all sorts of marriages and unions between beasts and men.

From Bear-God to Wolf-God.—Perhaps the simplest way to give a general idea of the animal-gods of mankind is to arrange them in an alphabetical progression. Before doing so we may glance at the various *Fish-Gods,* fish being neither flesh nor fowl. Before the fish became baptized, so to speak, and was turned into a Christian symbol, he was a fertility god. In the Phœnician fishing-villages which eventually became the great cities of Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, etc., it was natural for a fish-god or goddess to be worshiped. And the *Derketo* of Ascalon, covered with fish-scales was a form of the "productivity" goddess *Astarte* or *Astoreth,* while the Polynesian fish-god is the dreaded shark of South Sea waters.

Fish deities even appear as creation gods and goddesses. The Babylonian god *Ea* and *Enki,* a water-god, had for son the divine *Oannes,* half-man, half-fish, who brought culture to mankind. The Indians of the Peruvian coast worshiped the whale as Mamma-cocha, not only the "mother of waters," but the mother of all mankind. And among the fantastic gods of Aztec mythology is one known as "The Old Fish God of Our Flesh," a curious name, which opens a wide field for speculation. The Philistine god *Dagon,* Samson's especial enemy, was a fish-god with a human head and hands instead of fins. His worshipers went to the temple clad in fish-skins. The Greek deities Apollo and Aphrodite had their sacred fish and, though it seems a far cry from a fish to a horse's hoof, the cult of the fish-goddess *Dekerto* still survives among the Mohemmedans, in the form of the significantly shaped horse-shoe

arch of their *architecture*: for *Dekerto* was a goddess of the *life principle* and of the *sex principle*.

The Hindu Noah, Father Manu, was saved from the Deluge by a fish, and there is a Hindu tale in which a more or less sacred fish swallows a merchant, a Hindu Jonah who, later, is found in his belly. The different reasons which give rise to the *prohibition* of certain things are well illustrated in a tale of three fish-*taboos*. The Navajo Indians will not eat fish. Fish is *taboo* to them because they believe they are descended from a fish. The Bengalese have a *taboo* on fish which is due to a curious reason. Khwaja Khizr was a Mohammedan saint who had charge of Allah's water of immortality. Gradually the Bengal non-Mohammedan Hindus changed him around into a local water-god, and fish are *taboo* in his name. The Eskimos at times have fish-*taboos* that are due to purely economic reasons.

The Fish as a Christian Symbol.—From ancient Egypt the fish as a symbol of immortality (life rising triumphantly over watery chaos) was taken over into Christianity. The Christian fish was usually a dolphin. The fish, as a Christian symbol, means various things: the letters of the Greek word "fish," from the first letters of the title *Jesus Christus, Dei Filius, Salvator* (Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour). It is also: the emblem of baptism; of Christians generally, compared to fish by the Apostles; and of St. Peter, the "fisher of men". Some learned authorities claim, however, that the fish carved on the tombs in the Roman catacombs simply mean that the deceased was a fish-dealer or fisherman.

Birds as Gods and Souls.—All mythologies have their bird-gods and sacred birds. The Columbian Thlinkeets spread the belief in the crow or raven as the Creator of Life over the Western plains. Among many South American tribes the king-condor is a god; and among other peoples all over the world certain birds are supposed to be *winged souls,* the souls of men who have found a bird body. Owls and bats supplied the messenger service for the hell of the Mayas. The Aztecs and the Philistines reverenced the *dove,* the Romans, the *goose;* some Arabs and American Indian tribes, the *owl.* Huitzilipochtli, the bloody war-god of the Aztecs, was called among other things "The Humming-Bird God". The ancient Kelts believed that the souls of the dead took the shape of happy birds, and the crow appears in the mythology of the Australians. As *Christian symbols,* birds stand for the soul, the spiritual as opposed to the material. The dove (once a pagan follower of Aphrodite or Venus), has been converted to more Christian uses as the emblem of the Holy Ghost. And the seven doves we often find surrounding the Virgin in pictures stand for the gifts of the spirit.

Bear Worshipers.—The bear is a creature which in its native

wilds enjoys even more than merely religious respect. The "hairy Ainu" of the north-east islands of Japan are primitives who worship the bear, whom they imitate in more than one respect—notably by never washing. They have a Supreme Creator, a sun-moon-water- and montain-god, but the worship of the *Yezo* bear comes first. The highest compliment an Ainu can pay a man is to say "He's a bear!" Their worship takes a practical form, however. They catch their young god toward the end of winter, fatten him up about nine months and then (after grieving at his approaching fate) they—eat him to the accompaniment of merry dances! Ainu women suckle bear cubs with the same tender affection they lavish on their own young, but this has no special religious significance. It seems to be a more frank acknowledgment of how closely related the two-footed and four-footed beasts are. The bear was sacred to the Greek goddess *Artemis,* and young girls who wished to marry could not do so until after they had danced the "Bear-Dance" in her honor.

Cattle-Worshipers.—The best-known holy cattle are the "Sacred Cows" of India and the Bull Apis of the ancient Egyptians. The "Sacred Cow" is treated by the Hindus with a respect which would make an American cow-boy's soul revolt. But it does not seem to be worshiped to any extent. Part of the veneration the cow enjoys is due to the fact that her "dairy products" are used to make magic by Hindu fakirs and sorcerers. Sacred bulls still paw the ground in our own day. The *Nuba* and *Nuer* tribes on the upper Nile still worship the beast which has made Durham famous. And so do the *Angoni* of Central Africa and the Madagascans. The *Hova* of Madagascar (though many now profess Christianity) call their Supreme Being *Andriamanitra,* "The Fragrant One". Yet they are bull-worshipers, and blood-sacrifices of oxen at certain festivals are celebrated with tremendous explosions of general intoxication and licentiousness.

Apis, the Holy Bull of Egypt.—Apis, the Holy Bull, was one of the many animal-gods of the ancient Egyptians. A modern Dutch novelist has given us a very entertaining and *human* glimpse of this *divine* creature. It is in the days of the decay and decline of the Egyptian priesthood and religion, in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and the holy beast is trotted out (for a fee) to be shown to certain Roman tourists. The priests swarm out of the temple of Serapis and a young priest explains about the god's incarnation to the travelers: "The god's incarnation in the bull lasts for twenty-five years," said the priest, "then the god leaves his body and he is killed. The priests drown him in the Nile with solemn ceremonies, embalm his sacred corpse, and celebrate his funeral with especially holy rites. Then they search for the

young Apis. Usually they find him at once. For the god at once reincarnates himself in another bull. If he does not do so terrible plagues and famines would visit the land. But Serapis-Osiris seldom lets the priests wait. This time we were able to celebrate the blessed return of the Apis immediately after his funeral."

"Where was he found?" asked Lucius, one of the tourists.

"'In the pasture-grounds of my father, who is a farmer,' said the amiable young priest and smiled knowingly. 'I am a farmer's son and when Apis was born in our stable, my father dedicated me to the service of Osiris. I came here to the temple with Apis, and have been here only a month.'

"He smiled happily, full of youth and contentment. His cheeks were still sunburned and his hands and arms were strong like those of any young shepherd. The singing priests now gathered before a *sekos*, a square grass-plot between the temple columns. 'Noble sirs,' said the amiable priest, 'this is the *sekos* of Apis' mother. We will show her to you.' 'Did she also come from your father's farm?' asked Catullus. 'Surely, sir,' replied the priest. 'And that goes without saying,' murmured Catullus. The farmer priest opened the *sekos'* door. At the opposite end lay the holy stall. When the priest came out from the stall he led a beautiful, glistening cow along by pressing his hand on its snow-white flank. She was well-nourished. She had quiet, bluely-gleaming eyes, gentle and large, and her horns were gilded and her hooves painted red. 'Isn't she beautiful?' the young priest proudly asked. And the strangers had to admit that she was. . . . Then the farmer priest kissed her tenderly and respectfully on her moist muzzle, and led her back to the stall. After the financial details, the customary money-payment for the privilege of seeing the god, had been settled between the tourists' *dragoman* and the young priest, the Romans were led to the larger and more imposing stable of the god Apis himself. From it, while the priests were singing a hymn, a young bull suddenly dashed out into his *sekos* like a whirlwind. It was Apis and the priests raised their hands and adored him in song.

But while his mother had been conscious of her dignity, Apis himself displayed his godship from the heedlessness of youth. He ran across the grass, happy to be freed from his stall, and the laughing young priest could not catch him. He had a glistening black hide, and all the 'incarnation' signs: a white moon, like a little snow-crown between his gilded horns, and two bunches of white hair at his fore-knees. His eyes glowed like carbuncles behind which a flame is burning. His glance was almost human. His neck was heavy, his breast broad, and he flipped his tail like a whip. He rushed round and round the enclosure, digging up the turf with his gilded horns and red hooves. At last the amiable

young priest drew near him and took hold of him reverently, yet firmly, by his golden collar. He spoke to him and Apis shook himself. And the priest laughed, and all the priests laughed, and all the tourists laughed. They all laughed because Apis was such a handsome, lively young bull-calf, like some merry boy, with his gleaming eyes, full of humor, cunning and mischievousness. Suddenly he tore himself loose and darted off again. 'He is very wild,' said the young priest. 'Usually we only let people look at him through the windows of his stable. But when distinguished strangers come to see him, we let him work off steam. And he likes to dash around in front of strangers. . . . " Incidentally, after Apis had completed his four months' "education" when he first came to the temple, no *woman* was allowed to approach him, so sacred had he become!

Dog-Worshipers.—Actual dog-worship—to humanity's credit be it said—appears to be rare. The *Nosarii* of western Asia are said to worship a dog, and each family of Java *Kalangs* keeps its red "sacred" dogs in the house, while in Nepal dogs are said to be worshiped at the *Khicha Puja* festival. In ancient Egypt the dog-god *Anubis* was worshiped, and Herodotus says that whenever a dog died in a human family, its members shaved off their hair as a sign of mourning. Perhaps the fact that the Egyptians thought so highly of dogs had something to do with the Hebrews' speaking of man's faithful friend in the Old Testament with the utmost abhorrence and disgust, ranking him with the unclean animals. There were no dog-dealers among the old Hebrews, for keeping dog-kennels and raising pups for sale was considered an abomination. In the darkest Africa of Herodotus' day it was claimed that the *Ethiopians* not only worshiped the dog, but even elected a dog as their king. They were happy when King Dog wagged his tail, and wretched when he growled. Surrounded by guards, officials, and all the pomp of royalty, the least indication of his will was usually received by his worshipers with the utmost veneration. *Pythagoras,* the Greek philosopher, after a visit to Egypt, returned to found a sect in Greece. Like the Egyptians, he taught that after death the soul entered the bodies of various animals. The kind-hearted old philosopher's favorite trick at the bed-side of a friend who was passing, was to hold a dog close to the dying man's mouth—to receive his soul. "There is no animal more worthy of carrying on his virtues than this noble beast," he would say as he wiped his eyes. While the Vedic Indians regarded the dog as an unclean beast, and the Mohammedans follow the Hebrew view in this respect; the Slav tribes looked on the dog as the guardian of departing souls. On the other hand, in Thibet the bodies of the dead were given to dogs to eat, a practice which seems to

reflect on both human and four-footed beasts. The reason why the dog was thought "unclean" by the Hindus and Hebrews was not because of its personal habits, or the fact that it had fleas. It was because in the first case our four-footed friend was suspected of having *intercourse with evil spirits,* and in the second he was associated with a faith which was an enemy to that of Jehovah. But here and there the dog gets a bit of religious credit,* and there is an epic legend of a Hindu saint who refused to enter paradise unless his faithful dog were allowed to go in with him. While some of the North American Indian tribes are proud of their descent from a woman and a dog, they cheerfully sacrifice dogs, their most cherished possession, to provide an appetizing meal for an honored guest. Among the *Athabascan* tribes dogs were considered *members of the family,* and were called "son", "daughter", "grandson", etc., as the case might be.

The Elephant-Worshipers.—There are many unconscious elephant-worshipers in other lands beside India, where *Ganesha,* the elephant-god, rules in his glory. For *Ganesha,* though he rules the hosts of Indra's spirits, and sees that they carry out his commands, as well as being the god of knowledge, is also the god of purely *worldly* wisdom, which brings financial success—in other words, the god *Mammon*—and as such is the favorite of Hindu and other shop-keepers.

The White Eelephant.—The White Elephant of Siam, that interesting sacred albino, also worshiped in southern Abyssinia, is a religious puzzle to his worshipers. This is because though its body *may* contain only the soul of some *ordinary, average dead person,* it is also possible that it *may contain the soul of a Buddha.* The Siamese argue that it is better to be on the safe side. So (in Cambodia the white elephant is supposed to bring the whole kingdom good luck, contrary to our idea, which uses the phrase "white elephant" to express some possession which is a burden to its owner) the Siamese solemnly *baptize* all white elephants which may be captured in the jungle. They are kept at court, entertained and honored, and when they die mourned for like any human being. Safety first is the Siamese rule where a beast which may contain a Buddha is concerned.

The Goat.—The goat is a god of vegetation. *Dionysius,* the great god *Pan, Silenus,* the *Satyrs* and the *Fauns* of the ancient Greeks were all goat-gods, and part-human, part-goatish in shape. Greek mythology has given the Faun and Satyr a very bad reputation

* St. Dominic, the founder of the Dominicans, was a dog-lover, and usually is shown with a dog by his side, and St. Margaret of Cortona is also pictured as a rule with the little dog which led her to her murdered lover's body.

for woodland license as regards Greek nymphs of the trees and brooks. And painters, especially French painters, have done their best to present on canvas woodland scenes which show these sacred Greek villains pursuing the hapless nymphs with their attentions. Pan himself is credited with the invention of the shepherd's pipe. The naive negro tribe of the Bijagos in Africa have a goat for their main god, and the forest spirits of pagan northern Europe, before Christianity's day, had goat horns, ears and legs.

The Hare-Worshipers.—The Algonquin tribes of North America worshiped as their chief god "the great mighty hare", *Menaboscho,* to whom they went when they died.

Horse-Worshipers.—The old Greek sea-god *Poseidon* (Neptune) is supposed originally to have been worshiped under the form of a *horse.* In old Greek Laconia the corn-spirit was worshiped as a horse-goddess, and her priests were called "colts", and in Europe generally the corn-spirit was reverenced under the form of a horse or mare. The Gauls of old France had both a horse-goddess and a horse-god, and the *Gonds* of India pray to a horse-god in the form of a shapeless stone. At the annual festival of the original Bogotan Indians, *horse-races as religious rites* form part of the sacred jubilee, which is made up in addition to games, drunkenness and licentious carousing. A red horse was looked upon among certain races as a symbol of the fire-god.

Leopard, Lion and Tiger Gods.—In South Africa the leopard is a god indeed. The black *Ewe* kill the man who kills a leopard, and worship a stuffed member of the spotted tribe. On the Gold Coast you may kill your leopard, but you must be carried behind the dead beast in a procession, imitating its movements and not speaking. It is thought that at Bubastis—the old Egyptian city of the sacred cats, which the cruel Persian king Cambyses captured by exposing thousands of tabbies in baskets to the arrows of the Egyptians, knowing they dared not shoot the holy beasts—the *lion* was first worshiped and the *cat,* when lions grew scarce, became its substitute. In Egypt the lion was also worshiped as an embodiment of the sun-gods *Re* and *Horus.* And before Mohammed taught them better, the Arabs had a lion-god named *Yayhuth.* The wilder tribes of India worship the tiger, associated with the horrible god *Siva* and the goddess *Durga.* In Nepal, at the great "Tiger Festival" the savage worshipers dance in honor of the beast disguised in tiger-skins. Tiger-gods are also to be found in Manchuria.

Lizards and Crocodiles.—Lizard-gods are found in the South Seas, where the lizard is considered an incarnation of *Tangaloa;* and he is also worshiped by the *Hovas* of Madagascar. The ancient Egyptians had a special fondness for their crocodile-gods, and the modern Hindus worship their hideous *muggars,* as the Indian

crocodiles are called, with the most whole-hearted devotion. While the South American tribes along the great rivers do not seem to worship the alligator, their legends show that they feel closely related to it, for one of them (*Karaja* Indian) explains how after the death of the first alligator killed by men the alligators lost the *gift of speech,* which before that they had possessed.

Mantis and Other Sacred Insects.—Insects as well as other creatures have been worshiped by man. The Hindus pray to the ant and ask her to bless them. And the Indian peasant will catch a locust, tell it how kind he is not to kill it, and then let it fly off to spread what he has said among his friends, so that his fields will be spared. The mantis, the "praying grasshopper", however, has no saintly reputation in India. But in Africa the pious Bushmen regard it, together with the caterpillar, as the incarnation of their god *Cagn.*

The Golden Rule Applied to Vermin.—In India, though the belief that in stepping on vermin or insects one may be quashing the body of some human soul which has taken refuge there is believed, vermin are spared for still another reason. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you", says the good Buddhist or Jain, as he steps aside for the cockroach or beetle. It is merely the application of the Golden Rule to vermin, and not the dread of accidentally killing a relative who for the time being is going about in insect form, which moves him to do so.

Monkey Gods.—The word *primate,* used after the church Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325), to denote the chief bishop of a Christian province, should not be confused with the word *primate* used to designate the highest order of mammals, including man, apes, monkeys and lemurs, though in this sense a bishop is doubly a primate. In India the monkey-god *Hanuman* is one of the leading Brahmanic gods, and in orthodox Hindu villages the monkey—no matter what monkey-shines he may indulge in—is treated with veneration. On the other hand, in villages whose inhabitants have become unorthodox, a monkey who makes a nuisance of himself is treated with scant respect. A charming custom of the blacks of Porto Novo, French West Africa, provides baby twins with two little guardian spirits or angels in the shape of a pair of tiny monkeys.

Sheep and Lamb.—The one great sheep-god is the ancient Egyptian *Ammon,* god of Thebes. The great statue of *Ammon* had a ram's head, and the ram was considered its sacred animal. Yet rams were sacrificed to *Ammon* once a year and his image clothed with their wool. The Scandinavian god *Tyr,* a god of war, also had the ram for a sacred animal. The *Lamb* is distinctly a Christian symbol. From earliest times it has been the symbol of the Saviour, especially in the shape of the "Apocalyptic Lamb", with seven horns

and seven eyes. As the emblem of innocence, purity and modesty the lamb is associated with St. Agnes. The Twelve Apostles are sometimes represented as twelve sheep.

The Sacred Wolf.—The wolf is often found among the gods of North American Indian and dancing societies, and the *Thlinkeets* worshiped a wolf-headed god, whose name Khanukh, means Wolf".

CHAPTER VII

SNAKE AND SERPENT WORSHIP

WHY does the man's reptile ancestor, the serpent, still count its worshipers by the thousands in the twentieth century, in some parts of the world? Why do countless human beings gaze in the evil, ophidian eyes of repulsive snakes with the same passionate faith, the same deep religious emotion that countless others feel when they raise their glances to the smiling face of some heavenly Madonna?

Since the beginning of time the snake has been a creature set apart. From primeval days the shadow of mystery has rested on it. It always has lived in a fearsome world of its own, distinct from bird or beast. In the earth and in the water, a mysterious, uncanny gliding form, it always has exerted on the human mind the fascination of the deadly and dangerous. The snake biting its tail is the symbol of eternity, the endless circle, without beginning or end. In Scandinavian mythology the earth is encircled by the great Midgard snake. In many mythologies the god of lightning is worshiped as a serpent. The serpent's habit of changing its skin suggests immortality. Serpents and super-serpents, dragons and reptile monsters, are the guardians of buried treasure, like the Egyptian gods Knepth and Osiris. When the serpent is not a god, and a great god at that, he is supposed to represent the souls of the dead, and the Algonquins and Hurons were proud to claim the rattle-snake as their kin.

There is something about a python, a cobra, or a rattle-snake which makes it clear why it should have been worshiped from earliest times. Its mysterious habits, its baleful magnetic eye, made men think it the possessor of occult and obscene power. And its cunning established its reputation for wisdom—though actually reptiles are not very intelligent. Serpent-gods bring a knowledge of the arts of man, and especially the arts of metals, in all mythologies. Some American-Indian tribes, like the ancient Hebrews, have a legend of a tree of knowledge inhabited by a serpent, though the serpent of the Garden of Eden had *legs*. The serpent tribe knew the root that brought back the dead to life. One of the beliefs of nearly all primitive mankind was that the serpent's flesh had *medical* properties:* that eating it would cure sickness. The symbol of

* Among modern serpent superstitions, descendants of ancient *religious* beliefs, are the following: the Italian idea that finding a snake's skin brings

Aesculapius the Greek god of medicine and healing was a staff around which was twined a serpent.

Man's Fantastic Snake-Thoughts.—It would be impossible to list all the strange, weird and fantastic ideas that religious veneration for the serpent has inspired in men through the ages. A few of the more curious, however, may be mentioned:

The old traveler Sir John Mandeville found that in certain countries only *illegitimate* children were considered in danger from snake-bite.

In modern Cairo each quarter of the city, and in Armenia and India whole villages have their special snake-guardian gods.

In the Greek god Apollo's sacred grove in Delphi, the holy serpents were fed by a nude girl priestess, supposed to be a virgin. If the snakes accepted their food it was a sign of a fruitful harvest year; if they refused it the poor priestess' reputation was gone.

In Aztec Mexico, a rich man's relatives always were urging him to go past the holy pool of the serpent-god Ahuizotl. Why? Because the god had a trick of pulling passers-by into his pool and drowning them.

In India the way to wealth is easy. A drop of blood from the finger of a first-born son in a decent snake-worshiping family will track the treasure-guarding snake to its golden hoard.

A certain Punjab tribe in India celebrates a sacramental communion with a snake with the greatest devotion.

Snakes and Women.—Women and snakes often go together in popular beliefs. During August, in the Hindu villages of the Behar country, all look forward to the annual visit of the "wives of the snake." These are pious women who go about begging gifts for the Brahmans. Among Malabar snake-worshipers certain women, who must be perfectly pure, are the oracles of the serpent-gods. In Travancore, the serpent-god is the exclusive property of a certain priestly family. The oldest lady of the household, who must be a virgin, has the honor of carrying the god's image in the processions. All over the world kings and heroes trace their descent from the marriage of some ancestral lady with a holy male serpent of some sort or other, but sometime the serpent is thought to be the *mother* of all mankind. One etomological interpretation, a well-founded one, and supported by many scholars, claims that the name Eve (*Hawwah*) means "serpent", and that thus man is descended,

good luck; the Hindu idea that a rich man who dies without an heir comes back in the form of a serpent to guard his buried wealth; and that a cane cut near a place where serpents are worshiped and used as a walking-stick, protects a man against snake-bite. A serpent in a lagoon near Gimbu-Amburi in Africa cures madness.

not from the Lady with the Fig-Leaf, but from the Lady with the Snake-Skin.

The Wizard-King of the Rattlesnakes.—Among some North American Indian tribes certain snakes were held sacred,* even when they were not regarded as possessing evil magic powers, as the following Cherokee legend shows: The wizard-king of the rattlesnakes was a man-snake, and ruled the town of the rattler-people. They all had rattles, but he wore on his forehead a magic jewel-stone that turned all colors of the rainbow and moved like an eye, and above the jewel-stone rose a sharp, gleaming horn. Twice a year, for many years, a young Cherokee brave went into the rattlesnake country to try and slay the king and win his jewel-stone. The *jossakeeds* made magic over him, after the sacred dance, and he set out painted yellow, white and red, the twelve eagle-feathers in his hair. But of all the young warriors who went out, none ever returned. At last Wasi, handsomest and bravest of the Cherokee youths, loved by all the maidens, set out in his turn. But he did not make straight for the rattlesnake town. No, not he. First he shot three stags with his arrows, skinned them, tanned their skins, and hung them up to dry. While they were drying in sun and wind, he went to the town of the turtles. From them, by fair words, he got twenty of their houses and made moccasins, leggins, head and shirt-mask of the skins, and when he had done so sewed the turtle houses all over his dress, house touching house. Now all this had taken him a long moon to do, and already the Cherokees were saying: "Wasi will not return." Yet while they said so Wasi set out for the rattlesnake town in his magic dress, with his bow and arrows and tomahawk. High, high up on a mountain top, with only the bare sky above, stood the King of the Rattlesnakes' Town. And long, long was the way to the top. And all along the way, behind every stone and blue-berry bush, lay one of the rattlesnake warriors. Everywhere their rattles beat a horrid tattoo, and while they beat, one and another warrior struck with his poison fangs and sent the poison arrow of his tooth against Wasi. But they could not pierce the walls of the turtle-houses, and Wasi slew them with knife and tomahawk and arrow as he climbed toward the town of the Rattlesnake King.

Up in the rattlesnake town, the warriors came out of all the holes of their tribe. And Wasi slew till he grew weary of slaying, while they coiled and sprang and shot their poison arrows. But at last he reached the very top of the town, where there was a huge black

* The Hopi Indians of Arizona are descended from a Snake Hero and a Snake Maid, the snakes are their "elder brothers" and their "Snake Dance" is a prayer for rain. The California Yokuts also had a sacred rattlesnake ceremony *Tatulowis*, on the Hopi order.

rock. And suddenly a shadow fell on the rock and there stood the King of the Rattlesnakes. The jewel-stone on his forehead glowed and turned, and his sharp horn gleamed in the sun. Now the Rattlesnake King could change his form. Turn and turn about he was snake and man. First he fought as a man, and Wasi wrestled with him and flung him to the ground. But the Rattlesnake King could not remain long in human form. And when he turned snake again, Wasi choked him with his hands, covered with the turtle-houses, and, just as he was turning into a man again, tore the horn and the jewel-stone from his head. And when Wasi had done this, there was nothing but a very large snake, the grandfather of all rattlesnakes, lying on the ground. Wasi killed him with his tomahawk, dropped horn and jewel-stone in his otter-skin pouch, swam the river he had crossed into the rattlesnake country, and turned toward the villages of the Cherokees. He stopped at the turtles' town and gave them a bit of the horn, as a reward for their houses, and it has made them a wise folk to this day. But now that the song of the rattles was no longer heard, carried on the wind from the rattlesnake town, the *jossa-keeds,* priests and braves of the Cherokees went into the forest to see what had happened. It was there they met Wasi, with the twelve eagle feathers in his hair, bringing back to his tribe the wonderful snake magic which made the Cherokee people the wisest, luckiest and bravest of all the tribes of the Iroquois.

The Hindu Snake-Worshipers of Naga and Guga.—There are some 25,000 Hindu adorers of the snake-god, and 123,000 Punjab worshipers of the snake-god Guga, besides some 35,000 pious snake-worshipers of other assorted serpent-gods in India. The olden days of human sacrifice to snakes in India have passed, but to the great Temple of the Serpents, at Nagapuran, on the borders of Travancore, pious pilgrims used to come from all parts of India to worship the holy belly-crawlers. We have a quaint glimpse of it in the sixteenth century in the supposed account of a Portuguese adventurer whom chance led to the temple and who became obsessed with one of the snake-priestesses. The soldier of fortune attempts to win the virtuous serpent-priestess in the sacred enclosure, but is foiled. The account of the appearance of the reptile-god gives a dramatic glimpse of the veneration paid it.

The Cobra-God of Nagapuram.—The Temple of the Serpents differed in appearance but little from all those Eastern pagodas, which in defiance to the principles of the true faith, swarm with idolatrous Hindus. In the shade of the holy trees a number of columns stood in courts, round which were twining serpents and other diabolical emblems. All of them, at their base, had a small opening on a level with the ground, carefully flattened down and swept. Before each open-

ing was a saucer of brown clay filled with milk, the food of the serpents, which noxious reptiles came forth only at night; attentive priestesses watched over their needs without ceasing. The mysteries of the sacrifices offered this redoubtable vermin were far more important, even, than those of the temple of Kali.

" . . . This night I hastened to meet Vasouki. Uncovered to her waist, the young woman exposed a torso of clearest bronze, whose perfection was beyond challenge. Throwing back her head at my approach, the priestess, turning upon me her glowing eyes, blasted me with the following words:

"How dare you, impure one, set your foot, shod with the skin of the cow, upon this holy threshold! How can your audacity and pride so blind you as to allow you to hope that you will find me your willing victim. Insensate one, do you not fear that the gods may strike you blind? Beware! If you do not turn on your heel and relieve me of your unwelcome presence, you will no longer be counted among the living!"

"Overcome by the passion which burned in my veins, I rushed toward Vasouki without a word and attempted to clasp her in my arms. But her agility mocked my endeavor, and I only clasped the thin air. Breaking her earthen vase, from which the milk flowed in a broad stream upon the flags of the court, Vasouki, still on the defensive, uttered four short modulated cries. And, expectorating her betel-reddened saliva into my face, she retreated step by step.

"Then silent, stupified—recalling it, a mortal chill strikes my aged bones and the cold sweat beads my forehead, for all the years that have passed—then I saw a kind of dark line, which moved in the inverse direction of the white stream which now ran down the steps. And this dark serpent, black as night itself, was so long that I cannot even hazard a guess as to his length. Larger in circumference than a human thigh, with a head the size of a goat's, an iridescent neck thicker than the trunk of a fig tree, it crawled toward me with incredible rapidity and ease. It had half raised itself without interrupting its undulating progress, and its small brilliant eyes, darting a thousand reddish flames like a carbuncle, were beginning to fascinate me. The moon was so bright that I was able to count every scale of this great giant among the sacred serpents.

"My habitual bravery began to reassert itself. I realized that I was vowed to destruction if I persisted in my state of motionless contemplation. I broke the spell and seized my sword. Luckily, I was in part protected by my arms. My head helmeted with steel, my left arm bearing the shield gave me a noticeable advantage over my diabolic adversary. No matter how long the serpent might be, I knew he could not raise himself far above my head; and experience had taught me that the snakes of the cobra family seek to prick their

enemies without enfolding them. Hence, when the black reptile found itself at the right distance to strike, the venemous fangs on its distended jaws only rattled against the crest of my helmet. Thrust back in the same moment by my buckler, it recoiled in order to secure room for its next effort; its head swaying ceaselessly and protecting the folds of its quivering body. But he had to do with an adversary more intelligent than himself. My blade, gliding along the rim of the shield which the serpent continued to strike at, severed his neck in the middle of the hood. The cobra, vanquished, threshing my boots with its tail, writhed helplessly, tinting the pale milk on the steps with its purple blood. Incapable of conscious movement, with its head three-quarters cut off and hanging upon his back, he rolled from step to step and fell into the adjoining pond.

"Meanwhile the priestess Vasouki, standing against the door of the sanctuary cursed my sacrilege and deplored the death of the reptile, who ranked high among her gods.

" 'Can it be that thou hast perished thus without taking vengeance, *Kank*-hamoukha, the ever-victorious! Thou, whose formidable mouth recalled the shape of Vishnou's favorite couch! Is it possible that a vile stranger, an outcast among his own people, has? . . ."

"She did not finish her sentence. I had already seized her—she was struggling helplessly in my embrace with all the savage flexibility of her own serpents—when, at her desperate appeals, some thirty or forty men appeared. Vasouki vanished through the door, which had no sooner opened than it closed again. A net was thrown over me, and thus snared in a manner that made all movement impossible—I coud not even cut the strands with my dagger—I was cast down and mercilessly beaten with cudgels. The shadows closed around me and I lost consciousness. . . "

Hindu "Snake-Love."—One of the most repulsive developments of snake-worship is the Hindu horror known as "Snake-Love", an offshoot of the *Naga* or Serpent cult. It is shown practically by the snake-charmer, who often does not extract the secretions of the reptile's poison glands. Instead, he accustoms himself, day by day, to taking larger doses of the viscid poison until it ceases to affect him at all, and he becomes immune to snake-bite altogether. In course of time, the yellow poison fluid becomes a drug for which his system craves. He ***must*** have it, just as the hashish, opium or cocaine addict cannot live without his herb-powder, pill or "snow". And this craving for the poison explains the hideous idea of "snake-love". Yet the fantastic Hindu mind does not content itself with this ***rational*** explanation. It goes even further, and finds a fantastic, extravagant explanation in a mystic ***religious*** affinity between human being and reptile. The Hindu snake-worshipers, however, in spite of

all the repulsiveness of their rites, do not approach the black snake-adorers of Africa.

The Diabolic Dahomey Snake-Cult.—In West African Dahomey the horrible python-cult was developed as its terrible worst. The town of Wyhdah was known as "The garden of Dahomey". It lay embowered amid thousands of blossoming orange and citron-trees which fill the air with their fragrance. Yet man was vile indeed in this terrestrial paradise. The kingdom of Dahomey was at the height of its power under King Gezo (1818),* and then it was that human blood literally watered its lovely orange-orchards, in the ceremonies of the most elaborate of all snake-cults. The great black was the god of wisdom and of earthly happiness. He had opened the eyes of the first man and woman on earth, for they were born blind. And the King of Dahomey was his high-priest. To the native of Dahomey, the wriggling python is a god indeed. He flings himself down before it, and salutes it as master, father, *mother* and benefactor! The Fanti tribes of the Gold Coast, the Ashanti of the Slave coast, and the Dahomey further inland, were all snake-worshipers, but the Dahomey tribes furnish the twentieth century example of the worship of god as a snake. In Dahomey the phallus, the male organ of generation, is brought into connection with the snake-god as the emblem of fertility and productiveness in nature. The scientist Stoll declares: "This symbolization is most objectionably apparent in Wyndah, where every road leading to the city is ornamented with these figures . . . of all sizes, crouching on the ground as though lost in contemplation of their own attributes." The Dahomey gods are numerous, sun, moon, wind and other elemental gods abound, but the real religious emotions of those negroes is concentrated on *two* deities, whose cult is closely related. The first is the great python-god, the second is *Legba,* the love-god. To this god goats, dogs and cocks are sacrificed, circumcision is one of the rites of his worship, and various obscene mysteries are performed in his name. He is always represented as a Phallus, and the honey-bees, Nature's fertilizers, are supposed to be his messengers. To show how closely phallic worship and snake-worship are related, it might be said that among many tribes the serpent represents the phallus. Thus, among the Basutos, the young maidens of the tribe go through a sort of confirmation dance around a phallic serpent made of lime.

A Snake-God With a Harem.—The great serpent-god was a god whose two chief qualities were sensuality and license, especially in connection with fruitfulness and fertility rites. And even in his private life the python-god had a harem. He had priests and priestesses, and besides the priestesses a great retinue of black girls

*Dahomey is now a French colony.

called his "wives". These "wives" took part in the licentious rites with the temple priests and the male worshipers at the time of the spouting season of the crops, but the *offspring* of these unions were supposed to be the children of the *python-god.* Happy was the Dahomey mother whose daughter was set apart and sanctified for a "religious" life. And many Dahomey mothers were happy, for about one-fourth the whole female population even before birth was "married to the fetish", the Dahomey equivalent for our "taking the veil", though in their case it meant taking off the veil as her own dusky skin was the negro priestess' sacrificial vestment.

In the good old days any Dahomey negro who had even accidentally killed a snake suffered the death penalty. Now he has to run the gauntlet of a number of orthodox believers armed with clubs. If (by means of bribes) he has greased the palms that grasp the clubs, he may escape, reach running water, and purify himself. This done he is safe. The last great snake-worship procession took place in 1858, when the priests and "wives" of the loathsome reptile-god passed through Wyndah streets with ritual songs and dances. Peeping Toms were strictly barred, and not a native dared peer from his hut to spy on the holy processional. It is said that some Europeans who did so were poisoned. *Obeah* or *Wanga,* one of the sorcerer-priests, used poison to punish the ungodly.

Religious Murder Born of a Son's Love for His Father.—It was the "Dahomey Customs", in full bloom since the seventeenth century, which gave the Dahomey snake-worship its deservedly infamous reputation. The "Grand Customs" took place only when a King of Dahomey died. The "Minor Customs" were celebrated twice a year. When a Dahomey king died his palace was at once in an uproar. The many royal widows ran amuck with grief, destroying everything within reach and murdering each other with the greatest zest. The late king's son, out of the *deepest affection for his father*—not with any motive of cruelty—at once set about the religious murder of as many human victims as possible. Father must be provided with wives, attendants, slaves, etc., in the shadow-world. The more pious and affectionate was a son the more blood he shed for his father's sake. The "Grand Customs" were the royal orphan's *public* display of filial virtue. First came religious dancing, ceremonial and feasting. Then the victims, tastefully dressed for their last public appearances—they wore calico shirts with a red patch on the right breast, and long white night-caps to which spirals of baby-blue ribbon had been sewn—were led forward. They were tied up in baskets, together with an alligator, a cat or a hawk, and put on high platforms. The new king came forward and made a speech, in which he paid a tribute of grief to his father's greatness. Then the victims were pushed down from their platforms and the surging crowd below

gleefully fell upon and butchered them. It was a high religious moment.

Doing Good (?) By Stealth.—The report that the king at one stage of the proceedings paddled about in a canoe in a tank filled with human blood does not seem to have been proven, yet there was blood and to spare. For, after the *public* killing, appropriately called *Zan Nayanyana,* the "Evil Night", there was a more private royal one. In the evening the king, with wives and officials, visited the graves of his ancestors. Here a choice lot of blood victims were executed by the royal hand *itself,* and their blood sprinkled on the graves—still in the spirit of *filial piety* and not cruelty. At odd times, too, as his filial piety got the better of him, and he thought sadly of his departed parent, the pious son would do good by stealth, instead of in public, and privately slay women, eunuchs and attendants in the royal palace to show his abiding love. The "Little Customs" served to keep a king's "filial piety" in good working order, and prevent it from rusting. Twice a year father was provided with a fresh batch of ghost servants, wives and slaves, and both "Grand" and "Minor" Customs ended in a religious cannibal feast, in which the bodies of the slaughtered, after the baby-blue ribboned nightcaps had been trampled in the dust, were roasted and devoured smoking hot. Aside from those slain in the "Customs", were the poor wretches who through the year served as "letters" to the dead.

Human "Letters" to the Ghost-World.—Surely a good son would wish to let his father know of the little happenings of interest which took place in the palace or kingdom day by day. And the Kings of Dahomey were good sons. Suppose the king had a new drum made, or one of the spinster soldiers, the Amazons, broke her vow of chastity, or a white man visited the palace. Father must know about it. And it was so easy to let him know. The pious son simply had someone, *any one,* brought before him. His heart full of father-love he gave him the message to carry to his father. Then he raised his hand, and the *human letter, hit over the head* with a club, was thrown into the post-box of sudden death to reach the address in the world of shades. And—if the king forgot something—it always was easy to send a *postscript* along the same road the letter had taken: all that was needed was a human being and a wooden club. Is it surprising that skulls were the favorite decoration and adornment of Dahomey houses, inside and out? The royal palace walls were lined with them, the royal bed-room was paved with them, the royal palace-stockades were picketed with them, and the skulls of slain kings supplied the royal drinking-cups. Happy is the land whose serpent is *not* a god, one might say of Dahomey. French occupation has at least brought about the abolition of the hideous rites of human sacrifice, though fetishism and snake-worship still flourish in Dahomey.

Voodooism.—The Dahomey wizard and sorcerer priests, as well as those of other Gold Coast and inland tribes are among the most cruel and debased fetish-makers and fetish-worshipers known to man. It was from African Dahomey that the horrible *Voodoo* cult came to America, to the West Indies and the Slave States of the Ante-Bellum South, and to Haiti. In real Voodoo a priest, a priestess and a *snake* are absolutely necessary. The word itself, from *vaudoux,* a negro sorcerer, means "fearful". "White Voodoo" is satisfied with a cock or a goat for sacrifice blood, but "Red Voodoo" must have a *human victim.* In the horrid secret rites of Haitian Voodooism the male priest is known as the *papaloi* and the priestess as the *mamaloi.* In the depths of West Indian and Haitian forests, where the dark and terrible Voodoo rites are still supposed to be practiced in secret, stands the *Honfou,* the Voodoo temple, a straw hut of some size. There the Voodoo priestess consults the snake oracle and celebrates terrible orgies. The Voodoo snake-god is called *Hougon-badagri,* the "great god", and *Cimbi-Kitas,* the demon of the blood-red axe, is also worshiped. It is said that all the Haitian monarchs, beginning with Toussaint L'Ouverture, the "Emperors" Dessalines and Solouques, and "King" Christophe were *papaloi.* The Haitian President Salnave (1686), is said himself to have presided at the jungle-rites, and offered up the unspeakable sacrifice of the *cabrit sans cornes* "unhorned" kid. Another Haitian president is said to have made a collection of the *skelctons* of the human victims he sacrificed. President Geffrard, on the contrary, appeared as a beneficent "religious persecuter", fought against Voodooism, and had eight "worshipers" shot in Port-au-Prince in 1864, for sacrificing and eating a twelve-year old girl, while President Boisrond-Canal had a *papaloi* executed for the same offense in 1876. Some writers claim, however, that during some years as many as a couple of thousand children, "hornless kids", were sacrificed on the island.

The Voodoo Snake-Worship Ceremony.—Much of the Voodoo snake-worship ceremony is too revolting for detailed description. At the nocturnal service in the forest depths, a great fire burns beside a snake-basket containing the reptile-god. The *papaloi,* assisted by his sub-priests, the *dijions,* cuts the throats of three goats, two black and one white, whose flesh is devoured and whose blood, mixed with *rum,* is consumed by the worshipers, while prayers are offered to *Allegra Vadra,* the god who knows all, to *Attaschollo,* the great earth-spirit, and to *Agaou Kata Badagri,* the lord of chaos. To the mad beat of magic drums, the *mammaloi* then steps forward and stands on a snake-basket. She wears a red kerchief about her loins, and one hangs over her shoulder. She begins the song of the divine snake whose chorus is repeated by hundreds of drunken lips. Then the negroes crowd around to question the oracle: "Will I get a new

donkey this summer?", "Will my lover come back to me?", "Will my child get well?". Each one asks his or her question. The priestess, swaying as she stands, draws serpentine lines in the air, calling from time to time: *"Houedo,* the great snake hears you! *Houedo,* the great snake, answers!" Then with downcast eyes she gives the answers inspired by the snake-spirit. Suddenly the drums beat again. The priestess steps down from the basket and draws out the snake-god, a long, yellow-black viper, which winds itself about her arm. Chickens are sacrificed to it and then—the climax of the rite—come the priests of the demon-god, *Cimbi-Kita.* They wear devil-masks. Their bodies are stained with blood, and goat-skins hang from their backs. They drag along by a rope tied to her neck a ten-year old child. It feels no pain, for it has been intoxicated with rum, and the sacrifice takes place in a moment. No sooner has the *papaloi* strewn certain magic herbs on its woolly head, and set fire to it with a burning brand, than the *mammaloi,* with a terrible cry, seizes the child, and holding it high in the air, strangles it. Meanwhile the devil-priests sing a horrible chant of triumph: "Ask the graveyard, it will tell you whether we or whether death sends it the most guests!" Now the *papaloi* hacks the body into bits and flings it to the worshipers. And they devour their trouble cannibal meal with great draughts of raw rum and fresh blood, howling "Aa-be-bo, the kid without horns!" We will draw a veil over the ensuing orgy of licentiousness which follows. It does not seem possible that snake-worship rites, transplanted like some venemous plant from their dark African jungles could still flourish in our twentieth century. And yet it is said that this horrible superstition still claims its victims, and that "the kid without horns" is still devoured in the secret recesses of the Haitian jungle by the glare of Voodoo torches!

The Saint Who Inherited a Serpent's Godship.—In the far, far days of Greek mythology, the lovely Circe, a sorceress, a serpent-charmer and a vampire (in the modern sense) whom Ulysses met in his travels, had a son. From this son the tribe of the Marsian snake-men at the foot of the Abruzzi, who worshiped a snake-god, and who laughed when bitten by a poisonous snake, seeing that the poison did not harm them, were descended. When Christianity came the Marsii sighed at the thought of giving up their snake-god. Then they brightened up again, for St. Domenico of Foligno (A.D. 950-1031) stepped in as the lineal descendant of his snakeship. His shrine at Cocullo is famous for its cures. And the Christian saint has his snake-festival the first Thursday in May every year. Then the *Separi* or snake-men carry coils of living reptiles in procession before his holy image, just as they did before the snake-god's in the centuries passed away. And St. Domenico's image itself is hung with wriggling, writhing serpents of all sizes. If one is fond of snakes

there is something almost beautiful in the idea that the reptiles have been Christianized, and have wriggled their way into the bosom of the Church. These serpent rites are probably to-day more modified and orthodox, but the custom shows how people who once have been accustomed to it, will cling to serpent-worship for dear old tradition's sake.

CHAPTER VIII

STONE, TREE, PLANT AND FLOWER WORSHIPERS

SAVAGE tribes, early Finns as well as the South Sea Islanders, have worshiped stones, pebbles or rocks, as fetishes, totems or idols. For to the primitive mind a stone, the *deadest* thing there is in nature, is very much alive and full of power. The Africans, the Laplanders and Peruvians clung to the idea that stones *married,* and the mother-stones brought forth little stones after their kind. According to the extinct Carib Indians of the Antilles, *Mama Nono,* the good earth mother, from whom all things come, sowed the earth with stones—and up sprouted men and women! Some people to this day believe that stones, by their own free will and power, "work themselves up" from below to the surface of the earth. And in the Middle Ages the Christian peasantry was firmly convinced that stones could move about almost as freely as men. Earthly stones strange or suggestive in shape and heavenly stones (meteors) have inspired worship all over the earth. Stone women are not infrequent in early legend.

Petrified Ladies, Sacred Cigar butts and Images.—Aside from Lot's wife, other women have been petrified and turned into rock for various reasons. In Peru a young shepherd who ran off with one of the sacred virgins of the sun (to whom earthly love was forbidden), was turned into stone with his sweetheart, and the natives still show the two rocks as proof of what happened to them. In India there is a stone which was once a saint's wife. She was cursed into a rock for deceiving him. And Rhamba, a vamping nymph of Indra's paradise, one of the loveliest nymphs that ever was, is also to be found in the land of the Hindus, in a form which hardens hearts against her charms. She tried to seduce a hermit saint and as a result became rockbound for all time. In South America the aerolite or falling star, shows the progress of civilization even in the heavens: the South American Indian thinks it is the glowing *butt* of some god's *cigar!* Mountains all over the world have been regarded as holy, from the beginning of time, especially the mountains on whose often inaccessible tops the gods were supposed to dwell: Mount Olympus in Greece, the Himalayas, the Andes. In India, a few years ago, a census showed besides others, "worshipers

of earth, the sun, *female* rivers, snakes and disease goddesses" in the attractive list of deities adored by the faithful of *one* district in Bengal. Gradually stone monuments, pillars, dolmens, and altars give way to carved images, and idols, and the higher level of stone worworship, the ignorant Bavarian peasant who kneels to a saint's image, or the Spanish peasant who in the course of a few centuries wears away a saint's carved head with his kisses, is certainly worshiping the *thing* his eyes reveal to him. But this is not the fault of the doctrine of his Church. Dr. E. Washburn Hopkins tells of a Hindu whom he asked whether he actually worshiped the stone image to which he bowed. The Hindu said: "It is a matter of intelligence. I, being completely devil-upped (developed), worship only myself. But I conform out of liberality to popular superstition. My wife, lacking intelligence and not being completely devil-upped, (developed) worships bare image!"

Tree-Worshipers.—In the beginning, savage man worshiped whole jungles and forests instead of special trees. Forest spirits are common to most races. The Wood Girl of the ancient Aryans was supposed to be "playing" when big trees crashed down in the forest. And it was considered best not to disturb her. A certain tribe of Amazonian Indians of Brazil has only one god. It is *Caypore,* a devil-god who "leads people around in a circle when they are lost in the woods" and, to judge by the experience of unfortunate tourists and travelers, he occasionally gets up into the Maine woods. The Greeks had their tree-nymphs, the *hamadryads,* and graceful girls, spirits according to Chinese belief, inhabit certain trees, the flowering plum, the acacia, the prune, etc. Even serious Greek philosophers like Aristotle and Plutarch thought that trees had *passions* and *reasoning powers.*

The Tree and the Human Soul.—In the folk-lore and religious belief of all times we meet the idea of an *intimate* connection between human life and some tree, plant or flower. And the idea of the *external* soul occurs in an old Egyptian tale, called "The Two Brothers", dating back to 3,000 B.C. One brother leaves his heart in the top of an acacia-tree, and dies when it is cut down. Somtimes the tree is merely a sacred object, and at others it is inhabited by a god or spirit. Often the souls of the dead are supposed to enter into trees. The Hindu *Bayudas* worship their ancestors in groves of *Saj* trees, and tree burial was customary among the Dakota Indians of our own land. In African South Nigeria every village has its one big tree into which the spirits of all the village folk enter when they die, and in British New Guiana the sacred village death-tree casts its cheerful shade over the savage feasts where the Papuans set aside part of the food for the spirits. The African *Herreras*

select a tree as the abode of their ancestral spirits, and cut twigs from it to lay in the place of sacrifice before the highest ghost spirit. The Polynesian word for "religion" is a supposed to be "tree" as well, and some North American Indian tribes worshiped trees, *xonoons,* resembling men in shape. Even the Patagonian worships trees. The Sioux Indians, the Norsemen, the Greeks and the Persians all claimed that the first men came from *trees,* and in Siam the tree-spirit that lived in the tree cut down to make a house, still continues to dwell under the eaves, and watch out for and protect the family.

Tree-Priests or Druids.—The Druids or "tree-priests" of Early Britain, Gaul and other Keltic lands held the oak sacred. The "soul of the oak" spoke in its leaves and prophesied; and lest the mistletoe choke the "soul of the oak", the priests (they were also virgin Druid priestesses) cut it away at night with a golden knife beneath the light of the moon. There were also forest spirits called "oak-maidens", and the wild pig was sacred to the holy tree—because it loved acorns.

A Hell-Tree.—The Arabs, before Mohammed, worshiped trees and stones and looked on the acacia-tree as a form of the love-goddess. Later we find sacred trees (not worshiped), haunted by angels and *djinns.* They save doctor's fees, since the sick who sleep beneath them are given a prescription in their dreams. The *Koran* has provided *Gehennah,* the Moslem hell, with an infernal tree, which springs up where the stones are red-hot, and necessarily must cast its shade in vain. Early Buddhism said that trees had neither *minds* nor *feelings* and could be cut, but it admitted that spirits might live in them. The old Roman Cato, who began the study of Greek at eighty, told his woodman *always* to pour a sacrifice to the male or female god before thinning a grove. There is something so staid and respectable about a tree that we hesitate to associate it with anything improper and yet—some of the most dreadful and licentious religious orgies were those with which the goddess Astarte was worshiped in leafy Syrian groves.

When the Christian Woodman Spared Not the Pagan Tree.—While Darwin found *cigars, beefsteaks* and *rags* piously hung to trees by the simple-minded South American *Gauchos* as sacrifices to their tree-god *Wallecchu,* pagan sacred trees have been well thinned out by missionary woodsmen who wielded the axe of the faith among European and Asian heathen. At first many a good monk gathered up his skirts and ran when the heathen Lettish women of the fourteenth century, a great strong-bone race, rushed out with mops and brooms to defend their tree-gods, especially the cherished *Birzules* ("Little Birch"), from attack. Among the old Lithuanian, Prussian and Pomeranian Slavs, oak trees were sacred to men, and linden

trees to women. The sick crawled through, between trunk and bough, to be cured, leaving gifts of clothes, knives, etc., fastened to the branches. As late as the seventeenth century, though the Christian woodman's axe had been busy, these Slavs sacrificed to their trees. In Syria, certain tall olive trees were worshiped in early days, but these "trees of the demons", were cut down by zealous Syrian Christians. Often the Christian tree-chopper built a church on the spot where some "sacred tree" of the pagans cut down by him had stood. Thus St. Boniface hewed down Wodan's great oak at Geismar in Hesse, and built a chapel to St. Peter in its place. The Emperor Constantine destroyed the oak of Abraham, with its idols and altars at Mamre, and replaced them with a basilica. The ancient Hebrews called Jehovah, among other things, "Him who dwelt in the *bush*", however, and St. Brigid of Kildare made an oak-tree sacred by building her church beneath it—the *Cilldara,* "church of the oak". Christianity itself developed its own especially sacred tree, at Somosata, worshiped in Christian times as the wood of Christ's cross.

The Tree of the Cross.—The legendary account of the tree of the cross is very colorful. When Adam, driven from Paradise, was so worn with toil that he wanted to die, he sent his son Seth to the angel guardian of the Tree of Life in Paradise, to beg some of the oil of mercy. Instead, the angel gave him three seeds from the Tree of Knowledge, saying they would bear fruit for the good of mankind. Adam was buried with the three seeds under his tongue, and they grew into three saplings. David finally found the tree and planted it in a walled garden in Jerusalem. There Solomon saw it, and had a beam for his golden temple made of it; but the workmen never could make it fit. It was either too long or too short, and so it was thrown into a pond. But instead of sinking, it made a bridge across the pond. When the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon she recognized the beam's holiness, and walked through the water rather than step on it. Solomon then cased it in silver and gold, and put it above the door of the Temple. But what will people not do for gold and silver? King Abijah found himself financially short. He stripped the beam of its gold and silver, and buried it deep in the ground. Then, when they dug a well, called the Pool of Bethesda, over the place where the Tree of Mercy had been buried, it was found that its waters had power to heal the sick. And when the time for the death of the Christ drew near, the beam at the bottom of the Pool of Bethesda mysteriously rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made the Cross* from it.

Some Trees of Life.—From earth's Christian tree of life to the heavenly trees of life rooted in various paradises of religion is but a step upward. Many races have their "tree of life". The Hindu

tree of life grows upside down from our point of view, for it is rooted in heaven, and its crown or head is in our earth life below. *Yggdrasil,* the tree of life of Norse mythology, has three roots: one in the sky, one in giant-land, and one in the underworld. It was a great ash-tree, representative of all living nature. The Japanese united the world tree, the heavenly tree, and the tree of immortality into one. The Central American Indians of the *Maya* civilization also had a sacred paradise-tree, in whose grateful shade the souls of the blest rejoiced, and so had other races. In Genesis, the tree of life is the same as the tree of knowledge, in so much as the divine fruit gives divine qualities to the eater. The *Bo-tree* of Buddha, however, is merely an earthly tree under which Buddha happened to sit when he acquired perfect knowledge.

Tree-Marriages.—A tree as a husband? Who would think of such a thing? None other than the Hindus. In very early days, when the savage mind made no difference between a *tree* and a *human being,* women were actually married to trees, with appropriate wedding ceremonies. In a great Hindu epic poem we have an account of a woman who wants children embracing a tree. Perhaps the fact that the children did not result gradually shook the faith of the primitive mind in these tree-marriages. At any rate, at present, the Hindu girl who marries a tree does not expect too much from her husband in the way of demonstrations of affection. The idea is that it is unlucky for a Hindu woman to marry a *third* husband, a *real third* husband. So she marries a tree as her third husband, which makes the man she marries her *fourth,* and staves off the bad luck she otherwise would have. Tree marriage also is useful among the Hindus to young women who lead a loose life professionally. They marry a tree, and thus cast a certain veil of respectability about their objectionable activities by being able to call themselves "Mrs."

Sacred Plants and Flowers.—Plants, grains, berries and flowers whose juices make drunk, have often been regarded as *sacred,* and worshiped accordingly. Intoxication, which we now regard as a subject for Constitutional Amendments, was in mankind's more primitive days looked upon as something especially holy and divine. The *Soma* or *Hom* plant of the Vedic Aryans, both in India and Persia, was one of these plants which produced a holy tipple, and was worshiped, just as the Greek god Dionysius (the Roman Bacchus) was adored with drunken rites. The idea was that drinking the holy liquor made the drinker himself divine, and in India the priests eventually reserved the privilege of sacred drunkenness strictly for themselves. Among practically all savage races *religious drunken-*

*The true Cross is supposed to have been discovered in Jerusalem by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine.

ness is practised, and is necessary to give a religious festival the exalted character it is supposed to have. Civilization, in some details, has modernized the kind of liquor used: the Amazonian Indians have their native religious beer-festivals, yet they as well as primitive tribes in various parts of the world have added the whisky-bottle (which Christianity has brought them together with the Bible), to the number of their gods.

The Children's Drinking Festival.—Among the Aztec drunkenness in young people was a capital crime. Young men died under the rod: young girls were stoned to death. The hip-flask was unknown. At wedding banquets drinking was permitted only on condition that the drinkers did not show themselves in public. After seventy, however, the ban on drinking was raised for men and women alike: they could drink as much and as often as they wished. Yet the Aztecs worshiped the numberless gods of agave, aloe, palm and other intoxicants, and of *Pulque,* still the national intoxicant in Mexico, numberless because "there are countless ways of getting drunk." And on the *Izcalli* feast, ten and twelve-year-old boys and girls, adorned with caps of colored feathers, drank pulque and danced. And the *Tozcostli* festival the "Drinking Festival for the Children". An interesting legend connects it with one of those omens which announced to Montezuma, the last Aztec emperor, the approaching downfall of the empire. "It was the day of the *Tozsostli* Festival, which celebrated the sowing of the new seed. On this day it was allowable for children and adults to drink the foaming, intoxicant *octli* or *pulque,* which as a rule only the old could drink. So the festival was called the festival of *Child Drunkenness.* Twelve-year-old boys and girls danced in public, and handed each other the filled bowls of pulque, in whose bubbling silvery foam, filling the bowl to the rim, stuck a flower-bloom. They danced and drank the prickling juice until they grew drunken and shameless. And this orgy of the unripe was regarded as a *symbol of the young unripe fruitage of the spring.* The children of the noble families also danced and drank this day before Montezuma and his court. The emperor had a great long hall with walls of shining basalt especially prepared for the festival. From his throne, covered with a jaguar-skin, he looked down on the innocently shameless dancing of the children. And Montezuma's worn, weary face was lit with a smile as he watched the little girls fling off their shoulder and loin-cloths, embroidered with birds and butterflies, in the wantonness of the dance. Night fell, and with more license than ever the shameless whirl of the dance went on by the light of torches until, suddenly, all joy came to an abrupt end.

For like a rising flood of water a deadly silence rose higher and higher in the hall. And in this flooding silence a voice was audible.

The voice sounded from the polished basalt wall. The stone spoke: "Dance, dance, beautiful ankle of mine! For soon you shall be buried in the deep sea!" Thus spoke the stone wall.

Montezuma leaped up from his throne in terror. Pale with fear he hurried to one of the exits of the chamber. Yet before he reached the door the wall spoke again:

"Dance, dance my beautiful ankle! For soon you shall be buried and decay in the deep sea." And countless Aztecs did leave their bones to molder in the Mexican lakes and lagoons in their last struggles against the Spainards.

Sacred Flowers.—Many are the flowers which have been regarded as sacred to some one or another pagan deity, and Christianity has identified various flowers with the Christ in beautiful legends. When the Spaniards first discovered the Passionflower, the *flos passionis,* in South America, they at once associated it with the Saviour's passion. For its corona resembled the crown of thorns, other parts of the flower the nails or wounds, and the five sepals and five petals were taken to symbolize the ten apostles—Peter who denied and Judas, who betrayed, being left out. Among many peoples, all over the earth, flowers are a favorite sacrificial offerings made the gods. Some of the flower-legends of Christianity will be elsewhere considered. We will confine ourselves here to presenting one of the most poetic and beautiful religious flower-legends which ever originated in the soul of any race. Strange to say, the people which developed this wonderful legend of the holy lily, one that so exquisitely expresses the intimate relation of life and death, and that without death there can be no true life, is an ancient Aztec one. It exists in the mythology of one of the most religiously blood-thirsty races known to history!

The Lily of Mictlan.—There is one among the lilies of earth which is lovelier than all others, and this is the lily of Mictlan.

Long ago, when the gods made all earthly flowers, they liked the shape of the lily. So they thought they would make a silver lily for the gardens of heaven. And since they wanted it to be the loveliest of all lilies, they decided to form of it a tear, the most delicate of all delicate things.

Every night, in her heavenly palace, the goddess Xochiquetzal wept in her dreams, longing for the young Sun-god. Knowing this, the other gods sent the bat to steal one of her tears while she slumbered. The bat fluttered to her couch, stole the tear and flew back with it to the other gods. Then they used their magic and turned the tear—the most delicate of delicate things—into a lily, and gave the lily the gift of eternal bloom.

But, alas, the lily they had made was gray as ashes, without color and without fragrance! And from Mictlan, the place of the de-

parted, the laughter of Teculi, Lord of the Nether World, rose to the skies.

"How can your lily be loveliest of all," he cried, "when I have had no hand in making it? Without my aid nothing gains perfect beauty."

Then the gods gave the ash-gray, colorless lily to the bat, and he flew down with it to Mictlan. There Teculi washed it in the waters of the river of death, until it gleamed white like mountain snow and gave forth a wonderful fragrance.

But when Teculi washed it in the river of death, it exchanged its gift of eternal bloom for the gift of beauty. So Teculi sent the silver lily back to earth again. There was no place for it in heaven, because it was doomed to fade, for all its loveliness. And the lily took root on earth in a lagoon where rushes grew. There, for a brief season of bloom, it rises in its silver beauty breathing a magic fragrance, and then it fades. For it is a child of another world, the property of Teculi, Lord of Mictlan, who only lends it to earth to give men a passing moment of joy. All those things on earth which are loveliest belong to the world of things departed. The Lord of Mictlan loans them to earth for a short time; but in the end they must return to the land of shadows. Like the tears of the goddess Xochiquetzal, forgetfulness is their portion.

CHAPTER IX

SUN GODS AND OTHER GODS

(Sun Gods and Religions of Celts, Slavs, Teutons, Ancient Egyptians, Babylonians and Syrians)

FROM snake to sun, religiously speaking, is but a step. In many mythologies snake and sun are worshiped together, and the snake appears as a symbol of the sun. While the sun religions of America and Zoroastrianism* are considered in succeeding chapters, the other important mythologies in which sun-worship plays a part are here presented.

If we begin with the Western hemisphere, we find the sun-god worshiped as the principle of light and heat among many tribes. Among the Algonquins "light" and "rabbit", *Manibozho,* are expressed by the same word. Their sun-god started out as a creator, and a mixup of word meaning turned him into an animal. The creation legend of the Algonquins says *Manibozho* married the muskrat, and the Algonquins were very proud of this line of descent. The South American Ipurina Indians believe the sun is a kettle of boiling water, and the moon a boy fattened up by his grandmother to be devoured. The Yurukare Indians believe the sun-god gave his daughter to a man for his wife. A sun personification, perhaps,

* We will not dwell at length on the worship of the elements. *Water* has always been associated with the idea of cleansing from sin, and purification. They baptized in ancient Babylon just as they do in modern New York. Rivers, springs and wells have been accounted holy among many peoples, but while the Hindus looked on a sweat-bath as only a sweat-bath, the California Indians practised it as a religious ceremony to wash out sin and evil as well as wash off dirt. Christian baptism, in fact, is the purest and noblest expression (borrowed from the Hebrews) of the old idea current among American Indians, Polynesians and Hindus, that sprinkling with water kept off demons and evil. Water, incidentally, in religion, is the birthplace of love: *Aphrodite* (Venus) and *Kama,* the Indian god of love, both rise from the waves. The *storm-winds* are worshiped as gods by Eskimos and ancient Greeks, by Chinese and Hindus and many other peoples. *Fire-worship,* though it preceded sun-worship, is usually a part of it. The *rainbow* is a *heavenly snake* in many primitive faiths. The *moon* and *stars,* too, are usually a part of *sun-worship,* because when the sun-god comes into his own, the other planets drop into place naturally in the religious as in the planetary system.

is the *Athapascan* raven-god *Yetl*, who shakes the thunder from his wings, and his fiery eyes. The *Chibchas* of Colombia have a most curious sun belief. According to them, *light existed before the beginning of things*, as a kind of original matter (here they are in accordance with modern science, in a way), and was enclosed in a casket called *Chimini-pagus*. Blackbirds carried it to earth. Among the *Tupi* and *Guanary* tribes of Brazil, *Guaracy*, the supreme sun-god, was the creator of all things, *Jacy*, the moon, of plant-life, and *Peruda*, is the god of human generation. Sun, moon and stars have been worshiped all over the world. But everywhere the sun-god was gradually changed about the minds of men. Among some races he was the chief, first and highest god; among others some special animal or feature connected with his worship overshadowed him, as in the case of the snake python of Dahomey. And, as races increased in culture, sun-gods grew more *personal*, less planets and more gods. This applies to the other planets as well, the moon and stars. After a time the sun in the skies became only as *symbols* in the higher religions. Sometimes the sun is the highest god, sometimes he is worshiped besides another, higher deity. All the sun cults when they are elaborated into a system, are associated with the idea of *order* and *regularity* in the seasons and in the division of time. Seed-time and harvest, and the recurrence of the seasons, were all directed and watched over by the "eye" of the sun-god, and in course of time men thought he used his power in a *moral* as well as a purely *physical* way—he regulated the great underlying *moral harmony of life*, and his religion—at first among nearly all men disgraced by human sacrifice—tried to bring man into line with the harmony of divine law.

Keltic Mythology.—Sun-gods were worshiped among the Keltic tribes of Britain and Gaul. Their magician-priests, the *Druids*, taught the immortality of the soul, and on *Samhain*, their New Year, which fell on Ooctober 31, celebrated a horrid saturnalia. Then the transfer of the "new fire" from the old was feted with licentious nature-dances, and the proud savages compared with each other the number of "tongues of the men they had slain!"

The feast of the Keltic sun-god *Lug*, at Lyons, in Gaul, was celebrated with religious horse-races, the horse being a sacred sun animal, and *Brig*, "flame or power", (Gaulic *Brigindu*) the Irish fire-goddess, quite naturally turned into St. Brigit when Christianity came. As St. Brigit, *Brig* in actual Christian times kept up a *fire-service* at Kildare. The original fire-vessels, guardians of the sacred fire, were simply turned into nuns. *Nuada* or *Nudd* is the Keltic sun-god of Ireland and Britain, and his image, in the ruins of an English shrine, shows him driving a four-horse chariot and wearing a crown of solar rays. In the Keltic religious system the ele-

mental gods, moon, stars, the earth-mother, wind and other nature deities, fall into line with the sun-god. In spite of the show of torn-out tongues at the New Year's tribal debauch, the Keltic religion had very *human* traits. It preached the immortality of body and of soul,—the ordinary dead live again in a happy land underground, while royalty and the aristocratic classes have a special paradise island in the western sea. The Irish Keltic legends of the gods and heroes are, many of them, very poetic and beautiful. It is almost needless to mention that the famous early cattle-raiding kings of Ireland, who have so many modern descendants, were all sons of gods and themselves divine. All in all, in spite of bloody rites and magic practices, the Keltic religions had a tendency to "humanize" divinity, to bring the divine nearer to earth.

Slavic Sun-Worship.—The Slav, like the Hindu, worshiped about everything in Nature, and like the Polynesians, he laid *taboos*, on holy groves where only priests were admitted. Among some Slav tribes the sun-god was a male god, imprisoned and invisible until the stars took hammers and opened his prison-house, which made the hammer sacred to him. Among the Slavic Lithuanians, however, the sun was a goddess. She was called *Saul-le,* "mother of the stars", and was the bride of the sky-god. *Svarog* was the Russian Slav sky-god, *Zemipatis* the earth-god, and *Zeminikas* was the great god of the underworld to whom sacrifices were made. The sun is still unconsciously worshiped in Courland to-day. At the time of the solstice the Christian peasant lads and lasses run about the field swinging torches and crying *"Ligo, ligo,* O Sun!" ("O Sun, swing through the skies again!") But, as in other systems of countless gods, *one* god stands out in the Slavic crowd of gods just as the python does in the Ashanti pantheon. It is *Perhunas. Perhunas* was the great god of thunder and storm, in whose honor a perpetual fire burned. The Baltic Slavs at Rugen and the primitive Poles in their own land, had their great drunken tribal festivals, with nature dances in sacred groves, which although sacred then, would now send the dancers to jail. The basic ideas of the Slav religions are connected with old Persian *(Zoroastrian)* beliefs. A dog was dragged to the death-beds of the dying to catch the expiring soul, or accompany it to the next world. The unburied soul, the *dusha,* had to hang about in trees, while the one properly interred made its way to the field of the gods. A happy thought of Slavic paganism was always to bury a *ladder* with the dead, so that they could climb out of their graves. Often more than ladders were buried. As late as the year 931 A.D. a live girl was buried with a dead man to keep him company on the soul-road. The great idol of the Russians, *Perunas* or *Perun,* was destroyed by Christian missionaries in Kiev in 988 A.D. Of gold and silver, it was provided

with a fire-altar on which burned a perpetual oak-wood fire. But some of the many Slavic gods were received into the Church under other names: thus *Kupalo,* the god of summer, fruitfulness, became John the Baptist, *Perunas* turned into St. Elias, and *Volos,* the herd-god, into St. Blasius. The Serbs, Slovaks and Slovenes had some pretty legends of the sun-god's love for the morning star as well as many good spirit *(vila)* legends, and evil spirit (vampire) legends, and wizard-priests tried to propitiate these devil-spirits.

The Scandinavian and Teuton Sun-Worship.—The early Scandinavian and Teuton tribes had theories of life which are often honored in the breach rather than the observance to-day. They expected girls to be chaste and wives to be faithful. Wives (if they felt so inclined) could commit *suttee,* i.e., burn themselves alive with a beloved husband. Their chief gods were the sun, moon and fire, *Julius Cæsar* tells us, and instead of priests they had virgin prophetesses. Magic fire-ceremonies were probably part of the sun-cult. At annual sowing and harvest ceremonies, sacred fires were built on hill-tops, around which the people danced, and omens were read in the smoke. In Norse and Tueton mythology the sun-god seems to be distributed among various dieties. In the beginning there were three worlds: *Nilfheim,* the world of mist, in the far north, *Muspelheim,* the world of fire, in the far south, and between them *Ginungagap,* the yawning abyss. In blazing *Muspelheim,* amid intense light and heat, sat *Surt,* the sun-god, with a burning sword in his hand. When the heated blasts of *Muspelheim* met the frozen mists of *Nilfheim,* the two congealed in drops. Those drops, by the might of the Supreme God, quickened into life and became an evil giant, the first living creature. The chaotic world-mass also produced all sorts of evil spirit-forms of cold and darkness. But the holy cow *Audhumbla,* "licked" a higher spiritual life out of chaos, in the shape of the three gods *Odin, Thor* and *Baldur* and a number of others. Human beings were created out of a pair of trees by Odin. *Sol,* the shining sun-god resigns his attributes to gentle *Baldur,* who is killed by *Loki,* the god of evil, (and the god of fire) and to the god of light. Odin (Teuton *Wodin, Wotan* or *Godan*) was a storm-god, like the Slav god *Perhunas,* and the Hindu god *Indra,* and human and horse sacrifices were offered up to him. Thor or Thunder was the popular "fighting god" of the whole Teutonic and Scandinavian north, and the Emperor Charlemagne had to suppress the worship of Thor and Wotan among the pagan Saxons (eighth century) with the sword. He could only induce them to accept the religion of the Prince of Peace by the most bloody slaughter and rapine. However, his means of conversion were effective.

Scandinavian and Teutonic Mythology and Christianity.—While

many of the Norse gods and their worshipers had to be suppressed by blood-letting, others adapted themselves easily to Chirstianity when it came. Thus Baldur or Balder, the peacemaker, noblest, gentlest and kindest of all the Norse gods, was easily identified with the "White Christ" of the early Christian missionaries. The introduction of Christianity to the Scandinavians was marked by hectic scenes.

Olave Tryggvesen.—According to Northern chronicles the bravest, best and handsomest of men, Olave Tryggvesen, after a wild life of pirate adventure which spread terror along the coasts of all lands, and took him to Russia and Constantinople, was baptized (A.D. 994), by a Scilly Island hermit. He was not, perhaps, an ideal Christian, for he married his step-mother, and cultivated sorcery in order to foretell his future. But he used his pirate experience very effectively in Christianizing Norway. His conversions were direct and to the *point.* Those who would not kiss the cross, were thrust through or hewn down with the sword. Wherever he passed through the country the inhabitants (those who were left), were Christians. He was not illogical. In one place Olave found eighty wizards, witch-doctors or *shamans,* assembled. He tried to convert them *sober,* he tried to convert them *drunk.* They would not be converted in either state. So, seeing that in any case they were devoted to eternal fire, Olave burned them up in the building they occupied. For he was bound to have none but Christians in his land. When he was slain in a sea-battle, it is said that many of his subjects grieved themselves to death. His god-child and successor, the Norse king known as Saint Olave (A.D. 1015), won lambs for the fold by confiscation, blinding, mutilation, and death, for the pepole often relapsed into the worship of their old pagan gods. He was slain in a battle with his own subjects. A century after his death his remains were placed in a splendid silver shrine in the cathedral of Nidaros, and he became Norway's patron saint.

Religious Drinking.—In Scandinavian and Teutonic countries the spread of Christianity was gradual, in spite of blood conversion. Yet, even though they were stopped by the sword, the terrible old *human sacrifices* came to an end. The modern Scandinavians and Teutons have a well-established reputation as *social* drinkers. It began with *religious* drinking. At the great *Minne-drinking* feasts of the ancient north, the cup of memory (in the plural, and until it no longer could be lifted) was drunk in loving thought of dead kindred, or quaffed to the gods. The custom of religious drinking lingered in Iceland until the seventeenth century, when it painlessly passed over into social guzzling. The Norsemen and Teutons, when their religious drinking was confronted with Christianity, found a pleasant and easy way out of the difficulty. Instead of drinking to the old gods,

they drank to Christ and the Virgin Mary, to the northern saints and the Archangel Michael, and even the Holy Ghost supplied an excuse for a toast.

Human Sacrifices Among the Northmen.—Aside from all sorts of animals, human sacrifices were common. At the great nine-year festival at Upsala (where Norway's most famous university is now situated) the bodies of the men sacrificed to the gods hung from the same branches with horses and dogs in the sacred grove, and this was the case in Sweden and Denmark as well. Criminals and slaves were the preferred sacrifices of the Viking Age. Their bodies were broken on the stone altar which stood within the room-ring, but they were buried or supplied fruitage for the sacred trees, instead of being eaten, as was so often the case among eastern races. When all else seems to fail, men sometimes revert to the most primeval ideas. In Sweden, as late as *1350,* when the Black Death, the plague, was raging, the prayers of priests and people seemed useless. It would not stop. So the West Gothlanders met in Congress, and *two beggar children* were sacrificed to the demon of the plague. We also have amusing instances of good folk who felt it safest not to get off with the old gods before they were on with the new. In Christianity's early day Thorstein Ingemundsson said he knew his dead father was enjoying his just reward of bliss "with Him who created him and all the world—whoever He may be". And Helge the Lean put his trust in Christ *ashore,* and named his home "Christness". But—"when at *sea* he prayed to Thor in all things he thought were of most account to him".

The Finnish Wizards.—Trolls, Giants and the evil water-spirit the Nokk are among the demon spirits of Norse mythology, and a firm faith in wizardry and witchcraft endured as a popular superstition for many ages. In the north the Finns and Lapps in particular, a people in part of Mongolian stock, were the greatest wizards and magic-makers. These wizards and witches practised all sorts of evil by means of spells and incantations, cultivated "night-riding", assumed the shapes of animals at will, and possessed the "second sight". The Christian kings applied themselves very industriously to ridding the land of them, and did a good deal of pious witch-burning, in spite of which the belief did not die out, though a number of the witches did. The Finns among old-time, superstitious "sailing-ship" sailors are, even to this day, credited with being able to "raise a wind", at any time by magic charms and spells. In old times these wind-raising charms were often bought by skippers. In an old volume by Joannes Shefferi (1675), dealing with the magic of the "Finnlapps" as he calls them, the author says: "The Finns sell winds to the traders who are becalmed along their shores, and cannot stand out to sea again," and also: "A Finn is not happy unless every day he

sends out a *gan,* that is a blue fly or devil. And if he can find no human being whom he can injure and afflict with his *gan,* then he flings it to the wind so that it can do harm as the spirit moves it to beasts tame and wild."

Norse Mythology's Artistic Gift to the World.—Finnish wizardry or shamanism is only a geographic incidental which has been mentioned in connection with the Scandinavian mythology. But one great *artistic* gift the whole world of music owes Norse mythology, and that is the German composer Richard Wagner's trilogy of operas, which with their prelude opera are known as the "The Ring of the Nibelungs". In his text working-out of the old Norse mythological legends, the great composer has, naturally, given the old gods and their doings a new meaning, one more important than their older one to present-day human beings.

*The ideas of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelungs.**—They are summed up in the death of the old gods, and the deliverance of humanity. In *The Rhinegold* Wagner preaches a *socialist* doctrine: he curses gold and its evil power, and foretells humanity's redemption through love. In *The Valkyrie,* he advances an *anarchistic* idea, decrying law and its conventions; while as a *lover of freedom* he condemns justice founded on injustice, and opposes his hero Siegfried as the champion of liberty to the god Wotan, a god of contracts and signatures on the dotted line. As a *pagan* he calls the same Siegfried "the most perfect of men", though he has *no morals,* lives by *instinct,* and his life is devoid of god or law. But in *Siegfried* he also voices the *Christian* doctrine that Brunnhilde and Siegfried may atone for Wotan's sins *by their own merit,* and thus redeem mankind; while the ideal of *pessimism* by Wotan's theory is that wisdom consists *in not wishing to be.* Finally, Wagner shows himself an *optimist* in *The Dusk of the Gods,* where their passing is combined with the idea that the reign of love makes life worth living.

What Edda and Nibelungenlied Reflect.—The *Elder Edda,* collected by a Christian priest Saemund Sigfusson (1055-1152 A.D.) of Iceland, comprises the early myths and legends of the Scandinavians. What remains of Teuton legend is comprised in the *Nibelungenlied.* Both show that the beliefs of the Gothic peoples were not *mystic,* like those of the *Kelts;* nor *spiritual* like those of the *Vedic* Indians, nor as intellectual and symbolized as those of the *Aztecs and Peruvians.* On the other hand, theirs is a primitive religion of gods who set an example of religious morality by stressing bravery and faith, of which truth is a reflection. Their gods are decent in the modern meaning of the term, though not moral as we understand the latter word.

* The legends themselves will be found in "The Romance of Opera".

The Religion of Ancient Egypt.—Among many lesser gods, animal-gods, nature-gods, element-gods, of every kind worshiped in ancient Egypt, three great gods, *Ra* or *Re, Ptah* and *Amon* stand out, and all three are really the same god-head under another name. Ptah, by uttering their *magic names,* created sky, earth, gods and men. He was the creator-god—2,000 years before Christ—not an animal-god creator, but one out of the words of whose mouth, conceived in his heart and mind, the world came into being and all spiritual power was evolved. Hence his temple in Memphis was known as *Hat-ka-Ptah.* "The Temple of Ptah's Soul". The mass of the Egyptian people felt the little animal-gods nearer to them, and more accessible to their prayers, so they worshiped them fervently, besides the great ones. The state religion included worship of *Osiris,* the sun-god (*Set,* the god of evil, was usually identified with the chief god of Egypt's enemy, the Syrian god *Baal*), and Pharaoh, the Egyptian king was Amon's or Osiris' child. But Amon was an older sun-god than Osiris. In Egypt the serpent was not associated with sun-worship. Instead the serpent was considered an evil demon or spirit, and associated with the god Set, and as such was worshiped out of fear. Long before Herodotus visited Egypt, the upper classes generally had risen to higher religious beliefs, while the people still worshiped their snake-animal-tree and stone-gods. But the bull, especially *Apis,* the holy *Bennu*-bird, a phoenix with gold and crimson plumage (a bird-type of immortality and the resurrection, because it rises from its own ashes), are associated with the sun-gods, and so was the holy beetle or *scarabaeus.* This holy tumble-bug was supposed to be *born of itself,* and thus became the symbol of eternal life. The animal-god forms of ancient Egypt were innumerable. We will dwell on them in detail. While to the outward eye the Egyptian was the crudest sort of idol-worship, we must not forget that to the more intellectual Egyptian these animal gods were only symbolic. He did not ascribe miraculous power to their images in stone any more than a well-educated and advanced Roman Catholic does to the stone statue of a saint. And combined with her sun-gods, who to the initiate represent all that is good, noble and powerful in the *abstract,* and the rude idol-worship of the masses, we have in addition an *ancestor-worship* in which the cult of the dead is carried out with an elaboration of form and ceremony which leaves the Chinese far behind.

Where Osiris-Worship and Christianity Meet in the Egyptian Day of Judgment.—Only because they believed that the welfare of their souls in the "Blue Paradise", which was only a glorified valley of the Nile, was dependent on the care of their dead bodies, did the Egyptians embalm them with such anxious care. They pickled them in natron, took out the intestines and other organs, and filled the body

with costly gums, resins and aromatics. And they wrapped them up with magic curses and maledictions on those who disturbed their rest, as well as linen bands. There is something pitiful about these poor, desecrated bodies which now lie in their rock-tombs under the glare of electric lights, or are exposed beneath the glass of museums. Full of faith and trust, their own nearest and dearest laid them away to await the Egyptian resurrection of the dead. But the merciless scientific curiosity of our own times pries them loose from their protecting wrappers, king and commoner, and callously exposes them to the ribald gaze of the tourist mob. We at any rate, have the satisfaction of knowing that *Christian* interment, either by the rapid process of cremation or the slower one of earth burial, soon mingles our dust with the elements from which it came, and will save us from what might almost be called indecent exposure to the curious eyes of those who may follow us on earth some two or three thousand years hence. Osiris was the judge of the world of the dead. Before his tribunal every Egyptian soul had to appear. To him it had to render an account of its life on earth. "I did not blaspheme. I did not steal. I did not slay by treachery. I did not commit adultery. I have not slandered or falsely accused another" it would say, and again, with quite a Christian touch: "I gave bread to the hungry, and drink to him who was athirst. I clothed the naked with garments."* Then Osiris adjusted his divine scales. In one balance was put the *heart* of the deceased, in another a *feather*, the symbol of truth. The soul stood by and watched. And according as the feather rose or fell, he was welcomed into the communion of Osiris or hurried away to Set's hell.

The Bar-Maid's Son Who Bore a Prophet.—The discovery of King Tutankhamen's tomb, with his royal body, his clothes, furniture, and all the splendid trappings he used in mortal life (just as the breech-clouted North American Indian's grave held his bow and arrows) has thrilled the world in recent years. Yet King Tutankhamen, stripped

*In the "Book of the Dead", the solemn Egyptian burial service, used for Pharaoh and *fellah*, these phrases are used. Osiris was first a god of the *poor people*, the *common people*, and his son Norus acts as a Saviour, and tries to help and intercede for the dead brought before him. What made Osiris a best-beloved god was the fact that, like the Christ, he lived, suffered and died on *earth*, that he originally was *human*. A human god has appealed to humanity in every age. First an earth and under-earth god, he at last grew so popular that the priests had to take him up into heaven, and make a sun-god out of him. As a man-god Osiris lives, suffers, dies and rises again from the dead. Set, the demon-god of evil, kills and dismembers him. But his son, Norus, sacrifices an eye, and with it wakes the dead god to life again. Rising from the dead, Osiris became lord of the underworld, and every good Egyptian when he died knew that his soul would rise again and become a part of Osiris' immortal soul—for the soul of the humblest worshiper was identified with that of the saviour god!

of his royal robes, is just an ordinary Egyptian Pharaoh. His father was a truly great man. Old Amenophis IV, King Tutankhamen's grandfather, was a kind of Egyptian King Louis XV. The elderly French libertine found his last mistress in a Paris brothel. King Amenophis, according to popular rumor, found his love, a girl of twelve (which would correspond to our sixteen or seventeen) in the dubious moral atmosphere of a Memphis beer-house. Taia's origin was veiled in obscurity. But to the universal scandal and consternation of the kingdom, Amenophis married the bar-maid, with all rites and ceremonies, put the red and white double-crown of Egypt on her brow, and a girl of the basest extraction and mode of life became the legitimate queen of the land. Of this union between the son of the gods and the chance offspring of some Egyptian *fellah,* was born a prophet, a reformer, a religious fanatic who—during his reign, at least, overturned the whole religious system of Egypt.

Akhenaton.—There shall be no other gods but *Aton,* " The Sun", he said. Amo-Ra was a sun-god, too, of course, but not sun-god enough to suit the new king, for Amenhopt ("Amon is satisfied") had originally been his name. He changed it to *Akhenaton* ("Reverencing Aton"), and swept away every god but Aton, the visible sun-disk, the one and only god, the source of all life, creation, growth and activity. He had to fight an immensely wealthy and powerful priesthood, but he overcame it, though at Hierapolis, when the great Temple of Amon was besieged, the priests staved off one attack by dressing in the masks and costumes of all the Egyptian animal-gods, crocodile-dog-lion-hawk-cat-and- monkey-gods, and lining the walls armed with bows and arrows. The superstitious Egyptian soldiers recruited from the country villages fled in terror when they saw their *own local village-god,* the holy image father and mother had taught them to worship from earliest childhood, appear on the temple walls to fight them. Yet in the end Akhenaton had his way. He used the revenues of the plundered Amon and other temples to build a new holy city, *Akhenaton,* "The Horizon of Aton", the present El Amarna, on the edge of the desert. There magnificent temples and palaces rose, looking out on the vast sandy wastes where the one god reigned. And from Akhenaton the missionaries of the new sun-god set forth to convert the Egyptian people to the new faith.

The Inwardness of the Aton-Cult.—This early worship of the One God in the form of the solar ray, was far more beautiful and ideal than anything Egypt had known before. No image, no idol, was allowed to be raised to Aton, in whom and from whom were all things. He was the creator and lord of love. He was the friend and comforter of the afflicted. He was the source of delight. The *ankh,* the emblem of immortality, was his emblem. He was god

in nature: "The flowers of the marshes are drunk with the god, the birds lift their wings in adoring him, his beams are in the depths of the sea," say his hymns. And in them, too, we see that he was conceived as a *human* and *loving* deity: "Thou makest the seasons, thou nourishest the gardens as a mother with her breasts . . . millions of forms thou makest, shining as living Aton, dawning, glittering, forever going and ever returning, through thyself alone thou makest forms . . . Manifold are thy works, Sole God, whose power none other possesseth! . . . Creator of the germ and maker of the seed, thou givest life to the son in the body of the mother, soothing him that he may not weep, nursing him in the womb, giving breath to animate all! Thou makest hearts live through thy beauty. . . men live when thou sendest forth thy rays, and every land rejoices!" The hymns to Aton are considered the *highest expression of Egyptian religious thought,* but—all high and beautiful things that come before their time are doomed. Religious tradition is one of the most terrible soul-tyrants in the world. In modern America, the general trend is away from the stifling, deadening fetters of *tradition as tradition,* in religious thought as in politics, in moral as well as in social life. Man is learning to think for himself. But in ancient Egypt, a peasant land, where every mother's child drank in with its mother's milk a belief in some particular local god-fetish, the beautiful doctrine of Aton met with no response. The village crocodile-monkey-cat-jackal- or snake-god was one and all to the poor, tradition-suckled Egyptian. He could no more conceive of one great, sole, universal godhead, than a tradition-suckled member of some traditional political party to-day can conceive of the direct election of a president. The gods of Egypt had always been determined by the religious and political leaders of Egypt, the priesthood, in convention assembled. Anything different *must* be wrong. So the great majority of Egyptians continued to cherish their crocodiles and monkeys. The fall of Aton is the great religious tragedy of ancient Egypt. For Aton's worship was utterly swept away as soon as King Akhenaton died. He had offered his people the beauty of a higher and nobler truth. But tradition and the political interest won out. As soon as the hand of power which for a time had forced recognition of Aton was removed, the people flocked back happily to field-mice, crocodiles, monkeys, sacred rams, snakes, dogs, jackals and what not. The priest-politicians in the retired and renovated temples once more preached the doctrine of keeping all as it *was,* because it always had been that way. And King "Tut", Akhenaton's son, backslid to Amen, as his name shows. The son of a liberal often is a conservative.

The Goddess Isis.—The goddess Isis was Osiris' sister-wife. She with her son Horus, is the first *Madonna with the Child,* the first

goddess-mother. In Christian art the Christ Child is often pictured with a *flower* or lamb, but there is no accounting for tastes, and dear little Horus, the holy babe of the Nile, was known as "Horus of the *Crocodiles!*" Isis was the most famous and popular of all Egyptian goddesses, and not until 600 A.D. did the last priest of Isis shut up the last of the goddess' shrines, and throw away the key, owing to the absence of worshipers. She was the goddess of earth and its fruits (the Greeks identified her with *Demeter,* their earth-goddess) of the Nile, the sea, love, music and the underworld, of healing, magic and fruitfulness. Early in the third century B.C. her worship spread to Greece, and from the time of Vespasian on became very popular throughout the Roman world and even spread to Britain. The *Isaic Mysterics* represented the main events in her life as the sacred myth of Isis and Osiris: Osiris' murder, Isis' wanderings and laments; Horus' triumph over Set, and Osiris' resurrection. It was celebrated with music, and there was an *inner mystic meaning* to its outward observance. For higher and nobler souls it was a lofty service of purification, but—as is so often the case in older days when a goddess of love and fertility was worshiped—the baser crowd used the Isaic Mysteries as an excuse of dark and dubious orgies!

The God Serapis and Christianity.—The god Serapis, the Greek-Egyptian god of Alexandria, a combination of Osiris and Apis, together with Isis and the child Horus, is the first rude *god-trinity* based on certain universal truths. When Isis passed to the Romans of the empire, she lost her virginity, religiously speaking. She lost the chastity which had been associated with her worship, and came to be regarded as the goddess of illicit love. Knowing the Romans of the empire, this change is not surprising. Serapis, always, though associated in the Isis trinity, was a god of a loftier and more *spiritual* kind. It is because he is a savior god, his symbol a bull encircled by a serpent, emblem of eternal life, because he is a god of *resurrection,* that his worship was so popular *that for a time it held its own against early Christianity!*

A God Who Died With His Boots On.—The destruction of the magnificent temple of Serapis in Alexandria (A.D. 397) marked the triumph of Christianity over the Graeco-Egyptian trinity. Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, was a violent man. In digging up the old temple of Bacchus to build a church, the Christian diggers found indecent symbols (though symbols holy to pagan eyes) and they promptly laid off work to carry them about town in a mocking procession. The pious pagans of Alexandria were shocked, not by the symbols but by the mockery. They rose in arms, and barricaded themselves in the great *Serapeum* Temple, after they had killed a number of the Christians who had made fun of their indecent holy

symbols. The Serapeum formed a tremendous pile of buildings, towering above the city, and was considered one of the world's wonders. The pagans would "rush" the Christian besiegers, drag in prisoners, and when they refused to sacrifice to Serapis, torture or crucify them. The Emperor Theodosius was appealed to by the bishop. When his answer came the governor drew the defenders of the Serapeum to listen to the reading of the decree. It declared that *all* the pagan temples in Alexandria must be destroyed, so Bishop Theophilus gleefully gave orders to start with the Serapeum. When the colossal statue of the god, a beautiful work of art by a great Greek sculptor, covered with plates of gold and silver and adorned with jewels, was attacked by a soldier with uplifted axe, even a good many Christians held their breaths. It was generally believed that heaven and earth would go to wreck if it were touched. But after a cheek and leg had been chopped off, the spell was at an end, and the remains of Serapis were dragged to the market-place and burned. *Serapis,* a god of resurrection, the *man-god Osiris,* suffering, dying and rising from the dead to become the savior of men, and *Aton,* a one great and only god-head, all-powerful and omniscient, are the noblest figures in Egyptian mythology, and it also held the belief, unknown to the Hebrews of the Old Testament, that on the *kind* of life lived on earth, its uprightness and moral value, depends the future of the soul beyond the grave.

Babylonian and Assyrian Sun-Gods.—In Babylon the worship of the sun and the sun-god came in time to absorb all other cults save that of nature and fertility, goddess *Ishtar, Ashtoreth* in her Syrian version. The demon-worship of the old Turanian Sumerians, under the influence of Semite tribes which conquered them, was merged in the later Chaldean or Babylonian religion, in which the *Shamash,* Ishtar's brother, the great sun-god of Babylonians and Assyrians, became the center of the system of planet-god. He was kind, life-giving, opposed to darkness and wickedness, and was the great judge of the universe and earth-gods, and the Assyrians specialized—as was fitting in a people whose only business in life was war—in war-gods. The soft moon-goddess, Ishtar of Nineveh, surrounded by pomegranates, "love-apples" and cooing doves, the goddess of licentious sexual rites and numberless lovers, had to have a *war-soul* as well as a *love-soul* to satisfy the Assyrians. So as the goddess Ishtar of *Arbela* she was a battle-goddess, slaying bloodily in the fashion most approved by her worshipers. In Babylon *Bel-Marduk* finally became a sun-god instead of Shamash, and *Assur* was the clan sun-god of the Assyrians. The Babylonian was by nature an easy-going business man, the Assyrian a blood-thirsty professional robber-soldier, but both were practical peoples, and after food had been offered on

the altars of the gods it was eaten by them. The brick tablets from the old ruins of Babylonian and Assyrian palace libraries have been translated by scholars and the hymns these peoples used in their cults translated. Many are highly poetical. But we will not dwell on them. It is worth remarking that many of the old Biblical legends have been *anticipated* by the Babylonians and are ruder and earlier forms of the same picturesque myths found in Genesis. Among them are the myths of the Creation, of Adam (his Babylonian name is *Adapa*), of the Tree of Life, of the Flood (with *Upnapishtim* in the rôle of Noah). Unlike other races, neither Babylonians nor Hebrews practised ancestor-worship.

The Sorceress of the Hebrew Paradise.—Here, in connection with Adam, the sorceress of the old Hebrew paradise might be shown as Hebrew legend shows her. For in some respects she is near akin to the Babylonian Ishtar. A lovely demon, she is followed by a long procession of wailing mothers, each carrying a dead child. Adam lived with Lilith, a wild wood-spirit of the terrestrial paradise, before God gave him Eve. Eve was the first faithful wife; Lilith, personified the free love of the spirits. One day Lilith tired of Adam and left him, no doubt to find other forest lovers. But—this was before Eve had been thought of—God did not wish his Adam to be alone. Three angels at once hurried after Lilith, stopped her, and gave her a choice of two evils. Either she must return at once to Adam or—every day she lived a hundred of her children must die! Lilith (she must have been very tired indeed of Adam) chose the death of her children as the lesser evil. But her lot was a terrible one. And it leads to a revenge still more terrible. As her own *spirit* children sink dying around her she avenges them by strangling the little *human* children of Adam and Eve's line. The superstition concerning her has been carried over into the modern Jewry. Only the names of the three policemen angels, *Senoi, Sanesnoi* and *Samangelof,* will save the child about to be born from Lilith. Their names are written on a scrap of paper and hung in the expectant mother's room. In some places six men must come from the synagogue and pray by the bedside. Then a chalk circle is drawn about the mother, and on the door is written: "May God let this woman bear a son, and may he have a wife who resembles Eve and not Lilith." The story is an interesting instance of what the imagination of man can ascribe to God.

Moloch.—Adonis was a sun-god, the Baals of Syria, the *Molochs* of Phoenicia and Carthage were sun-gods, and were worshiped with rites as horrible as any the Ashanti of Dahomey could invent, though in *material* civilization the Syrians and Assyrians were far in advance of the naked, greasy savages who crawled on their bellies be-

fore the python-god. One shudders to think of the thousands of innocent babes from eight to twelve, thrust into the red-hot, gaping stomach of the Molochs of the great Phoenician cities when the priests called for the child-sacrifice. Lifted by the god's brazen arm, they were tilted out of his brazen palm into the furnace of his body. Then a little whiff of smoke escaping upward, a little rain of ashes falling between the idol's legs! . . . What have men not done in the name of religion! Think of the little ones who slipped into Moloch's glowing belly to the frantic applause of a whole congregation of enthusiastic worshipers!

Ishtar and Astarte.—In every sun-cult the planet Venus usually represents a sex-goddess. Babylonian Ishtar is no exception to the rule. Ishtar supplied the germ idea of the famous "Dance of the Seven Veils", and has been called "the only real goddess in the Babylonian sun-cult pantheon". Her most beautiful myth is that in which she descends into the terrible Chaldean underworld to seek the water of life to restore her dead husband *Tammuz* (Adonis). To reach the dreary realm of *Allatu,* the queen of the shadow-world, Ishtar has to pass seven barriers. At each she must leave one of her veils, till she arrives at the last gate entirely naked. During her absence earth ceases to bring forth, but at last she returns to earth to the joy of mankind.

Astarte, the Ishtar of Syrian Hierapolis.—The Ishtar sex-cult at its worst as exemplified by the temple-worship of Syrian Hierapolis, where Ishtar appears as Astarte, has been portrayed in vivid language by a modern scientist-poet: "Do you hear the wild, intoxicating Bacchantic music? For a thousand years it whistled, roared and drummed through the temple grove of Hierapolis in Syria. It sounded in honor of Astarte, the eternal Feminine-Masculine, masculine-feminine, the double-sexed goddess. The act of generation is the form of prayer observed in this temple. It is considered the only moment in which man totally realizes his god. Women rush along dressed as *men,* men in the garb of *women.* They unite, they pray! Priests regulate the ceremony to holy temple-music. And every perverse form of love is accounted sacred by the *insane cult.* Men turn themselves into women by a hideous sacrifice of virility. In tremendous crowds the entire people stream in for the spring festival . . . The temple looks down on the city from a splendid site on a hill. Its roof is supported by Ionic columns, its foundations rest on tremendous terraces. The whole temple enclosure is one treasury of the most magnificent gift offerings. Whoever does not give gold offers eunuch slaves for the temple service. Before the temple entrance rise two tall stone obelisks, symbols of the male generative organ. Once a year some reputed saint climbs each, and there prays

for seven days and seven nights, while below him pile up the sacrificial gifts of those whom he includes in his prayer!"

A Religion of Grown-Up Children.—Unlike the religion of ancient Egypt, the Babylonian religion produced no lofty religious figure, no great moral lawgiver or prophet. But certain *moral laws* and *thoughts* are developed in the first great code of social laws known to mankind, the Code of the Babylonian King Hammurabi. But this was not a religious code. It was a code of law like our own, intended to regulate the ordinary public, private and business life of a great and civilized nation, and paid especial attention to commerce. It provided courts of justice and a judicial system. Punishments were provided for *immortality, debt, oppression* and *slander*. The primitive touch is shown in the death penalty punishing "putting a spell" on a person. It has been called "a religion of grown-up children".

CHAPTER X

THE GREAT SUN RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

AMONG North and South American Indian primitive tribes we find Deluge legends, the legends of mythical founders of the human race, born of the union of a divine being with a human virgin, and Messiah traditions, according to which the prophet or divine lawgiver, angered at the wickedness of the human creatures he has made, leaves them, promising to return at some future time. The Iroquoian Indians had nature, life, flower and beast-gods, as well as a sun god, and most tribes had a vague, supreme godhead. The Chippewa and Algonquin Indians, in particular, believed in the *Manitou* or *Kitchi Manitou* (Great Manitou), a nature-god principle which was spread through all life, both animate and inanimate. The variations of religious belief among the Indian tribes of North and South America is almost endless, but, in general, they held certain beliefs common to primitive man in every land under the sun. These simple foundation beliefs include: the belief in a life after death, the belief in a dark place or hell, and a light place or paradise, as the abode of the soul, and belief in gods of good and evil, the doctrine of transmigration—the belief that the human soul is reborn in other human beings, beasts or inanimate objects—fetichism, idols, sacrifice, religious ceremony and magic. Yet, in the case of many tribes, the sun as the god of light stands out as one of the main figures of mythology.

Snake Dances.—In North America, the further south we get, the more pronounced, as a rule, is this sun-worship. The "sky father" and earth mother are the central figures of the mythology of the *Moqui* Indians (S. W. United States). They use magic ceremonies to insure rainfall in their desert country, and everything in their lives is symbolically related to the sun and water. Together with fetishism and ancestor-worship, they have an elaborate dance ritual —the *Moqui Snake-Dance*—in connection with the worship of the sun.

Sun Dances with elaborate ceremonies were common to many tribes of the Western Plains and the Missouri River. The ancient Cliff Dwellers of the American South-West, the ancestors of the Navaho, Zuni, Hopi and other Indians tribes of to-day, were sun-worshipers. Their terraced villages were identified by the Spaniards with the legendary "Seven Cities of Cibola", whose streets were paved with gold and doorways studded with precious stones. Their prayers,

songs and sacred dances have been handed down for centuries in a ritual of worship to the sun-god, and other nature and animal gods by the priests. The *Hopi* still call themselves "Children of the Sun", dance sacred snake-dances and Hopi babies, all dedicated to the sun-god from the day of their birth, are completely exposed to his keen desert rays until they are well along in their 'teens.

The Sun-Cult of the Natchez.—Among the North American Indians were the Natchez,* a proud tribe which once lived on the present site of the city of Natchez, on the Mississippi, but whose few survivors now live with the Cherokee on Indian territory. They had a monarchical system of government, wove clothes out of the inner bark of the mulberry tree, and their great nobles too were called "suns". When the Natchez king died his wives were killed with him and the parents offered up their children in sacrifice. They had the highest and most ceremonially developed sun-worship ever found on the North American continent. Its rites resembled those of the Persian fire-worshipers. In the great Temple of the Sun, the sacred fire, so the priests taught, had been kindled on the altar by a meteor from heaven. It had glowed without interruption, this sacred flame, until shortly before the Whites came when it was extinguished by accident. The Indians through this foretold the downfall of their race and it made their conquest an easy matter.

The Sun-Gods of the Mayas.—In many Central American jungles gigantic Maya temple ruins have been freed of the luxuriant growth of weeds which covered them, and have yielded relics of a magnificent and mysterious past, when cruel human sacrifice and splendid ceremonies were the rule in sacred pyramid-temples to sun-gods of the past. The Maya sun-god of Yucatan, the god *Kin* (not the man-god *Kukucan,* who teaches man the arts and crafts, and makes the desert bloom like a rose) is pictured in the age-worn images of the jungle as a god with a serpent tongue. Another Mayan sun- or moon-god, known as *Itzamna,* wears a serpent-headdress, and his opposite may have been "The Old Black God" of the Mayas, whose sacred animal was the tapir, kept in a subterranean temple, and who is supposed to have been the god of the underworld. The splendid empire of the Mayas is thought to have developed in Central America during the first thousand years B.C. On stone and on books of

* The Indian "Ghost Dance" originated by various prophets at various times (the first by a Piute medicine man, Wovoka, "Jack Wilson", in 1888) from the Missouri River to beyond the Rockies, are *modern,* as are the "Crow Dances" of the Cheyenne and Arapho, with hypnotic trances, etc. They are "Messiah" dances. That is they are religious dances which have accompanied the teaching of the doctrine that an Indian "Messiah" had come to bring back the Golden Age to his people. From the time of Pontiac and Tecumseh, every Indian uprising has been connected with this doctrine of a red-skinned saviour of his race.

agave-leaves, the sacred legends and writings of the people were preserved. And a great and flourishing civilization reigned where now the jungle rules. The Mayan sun-worship was the ancestor of one of the greatest sun-cults known, that of the Nahua and Aztec peoples, inherited in part from the older race of the Toltecs, whose *Quetzalcoatl,* "The Feathered Serpent", was identical with *Gucumatz,* the sun-god of the Mayas of Yucatan and Guatemala.

The Aztec Sun-God.—The Aztecs had their Deluge legend, their legend of the confusion of tongues, and that of the dispersion of the races of men over the face of the earth. The vague general god of Aztec mythology was *Teotl,* and his opposite (a kind of Mexican Satan) was *Tlacatecolotl,* "The Reasoning Owl". Many are the other gods of the Aztec pantheon. There is the great wind god *Tezcatlipoca,* "soul of the world", creator of heaven and earth, but also magician and sorcerer, and known as "The Sower of Discord".

The Lord's Prayer Addressed to an Aztec Idol.—A legend of *Tezcatlipoca* which follows will show how fantastic and malicious he was. At the same time old Spanish writers have preserved a prayer addressed to him in the temples which closely resembled the "Lord's Prayer" of Christianity: "Mighty God, thou who givest me life and whose slave I am, grant me the supreme grace of meat and drink, grant me the enjoyment of thy mercy, that it may support me in my toil and my needs! Have pity on me who live in sorrow, poor and abandoned, and open to me the hands of thy mercy!" The solar orb was regarded as a god under the name of *Tonathiu,* but like the Greek god *Helios,* who drives the sun-chariot, was not one of the greater gods.

The Man Who Lived as a God for a Year.—Strange is the tale of the yearly human sacrifice to Tezcatlipoca. This god, year by year, had an earthly representative. On his feast-day a young man was chosen who was more than ordinarily handsome, strong and well-built. And he became the *living god.* He was called by the god's name, he *was* the god—for a year! For a year he lived in a lordly palace and no pleasure was denied him. He went about as he listed with flute-players, guards and attendants going before him. Four lovely Aztec girls were given him as wives, aside from beautiful slaves and concubines—for a year! At the end of the year he ascended the steps of the pyramid-temple of Tezcatlipoca, and stood at his altar. For the last time the people cast themselves down to worship at his feet and then—then the masked priests tore the rich robe from his body. He was flung upon the black stone, and the high pontiff with one rapid cut of his jade-stone knife opened his breast and held up his heart, his "red jewel", to the god's image.

Though the sun itself was worshiped as *Tonathiu,* the real sun-god of ancient Mexico was *Quetzalcoatl.* He was god of the wind

and the sun, a dawn-god, shown in long, white robes and with a beard. Scientific opinion is divided as to whether he was a sun-god or a sacred "Man of the Sun", and the latter theory is the most favored. Quetzalcoatl was the most *human* god of a whole mythology rich in weird, horrible, grotesquely fantastic and repulsive deities. The beautiful Aztec legends which follow show him as a gentle god of love and loving-kindness. And—had not the Spanish Conquest come between—it is possible that the religious struggle which had developed among the Aztecs between the followers of this gentle, loving god and the blood-thirsty war-god Huitzilipochtli might have done away with their horrible rites of human sacrifices and ritual cannibalism.

The Lord of the Morning Star.—Long, long ago, when the forgotten people of the Toltecs dwelt on the high plains of Anahuac, Quetzalcoatl, "The Green-Feathered Serpent" came into the world. And as a priest-king he reigned on a river island, over a city of silver palaces, in a royal castle built of mother-of-pearl and silver. The reign of Quetzalcoatl was the golden age of Anahuac: he abhored human sacrifice, and offered to the gods only snakes, flowers and butterflies. He instructed the Toltecs in all the arts of beauty, and revealed to them the delights of music.

It was Quetzalcoatl who first taught the Toltecs to play the *huehuetl,* the deer-skin drum which weeps or rejoices when touched by skillful fingers, and the slitted *tenopastle* whose murmur is the soul of gentle melancholy. It was Quetzalcoatl who gave them the sea-conch, whose breath echoes the melodies of the sea, the ringing trumpet, the tender, pleading flute. And it was Quetzalcoatl who taught the Toltecs to sing, for his very voice was music, and whenever it was heard in the gardens of his silver palace the birds of Tula learned a new song.

It is true that Tezcatlipoca, "The Smoking Black Mirror", first had made music known to men. He sent his singing messengers to earth to bid one of its children come to him across the bridge of whales which led to his abode in the sun. Yet it was Quetzalcoatl who first taught men to make music. Alas, the golden age of no people may endure! Quetzalcoatl loved the Toltecs, and that they might prosper in the arts of peace, he fasted day by day, and mortified his flesh with the spiked branches of the aloe. Then the thirteen gods in the thirteen heavens saw their power threatened. They feared that war might cease to be.

And thus it came that Tezcatlipoca, the Master of Fate and Soul of the World, when the growing might of Quetzalcoatl was shown to him in his mirror-shield of polished metal, let himself down from the heavens one dark night. He meant to bring about the downfall of the priest-king, whose penaces threatened his might, and whose tender

music held a note of menace for the gods of war. Quetzalcoatl walked the gardens of his palace with a disciple. Above them, in the twilight skies, was a beautiful cloud, ember-bright and rose-red in the rays of the declining sun. And as their eyes dwelt upon its beauty, it broke and vanished from their sight. Then the disciple cried: "Alas, of what avail is the beauty of the cloud if it must disappear!" But the "Feathered Serpent" answered: "No cloud is worth a tear. Whether it glisten like mother-of-pearl, or glimmer like purple gold in the evening sky—the crystal air is still more beautiful. No cloud is worth a tear—for new clouds are ever forming. If you have tears to shed, let them flow rather for the ant which you tread underfoot!" It was at this moment that Tezcatlipoca, in the guise of an old man approached, and offered Quetzalcoatl a curved mirror. And the latter gazed in the mirror, and when he saw his reflection he was seized with horror. "I am become old", he cried, and for a long time he hid himself from the gaze of men. In vain did one of his disciples make him a precious mask, encrusted with turquoises; he still mourned. But he did not cease to fast and mortify his flesh, and even more discordant to the ears of the gods was the sweet music of peace and rejoicing which rose from the happy Toltec land.

So once more Tezcatlipoca let himself down on earth on his gray spider-thread. And this time he sought out the "Feathered Serpent" in the great hall of his silver palace, where he sat on his royal throne beneath a canopy of humming-bird feather. In his hand Tezcatlipoca held a brimming beaker: "Drink, O Feathered Serpent!" he cried. "Drink the wine of immortality, the gift of the gods!" And Quetzalcoatl, thinking no evil, drank and passed the beaker—in which the wine grew no less—to his captains and courtiers. They also drank, sucking up the wine through reeds. And Quetzalcoatl, the king, to whom music was as the breath of life, sang:

O palace glittering with quetzals,
O palace of my beloved birds
O turquoise palace,
O palace rilling with rubies,
Never will I cease adorning you,
An ya, an ya!

Yet even as he sang the delights of his palace of Tula, the wine of the gods roused in Quetzalcoatl an irresistible desire to find the magic land of eternal youth, which lay far away in the South beyond the sea. "The sun calls me!" he cried, and burying his books and jewels in a spring, he left his castle of mother-of-pearl and silver never to return. Followed by his disciples and all the song birds of Tula, he crossed the snow-covered mountains. But as he was passing the city of Cholula the people seized and forced him to become

their ruler. For years he dwelt there, a captive king and god. Then he escaped, and with four disciples once more set out to seek the land of Tlillan-Tlapallan. When he reached the shores of the ocean he bade his disciples farewell. "Tell my people in Tula and Cholula that in time I will return with white companions. Then I shall once more rule over them as their king. Peace shall reign over all Anahuac, and the tears of the widows and orphans shall cease to flow."

And after that Quetzalcoatl was never again seen by mortal eye. Some say that sailing over the ocean in a canoe of serpent-skins, Quetzalcoatl reached Tlillan-Tlapallan, and dwells there in eternal youth. Others declare that he burned himself in a stone chest, and that his heart turned into the Morning Star, while his ashes were scattered to the winds in the shape of flower-birds with radiant plumage. After his disappearance Quetzalcoatl was proclaimed God of the Air and Water by the Toltecs, and his worship spread over all Anahuac. The kings of Yucatan gloried in their descent from him, and his images spreaded his fame. In a mitre spotted like a tiger-skin, embroidered tunic, turquoise ear-rings and a golden collar supporting fine shells, a shield on his left arm, his right hand holding a sceptre adorned with precious stones, his image stood in the temples. He was the kind god, the gentle god, the god of peace and good will, and the people of Anahuac prayed to his compassionate heart as the Lord of the Morning Star, the Azure Planet.

The Aztec Blood-God.—Huitzilipochtli was the Aztec Blood-God. Quetzalcoatl was a gentle god, he was the Messiah to whom many thousands of Aztecs, wearied of the endless rites of slaughter and blood, looked to see return and re-establish his golden age, with flowers strewn on the altars as sacrifice instead of blood. But in the Aztec religious system, as is often the case in a sun-cult, one particular god had grown more powerful than all the rest, the god *Huitzilipochtli.* This god, also known as *Mexitli,* whose idol was painted sky-blue, was the special protector of the Aztec nation. He was a god of war, terror and blood. Dripping hearts, the torture and agonies of human sacrifice, kept him placated. He wore a necklace of bluish hearts, his sceptre was a waving bluish serpent, a vulture or tiger surmounted his feather head-dress, and serpents issued from each angle of the stool on which he sat. The gods of trading, hunting, fishing, all the thousand other Aztec gods, *Tezcatlipochtle and

*The Aztec mythology shows some interesting moral views. The Aztecs laid stress on feminine chastity and morality, in the home and in the temple. Their priestesses were vestal virgins and they had religious communities of nuns. Their sex and love-goddess was named *Tlaelcuani.* She was not *idealised,* like Aphrodite or Venus of the Greeks, or Ishtar or Astarte. Her name meant, literally, "The Filth-Eater". Adultery on the part of a woman was punished by stoning her to death in the streets; but if the offence did not become public before it had been *confessed* to

Quetzalcoatl, were cast into the shade by this monstrous divinity. Blood and skulls and quivering hearts were his daily food, the hearts of the prisoners of war, and since his lust for them could not be satisfied, ever new wars and ever new streams of war prisoners were needed to gratify it. When the white-skinned Spaniards first came to Mexico, Cortez was supposed to be Quetzalcoatl, the god of love and good will, returned to resume his sway, and the idea helped him to a certain degree, though the majority of the Aztecs fought and died rather than abandon Huitzilpochtli and his blood-stained altars. But Huitzilpochtli did not represent *all* Aztec religious thought. The Aztec belief in Quetzalcoatl as a savior god, is shown in the following religious legend, a very lovely one:

The Fountain of Youth.—Long ago, in the days of King Quinmalpopoca, "The Smoking Shield", there lived in a splendid *tecpan* (palace) in Tenochtitlan, the city of the lagoons, an old noble named Papaxtla. Now Papaxtla had everything the gods give to men except youth. Honors, riches and respect were his, but he no longer valued them because his heart longed only for the days of his youth, when all the blue world was young and fair, when his eye was bright and his arm was strong, and the golden hours slipped through his fingers like the beads of a necklace of pearls.

So Papaxtla sent for the priests of the kind god Quetzal, "The Green-Feathered Serpent", and asked them to tell him which road led to the city of Tula, the city of silver palaces, in whose gardens bubbled forth the fountain of youth in which the god bathed at midnight. For Papaxtla knew that the years fall away from the mortal who bathes in the fountain of Tula, and that the sungold days of his youth return to him once more.

But the priests of Quetzal were divided as to the whereabouts of Tula—where the god dwelt in a *tecpan* of mother-of-pearl—and the road which led to it. One said: "Tula, the sunken city, in which bubbles the spring of youth lies far, far to the south, in the Land of the Thorns. It is there that you must seek it." But another cried: "Nay, Tula of the song-birds lies beyond the snow-capped mountains to the west, in the Land of Flowers. It is there you must go." The third priest shook his head. "There is a Tula which lies to the north, in the Land of the Cloud-Serpents, and this is the Tula of the celestial fount", said he. But the fourth thrust out his hand, and declared the others were wrong: "Tula, the silver-towered lies toward the east", he insisted, "and to find it one must push ever in the direction of the sun."

a priest of Tlaelscuani (whose name was derived from the fact that she took into herself the filth and abomination confessed to her) the culprit escaped further punishment. Tlaelcuani was the goddess of "The Sweet-Scented Ones", as the public women were called, and her image—she was represented as a figure with a blooded frog's mouth—stood in their houses.

When Papaxtla saw that the priests of Quetzal could not agree among themselves as to the whereabouts of Tula, the city of the fountain of youth, he determined to take the advice of each in turn for, surely, thought he, one of them must be right.

So leaving his splendid *tecpan* in the city of lagoons, he set out as a wanderer to find the fountain of his dream and regain the youth which he had lost. First he journeyed to the south, to the Land of Thorns, and after a year of privation and suffering in the matted jungles and forests, returned convinced that he had taken the wrong direction.

Thereupon he set forth for the west, and traveled endlessly through the Land of the Flowers. But though another year went by in his search, nowhere, in the meadows filled with blossoms, could he find the water of renewal. Again he wandered forth, this time to the north, and sought the land of Cloud-Serpents; and a year went by while he climbed the white, cold peaks of the mountain ranges still hoping to find the magic spring. "It must be the Tula of the silver palaces which lies in the east in the Land of the Sun", he told himself, "for I can find it in none of the other three directions". And, with hope renewed, he spent a year in the Land of the Sun—yet did not find the magic spring.

Now Papaxtla had been old when he undertook his search for the fountain of youth, and his four years of travel, privation and suffering had robbed him of his remaining strength. He came back from the Land of the Sun worn and weary, and with no hope left of finding the fountain of youth. He returned to Tenochtitlan, entered his *tecpan* and lay down on his couch, feeling within him that he would not rise from it again. And while he lay in his darkened room, suddenly a voice fell on his ear, and there before him stood the god Quetzal himself, wearing his mitre, his broidered tunic, and his golden collar of sea-shells. He addressed Papaxtla, and his turquoise earrings trembled as he spoke.

"Papaxtla", said the god, "because you had faith in the words of the priests who spoke in my name, and because your faith has borne no fruit, I will be kind to you. Know that Quetzal alone can tell you where the fountain of youth really lies!" At these words, old age and weariness forgotten, Papaxtla smiled with happiness and raised himself on his couch.

"Tula of the palaces of mother-of-pearl, the Tula in whose fountain I bathe at midnight, O Papaxtla", said Quetzal, "lies in none of the four directions of the compass. Tula, the first home, the city among the reeds, lies in the fifth direction!"

"And where may that be?" cried Papaxtla, with glowing eyes.

"It lies midway between south, north, east and west", replied the god. "It lies in your own heart, and in the heart of every human

being who seeks it. Tula of the silver palaces lies under the ground and is only visible in dreams. Yet, in the green forest beyond Tenochtitlan there is a clearing among the trees, and in that clearing Tula, with its palaces and towers, rises like a mist out of the earth and floats like a vision in the air. Follow me, Papaxtla, and I will lead you to the clearing, and when you behold the vision of Tula in the forest, then a hind as yellow as gold will lead you to the fountain of youth!"

And Papaxtla, a glad smile in his eyes, rose from his couch and followed the god Quetzal, who went before him. For now he knew that he would indeed find the fountain of youth. But Papaxtla's body lay motionless upon the couch—for it was Papaxtla's spirit which so joyfully followed Quetzal, the kind god, to bathe in the magic fountain of youth, to which the hind as yellow as gold would lead him.

The Sun-Cult of the Incas.—The Inca tribes of Peru were South America's truest "children of the sun". Gigantic ruins of even earlier sun-worshiping tribes which preceded them are to be found in the north of Peru and near Lake Titicaca, whose unsounded depths are said to be floored with the gold and gems cast into its holy waters for many, many centuries before the Spaniards came. The *Incæ, Aymara* and *Quichua* tribes were a gentler, kinder people than the Aztecs. Human sacrifice to the gods seems to have been comparatively rare with them.* The Sun, the great god and parent of all mankind, sent his children *Manco Capac* and *Mamma Oello Huaco* to teach them the arts of life and the whole Peruvian religious system was founded on the worship of sun and moon, represented by the Inca or emperor and his sister-wife, the descendants of the first divine sun-children. Like the Aztecs, the Incas had a Supreme God, *Pachacamac* or *Viracocha.* As *Viracocha,* he was "Foam of the Water", supposed to have risen from the depths of Lake Titicaca, to set the sun in the sky. He seems to have been the "Unknown God", invisible, who spoke in the rumblings of the earthquakes. In Peru, however, the sun-god *Inti* was the national god. His radiant temples rose in every Inca city and the most magnificent of all was in Cuzco, called Coricancha, "The Place of Gold", where the god stretched along the polished stone walls in the shape of the great disk of pure gold, studded with precious stones, his rays darting in every direction. The Peruvians called gold "tears wept by the sun"—unlike the Mexicans, to whom it was "the excrements of the gods"—and every part of the inside of the Temple of Coricancha glowed and

*This gentleness does not extend to all the surrounding tribes of "wild" Indians of the Peruvian Andes. The *Cocomas* eat their deceased relatives and say: "It is better to be inside a friend than swallowed up by the black earth!" And, in a sense, the *spirits* of their departed dear ones are thus absorbed.

shone with the precious metal. There the high-priest consulted the oracle in the livers of vultures, and rendered the god's will. The moon-goddess had a separate chapel, whose walls were covered with plaques and plates of silver to resemble her pale, silvery light. Thunder, lightning and planet-gods also had their temples, and that of the rainbow glowed and glistened with all its shifting colors. All the temples had gardens in which—as in the great pleasure-gardens of the Incas attached to the valley-palace of Yacay—there grew besides the beautiful flowers of nature, artfully worked and chiselled flowers of gold and silver in great profusion.

The Nuns of Inca Peru.—The Convent of St. Dominic now rises on the spot where Coricancha stood, and the chants of the mass resound where once the priests of *Iti* raised their solemn hymn of praise. Where once spread the temple-fields of golden and silver flowers, now stretch fields of maize. And the great Acllahuasi, "The House of the Hidden Ones", of Cuzco, the great convent that held a thousand "brides of the sun", the dusky-skinned nuns of an Indian faith, supposed to be as true to their vows of chastity as ever a Roman vestal virgin or a Christian cloister-sister, is but a memory! *Mamacunas,* elderly virgins, acted as the chaperones of the manners and morals of these young girls vowed to a religious life, and saw to it that their consciences guided them aright. Even the Inca respected the virtue of these Cuzcan nuns. But in the provinces were other convents, and these nunneries supplied the Inca's concubines—a most envied station in life, which every Peruvian maid considered an honor, since the Inca himself was a god. To err is human, and it seems that the virgins of the sun sometimes erred. The Roman and Peruvian mind had arrived at the same conclusion regarding the proper punishment for those who, in an unguarded moment, forgot their sacred vows: they were *buried alive!* If the sinner, was ready to swear solemnly that the party of the first part in her offense had been a god* himself, the wisdom of the priests found a happy solution. The *mother* was buried alive on general principles, but her *child* was spared!

Mama Allpa, a Peruvian earth—and fertility-goddess, seems to have been the nearest approach to a Peruvian Aphrodite. Perhaps, where marriage was so systematized that once a year *all* young men and women of marriageable age were assembled in every village, town or city of the empire, and joined together by parental selection—preference being given to near relatives—romantic love did not play a large part. The planet Venus, at any rate, identified among so many races with the goddess of love, appears in Peru as a young *god, Chasqui Coyllur,* and is worshiped as the *page* or attendant of the sun. Aside

* Her real lover, if detected, was strangled and his town or village razed to the ground.

from priests, the Incas had many sorcerers and magicians, and a large number of lesser gods were prayed to as well as the greater deities. A curious feature of their religion, and one which naturally shocked the first Christian clerics to enter the land, was the resemblance of some of their religious institutions to those of Christianity. Every child was *baptized* solemnly by its father, and given its Inca name two or three weeks after birth. *Confirmation* took place when the children attained the age of puberty, and was celebrated by a festival of dances and religious drunkenness. The Peruvians *confessed* to their priests, and the latter imposed *penances* on them. At the festival of the *Mosoc nina,* the renewal of the sacred fire, a species of *Eucharist* was celebrated, and the *sacramental bread and chicha* was passed around. There was also a kind of *extreme unction,* in which priests and wizards surrounded the dying man, murmuring prayers and magic spells against the demons. The Incas were not altogether innocent of human sacrifices, but they were so few—an occasional beautiful girl, a few strangled children—that they fade into insignificance beside the horrible blood-offerings of the Aztecs. Drunkenness was a feature of all the great religious Inca festivals, and the June sun-festival was succeeded by a saturnalia of debauchery. Rites of this kind, fertility-rites, were also to be found in the sun-religions of the Chilian, Colombian (Bogotan) and other less civilized South American sun-adorers.

CHAPTER XI

THE NOBLEST OF THE SUN-CULTS

(Zoroastrianism or Mazdaism)

How "Dualism" Was Developed Out of Cattle-Rustling.—The oldest sun-god of the Iranians, the inhabitants of ancient Persia, was *Mithra* (akin to the Vedic *Mitra*) or *Ahura* (Vedic *Asura*). He was a wise lord, master of the skies, and he naturally became identified with all that was *good.* He became the good god or *good principle,* while *Angra Mainyu,* the god of demons, devils and unclean spirits was identified with the *evil principle,* owing to the actual human life conditions in old Iran. These old Persians raised crops and cattle in their mountain valleys and on their mountain plains, under the life-giving radiance of *Ahura,* the sun-god. But the nomad Turanian horseman of the desert steppes of Turkestan were continually "rustling" the Persian cattle. What more natural than to see in them an evil people, and their god a *god of evil?* So out of the conflict of good men and true against robbers and despoilers grew the idea of the great struggle always going on between *light* and *darkness, good* and *bad, right* and *wrong.* Thus dualism—the doctrine that two principles, good and evil, always have existed and always will contend for mastery in the world, was born.

The Man Who Talked With God.—Zoroaster or Zarathustra (1000 or 500 B.C.) was one the greatest religious prophets and teachers of the East, and Zoroastrianism has survived from the time of Cyrus, the first great King of Persia, to the present day, as a live religion. Though Zoroaster's real origin is shrouded in legend and mystery, he seems to have been a man of noble birth, resident at the court of some early Persian or Bactrian tribal king. Like other prophets, he spent a time—ten years, between the ages of twenty and thirty—in retirement, in preparing his gospel by religious meditation. While thus engaged he had familiar talks with angels and archangels, and sometimes was admitted thrice the same day to the heaven of Ahura-Mazda, the Supreme Being, to converse with him. Thus having studied the doctrines of his faith with the one best qualified to explain them, he was ready to preach them to men. Mohammed *was* a camel-driver, Zoroaster's name hints that there was a camel-driver

in the family, for its root *ushtra, means "a camel"*. Not that to be a prophet in the East it is necessary to be a camel-driver, but the coincidence is curious. If we put together the various facts that Greek authors give us about him, we do not get many details of his life. Plato calls him the son of Oromazdes. He laughed on the first day of his birth, lived in the wilderness on *cheese,* and also dwelt upon a mountain, escaping uninjured when it was destroyed by fire. In the Persian epic called the *Shah-Namen,* he is said to have met a prophet's death nobly, being slain by the savage Turanians at the altar of Ahura-Mazda when the city of Balkh was stormed by their yellow hordes.

Zoroaster's Doctrines.—For ten years Zoroaster vainly tried to induce the little kings of Media and Persia to accept his gospel, but in the eleventh his efforts to graft his new ideas on the old religion were successful. Before that he underwent temptations, like the Christ and the Buddha, and successfully resisted them. There is much that is trifling and primitive about the doctrine of Zoroaster, as taught in his bible, the *Zend-Avesta*: the adoration of fire is most important, and death, menstruation and childbirth are the greatest sources of impurity (a quite primal idea). When a person dies a "devil-averting" dog must stand by his bedside. Cattle have a heavenly *ox-soul.* These and the anxious cult of keeping the elements pure by means of the fantastic "towers of silence", all seem childish. But aside from such things, and untold legions of devil-spirits, there are nobler features of Xoroaster's faith.

The One Supreme God.—As carried on by the Magian priesthood, the priests of Mazdaism, it is simple in its essential ideas. Zoroaster preached one only Supreme God, Ahura-Mazda, the all-wise creator, absolute lord and knower of all men's hidden secrets. He raised religious dualism from a level of *hides and hoofs* to a noble *moral* issue. His gospel, in brief, is clear and has been convincing enough to endure to this day. Ahura-Mazda declares that men *must* be righteous. Righteousness consists in being just, truthful and pious. Man must think, as the Christian Scientists say to-day "good thoughts". The choice to do right or wrong lies with man himself, but Ahura-Mazda helps those who wish to be helped to do right. Since he was free to choose the right man was punished if he sinned. One of the finest thoughts of Zoroastrianism was that man did not win spiritual redemption by contemplation or a selfish preoccupation with his *own* soul. Not *separation* from the world, but *active charity,* useful deeds, kindness to human beings and animals. everything that made the world a better place to live in was doing good, even building a bridge or digging a ditch. Doing good *practically,* not *theoretically,* kept the demons away. The individual soul

triumphs four days after death (if its good deeds outweigh its bad ones), and the blest pass into the everlasting light of heaven. At the end of a world-cycle of twelve thousand years, finally, Ahriman, the evil principle, the Satan of Zoroastrianism, is overthrown.

The Saviour of the Fire-Worshipers.—Then the saviour *Saoshyant* will be born of a virgin. The dead will rise from their graves. The mountains will dissolve and flood the earth with molten metal, which will devour and destroy the wicked, while the just will think they are walking in warm milk. And in this resurrection of all men a wicked man will stand out as "a white sheep does among a flock of black ones". Relatives and all those who have loved each other on earth will be reunited, and while Ahriman and his demons are flung into hell, the righteous will pass into the eternal happiness of Ahura-Mazda's paradise.

Mithras, the Sun-God Who Nearly Stopped the Progress of Christianity.—The religion of Zoroaster and the power of the Magian priests had a setback when Alexander the Great conquered Persia. But the latter Zoroastrian cult, accepted by the Parthians, threw the sun-god *Mithras* into the foreground. Next after Ormazd or Ahura-Mazda himself, Mithras, thousand-eyed and thousand-eared was the god of light, heat and fertility, opposing purity and uprightness to darkness and sin. As a conquering sun-god, mounted on a white horse, and with spear and bow and arrows, the Persians carried his worship wherever their armies went. And Mithras became popular. In Asia Minor his worship passed to Rome, and there he became the favorite army god. The legionaries swore by him, he was the soldiers' god, and ruins showing this Persian sun-god, besides numerous tablets and inscriptions, exist in Rome to this day. The worshipers of Mithras met underground, in sacred temples and grottos, and passed through *seven* degrees of membership before all its mysteries were revealed to them. The initiation ceremonies included eye-bandaging, hand-binding (with a fowl's intestines), jumping over a ditch filled with water, watching a pretended murder, and the administration of solemn oaths. Brothers in Mithra had their secret "lodge" signs, and spiritual blood-brotherhood. Many of Mithraism's sacred rites resembled Christian ones, and helped to make it hard for Christianity to overcome it. The Mithraists had a *baptismal* rite in which bull's blood was used. They had a species of *Eucharist,* a sacred communion of bread and wine, administered to those mystics who were about to take one of the higher degrees. Bells, candles, chanting and music were included in their services. Around the year 350 A.D., Mithraism actually seemed on the point of becoming the *universal religion,* instead of Christianity. But Christianity had an actual *person* and Mithraism only a mythical *figure* for a god. Besides—which may have had a good deal to do

with its decline—*women* were excluded from its privileges. In religion, as in human life generally, strictly "stag" affairs do not endure. Mithraism held out so long because (save for the exclusion of women) it was a very human religion. It was democratic. Slave and senator were bound by the same rules, took the same communion, and were buried in the same kind of tomb to wait the resurrection when Mithra would come to judge the quick and the dead. Its finest moral doctrine was the emphasis it laid on the need of courage, watchfulness and constant striving for *purity*. And the resurrection of the flesh was accompanied by the immortality of the soul.

An Oriental Example of Royal Tolerance.—The most interesting attempt to *revive* the lofty religion of Zoroaster was one made in sixteenth century India, by the Mogul Emperor Akbar, (1542-1605). It was made by a Mohammedan. He gave an example of enlightened tolerance to the Asian world at a time when Henry VIII, Calvin, and the Roman Catholic clergy cheerfully burned "Lollards", Roman Catholics and Protestants, respectively, all for the greater glory of the same God. A Mohammedan prince, Akbar endeared himself to his Hindu subjects by allowing them full freedom of worship (though he forbade widow-burning). In order to serve the best interests of his people as well as his own, he tried to build up an *eclectic faith* out of the best religious material to be found. After studying his own *Koran,* the precepts and ritual of Zoroaster, and hearing all that the Portuguese missionaries stationed in Goa could tell him of the *Christian* faith, he settled on a religion (Deism) of one Supreme Godhead, whose ritual he borrowed from Zoroastrianism. This, the adoption in part of the Christian, and in part of the Zoroastrian faith by a Mohammedan, stands out as one of the most interesting examples of the revival of an old sun-cult in a new way. But within the glorious palace halls of Agra, where golded flowers bloomed on marble walls, and costly rugs lay on pavements of green malachite, and the wise emperor discussed the immortality of the soul and the truth of the One God with wise men of all faiths while the silver fountains played, the "eclectic religion" died with its founder. It lacked vital power, and Akbar was no man to *force* his God down another's throat at the point of the sword!

The Fireworshipers of Today.—With the coming of Islam, Zoroastrianism died out gradually in Persia, and took refuge in India. There the *Guebres* or *Parsees,* have kept alight the sacred fire of the Iranian prophet. In the city of Bombay they are a rich, prosperous sect, more than a hundred thousand strong, whose ritual is the same the priests of Xerxes used, the ritual of the Zend-Avestas, the holy book which, written in golden letters on cowhides bound in gold once lay on the altar of Ahura-Mazda's temple in Persepolis.

A Modern Art Combination of Zoroastrianism Philosophy and Music.—In a work called *Also sprach Zarathustra* (1883), the German philosopher Nietzsche develops his theory of the "superman". The superman is free from all fetters of *tradition,* is full of strength and the joy of living and, the "will to be powerful" is his ideal. To be a superman, according to Nietzsche, should be mankind's aim, and the goal of human existence. "Only in the dance can I speak the comparison of the highest things", said Zarathustra. But the Zarathustra of Nietzsche's book is Nietzsche himself. In a famous symphonic poem for orchestras, *"Thus Spake Zarathustra",* the German composer Richard Strauss has expressed Nietzsche and Zoroaster both. Its high-point is the dance in which the ecstatic prophet's soul, "leaping with both feet into golden emerald delight", rises dancing above all the worlds and heavens. The French composer Massenet, in his opera *Le Mage.* "The Magian" (1891), its story based on Marion Crawford's novel "Zoroaster", shows the Persian prophet in difficulties with the dualism of a pure and impure love. Vareda, a priestess of voluptuousness, pursues the holy man. In an exciting climax, when Vareda makes a statue throw out a ring of fire, enclosing the holy prophet and his pure young Persian sweetheart Anahita, Zoroaster puts to practical use his friendship with Ahura-Mazda. The kind sun-god puts out the fire, and the sacred lover and his love escape, while the impure priestess Vareda expires with a scream of jealous rage!

CHAPTER XII

THE BRAHMINIC RELIGIONS OF INDIA

The Brahminic religions of India and the philosophic cults or systems of religious philosophy—which try to solve the riddle of the universe by human thought—go back to the same source. The Hindus—some 200,000,000 who follow these religions show an endless variety of faith and practice. But the religions themselves are all derived from the same "Bible", the famous groups of books known as the *Vedas.* The ancestors of the Aryan Persians and of the Aryan Indians lived on the same Persian highlands. They had the same sun-gods and other gods. But some of these Aryans emigrated. They crossed the mountains into the Indian valleys, taking with them the worship of the god *Mithra,* who was Zoroaster's friend. And while later Zoroaster shaped up Persian belief in the Persian "Bible", the *Zend-Avesta,* the emigrants developed the older traditions into the *Rig-Veda** and the other Vedic books.

The Vedas.—The Zend-Avesta is a pamphlet compared to the Vedas. They are a collection of legends of the gods, magic prayers and spells, rituals, religious and philosophic commentaries, theories and speculations large enough to supply various religious systems—and this they have done. In itself this Hindu "Bible" which goes under the name of the *Vedas,* represents a whole *evolution* of human thought. It is almost the direct opposite of the Christian Bible. In the Bible of Christianity, the fiercer, narrower, bloodier, more mythological Old Testament leads over into the optimist glory of the New Testament, with Christ's glad doctrine of immortal life and salvation. In the first books of the Hindu "Bible", the *Rig-Veda,* we have a religion of gladness with joyous sky-gods (and many, many others, for the tendency of the Hindu always has been to worship *everything,* in the heavens above and on the earth below. He even worships the *ant,* and prays that she will send him children). But in the *Upanishads,* the last Vedic book, the Indian soul, in the process of *thought-evolution* has grown melancholy, world-weary and pessimistic. From a glad mythology it had turned into a religion of sad,

* The first of the *Vedas,* the *Rig-Veda* is supposed to have been set down anywhere from 4000 to 1000 B.C.; the last of the Vedic books, the *Upanishads,* sometime before the coming of Buddha, (d. 487 B.C.)

head-wagging philosophers, who say that the game of life was not worth the candle, and that there is no bliss great enough to offset its agonies.

The Hindu Pantheon.—Out of the thousand-fold Hindu pantheon we still select the great god-heads who represent the gradual evolution of the Hindu mythology. One god succeeds another, as a leading figure, makes converts, and loses them to the next great new arrival in popular favor. Gradually a great number of sects, all within the general Brahminic fold, devote themselves to this, that or the other special god—all gods of the old *Vedas,* whose names, natures and attributes change with the centuries. And while the rank and file "swap" gods (in the sense of clinging especially to one, while keeping a few hundred others handy for general use at the same time), the more intellectual and speculative minds give birth to philosophic systems, among which *Buddhism* now a *dead* religion in the land of its birth—is the most important. It is thought that *climate,* the tropic luxuriance and extravagances of vegetation, the uncanny fertility of the soil, and teaming moisture of the atmosphere, and the fantastic and often horrible development of every kind of life-form in India, has played its share in developing many of the wildly licentious, repulsive and imaginatively horrible Hindu popular beliefs and superstitions.

Indra, Divine Braggart and Drunkard. Indra, "the thousand-eyed", the god of the clear sky, son of *Dyaush pitar—Zeus pater*—or "father sky"—the name points to the fact that the Aryan Greeks, in some dim age, shared ancestral gods with Hindu and Persian—was the great god of early Hindu mythology. But he was a little *too* human. A national fighting god, he alternated between fits of bragging about his great deeds and celebrating them with sprees of sacred intoxication on the juice of the holy Soma-plant. One of the hymns addressed to him in the Rig-Veda, is considered the *first authentic literary description of the maudlin happiness and exhilaration that results from the use of alcohol!* Indra's only practical service to mankind, a very questionable one, is that he was a god who set human beings the example of drunkenness. In those early days man innocently thought that anything with as powerful a "kick" as Soma-juice must be the drink which gave eternal life. And getting drunk religiously was part of the Vedic ritual. Ever since Indra's time men have gotten drunk religiously for the habit still persists among certain Hindu sects. In Bengal, in very *dry* seasons, special offerings are still made to Indra. And in *Swarga,* Indra's heaven, the virtuous live until the time for their next earthly incarnation arrives.

Reincarnation.—The belief in the *transmigration of the soul,* the "emigrating" of the soul into some other body after death, and its

"reincarnation" in a human being, beast or plant, was grafted on the earlier Vedic worship in later times. At first the souls of the dead went to the hell of *Yama,* god of death. Later, they went to Indra's *Swarga.* But the Hindu priestly mind would not let them rest there. It tore them from the embraces of the lovely *Apsaras,* the sensuous nymphs of eternal physical love-joys, and chased them out into life again. Of course the Hindu saint, the ascetic, who had gained merit by self-torture, and by abstaining from everything that means life and living, took the path to godhood when he died. *His* soul did not have to return. But the butcher, baker and the candlestick maker had no choice. To him Swarga and the white arms of Indra's nymphs—a naughty band of charmers—represented no more than a summer vacation week. As soon as the influence of his *good deeds on earth* was exhausted, the soul of the tired Hindu business man or banker, laborer, cattle-driver, soldier, or what-not, was suddenly expelled from his heaven of delight. One moment an *Apsaras* was murmuring sweet nothings into his ear, the next he might be growing as an onion or cabbage in some vegetable-garden, sitting on his haunches baying at the moon as a jackal, twittering as a bird high in the jungle tree-tops. If he had been a good man, he *might* be reborn as a Brahmin, a priest. But evil deeds on earth resulted in an evil rebirth of reincarnation. The wicked soul found itself a dog, hog or parasitic insect of the loathliest kind. The doctrine of the influence of good and evil deeds on the transmigration and reincarnation of the soul was called *Karma,* "the deed."

Brahma, "The Golden Embryo."—Brahma is the *first* god of the Hindu Trinity made up of *Brahma,** the Creator, *Vishnu,* the Preserver, and *Siva,* the Destroyer or Regenerator. Brahma, a neuter god-head, recreated himself masculine. He did this rather cleverly. His neuter self, being the All, having decided to produce various beings, he created the waters by an effort of thought. Into the waters he cast a seed. The seed grew into a golden egg. After a year's incubation, Brahma neuter issued as Brahma masculine, the parent of all the worlds. Brahma is a long-lived god, according to the Hindus. He only lives a hundred of his own years, but—*kalpa,* each day, of one of his years is equal to 4,320,000,000 human and earthly years—and each is followed by a night of equal length. At the end of each *kalpa* the universe is destroyed by Brahma, to be recreated after he had enjoyed a night's rest. Brahma as a prac-

*Brahma is sometimes represented in a later myth as being born by a lotus-flower which sprang from the navel of the god Vishnu, while the latter was floating on the primal waters. As pictured, Brahma is a red-colored, four-headed god, with a tiara. His four hands hold: a scepter, a bundle of leaves representing the *Vedas,* a bottle of holy Ganges river-water, and a rosary of string beads or a bow.

tical, *human* god, was a failure. The people of India did not take to him. He has only *one* temple in all the land to-day, at Pushkar in Rajputana. He and his golden egg and all the rest were born of the fantastic speculations of priestly brains. But as an *impersonal* world-spirit, as a moral abstraction, as the idea of the Supreme Soul, the all-embracing divine essence, the source and goal of all that exists, Brahma is still the chief element in the belief of intelligent Hindus (though, as in every other land, the intelligent are in a minority in India) of all sects. As a real god to be *worshiped,* to *sacrifice* to, to *pay priests* for, Vishnu and Siva are far more popular to-day among the Hindus.

Vishnu, "The Most Human and Humane God of the Hindu Pantheon."—Vishnu, the second god of the Brahminic trinity, is a form of Brahma, and the principle of all world life. In Indra's drunken days Vishnu,* together with the Soma-bibbing god, made the sun, "stretched out the world" and did other creative business. The evolution of religious thought in time made him the equal or even superior of Brahma. Vishnu is "The Preserver." He is the Hindu saviour or redeemer god. When some terrible evils or misfortunes afflict the earth he descends and appears to save and rectify. To do this he becomes reincarnated in some special form from time to time.

The Hindu Avatars.—Ten *avatars* or "descents" of Vishnu to earth are the most famous in Hindu mythology. As Vishnu the Fish, *Matsya,* he allowed the Hindu Noah, *Manu,* to tie his ark to his horn and be towed to safety, during the Deluge. As Vishnu the Tortoise, *Kurma,* as Vishnu the Boar, the Man-Lion, and the Dwarf, his activities had little directly to do with humanity, but as *Rama with the Axe* and *Rama Chandra,* he suppresses tyranny and defeats a demon. His other avatars are as *Krishna,* and *Buddha,* and his last and tenth will be in the form of *Kalki,* "The White Horse". This is the *avatar* which pious Hindus now expect. Then Vishnu, mounted on a great white horse, with gleaming sword in hand, will restore the world to its primitive purity, and make the minds of men as clear as crystal.

Vishnu as Krishna.—Krishna is supposed to have been a human being originally, a religious reformer who taught the Hindus to worship God under the name *Bhagavata,* "The Adorable One," and

*Vishnu is a black instead of a red god, four-armed. In his hands he holds a club, a shell, a discus and a lotus. Instead of the swan or goose of Brahma, he rides the Garuda, the sacred half-bird, half-man. It has an eagle's head, beak, wings and claws, and a man's body and limbs. Its face is white, its body golden, its wings red. Vishnu's discus is a kind of godly *boomerang,* for when he flings it, it kills and then returns to his hand.

was afterwards turned into an incarnation of Vishnu by the Brahmin priests for solid cash reasons. Krishna is the god Vishnu in his most generally popular avatar in India. Hindus, all too apt to call a spade and use it as such, delight in the worship of Krishna. It gets away from what they consider tiresome, lofty-minded speculation about the beautiful, the divine, the good and the holy, and reduces them to pleasant fleshly terms. Some of the Vishnu sects practise high thinking, more of them believe in low living. In most religious, immorality and licentiousness seem to gain an added fillip of enjoyment when they become devout and holy practises. To begin with, Krishna, in Hindu sacred legend, is anything but an edifying god, morally. As *Gopala*, "the cowherd lad," he puts us to the blush. On Nanda's cattle ranch on the Yamuna river, the holy cowboy devotes far more attention to the cow-girls and other cow-boys' wives than to his kine. And out of Krishna's erotic lassoing of cow-girls rather than cows, a number of Hindu sects has sprung up which devote themselves to imitating the god in his actual relations with his various sweethearts. The Hindus, alas, only too often find this physical "love of Krishna" more interesting and exciting than his spiritual contemplation, and the practise of their belief is often accompanied by the wildest excesses. The *Nimayat* sect of Krishna-worshipers worship him *mystically*. His voluptuous love-like with *Radha*, queen of the cow-girls, as they interpret it, means the human soul's striving for reunion with god. But the *Vallabhacharis* (c. 1673), or "cow-lords" as they call themselves, believe that free indulgence in the natural appetites and pleasures of life best show forth man's love for god. Wealthy bankers and merchants are among the chief supporters of this faith in western and central India. At the early age of four, their children are taken into the fold, the sacred rosary of one hundred and eight basil-wood beads is hung about their necks, and they are taught the creeds: "Holy Krishna is my refuge!" At the temple services the congregation, men and women, work themselves up into a high state of religious excitement, ending by rolling about on the floor. It is a delightful faith for a corrupt priesthood. The priests are little Krishnas on earth. Women are taught that the highest bliss in heaven and on earth is theirs if they submit to the caresses of the holy men of their faith, and these priests also claim and obtain the *jus primæ noctis* or "right of the first night" from the unblushing brides of the sect. Jogandra Nath, one of the finest and most spiritual-minded of modern Brahminic thinkers, has declared that: "The corrupting influences of a religion that makes its women worshipers address love-songs to their spiritual guides must be very great!" Two years after Martin Luther's birth (1485), Chaitanaya, the founder of the great *Vishnava Krishna* sect

of Bengal, preached *Bhakti,* passionate devotion to Krishna, under more respectable forms. But, inevitably, it got back to the old idea that divine worship is best expressed through the experience of human love, and even before his time in Bengal the various *Sakta* (feminine principle) sects were in full blast. As a result Krishna, as he is worshiped in Bengal, fosters religious prostitution in the temples, a form of worship which the benighted Hindu cultivates with a satisfaction we try in vain to understand.

Siva (Civa or *Shiva),* the third god of the great Hindu triad, is Vishnu's chief rival. "The Destroyer" or "Regenerator," Siva* has his own heaven on Mount Kaliaysu, in the Himalayas, and is a "double-faced" god or a god with two opposite natures, if ever there was one. He is at the same time the god of production and of destruction, and the happy fancy of Hindu sculptors has delighted in representing him busy about both businesses at one and the same time He is the god of dancing and immoral revelry—and of asceticism and purest penance. Sometimes he laughs and sings of Krishna style, sometimes he howls about cemeteries and other grewsome places, naked save for the ashes with which he is smeared.

Siva is a kind of two-in-one god. He combines the male and female reproductive principles, and in this dispensation is known as Ardhainarisa, "the half-woman-lord," the male half of the deity making up the right-hand side, and the female the left.

The Lingayats.—Those Siva-worshipers, who wear the god about their necks in the shape of a silver *lingam,* are one of the smaller independent Siva sects.

Siva and the Yoga Principle.—The *Yoga* System represents the higher and more spiritual (?) aspects of the worship of Siva. Yoga was founded by Patanjali Yoga, "union with god," was its aim and for salvation practical knowledge is unnecessary. Fasting, penance, and self-torture answer every purpose. Why? Because to unite the soul with God it must be isolated from *matter.* The Hindu *Yogi* or *Fakirs* are of two kinds. Some, like the Franciscans of Christianity, lead worthy lives in monasteries, relieving the sufferings of the poor. Others wander about as disreputable beggars, using religion as a cloak for beggary. These *yogi*—they are said to number over 1,000,000—practise many extremes of self-torture. Before India came under the British crown, they wandered about stark naked, but European ideas of decency have compelled them to add a loin-cloth to their former covering of ashes. Some of the practises which, according to *yoga,* bring about our union with God, are: hold-

*Blood-red or livid white and blue-throated, often with two or three faces, girdled with serpents, hung with a necklace of human skulls, three-eyed, with discus, trident, sword, club or bow, he is more often shown—and *worshiped*—in the form of the Hindu *phallus,* the *lingam.*

ing one's head until the muscles atrophy; clenching fists till the nails grow through the palms; lying on beds of nails; dragging through life loaded down with enormous iron chains; hanging one's self before a fire close enough to thoroughly scorch the flesh; standing with mud caked in one's hair until birds build their nests there. Such are a few of the delights of *yoga!* Among the filthiest, most verminiferous *fakirs* who are the staunchest upholders of the good old traditions of yogaism, are the *Aghoris.* They preserve with loving care the holy cannibal ritual of Siva's earliest followers, rapturously eat filth and dead men's flesh, and use a human skull as a drinking-vessel. Among some of the *yoga* sects Siva is the "Great Supreme Yogin," and they love their god best as, smeared with filth and ashes, he sits with caked and matted hair under the Pipa-tree where he has meditated himself into a divine being. Many will think that *Parama-hamsas,* "Supreme Geese," as they are called after the world-soul with which they claim to be identified, is a well-chosen name for these fakirs.

At the same time these *Sadhus,* "holy men" (though many of them are mere jugglers, magicians and soothsayers) have tended to keep alive an ideal. It is the ideal of a life of purity, self-restraint and contempt for the world.

Divine Ladies (?) of Hinduism Lakshmi, Vishnu's wife, the goddess of beauty and good fortune, born of the sea, like the Aphrodite of the Greeks, and thence known as "The Daughter of the Milky Sea," is bright golden in color, and holds a lotus in her hand. For a Hindu goddess she is quite a respectable character. But then even Krishna's more or less divine light-of-loves seem likeable when compared to the group of lewd sacred ladies associated with Siva. His wife, the goddess *Devi,* appears in various dreadful forms: as *Kali,* the goddess of impurity, *Durga,* the cruel goddess of destruction, *Bhairavi,* the terrible, *Karala,* the horrible, and others more. These goddesses of lust, cruelty and blood embody many crude beliefs of the aboriginal Dravidian races of India, who were there before the Aryans came.

The Sakta Sects.—The worship of these divine ladies is embodied in the various Sakta sects. These represent the lower and baser Siva doctrine just as the *yoga*—heaven save the mark!—stands for the higher and nobler side of Siva-worship. The *Sakta* sects consider the *sakta,* the female principle, the prime factor in the creation and reproduction of the world. The main seats of *Sakta* worship are in north-eastern India, in Bengal, Assam and Behar. While it is said that many worshipers at the shrines of the horrible Siva-wife or wives pray and practise the debasing ritual more as a *family tradition,* in a sober and more or less respectable manner, far too

many others cultivate the licentious extremes to which this religion lends itself.

Kali Ma, "The Black Mother," and Her Rites.—*Kali Ma,*—Calcutta is said to have been named after her—is one of the most horrible and repulsive goddesses ever hatched out of the fevered brain of a blood- and sex-mad priest-hood. Under all her various forms, she is still the same, whether called *Mahadevi* (Great Goddess), *Jagan-mata* (Mother of the World), *Durga* (The Unapproachable or Kal* (The Black One, or Death, the Dissolver).

Kali is shown standing on Siva's body, which is accounted for by a legend into which we will not enter. The *Durga-puja* festival celebrates her victory over a buffalo-headed demon. The *Churruk-puja* (now prohibited in British territory), was the "hook-swinging festival" in honor of the goddess. Pious worshipers had hooks passed through the muscles of the shoulder-blade bones. The hooks hung from a long cross-beam, see-sawing from a huge upright pole. Men hoisted the victim into the air by pulling down the other end of the see-saw beam, and whirled him around for fifteen or twenty minutes. Formerly human sacrifice *always* was necessary to make a Kali holiday. The victim had to be a male. After the sun had set he was taken to "The Black Mother's" temple, and shut up in it. When the sun rose in the morning he was dead. The priests told the people that the goddess had smoked the blood from his body during the night. In Kali's famous shrine in Dantewar (Bastar), *human heads* used to be the favorite altar-decoration, and the local rajah supplied twenty-five of them for the purpose as late as 1830. The terrible *Kali-puja,* on the darkest night of a certain month, was the chief human sacrifice festival. Where now the heads of sheep or buffalo are cut off at a single stroke, so that the blood may splash Kali's altar, human victims formerly were decapitated.

Mother Kali and Her Holy Stranglers.—Besides being the goddess of cholera and smallpox, Mother Kali is the goddess of the *Thugs.* Now it is practically extinct. This famous caste** of professional murderers were not assassins. The loathsome scoundrel

* Her idol in the temples is black, the palms of her hands and her eyes are blood-red, and her face and breasts are smeared with blood. Her hair is matted, her teeth are fangs, and between them protrudes a blood-dripping tongue. She wears a necklace of skulls, dead bodies for earrings, and a girdle of serpents.

** The religious laws of Brahmanism divided all Hindus into hereditary *castes* or "classes" of society. Whatever your father was that you had to be—prince or pauper, street-cleaner, or priest. The Brahmans (priests) came first then the warriors, farmers, and merchants, then mechanics and laborers. Below that were the *pariahs* or "outcasts", who did not belong to any caste at all. Besides these, however, were "mixed" castes,

who wormed himself into the confidence of some wealthy traveler, and at the right moment strangled him with a noose or handkerchief, and plundered and buried his body, considered himself a member of a holy and honorable profession. The *Phansigar,* or "noose-operator," as he was called by the more refined, practised assassination for gain as a religious duty. His victims were murdered in Kali's honor. Their strangling was a religious ceremony, carried out according to religious rites. The pickaxe with which the victim's grave was dug was called "the sacred pickaxe." They paid their taxes like any other members of the community, and continued their pious practises for centuries unmolested.

Mother Kali as Venus.—As a black Venus of the Hindus, Mother Kali also smiles upon the obscener rites of the *Sakto* sects. She has her "Five M's," and a pretty quintet they are: *mamsa* (flesh), *matsya* (fish) *madya* (wine) *maihuna* (sexual union), and *mudra* (mystical "finger-signs"), and the lewd devotional exercises celebrated under her black and hideous smile constitute, as a learned authority has said: "probably the most degrading cult ever practised under the pretext of religious worship!"

Sects which Reflect Various Other Hindu Beliefs.—A few of the more important "philosophy religions" evolved out of the *Vedas* might be mentioned before passing on to Buddhism. *Sankyha* is a pre-Buddha system. *Kapila,* its founder, says there are just *two* things that last forever: matter and the infinite number of individual souls. It is an atheist system, recognizing no God. Salvation from the wretchedness of transmigration is gained by recognizing the absolute distinction between matter and soul. Another irreverent Hindu philosopher, Kerbakas (600 A.D.), involved a materialist philosophy which declares the soul a kind of ferment to be thrown off the body, "like the foam on beer," *Venanta,* founded by *Kankara* (800 A.D.), claims birth and death are merely "bad dreams." They will continue till the soul gains salvation by recognizing Brahma as *Atman,* the soul of the universe. *Manu* ("Ordinances"), who lived 200 B.C., makes salvation union with Brahma. *Ramanuja* (1100 A.D.) made Brahma a *loving* supreme intelligence. Salvation was gained by adoring him. The *Brahma Samaj,* "God's Society" (1828), makes God (Father and Mother in one) one of a trinity of Father, Son and Spirit. Men of all castes may worship him, and repentance and avoidance of evil are the only roads to salvation. The *Arya Samaj,* "Noble Society" (1875), tries to make Hinduism meet the needs of present-day life. The *Vedas* are the true Bible, but an Almighty and All-merciful God grants salvation to those who strive for it.

including many special professions, like that of the thugs. The caste system of India, which keeps human beings running in certain narrow grooves through the generations, has been one of the curses of the country.

Sikhism.—Sikhism is one of the finest religions India has produced. The teaching of its prophet *Nanak* (1469-1539), and his successors, the Sikh *gurus* or high-priests, as embodied in the *Granth* or Sikh "Bible," do not differ greatly from those of Christianity. There is but one true God, Nanak taught, the great universal God of all people and races. All the Christian virtues are embodied in Him: loyalty, gratitude, truth, honesty and justice, philanthropy and every moral and domestic virtue. Idolatry, "class exclusiveness," hypocrisy, the cremation of living widows, shutting up of women in harems, infanticide, the use of intoxicants in any form and of tobacco are forbidden, according to the Sikhs.

The Sikh soul, however, has to travel, when it is dead, for they believe in transmigration, and accept the Presbyterian doctrine of Predestination. Nanak was a kind of Hindu Martin Luther. His reforms were born of an honest revolt against a corrupt and debased priesthood. Nanak's John the Baptist was *Kabir* (A.D. 1398), according to legend the son of a virgin widow, immaculately conceived in consequence of prayer. Nanak performed his miracles. Walking with his disciples they passed the body of a dead man by the roadside. "Ye who trust me will eat of this food!" said Nanak. But all the disciples were doubting Thomases save Angad. He knelt and prepared to feast when, lo, a dish of sacred food took the place of the corpse! The *guru* Ram Das built the great central shrine of the Sikh faith (1577 A.D.), the Golden Temple of Amritsar, and under succeeding *gurus* the sect which had started out so modestly as a purely religious community developed into a religious fighting nation, which fought Mohammedans and Hindus until it became the ruling power of northern India before the coming of the British. The Sikhs have a "sword-baptism" and a communion service—the special object of the latter being *to abolish caste and class distinctions,* but the rather austere Sikhist code has not tended to make it popular with the deadlier of the species, who miss the gorgeous and grewsome Hindu gods, and their attractive religious ceremonies. Sikhism is still a strong faith in India at the present day, however, and supplies most of the soldiers for the British Indian army.

Jainism, the Religion of Sanctified Nudity.—Janism dates back to the fifth and sixth centuries B.C. Its prophet, *Mahavira,* was a Luther of Brahminic reform who, unlike Naranda, decided that nakedness was the true *outward* sign of *inward purity.* Hence the *Digambara,* "The Sky-Clad Ones," as the Jainists* prettily say, turned with enthusiasm to the cult of the sanctity of nakedness. Mahavira,

* The Jainists, while Buddhism has died away or its ideas absorbed by Brahminism, has continued to flourish. Some years ago there were over 1,334,140 Jainists, and their magnificent temples and shrines at Mount Abu, one of the wonders of India, testify to their wealth and importance.

besides his belief in the sinfulness of clothing, preached the transmigration of the soul (the wicked went to hell instead of heaven in the interval of rebirth) and of *Karma.* After twelve years of self-mortification in the desert he came forth to tell his tale to the world. As a result we have a sect divided into two classes, *Yatis,* Jainist monks or men devoted to a religious life, and *Sravakas,* laymen or disciples. Though the great stone statues of the Jains or twenty-four earlier Jain prophets in the great temples are always "sky-clad," the holy nudity of the Jainist monks has become overgrown with clothes in the course of centuries. The *lay* Jainists wear clothes like any one else, and even the *Digambaras* revert to the altogether only at meal-times. One of their doctrines is that a man can at one and the same time say "Yes" and "No" to anything and everything. The eternity of the world may be denied one day and affirmed the next by the same pious monk. Mortification and asceticism and—the belief that it is wrong to kill *anything,* has led to the greatest absurdities. Just as the Jainist at first would have only the sky as a tailor, so he still carries his respect for all living creatures to such an extent that he will heroically abstain from scratching himself lest he slay some little hair or body parasite attached to him, and thus commit a crime. He will even hold his breath at times rather than inhale some of the tiny insects which abound in the Indian air—so careful is he of all life. Every Jain town contains animal hospitals, and one in the town of Kitch is said to contain five thousand rats. Jainism is not, perhaps, one of the most attractive faiths in the world. Mahavira looked down on women—perhaps a sign of an unbalanced mind—but permitted them to become nuns. They are dispensed from going "sky-clad." The five vows of the Jain monks are: not to lie, steal or indulge in sexual pleasures, to renounce all human attachments, and to kill no living thing, vermin included. According to Mahavira, there is no god (though Mahavira himself, being born of his *own accord* of his mother, is venerated as a god by his followers), but everything living in space is a soul or soul-particle. Good and evil, time and space, are ultimate substances which come in contact with these minute souls in everything. Lest a "soul" be injured, the good monk does not wash his clothes (incidentally, that is why going "sky-clad" is so meritorious), and self-torture is the way to salvation. Jainism is a religion that worships *man,* denies God, and turns its one virtue—not killing—into a vermin-breeder.

CHAPTER XIII

BUDDHISM

FROM time to time a "Buddha" appears in the world, preaches the right doctrine and then, as time goes on, his doctrine is corrupted and a new "Buddha" appears. The last Buddha known to history is the Buddha *Gautama,* "The Enlightened," born c. 560 B.C., near Kapilav in Nepal, north of present Oudh, to regenerate the world. The gist of Buddhism is the doctrine that the right path leads the weary mortal traveler, after many other existences, to *Nirvana,* the place where his own individual soul is absorbed into the universe-soul of the ultimate god-head.

What Buddha Taught.—Buddha's teaching was a revolt against the futilities of Brahmanism. It is not so much a religion as a code of ethics. If you are a Buddhist you say: "Life has one great object—to escape from the pain and need of continual transmigrations and reincarnations of the soul, to escape from *Karma.* There is no Supreme God, and the gods of Brahmanism are only poor beings like men caught up in the spider's web of the material universe. But *Karma* is such a terrible thing, that merely to escape from it is salvation. And Buddha has opened the way to escape. There is but one thing which causes all the misery and wretchedness in the world—*the action of the material world on the senses!* Every experience of life is sorrowful—birth, growth, illness and decay, the separation from those we love. What causes all this pain, sorrow and woe? *Material* things, *objects,* that excite a craving. Yielding to the craving leads to *action,* action again leads to *death* and *rebirth,* and the terrible cycle goes on forever. But if I follow the teachings of the Lord Buddha, and take the *Noble Eightfold Path,* I shall be saved. Right beliefs, right aspirations, right speech, right conduct (action), right living, right effort, right mindfulness and right meditation, form the Noble Eightfold Path. Taking that path I destroy *lust* and *desire* which call forth sorrow. Traveling the eight-fold path I free myself of *The Ten Bonds,* the *Four Intoxications,* and the *Five Hindrances.**

* *The Ten Bonds* are: soul-delusions, doubt, dependence on good works, sensuality, hatred, love of the ear-fire, desire for life in heaven, pride, self-righteousness, ignorance. The *Four Intoxications* are: those of the bodily passions, the becoming something, delusion and ignorance. The *Five Hindrances* are: hankering for the goods of this world, corruption born of the wish to injure, mental torpor, fretfulness, wavering of mind.

And when this has been done, when I have reached the end of the Path then I shall be an *Arahat*—a man set free from all desire, material or immaterial, a man perfect according to the Lord Buddha's promise, a man filled with peace which passeth understanding. To have attained *Aharatship* is to have reached the harbor of refuge, the cool cave, the island amid the floods, the transcendent place of bliss, the home of peace, the end of suffering, the medicine for all evil, the supreme joy, the holy city!"

Buddhism in India is now practically extinct. But the belief for which the soul of every man in every land always has yearned, the belief in a salvation in this world—*Jivanmukti*—"salvation during this life," has made such an appeal through India that it has been adopted as part of the general belief of *all* Hinduism.

The Buddha's Life-Story.—The Buddha Gautama's life-story is one of the most beautiful romances of religion. The son of a petty Indian king or *rajah,* the site of the Buddha's birth—his name was *Siddartha Gautama*—is still marked by an inscribed pillar put up by the Indian emperor Asoka. It was beneath a spreading satin-tree in a pleasant garden called Lumbini, by a riverside, that "The Light of Asia" came into the world. In the lovely land of Nepal, where rice-fields and green forests delighted the eye, he dwelt in his palace where the snow-topped Himalayas rose beneath the clear blue Indian sky. He married his beautiful cousin Yasodhara, and led a life of worldly amusement and luxury until the age of twenty-nine.

Then his attention was suddenly drawn from surface pleasure by the horrible and disgusting sight of a decomposing corpse, as he was driving in his chariot. "It is the fate of all men," said his charioteer. But from that moment Siddartha Gautama determined to renounce the world to meditate on the things of the spirit. The birth of a son, announced to him one day when he returned from bathing in the river, meant only, to use his own words, that there was "a new and strong tie I shall have to break." For his mind was set on solving for humanity the terrible problem of endless rebirth, and reincarnation without end. He wished to find a way to break the deathless chain of *Karma's* misery and wretchedness. So when a young girl sang, "Happy the father of such a son!" he took off his collar of priceless pearls and gave it to her. The word "happy" in Hindu has a double meaning. It also means "saved," Siddartha took it as an omen that he would be able to "save" the world from the chains of rebirth. That evening the *Nautch*-girls danced. But their golden-brown limbs flashed in seductive movement before his unseeing eyes. Their lascivious beauty was unheeded as he pondered. At midnight he rose, and when he saw them where they lay in the ante-room of the palace, beautiful with only the carnal beauty of the flesh, an over-powering loathing seized him. Softly he stepped to the door of the room in

which Yasodhara, haloed by the moonlight, slept with her babe at her breast. He longed to speak, yet feared his resolution would melt in her entreaties if he woke her to say good-by. Softly he stepped over bodies of the sleeping *Nautch*-girls, fragrant as budding champak-flowers, flung himself on a horse and rode off through the night.

For six years he lived in the Uruvela jungle, attended by only five faithful disciples, practising the severest penance and self-torture, thus gaining merit till the fame of his saintliness "hung in the canopy of the skies like the sound of a great bell!" But in time his disciples forsook him, left him alone when he was ill and suffering. Then came the moment of his temptation. While he sat under a fig-tree—after it had blessed him with its shade it became the sacred *Bo-tree,* or tree of wisdom—the delights of love and home, the charms of wealth and power, rose before him in a glittering, golden vision. He doubted—but, when the sun began to set, he emerged from his mental struggle purified, clear of mind and firm of purpose. He had become *Buddha,* the "Enlightened One"! He had attained *Nirvana!* Three months later, he gathered sixty disciples about him and established himself in the Migadaya Wood or "Deer Park" near Benares, teaching his doctrine. After that, during eight months he wandered about the country teaching, during the four rainy months, he stayed in some place and taught. Rich and poor, kings and beggars listened and believed. He converted his father to his own belief—no easy task even for a prophet—and his wife Yasodhara and his son Rahula were among his converts, Yasodhara being one of the first Buddhist beggar-nuns.

The Parable of the Mustard Seed.—The beautiful legends and parables of Buddhism are too many to recount. One of them may be given as an example. Kisagotami was a lovely young girl-wife, whose little son, no sooner was he able to run about, had died. In her love, the piteous mother, carrying the dead child in her arms, went from house to house seeking a medicine that would restore it to her. One of the disciples advised her to seek Buddha and she did. "Lord and master, can you tell me a medicine that will help my child?" she asked. "Bring me mustard-seed," said he, "but it must be from a house where no husband, son, parent or slave has died!" Eagerly the girl hurried from house to house. Everywhere they gladly offered her mustard-seed: it was a common drug. But whenever she put her question they would say either, "I have lost a son," or "I have lost a parent", or "I have lost a husband", or "I have lost a slave." So at last, not finding a single family that could supply what she needed, her mind began to clear. She left the body of her little boy in a forest-clearing, and returned to Buddha: "Have you the mustard-seed?" he asked. "Alas, my lord, I have not," she said, "the dead are many but the living are few!" Then Buddha explained the

Noble Path to her. She realized the fleeting character of life and of all things, resigned herself to her lot, and became a disciple.

Buddha died at the age of eighty, at Kasia, of a fit of acute indigestion after eating a large dish of mushrooms. Buddha was an atheist. He did not believe in a Supreme God. He did not believe in a Creator. He did not believe in a soul.*

But no sooner had the prophet passed out with his mushrooms than his disciples turned him into a god. The fire of his funeral pyre set *itself* alight! He was called the "Omniscient," and "The Sinless! He had left his throne in heaven and of his own accord had passed into the womb of his mother, purest of women! He had no *earthly* father! At his birth flowers fell from heaven, the trees bowed before him. Many charming myths, *Jatakas,* "Birth Stories," grew up around him. By the time the Asoka** the twenty-four pre-existing Buddhas (they were supposed to have come and gone before Gautama), reincarnated in the Gautama himself, supplied his ethical system with himself, who had denied the existence of God, as God.

Buddhism, Human Life and Women.—Buddhism as a gospel applies to gods, animals and men. But no one who becomes a monk of a Buddhist order swears allegiance to a *creed.* To kill, lie, steal, commit social impurity, and pretend to know more than one knows, are the five *unpardonable offenses* which unmake a Buddhist monk. Besides there are hundreds of rules which cover every other mental and physical act, and various church councils have established the forms of the faith. Beggar monks (like Gautama) and an established celibate clergy are the two religious types of Buddhism. Singing, dancing, music, the theater, garlands, perfumes, (the Buddhist is supposed to go about wrapped in the *odor of sanctity*), intoxicants, ornaments, gold and silver, are forbidden. The lay Buddhist has certain privileges: he is allowed to marry, but must be faithful to his wife. He can kill animals to eat—but will have to make up for it in future rebirths. He need not abstain from alcohol. Buddha's scheme of perfection did not approve of women. In fact the great teacher called these ministering angels of mankind "torches that light the road to hell," and his poor wife almost had to force her way into his faith. A chilly faith, its end and aim is to escape the endless toil of life, to attain *Nirvana,* to become an *Arahat,* a *Bodhisat,* "a creature of wisdom." But to do so was not to gain a soul. For the soul

* The Brahmins taught that the soul was about the size of a thumb, concealed in the body, and was the real self, the *Atman* or *Ego.*

** Asoka, emperor or king of Magadha (267 B.C.) was the Constantine of Buddhism. He sent missionaries to Syria, Egypt, Greece and Ceylon, and in Ceylon especially, Buddhism has flourished ever since. When Christ was born Buddhism spread to Thibet, China, Korea and Japan. It was dying out in India in 600 A.D. and by 1400 had been submerged by Hinduism and Mohammedanism. Yet *one-third* the human race—500,000,000 people—still are Buddhists!

was not real, the soul was just a mixture of desires, fears and feelings. Buddhist holiness, goodness, peace and wisdom attained, there is no heaven: Delivered from individuality, the Buddhist is merged in the cosmic unity—whatever that is. But Buddhist religious thought was noble. Selfish desire on the part of man brings about life's tragedies. Buddhism, by destroying this desire, produced an "unselfish morality which at times has rivaled that of Christianity."

At its best in Ceylon, Buddhism has sunken into animism, magic demon-worship and worse in other lands. In the form known as *Kala-kakra* ("The Wheel of Destructive Time") Buddha is turned into a head devil or demon. Debauched orgiastic forms (*Tantric*), with a practical worship of drunkenness and eroticism, in Thibet and elsewhere often makes a specialty of introducing the worship of the "female principle" and those "torches which light the road to hell," of which Buddha spoke, play a part in it. The Christian missionaries who first penetrated into Thibet were horrified to find that the lower "red-hat" branch of Buddhists had their pope (grand *lama*), their bishops, clergy and monks, who officiated in cathedrals where images, pictures, incense and the tinkling bell make them think of home. Their first idea was that the Devil had taught the Thibetans to use these things to mock their own faith. There are a great number of different Buddhist sects.

Married Monks and Prayer-Wheels.—In Thibet and Nepal the *Mayahana* system rules. Before Gautama, they believe, came *three* Buddhas. He is the fourth, and the *Buddha Maitreya,* the "Buddha of Kindness," who will come at the end of five thousand years once more to open the blessed gate of *Nirvana* for human beings, will be the *fifth.* Each mortal Buddha has his double in the spirit world. These spirit Buddhas are the *Dhyani Buddhas.* And each *Dhyani* had his *Boddhisattwa*—a being, man, angel or animal—whose *Karma* is able to bring other creatures in an upward ladder of goodness, until it becomes a Buddha.

Among these "trance Buddhas" or "spirit Buddhas" the greatest is *Avolokiteshvara,* "The Lord Looking Down in Pity," who in Thibet is incarnated bodily in the Great Lama, the *Dalai Lama,* the pope and head of the Buddhist Church, who is as infallible as his Roman brother. When the Dalai Lama of Thibet dies in Lhasa the heart of every Thibetan mother who has borne a male son shortly after his decease beats high with hope. Her babe may be the next *Gyalpo Rinpotshe* or "Glorious King." The *Chutukus,* the abbots of all the Thibetan monasteries assemble very much like the Roman College of Cardinals. The names of all the little Lama children are laid before the *Pantshen Lama* and he chooses three names. The three are thrown into a golden casket and after a week of prayer and in the presence of the *Chutukus,* the priests, deans and doctors of divinity of

the Thibetan clergy, lots are drawn in the magnificent Lhasa Cathedral and the first name drawn is that of the new *Dalai Lama.*

An ingenious invention of the Thibetan mind is the prayer wheel. The poor Thibetans believe in the virtue of *mechanical prayer.* So prayers are written, and tied to "prayer wheels." Wind or water-power work the wheels. And while the water runs and the breezes blow the pious believer can take his nap, knowing that his prayers are floating up to the heavens in endless succession and that while he sleeps merit is piling up for him at a tremendous rate. In Nepal the faithful have moved so far from Buddha's early teaching that "the torches that light the road to hell" burn brightly in the monasteries, for the monks marry!

CHAPTER XIV

GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY, RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT

THE famous "Greek Mythology", the system of Greek gods and goddesses, was a composite. It was "assembled" gradually. When the primitive "Greek" tribes (1600 B.C.) came from those same dark mountain reservoirs of humanity that produced the other Aryan races, the Persians and Indian Aryans, they brought with them their sky-god, the Vedic *Dyaush patar* or *Zeus pater,* and other planet and animal gods. But in Creta the splendid Aegean civilization of the island-kings had built up a cult which already was established on the mainland, and spread to the barbarian invaders, the ancestors of Homer's heroes. The Cretans worshiped the feminine principle in the shape of the Goddess of the Crossed Axes, the *Great Mother.* The Great Mother in her older images was a nude Neolithic fat woman—for to some primitive races every added pound avoirdupois was an added charm where woman was concerned—with whose worship the serpent was associated. When Cretan civilization had reached its height, however, images of the Great Mother showed her with flounced skirts, a wasp-waist, and bare breasts. In Cyprus she appeared as Aphrodite or Venus. And everywhere the stone pillar as a phallic emblem was associated with her, and with the male god who was her consort in their worship. The Great Mother in her various forms was a reproduction and fertility goddess, worshiped with bull-sacrifices and wild orgiastic dances, performed by priestesses. From this Cretan goddess were descended (by division of her qualities) all the divine ladies of the Greek pantheon. Then men-gods—for the Greek gods are all essentially *human*—were recruited here, there and everywhere: the stars, the beasts, the night and ocean, the various phenomena of nature, all contributed. In the end, a complete family of gods was sitting happily established on Mount Olympus, with Zeus as their head.

The Gods of Greece.—The early poets, Homer and Hesiod, reflect the world of the Greek gods and the gods themselves in their works. They are simply a race of superhuman beings. There is no one great Supreme God, who rules the world with justice and loving kindness. Instead we have a group of super aristocrats. They injure and deceive men. Adulterers were looked upon as having sinned against Zeus and Hera, his wife, and the sacredness of marriage was religiously

guarded on earth among the Greeks. Yet Zeus was one of the most disreputable of divine philanderers and Ion Juans known to any pantheon. He always was busy about some choice bit of immorality, and no feminine goddess or mortal was safe from his amorous advances. When he avails himself of his godly privilege of changing his shape, it is not for higher and nobler motives, but he turns into a shower of gold, a bull or a swan merely to be able in insinuate himself with greater ease into the arms of some attractive person of the female sex who may have caught his eye. Aphrodite's morals, as well as those of Hermes of Mercury, Apollo, a frequent chaser of nymphs, Dionysius or Bacchus, Cybele, and most of the other gods and goddesses who spent their time quaffing nectar and eating ambrosia in the halls of heaven, under the smiling blue skies of Mount Olympus, were all *too* human. Hera or Juno, Zeus' (Jove's) wife, Athena or Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, Artemis or Diana, the maiden goddess of the chase, stood on a slightly higher plane. But, in general, neither as regards personal morality or any other* did their gods set the Greeks a good example. In the earlier times the Greek gods had been propitiated with human sacrifices, but these gradually ceased. And the gods—who revealed their will to the people through oracles, the entrails of beasts offered them, dreams, flames, snakes, bones, etc.,—were worshiped whole-heartedly, for all they loved, hated, quarreled, betrayed, fought and intrigued, just like their worshipers.

The First Greek God to Hold Out the Hope of Personal Salvation. —It was not until the god Dionysius, the Thracian god of the grape, vine and general fertility was naturalized in Greece, that the hope of personal salvation entered the Greek world. And yet, to begin with, Dionysius seems the least plausible god in the world in the rôle of a saviour deity—for his worship was founded on the kick the grape contained when fermented. He was a saviour god who preached the gospel of alcohol and wild women, for such choicer phrases as "ecstatic orgies" and "bacchanalian mysteries" mean the same thing. Dionysius' doctrines were everywhere received with enthusiasm. Every land claimed the honor of having supplied his birthplace. And those who opposed his alcoholic rites usually suffered. Pentheus, King of Thebes, a serious-minded man, shook his head when the gay god introduced his ritual of drunkenness among the Theban women. He shook it only once. For no sooner had he done so while watching the

*We must remember in this connection that a *wrong* and *sin* among more primitive peoples always depend on the point of view. A missionary once asked a simple Polynesian: "What is wrong?" The savage smiled. "When a man steals my wife," he said. "Well, then, what is *right?*" Again the savage smiled, for he knew the answer: "When I steal another man's wife," was his reply. To the Greeks of Homer sin, first of all meant: *not keeping an oath, not honoring one's parents or guests.*

ceremonies, than his own mother, filled with divine frenzy and the juice of the grape, mistook him for a wild beast and slew him. When Lycurgus, a Thracian king with prohibition tendencies, attacked the wine-god, his own son hewed him down with an axe—mistaking him for a vine! Three girls of Orchomenus who refused to join the nocturnal rites of the Bacchantes were turned into birds. Through Asia Minor and India Dionysius passed in triumphal procession, spreading the joyous gospel of intoxication and unlimited license. Like Horace, Dionysius was also a god of productiveness. The phallus was his emblem and was carried about ostentatiously among the simple farmer-folk in their religious processions about the countryside. Dionysius was indeed the god of a saloon-keeper's paradise!

This actual making liquor divine came, as in India, Persia and Peru, from seeing what was supposed to be its *supernatural* effect. Most peoples have originally cherished the idea that when a man becomes *spirituously* "enlarged" he is spiritually enlarged as well. It is a thought which still exists in practice in our own time. Yet fermented spirit-worship and wild women devotees—*Menaeds* or *Bacchantes*—who ranged the country in bands, tearing to pieces any unfortunate they might meet in a fit of religious enthusiasm, were only *outward* signs of the true *inwardness* of the *Dionysiac* mysteries. It was these mysteries which held out the *hope of salvation*. By the sixth century the more repulsive aspects of the worship of Dionysius had passed. Drunken mobs of worshipers no longer sought union with the god in delirious orgies where—one regrets to say that these devotees were mostly women—they decoured the raw flesh of victims, identifying it with the god's body.

The Dionysiac Mysteries.—The underworld had been a cheerless place where poor departed shades wandered aimlessly over shadowy meadows, as shown in the "Odyssey". But the man or woman initiated in to the mysteries of Dionysius had a happier fate. Dionysius-worship* was a *democratic* faith. Though born in physical drunkenness, spiritual excitement was now substituted for bodily excitement, and the mysteries were thrown open to all, even *slaves!* And they assured the devout believer a future life of bliss, if he believed in the divine Dionysius the son of Zeus, (now conceived as the Universal God). Such was the great hope the Mysteries of Dionysius at Eleusis held out to his communicants. The Mysteries of Demeter,

* Stress has been laid on the Greek ideas regarding the soul's salvation rather than on the poetic, but often trifling legends of the gods and goddesses, as being of greater value and realer human interest. The amours of the divine Don Juan of Mount Olympus and his often disreputable associates, happy, entertaining tales of divine villains pursuing nymphs, hamadryads etc., through bosky dells and forests, or nature-myths told in personification are easily available. Homer, in fact, gives an insight into them.

the earth goddess, at Eleusis, developed similar beliefs. The Elysian fields she promised seem to have been socially superior to those of the more democratic Dionysius, a heavenly Bar Harbor or Newport, rather than a divine public playground in the beyond.

Orpheus, the God the Women Tore to Bits.—Another Saviour god of ancient Greece was Orpheus, a mythical Greek poet. He was a liberator from the powers of darkness by means of the divine magic of *music*. He did not travel with a retinue of wild women worshipers, but was a model of the domestic virtues, carrying his grief for his wife Eurydice so far as to descend to the underworld. Softening the heart of Pluto, its lord, with the tones of his lyre, he won her back. When the Thracian wild women, after poor Eurydice's death, made improper advances to Orpheus, he indignantly repulsed them. Outraged in their tenderest religious sensibilities, the Thracian dames tore him to bits in a Bacchic frenzy. His lyre was carried to heaven by the Muses (the nine goddesses of the arts), and turned into a star. The fragments of his body were buried at Libethra, near Olympus. Nowhere did the Grecian nightingales sing more sweetly than over his tomb!

The Salvation Army of Ancient Greece.—In Athens, in particular during the sixth century, the Orphic cult developed its mysteries. Orpheus become the founder, prophet and god of a mystic sect. Abstinence, the ascetic life, the doctrine of original sin, transmigration of souls, no blood sacrifices, purificatory rites, and the attainment of ultimate perfection by the soul through a series of body rebirths were among the Orphic doctrines. It was too abstract a symbolic belief to become widely popular. But in the fourth century B.C. it developed a popular, Salvation Army branch. Instead of making doughnuts for the heroes of Greek wars, however, the wandering Orphic priests abstained from beans. Under the name of *Orpheotelestae* or *Metragyrtae*, they went in bands about the country, doing missionary work. Stopping in the market-places, they would gather a crowd by singing Orphic hymns, and beating the drum and tambourine in approved Salvation Army style. But in other respects they did not imitate this worthy Christian religious organization. We might overlook the donkey-load of fawnskins, tame snakes, etc., and other stage properties these tambourine-playing missionaries carried about with them. But what are we to think of a religious organization which, *on payment of a fee absolved the living or the dead for any crime*, undertook to punish the enemies of its clients, and held out as the soul's reward the prospect of endless feasts and drinking-bouts in paradise? It is only fair to say that the higher and purer Orphics did not hold these views.

The Religious Mysteries and the Greek Philosophies.—From the religious mysteries of the Greeks to their philosophers and philoso-

phies* is but a step. The Orphic Mysteries, for example, presented the doctrine of Pythagoras (b. 580 B.C.), who tried to explain all things by numbers (an idea he had brought from Babylon), and the doctrine of *transmigration of the soul.* His efforts to spread the democratic doctrines of the Mysteries of Dionysius and Orpheus caused him and his followers to be persecuted. All the earlier philosophers tried to explain the external world without bringing in the gods. Each selected an element. One element is original: its changes bring about natural phenomena, life and death. Thales (640-546 B.C.) said this basic element was *water;* Anaximenes, *air.* Heraclitus of Ephesus claimed that flux is the one permanent thing in life, that nature is ceaseless and man's soul a part of "the universal *fire*". Permenides of Elia said that the one permanent thing was being. Democritus of Adbera (400-357 B.C.) built up the universe on an *atom* theory like that of modern physics. Xenophanes of Colophon, (570-480 B.C.) developed a One God, and the theory that nothing is born and that nothing dies. Empedocles (b. 495 B.C.), held that Love and Hate, two mythic qualities, caused all things to unite and divide. All these new *kinds* of thoughts—not irreligious, but non-religious—were shaking the faith of people who were thoughtful—which means the *minority,* in ancient Greece as in any modern land today—in their old, easy-going, morally questionable gods. But, while the philosophers were thus undermining religious belief, some of the dramatists and poets, by improving the gods in their works, were making them more acceptable. Pindar (b. 522 B.C.), purged Zeus of immorality, and showed him as a god embodying the good moral order of the world. Aeschylus (b. 525 B.C.) took the same stand. Sophocles was more interested in showing how human character is purified by suffering. But Euripides (480-406 B.C.) in his plays hinted that the old gods were all figments of the imagination, and did much to undermine their authority. Toward the end of his life he seems to have been drawn to the Dionysiac cult. The Sophists, plausible "argufiers", who went about independently their ideas—which coincides in a measure with the time of these writers, prepares the way for the greater Greek philosophers.

The Greater Greek Philosophers and Greek Religious Life.—The advent of the greater Greek philosophers—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, etc.—who followed the "Sophists"—quibbling, argumentative debaters, independent teachers who traveled about questioning "the good old gods" of the people, did not do very much to undermine the belief

* Philosophy is the attempt of reasoned human thought to solve the problem of existence. Most oriental philosophers are based on mythology, mingled with poetry and faith. They are not real systems of logical thought. The Greeks, however, developed a genuine philosophy, on which all succeeding systems of Western thought have been built up.

in the Greek gods among the people generally. They kept right on sacrificing to Zeus, Athena, Hera, Artemis and all the rest. What had been good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. Besides, there were the popular mystery cults, those of Dionysius, Demeter and Orpheus. To the Greek sailor just off the ship in Corinth, some brown little religious prostitute of the great Temple of Aphrodite was a far more convincing religious argument than any sublime thought that Plato could utter. In fact, the Greeks did not like to have their gods questioned and denied. Socrates—one of the noblest, finest men who ever lived, a man who never knew a base or ignoble thought—was handed the hemlock for being "unorthodox" and a corrupter of morals! And when Anaxagoras said the gods were mere *matter,* and the sun a stone, the pious were ready to tear him to pieces. Philosophic thought in all times and in all lands has been cultivated by the *thinking* part of the people only. The rest always have been prone to accept their mental manna from the hands of their priests, representing the traditional gods.

Socrates, the Husband of Xanthippe.—Socrates (b. 469 or 471 B.C.) was one of the most human of all philosophers. He was short, fat-lipped, and a trifle large around the waist-line. He had goggling eyes, an upturned nose and a large mouth. He looked the picture of sensuality, yet he was the soul of virtue. A true patriot (he fought as a volunteer in the Athenian army, in the ranks), an honest craftsman, (he had started life as a sculptor), he was a believer in the old gods, while at the same time intellectually the most acute man of his age. He dropped his chisel because he thought he had been given a divine mission to teach men to *know themselves,* in and out, and to lead them to a philosophy of life based on *experience.* To do so—inspired by his *daimon,* his "good spirit" as he called him—Socrates wandered about Athens, developing his ideas in discussion* with all who cared to talk with him. Socrates believed the gods were divine, that divine nature is perfect, and that the nearer man approaches it the more perfect he becomes.

Socrates a Big-Town Spirit.—Thought develops in city *streets,* declared Socrates. "Fields and trees will not teach me anything, the city streets will," he said. And so he wandered about the streets and market-place, talking to one and all about whatever interested them, and with wit, humor and wisdom giving his own outlook on life, practical and spiritual. Young lawyers haunted him to gain useful hints as to how to conduct arguments in the law-courts, tradesmen, peasants, politicians—no men were beneath his notice! The gilded youth of Athens, riotous and debauched, headed by dissolute

* Socrates' method of argument, drawing out his pupil or antagonist by means of *questions,* is still known as the "Socratic" method.

Alcibiades, admired him, Alcibiades said—the fact that he was drunk when he did so makes his testimony none the less sincere—"When I listen to him my heart beats with more than Corybantic excitement . . . he has only to speak, and my tears flow. No one would think I had any shame in me, yet I am ashamed in the presence of Socrates!"

Xanthippe's Point of View.—One of the miracles of history is the fact that Socrates could accomplish what he did, in view of the wife with whom fate had cursed him. Perhaps, however, some of Socrates' theories may have been hard on Xanthippe, his helpmeet. The great moralist cared not whether he ate or drank. His coat was the same winter and summer. He went shoeless and shirtless, for uplifting thoughts were more to him than shirts. But since even the noblest moral conversation does not always produce fuel to keep the home fires burning, and Xanthippe had two boys to raise, it may be that her temper was soured by perfectly natural causes. Of course a nobler wife would have risen with her husband to the sublime heights of moral speculation and beautiful thought. But Xanthippe was of the earth, earthy. She appears to have been a nagging and quarrelsome woman, who to the end of her days persisted in thinking that the philosopher's first duty was to his family instead of the Greeks at large.

Draining the Hemlock Cup.—In the course of political upheavels Socrates—who was merely a patriot, a decent, honorable citizen, and never had identified himself with parties—was condemned to death by a parcel of cheap politicians on a trumped-up charge. And the man whose first thought always had been to help his fellowmen, unjustly condemned to death, died bravely and cheerfully. He spent his last days discussing the immortality of the soul and kindred subjects with his friends, and drained the poison cup of hemlock with cheerful alacrity. "Whether death be dreamless sleep, or a chance to converse with the heroes and sages of antiquity, I do not know," he said, "but in no case could it be an evil!"

Plato, the Greatest of Athenian Philosophers.—Plato (427 B.C.) the friend and disciple of Socrates, founded the first great school of philosophy, teaching in the Athenian grove named Academus, among the green trees in God's open, whence his school took the name of the "Academy". We know little of Plato's personal life except that he was a good wrestler (physically as well as mentally), fought in three great battles, wrote poetry, had talked with the Egyptian priests, and had a thin voice. Socrates had convinced him that the ***true and the good are inseparable,*** and that virtue and knowledge should be united. Plato's "Dialogues" have two leading motives: to show the truth of the need for human improvement, and faith in the supremacy of the human mind. They embody the thoughts of Socrates and his

own reflections. He agrees entirely with Socrates in his sympathy with *common life,* his acceptance of the religion of the Greek gods, and his broad humanity and love for truth.

The Inwardness of Plato's Philosophy.—The essence of Plato's philosophy is that God is the Good, and that the Good is God. Since man's nature is god-like, the human soul is divine, eternal and immortal. The soul stands midway between the *Idea* (ideas) and *Matter* (the physical world) and unites them. His acceptance of the gods of Greece is one, however, that makes them quite clearly the creatures of the *human imagination,* and above them he places a supreme One God. The body and the life of the senses is the grave and prison of the soul. Man's mission should be to escape from the *lower* world of the *senses* to the *higher* world above them, the release of the soul from the chains of the body. Plato's idea of the soul caused him to subscribe to the Orphic doctrine. First was born the Idea, then the Soul, and then the Body. And with Plato the life after death took on a new meaning, and his doctrines of immortality made the Orphic hell a far more terrible place of punishment than it had been.

Aristotle, Who Left the Soul to Itself After Death.—Aristotle was the pupil of Plato, as Plato had been the disciple of Socrates. The importance of Aristotle (384-322 B.C.), as a religious teacher was not realized until the Middle Ages. Aristotle's father was court physician to King Amyntas II of Macedon, and as a result his son approached the soul by way of the dissecting-table. He studied with Plato in Athens, traveled, wrote books and treatises, married and in 343 B.C. appeared at the court of Macedon to act as the tutor of Alexander the Great. He had other famous pupils besides the world's conquering dipsomaniac, wrote a "History of Animals", under royal Macedonian patronage), lectured, and was the father of the library system of indexing and classification, being called in to arrange the library of the Kings of Egypt in that capacity. At the age of fifty he established the *"Peripatetic"* school of Athens, so called because he *walked* about with his disciples and pupils teaching, instead of resting in a grove. The poor philosopher came near being a victim to one of those political charges with which the civic profiteers of Greece delighted to afflict men who used their brains for the good of mankind, instead of picking the pockets of the community in regulation governmental ways. About to be arrested on the ridiculous charge of "impiety" against the Athenian city tyrant or "boss" Hermias, he avoided the hemlock cup by retiring to Chalcis, in Euobea, and dying there instead, of a stomach disease which had troubled him for sixty-three years.

The Inwardness of Aristotle's Philosophy.—Where Plato found the real in *ideas,* Aristotle saw it in *things.* Aristotle's studies in natural

science led him to believe the earth was the center of a number of spheres revolving around it. These spheres were moved by a Superior Mind or God. Man was a creature intermediate between the world of matter and the world of mind, the Eternal Thought or Godhead. God in Nature as an intelligent Cause is his theory. Doing good is the proper work of the human faculties in order to reach the virtues which make human excellence. Aristotle—he had made an early start at the dissecting-table, we should remember—poopooed the old Greek mythology, and did not commit himself as to a life after death.

Zeno and the Stoics.—Zeno, of Citium in Cyprus, from Aphrodite's isle, might more properly have been the prophet of some sensuous and orgiastic cult. Instead, his philosophy is a reaction against the "two-fold" or dual system of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. Their teaching was that man was a kind of "middle link" between God and matter. The Stoics—so-called because Zeno "taught school" in the *Stoa Poikile* "the painted porch or corridor" of Athens—said that God was *everywhere* and in *everything* in the universe. He was not outside its framework. Nature and God were intermingled. To live in accordance with nature was to be at one with God. God was the "cause" force of the universe, running through all and deciding all. Evil in God's world had to be there, because unless one had its opposite to point the contrast, the good could not be recognized. The Stoics got around the old mythology by explaining the gods according to their system, and treating them as different "manifestations" of the One Supreme God.

The Stoic Soul.—The Stoic soul was a double thing. It shared the appetites of the beasts, and the reason of God. In its material make-up was contained the spark of the divine which had entered into men when first they rose from the ether. This divine spark was a particle of God. And it was the business of this divine part of the soul to subdue man's baser brute impulses and passions. The virtuous man's happiness consisted in repose of the spirit and freedom from the passions. The wise soul endures until the end of the world—which is destroyed by fire—to continue afterward through new cycles of life. The noblest of the Stoic doctrines was that of the *universal brotherhood of Man,* and the theory that all men, being divine, are born equal. "Virtue despises no one, neither Greek nor barbarian, man nor woman, rich nor poor, freeman nor slave, wise nor ignorant, whole nor sick."

Epicurus, The Philosopher Unjustly Given a Bad Name.—Poor Epicurus, a quiet, decent, amiable, cheerful philosopher (341-270 B.C.) is a striking example of what happens to a philosopher's reputation as well as a dog's once he is given a bad name! He has been unjustly presented as a monster of licentiousness and debaucher.

This was due partly to his philosophy and partly to his mode of life. He established himself in a delightful garden and house in Athens (306 B.C.), and there taught quietly, surrounded by an admiring group of pupils and friends, among whom were many women. "Many women" all too often have brought trouble in their wake. A learned authority says: "It is possible that the relations between the sexes—in this prototype of Rabelais' Abbey of Thélème—were not entirely what is termed Platonic." But in the absence of genuine evidence against his character, Epicurus should be given the benefit of the doubt. The most trustworthy ancient writers testify to his standing and good reputation. On his death the kindly philosopher set apart his garden and house as a school for his philosophy and freed his slaves.

The Epicurean Philosophy.—"What we feel is what we feel" is the gist of Epicureanism, and the object of philosophy is to enable man to live a *happy* life. Sciences that have no *practical* value in making life *pleasanter* are useless. A knowledge of physics and the natural causes of things are necessary—for they free men of the fear of gods, natural phenomena and death. Culture is excess baggage. Better to study *human nature,* which teaches the individual man what to desire and what to avoid. The pleasure of the individual is the only absolute good. (All selfish people of today who *live* though they may not *profess* Epicureanism, are Epicureans, in this sense). The individual is the end and aim of all action, and the truth of all things is based on *sense-perception*: we can tell the truth only by *hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting* and *feeling.* Every pleasure *as such* is *good,* every pain is *bad.* But one should be prudent in the choice of one's pleasures. If the things that give the debauche pleasure also brought him peace, he would be justified. Since they do not they must be blamed. In fact, Epicurus did not teach that pleasure should be sought in things *low* and *base,* but in *virtue.* Yet at best the Epicurean philosophy is a gospel of enlightened self-interest. It was only too frequently misinterpreted. Sensualists have used it to excuse their worst excesses, and that is why poor Epicurus, who cultivated the higher pleasures, has come to have his name associated with all those which are vile.

Greek Philosophy and Greek Religion.—The philosophers discussed are the important ones, from the early days of Greece to the time when it was conquered by the Romans. But, though they attracted the cultured classes, the rank and file stuck to the good old gods as before. The *Neo-Platonists* (100 B.C.), tried to build up a religious world-system on Plato, and *Plotinus* taught a mystic purging of the soul to bring about union with God. But the people cared for none of these things. Though the priests of the various gods which crowded into Greece and home-made altars for themselves here, there and every-

where, would talk over doctrines and religion with philosophers in a broad tolerant way, the *people* were not interested, except to adopt new *magic practices* and *superstitions* which appealed to them, and add them to what they already had.

Christian Ideas that Preceded Christianity.—Before the time of the Saviour's birth in Judea, a good many Christian ideas had already been developed by the pagans. The missionary spirit, democratic (Orphic) conversion to the idea of the *universal brotherhood of man,* were established. The acceptable sacrifice to God was a *pure heart* —the blood-victim had been condemned. The idea that God was *One* and *Indivisible,* and that man was a *child of God,* was widespread before Christianity was born. The Jewish-Greek philosophers of Alexandria (100 B.C.), taught that virtue is God's gift to man, and that his salvation is an *act of grace.* The hope of future *happiness beyond the grave* for lowly as well as high-born, for poor as well as rich, and the belief in God's *Omnipresence,* and in the divine nature of man had seeped through into the popular mind for all that it clung to its old idols. And the idols themselves were promoted: they became *images.* Later these images often were converted into Christian saints. A Greek image of the goddess *Demeter* was worshiped as a Christian saint in Greece as late as 1801!

Earlier and Later Roman Beliefs.—The simple, primitive Romans were animists, worshipers of nature-gods, who thought every man and woman had a familiar genius of procreation and conception, and cherished a number of agricultural gods and goddesses. The Etruscans, the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy, whom the Romans gradually subdued, handed on to them the old Aryan sky-god Jupiter (Zeus) and as the Roman state developed, he came to over-shadow all the other gods and goddesses. As soon as they came in contact with the Greeks, and made the acquaintance of Greek mythology, the Romans "adapted" their gods to the new myths. The legends of the Greek heroes even were painted in strictly Roman colors, and presented as genuine home-raised articles. And this tendency of the Romans to "borrow" likely gods from other races characterized them from the beginning to the end of the empire. The Romans in religion were largely "emotionalists". Notably in the days when the Republic and its hallowed institutions became the prize of ambitious politicians—men like Marius, Sulla, Cæsar, Pompey, Antony, Crassus—the worship of the stern and virtuous old Roman gods decayed. Their altars grew dusty, they were neglected. From the conquered Orient plenty of looser, feminine deities poured into Rome. Why worship Vesta, the goddess of the *hearth,* when divorce was so frequent an affair that one never knew where the family hearth-stone would be located from one day to the next? What did Pales, the respectable rustic goddess of cow-herds and cattle, mean to the gay young blades who

came reeling along in the wake of Petronius from an all-night party in Nero's "Golden House"? The *Robigalia* was the festival of the spirit which protects from mildew. But the Romans of the later Republic and the Empire lived so fast that mildew had no time to gather. *Terminus,* the god of boundaries, was only a name to those whose excesses dispensed with all bounds. Cybele of Phrygia, Isis of Egypt, Syrian Astarte, and their sensuous temple-rites, which already have been discussed, awakened a greater thrill of religious emotion in the young Romans of the Empire than Father *Mars, Juno* and all the *Jupiters.*

The State Religion.—With Greek religion Greek philosophy also found its way to Rome, and was discussed and studied by the cultured and those given to speculative thinking. But the majority of Romans, as time went on, were caught up in the mad, emotional whirl of the orgiastic cults of sensual indulgence. Officially there was the "state religion", according to which the Roman emperor became a *god,* and associated with the old Roman system of gods for the purpose of increasing loyalty. The "state religion" demanded, merely as an outward sign of recognition of the emperor's authority, more than a specific "religious" rite, that the Christians—like every other sect—make a *perfunctory* sacrifice to the emperor's image. Religious tolerance in the widest sense was a feature of Roman policy. Any and every god was welcome in Rome—if he was willing to render unto Cæsar that which was Cæsar's. The Roman authorities never could get it through their heads *why* the Christian martyrs could not drop a pinch of incense on the flame before the emperor's statue. Nobody cared what they thought. Nobody was even interested. All that was necessary was compliance with the "form". But no, instead of it, the Christians preferred to die on a stake, by fire, under the lions' paws, or in some other revolting way. "Absolutely unnecessary," said the Roman officials. For they had not that spiritual vision which would enable them to see the glory of the sacrifice the Christian martyrs made.

Oriental Cults, Bacchanalia and Saturnalia.—The Dionysian festivals, the wild mystic festivals of the god Bacchus, were first celebrated in Italy by *women only.* The Roman women met in secret, in the grove of Similia, near the Aventine Hill, and there went through the rites. But later men were admitted and the celebrations took place five times a month. The Roman Senate was, morally speaking, a broad-minded body. But the *Bacchanalia,* became so grossly immoral after it became co-educational, and so many political plots and conspiracies were supposed to be hatched at them that they were suppressed by the Senate in 186 B.C. The *Saturnalia,* festival in honor of Saturn, was also one of great license. The fact that both Caligula and Caracalla built temples to Isis (See Chapter

9) is enough to ruin her reputation as a goddess. And the popularity of *Mithraism* among the Roman cults already has been described. (See Chapter 11, *Zoroastrianism*). It was the purest of all the oriental mystery cults. Austere and lofty "it was well calculated to appeal to the heart and stimulate the moral instincts."

The Shameless Sun-God of a Maniac Emperor.—A depraved Syrian boy degenerate had inherited the office of the high-priest to the Syrian sun-god of the city of Emesa. Young in years but old in vice, Bassianus, in sacral altogether, danced the mystic nature-dance before the black phallic stone, a polished cone of basalt which the people revered as the image of Heliogabalus, the sun-god, in the Emesan temple. Raised by chance to the throne of the Roman empire, he introduced the worship of the sun-god of Emesa in Rome with such an accompaniment of shameless profligacy that even the Romans were shocked. And this is saying a great deal. The Roman people identified his god with the emperor's personal life, finally rose in disgust, willed him, and flung his body into the *Cloaca Maxima,* the "Great Sewer" emptying into the Tiber—a most fitting sepulchre! The loathing Heliogabalus (Bassianus had taken his name) excited was so universal, that the worship of the Syrian sun-god almost faded at once from memory, while that of the pure and noble Persian sun-god Mithras endured.

Rome and Philosophic Thought.—Among the Roman *Stoics,* the men who subscribed to the doctrines of Zeno, were Seneca, the tutor of the vile Nero, *Epictetus* and the *Emperor Marcus Aurelius,* who produced two works: his noble "Meditations", a book of lofty philosophic thought and—an unspeakably vile son who, to quote a line from his father's book, which might be applied to him, was "an abcess on the universe". These men believed that ignorance was sin, and knowledge salvation. And they took for granted, rather optimistically that the man who *knows* the truth will *act* it. This does not always follow.

The Cynic.—Epictetus (b. 60 A.D.) a Greek philosopher of Roman times, has described in his works the perfect Stoic, or *Cynic,* as he calls him. He is a man without a country or a home, without wife or child. He sleeps on the bare ground, the sky is his coverlet. He loves those who beat him like brothers. A perfect man, he pities his erring fellows. The Cynic has his soul's salvation in his own hands. Seneca (until Nero had him murdered), was a prime minister. He did not come in contact with Romans of the lower classes. Marcus Aurelius in his son, Commodus—for whom he wrote his book—had produced such a horrible example of what a Cynic should *not* be, that the Romans probably doubted his sincerity. But Epictetus' doctrines were taken up with enthusiasm by wandering bands of Cynic philosophers. On the Roman street-corners, before the beer-

houses and taverns, in the market-places amid the vegetable stalls, wherever people assembled, they held forth on the Roman equivalent of the soap-box. They were corner orators: And many stopped, listened and went away with an earful of doctrine that found its way to the heart. For a faith based on salvation by decent living, loving kindness, common sense and a return to nature always holds an appeal. Besides—people when they have not been taught differently, like to think that they hold their soul's salvation in their own hands. The Neo-Platonist *Plutarch* (50 A.D.), whose "Parallel Lives of Illustrious Men" have made a far greater stir in the world than his philosophic teachings, said the gods of the various nations were all the same god under different names, and that all the evil in the world was due to demon-spirits. And amid this mingling of philosophic systems with all the cults the earth then knew, amid the decay of faith in general, with an official state religion which amounted to no more than a "salute to the flag", Christianity proper was to arise and triumph. The mystic systems of the East and Greek philosophy, however, already had made the *individual human being* eager to save his own *personal soul*—a very natural wish. And once the Emperor Constantine (272 A.D.-337 A.D.) made Christianity the "state religion", and the religion of Rome and Christianity became one and the same thing, man had a chance to realize this wish.

CHAPTER XV

THE RELIGION OF THE HEBREWS AND JUDAISM

THE history of the Hebrews, the "Children of Israel", preceding the days when King David danced before the Ark, is tradition rather than history. In the beginning four groups of tribes, the most important the *Leah* ("wild cow") tribes and the *Rachel* ("ewe") tribes, sheep- and cattle-raisers respectively, probably worshiped all sorts of desert demons like the Bedouins. Tribal names like *Gad,* suggest worship of a god of fortune, and the god-name *Shaddai* "my demon", is thought to be an early form of the god-name *Yaweh.* It may be that *Yaweh* or Jehovah, like most other Semite gods, was originally a god of fertility and reproduction, for the word *Yaweh* has been interpreted as meaning "he who excites passionate love". In earlier times, too, the Hebrews worshiped other gods besides *Yaweh.* They had a brazen serpent god, they had the Golden Calf and the Calf of Samaria, agricultural gods like *Yaweh* himself. Animism, toteism and blood offerings to evil spirits, etc., as well as the worship of wells, stones and trees, seem to have been features of the earlier tribal days of the Hebrews.

Religious Straddling of the Fence.—Moses united the Hebrew tribes as Mohammed did those of Arabia. And, as Zoroaster gave the Aryan Persians a Supreme God, in the shape of Ahura-Mazda, so Moses made Yaweh the god of all the tribes of Israel, accepted after the prophet has led the Rachel tribes into Palestine. The old *Baals,* the sun and fertility-gods of Palestine, took second place and *Yaweh* or Jehovah was set up in their stead. And the open-air shrine was the orthodox Hebrew of worship until Solomon built his great Temple which made pious old Hebrews shake their heads and talk about heresy. But before Solomon's day and after, the Hebrews were surrounded on every side by licentious nature-gods and goddesses. So they worshiped *Yaweh* with pleasant noises, and at the same time celebrated the sacred orgies of the various Syrian, Caananite and Chaldean gods who made immoral practice and bloody gashing and frenzied dance commonplace of worship.

Jehovah the One God.—Then, between 755 and 690 B.C., four great prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah and Micah, took up the work that Elijah and Elisha had begun, the restoration of Yaweh as the sole

and only god of Israel. Yaweh, as they explained him, was the *One True God.* His wish was that man should treat his fellow-man—which meant his fellow-Israelites, for, though Yaweh controlled all nations, he was interested only in Israel—with righteousness and justice. Isaiah showed that Yaweh preferred a pure heart to sacrifice; Amos that punishment would follow unrighteousness; Hosea that Yaweh's great love for his people must insure their obedience and right conduct. Out of the efforts of these prophets was formed the national Yaweh, the Supreme God Jehovah, the "one moral governor of the universe".

The Hope of a Messiah.—The Prophet Isaiah besides was the first among the prophets to voice the hope of a *Messiah,* a Savior for his people, who would inaugurate a reign of universal righteousness, and the fact that he induced King Hezekiah to concentrate the *national worship* in *one* place, the Temple in Jerusalem, changed Yaweh's dwelling-place from Mount Horeb to Zion. Under Isaiah and his prophetic successors the Temple ritual, the three yearly agricultural festivals, and the details of sacrifice were settled, and assumed traditional forms, while Jerusalem enforced the idea that the *covenant* between Yaweh and his people was a *marriage contract with a God of love.* Later, Ezekiel, the prophet of the Babylonian captivity, foretold the restoration of the *Hebrew state,* and the second Isaiah, in his sacred poems, embodied the thought that Israel was making Yaweh known to the world *at large* through her sufferings. He called into existence an *ideal*—that of *all* nations of earth turning to Yaweh in repentance. It was an ideal which one nation alone could realize, and thus again indicated a *Messiah.*

The State Religion and the Temple.—King Nehemiah (444 B. C.) settled the law of the Hebrew religion for all time in a great council at Jerusalem, Scribes and rabbis in *The Talmud* (300 B.C.—500 A.D.), developed a book of practical religion, dealing with the relations between religious and social life, and with the scribes taking the place of the prophets. Jerusalem became a priest-ridden city. There were 20,000 temple priests, who inherited their positions, and looked down on the common Jews with all a Brahmin's scorn for the lower castes and classes. At the three festivals of the Passover, Pentecost, and the Feast of the Tabernacles, the enormous crowd which flocked to Jerusalem swelled the priests' ordinary big income from sacrifices and fees to *vast* proportions. The observance of the Sabbath became very important. And the Jews developed some of the religious ideas they had begged, borrowed or stolen from other races.* The ancient Hebrews thought that God did *everything,* both

* Hebrew colonies were scattered over Greece, Egypt, Syria and other lands. The Jews were not popular in other lands. They "claimed all the world's wisdom as their own, and said the Greeks had learned all they knew

good and evil. The newer Hebrew religion that centered in the rebuilt Temple of Jerusalem, utilized various attractive ideas that other nations held, and "made them over" to suit its purposes. From the Persians they took over the idea of a god of evil, and Satan's name of *Asmodeus* is a Persian one. From the Babylonians they borrowed the winged Cherubim. From Greek philosophy the Hebrews borrowed the idea that God in his divine wisdom operated through Powers and Ideas.

The later Hebrew religion, influenced by Greek and Persian thought, produced the world's master-pessimist *Job* (400 B.C.), while in the same century the great religious *split* in the Hebrew church took place.

The Men who would Not Give Up Their Foreign-Born Wives.—The city of Shemer or Samaria in Palestine had been the royal city of King Ahab, who built a palace of ivory there, when not busy depriving Naboth of his vineyard. King Ahab, in his time, with the Phoenician princess Jezebel, whom he married, had set the fashion of foreign-born wives among the Samarians. But the old prophets were not the men to let other men's wives stand in the way of religious duty. Ezra and Nehemiah in their day (444 B.C. told the Samaritans they *must* give up their foreign-born better halves—and the Samaritans, to their credit,* one might say—decided that they would not cast off the wives they loved and were used to, prophets or no prophets, and, taking along the *Pentateuch*—the "Priestly Code" of the ritual—they broke away from Jerusalem, and said the true Zion was Mount Gerizim, over against the city. Their temple was destroyed 120 B.C (they rebuilt it under the Emperor Hadrian), but there always was much non-Hebrew blood among the Samaritans who afterward helped the Romans against the Jews. In the Bible the charity and good-nature of the "Good Samaritan" is contrasted with the self-sufficiency of the Pharisee, and they are a unique example of a folk who broke away from their orthodox faith for their wives' sake.

The Sadducees.—The Sadducees were a class or party representing in ancient Judea a kink of the Hebrew mind which we frequently encounter in the present day. They were Hebrews who did not wish

from Moses. A mass of apocryphal literature supported this unblushing propaganda, and made the Jews disliked abroad, where their exclusiveness also made them unpopular." In Alexandria they insisted on the privilege of living in a city quarter of their own, lest they be *contaminated* by the natives. As a result the natives "took delight in killing them on the slightest provocation."

*It seems quite in keeping that King Herod the Great, a Romanized half-Jew, whose wives were foreign-born, should have been the author of the city of Samaria's later glory. He built a great temple, a hippodrome and a street of columns surrounding the entire town.

to be considered Hebrews. They preferred, in religion and in life, *Greek* and *Roman* ideals, they preferred to be looked on as *Greeks* and *Romans.* They were the priestly aristocratic party, men of the world, diplomats, soldiers and churchmen who were Jews *outwardly only* so long as it meant place, power and profit for them. They were the *hypocrites* of the Hebrew world, and the rest of the Jews, because of their wishing to appear as Greeks, and confirming to Greek and Roman forms, rated them as atheists. Most of the Sadducees were wise enough to get out into the wide world which was their real home before the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 B.C.

The Pharisees.—The Pharisees were the old Hebrew "Puritans", They were more interested in religion than in politics and like all "purists" looked down on the common people with scorn and contempt. But the common people loved them and went to death for them, on the theory that they were the 100 percent Jews of the time. They "ran" the Hebrew Church in the days of Christ, and though the Gospels give us an unfavorable impression of them, we should remember that the Christ denounced only the hypocrites among them, and not the Pharisees as a whole.

The Essenes.—The third great Hebrew sect, known as the *Essenes,* were the original Jewish monks. As early as 150 B.C., they were found living in monastic settlements, following rules of celibacy, peace and purity. They were Pharisees religiously, with a dash of Greek philosophy, believing in "a pure spirit, immortal but imprisoned in the body." They scorned the Temple, had their own scriptures, fled the world, honored Moses, and kept the Sabbath with the greatest strictness. They taught the blessings of poverty.

The Jewish Soul and the Life After Death.—The old Hebrews were not very different from other primitive peoples. When a man died they thought the animal or body soul hung about his grave in a vague sort of way, but that man had an *immortal soul* they would have looked on as an *impious and ridiculous doctrine.* Once in a while Jehovah sent down a chariot of fire and snatched up some special favorite like the Prophet Elijah, or special arrangements were made as, for instance, when Azrael the Angel of Death personally conducted Moses to the skies. But these were great personages and exceptions. In general men did not expect to rise again in the body, and peace in the grave with no spiritual hope beyond it was the best a Hebrew might expect. But Zoroaster helped them out. When the Hebrews became acquainted with his idea: that the loyal fighters for the good, Ahura-Mazda's own, who sleep in the dust, arise with the saviour to share the eternal joy of his heaven, they liked it. And so they promptly borrowed it. But this was later. For many centuries the Hebrew did not seem to think he was entitled to a soul. If one had asked an ancient Hebrew whether he had a soul, he prob-

ably would have shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands and said: "Soul? *Wcs heisst?*" For the idea of a resurrection was never really a Hebrew one. The Sadducees especially shook their heads. "The dead have no hope", they said. But finding that the Greeks had souls, and that the *Persians* not only had them but that they rose again from the dead, the Hebrews gave up the gloomy belief in the soul's hereafter they had borrowed or shared with the Babylonians. And they developed the idea of souls for themselves largely in connection with the hope that a Messiah, as in Zoroastrianism, would come to redeem them. The Pharisees, especially, expected the advent of a heavenly Messiah, though the best they could do for him when He actually came was to crucify him. The religion of the Hebrews, after the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews over the face of the world, enters upon a new phase and becomes Judaism. The basic ideas of the Hebrew faith retained in Judaism, that there is One God for all, and that he demands a righteous life, prepared the way for the development of the two greatest monotheistic religions of the world, Mohammedanism and Christianity.

A Glimpse of Jewish Religious Life Before Jerusalem Fell.—From the age of Alexander the Great to the final destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews were in constant contact with foreign nations, and these four centuries that elapse are the *Greek* period of Jewish history. After Alexander's death Palestine was annexed to Egypt by Ptolemy, and remained an Egyptian province until 198 B.C. During the Egyptian supremacies *Jesus ben Sira* (Sirach) in "The Ecclesiasties" preached the doctrine that the individuals should do his duty in the state of life in which he was set, that the center of Jewish life was the Temple, and the high priest the real ruler of Israel. And we find the beginnings of that acquisition of wealth in Jewish hands which was to continue through the ages. The high-priest Onias, during this period, out of avarice, possibly patriotic, withheld the Jewish tribute-money which had to be paid to Egypt. Later Joseph, his nephew, went to the Egyptian court and bought up the tax-collection privileges of Palestine at auction. While lenient to the Jews as a tax-collector, he oppressed the non-Jewish cities with the greatest harshness and with much profit to himself. Thus he won the admiration of the Jewish historian Josephus. In Greece, in Alexandria, in Syria and elsewhere, too, Jews were establishing themselves as business men, traders, financial manipulators, and were gaining wealth, and much of the money they made found its way back to Palestine. There was much private wealth, and the Temple at Jerusalem held untold riches. When Palestine became a Syrian province, the Syrian kings always knew where to lay their hands on money when they needed it. As an example of Sadduceeism, we find a

high-priest Jesus, brother of Onias, who changes his name to Jason, encouraging his priests to desert the Temple for athletics in the fine Greek gymnasium he built, enrolling the Jews of Jerusalem as citizens of Syrian Antioch, and sending money to Tyre, for a sacrifice to the god Hercules. The Syrian King Antiochus IV tried by means of Jason and the strong hand to turn the Jews into Greeks. This led to the national uprising under the Maccabees. They restored Jewish independence, and Simon Maccabaeus (142 B. C.) who ruled the land as high-priest, issued a *Jewish coinage* to mark the fact. Under his weak descendants Palestine fell to a Philistine or Idumaean prince, Antipater, whom Julius Caesar made a Roman citizen, and procurator or civil ruler of Judea, while the Jew Hyrcanus became high-priest. It was a period of political and personal internal factions and strife, complicated by constant foreign interference. Often the Jews of both parties could not tell just what God wanted them to do. During one of the sieges of Jerusalem a good priest by the name of Onias, who had not fled with a number of his richer countrymen to Egypt, was found by the besiegers. He had a reputation for making successful prayers. So the besieging Jews asked him to put up a prayer against the Jewish besieged, and lay a curse on them. The poor fellow prayed as follows: "Oh God, Lord of the universe, those who stand with me are Thy people, and the besieged are Thy priests. I pray Thee that Thou hearken not to *these* against *those* nor those against *these!*" The Jews who had made him pray stoned him to death!

Herod the Great, son of Antipater ruled, Palestine as a king by the grace of Rome until his death, publicly conforming to Judaism, and restoring the Temple of Jerusalem. One son—he strangled others, so that the saying arose that "it was better to be Herod's *swine* than his *son*"—Herod Antipas, made tetrarch of Galilee and Perea, is the Herod of the Gospels, whom Christ calls a "fox", the slayer of John the Baptist. This Herod, prompted by his wife, Herodias, who was ambitious to be called "queen", petitioned Caligula to grant him the title, and so shocked that Roman emperor with his prayer that he was deposed and put to death. Another son, Archelaus, was made ethnarch of Idumaea, Judea and Samaria. But he so oppressed the Jews that on their complaints he was deposed, and his provinces governed by Roman "procurators" or governors. Thenceforward the Jews continued to devote most of their time to bitter religious squabbles among themselves.

The Roman Governors and the Jews.—One cannot help feeling a certain sympathy with the Roman governors of Judea. They were usually fine men of the military type, gentlemen, good administrators on the style of the English governors and rulers of subject

oriental peoples. Their standpoint toward other religions was one of live and let live. In fact, the religious differences of the Jews did not interest them in the least. And yet they were constantly in hot water with the Hebrews on points of religion. Many religious teachers and revolutionaries against the orthodox party of the Pharisees besides the Christ were crucified during the Roman administrations—but not by the Romans! The Jews did the crucifying. Pontius Pilate, however, does not seem to have been as tactful as the average Roman governor. When he came to Jerusalem as governor, he carried the standards of the Roman legions into the Holy City. At once the Jews were in an uproar. Roman standards, with the emperor's image on them in Zion! The Law had been broken! The Jews at once petitioned to have them removed. Pilate said "No." But when he called out the legionaries the Jews insisted they would rather die than transgress their Law. So Pilate, shaking his head, gave in. Next Pilate used some of the Temple treasure to repair an aqueduct, and improve the Jerusalem water-supply. Sacred treasure devoted to the service of man? "Desecration!" cried the Jews. Rather than have good drinking-water at such cost they revolted, and the Roman soldiers had to club them into submission. And when, in obedience to standing regulations against unlawful assembly, Pilate dispersed "a mob of Samaritans who had gathered on Mount Gerizim at the bidding of a religious imposter who promised to reveal some temple vessels buried there by Moses", he was recalled to Rome to answer for the shedding of "innocent blood". The Gospels show quite clearly that Pilate gave in the crucifixion of Jesus because the Jews wanted it, and that he was not in favor of the holy zeal which led orthodox Jews to nail every one up who disagreed with their doctrines.

From Caligula to the Fall of Jerusalem.—The Roman Emperor Caligula (A.D. 37-41) insisted on being recognized as the god of *all* nations. None objected but the Jews. In Alexandria the people hated Caligula, but they seem to have hated the Jews even more. The Alexandrian mob sacked the Jewish quarter, Jewesses were forced to eat pork and Jewish elders were scourged in the theatre. But Caligula's assassination, and the accession of Claudius restored the civic rights of the Alexandrian Jews. Meanwhile false prophets were a thorn in the flesh of the Roman governors of Palestine. Theudas, a wizard, according to Josephus, and a prophet as he himself said, led an enormous crowd of Jews to the Jordan, saying the river would divide at his command as the Red Sea did at Moses'. Cavalry sent by the Procurator Fadas cut off Theudas' head before he could reach the river-bank, and settled the uprising. Jews, Romans and Samaritans during most of the governorship of Ventidius Cumanus

(48-52 A.D.), were engaged in a free-for-all turning on religious difficulties, with murders, killings, and bloody suppression of revolts a commonplace.

Under Felix, the land was full of "robbers" and "wizards", Josephus tells us. Pilgrims with daggers under their cloaks murdered the high-priest in the Temple. False prophets were continually leading multitudes into the desert. One led the crowd to the Mount of Olives to see Jerusalem walls fall at his command. The party of religious fanatics called the *Zealots* grew in power and strength. Under Festus the Jewish robbers and desperados who infested the country made a practice of stabbing and robbing the crowds who came to Jerusalem for the Temple festivals, and the false prophets still led the people into the wilderness. Under Florus the anti-Roman party massacred the Roman garrison of Jerusalem after it had surrendered on a promise of mercy, sparing only one Roman soldier who agreed to become a Jew and accept circumcision. This led to the final tragedy. The Emperor Vespasian (67 A.D.) reduced one Jewish city after another, and finally reached Jerusalem, where *three* rival political and religious party-leaders—Eleazar, Simon and John—were busy fighting each other *and* the Romans without the walls. The famine-stricken people would gladly have surrendered to Titus (to whom Vaspasian had turned over the command), but the Zealots insisted on holding out to the end.

Synagogue Instead of Temple.—When the Temple of Jerusalem and its priest-hood were destroyed, all that was left the Jews was their *Law* and the *Synagogue.* Scattered all over the world they had become a religious community instead of a nation. The synagogue (borrowed from Babylonia), a place where the Law was read and interpreted and prayers were said by the community, seems to have come up and spread throughout Palestine in the time of the Maccabees. It was a democratic institution. There was a perpetual lamp, a reading-desk, a chest of law scrolls and a rabbi. In the synagogue Judaism has survived through the ages.

The Talmud.—The dispersed Jews learned in their synagogues the truths of their faith, and the Talmud and the synagogue services united them in a religious brotherhood of belief. The Talmud is the Judaic book of the law and doctrine of the schools of the *rabbis.* It consists of the *Mishnah,* traditions collected by Rabbi Judah, "The Prince", early in the third century A.D., and the *Gamara,* a commentary on the Mishnah. After the Bible (Old Testament) the Talmud is the main authority of orthodox Judaism. The *Karaites* (an eighth century sect which split off from the main body of Jews), from *kara* "to read", rejects the Talmud and accepts only the Old Testament. They still exist in large numbers in Russia. The *Geonim,* the Jewish rabbis and teachers of Egypt and Babylon, had

their own huge "Babylonian Talmud", which enjoyed great authority until about the eleventh century, for Babylon remained a great seat of Jewish culture until the tenth century.

Jewish Messiahs.—Though they rejected Christ, the Christian Messiah, the Jews after the fall of Jerusalem eagerly accepted the various imposters who turned up from time to time to announce the reëstablishment of Zion. The Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 132-135), decided that circumcision was an "illegal mutilation". The Jews thought differently, and promptly revolted when he tried to forbid it, rising to arms under a Messiah whose name was Simeon, but who called himself *Barcochebas* "Son of a Star". He minted coins in the name of "Simeon, Prince of Israel", and persecuted the Christians of Palestine who would not join him. It took the Romans three years to subdue the brave pretender, and take his fortress of Bethar. *Serenus* of Syria (720 A.D.), the Messiah *Alroy,* but forward by the fighting Jews of Azerbijan, a province of Persia, in the middle of the twelfth century, and a Spanish Jew, Abraham Abulafia of Zaragossa (b. 1240), were other Messiahs. The *Zohar* foretold the coming of Messiah.

The Fifteenth Century Messianic Prophets.—In the fifteenth century the Jewish longing for a saviour and redeemer, fed on the mystic Kabbalist and other promises brought forth prophets and martyrs to announce his coming. A dwarfish soldier, David Reubeni, haunted by the idea of ridding the Holy Land of the Turk to prepare for the master's coming, came from the Nubian deserts where he had skeletonized himself with holy fasting, to Italy. Riding a white horse, he dismounted at the Roman Vatican and was received with kindness by Pope Clement. From Portugal, where he was favored by the king, he set sail for Palestine with a Jewish crusading band and a silken banner, to perish. He went with Christian Godspeed, yet a Marrano girl to whom Moses appeared in visions and who gathered her people to lead them to the Holy Land was burned at the stake by the Inquisition, as was Solomon Molcho whose attempt to convert the Pope to Judaism was also rewarded with the blazing pyre. But with the advent of Luria, the coming of the Messiah seemed assured. He, the "Messiah of the Race of Joseph" was the precursor of Sabbatani Zebi, the "Messiah of the Race of David."

The Kabbalah.—This last Jewish Messiah based his claims on the Kabbalah, the mystic Jewish theosophy of the Middle Ages, which took in all sorts of magic doctrines. It consisted of the Sephir Yesirah, or "Book of Creation", a combination of medieval natural history and philosophy, the *Bahir,* which taught that there was a celestial trinity, and the *Zohar,* "The Book of Illumination", supposed to be a compilation of the doctrines God communicated to Adam in Paradise, and handed down uninterruptedly by patriarchs and proph-

ets ever since. (Actually it was compiled in the 13th century, and one of its divisions deals with demonology). The Italian Count Pico de Mirandola (1463-1494) succeeded in convincing Pope Sixtus that the Kabbalistic writings were invaluable for proving the truths of Christianity, and his holiness had them translated into Latin for the use of divinity students. In reality this fantastic doctrine encouraged emotionalism, superstition, magic and moral laxity.*

The Romance of Sabbatani Zebi, Who From a Jewish Messiah Became a Turkish Harem Slave.—Before we relate the romance of this "King of the Jews", who rode for a time in a gilded and silken litter, surrounded by guards and attendants, amid the adoration of the masses of Jewry, we must go back to Isaac Ben Solomon Luria, (1534-1572), the son of a Jewish spice merchant of Cairo. For without Luria, there might have been no Sabbatani. Luria was a "wonder-child". He was earthly to the extent of marrying his cousin at the age of fifteen, and selling spices for profit, but only until a copy of the Kabbalist "Bible", the *Zohar,* fell into his hands. Then he abandoned wife and groceries for a hut by the Nile, and spent his time meditating on mystic lore. Meditation of this sort soon produced the usual results. He began to see visions. The Prophet Elijah—he had been his spiritual god-father when Luria was but a babe—paid the young mystic frequent visits, and revealed all sorts of sublime truths to him. He spoke to the birds, like St. Francis, and performed miracles, and at night his spirit rose to heaven and conversed with celestial teachers.

The wonder-tales of Luria's mysteries and miracles came to the boy Sabbatani's ears. He too, felt drawn to the mystic life, and began to pass his days and nights in a condition of ecstatic rapture brought on by study of the *Zohar.* Sabbatani's father, like Luria's, was a good business man. He did not deal in spices, but was the Smyrna agent for an English business house. Sabbatani drew his Messianic hopes not from the Egyptian Nile, but from a Protestant sect on the banks of the English Thames, the English "Fifth Monarchy Men",** whose doctrine of a Messiah to come in 1666 his father had learned on a journey to England, which doctrine was a frequent subject of table-talk in the Zebi home.

* "The evil effects of nervous degeneration are shown in the Kabbalistic mysticism of the present-day *Chasidim,* a Jewish sect of eastern Europe, which combined much that is spiritual and beautiful with extreme emotionalism and degradation.

** The English "Fifth Monarchy Men" were a Puritan sect which for a time supported Cromwell. They believed that his government was a preparation for the "Fifth Monarchy" which was to follow the Assyrian, Persian, Greek and Roman and during which Christ would reign on earth with His saints for a thousand years. When Cromwell seemed to delay preparing for Christ's immediate return, they rose against him. and he had

In the year 1648—it was the year the Kabbalists had set for the Messiah's coming—Sabbatani went to Constantinople (for he had been banished from Smyrna) and there let a small circle of devotees into the great secret that the long-expected Messiah was—none other than himself. He had a winning personality, a good voice—men went into ecstasies when he sung the Psalms of David—and children "took to him" naturally. It is true, however, that he showered them with sweets. From Constantinople he went to Thessalonica. There in the Jewish colony "virgins untaught to love or to dissemble, lifted adoring eyes . . ." but Sabbatani's vision was inward and heavenward. Naturally, when he announced his wedding feast in the chief synagogue every girl in Thessaloncia was present. But Sabbatani—married the Scroll of the law! It was brought to him in its case of gold and purple embroidery, hung with golden bells that chimed sweetly and Sabbatani, slipping a gold ring on the peak of the sacred scroll, said: "I betroth thee unto me according to the Law of Moses. The orthodox cried "blasphemy" and he had to leave town.

Soon he journeyed to Jerusalem and began to perform miracles. One of the greatest—one can hardly blame his countrymen if they regarded it as *the* greatest—was that of causing the local Turkish pasha to remit an oppressive tax. Returning to Cairo, he was publicly hailed as the Messiah at Hebron, for he had drawn the veil from his divinity. In Cairo Sabbatani now married—for the third time. He already, as a boy, had been twice married and twice divorced. But divorce—as the example of other prophets: Mohammed, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy and Brigham Young testifies—is often a mere incident in a prophet's career. Yet Sabbatani was a genuine young ascetic. He *enjoyed* prayer and self-mortification. The two lovely Hebrew girls whom he married out of obedience to his father's command were released by the Smyrna *Beth-Dui,* "House of Judgment", whose reverent judges shook their heads, as the virgins, wives in name only, were released from the union with their husband. And no doubt, Sabbatani felt that it was a Messiah's privilege to change his mind respecting the things of this earth. He almost had to marry this third wife. For—the romantic tale was on every lip—it had been revealed to the beautiful Sarah that she was the Messiah's destined bride.

In Mr. Zangwill's charming romance of Sabbatani, "The Turkish Messiah", Sarah is represented as passionate, but not pure. She

to suppress them with sword and axe. The famous Jewish rabbi and mystic Menassah Ben Israel also claimed that the time was ripe for the appearance of a Messiah, and putting one thing and another together, before long Sabbatini had succeeded in making himself believe that he was the Messiah in question.

had escaped from Poland, where the Cossacks had been murdering the Jewish lessees and middlemen of the Polish nobility of whom Sarah's father was one. Kind nuns had taken her into their convent, but she escaped again from "years of pollution", as they appeared to her, in a Christian nunnery. Then she set out to seek her destined husband, the Messiah. To counterbalance the dreadful years in the cloister, where they spoke to her of Christ, Sarah flitted from Amsterdam to Frankfort-on-the-Main and to Livorno. To us her way of preparing to be a saviour's bride seems strange, for all Mr. Zangwell puts it poetically. In Livorno, he says, her ardent, unbalanced nature, starved in the chilly convent, yielded to passion, for there were many to love her. But to none would she give herself in marriage. "I am the Messiah's destined bride", she said, "and her wild eyes had always an air of waiting."

Nothing could shake Sarah's faith and Sabbatani was inspired at about the same time to announce that a spiritual bride had been promised him in a holy dream. It was in the house of Raphael Halebi, a rich and influential Jew of Cairo, that the Messiah met his dream-fiancée. It was a case of love at first sight. The Messiah had all the future before him. And Sarah dismissed the past so simply: "Thou hast kept thyself pure for me, even as I have kept myself passionate for thee. Thou shalt make me pure and I will make thee passionate". A fair exchange is no robbery. And, soon after, having gained the adhesion of most of the Cairoeen Jews, a really charming wife—spiritual or otherwise—and a good deal of money, Sabbatini returned in triumph to the Holy Land. There his own special prophet, Nathan of Gaza, in the rôle of Elijah, announced the coming restoration of Israel and the salvation of the world through the bloodless victory of Sabbatani, "riding on a lion with the seven-headed dragon in his jaws", and the year 1666 was given as the one in which the divine lion-rider would appear.

When the rabbis of Jerusalem threatened to excommunicate him he returned to Smyrna in 1665. At least they believed in him in his home town. The Jews of Smyrna went mad with joy and the Turks thought them insane. The wild enthusiasm of the masses exceeded all bounds. Men, women and children fell down and worshiped the Messiah as he passed. All prepared for the beginning of the New Sion. Men gave up work. They feasted, and lashed themselves, foamed at the mouth and had visions. They rushed through the streets singing the Psalms. Even the rabbis and men of learning were carried away. And day by day the movement spread till it embraced the whole Jewish world. Everywhere the miracles Sabbatani did were reported and believed. The Jews raised their heads in the ghettoes of the Levant, Venice, Amsterdam and London. All

Jewry sent him gold and silver. And on the Exchanges in the European capitals odds were laid for and against the Jewish kingdom. He assumed the pomp and splendor of royalty, and the treasure poured into his court, from Poland, Amsterdam and Hamburg, and Jews from all over the earth flocked to Smyrna to do homage to him. In the Levant inspired young Hebrew men and maidens prophesied before him. In Persia the Jews refused to till the fields. "We pay no more taxes", they said, "our Messiah has come." Day by day Sabbatani was hailed by Jewry as King of the Jews and Emperor of the World. And the decrees and ordinances he sent out were signed: "I, the Lord your God, Sabbatani Zebi."

But here was a Messiah who did not know how to turn his Messiahship to account. Sabbatini, who might have carried all before him had he boldly led the way to Jerusalem—did nothing except decree festivities and love his Sarah. He let the tremendous stores of potent energy and enthusiasm which belief in him had created go to waste. He had enough fanatic enthusiasm to have driven the Turk out of Palestine and Persia and Syria, perhaps. But he preferred to lull himself with the pipe-dream of mysticism. And this was not good. For while the Turkish Sultan Mohammed IV., like the Roman emperors, did not much mind what the Jews thought, and development like that of the Persian Jews, who refused to pay *taxes,* hit him in a tender spot.

At the beginning of the Messianic year, 1666, Sabbatani Zebi, King of the Jews, was "sent for" by the Sultan. He was to come to Constantinople, to the Istamboul of the Grand Seignior, serenely aware that the Messiah already had appeared in the shape of the Prophet Mohammed. Sabbatini Zebi, "King of the Jews" went. First, however, as "Emperor of the World", he partitioned it out among his faithful followers. He made them all kings—there were his brothers, King of the Kings of Judah, there was a King of Persia, a King of Arabia, a King of Italy, a King of Barbary, a King of Portugal, a King of Egypt, a King of England—twenty-six monarchs in all. The last was made King of Turkey—for was not the Messiah about to pluck his crown from the Sultan in Constantinople?

He had set out in state, with his Queen and his twenty-six kings, but arrested near Constantinople, he made his entry on a sorry nag, loaded with chains. Imprisoned, a shower of gold and devotion followed him there. His followers still believed in him, his word still ruled in the synagogues and the ghettoes. But the spectacle an infidel Jew throning in a prison amid attendant kings and sending out his orders—which were obeyed—to the Padishah's own Jewish subjects could not go on. The Janissaries took him to Adrianople where the Sultan was. The Sultan sat on his high throne,

his great turban on his head. He looked at Sabbatini Zebi, then spoke to one of his officers. And though an interpreter the latter offered the Messiah acceptance of Islam or the stake.

And then Sabbatani showed that he was not made of the right Messianic material. He did not believe in himself. He caved in completely and—an apostate, accepted Islam. Then, out of his clemency, the Sultan graciously made the King of the Jews, the Emperor of the World, the Messiah who was to regenerate the earth—a gatekeeper of the Seraglio, a white-turbaned harem door-man. And when he was lax in his duty, the eunuchs beat the back of the "Unfrocked Messiah" as he was called, who was to have come riding to redeem his people on the back of a God-sent lion. Instead he testified five times a day that there was no God but Allah and that Mohammed was Allah's prophet.

Black despair and discouragement settled on all the Jews when they learned that their Messiah had become a Turk. But hope dies hard in the human breast. Long after the doorman of the Sultan's wives and concubines had died, a sect of Sabbatians survived whose faith in their King had remained unshaken.

A Jewish Messiah Who Turned Catholic Instead of Mohammedan.—The Sabbatanic tradition allowed for the appearance of more Messiahs and as they appeared—a guitar-playing gallant of Madrid, a tobacco-dealer of Pigueral, a blue blooded Christian millionaire of Copenhagen—to nourish that great pathetic hope. . . ." In Austrian Poland, a certain Jacob Frank (1726-1791) decried the Talmud in a great public argument in the Lemberg Cathedral, for which top price entrance tickets were paid by the Polish nobility. Frank's emotional teachings encouraged great moral laxity. He was addressed as "Holy Lord." He drove through the Polish towns in splendid oriental robes in a chariot and six, surrounded by guards in Turkish costume. But this was all "window-dressing." When he had drawn enough followers Frank "sold out" to the Roman Catholic Church, and led his thousands to tremendous mass baptisms in 1759. Though the Polish Inquisition imprisoned him for a time, doubting his sincerity, he had his reward. The bigoted Empress Maria-Theresa of Austria gave the Roman Catholic Jew estates and a title and the Messiah lived in state as Baron von Offenbach. After his death in 1791 the Frankists merged in the Roman Church.

Christianity realized its Messiah. The deathless hope—for it still exists—of Judaism to greet its saviour is probably the most beautiful and romantic ideal in the religious history of the Jews. Always the Jews have looked for the great star to rise in the dark skies of persecution. But the stars which rose were only "falling stars."

The Jews in the Middle Ages.—The Jews spread, increased and prospered in the East and in Europe after their dispersion. Up to the

fifteenth century they were tolerated in Mohammedan countries, but their lot was hard in Christian ones. Their religion, in spite of many sectarian differences, was a bond of union. But they were not, as a rule, producers. They had an uncanny faculty for attracting wealth, gold, silver and possessions of every kind to themselves. The Middle Ages were not ages of religious tolerance. In both Christian and Mohammedan countries heretic-baiting, which meant killing, burning and slaughtering any one who differed from religious "majority" opinion, was gleefully followed. And in Christian countries the Jews, who had the disagreeable faculty of growing rich at the Christians' expense, often were subjected to dreadful persecutions. In Spain and Mohammedan North Africa persecution was so severe that what is known as *Maranism* or *Crypto-Judaism* arose. The Jews *publicly* accepted Christianity or Islam, and *privately* continued faithful to their own belief. In France, Germany, England, Italy and Spain, numerous bloody massacres occurred between 1096 and 1337. The fact that the Christian Church as well as Mohammed had forbidden *usury* placed unlimited business opportunities in the way of the Jews. They profited by them. The periodical plundering of their quarters, and the systematic "wringing out" of treasure by the Christian and Moslem rulers, acted as special levies on their excess profits.

As one historian says: "The Jews were unwilling *sponges* by means of which a large part of their subjects' wealth found it way into royal exchequers." The establishment of the Spanish Inquisition (1492), led to the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, and also introduced the Ghetto period.

The Period of the Ghetto.—The Age of the ghetto, as the narrow quarters in which the Jews were compelled by law to live in most European cities, was one of the darkest of Jewry. None could leave the narrow, fetid ghetto streets after sundown, when the gates were locked. And the Jews were imprisoned there on Sundays and all Christian holidays. But, herded in these narrow limits, the *synagogues* became the center of faith, though the ghetto period did not produce such great thinkers as the preceding ages, men like Solomon Bar Isaac, named Raschi (1040-1105), who wrote commentaries on Bible and Talmud; Abraham Ben Ezra (1093-1138), of Spanish Toledo, a Biblical writer, Maimonides (1135-1204), who tried to reconcile Aristotle with the Bible and Talmud; and the Jewish scholar David Kimchi (1160-1235), whom the medieval Jews called the "second Moses."

The Modern Period of Judaism.—The "Jewish Emancipation," as it is called, was inaugurated by Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786), born in the ghetto of Dessau, Germany, and known among the Jews as the "third Moses." His plea for the emancipation of Judaism was very influential. And the Jews, especially in France, after the French

Revolution and in consequence of the liberal policies of Napoleon, and in Austria and Germany between 1782 and 1814, had much improved their condition. Before the middle of the nineteenth century the ghetto had practically disappeared in most European cities. In the Russia of the czars *medieval* conditions prevailed until 1917. "Pales" of settlement were established out of which districts the Jews were not allowed to move, or they would be "without the pale."

Pogroms.—Pogroms, fierce massacres of the Jews by the Russians —in one case, which occurred during the World War, the *pogrom* was motived by an alleged case of the "ritual murder" of a Christian child —have always been a feature of Jewish life in Russia. But in Russia, as in other countries, Jewish massacres often seem to have been inspired more by economic reasons than by religious ones. A stupid peasantry only too often has resented legalized usury by a middleman race of non-nationals with brutal cruelties and bloodshed. The wonderful skill and cleverness the Jew shows in drawing money to himself, as though by some obscure law of magnetic attraction, is no excuse on the part of those who think they are despoiled, to resort to murder. That the Jews have not been "too proud to fight" for those countries which have offered them a home and equal rights is proven by the record of the World War, and even in the Civil War there were, in the armies of the North and South included, 7,038 Jews under arms.

Reform Judaism.—Reform Judaism was born in Germany in 1845, but now is centered in the United States. It is a movement similar to that which has been felt by the Protestant Church, owing to the impact of modern science—evolution, philosophy, criticism—and substitutes for the hope of a personal Messiah to come, the belief that *the Jewish people are a Messianic people or a nation of Messiahs,* so to speak, chosen to deliver God's true word to the rest of the world. Israel's mission, according to them, is to acquaint the rest of humanity with the fact that every being is a child of God, and as such should lead a righteous life.

Zionism.—In 1895, Theodor Herzl wrote a book called "The Jewish State". According to it—it is a book addressed to and followed by orthodox Jews—Israel is in exile and will not regain her rightful position until a Jewish state is reconstructed, and the Temple of Jerusalem rebuilt. The Zionist movement, with its cry of "back to Palestine" has, generally speaking, fallen on deaf ears, in spite of a vast amount of propaganda and enthusiasm. Though conditions have been more favorable to such an enterprise since the end of the World War, Palestine is still essentially a farming country. But the soil in which the Jews are most firmly rooted is that of the great cities, where exchanges serve to irrigate crops of commercial and financial undertakings. So most Jews, who are doing very nicely in the various Christian lands, do not look with favor on the Zionist movement which

would uproot them from those places where they can be active to best advantage to themselves, and transfer them to a land rich in religious and historical associations but financially a desert.

Anti-Semitism.—Anti-Semitism, generally speaking, is an European development of Jew-baiting, resulting from the earliest 19th century emancipation of the race. It can only be condemned. If in some cases, revelations of scandalous profiteering in illegal ways (as in Germany), were shown to be founded on fact, the injustice of singling out men of any special *race* as profiteers has been sufficiently proven by our own experiences after the Great War. Profiteering is *international,* not specifically *racial.* The "native son" in every land who waves his country's flag the hardest, may be the one to pick his country's pockets with the least scruples. In pre-war Russia anti-Semitism was a medieval survival marked by bloody massacres. The Czar Alexander III, in 1891, put himself in the ridiculous position of encouraging the murder of his Jewish subjects on one hand, while begging the English banking-house of Rothschild for a loan on the other. When these Jewish bankers intimated that unless the persecutions stopped the loan would not be forthcoming, the deeply offended monarch turned to a French banking syndicate.

Anti-Semitism, which culminated in the disgusting persecution (1894) of the innocent young artillery officer Dreyfus, which shocked the entire civilized world, ended with his triumphant vindication (1906). It is held to have done more than anything else to nullify the influence and authority of the Roman Church in that country. "In the ruin of the French Church, which owed its dis-establishment very largely to the Dreyfus conspiracy, may be read the most eloquent warning against the demoralizing madness of anti-Semitism." In America and England Anti-Semitism has never made much headway. The total Jewish population of the world is somewhat over 11,500,000, but most people are under the impression that it is very much larger.

Judaism as a Moral Entity.—The religious spirit of Judaism, orthodox or reform, is one whose noble ideals cannot well be denied. The Jews look upon themselves as the heirs of the prophets of old, the upholders of the One God, and the champions of social righteousness. In a practical application of their religious beliefs a number of wealthy Jews have revealed themselves as philanthropists.

CHAPTER XVI

MOHAMMEDANISM

(The Religion of Islam)

Mohammed or Mohomet (570 (?)-632 A.D.), a posthumous waif, some even say a foundling, born in the tattied black tent of a wretched West-Arabian desert tribe of the Hedjas coast, was the lowly camel-driver who, while watering his smelly charges, conjured up his visions of paradise all fragrance and light. He is one of the most picturesque of all prophets and founders* of religions. It was when he married a wealthy widow, Khadja, fifteen years his senior, that he was first able to exchange the delights of camel driving and a life in Allah's open desert for a comfortable cushion in a Mecca green-grocer's shop. But Mohammed's mission on earth was not the sale of vegetables. He soon turned from beans and onions to mystic contemplation and the study of Christian and Jewish legends. His glowing imagination carried him swiftly from beets to beatitudes, from radishes to religion. He felt a divine call.

Before long, preceded by a copious perspiration, the oral communications of Allah were delivered to the budding Prophet in trances. Mohammed's first converts were his wife Khadija, his boy cousin Ali, and Abu Bekr, "The Faithful Friend", his first successor. And from the beginning Mohammed in these revelations—to his credit be it said—laid the greatest weight on the future life or resurrection of the body, and the *unity of God.* For three years the converts who, little by little, were added to Mohammed's circle remained a secret society. Mecca was the center of the old, national holy shrine of all Arabia, the Kaaba—where the sacred Black Stone, and the images of the nature-goddesses *Lat* and *Uzza* were preserved and venerated. Idol-worship was strongly entrenched. And from the first the destruction of idol-worship and the restoration of the pure religion of the old Semitic prophet Abraham (Ibrahim), and the substitution of the cult of One God for many was Mohammed's purpose. Mo-

*A *medical* question may be the key to the whole problem of Islam. Some authorities say that Islam was born directly out of the epileptic fits and cataleptic trances of Mohammed, in which he did his best prophesying. Others deny that Mohammed ever had such seizures, and deny that Islam was born of these spasms.

hammed had arrived at the conclusion that he was Allah's prophet to the Arabs, chosen to reveal God to them, as Moses revealed *Yaweh* to the Hebrews.

For ten years Mohammed preached in secret. And if he had been content with preaching the One God *theoretically,* there would have been no trouble. But he wanted the idols *destroyed.* Mecca was a prosperous business town, and all Arabia flocked there and spent money in the worship of idols. The equivalent of the Meccan Chamber of Commerce soon came to regard Mohammed as a man who had the home town's worst interests at heart instead of its best. Nearly all Mecca, seeing its pocketbooks threatened, turned against him and he was forced to flee to Yathrib, with his wife, Abu Bekr, and a few followers, while the Meccans promptly confiscated his house and goods, and those of his adherents.

The Flight or Hegira.—This "Flight", *Hijra* or *Hegira* fixes the date of the *beginning of the Mohammedan era* as June 16, 622 A.D. And the day on which Mohammed rode into Yathreb (thereafter known as the Prophet's Town, Medina), was *Friday,* and thus Friday became the Mohammedan Sunday. The tribes in and about Medina were half-Jewish. The Jews, then as now, were looking for a Messiah. Perhaps Mohammed might be the one expected. But after he had built a mosque, regulated the simple rites of his religion, and appointed the first Mohammedan *muczzin* or *muaddhin* to summon the faithful to prayer, they decided, in view of the fact that he knew little or nothing of the *Zorah,* and apparently cared less, he was not the Messiah for whom they had been looking. And soon Mohammed came to regard them as enemies, claimed they laid the curse of barrenness on Moslem women, and preached a *jehad* or "Holy War" against them as infidels. He exiled a whole Jewish tribe, put a Jewess to death. Before long where there had been only half-Jews there remained only *whole Mohammedans* in Medina. While he continued to put forth his divine revelations Mohammed remembered that Allah helps those who help themselves. After consistent plundering of the rich Meccan caravans, the subduing of several Bedouin tribes, adding both to his wealth and his followers, he was able in the year 630 A.D. to re-enter Mecca, which he made his "Holy City", and the center of his religious system, clearing the temple of all its idolatrous associations.

From Mecca he sent out emissaries far and wide to demand the removal of idols and though he sometimes had to resort to seige artillery to try and subdue cities which clung to their old stone gods, and the tribes did not take kindly to his system of taxation, his faith spread year by year in ever widening circles. In general the kings of the earth, to all of whom he sent messengers inviting them to join the only true faith, did not take him seriously. Among them was the

Greek Emperor Heraclitus, the King of Persia and the Abysinnian King of Axum. A ruler called the *Mukaukis* of Egypt, while he did not commit himself religiously, sent the Prophet two beautiful Coptic slaves for his harem.

Mohammed's Private Life.—The harem, so to speak, takes us right into the bosom of Mohammed's family.* The Prophet seems to have led a normal but only fairly happly life in the bosom of his family. "Of middle height, with hair neither straight nor curly, large head, large eyes, with a redish tint, heavy eyelashes, thick-bearded, broad-shouldered, with thick hands and feet", the Prophet was in the habit of giving violent expression to the emotions of mirth and *anger.* And the Prophet had his share of domestic troubles to rouse him to wrath. Most of them began after he had set up a royal harem, it is said, for political reasons. As his wives accumulated—he had nine in all—his peace of mind began to decay. Khadijah, the old wife who had raised Mohammed from camel-halter to grocery-shop, died three years after the Prophet's emigration to Medina. His attitude toward her always was admirable. The Prophet consoled himself. He married the daughter of Omar, the unamiable Hafsa, he married Umm Habibah, the daughter of his former enemy, Abu Sofian, he married the infant daughter, Ayesha, of his "Faithful Friend" Abu Bekr, he even married Zeinab, the wife of his adopted son Zaid, and put forth a special chapter of the Koran to justify it. And besides the wives** were the slave girls, with whom the Prophet's system permitted pious Moslems, himself included, to cohabit. All these ladies had to be provided with special "houses", and since all were constantly quarreling and fighting the Prophet was continually in hot water. There always was a row of some kind going on in Mohammed's harem. Possibly, had he lived longer, Mohammed would have done away with polygamy in Islam in the light of his personal experience. Two upsets were serious. One was an accusation of adultery brought against Ayesha, the most youthful and favorite wife of the venerable father of his faith (his sons, three, all died in infancy). But the Prophet refuted it by means of a divine revelation. The other was a genuine harem mutiny. It was organized by the ill-natured Hafsa, who claimed that the Prophet showed altogether too much favor to Mary, one of the charming Coptic slaves from the banks of the Nile. The intelligent Ayesha was the real queen of the apostolic harem. When Mohammed was seized with his fatal illness—due, it is claimed, to a Jewess of Khaibar who had

* One cannot be too careful in basing a study of a Prophet's private life on authoritative sources. We have gone back therefore to valid Mohammedan sources: "The Life of the Prophet Mohammed", by his oldest biographer, Mohammed Ibn Ishak and by Abdelmalek Ibn Hisham (828 A.D.)

** Others were Umm Solamah, Sauda, Meimuneh, Djiuverieh and Safeh.

poisoned his food some years before—Ayesha promptly plucked him from the arms of another wife so that he might die in her own. There, having united his followers "in the hope of booty in this life and beatitude in the next", he departed this world on June 8, 632 A.D. Twenty-five years after his death Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Armenia and Persia had been won by Islam.

The Koran.—The Koran, to the more than 200,000,000 Mohammedans who believe in it, is the sacred "Bible" of Islam, and the direct word of God or Allah communicated to men. Like Christ and the Buddha, Mohammed did not "write" it. It was chiefly put down after his death, "from the breasts", that is the "memories" of men. It is Allah's very words, can only be repeated in Arabic, and its translation is an act of heresy. Next in order after the Koran as a sacred book comes the *Sunna,* the "traditions" of the Prophet, and in addition to it there are many books of Koranic commentaries. The Koran teaches the doctrine of Islam—"to submit", that is, submission to the will of Allah, the One God.

What a Good Moslem Believes.—The teaching of the Koran may be summed up as belief in Allah, in his angels, in his Koran, in his prophets, in the end of the earth, and in *fate* or predestination. The good Moslem shares in *taouhid,* unity with Allah. Christians, Jews and others who worship Allah but worship other gods in addition (for Mohammed thought the Virgin Mary a separate god worshiped by the Christians) are *mouchrikin,* while pagans are simply *kafir,* infidels. There is much good in the Koranic doctrine. The pilgrimage to Mecca, which had been a pilgrimage to an *idol,* Mohammed made a mere adjunct to the worship of Allah, and he sanctified the Black Stone and made it a One-God emblem instead of a fetish-stone. He taught justice and truth, denounced pride an envy, and praised the devotion of children to parents, and charity. Mothers, orphans and wives (in spite of his own bitter experiences with the last-named) were the object of his special consideration. He improved existing divorce laws. And he came out flat-footed against the every-day practice of the average Arab father of snatching his new-born baby daughter from her mother's breast, scuffling a hole in the desert, laying the child within, and trampling down the hot sand on it with a callous, carefree laugh. Infanticide was horrible to the tender-hearted Prophet. Though he himself had *nine* wives, he restricted polygamy in his followers to the possession of only *four*—making a liberal allowance for concubines, however—and declared that no Moslem should marry even the four wives allowed him unless he could treat them justly and rightly. And—Mohammed forbade slavery in the sense that one free Moslem could be the slave of another Moslem. Slaves must be the children of individuals already captured, or prisoners of war not converted to Islam. Mohammed took a firm

stand against blood-feuds, the use of intoxicants and gambling. A pure heart and good works must go hand in hand with the belief in a Sole God and a Judgment Day.

From the Garden of Eden to Allah's Heaven.—Allah created the universe in six days and did *not* rest on the seventh, declares the Koran. Out of the mist which filled infinite space Allah made the waters, the earth and the mountains, all living things and finally, on what we consider an unlucky day, Friday—he created Adam. According to Arabian legend Allah also created an angel, *malak*, who holds up the earth on his powerful shoulders, like the Greek god Atlas. The angel's feet rest on an enormous ruby, which in turn is supported by the horns of a bull, which stands on the sacred Bahamout fish, swimming in the waters whose waves wash the shores of eternity. Adam loses his terrestrial Paradise in the Koran much as he does in Genesis.

Allah in His Heaven.—Below Allah where he sits on his angel-borne throne in the highest or seventh heaven of paradise, are the four archangels, *Jabril* or Gabriel, Allah's messenger, called "the breath of Allah", *Mika'il*, Michael, who watches over the order and life of nature, *Azrafil*, who will sound the trump of the Judgment Day, and *Azrail*, the angel of death who comes to gather the last breath from the lips of the dying. Next come the prophets whom Allah has sent to earth to announce his will and law to men. Chief among them are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, who gave men the Pentateuch, Jesus, who gave men the Gospel and—Mohammed, the last and greatest of them all. A little lower than the prophets are the angels. Sexless creatures of Allah, formed of light, they obey the orders of the four archangels. Every man has four attendant angels: two "guardians" and two "scribes", the latter making note of all his actions, good or bad, as soon as they are committed.

Iblis in Gehenna.—*Iblis* (Eblis) is the Moslem Satan. Once his name was Azazil, and he was an angel but, fallen from his high estate, he leads the legions of *Gehenna* (Hell). A vast crowd of demons, male and female, and able to unite with human beings, though created out of elemental fire, are subject to Iblis, commands. They go under the name of *djinns, afrits, chaithan* (devils), and *marids* (rebels). Some are Moslems, but most of them are enemies of Islam and of humanity. *El Nar*, or "The Fire", as the Mohammedans also call their place of torment, is also divided into seven regions. Its superior or seventh region, Gehenna of Jahannam, is especially reserved for the followers of Islam. For those whose good and evil deeds balance exactly, Mohammed provides a kind of Purgatory, *El Araf*, possibly derived from the Talmud.

Christians, Jews, Zoroastrians, idol-worshipers, hypocrites and others occupy the lower stories. The torments of Gehenna include

an undying thirst, which drinking of Hell's pestiferous springs of boiling pitch and bitumen cannot quench, shriveling away of the skin, the roasting of one's entrails, etc. Since guilty Moslems are not eternally damned, Mohammedan theologians have advanced the opinion that, perhaps, *all* Gehenna will some day cease to exist, and even the basement story offenders eventually escape.

A Glimpse of Gehenna by an English Millionaire Eccentric.—The best picture of Gehenna ever drawn, perhaps, we owe to a Christian pen. It is that found in Beckford's* "Vathek", of which Lord Byron said: "As an Eastern tale even "Rasselas" must bow before it; his happy valley will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis". In this work the hero, an evil *khalif* and his worse mistress, Nouronihar, wind up in Gehenna. Entering the ruins of an ancient palace, they descend a stair which leads into the bowels of the earth. A black portal opens with a thunderous noise, and they are in the Halls of Eblis.

The Halls of Eblis.—"The Khalif and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odor as almost overpowered them; they however went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of Genii and other fantastic shapes of each sex danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

"In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them; they had all the livid paleness

* William Beckford, the author of "Vathek" (b. 1759), had an annual income of 110,000 pounds sterling, besides "a million of ready money" on his father's death, derived from great estates in Jamaica, of which his grandfather was the first governor. Author, traveler, eccentric "Vathek" among his books has fixed his reputation as an imaginative writer. He built besides a palace in Cintra in Portugal, his famous English "Fonthill Abbey", which Hazlitt has described as "A desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toyshop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly and at the same time most worthless in the productions of art and nature."

of death; their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosporic meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

"Halls and galleries opened on the right hand and left, all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the center of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion; here the choirs and dances were heard no longer, the light which glimmered came from afar.

"After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armor, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapors; in his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light; in his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron scepter that causes the monster Ouranabadm, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble; at his presence the heart of the Khalif sank within him, and for the first time, he fell prostrate on his face.

Courtesies of the Tomb.—The Day of Judgment is a necessary preliminary to going either to heaven or hell in Islam. The pious Moslem who lies on his death-bed has his soul *gently* released by Azrael from its mortal shell, though the same angel tears it *violently* out of the unbeliever's body. Tucked away in his tomb, the dead man is at once visited by the angels *Nakir* and *Mounkar*. They ask him: "Who is your God? What is your faith? Who is your Prophet?" If he recites the *chahada*, the moslem confession of faith, the angels tiptoe out softly, leaving a little hole in the tomb whence the deceased can enjoy the sight of his seat in paradise while waiting for the Judgment Day. If he has not his creed at the tip of his tongue, however, the two angels beat him with iron clubs, and open a hole in the floor of his grave whence he can enjoy the sight of his place in hell. For with the exception of prophets and martyrs, who are immediately translated into heaven, the ordinary Mohammedan must

wait for the resurrection trump to sound before he "goes somewhere yet."*

The Appearance of the Mahdi.—Like the Christian Day of Judgment, the Mohammedan one is a day of wrath, of terror and confusion. To begin with the earth and humanity are turned upside-down. Faith dies, evil, violence and war afflict mankind. Then the *Mahdi.* "The Well-Directed" of Allah appears. The *Mahdi* is the Messiah of Mohammedanism. He already has appeared at various times in Moslem lands, only to disappear for "the time was not yet ripe". It might be said in passing that whenever a *Mahdi* appears in a Moslem land under Christian control he at once proceeds to make it very uncomfortable for the Christians, for Mohammedan Messiahs always appear with the sword. The best known among Mohammedan *mahdis* are the Sudanese tyrant Mahommed Ahmed Iba Seyyid Abdullah (1848-1885), and his successor the *Khalifa*** Abdullah at Tai Taaisha (1846-1899). Ahmed was a young sheik of the Sudan, who early acquired for holiness dervish followers to him as molasses does flies. Soon, calling himself *Al-Madhi al Montasir,* "The Expected Guide", he had the poor, tax-ridded villagers of Korfofan aligned against the Egyptian government which was grinding them down. After defeating various Egyptian armies sent against him, he beseiged the British under General Gordon in Khartoum, took the town, killed Gordon and died himself a few months later at Omdurman (June 22, 1885). He struck coins in his own name (opposing the Shiite *Mahdi* tradition) and issued proclamations regulating ritual, prayers and *the behavior of women.* The *Mahdi* should have been an authority on this subject. For he was "sheik" in the modern American as well as the Arabian meaning of the word. During the months intervening between the fall of Khartoum and his death, the *Mahdi,* aided by numbers of young women given him by the Baggara chiefs "to gratify one of his leading tastes", copied in *private* life the vices of all oriental despots while in *public* he set his followers an example of saintly austerity. Probably in spite of his rules of behavior, there were bickerings among the brown Baggara baggage, for one of them is supposed to have poisoned Ahmed in a fit of jealousy. The *Khalifa* Abdullah, Ahmed's successor was a religiously divine ruler over the wild tribes of the Nile valley for thirteen years, until he was

*A Mohammedan sceptre of the eleventh century was heard to state that a dog when he died was better off than himself. When asked why, he replied: "A dog when he is dead is dead. When I am dead I must go somewhere yet."

**The term *al-Khalifa,* the *Khalifa,* means "the successor" or "follower" of the Prophet. The first *Khalifa* was Abu Bekr, who followed Mohammed on his death. The *Khalifa* does not, like the Prophet, receive divine revelations direct from heaven. He is supposed to be guided by the Prophet's words and by what the latter would do were he alive.

defeated in a great battle by Lord Kitchener (1898), near Omdurman, and died fighting bravely in a subsequent engagement with his leading *amirs*. These and other Mahdis have been proven by the logic of events not to be the ones announced to appear at the Moslem Day of Judgment.

The False Messiah and the Christ.—At the same time the true *Mahdi* appear on the Day of Judgment, the *Messiah el dajjal*, the "False Messiah" or Anti-Christ will turn up between Persia and Syria. He will be a hideous, one-eyed creature, his forehead marked with the letters which mean "Unfaith" riding an ass, he will be followed by seventy-thousand Ispahan Jews. At the same time the ferocious tribes of Gog and Magog will emerge out of Central Asia and, having drunk Lake Tiberias dry, will march upon Jerusalem. But fortunately *Isa*, Jesus, the risen Christ, will appear at this juncture in the Great Mosque of Damascus. It will be at the moment of the noon prayer, in the angle of the eastern minaret. The *imam*, about to climb the tower, will resign his place to him and *Isa* will call the faithful to prayer. Then he will slay the Anti-Christ at the gate of Lydda, and at his request Allah will destroy the tribes of Gog and Magog. He will marry, have children, dwell forty years on earth, and establish a reign of peace between men and beasts. All sorts of other things now happen as well. The apocalyptic beast appears, a dense cloud covers the earth for forty days, and the Kaaba is destroyed.

The Day of Judgment.—At last the Day of Judgment arrives. The sun rises in the *west*, and then goes into an eclipse. The skies waver and unfold, and the Angel *Sidjdjill* rolls them up like a painted linen curtain whose usefulness has passed. While hills and plains turn to mist, women bear monster and mothers forget to suckle their babes, the Angel Azrafel (Israfel) who has been holding the trump of Judgment to his lips sounds it, and causes all living beings to pass from life to death, he himself being the last to die. All the dead remain in an intermediate state for forty years. Then the second trump is blown, the trump of Resurrection, and all creatures come to life again. United in an immense plain which Allah will establish for the purpose, perhaps in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, men will attend the hour of Judgment, naked, burned by the sun, and covered with a sweat which dripping from their bodies, will form vast pools, while they await with anxiety the divine decision. Finally, angels will pass to each one the book containing the list of his good and evil deeds. Then all men will appear before Allah, who will weigh their acts in the balance, *mizan*. The faces of the faithful will be *white*, the faces of those who have denied their faith will be *black*. It is at this moment that Mohammed will intervene with Allah in favor of the Mohammedan community. Judgment rendered, all men will

cross the "Bridge of the Hair", the *Cirat,* as thin as a strand from a Bedouin maid's lock, and sharper than the razor-edge of a Damascene blade. The good will pass across it with the rapidity of lightning, the evil will plunge into Gehenna's abyss below.

Happiness in the Paradise of the Houris.—The good Moslem has at last attained the desired goal. He is about to enter paradise, the paradise* promised him by the Koran. It is a desert Arab's ideal place of bliss. There are grateful shades and running waters, splendid garments, flashing jewels, women and perfumes. It is a paradise which has haunted the imagination of Islam for twelve centuries. Of course, the better-educated and higher classes of Mohammedan society always have smiled at the somewhat monotonous *material* realities of this orthodox heaven. They look forward to the eternal felicity to be found in the *contemplation of Allah's face!*

The happy soul which has been admitted to Allah's eternal bliss—it is by the way, the immediate reward of every Mohammedan soldier who dies fighting against an infidel foe, and may have something to do with making the Turks and other Mohammedans such good fighting men—first quenches its thirst at the "Prophet's Basin", the *Haoudh,* and then enters paradise. Three great rivers, two of them springing from beneath Allah's throne, water its meadows, aside from the sparkling streams which spring up everywhere, streams of purest water, streams of milk, streams of wine and streams of honey, running beneath the green shade of beautiful trees, greatest among them the glorious *Touba*-tree, which casts its fragrant shadow afar. Everywhere rise the glorious tents and pavilions of the Faithful.

But, eyen in paradise, Allah knows it is not good for man to be alone. Hence the *houris.* For the sensuous oriental the *houri* is that creation of Allah which indeed makes his paradise worth while. Among the Arabs the luminous, tenderly black and brilliant eyes of the *gazelle* have a special name. They are called *hawira.* "Gazelle-eyed" creatures represent the acme of charm to the Moslem. So we have the Arab *hawra,* and the Persian *houri* to describe the beautiful virgins who await the faithful Mohammedan in Allah's paradise. And of these charmers, "fair as the sheltered egg" as the Koran says, each Mohammedan had a liberal allotment—he had *seventy!* Eternally lovely, undyingly young, they dwell modestly secluded in pavilions formed of gigantic hollowed pearls. When the blessed are not busy making love in the recesses of their hollow-pearl cottages, they lie about beneath tents or under the spreading branches

* Many of the details (though numerous other authoritative works have been consulted, have been supplied by Arthur Alric's French translation of the Arabic "The Paradise of Mohammed", according to the Koran and Arab tradition.

of the paradise-trees, in garments of green silks, satins and brocades. Decked with jewels and golden bracelets, they enjoy "fruit and forgiveness". Yes, they have bananas (these are specifically mentioned) and can eat without ever feeling a twinge of indigestion. For indigestion is barred from Allah's halls. Handsome youths pass about among them carrying silver goblets of divine milk and a wine which thrills while it does not intoxicate, drinks tempered with water from the rivers and springs of paradise, which lend them the flavor of ginger and camphor and *tasnma.*

A Religion Without Priests, and Its Simple Rites.—The *imam,* the leader of the community prayers in the mosque, is not a priest. In fact, Mohammedanism is a religion without priests. The imam may be a shoemaker, a butcher, or a water-carrier. His reputation for a pure life and a fine character only determine his choice. For he is merely one (or more, for usually there are several *imams* for each mosque) among the congregation who leads the rest in prayer. The *five daily prayers** are the chief *ritual* observances of Islam. We will not enter into the little details of the manner in which the good Mohammedan approaches Allah each day. Suffice to say that when he does so, in a state of "ritual purity" (after washing), turning in in the holy direction of Mecca, he is for the moment removed from the world. He is face to face with his God. There is no ceremony, *no human being stands between him and his Maker!* The thought is a beautiful one. For the brief instants of communion with God *he himself* partakes of the sacredness of the divinity. It is preferable for the Mohammedan to pray in the mosque. But—it is not a necessity. Anywhere, at each of the five appointed times, the Moslem may fling himself down in the direction of Mecca, in the illimitable sandy wastes of the desert or in a crowded bazaar, and all the world fades away. He and his God are alone together. Prayer is the Moslem's chief religious duty, and to express that a man is not a Moslem or a backslider, he is called a "Neglecter of the Prayer". On Friday there is also at the hour of *zohr,* the special "Friday Prayer". Then a special *imam,* the *imam khatib,* delivers a sermon, and invokes Allah's benediction on the reigning sovereign and the "Commander of the Faithful". It is this benediction which, in times of political trouble in Moslem lands, shows which way the wind blows. In Morocco, the name of the Sultan of Morocco is called *Amir el Mouminin.* In Algeria the first four Khalifs are cited. In

* The *coubh* takes place between the true dawn and actual sunrise; the *zhor,* takes place between the moment when the shadow of a man standing begins to increase (immediately after noon), and the moment when the shadow projected by a man is equal to the size of the man added to his minimum shadow (immediately after noon). The *acr* is said from three to five in the afternoon. And the *maghreb* between sunset and the disappearance of the yellow light that fills the skies.

Tunisia the Sultan of Constantinople was called the "Commander of the Faithful", and his name cited before that of the reigning Bey. In the mosques of Mecca and Medina and those of Syria, as well as in Constantinople itself, the name of the Meccan *cherif*, the British-protected "King of the Hedjaz", now is given as that of the "Commander of the Faithful", and that of the deposed Turkish sultan suppressed.

El Hajj, the Pilgrimage.—The pilgrimage to Mecca is one of Islam's most original institutions. Once a year it united from 60,000 to 70,000 Moslems of every Moslem land in the one great collective act of religious union of the Moslem world. Once in his life, if at all possible, every Moslem should make the pilgrimage. Mohammed made it a duty, and thus Mecca became the religious center of the whole Mohammedan world. The only city which can compare with it today in this respect is Benares on the Ganges, the holy city of Brahminism. To visit its temples and wash away his sin in its holy river is the longing of every pious Hindu. *The* caravan in Damascus and in Cairo, always meant the pilgrim-caravan of Syria and Egypt respectively, and in the years before the railroad made it possible for the Syrian and Egyptian hajj or pilgrims to travel *direct by rail* from Damascus to Mecca, these two tremendous processionals of thousands of camels, mules and pilgrims, each headed by a great emir, and the Egyptian one carrying the *Mahmal* or sacred pavilion, with guards, soldiery and slaves, plodded wearily through the endless desert sands toward the Holy City of their longing. A hundred and one little ritual ceremonies, including kissing the sacred black stone, the *Kaaba*, drinking from the holy well *Zemzem*, having been attended to, the pilgrim can return proudly to his home with the title of *hajj*, and the knowledge that he has done his duty to Allah. Additional pilgrimages to Median, and even to Jerusalem add to his merit. The great fast month of *Ramadan*, when no self-respecting Moslem in any Moslem land eats, drinks, smokes, or loves from sunrise to sunset—only to break his fast in every respect with enthusiasm as soon as the sun has gone down,—is one of Islam's most "live" religious observances. The *zacat*, a religious tax collected yearly in every Mohammedan land, "in kind" or in cash, and applied to the relief of the poor and needy, is another. Though every good Moslem is supposed to pay the *zacat*, there was, in the time of Abbasside *Khalifs* a certain *kadi*, Youssef (d. 910 A.D.) of Bagdad. He did *not* pay his *zacat*, and yet managed to get out of it in a perfectly legal way. The religious law says that property which does not remain a whole year in the hands of its possessor is exempt from the tax. Youssef, just before the end of the year, always transferred all his property to his son. And just before the end of the next year his son retransferred it to him. So the Kadi Youssef *never paid the*

zacat! The *Jihad,* or "Holy War" is a religious duty for the Moslem: the duty of fighting the infidel. But though it offers the inducement of immediate transfer of the souls of those who fall in its battles to Allah's paradise, the *jihad* is not a very active institution in these days.

Polygamy.—Mohammedanism is an oriental institution, and polygamy is an oriental idea of the family to which the west objects in theory at any rate, if not in practice. The Prophet's idea in making polygamy the foundation of the Mohammedan social system, with four legitimate "free" wives, and concubine slaves, was not an unworthy one. First of all, it was intended to keep the Moslem from becoming debauched*—a serious offence in Islam. The low oriental status of women in general cannot be laid to Mohammed's door: it is an oriental race belief. And feminism has made such strides in advance since the World War that Turkey, for example, threatens to reach a Western level of respect for its better halves. Incidentally, economic pressure in most eastern lands has largely diminished polygamy. Among the Moslem nations the poor man, in the cities and towns, at any rate, often finds that he has all he can do to support *one* wife(the other three are not obligatory), and sometimes not that. Both in the East and in the West, at the present day, it might be said that polygamy is regulated by income. The wealthy and morally unscrupulous occidental may have one wife in Connecticut and another in New Jersey, and "concubine" is a relative term. In practice he is a polygamist. The polygamy of the Mohammedan, at least, is not without "benefit of clergy". And, in the end, the religious law of the so-called civilized nations has been no more successful in ridding society of the evils of prostitution than has polygamy in Islam. The Mohammedan *marriage* consists in a promise exchanged between two persons in the presence of two witnesses. This promise may be exchanged in the mosque, before the *kadi* or *mufti,* and some stanzas of the Koran repeated, or it may be given in the home without any religious rite. Various magic rites to foil the *djinns* or demon spirits, precede the marriage itself, and its consummation is attended with festivities and rejoicings, feasts, dances and music. Repudiation (*talaq*) is the Mohammedan form of divorce. The words of the formula repudiation must be repeated *three* times by the husband. This at once dissolves the marriage and after a period fixed by law the woman is free to marry again.

The Khalifates and the Missionary Spirit of Islam.—The *khalifs* are the "successors" of Mohammed. The first of "Medina khalifate"

*An authority, Gaudefroy-Demombynes, in *Les institutions musulmanes* (The Institutions of Mohammedanism) declares: "It is hard to say whether polygamy has a superior or an inferior sex morality when compared with that of the Christian populations of the Orient."

(630-660), ended with the assassination of Ali, the Prophet's cousin and son-in-law, in a struggle with Mauwia, a descendant of Omeyya, cousin of Mohammed's grandfather. Mauwia was the first *Omeyyad khalif,* and his dynasty reigned in Damascus. During the rule of the Omeyyads the Moslems conquered the rest of North Africa and half of Spain, and were stopped in France only at the great battle of Tours, when they were defeated by Charles Martel. In 750 A.D. Abdul-Abbas, descendant of Abbas, Mohammed's uncle, overthrew the Omeyyads, and established the *Abbaside khalifs* reigning in Bagdad. But soon the Moslem world was split in its allegiance, for Abderraman, an Omeyyad, escaped to Spain, where his descendants established a *Spanish khalifate* which endured until 1027 A.D. Meanwhile a *Fatimite khalifate* was established in Egypt. When the Fatimites in Egypt fell, the *Abbas ide khalifs,* who meanwhile had become mere *spiritual* heads of their church, removed to Cairo (1258 A. D.), and there, when Egypt was conquered by the Ottoman Turks (1517 A.D.), the last *Avvaside khalif sold* his sacred office to the Sultan of Turkey who, until the last few years, has been regarded as the spiritual head of Islam, and the successor of the Prophet. Now the title has been assumed by the Meccan *sherif,* the "King of Hedjaz" who calls the khalif "The Commander of the Faithful". The tremendous spread of Islam under its various dynasties of khalifs all harks to the Moslem missionary spirit. Thus when its "fighting days" were over, and its military power began to decline with the development of Western civilization, it still continued to send its missionaries through the Orient, especially among the savage tribes of Africa. These, in the course of centuries have penetrated India (with the Mongol Moslems), China, Africa and the Pacific islands, and made many converts, though their greatest field has probably been the African one of later years.

Mohammedan Sects, the Sunnites and Shiites.—No great religion —and there are some 240,000,000 Mohammedans in the world, one-sixth the entire human race—ever retains its original form for long. Inevitably men's minds begin to differ in the interpretation of their "Bible". Its clearest utterances mean one thing to one man, and another to another. As a result, modern Mohammedanism is as different from the original teaching of Mohammed as modern Christianity is from the original teaching of Christ. And Mohammedanism has as many sects as Christianity itself. Of the seventy-two or three or more Mohammedan sects, two stand out—most Mohammedans are either Sunnites or Shiites. The Sunnites, "those of the path", are the orthodox or traditionalist Mohammedans. They follow the *sunna* (orthodox tradition), and the *Koran,* and are mainly found in Arabia, Turkey, North Africa, Turkestan, Afghanistan, Mohammedan India, and eastern Asia. They accept the first four khalifs

who followed Mohammed. The *Shiites,* following Mohammed's statement that he wished his son-in-law Ali to succeed him, declare the first three khalifs to be interlopers, regard Ali's death at the hands of Mauwia as a martyrdom, and Ali as a holy martyr. The Shiites reverence Ali's tomb, and celebrate Passion-plays in his honor every year. The Shiites (who are divided into a number of sects), are strongest in Persia.

The Hidden Imam.—The Shiites believe that Ali and his sons were divinely appointed *imams,* and have a list of imams who followed them, the last *imam* to appear being Hasan-ul-Askari (d. 874 A.D.) He was the eleventh. But the twelfth *imam,* the mysterious "Hidden *imam*" will be the one who is now in hiding. He will only be restored to his people when Allah, in his own good time, sees fit. He the "Hidden Imam" is *Mohammed el Mahdi,* the Messiah! The Persian shah is merely his substitute, taking his place until he appears. With the doctrine of the "Hidden Imam", mysticism crept into Islam. For the "Hidden Imam" was a saint, almost a god. He is sinless and he is infallible. That divine radiance which Adam transmitted to the prophets, passed from them to Mohammed, and from Mohammed to Ali and his successors. It shrouds the "Hidden *Imam*" in glory. And it led to the *Sufism,* which is a mystic system of worship paying less attention to the Koran than to the ecstatic approach to Allah, and union with him by means of mystic ecstasies and divine hallucination.

The False "Hidden Imams" of the Silver Veil.—The orthodox traditions already allowed for a Mohammedan *Mahdi* or Messiah to appear at almost any time. The doctrine of the "Hidden Imam" did the same and, naturally, false prophets and imposters have troubled the religious peace of Islam from its earliest times. *Mokanna,* the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan", and the hero of the first part of Moore's poem "Lalla Rhook", was one of these imposters. *Mokanna* or *Hakem ben Hashim's* father cleaned clothes in the city of Merv. But Hakem looked beyond stains on trousers. He decided to pass himself off as a Messiah, as Allah himself incarnate, and took the name of Mokanna "The Veiled" from the gold or silver gauze with which he screened his holy features, so that their dazzling radiance should not blind mortal eyes. He was accepted with tremendous enthusiasm by the populations of Khorassan, and defeated the armies the Khalif Mahdi sent out against him. *Black* was the color of the Abbaside khalifs. Mokanna and his followers went in spotless *white.* The "Veiled Prophet" insisted on purity even in his harem. Its inmates, collected by connoisseurs from all the Orient, Arabia, Persia, China, Georgia, India, were supposed to have been sent Mokanna from above, and were to go with him to paradise. Moore calls Mokanna's harem "that fair young Nursery for Heaven". Under Mo-

kanna's white flag, inspired by his mystic veil, his followers held their own against the khalif's armies for three years. And, beaten in the open field, he maintained himself for two additional years in the great fortress of Sanam, encouraging his followers by his magic arts. His trick of apparently making the moon rise from a great pit every night earned him the title of "The Moon-Maker". But he could not feed his deluded followers on moonshine. When they were reduced to the last extremities of hunger and thirst Mokanna raised his silver veil, revealing (so Moore says) "features horribler than hell e'er traced." Indeed, "no churchyard ghoul, caught lingering in the light of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight with lineaments so foul, so fierce . . . " After this graceful gesture of farewell, Mokanna leaped into a great copper basin filled with burning drugs, so that his body might be totally consumed, and those of his followers who remained might think he had mounted directly to the skies. (779 A.D.)

The Prophet Who Slew a Million.—The Prophet *Babek.* who also rose in Khorassan, in the Capsian hills (816 A.D.), was another Messiah of robbery, blood and lust. It took the *khalifs* twenty years to subdue him, but the "Satan of Khorassan", as he was called, smiled happily when his own executioners—he had ten professional master-headsman and in the course of his official duties one of them alone is said to have beheaded 20,000 persons—first cut off his arms and legs, before plunging the knife into his heart in the Khalif Motassim's presence. This Prophet is said to have had slain in all during his twenty years of power more than 1,000,000 human beings!

The "Hidden Imam of the Karmathians.—Karmath, who claimed to be a "Hidden Imam", raised a religious revolt in the ninth century by preaching an attractive doctrine. According to him nothing was forbidden to man, and nothing he did or did not do made any difference in the long run. The Koran was explained as a collection of parables. *Karmath,* like his predecessors, displayed his religious feelings mainly by "wading through torrents of blood", and seizing as much treasure as he could lay hands on. So successful was his theology, however, that he was able to capture Mecca, the Holy City—cluttering the sacred well *Zemzem* with the bodies of the slain—and carry off the Holy Black Stone, the *Kaaba,* which was not ransomed until twenty-two years later, at a cost of 50,000 gold coins.

The "Old Men of the Mountain" and the Assassins.—The best-known of all false Mohammedan prophets are the "Old Men of the Mountain". They practiced religion on the basis of assassinations. The founder of the faith was the *Sheik Hassan ibn Sabbah* (end of eleventh century). It was a secret society within Islam that he founded. In 1090 he secured possession of the strong mountain fortress of Alamut, "Eagle's Nest", in Persia, and made it the seat

of his power. Later another branch of the society, whose shiek also claimed to be the "Hidden Imam", established itself in Syria in the mountain castle of Massiat, and became the terror of the Lebanons. These were horrible bands of mystics. Under the *Sheik-al-Jabal*, "The Old Men of the Mountain", were priors, who ruled his provinces, with the many strong castles the sects controlled. There were initiates and uninitiate classes. For the latter the ordinary doctrine of Islam was good enough. But the *Fedais*, the "Devoted Ones", were the blind tools of the "Old Men". They were kept *initiated* and all they had to do was to slay, or die at the Sheik's command. Youths, they were held down to rules of strict sobriety and austerity. When their leaders (who, atheists, laughed in their sleeve at the folly of these deluded subjects) needed them, they were given a "foretaste" of Islam's paradise. They were made drunk with *hashish*, (hasheesh) the intoxicating "herb of joy". Then they were turned loose in the wonderful gardens of voluptousness hidden in secret places within the walls of Alamut and Massiat. There, amid bowers, rose and jasmine, lovely girls collected from all parts of the Asian world, drew dazed and happy boys into their soft white arms. The hours sped by in a delirious round of sensual pleasure, with dances, music and wine. At the proper time a sleeping draught was cast into the flowing bowl. The *Fedai* woke as from a magic dream. He was lying on the bare stone floor of the guard-house with the other youths. But—he had seen and known the delights of paradise! And if he did his duty by the *Sheik* they would be his again. His heart afire for further revelations of bliss, he now was ready to do *anything*. And, dagger in hand, he went forth and slew* whoever he was told to slay—Moslem Sultan or Christian king, *imam* or priest, prince or peasant. He would even—and the "Old Man" sometimes had a *Fedai* do so, merely to show his power to a foreign ambassador—fling himself with perfect indifference from the rocky walls of Alamut or Massiat, hundreds of feet into the valley below. Was not Paradise and its white-armed *houris* waiting for him? A famous English

*There is a curious resemblance between the Assassins and the gangster gunmen of our modern cities. The "Old Man of the Mountain" was a religious leader. The leader of a gang of gunmen is merely a criminal one. Though descendants of the early Assassins are supposed still to exist in the regions where once they ruled, their power is gone. *Fedais* of modern civilized life survive as a result of the toleration which corrupt municipal political conditions extend to an underworld of crime. Where the "Old Man" used *hashish*, his modern Western equivalent uses cocaine, heroin, or some other similar drug. The civilized procedure is cheaper, since the paradise of the "snow-bird" seems to be one which is entirely satisfactory in itself, without women as an additional inducement to commit murder.

author* has given us an attractive glimpse of the Assassin Sheik of Massian, whom he calls the "Old Man of Musse", in his Lebanon palace-fortress built about the hidden valleys of delight. He shows us the "Old Man", in a great and very lofty palace hall, all white as snow, except for a blood-red carpet spread upon its floor. There, on a white throne, himself blanched as a swan, white-bearded, robed in white, his colorless Assassins about him, sits this pure and remote looking king of murder, snowy white upon his blood-red field. The white palace of the "Old Man", lies among cedars and cypresses.

"Deep under a coffer-lid of blue skies, greener than an emerald, lies the valley of easy sleep." And in the palace? "There in the great chambers young men lie dreaming of women, and sleek boys stand about the doorways with the cups of madness held close to their breasts. They are eaters and drinkers of *hemp*, these people, which causes them to sleep much and wake up mad. Then, when the "Old Man" calls one or another and says to him 'Go down the Mountains into the cities of the sea-board, and when thou seest such-an-one, kiss him and strike deep!'—he goes out with fixed eyeballs, and never turns about until he finds him whom he seeks, nor ever shuts his eyes until the work is done."

Among the later Sheiks of the Assassins of Alamue, Hassan II was a monster of profligacy. He solemnly released all his followers from the observance of any of the Prophet Mohammed's rites and proclaimed a season of universal licentious enjoyment to precede the Day of Resurrection which he would set. But in 1256 the Mongol Khan Hulagu, after a seige, took the great castle of Alamut, with is towering walls, and its great mountain caverns filled with wine, honey and every kind of provisions, and gathered in its enormous treasures of gold, silver and precious stones, treasures incalculable in value. The lovely *houris* of the flowering paradise-valleys were distributed among the Mongol officers, and the Rohnuddin, the last *Sheik*, was cut down by the escort which had led him prisoner from Persia to Kathay, for the Great Khan refused even to see him. A few years later Bibara, the Mameluke sultan of Egypt, broke the power of the Syrian Assassins.

The Druses.—The "Hidden Imam" of the Mohammedan Druses of the Lebanon, so they believe, will be the follower of *Hakim*, the sixth Fatimite khalif. This Hakim will reappear as the Messiah of the Mohammedan world. In combination with an entirely perverted species of Mohammedanism the Druses believe in the transmigration of the soul. The souls of the virtuous eventually are absorbed by Allah himself; those of the wicked enter into the bodies of dogs and camels. It is a secret faith, with initiation rites, and the

*Maurice Hewlett, "Richard Yea and Nay".

initiates are known as *akils.*—Polygamy is *forbidden* among the Druses, and divorce is easy.

Babism, founded in Persia (1844 (A.D.) takes its name from *Bab* a "Gate". It is another "Hidden Imam" development, and gets far away from Mohammed's teachings. Mizra Ali Mohammed, a Shiraz merchant, in 1844 startled Persia by declaring he was the *Bab* or Gate through which might get in touch with the "Hidden Imam". A new mystic faith always finds adherents in the Mohammedan world is attractively presented in connection with a Messiah *imam.* A religious revolt in Islam is usually a political one as well, and since many followers flocked to the *Bab's* standards, it took the Shah's troops seven months to subdue *Babism* by shooting publicly the human "Gate" full of holes in Tabriz. The Babists recognized Mohammed as a prophet, but insisted that revelation was progressive, that the body is not resurrected, and that some kind of personal immortality is assured man beyond the grave.

The Babhists, a Kind of Christian Mohammedans.—The *Gnostics* were early Christian heretics, who cultivated a mystic doctrine of individual salvation, supposed to come to them from the Savior himself, and have been handed down in secret traditions. Full of fantastic myths *Babaism* offers a curious point of contact between Christianity of a sort and Mohammedanism of a kind. After the original *Bab* had been riddled with Persian bullets, his doctrines were taken up by his follower *Mirza Yahya* of Nur, who called himself *Baha 'ul-illah* "The Splendor of God", (d. 1892) and whose *new* dispensations led to the dying out of *Bahaism* and the substitution of *Bahaism* in its place. It is now a very successful mystic religion—if one can call a mixture of assorted creeds, jumbled mystic philosophers, and social reform ideas such as the brotherhood of man and equal rights for women, a religion. It has followers in England and in America. Wealthy and mentally unoccupied Americans always have been prone to join mystic religious sects, which stir up emotionalism without making too great demands on the brain. So Bahaism has become a decidedly popular form or belief in the United States. American *Bahaists* acknowledged the late *Abbas Effendi* of Persia as "The Master", and Chicago seems to be the holy city of the cult in this country.

The Wahabees, the Puritans of Mohammedanism.—Mohammedanism, like Christianity, has had its "Puritans". Early in the eighteenth century, one *Ibn Abdul Wahhah,* (b. 1703), in Arabia, after much study, felt that the time had come to get back to the early simplicity of Mohammed's day. The world about him seemed full of sin. People dressed, ate and lived luxuriously. They worshiped the Prophet and the Mohammedan saints rather than Allah's self. In short, the world was a loose, lax and luxurious place, and he felt a divine call to

reform it. At first he had little success. But, marrying a rich chief's daughter, he soon got under way as a reformer. Providing each of his soldiers with a written order admitting him into Allah's paradise the moment he fell in battle, *Wahhah* proceeded to destroy with fire and sword all who refused to accept his teachings. His missionary work with the bare steel was so effective that (though the Wahabees are now without political power) during the earlier part of the nineteenth century he did away with silk clothing, tobacco, coffee and the Mohammedan rosary throughout Arabia, thus establishing one of his favorite doctrines, fatalistic *resignation* to the will of God.

The Senussi or Senussites.—The doctrines of Wahhah, that Arabian Cromwell, are thought to have influenced the establishment, in 1837, by *Mohammed Ibn Ali Il Senussi* of the Arabian monastic order of the *Senussi,* which also claimed the privilege of making the Mohammedan world a better place in which to live. His son, Senussi *el Mahdi* (b. 1845), became the head of a brotherhood whose monasteries spread from Constantinople to the Soudan, from Morocco to India. Especially in the Eastern Saharah did the Senussi and their Sheik become powerful. Since then his successors, the dark and mysterious chieftains of this powerful order of Moslem propogandists, have kept alive their mystic claims to Moslem Messiahship. Devoted to the cult of the sword, these desert monks are formidable fighters. They drink tea and wear fine clothes, but abstain from coffee and tobacco, and are a unique and secret power all over the Moslem world.

Dervishes and Mohammedan Saints.—The Mohammedan dervish orders, allowing for important differences, are much like the regular monastic orders of Roman Catholicism. They have existed in Islam from comparatively early times, those inclined toward a spiritual life gathering around some pious *sheik* who acted as an abbot. There are some thirty-two orders of these Mohammedan monks, each with its monasteries, its special rites and vows. The *Senussi* are the most orthodox, moral and respectable of the brotherhoods. But other orders cannot be praised. The trouble with the dervishes is that while some of the orders are called *basher* "with law", there are others which go under the name of *bishar* "without law". And this means just what it says. These pious monks, to use the language of the films in utter seriousness, have *no law but their own wicked will.* On the pleasure theory that when a monk's *soul* is in a state of religious ecstasy he is not responsible for what his *body* does, the dervish can go far. With the reputed saint's soul upon the heavenly regions his body may commit the vilest actions—the saint is not to blame! The Turkish *Bakhtashite** Order was notoriously one of robbers, ban-

* The venerable saint *Hadi Bektash,* founder of the *Bektashi* dervishes, was the patron saint of the blood-thirsty Janissaries, and his spiritual children developed along the lines of soldier license.

dits and cutthroats, and the last thing a Moslem of the older days desired was to meet one of these holy monks on a lonely country road, though they also did much of their sand-bagging and murdering in the streets and allies of Istamboul. The *Qualandrite* Order (they are the Kalanders of "The Thousand and One Nights") are ever on the go, for they have taken a vow to travel perpetually. The Egyptian *Quadirites* are fishermen monks. Two orders especially attract persons religiously inclined who like action in their monasticism. One order is that of the *Mevlevites,* or "Dancing Dervishes", the other that of the *Rifaites* or "Howling Dervishes". The history of all religions shows many strange things continually being done under the impression that it is for the greater glory of God. The fact, therefore, that these "dancings" and "roarings" are called *Murakabeh* "the exaltation of the Divine Glory", need not surprise us. We will not describe the worship of the "Dancing" or "Whirling Dervishes" in detail. Suffice to say that they whirl and twirl in a wild state of self-hypnotism until they collapse, utterly exhausted. The religious exercises of the "Holy Howlers" are even more strenuous. A circling progress of the dervishes with ritual stamping of feet, gradually develops terrible cries of *Ya Allah!* and *Ya Hoo!* which end in the most frightful howlings and shrieks. The howls lead to the *halet* or *majhub, the "State of Ectasy".* Then the religious emotion of the monks breaks forth uncontrolled, and the Rifaites fall to cutting themselves with knives, eating live coals and cut glass, toying with red-hot irons and devouring serpents. The *sheik* or abbot hands the red-hot irons to the brethren, and these fanatics, transported with frenzy seize them, gloat over them tenderly, lick them, bite them, hold them between their teeth, and end by cooling them in their mouths. Those unable to procure any of the irons tear cutlasses from the walls and stick them into their sides, arms and legs. "Who would not be a Howling Dervish!" But it is only fair to add that aside from these more active sects, many others are open to the Mohammedan. He can take his choice and become a begging monk *(fakir),* a hermit monk, a secular, celibate, married, wandering, stationary, or ascetic monk. Mohammedan saints, *santons* or *marabouts* in Africa, sufis in Persia, are reverenced much as Christian saints are in Greek Catholic and Roman Catholic countries. Most Mohammedan saints are ascetics and men of pure life. They are not among those in whom, to use the flowing language of an oriental moralist: "The avenues leading to the fortress of propriety remain unguarded and the sugarcane of incontinence triumphantly raises its head above the rooftree of reason."

The Moslem Saint Who Discovered Hashish.—We already have had occasion, in connection with the sect of the "Assassins", to mention the various preparations of the Indian hemp plant (*Cannabis*

Indica) used as a narcotic or intoxicant in the East, and either smoked, chewed or drunk. We derive our own word "assassin" from the Arabic *hashishin,* "hemp-eaters". A Mohammedan saint, according to the famous Arabian historian Makrizi (b. 1382) was the discoverer of the plant and its intoxicating uses. In one of Makrizi's works the tale of the discovery of "The Fakirs' Herb" is told.

The Fakirs' Herb.—"In the year 658 (Hegira), being in Touster, I asked *Sheik Djafar Echirazi,* a monk of the *Haider* Order, when the effect of this drug had been discovered and how, after having been adopted by the *fakirs* it had become generally popular. He said to me: 'The saintly Haider, the chief of all the *sheiks,* gave much time to exercises of devotion and self-mortification. He partook of very little food. He carried detachment from the things of this world to an extreme point, and was extraordinarily pious. He lived on a mountain between Nischabour and Ramah, where he had founded a monastery, and gathered many *fakirs* (monks) about him. As for himself, he lived in a corner of his cloister, and passed all of ten years without leaving it or seeing anything or any one, except myself, who waited on him. One very hot day, at the moment the sun was hottest, the saint went out alone into the country. When he returned to the cloister, we noticed his face wore an expression of happiness different from anything we had seen before. He allowed the *fakirs,* his companions, to visit him, and began to talk to them. When we saw the saint turn *human* in this way and talk familiarly with us, after having for so long stayed in his retreat without any communication with other men, we asked him what had brought about this surprising change.

The Secret of the Reeling Konnah.—"While I was in retreat", he answered, "something told me to walk out into the countryside. And having done so, I noticed that all the plants were perfectly calm and motionless. They did not stir or make the slightest movement, because the extreme heat was not tempered by the slightest breath of wind. Yet, passing by a certain plant covered with green leaves, I noticed—though the air was motionless—that it swayed lazily to and fro, with a light, gentle movement, *like a man stupefied by the fumes* of wine! I began to pluck the leaves of this plant and to eat them, and they produced in me this gaiety which you have witnessed." That plant was the *konnah,* or hemp.

The saint then led his companions into the field. They ate the leaves of the *konnah.* And they returned to the cloister feeling so *happy* that it was impossible for them to hide their joy. "When the *sheik* saw us in this condition, he had us swear not to reveal the plant's virtues to ordinary men, and not to hide it from *fakirs* or monks. 'Allah on high', said he, 'by his special favor has revealed to us the virtues of this herb. When used it dissipates sorrows which cloud the soul. It releases your spirits from all that shadows them.'"

The sheik Haider died in his mountain cloister in the year 618 (Hegira). And his last wish was a request to plant hemp-seed on his grave, and to reveal the secret of the happiness it gave to all men. A large chapel was built above his tomb, and the inhabitants of Khorasan, full of reverence for his memory, crowded to his tomb in pilgrimage.

Mohammedan Philosophic Thought.—When the Mohammedans came in contact with Greek philosophy, they took over some of its ideas, especially those of Plato and Aristotle. And, as in Christianity, there always have been Mohammedan freethinkers, agnostics, questioners and atheists—among the latter some of the khalifs themselves. The Free-Thinkers (*Mutazalites*) made *reason* the test of *truth*. The Arabian Neo-Platonists formed a "Brotherhood of Sincerity", and, like the "Bible Society", put out and distributed free of charge an "Encyclopedia of Sciences" (tenth century) whose fifty-one treatises taught that the perfecting of the human soul comes from the study of philosophy. All things come from God. Man, made in God's likeness, must free himself from the bondage of matter and return to his source. The Asharites (873-935 A.D.) developed an odd atom-origin theory. They thought that every atom of matter was a continuous creation of God. The laws of nature are really habits, said *Ashari*, its founder. The eye may perceive a smell or sound as well as see it: "A blind man may stand in China and see a gnat in Spain!" *Avempace* (d. 1138), denied individual immortality and said that the universal intellect only was immortal. *Abubacer* (d. 1185), put up his pills of philosophy in the gilded form of novels. He wrote fantastic tales of the gradual development of the soul capacities of some Arabian Robinson Crusoe living on a desert isle. Only, where the Christian Robinson Crusoe escapes back to real life from his island, Abubacer's hero finds his final union with God in ascetism and ecstasy. *Averroes* (1126-1198), held that religion simply supplies the everyday man with symbols for the truth which the philosopher understands without symbols. *Al-Ghazili*, Islam's St. Augustine (1059-1109), turned from early scepticism to mystic belief in his faith. He held that all knowledge was due to divine revelation, whether religious or scientific. In general, the philosophical thought the Arabians borrowed from Christian sources during the Middle Ages had no permanent effect in the mental development of Mohammedanism, and was largely taken up with the discussion of magic rites and practices. It may be said that since the twelfth century there have been only two really great mental movements in Islam of a religious nature: one *Wahabitism* and the other *Babaism*.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM CHRIST'S NATIVITY TO THE EARTHQUAKE MARTYR

Wherein Christ Differed From Other Messiahs.—Judaism, the religion from which Christianity is derived, has not yet found its Messiah and, broadly speaking, its Messiah always had been thought of as a Messiah for the *Jews.* Mohammedanism* found its Messiah long after Christ. But he was a Messiah of the world sword. Zoroastrianism, too, was a *clan* religion like Judaism, under the Akhaemenian flings. Not until it produced a saviour-god in the shape of *Mithras* did it for a time successfully compete with Christianity. But the Christ, the Messiah of Christianity, was the first great *universalist* prophet. His religion and its blessings were for all the world, the *universe!* They were not restricted to any one particular *tribe* or *nation.* And Christ did *not* come with a *sword.* The hideous intolerance which has stained Christianity through the ages, the blood-lettings and burnings, are largely a fruitage of the Old Testament. They have nothing to do with the gospel of the Prince of Peace. Buddha taught no God: he taught that man—in a noble way, it is true, by killing desire—should drug his soul into a state of unconscious holiness to escape the horrors of endless human rebirth. *Renunciation* rather than *sacrifice* for another's sake was his way. Mithras was a mythological abstraction. He was all god and not human. Mohammed was all too human and no god. But the Christ, combining the natures human and divine in one and the same person promising salvation to *all,* irrespective of *race* or *caste,* made an appeal which no other Messiah or prophet could give.

The Nativity According to Legend.—The direct narrative of the Evangelists has given the Christian world an account of the first Christmas night complete in its essentials. But as the centuries passed, the vivid imagination of the peoples who had accepted implicitly the simple tale of the Nativity as recorded in the Gospels, cast about its outlines a colorful and glowing broidery of myth and legend. It glamored its lofty prose with tender human poesy, and wove around the native charm of medieval mysticism. And so luxuriant has

*It may be called a *form of Christianity* because it was largely derived from Christian sources, and *as much* from the prevailing type of Christianity as some sects which call themselves Christian.

been this age-long accretion of tradition around the circumstances of the holy birth, that by piecing together its scattered folk-lore units it is possible to fashion a wonderful mosaic, alive with color and beauty, the Nativity according to legend. As the marigold when touched on Christmas morn by the pure of heart gives them the power to understand the language of the birds, so may we touch the golden flower of medieval legend and understand its inward beauty.

Signs and portents announced the coming event. The staff of the almond tree, which Joseph of Arimathea carried when he sought the hand of Mary, leaved forth to show that heaven's blessing was upon their union. In Rome, the Sibyl beheld in the midday heavens "a circle of gold around the sun and in the circle a maid holding a child in her arms", foretelling the birth to come. In their distant Oriental realms, the tidings come to the Magi kings: Casper of Tarsus possessed an ostrich which hatched one at a time, from two different eggs, a lion and a lamb; by which sign he knew that the Child was to be born, and that by virtue of His great patience and courage should He redeem the world. In the palace of Balthasar of Godolia, a child saw the light who cried: "A son shall be born of a virgin immaculate, and be doomed to die in his thirty-third year, just as I must die on the thirty-third day of my life!" And in the gardens of Melchior of Nubia a phoenix, glorious in gold and purple plumage, winged his way from a cedar tree that overtowered the surrounding mountains, and told the king that the hour of the Saviour's birth was at hand.

Even as the Magi prepared to follow the star, the Babe was born in Bethlehem.

At that supreme moment the heavens and the earth held their breath in suspense; the constellations paused in their planetary round; a hush fell upon the world; the plow of the husbandman stood still in the furrow, the upraised sword of the soldier hung suspended in mid air, the pen of the clerk halted on a half-formed letter; birds and beasts bowed their heads; the very stones ceased to grow.

And then upon the midnight came the sound of rejoicing. The angels sang in the skies, the birds on earth. Though deep snow covered the ground, the trees broke forth into leaf, all the land was covered with blossoms, and flowers hitherto unknown, like the carnation and the rose of Jericho, sprang up from the glad soil; while the guiding star of the Magi, glowing above the Judean hills, its mission fulfilled, burst like a meteor and covered the valleys with thousands of star-shaped flowers of white "stars of Bethlehem". Joseph coming upon them as he gathered withered clover from the frozen ground to pillow the Babe, brought them to Mary, and pouring them into her lap, cried: "Lo, the star is fallen in the East, and had brought forth fruit in kind!" But the clover came to life as the Child reclined upon it in the manger, and formed an aureole or rosy blossoms

about his little head. The oxen warmed the stable with their sweet-smelling breath, nor would they eat of the straw, yielding it up as a couch. Even the tiny wren brought moss and wool from its own nest to make His slumbers softer.

Anticipating the arrival of the Oriental kings, came men and birds to do homage to the new-born ruler of hearts; and it must not be forgotten that on that first Christmas night birds and animals had the gift of speech. The birds according to the old French *noels,* clustered around the manger, and the swallow, moved by the lowliness of his abode offered to build the Saviour another house, as he was by way of being a mason. The lark no longer desired to wing her flight heavenward, but wished to stay by the cradle, since near the Babe she had found heaven on earth. The finch, who had brought naught but his good will along, contented himself with piping as loud as he could, "I love the Lord." The cock proudly constituted himself his announcer; and the goose, with noble selfless abandon, offered herself for the kitchen of the holy mansion. The crow, who had nothing to give, flew off to the forest and returned with a walnut which he dropped beside the cradle; and even the bee brought a drop of golden honey, symbol of immortality.

When the Virgin was so worn with cold and fatigue that she could not sing the little Jesus to sleep, the nightingale, who had listened and learned her cradle-song, lulled the infant with her sweet voice, and the Virgin said: "You shall bear my voice in you, that you may tell man of joy and of sorrow and of yearning for the peace which passeth all understanding." And since that time the nightingale sings with the voice of the Mother of God.

After the birds came the shepherds to adore and to offer their humble gifts: Pellion, a pastoral pipe made of a hollow reed; Ysambert, a wooden calendar showing the rotation of the days and months; and Alrois a child's rattle. But Yseult, the little sister of Alrois, was sad, for she had naught to give the Child to whom her heart went on.

Leaving the rest, she thought to return to her sheep on the hillside. Yet ere she had gone many paces, an angel garbed in light stood before her and asked: "Why do you sorrow when all others are glad?" And Yseult gave answer: "My heart is heavy because I might carry no joy to the Babe of Bethlehem." Then the angel waved a lily over the bleak fields and of a sudden they were abloom with Christmas roses. And Yseult, kneeling down joyfully, filled her arms with the flowers and hastened back to the village. In the meanwhile, the train of the Magi kings, with its dromedaries and treasure-chests, its bodyguard and pages, according to the old Provencal song, "With gold each jerkin gleamed and halibard", had reached its destination.

King Melchoir, at a loss to which might be the dwelling-place

wherein he would find the King of kings, saw the chrysanthemum, another flower born at the same time as the Babe, growing white by the threshold of the stable which the compiler of the "Golden Legend" calls: "O blessed tigury or little housel, O holy seat of God!" And Melchoir cried: "This is the place, for this flower is rayed like our guiding star!" And the stable door opened of itself and they entered.

In a manner the adoration of the Magi is the culminating point of the legendary tale of the Nativity, and there is a deep symbolic meaning in the costly gifts they laid at the feet of the infant Christ. Melchoir the Nubian brought apples of gold, "signifying dilection of love" and royal dignity, one of which held in the Savior's hand, as often shown in medieval paintings, betokens the sin of Paradise which made His coming necessary.

Casper of Tarsus offered him the precious "black myrrh" of the balsamodendron tree, symbol of the suffering and death to come: preserving the flesh from corruption, it also typifies the flesh made incorruptible through immortality.

Balthasar of Godolia is the bringer of frankincense, embodying the thought of the sweetness of sacrifice, the orison or prayer "of the soul right devout" and the divine nature of the Babe, completing the human element typified by the myrrh. And so the kings did homage with their rich gifts, more precious still because of their symbolic promise. Their garments stiff with jewels rustled against the straw as they knelt and worshiped, but the glance of the Child had strayed to the door, where Yseult the little shepherdess had just entered, her arms filled with the Christmas roses. And the Holy One forgot the costly offerings of the Magi, the golden apple slipped from his grasp, and reaching forth his tiny hands for the blossoms, he smiled as Yseult heaped them at his feet.

With that smile of a divine humanity which rated the humble gift of a little shepherd maid higher than the lordly offerings of the kings of the earth, the lengedary account of the Nativity finds a fitting close.

From Legend to Reality.—The actual tale of Christ's life is a simple one. He was born early in the reign of King Herod the Great in Judea, and the exact year of his birth is not known. His mother was the wife of a carpenter, and he followed his father's trade until the age of thirty. When John the Baptist preached the approaching kingdom of God, Jesus went to him for baptism, and coming from the water a heavenly voice proclaimed him the Son of God—the expected Messiah. He retired to the wilderness to weigh his call, like Buddha and Zoroaster, and returned with the definite ideals on which his faith is based. Christianity, as Christ conceived it, divested of doctrines, dogmas, theology, superstitution, and all other human frills, may be summed up as follows:

The Essence of Christianity.—Man is a family, a loving God its Father. All men are brothers (The Prodigal Son). Not the *political* ideal of God's rule over the *bodies* and souls of men by armed force—an ideal which Christ's *followers* developed centuries after his death, and enthusiatically tried to realize with blood and fire—but the ideal of God's rule over the *hearts* of men through *self-sacrifice* and *love,* was Christ's teaching. Christ was a king *spiritually,* not *politically.* Triple crowns, Swiss and Noble guards, temporal pomps and powers were as foreign to him as denominational clerical collars and mental arrogance. He wore *no distinctive vestment.* He, the Son of God, the Messiah, was also, the "Son of Man", come to tell all men that none were *too lowly* to be saved, that there was hope for *all,* that the kingdom of rightousness and love would be established first on earth and then in heaven. He taught that on the Judgment Day the *wicked,* for all their riches and power, would be confounded, and that the *pure in heart,* no matter how humble, would enter into glory. Jesus himself said nothing of miracles, nor does St. Paul in the sense we attach to the word. He was intent on showing forth his own great miracle of spiritual truth: that it is every man's privilege to come under the direct personal guidance of his God. And in this respect the Mohammedan, with its simple ritual of prayer which puts him at once in intimate communion with God five times on each succeeding day, without the intervention of priestly or clerical middlemen of any kind, comes nearer to the realization of the Christian ideal, perhaps, than does many a Christian cult. In connection with the idea of the *Resurrection,* Christ revealed a strangely new and beautiful idea to the world of his time—*he showed it a god suffering death to save those whom he loved.* The old Greek mystery cults all taught a *risen god,* and the resurrection of his followers. But the beauty of the divine *sacrifice*—of the "god whose blood was shed for us"—was new.

The God of the Humble.—Jesus, like Buddha, did not "write", He "spoke". The *Gospels,* his teachings, were not written down until later, from the memory of his disciples. And who were these disciples? They were twelve humble *sons of the people,* twelve ordinary toilers, farmers and fishermen, whom he chose to be his companions. He wandered about the country with them preaching and healing. But finally two things brought him into conflict—not with the *governmental* world, not with the authority of that *Cæsar* to whom he advised rendering his *due*—but with *the priesthood of his own race.* He was popular with the poor and humble. He said men must be *personally righteous*—not *mechanical prayer,* not *money sacrifice,* not *outward observance* were what God demanded, Christ taught. It was a doctrine as offensive and dangerous in the minds of the Jewish priesthood of Christ's own time, as it often has been to the priesthood

of his own church in later years. Christ denounced *sham*. He set little value on *ceremonial*.* The Jewish priesthood, bringing pressure to bear on the government, the Roman governor Pontius Pilate, and by exciting the people of Jerusalem against Christ, managed to have him crucified about 28 or 29 A.D. On the third day after his death his disciples became convinced by actual experience that he was alive. Then they were sure that the Messiah had indeed arrived in the person of Jesus, for toward the end of his wandering period he had revealed himself to them as the Messiah. But not until they had passed through the experience mentioned did they realize *wherein* the Messiahship differed from the Hebrew conception of it.

From the Religion of Jesus to Christianity.—Jesus's small band of followers differed but little from the rest of the Jews. They observed the Hebrew ritual. The kingdom of God of the early Hebrew Christians was a *Jewish* kingdom of God. But St. Paul—before whose death in 64 A.D. the new religion had spread over the Roman empire—turned the religion of Jesus into Christianity. The twelve Apostles were uneducated men. Paul was at home in Greek philosophy and the mystic Greek cults. *He showed the Gospel story in a new light.* He gave it a new *interpretation*. He made Christ *more* God and laid stress on his human attributes. Not the life and words of Jesus, but the spirit of God as recealed in Jesus' resurrection, and the life after death are Paul's main concern. Christ never said that death and sin entered the world through Adam. Paul said that they did, and that man inherited Adam's death and sin until Christ died for him. And it was Paul who said the Church was the *body* of Christ. Paul also developed the doctrine that faith and atonement justify, that baptism drives away evil spirits, that the spirit of Christ entering into man makes him able to prophecy and cast out devils, and that communion through sacrifice grants divine power. Paul was a mystic. He took the *Gnostic* belief that a supreme *world-power*, the *Logos* (thought or word), holds all things together, and said that Jesus was the incarnation of that creative world-power. It was Paul who turned the religion of Jesus, that of a *Jewish* sect, *into a universal religion for all men*. Whoever—irrespective of race—believed in Christ, he

*Every religion, when it has crystallized into a cult, into a thing of *formal observances*, ritual, ceremony, when it has developed an *official priesthood*, a professional class of intermediaries *through* whom the individual must approach God, feels the way the Jewish priesthood of Christ's day felt. The probability of the Christian priesthood giving the Christ and his doctrine, were he to appear at the present time, much the same kind of reception he received nearly 2,400 years ago in old Judea, has been interestingly developed in some modern novels. That a faith can remain vital without a class of professional priests is sufficiently proved by Mohammedanism, where such a class does not exist.

held, was *one with Christ.* Paul is appropriately known as "The Apostle to the Gentiles."

Why Christianity Was Popular and Spread Rapidly.—The race mixture in the Roman empire was accompanied by a corresponding mixture of religions. Greek, Syrian, Persian, Egyptian cults were all intermingled. Every one was mentally confused as to what to believe. In offering deliverance from a world of sin, and a future life of blessedness, Christianity *struck a popular chord!* In its beginnings it satisfied *the longing of the age.* Christ was a great simplifier and liberator. He dispensed with *elaborate external ceremonies of worship* (Well might he be surprised were he to witness a high mass in a Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic or High Episcopalian Church of today!) There were no complicated rites in early Christianity. There were no sacrifices, no ritual washings and incantations and magic prayers. There was no *formalism,* there were no secret rites and religious trances. Christ's religion was not weighed down with a tremendous ballast of all sorts of external rules and regulations—these came later. Besides, at the start, Christianity was a *democratic* religion. With *righteousness* and not *riches* as a test for admission to eternal bliss, it put emperor and slave on a level. The poorer classes, slaves and wage-slaves, were naturally drawn to a faith which said *the last should be first and vice versa.* "All believers are equal in the sight of God", was the rallying-cry which brought thousands flocking to the new cult. In later centuries, many members of a feudal aristocracy and priesthood became firmly convinced that all men were not equal in the sight of God, and that blue blood or priestly rank entitled its possessor to special privileges in paradise, removed from the "common herd".

When Christianity Was a Real Human Brotherhood.—But in the early days before class distinctions arose in Christianity, it was indeed a religious brotherhood of man. Setting out to convert the whole world, for Christianity was a *proselyting*—that is, as a "missionary"—religion from the start, being a Christian soon came to mean a man who was a member of a society which existed in every part of the empire. And the whole society was compactly organized to do the common work. Generally speaking, the growth of the Church during the earlier centuries was mainly among the *lower* and *middle classes.* At the same time, many among the aristocracy and the philosophic circles were reached.

In the First Century of Christianity.—Working everywhere to spread their faith, the Apostles and their followers were subject to much persecution. The Emperor Claudias was satisfied to banish them for a time from Rome (64-68 A.D.). Nero, who falsely accused the Christians of having set fire to Rome, baited the Christians with dogs, fed them to the wild beasts of the Colisseum, used them—cov-

ered with pitch to make them the more combustable—as human torches, and crucified them to help make his Roman holidays enjoyable. Among the pagan part of the Roman population the Christians at first were unpopular because they were considered *"unsociable"*. The Emperor Domitian's persecution (95-96 A.D.) was the next. But before he was assassinated Domitian stopped it, and his successor Nerva (96-98 A.D.) restored the church property which had been confiscated. St. John was the only one of the Apostles to survive to the Emperor Trajan's reign. A pretty tradition represents St. John, in his extreme old age, too feeble to enter the church without help, in the habit of continually saying to the brethren, on each and every occasion: "Little children, love one another!" Some, wearied by St. John's constant harping on this one phrase, asked him why he kept up this endless repetition and the Apostle replied: "It is the Lord's commandment, and if only it be performed, *it is* enough!" But St. John was a simple soul. Later ages set up another ideal—that all love between man and his fellowman ends when a difference of opinion exists with regard to *which* "ladder" of dogma he uses to climb into heaven. As nations we no longer slay and burn each other for the sake of some point of celestial etiquette. "Man's inhumanity toward man" is now indulged in mainly for *economic* (Money or trade) reasons, neatly wrapped in national flags to give them the right sentimental appeal. For race and national *patriotism* still exists as a splendid, vital force, one that moves men to noble sacrifice for an ideal. And nowhere has the spirit of patriotism developed nobler instances of self-sacrifice and devotion than in the United States. But every nation must guard against the misuse of its finest and highest patriotic sentiment. The basest use to which any national flag can be put is to employ it to *camouflage* the brickbats of economic wars. The Christian world to-day might be better off for a few St. Johns, endlessly repeating: "Little children, *love one another!*"

When Christians Were Considered the Vilest of the Vile.—Little does the good Christian of any denomination to-day who has not studied his Church history suspect that during the reigns of the Emperors Trajan and Hadrian the mere fact that he was a Christian would have stamped him in the general opinion as *an utterly abandoned wretch, infamous, debauched, the vilest of the vile!* As Christianity spread all sorts of horrible charges* began to be brought

* The tongue of scandal, the "poison pen" and the hammer were well-known weapons in early Christian days. They were used against the followers of the Nazarene largely by *players, mimes* and *dancers, priests, soothsayers, magicians* and *statue-makers, gladiators* and *men and women of ill repute.* Christianity interfered with their making an honest (or dishonest) living. For their living was tied up with their worship of the

against Christians in general and in particular. No abomination was too abominable to be practiced by the Christians, said their defamers. They were accused of "Thyestean banquets" in secret. And "Thyestean banquets" meant promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. They were accused of sharing in the "Phrygian-Sabazian Mysteries", a nice way of saying that they belonged to a cult whose worshipers emasculated themselves in order to resemble a god who had no distinctions of sex. The Jews were especially active in inventing and circulating stories of the kind. But, though in Trajan's reign Symeon (the Savior's kinsman), Bishop of Jerusalem, was tortured and crucified at the age of 120, the Emperor Trajan was not a very active persecutor. The most famous martyr of his reign was the Bishop *Ignatius of Antioch.* An earthquake had done a good deal of damage in the city. The people decided that the Christians must be to blame for the earthquake. So Ignatius suffered in Rome to add a pleasant fillip to the holiday spirit of the last day of the Roman Saturnalia. The same year (117 A.D.) the Emperor Hadrian ascended the throne. He was hard on the *Jews* in his empire. He did not like them. But while he lived Christians were persecuted only for crimes against the state.

old gods and *spectacles* the Christians abhorred. So they did all they could by lying, starting street rows, etc., to discredit the followers of Christ. Alas, even in those early Christian days, there were weak and erring brethren, whose conduct sometimes justified what their opponents said.

CHAPTER XVIII

GNOSTICISM

FROM the days of Marcus Aurelius to those of the early hermits in the third century, *Gnosticism,* the beliefs of the various sects of heretics who tried to weld Greek mythology (with a strong dash of imagination) to Christianity, is a leading issue.

The Crowned Cynic, Marcus Aurelius (121-180).—It might be said of him, that like Old Dog Tray, "he was gentle, he was kind"; but one would never, never find a greater enemy than this gentle Cynic philosopher showed himself to the Christians. Pestilences raged from Ethiopia to Gaul. The flooding of the Tiber did terrible damage, and caused a famine in Italy. War raged along the northern and eastern frontiers of the empire. Rebellion raised its head in Syria. There must be a *reason* for such terrible calamities. And from the Emperor Marcus Aurelius down, every one agreed that the *Christians* must be that reason. The Emperor was a "sincerely religious heathen". He believed the tales of Christian atheism and abominable practices. Among many others who were hurried into glory by the road of martyrdom the most famous was *Polycarp.* Polycarp was Bishop of Smyrna. When dragged to the arena—the Jews in the crowd were especially eager to heap up the wood-pile for his burning—and told he could purchase his liberty by renouncing his faith, the old man nobly cried: "Four score years and six have I served Christ and he never hath wronged me! How can I now blaspheme my King and Savior?" At first, while Polycarp, tied to the stake, uttered a prayer of thanks for being able to glorify God by his death, the flames, instead of touching him, swept around him "like the sail of a ship filled with wind." His body seemed not like "flesh that is burned, but like bread that is baked, or the gold and silver shining in a furnace. "And a perfume like that of frankincense of spices filled the air. And when one of his butchers stabbed him with his sword because the fire hesitated to do its duty, out came a dove and fluttered away, while the blood that gushed from Polycarp's side put out the flames. Marcus Aurelius, who was a Stoic, held it a weakness to exhibit emotion. One of Nature's aristocrats, he complained with much disgust that the Christians died *so theatrically.* He denounced their enthusiastic manner of welcoming death as extremely bad form. But the Christian Attalus

could have shown him that there were men of the despised sect who could meet martyrdom with the greatest good breeding. For, placed in a red-hot chair, he did not leap from it with an emotional cry. He did not writhe on it in an ecstasy. No, he calmly smiled as the odor of his roasting flesh spread through the air, and said, casually: "It looks to me as though you people are guilty of the cannibalism you say *we* practice!"

From "The Abcess on Nature" to "The Shame of Mankind".—Marcia, the concubine of the disgusting *Commodus,* Marcus Aurelius' son, was a weak and erring Christian sister. Hence the Christians enjoyed comparative repose during his reign. The Emperor *Severus* (202 A.D.) prohibited his subjects from becoming either Christians or Jews. Persecution seems to have been severe, however, only in Egypt and Roman Africa. The Emperor *Caracalla,* after killing his brother Geta, murdered some 20,000 persons whom he thought favored Geta, but he did not persecute Christians. *Elagabalus* (Heliogabalus), the degenerate Syrian madman, born in a temple to end in a sewer actually *protected* the Christians! Heliogabalus, when his career of insane depravity was near its end, is supposed to have cherished the idea of combining the symbols and worship of Christianity with those of his god in a great sun-temple he meant to build. Christianity was to take second place, of course.

Gnosticism and Other Early Heresies.—Almost as soon as Christianity began to develop, and the minds of many men began to occupy themselves with explaining what both the Old Testament and the New Testament meant by what they said, opinions began to differ. For no two men really think alike, though they may imagine they do, and in the early days, as in later times, many differed from each other. *Gnosticism* was a movement by those who tinkered at the impossible task of "making-over" the mental twins Christianity and Philosophy, born of parents so different as Faith and Tradition and Reason and Imagination into one large and unwieldly child. In other words the idea of the various Gnostic philosophers was to absorb Christianity and by straining it through their mystic system turn it out again in the shape of a "cosmic scheme". And there were many Gnostics, and each had his own straining process, which he claimed was the only right one. Gnosticism showed itself in many sects and in a great variety of forms. The Gnostics tried to harmonize faith and knowledge, religion and science.

Simon of Samaria, the Columbus of Heresy.—The magician Simon of Samaria had the reputation of being the father of Christian heresy.* Simon, usually called *Simon Magus,* or "The Sorcerer",

*Heresy, generally speaking, means a departure from any orthodox and accepted creed, once it has formulated its doctrine. The orthodox Christians in early times used the term liberally and have done so ever

was a spiritual adventurer. From his native village of Gittum in Samaria, he had gone to Alexandria to study, and come back ambitious to rise high by magic means. Simon went far. He "worked" the countries in particular where the Gospel had not penetrated, after having vainly tried to buy from the Apostles the privilege of conferring the Holy Ghost. His magic tricks, if true, show him to be quite a wonder-worker. He is said to have snared himself a spirit "bell-hop" by conjuring the soul of a boy and keeping his image about him. In Rome he was in the habit of having himself beheaded and rising again on the third day. His idea of combining religious business with pleasure, however, shows he was more human than divine. God, so he said, existed from eternity in the depths of inaccessible light. And God, in the depths of eternity, put forth his *Pleroma,* his Divine Nature and his *Ennoia,* his Conceptive Thought. From these were born hosts of angels. These angels, strange to say, were *ignorant* of God and their parents. They thought they had *made themselves* as well as the world. So they turned on their Mother *Ennoia* and basely imprisoned her in a succession of material bodies. And it is when we reach the "material body" that Simon combines the *earthly* and the *divine* in his theology. In the course of his wanderings he had brought a beautiful prostitute named Helen in Tyre. By embodying in Tyrian Helen (yes, she had once been Helen of Troy, according to Simon), the Mother *Ennoia* ill-treated by her angel children, Simon turned his traveling companion into a business asset. Helen of Tyre was the gainer thereby. So, so Simon said, the *Ennoia* remained always a *pure, spiritual essence!* And pollutions and degradations of the *persons* in whom she dwelt, only affected their *material* body. And, after all, what does a material body amount to compared to a soul? A few other things that Simon claimed were: that he was God the Father, the true Christ, and already had suffered as Christ. Simon easily explained, strange as it may seem, how *he* had suffered on the cross as Christ. His *aeon* had appeared on earth in the shape of a man, that of Jesus. Helen, aside from being the Holy Ghost, was worshiped (to draw the Greeks) as *Athena,* the goddess of wisdom. The many sects into which Simon's followers divided all cultivated magic and necromancy. About 140 A.D. Simon was worshiped as the Supreme God by all the Samaritans. A hundred years later there were none of his sect left.

since. They called the Gnostics, "false teachers, servants of Satan, beasts in human shape, dealers in deadly poison, robbers and pirates." It is well to remember, no matter to which Christian sect you belong, whether Protestant or Catholic, that you are a "heretic" from the standpoint of the "other fellow," just as he is from yours. A man who does not agree with you or your doctrine, may be a "heretic," technically speaking, from *your* point of view. It does not necessarily make him a "beast in human shape, a robber and a pirate."

Other Gnostic Heresies.—The Docetists said that Christ was born without any aid of *matter*. Every act of his human life, including his crucifixion, was *an illusion,* and he had a *phantom body.* Other Docetists (including Valentian, Bardesanes and Basilides) said Christ had a *heavenly* instead of a purely *human* body. In the wake of Simon's heresy wallow the *materialistic* Gnostics, who liked the idea that those who believed in Gnosticism need not bother about observing *moral* law. Why do so when the body and actions did not count, and men were saved by grace and not by righteousness? The *Ophites* (200-600 A.D.) were "snake" brethren, and the serpent played a part in their worship. The *Cainites* held a view which ought to have appealed to the criminal classes of every Christian age. Both Old and New Testaments were false, inspired by the evil principle. The *really good men* in the Bible are Cain, Esau, Korah and the gentlemen of Sodom and Gomorrah! And Judas Iscariot was the only *true* Apostle. He betrayed his Master *so that man might be saved from the evil principle,* the *Demiurge!* So the Cainites followed a gospel they had—the gospel according to St. Judas Iscariot! The *Carpocratians* seem to have been the most vilely sensual and profligate of all these sects. The *Ebionites* claimed Jesus was mere man, the actual son in the *flesh* of Joseph and Mary. The elaborate system of *Saturninus* (110-134 A.D.) claimed that the "Unknown Father" produced spirits who created a man only able to grovel on earth like a worm, till the Father breathed the spark of His own divine life into him. But it does not seem strange that the sect of a teacher who *forbade marriage* and the natural propagation of mankind, should soon *die out. Basilides* had another equally elaborate, but entirely different system. Five years of silence at least, was required before one could join his "higher adepts", *Valentinus'* was the most elaborate and most popular Gnostic system: It was a fantastic and attractive mixture of Egyptian, Persian, Kabbalist, Pythagorean and other beliefs. Everything rose from the first principle, the *Bythos,* "Unfathomable Depth". It is a delightful and religous fairytale, too long, alas, to tell here! The fact that salvation came by *knowledge,* and not by *faith,* which allowed for every kind of licentiousness, may have helped to make it generally popular. That *Marcion* of Sinope was a sailor in early life, might lead some to believe the tale that his father, the bishop of Sinope, excommunicated him for seducing a virgin. Be that as it may, Marcion did not have to borrow heresies from the Greeks and Persians. He developed them all right in the Bible. Simply stating that only the Gospel of St. Luke and, perhaps, ten of St. Paul's Epistles (after he had revised them), had any value he threw the rest of the New Testament away. Then he slipped in a *Demiurge,* a being of limited power, whose chief characteristic was *justice, unmixed with love*—between God and Satan.

And he hung all sorts of strange and startling doctrines on his Demiurge pivot. One of them was that the Savior's offer of salvation was received with great suspicion by the Old Testament saints, after his Resurrection. Snugly resting on Abraham's bosom, they thought the Savior's call was a snare. So they were left where they were, while such hellish reprobates as Cain, Esau and the Sodomites, who believed, came hurrying from hell and were redeemed!

Montanus and Tertullian.—In fighting against Marcion's heresies the Orthodox Church (150 A.D.) adopted the baptism formula which afterwards grew into the *"Apostles' Creed"*. And that is about the only real monument that Marcion's life of thinking, preaching and fighting for other things left. But these were not the only heresies which distracted the early Church, and made it hard for the brethren to love one another as they should. Montanus (c. 150 A.D.) was an ex-priest of Syria Cybele. The same old ecstatic fits he had thrown when a Syrian priest came back when Montanus joined the Church. But they had a new meaning. Many fasts, *putting second marriages on a par with adultery* (after all, there *is* a difference), damning the military and secular life, profane learning, female vanities and amusements of every kind, was his message. It placed "prophets" above the regularly ordained bishops, and, though it flourished for a time, Montanus and Maximilla, a wealthy lady who became his "prophetess", hanged themselves forty years after they had started their joyless sect. Tertullian (b. 160) in Carthage, was the *greatest* of the Montanusists. An eloquent writer on sacred subjects, he continued to defend the Church and the faith from which he had been excluded. A great Catholic writer, Cardinal Newman, claims that Tertullian's chief fault was presuming to be a saint of the Middle Ages before the Middle Ages had arrived.

Constructive Thinkers of the Early Church.—It is in Alexandria that some of the finest fruits of the finer Gnostic combination of Greek culture and thought and Christianity appear. To the Alexandrian Christians the word *Gnostic* meant the *highest kind* of Christian character. Clement of Alexandria (d. 220) taught that Greek philosophy was also a vehicle to transmit Christ's truth, and that Christ came to complete man's education. But he also, together with others of the Alexandrian School, introduced the evil of a *figurative interpretation* in explaining the Scriptures.

Blowing Bubbles.—Most Gnostic thought was like blowing rainbow bubbles of speculation. With God as the *Logos,* the Word or Thought, these mystics blew the great, glowing, fancifully colored bubbles of their speculation—vast crystalline spheres, heavens within and beyond heavens, realms of magic, of five-colored clouds, filled with glittering legions of myth-beings, *aeons* and angels—in a complex hierachy of ranks and orders. The Gnostic so-called Christian

rose through ever brighter silvery radiances of suns and worlds ruled by mystic beings, the *Nous* (Understanding), *Altheia* (Truth), and others. In these vast systems there was room for all sorts of godheads, Horus and Egyptian Isis, Persian, Syrian and more. And the loveable *human Christ* was turned into a kind of spiritual mystery, shrouded in fantastic imaginings and the glittering unrealities of visions, mysteries and secret rites. Yet when all the unchristian rainbow bubbles of Gnosticism had burst, *two things* remained to Christianity: first, the Gnostics had introduced *literature, studies* and *art* into the Church; and secondly, the Church out of all their mystic rites and communions, preserved the beautiful *sacraments.*

CHAPTER XIX

FROM HELIOGABALUS TO JULIAN THE APOSTATE

THE EMPEROR *Alexander Severus*,—who at sixteen succeeded his cousin Heliogabalus (222 A.D.) was kind to the Christians during the thirteen years he managed to sidestep the assassination that went with the imperial purple. The Tharcian soldier *Maximin*, who followed him, persecuted only Christians who had held positions at the court of Alexander, for all religions as such looked alike to him. The Emperor *Gordian* (238-244), and *Philip the Arabian* were kind to the Christians, the latter's wife even leaned toward their faith. But *Decius* (249-251), tried to root out Christianity by a general massacre. There were many martyrs.

The Hermits of the Desert.—The reign of Decius is notable for the appearance of the *first Christian hermit.* Long before Christianity came into being there had been hermits. The Brahmin, Buddhist or Greek Cynic who hankered to purify his soul by self-denial, to flee from a wicked world into the sweet innocence of nature's solitudes, became a hermit, a forest, mountain or desert hermit as the case might be. And Paul, a young Alexandrian, who fled to the Theban desert, is supposed to be the first Christian who felt the urge. One hermit led to another until there were thousands. *St. Anthony* (b. 250) is one of the best-known among them. A wealthy young Egyptian, he deliberately withdrew from his Alexandrian world at the age of twenty to become an ascetic. In the tumbledown walls of an old fort on the Nile he lived and struggled with the hallucinations which an unnatural celibate life naturally brought in its train. Anthony had no easy time of it. He had to fight the devil in the form of tempting visions of beautiful women who, in spite of flagellations and abstention from any food but just enough to support life, surrounded his rocky couch with tempting arms. When after twenty years of absolute seclusion with visions of devils in attractive and unattractive guise, Anthony emerged from his old fort. By that time the fame of his holiness had drawn swarms of other would-be hermits to the spot. They had established themselves all around his haunt, and he had to take them in hand and organize them. The monastery which bears his name still stands on a mountain near the Red Sea. He may be called the founder of Christian Monasticism.

Cenobites and Anchorites.—The hermits who organized into communities and became hermit monks, were called *Cenobites.* The hermits who preferred to do their soul-struggling and fighting with demons and visions alone were called *anchorites.* We need not, perhaps, take the tales of the miracles the desert hermits wrought too seriously. These prodigies of sanctity turned lions, hyenas, crocodiles, poisonous snakes, and hippopotami into resepectful and loving companions. They did many wonders, and could boast of strange, rare triumphs over Satan and his legions, who seem to have haunted the Egyptian desert to such an extent that their work elsewhere must have suffered.

Hermit Ideals and How the Hermits Carried Them Out.—The hermit who dodges the cares and troubles of life to go off somewhere by himself, away from others, and devotes himself exclusively to his own two-penny soul is at bottom selfish. Today the majority of Christians of any sect do *not* regard marriage as a base indulgence of the flesh. They do not think a secular life, in the world, a degrading one. They do not look upon the pure love of married life as something unspeakably vile—so vile that an early Church counsel declared that bishops, priests, deacons and inferior clergy should live with their wives without the natural privileges of a husband. Life's ordinary occupations were a snare to the soul, thought many of the hermits. Blessed were childlessness, self-torture, dirt, vermin and ignorance. God doted on them, and they were holy in themselves. It seems sad to read that *Macrinus,* who enjoyed a great reputation for holiness, said his rule for salvation was to fly from men and sit continually in a cell, lamenting his sins. And yet—unquestionably many of these verminiferous hermits were truly good, devout and holy old men. Most of them led the meanest of lives for the sake of being good themselves and making others good. They settled the question whether the flesh* should serve the spirit or the spirit the flesh by actual experiment. They proved that virtue is the highest good, and that the spirit and not the flesh should be man's guide, that purity is a virtue and impurity a sin. But, of course, they could have solved the problem without going to extremes. They could have done what the good Christian who led a pure decent married life in town did. Unhaunted by devilish visions of white-armed beauties, he *actively* helped make the world a better place to live in, by showing forth in his daily dealings with his fellowmen the virtues of honesty, love and justice. But it is the habit of men to run to extremes, either for or against. And, as a

*To those who might be interested in a very fascinating picture of St. Anthony and his dreadful struggles and temptations in the wilderness, Gustave Flaubert's "The Temptation of St. Anthony" is recommended.

rule, the extremist in anything, in life or religion, is narrow and intolerant.

Hermits of Various Kinds.—There was *St. Hilarion,* who went into the desert at fifteen, clad only in virtue and a bit of sackcloth—he never changed it, saying it was superfluous to seek for cleanliness in hair-cloth—and came out at sixty-three to perform many miracles. There was *Macrinus,* who was so filled with the hermit spirit that once, when at the age of ninety-five he moved from a desert spot called Scetis to another called Troe, he was disturbed by a noise. He asked the monks about him what it was: "Only the wind among the reeds," said they. "Alas," cried Macrinus, "I have fled everywhere to find silence and here the very reeds talk!" One of the noblest anchorites was *Telemachus.* He had come to Rome and there—St. Augustine himself has told how in his unregenerate days *his* face, like those of the rest of the Romans, had flushed with horrible joy at the sight of the bloody fights of the gladiators—he happened to go into the Colosseum. Public opinion was too strong for saints and emperors. The terrible gladitorial combats still went on. The vicious Emperor Honorius, a depraved weakling, was celebrating the Games (404) in person. About him were the great officers of state, and even bishops. The huge Colosseum was thronged. Suddenly Telemachius leaped into the arena and parted the gladiators with his own hands in the name of Christ. The mob, wild with rage at losing its bloody pleasure, at once stoned him to death. But his martyrdom did away with gladitorial fights for ever. The Emperor abolished them, the people agreed to his decision, and the useless Colosseum crumbled slowly away into the vast ruin it now is, "purified from the blood of tens of thousands by the blood of one true and noble martyr!"

St. Ambrose the Virgin-Maker.—St. Ambrose (340-307 A.D.) Bishop of Milan, a man of pure character, ranks with Augustine, Gregory the Great and Jerome as one of the four great "doctors" or Fathers of the Church. He was somewhat bigoted and to-day he is remembered as the founder of the "Ambrosian" chant in the church (he wrote various hymns himself) rather than for his struggles against the Arians. St. Ambrose's sister Marcellina had become a nun, and her brother was one of the greatest upholders of celibacy and the Monastic life. He coaxed the young women of his time into celibacy and the hermit life by sheer force of his golden eloquence. The combination of personal magnetism, holiness and oratory has always been hard for women to resist. Embrace the virgin life, he cried to his hearers—all the young girls of Milan flocked to hear his "virginity" sermons, and many came from distant provinces also—even if it be against the will of your parents! He extolled virginity "even to the weariness of his hearers" we are told. It is hard in the

"jazz" age to imagine these crowds of young girls flocking to St. Jerome to be consecrated to the virgin lives of female anchorites. The mothers of Milan had to keep their daughters at home by *force,* to prevent their "flaming youth" from being lured into the extremes of holiness. But we must remember that this was before the time of the hip-flask, saxophone and auto. And as a result of St. Jerome's exertions instead of inns and roadhouses, "the little islands on the coast of Italy and Dalmatia became sprinkled with nunneries, monasteries and cells." St. Jerome had been an anchorite and had mortified himself in the Syrian desert of Chalcis, fighting the sensual instincts that woke in him, among the sands by the study of Hebrew. On this one subject, even in his own day, St. Jerome was held to be a bit of a monomaniac. Marriage, so he said, was excused only by the fact that it gave birth to virgins. Mothers who gave up their daughters to the celibate life became "mothers-in-law" of God. All women should strive to make their mothers relatives of the Most High in this way. Folk in his *own time* called this profane. Marcella, Paula, Asella and Fabiola, stand out as Roman ladies of rank whom he drew into monasticism.

The "Browsing" Hermit.—Among Asian hermits we have the Persian "Great Jacob" or the Great St. James. He was a Nebuchadnezzar among anchorites, for he lived largely on mountain herbs. He never lit a fire, and dressed in a goat's skin. He has the honor of being the first of the *Boscoi,* the "browsing hermits." They lived "literally like wild beasts in the flesh, and like angels in the spirit!" There is a charming tale associated with James. This saintly "Browser" once came to a village where the girls were washing their clothes at a fountain, treading them clean with their feet. They stared at the holy man without dropping their veils. Nothing more. But that was enough. The saint's modesty was greatly shocked. He cursed the girls whom he had met at the fountain and the fountain itself. The fountain at once dried up and the poor girls, their hair turned gray, ran weeping into the village. At the villagers' entreaties the Great St. James made the fountain run again. But since the girls were too shy to come out and beg forgiveness for their rude staring, they had to go through life gray-haired. Yet if his modesty was not alarmed, St. James could be a patriot. When the Persian King Sapor besieged the town of Nishibis, with towered elephants, artillery and horsemen, St. James stood in the breech in the wall while the townsfolk stopped it up. To Sapor his goat's-skin seemed a royal robe of purple, and a crown glittered on his brow. And, whether it was due to the king's superstitious fear, or to the incredible swarms of mosquitoes which issued out of the marshy ground and began to devour the Persian host is not known, but Sapor collected his army and marched away.

St. Pachomius, Who Made His Monks Work.—St. Pachomius (d. 346), was a hermit saint with a *practical* turn of mind. St. Anthony had started monasticism by gathering hermits in communities. But they spent most of their time fighting the devils of sensuality in their dreams and visions, and talking about their souls. St. Pachomius felt that his monks would not have so much trouble with devils if they *worked.* Before his death he had established seven monasteries for men, and one nunnery for women. In 410 A.D. there were already seven thousand working monks of his order. They were agricultural and industrial colonies. Instead of producing crops of miracles they produced crops of grain. Instead of cultivating dirt on their own persons they tilled the soil. And who shall say they were not as holy as the more ascetic monks, who worked mainly with their imaginations instead of their hands!

Unholy Features of the Monkish Life.—In spite of miracles, all monks are not necessarily holy. Alas, only too many joined the great army of the industriously unemployed to dodge work, to escape hunger, army conscription, slavery. Kingsley tells us that: "Bands of monks on the great roads and public places of the empire, *Massalians* or *Gyrovagi* as they were called, wandered from province to province, and cell to cell. They lived on the alms they *extorted* from the pious, making up too often for protracted fasts by outbursts of gluttony and drunkenness. The average monk, no doubt, was a very common-place person, acting from very mixed and very questionable motives. He valued his shaven crown and his sheepskin cloak, regular hours of prayer and implicit obedience to his abbot more highly than his *fear and love of God.*" Not all hermits and monks were like St. Goar, who was so holy that he could enter a palace and hang his hat—and have it hang—on a sunbeam, mistaking it for a nail, or St. Paphnutius, so modest that when he would not undress to cross a river, he was miraculously carried over it.

A Monkish Murder.—As an example of the lengths to which fanaticism sometimes led the early hermits, we have the murder of *Hypatia.* The Nitrian monks lived in communities, but they were hermit communities. They did not do any physical labor like those of St. Pachomius. As a result Satan found work for their idle hands to do. The background against all this monastic devotion, asceticism, prayer and self-torture was the wicked and immoral city of Alexandria. If the suburbs of New Jersey and Long Island were sandy deserts, and filled with more or less pious spirits who had fled from the bright lights and the Great White Way of New York to devote themselves to high thinking on a basis of never washing, we might approximate the situation. But in Alexandria (as in New York) there were fine, noble characters who, though they might not

be Christians, led good, upright lives, and were of actual use in the world. One of these was a lovely girl, *Hypatia* (370-415). A Greek philosopher's daughter, she herself was a famous mathematician, and philosopher. Hypatia also was a wonderful orator, and often lectured in favor of the superiority of the Neo-Platonic philosophy to Christianity. In her day Cyril (376-444) was bishop, then patriarch of Alexandria. A distinguished father of the Church, he was also a bigot. He was one of those men who in every faith, throughout the ages, have thought bloodshed and murder sanctified when used against those who did not accept what *they* considered the truth.

As soon as Cyril got to Alexandria he closed the Novatian* churches, and seized their property. Then he held a pogrom and slaughtered and pillaged the Jews, turning on Orestes, the Egyptian prefect of Egypt, an intelligent and far more liberal pagan than Cyril was a Christian, who objected to the disorders. While he enjoys high rank as a theological writer Cyril was singularly deficient in the Christian vritues of kindness and tolerance. His name is forever associated with poor Hypatia's murder. Strange to say, he did not have a *direct* hand in it himself, but the deacons of his own church did. Cyril had been a Nitrian monk. He mobolized his desert fanatics when Orestes objected to his Jew-baiting and they swarmed into Alexandria and rioted there. And, in the riots, poor unsuspecting Hypatia was suddenly surrounded in the street by these unholy holy men, torn from her chariot, and dragged to the cathedral. There was she stripped naked, most barbarously cut to pieces by the monks with oyster-shells, and the fragments of her body burned piecemeal. Thus it was that Cyril and the desert monks understood the Master's words: "Love ye one another!"

St. Chrysostom, "the Golden-mouthed," Patriarch of Constantinople, had also lived in a cave near Antioch as a hermit. As a patriarch he was one of the most inspired and eloquent preachers of his day. But he is more famous for his outspoken sermons against the Emperor Arcadius and his wife, the Empress Eudoxia, and his internal church difficulties than as a pleader for the hermit life. The Empress Eudoxia doted on her eunuchs, and St. Chrysostom thundered against the rapacity she displayed in plundering church and

*How different was the attitude of the European Constantine as regards the Novatians! The Novatians (after Novatian, their founder) called themselves *Cathari* or "Puritans." They were put out of the Church for the excessive strictness of some of their views. When Constantine asked a Novatian bishop why he did not attend a certain general council of the Church, the latter said he could not because the rest of the Church had too lax ideas about the forgiveness of sins. So Constantine told him: "Take your *own* ladder and go up to heaven by yourself, then!"

state to support these useless appendages of a Byzantine court. In the end he was driven from his see, and died (407 A.D.) in exile.

Saint Simon Stylites.—(d. 460) passed from forty to fifty years standing on a tall pillar—he found many imitators who were called *Stylites*—near Antioch. Sometimes he fasted forty days at a time. He *chained* himself fast to his pillar for a time to get out of the habit of sometimes lying down from weariness. On his high perch he gave himself up to picturing heaven, longing to fly up into it, and the fame of his holiness spread through all lands, and he performed many miracles.

Some European Hermits.—The European hermits seem to have been more practical. Instead of removing an iron spike out of a serpent's eye, as Simon Stylites did, St. Severinus, the Apostle of Noricum, redeemed Christian captives from the barbarians and did other noble deeds. St. Martin of Tours cut his cloak in half to share it with a beggar-man, before he hid himself in a hut of branches on the Loire near Tours, while his eighty disciples, dressed in camel skins, lived in rock-crannies near by. St. Goat rescued shipwrecked boatmen along the Rhine. To the Anglo-Saxon St. Guthlac came all the wild birds of the Ramsay fens, and above his shrine after he died rose the great Abbey of Crowland, amid the marshes. Its monks fed all the fen-folk. The seven silver bells in its towers had not their like in England. Before its twelve altars lay the twelve great white polar-bear skins King Canute had given the monks. There, St. Guthlac's shrine became "the sole refuge of any one in worldly tribulation." St. Godrick of Finchale was the companion of poisonous snakes. For many centuries, all over Asia, Northern Africa, Egypt and Europe, hermits and anchorites nested here, there and everywhere, in rock and desert, fen and forest.

Peter the Hermit and the "Paupers" Crusade.—The great "fighting hermit" of legend is Peter the Hermit. Peter was a begging monk. Born in Amiens, he is said to have fought under William the Norman at Hastings. He married, but the soldier who had dared death at Hastings beat a retreat in the matrimonial battle, and entered a monastery. In 1093 he visited Jerusalem. The good old days of the tolerant, easy-going Fatimite Sultans of Egypt, had passed. The last Fatimite, the Sultan Al Azis, did not bother about religion one way or another. One of his wives was a Christian woman, and their Mohammedan brother-in-law had obligingly made her brothers patriarchs of Alexandria and Jerusalem respectively. But now the fanatic Seldjuk Turks were masters of the holy city and treated the poor Christian pilgrims who went there with the utmost harshness. Peter the Hermit, to whom Christ appeared in a vision, made the recovery of the Holy City and the Saviour's tomb his life-work.

An Eleventh-Century Revivalist.—To do so it was necessary to move the crowd. And Peter developed into one of the greatest, most convincing sensational preachers the world has known. With nothing but a pitiable letter from the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and his own personal magnetism, he managed to lead hundreds of thousands to undertake the first of those expeditions which began as holy pilgrimages to tear from infidel hands the Christian world's most hallowed shrine, to end as robber raids for booty, feudal real-estate, and the enjoyment of the exotic pleasures of the Orient. Pope Urban approving, Peter wandered from land to land, praying, preaching, exhorting, threatening, weeping, with such ardor and zeal, with such inspired eloquence, that he carried all away with him. Short, lean and dark, with a fiery eye, in his rough monkish garb, feet and head bare, he rode the highways and byways on a mule whose *every shed hair soon came to be treasured as a holy relic!*

Though when his voice failed he groaned, beat his breast and pointed to his crucifix since he could no longer talk, some said he was a hypocrite. But most believed. Peter was a great emotional revivalist. He knew every art and trick that Billy Sunday ever practiced and, perhaps, a few additional ones. Thousands eagerly took the cross and promised to go with him to take the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels. But—it is significant that it was the poor, the pauperes, or "paupers"—who followed Peter. The five sections of his paupers whom he led to Constantinople—only one was commanded by a knight, and that he was a broken and desperate man is sufficiently shown by the fact that he was known as "Walter the Penniless"—must have resembled a Coxey's army. In their eagerness, his followers crossed the Bosphorus into Asia Minor, where the Turks promptly cut them to pieces. So the hermit Coxey was left armyless. We will let a learned Christian divine* describe these first warriors of the cross.

Crusaders Led by an Inspired Goose and Goat.—The expedition was supposed to sanctify all those who joined it. "For robber, pirate and outlaw, there was amnesty of crimes and restoration to society. The debtor escaped his debts, the monk the monotonous round of cloister duties. . . . Each successive crowd was worse than that which succeeded it. Among them were old and infirm men, children of both sexes, women of loose virtue—some of them in male attire." The hosts of the robber-baron, Emicho, and the priests Volkmar and Gottscalk were "composed" of the very refuse of the people, animated by the vilest fanaticism. It is said their movements were directed by the march of a goose and a goat, supposed

* James D. Robertson, Canon of Canterbury, "History of the Christian Church."

to be inspired. Their passage through the towns of the Moselle, Rhine, Maine and Danube, was marked by the plunder and savage butchery of the Jewish inhabitants. Bishops attempted to rescue victims by admitting them to a *temporary* profession of Christianity. But often zealous Jews shut themselves up in their houses, slew their children and disappointed their persecutors by burning themselves with all their property. . . . The dissoluteness, disorder and plundering habits of the pilgrims raised the populations of Hungary and Bulgaria against them. This human scum amounting to two hundred thousand beings, had found the Jews no trouble. But since they were quite impartial when it came to murdering, violating and plundering, they did as much damage to their fellow Christians as to the Jews. One almost feels that the brave and capable Kaloman, King of Hungary, who surrounded this mob and literally cut it to pieces after it had murdered and plundered his unfortunate subjects, deserves a vote of thanks. Even the pilgrims who managed to get to Constantinople, to quote Gibbons, *"stung* their benefactor (the Greek emperor Alexius) and neither gardens, palaces nor churches were safe from their depredations." Every Byzantine was continually clapping his hand to his pocket to see whether his purse were still there, and Alexius hurried his unwelcome guests across the river into Asia Minor as soon as possible. Peter—his followers affectionately called him "Cuckoo-Peter", from *cucullus,* the "cowl" he wore—collected the remains of the pauper pilgrims and followed the "real" crusading host of the great Christian princes in 1097. But then he was merely a secondary figure. The chronicler Guilbert of Nogent calls him "a fallen star" because, overcome by a quite unhermitlike hunger, he tried to escape from Antioch during the siege of 1098 in search of food, even infidel food is necessary.

But—Peter had seen the dream in which Christ had come to him and announced that he would recover his Holy Sepulchre fulfilled. He died in 1151 as prior of a Church of the Holy Sepulchre he founded in France. As to Peter's "own" portion of the First Crusade there can be but one opinion. It was, in spite of the Holy Sepulchre and Peter's own good intentions,—a criminal offense against the peace and decency of humanity. Regarding the succeeding Crusades opinion is divided. Many eminent authorities say that they had good *indirect* results. But such great thinkers as Hume and Voltaire are of the opinion that they were expeditions *undertaken by maniacs.* It is one of those questions which can be answered only after profound study, and even then the answer is quite as likely to be wrong as right.

Other Oustanding Men and Ideas from Valerian to Constantine.—*Origin* (185-255 A.D.) is the most famous of all the early Church theologians, perhaps, with the exception of St. Augustine. A man

of pure and noble life,* he produced works which reconcile the Christian faith with science, and harmonize religion and philosophy. Bishop *Paul* of *Samosata* (26 app. 260 A.D.) was notorious rather than famous. He is an interesting example of the extreme type of "emotionalist" pulpit orator familiar in our own day. He was a favorite with Queen Zenobia of Palmyra because of his eloquence, and all his religious acts were conducted with pomp and ceremony. He had rings on his fingers—and no doubt would have had bells on his toes as well had be known the Nursery Rhyme. "In preaching he used the gestures of the secular orators. He expected his hearers in church to receive his words with clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, as if in a theater. He discarded the old, grave music of the Church, and introduced *female* singers! It is even said he introduced hymns in praise *of himself* instead of the Saviour. He was also accused of luxurious living and indecent familiarity with young women, two of whom were his constant companions." Paul's interpretation of the Scriptures was pronounced a heresy, but a far greater and more dangerous heretic was the Persian *Manes* (c. 270 A.D.).

The Doctrine of Man's Saving Christ, Instead of Christ's Saving Man.—*Manes* founded the sect of the *Manichaeists*. After becoming a convert to Christianity, he took Zoroaster's dualist system, built it up into Gnostic realms of light, angels and demons. He had God produce a "Mother of Life," who in turn gave birth to "Primal Man", who went forth to fight the demons of evil. But the demons managed to swallow some of "Primal Man's" armor, "which is the living soul". The demons being *matter,* this spiritual *spark* was enchained in them. It was the "Passible Jesus". The *real* Christ, also God-created, dwelt in the sun and his acts and sufferings among the Jews on earth were only an illusion. There were many other fanatic doctrines. The "Passible Jesus", for instance, the particle of celestial life robbed by the demons, permeated *all* matter, man and the lower animals, and "hung on every tree". The true Christ was ever busy *freeing* these particles. Animal and vegetable life was therefore *sacred* to the Manichaens. They thought a cabbage suffered the same agonies a man might. But while the elect ate (for naturally they had to *eat,* no matter how the vegetables suffered), the Jesus-particles in their food were set *free.* So Manes reversed the process of salvation. Instead of Christ being the Saviour of man, man became the saviour of Christ. Manichaeiasm, with a chief, twelve masters and seventy-two bishops (its founder was eventually flayed alive by

* He somewhat simplified the task of making it so by emasculating himself in his youth in order "to escape the lusts of the flesh and work unhindered in the instruction of the female sex." This step he afterwards regretted.

a Persian king on the complaint of the Magian priests that he had seceded from their faith) was popular for centuries.

The Last Persecution.—The brutal and ignorant Emperor Maximin was the last persecutor of the Christians. A year before he died (337) the Emperor Constantine issued his famous edict of toleration. Christianity by this time had spread over the whole empire—through the East, to Gaul, to Britain: the Church had fully organized its system of government, with metropolitans and bishops, and established its services of worship, baptism, confirmation, the administration of the Eucharist, fasts and festivals, its rites and usages. And while countless new sects and heresies were continually springing up, the great body of *church opinion* was settling down to the acceptance of *definite orthodox doctrines, forms and customs.* The legend of the luminous Cross which appeared in the skies to the Emperor Constantine (312 A.D.) as an omen of victory, and made a Christian of him, must be taken with a grain of salt. It is quite possible that he did not see much difference between the religion of Christ and that of Mithras. But, whether from pious conviction or from policy, though he remained *Pontifex Maximus,* high-priest of the ancient gods of Rome all his life long for the sale of his pagan subjects, he was *outwardly,* at least, a most pious Christian, and enlisted Christianity as a *friend of the Roman empire* by practically making it the "state religion". Two famous heresies started during his lifetime. When Constantine made Constantinople his capital, and founded the empire of the East, the Eastern Church, which was to become the *Greek Catholic Church,* began to take shape as one distinct from the Western Church or Roman Catholic Church. The first general Church councils of bishops representing the whole Christian Church, were summoned by Constantine. They were called to settle church disputes and differences and were termed "ecumenical." Both the Western and the Eastern Churches recognize the Councils of Nicea (325 A.D.), Ephesus (431), Chalcedon (451) and Constantinople (381 and 553).

Donatists and Arians.—The Donatist dispute rose in the West. Donatus, Bishop of Casae Nigrae in Numidia (Northern Africa), fanatically insisted that the true Church existed *only* in his *own* community. Toward the middle of the fourth century the sect was so strong, especially in North Africa, that it numbered four hundred bishops. Its chief production was a very objectionable type of begging monks, called *Circumcellions* ("around the cells"), because they begged around the cells of cottages of the industrious farmers instead of working. They did more than beg. They roamed the country in great bands of both sexes, committing all sorts of excesses of drunkenness and lust, in which the "sacred virgins" of the party joined with a hearty good will. They attacked houses and persons of the

orthodox clergy, and enjoyed putting out the eyes of the latter with a mixture of lime and vinegar. At first they stuck strictly to the Biblical command not to use a sword. Instead, they used a heavy club, prettily called an "Israel". This answered just as well to beat a victim to death. Later, however, they disobeyed the Scriptures to the extent of using swords, lances and hatchets in their murders. They interfered between creditors and debtors, between masters and slaves, and terrorized the courts of justice. Since their activities were becoming political rather than religious, the imperial troops were at last sent against the "Circumcellions", and defeated them with great slaughter in a pitched battle. Two Donatist bishops were slain, and every one breathed more easily when they had been disposed of, and Donatus was sent away to die in exile.

St. Augustine and "The City of God."—The great Church light of learning and piety of the time of the Donatists was *St. Augustine,* probably the most famous of all early Fathers of the Church. He is a wonderful example of the sinner and the lamp which holds out to burn. His father Patricius (or Patrick, as we would say today), was a pagan. But St. Augustine had a sweet, good Christian mother, Monica, who by dint of perseverance eventually succeeded in uplifting both husband and son into the fold. To use the eloquent language of the screen, Augustine started out to "taste the poisoned honey of experience" at the age of seventeen, as a chip of the old block, his father Patrick being "a man of loose habits". Augustine led the profligate life of the Cartheginian college boy of the time (for it was in Carthage that his campus stood), and took him a concubine as was the fashion among the students. At eighteen he was a father, naming his babe *Adeodatus* ("God-given"), in a rare fit of pious emotion. Soon he turned to the mystic Persian doctrines of Manes. But the ideal of chastity and self-restraint, for all it promised union with God, made him balk—he was so accustomed to unions of a different nature—and though his mother wept because he was estranged from the true Church, he could not at first shake off his fleshly fetters. These dreadful years St. Augustine has painted in the blackest colors in his "Confessions". He removed to Rome (383 A.D.) and, constantly striving upward, at last stood forth freed from the bondage of the senses, and was baptized, together with Adeodatus (387 A.D.) by St. Ambrose. After that, during his thirty-three years' incumbency of the see of Hippo, as its bishop, he wrote among other works his famous book "The City of God". It is the last and greatest apology of paganism, and the first professed treatise on the Christian Church, and its fame has endured through the ages. Not only does it vindicate Christianity, but it shows it rising as a new "civic order on the crumbling ruins of the Roman empire." Not only did St. Augustine fight the Donastists in his writings. He also fought the

heresy of the personally blameless and pious Scotchman Pelagius. Pelagius held terrible opinions: 1. Adam's sin was purely *personal*, and affected only himself. 2. Every one is born sinless, like Adam, and sins because of evil example and temptation. 3. Children who die in infancy, untainted by sin, are *saved without baptism*. This last, especially, would never do, and all the eloquence of the orthodox Church was put forth to hurl these little ones into damnation unless baptized. Pelagius was excommunicated, and is supposed to have died in 418 A.D., without ever having founded a sect. The birth of the Roman Catholic religious Order of the *Augustine Canons* (Canons Regular or "Black Canons"), was a post-mortem gift of St. Augustine to his Church. Their tenets are founded on the Rule of St. Augustine, drawn from his writings, and they were first organized after the Lateran Synod of 1059. Like monks they live in communities. But they are clerics, whose duty it is to serve the parish churches in their patronage. Like all monastic or semi-monastic orders, they went through periods of laxity and reform, and largely disappeared during the age of the religious wars and the Reformation. The *Augustinian Hermits* (thirteenth century), sometimes incorrectly called the "Black Friars," also follow the Rule of St. Augustine. Called "hermits" though they lived in monasteries—are a mendicant, a "begging" order of monks, and a more austere sub-order, the "Barefooted Hermits of St. Augustine", flourished during the fifteenth century in Spain, France and Italy. Martin Luther was originally an Augustinian Hermit. Augustinian monks still exist in numerous convents in England, Ireland and America.

The Great Arian Heresy.—Arius, an ambitious Lybian, was a pupil of the Antioch school of Christian thought. At Antioch they taught that God dwelt *apart* from his world, that the Christ was *created* by the Father, not *begotten* of him, and that he was not of the *same* substance as the Father, but only of *like* substance. Arius was the great defender of this doctrine. For centuries Christians slaughtered each other with the utmost zest and happiness to decide which were right, the *same* or the *like*. What was human life compared to the adjustment of so important a question? Rivers of blood, oceans of tears, the destruction of nations, ensued in consequence. For at Constantine's first Church council at Nicaea, the *Nicene Creed*—which says that the Christ is of *one substance with* the Father, was adopted. It was adopted in spite of the fact that much of the Church was Arian. For church councils, then as now, were much like political conventions. There were swappings and compromises and one bishop would drop a favorite tag-end of doctrine in exchange for a similar concession on the part of another, just as politicians make deals. "Church politics" were as prominent in the early councils of the Church as they are in similar Protestant and Roman councils of to-

day. And for the orthodox Church the situation always was complicated by the fact that the Greek Emperor was the *real, autocratic head of the Church* and that it was a "state church" which he controlled. The Council of Nicaea banished Arius. But Arius was a clever and persistent religious demagogue. He kept on working and preaching. One great reason for his success was that he made the Christ far *too* human, and put his doctrines into cheap popular verses set to popular tunes for millers, blacksmiths, miners and sailors to sing. He was an evangelist of the Billy Sunday type with a Rodheaver cross writing his own music—but with the advantage of an education, and a liking for showy elocutionary display. And he was a smart Church politician. Before long he was back in Constantine's good graces. He made professions to satisfy the Emperor as to his orthodoxy, and the Bishop of Constantinople was to be forced to administer the Holy Communion to the heretic on a Sunday. On Saturday evening Arius paraded around town on horseback, with a big band of his followers when a natural necessity forced him to dismount and enter a public toilet (they had them in Constantinople in 336 A.D.) After a long time had passed and he did not emerge, his followers went to look for him. He was dead. The orthodox party broke out into hymns of triumph. Of course God had chosen the time and place of punishment!

What Became of the Arians.—Arius left his views as a bone of contention, and bishops were cursing each other from the pulpit all over the Christian world in the Arian controversy until the Emperor Theodosius the Great (379-395), at the second Council of Nicaea, dealt it a death-blow in his dominions by formally adopting the Nicene Creed. He proved his true Christianity also by at once instituting terrible persecutions with beheadings and burnings of all non-Christians and Arians, and made it lese-majesty for any one to hold any but the orthodox Nicene doctrine. But Arian missionaries had been sowing the seed among the Barbarian tribes. Soon practically *all* the barbarians were Arians, Goths, Vandals, Franks, Teutons, Gauls and Longobardians.

But in the West Arianism was gradually extinguished by the growth in power of the Roman Church. It came to an end under the reign of Pope Gregory the Great (590-604). Modern Christians who may be called followers of Arius were Milton, Newton, the philosopher Locke, and early American Unitarians seem to have believed in a pre-existent Christ. The Bishop Athanasius was the great opponent of Arianism, and the orthodox faith is also known as the Athanasian.

Other Sects Which Broke Away from the Church.—It was found very hard to decide as to the real nature of the Christ. The Emperor Theodosius II had to call the Council of Ephesus (433 A.D.), to settle

the matter. The Antiochians held that Christ had *two* natures, divine and human. The Alexandrians said that after the incarnation, these two natures became *one* divine one. "God" as Browning says, may "have been in his heaven," but "all was not well with the world" at this Council. For after the most violent, bitter and venomous disputes, the Council broke up, *half* still thinking the one way and half the other. The Council of Chalcedon tried to straddle the question: "How about fixing it up this way," said one clever metaphysician. "Christ possesses *two* natures which, unmixed and undivided, were converted into *one* person." But of course that satisfied neither party. Off went the dissenters and formed new sects. But there were also fine examples of what the real spirit of Christianity was like. The fathers of their flocks did not spend *all* their time in theological disputes. Acacius, Bishop of Amida, was one of those Christians more interested in *doing something real in* the spirit of Christ, than arguing about its substance. Amida was near the Persian frontier. The Persians had been defeated. There were seven thousand unfortunate Persian prisoners of war near the town. And the bishop, reminding his clergy that their Lord God had no need of the silver and gold vessels in His churches, had them all sold. With the money thus gained he ransomed these unfortunate alien enemies of another race and creed, and sent them back to the Persian king to show him *what Christianity really was like.* But during the World War we know of no bishop of any Christian sect, in *any* nation engaged in the struggle, who was able to rise to the lofty nobility of soul displayed by this good old bishop of an early Christian day. Altar-vessels of gold and silver in our day are too precious to be wasted on the ransoming or even the alleviation of the sufferings of alien war-prisoners, in *any* war on *any* side.

Nestorius and the Nestorians.—Nestorius, an Antioch monk, as soon as he was made Bishop of Constantinople (428 A.D.), attacked an *Arian* meeting-house, sword in hand. After the Council of Ephesus, he found that *he* was a heretic himself*, and was promptly turned out of his bishopric. Nestorius was a kind of early Protestant. He founded the Nestorian (Chaldean Church of Eastern Protestants), and sent missionaries all over the East, even to China, where Nestorianism was powerful for a time, and there are still a few Nestorians left in Persia. The Nestorian clergy could *marry,* and Nestorius condemned the use of images and pictures. Poor old Nestorius! His belongings seized, he was banished for life to the Great Oasis. There, he had just settled down to write *his* version of all the trouble, when the naked Blemmyes, a wild tribe of desert ma-

* The Monophysites, who believe in Christ's *one* nature, also split off, and to this day form the Egyptian (Coptic) Abyssinian and Armenian Churches.

rauders, swept down on the Oasis. But even they did not bother the poor old man. An imperial officer however, to whom he surrendered inhumanly rushed him from place to place until he died of the hurry. To show the kindly Christian feeling of his opponents, it may be mentioned that they triumphantly claimed that the poor old ex-bishop's tongue was eaten up by worms, and that he thus departed "to everlasting torment."

Julian the Apostate, the Roman Emperor Who Tried to Restore The Worship of the old Pagan Gods.—Poor Julian the Apostate! He has come down in history as the Anti-Christ. He has been cursed, excommunicated and anthematized by all the Christian writers of his own day and of succeeding ages. Yet he, too, only tried to establish the *truth,* and spread the *true religion,* as he saw it—the religion of the ancient gods of Greece and Rome. Unfortunately, though paganism was still strong, especially among the nobility, the philosophers and even the peasantry, he already was *behind the times.* Julian only reigned from 361 to 363 A.D., but he stirred up things so thoroughly in that short time that Hendrik Ibsen (1828-1906), devoted his mystical double drama "Emperor and Galilean" to Julian's unsuccesful struggle to uphold paganism against Christianity's rising tide. But even when presenting poor Julian as a noble idealist, the pessimistic Norwegian makes him unnecessarily squalid and repulsive.

How Julian Came to Be a Pagan.—Studying the deeds of the heroes of Greece and Rome as soon as he could read, Julian, as a boy, lived a prisoner in the gloomy old palace of the Cappadocian kings in the town of Macellae, near Caesarea. An orphan, he was trained in the strictest observance of religious service and ceremony by the spies and tools of the murderers of his family. Around him, in Asia, Nicene and Arian bishops were cursing each other with fine impartiality. Julian saw a great deal of selfishness, a great deal of worldliness, underlying all the Christianity existing about him. At twenty (351 A.D.), he had already secretly renounced a religion which he despised because of the hypocricy of those who professed it, and in the caverns of Eleusis bacame a rapt convert to the old Greek mysteries still practiced there. Julian grew to be an enthusiastic pagan. He was mentally keen and bright, but he lacked balance. The fragments of the elaborate work he wrote against Christianity, which have come down to us, are a wonderful mixture of wit, learning, sophistry and fanaticism. When accident raised him to the purple (361 A.D.), he publicly, to the horror and scandal of Christianity, put Jupiter in place of Christ, and announced his determination to restore the old faith. He was a Neo-Platonist, but no sooner had he entered the palace at Constantinople than he lived a far more Christian life than his Christian predecessors. His was a high spirit. He had fought against and conquered the lusts of the flesh as suc-

cessfully as any desert hermit. In Bysantium his first step was to chase the thousands of cooks, barbers, eunuchs and other idle servants of imperial luxury out. He lived as an ascetic, surrounded by philosophers. And he separated his pagan sheep from the Christian goats. He formed the Christians in the army into separate legions. And while he rode about in great state, wearing the shimmering imperial purple and diadem, and gilding his beard, he gave orders that the worship of the old gods be everywhere restored with splendor, and that the ancient temples, falling into decay, be repaired. He openly, however, proclaimed *universal tolerance.* Every sect could worship as it chose. But secretly he discriminated where he could against the Christians. Yet his policy had results. His friend the philosopher Libanus wrote: "Every part of the world displayed the triumph of religion (paganism), and the grateful prospect of flaming altars, bleeding victims (not human, of course), the smoke of incense, and a solemn train of priests and prophets without fear and danger. The sound of prayer and music was heard on the tops of the highest mountains, and the same ox supplied a sacrifice to the gods and a supper for their joyous votaries!" The Roman army Julian paganized in a variety of artful ways, and secured their enthusiastic devotion to himself and the old gods. Everywhere he used the convincing argument of *gold* and *worldly advancement* to seduce Christians from their faith—and many were won over. Toward the end of his reign, though later the attempt was abandoned, Julian ordered his friend Alypius, Governor of Jerusalem, to rebuild the Jewish Temple of Jerusalem in all its ancient glory—to annoy the Christians. At once the Jews assembled on the holy mount, and their insolent triumph alarmed all the Christians in the city. The male Hebrews "forgot their avarice, the women their delicacy. Every purse was opened, every hand claimed a share in the pious labor." The vanity of the rich provided spades and pickaxes of *silver,* and the rubbish was carried off in mantles of *silk* and *purple.* Ah, what golden opportunities were offered the Christian bricklayer—had he been allowed to share in the task!

Stealing the Christian Christmas.—In Rome Julian completely took the wind out of the sails of the Christian Christmas celebration. The Saturnalia fell on Christmas Eve. So in the Temple of Jupiter the Neo-Platonist philosopher Maximus delivered a sermon, and explained that the pagans, too, only worshiped *One God.* He pretended to defend the divine birth and the miracles of Christ, saying that Plato, also, had been immaculately born of a virgin. And he told Christians and pagans who listened to him that in all *essential* things they agreed. 'There are no Jews, Greeks or barbarians here, only brothers and sisters of one faith. Love one another, become reconciled to your God and with each other. Give each other the kiss of peace,

and rejoice, seek perfection, and the God of Love will be with you!" Christians and pagans were delighted, and with tears in their eyes gave each other the kiss of peace.

Then candles were lit on the altar. Why not? It was part of the rites of Saturn, and symbolized the return of the sun, a custom the Christians had borrowed. Beggars were brought in, and pagan senators washed their feet. Twelve slaves were seated at a covered table, and waited upon by their masters. And finally poor Roman children were led in and given little gifts. The illusion was perfect. "The pagans are Christians like ourselves!" cried the latter. "Why should we quarrel with each other?" And when the Christian clergy celebrated *their* services the next day, they seemed only a copy of Julian's. But when, seven days later, Julian in the rôle of the *Pontifex Maximus,* the Roman high-priest, cut the throat of the bull with gilded horns at the altar, and the blood spurted over his white robe, Christians and even pagans turned from him with horror. It was then that the cry of "Apostate!" was first raised by the mob. And after that Julian began to persecute the followers of Christ. Hatred begets hatred.

An Arian emperor has expelled the great Bishop Athanasius from Alexandria, his soldiers massacring the Cathoilcs in the very church, When Athanasius, after the Arian Bishop George of Cappadocia had been murdered, was recalled (361 A.D.), Julian, since he was wise, pious and able, at once had him banished again. But Julian's brief reign was nearly done. He invaded Persia, but deep in the deserts near Bagdad, where he had been decoyed by alleged Persian deserters, he was forced to order a retreat. In every way the pagan emperor showed himself a brave soldier and a good leader. But in one of the twilight skirmishes between the retreating legions and the Persian horseman, a javelin penetrated Julian's liver. He died nobly and calmly, and the philosophers who were with him have compared his last moments to those of Socrates. Of course his Christian enemies spread the report that he had been killed by an angel from heaven, and saluted his death with frantic outbursts of joy.

CHAPTER XX

THE GREEK CATHOLIC CHURCH

As soon as the subject of Christ's nature had been settled by letting the dissidents split off from the orthodox body of the Church, new subjects to quarrel about arose. The Holy Ghost was next hauled over the coals of ecclesiastical contention. All sorts of beliefs were held; that the Holy Spirit was divine; that it was *not* divine, that it was a servant of God, and that it was not. The *Eastern Church* decided that the "Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son, and must be worshiped and glorified *with* the Father and son." But this would never, never do, cried the Bishops Epiphanius and Augustine, representing the Western Church. No, no, no, the "Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father *by (filioque)* the Son!"

East and West Agree to Disagree.—Of course with this supreme difficulty destroying all hope of union, the Greek Church—the full title is the Holy Eastern orthodox Catholic Apostolic Church—after the Second (7th ecumenical) Council of Nicea (787 A.D.), went its own way. It was a "heretic" church from the standpoint of the West. As Gibbon says: "In 1054 A.D. the pope's legates deposited on the altar of St. Sophia a direful anathema." It enumerates the *seven mortal heresies* of the Greeks and—it devoted the guilty teachers and unhappy secretaries to *the eternal society of the devil and his angels.* So far had Christianity already progressed from the simple teachings of Christ, that because of the difference of a "by" and the political ambitions and desire to rule on the part of two priests, the Christian Church was torn asunder, and millions were taught to curse and despise each other. Jesus's chief activity on earth was directed to doing *good* to others.

The Lay Head of the Greek Church.—One great difference between the Eastern and Western Church was that of the Eastern had a *layman,* the Greek Emperor (and in Russia, beginning with Peter the Great, a Russian emperor) as its religious head. The patriarch of Constantinople was always the *servant* of the state. When he was not willing to be he usually was blinded and deposed. The Eastern Church went its own way after 787 A.D. It really is a *Greek* Church, a *mystery-religion* delighting in spectacles, superstitions, not inimical to the flesh sensuously serene, not spiritually stirred. It loves

shows, ceremonies and symbols. It adores pictures, *ikons,* literally. Threefold immersion at baptism, infant communion, anointing with oil (not for extreme unction), communion with leavened bread, exalting of the cross and forbidding the crucifix, are Greek. The Protestant Episcopal and the Greek Catholic Church exchange certain communions: that is a priest of either church may bestow the sacrament on a communicant of the other. Aside from such dreadful theological questions as to whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from Father *and* the Son or from Father *by* the Son—surely grave enough to keep serious-minded Christians of either belief from thinking well of each other—the Eastern Church does not bother much about redemption. Redemption is a means of *freeing the soul from death.* This satisfies the Greek Catholic. The Roman Church insists that redemption *saves from sin* as well as death.

The Greek Cathoic Church represented in general the spirit of the East, of all Eastern and Oriental Christianity. Before dismissing it to return to the Western Church we shall touch on some of its most outstanding features in the Greek empire—where it came to an end as a *state church* with the fall of Constantinople in 1453—and in Russia, to which country it spread in the tenth century.

Iconoclasm.—The mind of man always has been endlessly resourceful in finding *some* religious question about which to fight. Never has a man been too proud to fight, either with sword or pen or tongue, about religion. When the Greek Catholic, Eastern Church had split off from the Western or Roman Catholic Church, it promptly developed a bloody internal struggle which lasted for *116 years.* An *Iconoclast* is an "image-breaker". And the whole question at issue was whether the *images* of the Christ, the Virgin and the saints should be "worshiped" or not. There were two parties. The artist monks who made the images, the *iconiphiles,* the "image-lovers", taught that the Holy Spirit which attached to the *living* saint, after his death passed to the *dead matter* of his *relics* (bones), *names, images* and *pictures.* The Images had supernatural power. It was a refined, Christianized form of fetish idol-worship. The *Iconoclasts* said that no religious art was good. How could fleeting matter embody the heavenly powers of Christ and the saints? Relics and images especially of the Christ filled them with the greatest horror and indignation. Everybody took sides, and the two parties of image-makers and image-breakers became *political* as well as *religious* parties, and murdered each other with the greatest joy whenever the opportunity offered. What made the whole question a kind of *lottery* was the fact that the Greek emperors who became head of the church, were sometimes *iconoclasts* and sometimes *image-worshippers.* Whenever one or the other came in, he made a clean sweep of the members of the opposite party. Patriarchs and monks were blinded or mur-

dered, thousands were slaughtered, tortured, banished or imprisoned, and the great question was settled—until the next emperor on the other side came to the throne. Then the bloody business started all over again. The iconoclast Emperor Leo the Isaurian, who came to the throne in 717 A.D., took an *active* interest in religion. Jews and Montanists were ordered to submit to baptism by force. The Jews allowed themselves to be sprinkled, and laughed up their sleeves. The Montanists* took the command more seriously. They shut themselves up in their meeting-houses, set them on fire and burned to death. Meanwhile, in Constantinople, men fell down before the images and *ikons,*** prayed to them, kissed them, burned tapers and incense in their honor, adorned them with gems and precious metals, swore oaths by them, and even used them as sponsors in baptism. The Emperor Leo saw that towns which relied on their miraculous images were *invariably* taken by the Saracen Mohammedans. He was a practical man, and this made him take a dislike to image-worship. But when he tried to do away with images there was tremendous excitement. The "Greens", who represented the great political and "sports" faction, the "horse-racing" faction in Constantinople recruited among the *poor* and the *lower classes,* were the *orthodox* party. They were all for *Image-worship.* A pretender they put up, however, was promptly "burned out" with the "Greek fire" Leo had invented, and the Emperor then suppressed and destroyed the images of the saints all over his empire with much bloodshed, persecuting all his opponents.

Crimson Religious Pages from the Iconoclastic Struggles.—The Greek Emperor Constantine V., son of Leo, made rather an unsanitary beginning. All his life long he was known as *"Copronymus",* because as a babe, to the universal horror, of all, he had sullied the baptismal fort while being baptised. After he had bolstered himself

* Montanus was a Christian "prophet" who appeared 156 A.D. in Phrgyia.

** The Roman Western Church took the common-sense "middle of the road" in this question. The adoration, due to God alone, was dropped, and at the same time the *utility* of pictures and images for teaching the ignorant who could neither read nor write was emphasized. Pope Gregory the Great taught that the ignorant could learn with the *eye* that which they should adore with the mind. The chief result of iconoclasm in Constantinople was that after the Council of Hiera (754 A.D.) which the Bishop of Rome and the Patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem refused to attend, and after the excommunication of John of Damascus, the Roman Church and the Greek Church *were split for all time.* When Pope Stephen II. applied to Constantinople for armed aid against the Lombards (753 A.D.)—the Greek emperor was still regarded the natural head of the Church—the latter refused. The Pope turned to the Frankish king Pippin. Rome was definitely lost to the Greek empire, and the new papal alliance ended with Charlemagne's coronation as *Roman* emperor by the pope in 800 A.D.

up with the opinion of the Hiera council, he ordered all *pictures and images* of saints, angels, the Christ or the Virgin to be removed from the churches. As more edifying, hunting scenes, "still life" scenes, fruits and vegetables, and pictures of the *chariot-races* in the Hippodrome, were substituted. People were always *thorough* in their particular brand of piety in those days. The monks were just as fanatic and violent in defence of their images. There was constant street rioting. Then the imperial guards would issue from the barracks, and put down the insurrection bloodily. Orthodox monks were everywhere banished, blinded, strangled, made to stand in the Hippodrome holding street women by the hand while the people spat on them; they had their beards set on fire, and were forced to marry nuns. The image-worshiping patriarch Constantine was banished and later beheaded, and Nicetas, a Slav eunuch, was made patriarch in his place. This was what Constantine thought was restoring the *simplicity* of the old Christian faith! A great French writer* in a most remarkable study of the Greek religious and political character ever made has given us colorful pictures of Constantine's day:

Two Scenes from the "Simple" Religious Life in the Days of Constantine V.—In this emperor's day the great Monastery-Church of the *"Holy Purity"* was the shrine of the orthodox religious and political party of the "Greens"; the Church of St. Sophia, the Church of the *"Holy Wisdom"*, was the shrine of the iconoclasts' court party of the "Blues", and the emperor.

A Religious Street Row.—But at times there were battles in the streets instead of in the circus. "In a furious interlacing of combatants, they fought body to body. The hymn *Acathistos,* the hymn of the Hippodrome, stopped as soon as the heavy maces, the daggers, the gilded axes, all those arms with which one kills or is killed, crossed. The soldiers, in a shifting of ranks, close in on the remaining "Greens" of the orthodox party. And these respond with terrible valor. The handsome, colossal men of the Guards fall all in a piece, crushed beneath their armor-plated chargers. Brains flow from the cloven skulls and floods of blood spurt from breasts opened with a single sword-stroke. Volleys of darts, discharged at short range, tear the flesh. Pikes in horizontal formation turn toward the abdomens of opponents who push them aside and cut the wooden handles. At last the "Greens" flee, and the "Blues" follow and murder them in corners, in crevices, on the thresholds of shops and houses, where they have taken refuge. And above the murder and bloodshed in the setting sun, rise the two great rival churches. St. Sophia, the Church of the "Holy Wisdom", chimes out triumphantly with all her bells. But the orthodox monasteries and churches keep

*L. Lombard, "Byzance".

silence. Only from the great Monastery Church of the "Holy Purity" rings one slow, delicate, crystal, bell-chime."

Perhaps the most tragically revolting incident of the reign of Constantine V., was the enforcement of his edict that monks and nuns *must* marry. Another distinguished French writer,* who has colored Byzantine history with the hues of romance in two beautiful and historically sound works, has painted a marvelous picture of the scene.

The Accursed Nuptials of the Ephesian Plain.—One day, all the roads of Bythnia were covered with an innumerable multitude of orthodox priests, monks and nuns. Behind them came the legions, driving them along. They were commanded by the general Michel Lachonodracon, and with him went the eunuch Eutyches, sent by the Emperor Constantine as his personal observer. The monks, nuns and priests scattered all about the city of Ephesus, where the soldiers of Constantine had already destroyed the last images in the churches.

"One morning the legionary clarions sounded, and cavalry began to spread in squads all over the country. On all the hilltops surrounding the soldiers formed an immense circle, bristling with lances, the bosses of their shields flashing in the light of the morning sun. And this circle kept descending, pushing the monks and nuns before it down into the plain, toward the sea. Contracting, it drove them down by the roads and across the fields. At first it seemed as though a thousand streams were spreading in tumultuous waves through the breaches of a broken dike. One could distinguish the colors of the mantles and the robes, the white gleam of shaven skulls. Crosses rose above the crowd in metallic light, and so did the helmets of the horsemen, riding in the midst of the throng and keeping it moving by blows with the handles of their pikes, according to the gestures of the severe Michel Lachonodracon. Fat Eutyches clove the human torrent like some fatal leviathan. About him the whips of his guards made an open space. This lasted all morning. When the sun drew near its zenith, the peasants in the plain saw that the shaven skulls now formed one great mass. They compared it to a field of ripe pumpkins. For the monks had been driven down to and even *into* the sea. The peasants could make out some of the shaven skulls that were almost under water. The tide covered them regularly with its foam, each time it moved in its eternal course. On the other side toward the river-mouth, the soldiers had gathered all the nuns. Their blue veils undulated like flowers of the field. In the vast space left open between the two sections of the crowd, the eunuch Eutyches passed with his suite. Slaves lit tremendous fires, and hangmen—easily recognized by the savage beasts painted on their chests—made red-hot fires intended to blind the criminals. The peasants talked

* Paul Adam, *Irene et les Eunuques.*

among themselves: "Whom are they going to torture?" "Some Jews, no doubt!" "They will be brought over from Constantinople any minute now, and will be blinded so that they cannot see the second coming of Christ!" But the sea between the Ephesian plain and Constantinople spread its white-capped surfaces into the distance without sign of a vessel, while the sky shone in a flaming glory.

Finally the sound of a thousand trumpets, the shifting of arms gleaming in the sun along the ranks, the gallop of squadron commanders, and the clamors and hossannahs of the monks showed that some supreme order had been given. Beneath the walls of Ephesus appeared the standards of Michel Lachonodracon, the commander of the force. He now rode up on a white horse before the golden wings which spread out from the helmets of his escort. His face was concealed by the huge pearls which hung down over his cheeks. His body was hidden by the splendid mantle of gold brocade which spread from his shoulders to his horse's croup, and whose fringe trailed along the ground for a full yard. The peasants admired his magnificence without a word. Suddenly a palace herald appeared before them, followed by a squad of horse. He called for silence, though no one had uttered a sound, and then read the emperor's edict. It commanded all the monks and nuns of the empire to marry each other *at once*.* Otherwise they would be exiled to the island of Cyprus and have their eyes put out.

"'Let him who wishes to obey the Emperor cover himself with a *white* robe (the monks wore *brown* cassocks) and at once choose a wife. This is the command of the most pious Constantine, detesting the heresy of the Roman priest who in his pride calls himself 'the successor of Peter.'"

"Celibacy, so declared Constantine and the eunuch Patriarch of Constantinople, *was a crime against Jesus,*—for Jesus was born of a wife. And so Emperor and Patriarch had decided to end the impious custom at the same time, all over the length and breadth of the plain, heralds proclaimed the same edict. It seemed to rouse the soldiers to a frenzy. Tempestuous acclamations rose from their ranks. Banners waved. Michel Lachonodracon calmed the army with a gesture of his ivory staff. A single trumpet then sounded in front of the impassable general, and horsemen dashed into the crowds. And then the Ephesian farmers beheld an unheard-of sight. Simultaneously the soldiers pushed toward each other two groups, one of ten monks, the others of ten nuns. An altar had been raised where the Patriarch of Constantinople stood ready to say the nuptial mass.

* Married monks would not be monks at all, was the Emperor's idea, and if he could make them *all* marry, he would be delivered from all his worst enemies at a single blow.

Behind the altar rose a great tent. In the tent the marriage was to be consummated immediately after the benediction.

"The hangmen stirred their glowing irons in the fire.

"The first five monks thrust out their eyes toward the glowing points of the red-hot irons, but the sixth drew back and entered the tent. The seventh allowed himself to be blinded, as did the eighth. The two last obeyed the edict. Among the nuns, one only dared the torture. But as soon as the iron touched her she writhed with terrible plaints, and the executioner split her cheek instead, by mistake. She fell half-dead into the arms of the six blind men who, covered with blood, were howling the praise of God.

"Every monk of the second group accepted the torture. They were desert ascetics. For years Satan had been unable to subdue them. And then, to tempt the virtue of the remaining monks, the soldiers tore the clothes from the nuns and the eunuchs bathed them in perfume which was forbidden in the military camps because it roused the mares. Six wretched, knock-kneed bodies, with shaven heads and haggard faces were revealed. Among the monks the youngest were chosen for the test. And nine out of ten weakened, *not* because of the wretched bodies exposed to their view, but because of their horror of the martyrs, whose dead eye-holes looked out into infinity across the red streams which clotted in their beards. And thus Satan triumphed until the sun began to sink below the sea. And as the shadows fell across the green and rose bands of the twilight skies, when shame could wrap itself in the darkness of night, there were still fewer saints who resisted. As the first stars appeared the open-mouthed rustics beheld the holy men and women embracing between rows of lances, while the soldiers' shields reflected the light of the torches. The sighing and sobbing crowd united in unholy matrimony beneath the severe, detached gaze of the stern Michel Lachanadracon, Governor of Thracian Theme, amid the torches of his servants. Before him the great plain was filled with a somber movement of bodies, bodies indifferent to the sufferings of the eighty martyrs who stood behind the hangman's braziers, sending their psalms of forgiveness to the skies!"

The Iconoclastic Seesaw.—This was religion, the simple, kindly faith of the Saviour, as Constantine V. saw it. But *iconoclasm* was a religious seesaw. "Up and down" we go, might have been the rallying-cry of both parties in the bloody game. After Constantine V. came Leo IV. He was gentler than his father. When he found images hidden under his wife Irene's pillow he only had certain great palace officials he thought responsible flogged and *tonsured* (made into monks), and only *one* executed. Irene, who succeeded him as a ruler when he died, pleased monks and populace and alienated bishops and soldiers by restoring the images, after a solemn

Council held at Nicaea. All exiled monks returned, and it was the day of the image-makers again. An edifying moral tale of the time, which we will quote from James C. Robertson's "History of the Christian Church", shows the image-makers believed that reverence for the images would not only warrant unchastity, but also the *breaking of solemn oaths.* No doubt other stories of a similar kind were current, by which the image-breakers justified *their* decorating the walls of sacred churches with racing scenes.

A Tale With a Moral.—"An aged monk of the Mount of Olives was greatly tempted by the spirit of uncleanness. One day the devil appeared to him. After having sworn him to secrecy, he offered to give up his assaults if the monk would give up worshiping a picture of the blessed Virgin and the infant Saviour which hung in his cell. The old man asked time to consider his proposal. Then, notwithstanding his oath, he applied for advice to an abbot of renowned sanctity. The abbot blamed him for having allowed himself to be so far deluded as to make a promise to the devil. But he told him he had done well in laying open the matter and—that it was better for him to visit *every* brothel in Jerusalem than to refrain from adoring the Saviour and His Mother in the picture." General consent among pious image-makers drew the fine double moral already mentioned from this tale.

The Religious "Chameleon".—When Irene's son, Constantine VI., emancipated himself from her control, his pious mother at the first favorable opportunity had his eyes put out with such violence that he nearly died. When Nicephorus dethroned *her* five years later, the iconoclasts were up again. Images were destroyed, and the horses of the imperial guard stabled in the monasteries. The Emperor Michel Rhangabé, who followed him, in turn restored the images. And so the merry little game went on. Leo V., "The Armenian", who followed Michel, had been brought up to despise images. A military adventurer, when he became emperor the images disappeared once more amid exiles, blindings and banishments. But in 815 A.D. Leo publicly prostrated himself before the images in St. Sophia which had not yet been removed, thereby earning the name of "The Chameleon" from his enemies. In 816 A.D.—perhaps poor Leo by this time did not quite know what to believe himself—he again "reversed" himself, and another moving-day was in order for the poor harried pictures of the saints.

The Better the Day the Better the Deed.—The earliest morning service on Christmas Day was chosen by Leo's enemies as the best time to do away with him. When the "Ivory Gate" of the Blachernae Palace opened at three in the morning to admit the clergy and choir, conspirators slipped in with them. When they attacked the Chief Chaplin, who was leading the services, he escaped by baring his

shaven head. Leo defended himself for a time with a large cross he had snatched up from the altar, but was soon dispatched. Michel, "The Stammerer", one of his generals, jailed for treason, whose followers had committed the Christmas murder, was hurried from prison and crowned in St. Sophia with his chains still clanking about him. And Theodore, the holy abbot of the Studine Monastery in Constantinople, preached a Christmas sermon full of the spirit of "peace on earth, good will toward men" to celebrate Leo's death. It is right, said he "that in the night death should overtake the son of darkness. It is fitting that he should find no shelter from the altar who had destroyed the altar itself. It is fitting that the sword should pierce through the throat which has vomited forth blasphemies." The image-worshipers rejoiced. They felt sure of Michel. But—Michel, who was a rude farmer soldier, well versed in the practical aspects of horses, asses and pigs, but hardly able to read, disappointed them. With rustic good sense he forbade *all* discussion of *both* sides of the question. Every one could worship images or not as he chose—not only in Constantinople itself but everywhere.

The Last Iconoclast Emperor.—His son Theophilus, who wrote hymns, decided that however, everyone *should not* worship images, and gave the Greek churches a zoological garden effect by having pictures of all sorts of animals painted on their walls. There were the usual burnings of pictures and images, the usual persecutions. Theophilus was a religious arguer in the style of King Henry VIII of England. He invited the monks of the image-worshiping party to the palace to argue with him. But when they got the best of the argument he had them beaten or branded. An artist monk named Lazarus painted a picture of St. John the Baptist which soon gained great fame for performing miracles. When he out-argued Theophilus in his palace, he got two hundred lashes. Besides he had twelve lines of the Emperor's own poetry branded on his forehead. But the monk was not at a loss. "The lines are so poor they deserve no better fate", he said. At the same time Theophilus could not stop his mother, his wife and the ladies of the court from secretly worshiping their beloved images. He was the last of the iconoclast emperors. His wife Theodora threw out the iconoclast patriarch, and put in an image-worshiping one and (824 A.D.) the images—not to be destroyed again until the Turks took Constantinople—were once more solemnly restored in St. Sophia and the other churches. The worship of images has been retained ever since. The people always were image-worshipers. The emperors and superior clergy were the iconoclasts, and the iconoclast party died out not long after the last restoration of the golden Virgins, Christ, saints and angels in the Byzantine places of worship.

When the Russians Became Greek Catholics.—The Great Prince

Vladimir of Kieff and Novgorod was moved more by the desire to wed a certain Roman bride than by any excessive zeal for religion, but whatever his motive, he accepted Greek Christianity and baptism for himself and his people, and was married by a Greek patriarch in the city of Cherson (988 A.D.), according to the rite of the Eastern Church. Immediately after his wedding Vladimir, without going into details, said that those who refused the rites of baptism he would treat as the enemies of God and himself. His subjects may have had an idea of what this might mean, for, as Gibbon tells us: "The rivers were *instantly* filled with many thousands of obedient Russians who acquiesced in the truth and excellence of the doctrine which had been embraced by their great Prince."

Ivan, Cruel Yet Religious.—The Greek Catholic faith soon established itself firmly in Russia, and by the time that amiable monarch Ivan the Terrible (1533-1584) the Muscovite tzars considered themselves the Lord's anointed, and the rightful inheritors of the spiritual as well as the temporal powers of the former Greek emperors. Ivan so loved murder, torture and cruelty of every kind for its own sweet sake, that he had no need to call in differencs of religious opinion as an excuse for mayhem, massacre and mutilation. Karasim, Russia's greatest native historian, has drawn a wonderful picture of the religious soul of this dreadful tyrant in his "History of Russia". For Ivan, who almost literally bathed in blood all his life long, was *deeply religious*—in his own peculiar way, of course. Karasim's wonderful picture is worth quoting:

The Monastery-Palace of the Most Terrible of Religious Maniacs.—The great *"Sloboda"* as the Tzar Ivan's tremendous monastery-palace was called—the word originally meant "liberty", but the gloomy humor of the Muscovite people gave the monastery a new name and they called it *Newolja* (Slavery), instead of *Sloboda*—lay some thirty miles outside Moscow, and its gilded domes and fantastically colored roofs were visible for some distance.

"In this terrible castle, surrounded by sinister forests, Ivan spent the greater part of his time at divine service, in order to soothe his soul with uninterrupted prayer. He even wanted to turn his palace into a monastery and his courtiers into monks. From among the *Opritschniks* (Guards) he selected three hundred of the vilest and most degenerate, called them "Brethren" and dubbed himself their "Abbot". One prince was made the Brother Cook, and another the Brother Cellerar. He gave them hoods and black cassocks, but beneath them they wore caftans of shimmering gold brocade lined with ermine. Then Ivan drew up cloister rules and was the first to observe them. This strange monastery life went on as follows: At four in the morning Ivan went with his children and his favorite, Maljuta Skuratoff, to the bell-tower to sound the call for early mass. At once

the Brethren hurried to church. Any one who was absent was jailed for eight days. During the divine service, which lasted until six or seven, the Tzar sang, read and prayed with such zeal that his forehead always showed traces of the violent contact of his head with the pavement. At eight the Brethren gathered again for mass, and at ten all sat down to eat except Ivan who, standing, read scriptural admonitions to them in a loud tone of voice. Meanwhile the Brethren ate and drank with the greatest zest. Every day seemed a feast-day, for neither wine nor honeywater (mead) was spared. The scraps of the meal which were left over were taken to the open square before the palace and distributed among the poor. The Abbot, that is to say the Tzar, then ate, discussing religious questions with his favorites. Then he took a short nap or went down into the prisons to *enjoy* seeing some poor wretch tortured. The horrible spectacle always seemed to delight him. He would invariably return with a face radiant with inner satisfaction, and would talk and joke far more merrily than before. Toward eight o'clock all went to Vespers. At ten Ivan retired to his bed-room, where three blind men told him fairy tales, and thus managed to make him sleep a few hours. At midnight he rose and the new day once more began with prayer. Sometimes Ivan gave his bloodthirsty orders during early morning mass. The Tzar's own palace or monastery was separated from the other buildings of the *Sloboda* by a wall and a deep moat. It was gorgeous. Not one window resembled another, not one column was sculptored or decorated like another. It was topped by an innumerable array of domes which crowned the building like a diadem. They leaned against each other, they towered above one another, and merged into each other. And gold, silver and brightly-colored glazed bricks covered the palace from top to bottom. When the sun shone on it, it was hard to tell from a distance whether it were a palace, a giant bouquet of flowers, or a swarm of birds of paradise which had spread out their fiery plumage in the sunlight. The churches in the *Sloboda* also shone with riches. The famous Church of the Mother of God was completely covered on the outside with magnificent paintings. On every stone of its walls glittered a cross, and the entire church seemed garbed with a golden net. Yet near the palace and churches stood rows of *gallows,* well provided with blocks and axes. Gallows and blocks were painted black, and built so solidly and firmly that it was clear they were not temporary, but put up for use during many years."

Another Russian "Child of God".—In the seventeenth century the ambitious Patriarch Nikon insisted that in Russia the "patriarch was the image of Christ, and the head of the Church and subject to no earthly authority". He instituted reforms and cruel persecutions, which caused a number of flourishing heretical sects to arise, some of

which still thrive and which will be considered later. But the Tzar Alexius, the father of Peter the Great, though a pious man, did not agree with the patriarch as to who was the head of the Church. He showed Nikon he was wrong by deposing him and putting him away in a monastery. Peter the Great, in the course of his far-reaching reforms, while removing the long beards of his subjects, did not even spare that of God the Father in the Greek holy images, which shocked the people more, perhaps, than anything else he did. Everyone decided he was sinfully defacing the image of God. In 1721 Peter did away with the Russian patriarchate, and put in its place a "Spiritual Department", the so-called "Holy Synod". After that there was *one* spiritual head for the orthodox Greek Church in Russia, and that head was the Tzar. Peter was a greater man than Henry the VIII. of England, the founder and autocratic head of the Anglican Protestant Church. Peter's rage "was cyclonic. His hatred rarely stopped short of extermination. His banquets were orgies, his pastimes convulsions! He lived and loved like the giants of old. Some things he did made humanity shudder. No man equally great descended to such depths of cruelty and treachery. *Yet he was at heart deeply religious.*" And he was firmly convinced that he was a "Child of God", a splendid instrument for good in God's hands. Faith can make man believe anything.

With Peter the Greek Church became a *political government institution,* a state church. It often was a cruel instrument of repression, persecution and tyranny. Anything said against the "Holy Synod" was as though said against the Tzar, and Siberia beckoned for the one offence as for the other. Among themselves the Russian peasants, as a general thing, are *not intolerant* when coming in contact with Moslems, Buddhists and even fetishists or sectarians. They are ignorant, and prefer to keep on a good footing with even pagan deities, if necessary. So far as *tolerance* is concerned, the ignorant Russian peasantry always has set its autocratic government—now a thing of the past—an excellent example, which the latter usually ignored. It has not been the *ignorant* Russian peasantry, the common people, as a rule, which has delighted in religious persecution and bloodshed, but the educated government, the higher clergy and the Tzarist government itself. Outbreaks against the Jews have not been directed against them because of their *creed,* but because they were too keen business men and extortionate money-lenders. The average Russian has none of the "missionary" spirit. He is content to believe and let believe in religious matters. Owing to the difficulty of accurately estimating contradictory reports, it is hard to say whether the present Russian government of the Soviets is simply making over, "reforming", the Russian Church in order to deprive it of all *political power*—which no Christian Church, accord-

ing to its Founder's statements, should possess—or trying to make it an instrument for the purposes of a tyranny of mass government as objectionable as the Tzarist tyranny it overthrew.

The Joyous Sacrifice of the Red Death.—The *Raskolniki,* the various sects of "dissenters" who differed with the orthodox government Church in Russia, were pursued with fire and sword after the Holy Synod (1656) had cursed them. These "Old Believers", or "Old Ritualists", as they were called, felt that *any* change in the traditional forms established by Christ and his Apostles was soul-destroying. So rather than say "Alleluia" *twice* instead of *three* times at the Eucharist, and rather than use *two* fingers instead of *three* to make the sign of the cross, they cheerfully suffered every form of torture. They knew that by the saving grace *of that extra finger they used* they were sure to gain paradise. Among these *Raskolniki* a certain sect, made *self-immolation,* the "joyous sacrifice of the Red Death" a fundamental principle of their faith.

"In the Palestrowek Monastery 2,700 burned with the Monk Ignatius. And as the monastery burned Father Ignatius appeared in a great cloud of white smoke above the cloister dome, cross in hand. He was followed by the monks and a great multitude, all in white, and with great honor and glory they all rose to heaven in pairs and disappeared within the gates of Paradise. In the Pudoshky diocese, where 1,920 persons burned themselves to death, the soldiers had noticed one night that a column glowing with all the colors of the rainbow descended from the skies. From it stepped three men in garments radiant as the sun. They walked around the place of the burnings from left to right, one of them blessing it with a cross, the second sprinkling it with holy water, and the third swinging a censer. When they had done this three times they climbed on the column again and it rose to heaven with them. On the shores of the White Sea a peasant had had a strange dream as he lay in a fever. He saw a fiery rod that turned, and on it were woven tortured human beings. They cried loudly: 'This is what happens to those who will not burn themselves, who live in weakness and serve Anti-Christ! Go and make it known so that *all may burn themselves!*'"

The Klysti and Other Sects.—There are other sects of *Raskolniki* besides those who claimed the right to burn themselves to cinders for the Lord's sake. There was one sect which split off because *its* was the only right way, so it said, *to swing a censer.* There were sects, *popovshchina* "with priests", and sects, *bezopovshchina,* "without priests". Since the Tzar was a heretic and Anti-Christ *no priest could minister,* some said. They used only the sacrament of baptism, and that was administered by elders, who expounded and heard confessions.

The *Byeguni* or "Runners" interpret Mathew X, 37 literally, and

do not believe legal marriage Christian. A secret sect of mystics is that of the *Khlysti* or *"Flagellants"*. In 1645, so runs their gospel, God the Father came down in a chariot of fire and entered into *Philippov,* a peasant of Mount Gorodim, in Vladimir Province. Philippov chose another peasant, Ivan Suslove, for his Christ, Suslove selected a "Mother of God" and twelve Apostles. Twice crucified and once skinned alive, Suslove continued to rise again and again, it is claimed, and did not die until 1716. Since then every generation in every community has had its Christ and "Mother of God", in whom dwells the divine spirit. This "angel" or prophet, and his prophetess rule each community. Alcohol, fleshly indulgence and marriage are all *alike sinful.* Surrender to the influence of the Holy Ghost is an article of faith. At their prayer-meetings the Khlysti dance like mad dervishes till they foam at the mouth and drop. Some of the Khlysti, like other mystic sects, are extremely immoral.

A Messiah of Multilation.—The *Skoptsi* go to the other extreme. They attain salvation by means of self-multilation *(skopets,* an eunuch) citing the Apostle Matthew (XIX, 12, and XVIII, 8, 9) as authority. It is a horrible and repellant example of the perversion of the Messianic idea working in a Christian Church. In 1775 in Orel, a peasant Selivanov was arrested for having persuaded thirteen other peasants to multilate themselves. The "royal seal" is *complete* self-castration; the "second purity" is only *partial* multilation. Similar mutilations (usually the severing of the breasts) are carried out on women. For a thorough-going *Skoptsi* renunciation of the world is no mere form. Selivanov was sentenced to Siberia, but he escaped and proclaimed himself the Son of God, incarnated in the person of the murdered Emperor Peter III. Now Peter had been popular with the peasants, especially the *Raskolniki.* He had granted them *liberty of conscience.* And when he plundered the convents he had divided their lands among them. Perhaps the fact that the Emperor Peter was an imbecile, physically something less than a man, and mentally little more than a child—the sanest thing he did was to play a bit on the 'cello—may have determined Selivanov's choice. At any rate he assumed the title of "God of Gods and Kings of Kings", and put the "royal seal", on his proclamation in orthodox *Skoptsi* fashion. Revered as God and Tzar both, he lived amid worshiping disciples in a house in Petrograd for eighteen years. In 1797 the Emperor Paul I., himself a madman, had the "God of Gods" put in an insane asylum. The Emperor Alexander I. had him released, but in 1820 he was shut up in a monastery, where he died aged 100 years in 1832. *Skoptsism* still exists—a secret and revolting sect—yet more nobles (while there were still nobles) military and naval officers, civil servants, priests and merchants have joined its ranks than ignorant peasants, and though greatly persecuted the

Skoptsi continue to add to their number. As soon as there are 144,000 *Skoptsi* in the world, the *Millenium* will arrive, and the Messiah will come to rule over his empire of "royal seal" and "second purity" saints. The Skoptsi, as might be expected, have a Bible of their own, and that is secret, too. The *Molokani* (who originated in 1765) drink *milk* on *fast days,* call themselves the "true spiritual Christians", and might be termed a kind of Greek Catholic Quakers. They have the Quakers' inoffensive mode of life, and their readiness to practice mutual help, and are "conscientious objectors" when it comes to war.

The Doukhobors, a Sect Penetrated with the Gospel Spirit of Love.—"The spirit of God is in all men", say the *Doukhobors.* Christ's sufferings were meant to give us an example of all suffering for truth. The Gospel of Love is in all the *Doukhobor* teaching and practice. The *outward* Church, and all that it does is of no importance. Wherever two or three are gathered together in Christ's name *there the Church is.* On fixed days the *Doukhobors* meet for prayer, bowing to each other to acknowledge that each of them is a bearer of the Holy Spirit. Their "Book of Life" is tradition. It lives in their *hearts* and in their *memories* and consists of sacred chants, largely Biblical. All their life and all their life relations are founded on the saying: *"Love thy neighbor as thyself",* and not only their human, but also their animal neighbors. Their religion is truly that of a God of love, and they consider *all people free and equal, and brethren.* Hence governments are to them only brethren on an equal footing. Where their conscience bids them otherwise, they do not obey government authority. But this is only when governments infringe on what they consider the will of God—and killing, violence and all relations with other human beings *not based on love* they think contrary to God's will. This seems a strange doctrine for it is opposed to the actual practice of the Christian world. Abstemious industrious, practicing what Jesus preached, their faith represents one of the nearest approaches to realizing the *true Christian ideal* that ever has been attained. The *Doukhobors* closely resemble the *Society of the Friends,* or *Quakers.* Always persecuted in Russia, hated by the orthodox Church and treated with special cruelty by the last Romanoff Tzar Nicholas II, at the beginning of his reign, large numbers of *Doukhobors* have emigrated to the West of the United States and to Canada. They are industrious, law-abiding, and have made excellent citizens.

CHAPTER XXI

THE WESTERN CHURCH

FROM THE FISHERMAN BISHOP TO THE PAPACY'S HEIGHT OF POWER

HISTORY seems to prove that the Apostle Peter founded the bishopric of Antioch, and it is possible that he was in Rome. He may even have been Rome's first bishop. But the early supremacy of certain Christian cities claimed over others rested on the fact that their first bishop had been *an* Apostle. Originally, all bishops were independent in their own home towns, but soon Rome, Antioch and Alexandria, *apostle-bishoped* cities, took precedence. What made it easy gradually to develop the legend of the Roman bishop's *preeminence* over all other bishops of the West, then over those throughout the world, was the fact that Rome was the *only* apostolic bishopric in the *West.* In the fifth century other bishops got the habit of referring to the Roman bishop questions to be arbitrated. The Roman bishops promptly took the stand that these were *appeals* to their *authoritative judgment.* And when the later Roman emperors abandoned their Lateran Palace to them, and went to live in Milan and Ravenna, the Roman bishops ran the old city with a high hand. Soon—perhaps that simple saint and martyr, St. Peter, the old ex-fisherman of the Sea of Galilee would have been surprised had he known it—all sorts of special privileges were claimed by the Roman bishops because of St. Peter. From this developed the claim that the whole Western Church must bow to the usage of Rome. Leo the Great (440-461 A.D.) already had decided that the *Roman* rule must be obeyed by the *universal church.* Alexandria must do as Rome bade it because, though there is no record of any one of the Apostles being the "master" of the other, Leo said St. Mark *naturally* would have obeyed his *master,* St. Peter. The Roman bishop is becoming a monarch. One cannot blame Leo for taking a good deal for granted. He was the only real man who stood up unbowed amid the tumult and tempest of his age. One province after another of the Western Roman empire fell away. The Huns swept over Gaul (451), and upper Italy (452). The cowardly Emperor Valentinian murdered his Saviour, the general Aetius, who had rescued him from the Huns, with his own hand. The Eastern Empire was filled with quarrels and confusion. But Leo stood firm. His legates presided at the Council of

Chalcedon (451 A.D.). And when Attila, the "Scourge of God" as he called himself, drew near Rome, it was Leo who dared risk his life for his flock. While the Mongol horses stamped down the grain-fields of the farm which had once been Virgil's, the pressing eloquence of Leo, who went to interview the King of the Huns with a great array of priests and choristers, "his venerable aspect and his sacerdotal robes (not to forget the *immense dowry* of the Princess Placidia, which the astute cleric turned over to the gold-thirsty yellow man) excited the *veneration* of Attila for the spiritual father of the Christians. He consented *not* to go to Rome. Legend says—Raphael has immortalized the scene in a painting—that St. Paul and St. Peter appeared and threatened Atilla with instant death if he did not shog off and, what with Leo's personality, this pious nightmare and the golden treasure, Atilla may have thought that Rome already had done enough for him. In the same way (455 A.D.), Leo obtained the promise of the hoary-headed Vandal King Genseric that Rome should not be burned nor the inhabitants tortured to make them reveal their treasure. But no vision of St. Paul and St. Peter frightened off the aged Vandal. After going over Rome carefully with a fine looting comb, King Genseric loaded his ships with about all that was moveable, and sailed for Africa. The famous St. Patrick, who devoted his life to Ireland and the Irish, was active while Leo was bishop* of Rome.

Gregory the Great (590-604).—This outstanding personality realized the ideal of a Roman "primacy". He won the Teutonic nations and the Langobards from Arianism to the Nicene Creed. He sent missionaries to England and converted the heathen Anglo-Saxons. He lived simply and austerely, and devoted all his energies to the advancement of Roman Christianity and the Roman Church. There is not much against his fair fame. It is interesting to note that he was *the first monk* to become a Pope. About the most objectionable thing known of him is the fact that he corresponded regularly with the beautiful but depraved Frankish Queen Brunhilda. But the pious

* The word "Pope," from *pappa*, "father," is a title now used exclusively to designate the head of the Roman Catholic Church, though in the 4th and 5th centuries it was usually applied to *any* bishop. The Pope is also called *Summus pontifex* (Supreme Pontiff), *Romanus pontifex* (Roman pontiff), *Sanctissimus dominus noster* (Our Most Holy Master), *Sanctitas sua* (your Holiness), *Beatitudo sua* (your Beatitude), and when one speaks to a Pope directly, face to face, the correct form of address is: *Sanctitas vestra* (Your Holiness), or *Beatissime pater* (your parental Beatitude). In his capacity as head of the Church the Pope—every Greek village priest is still called *pappas* or "pope" to this day—rules through the regular authority of each individual bishop. The pope, supreme in matters of doctrine, possesses the same authority and infallibility as the *whole Church*—from the Roman Catholic point of view, of course—and these two privileges, enjoyed for centuries, were once more formally defined at a Vatican Council in 1870.

necessities of Church politics may be considered a legitimate excuse for these letters. And if, like so many other good men before and after him, Pope Gregory often felt obliged to shut his eyes to the vices and crimes of persons of rank, we may be sure he did so with the best motives. For his sole desire was to promote the glory of God and of his Church.

The First Pope-Crowned Roman Emperor.—After 787 the Greek Catholic Church (as already has been shown) went its own way, as a separate Church. Meanwhile, among the Frankish and other barbarian kings, the Roman pontiffs were taking an active part in regulating, not only their *personal lives* and those of their subjects, but their *political activities* as well. And hand in hand with this went great missionary penetrations everywhere, in England, in Gaul, in Arian Spain and in other lands. The Gospel was carried to the heathen. And though some times received with fire and sword, it invariably triumphed in the end. St. Boniface was the apostle of Gaul and Germany and, though he was not a saint, the Emperor Charlemagne may be called a most successful missionary. The pig-headed Saxons would not accept the cross. The execution of some 4,500 who escaped the slaughter of a great battle, and the penalty of death for those who refused baptism gradually turned the survivors into Christians.

Charlemagne's personal morals were not, perhaps, of the best. Though a pious Christian, he had some six wives, numerous sweethearts and seventeen children, most of them illegitimate. But he was a just and kindly ruler of his immense empire, and encouraged education, having schools opened in every monastery and convent in his realms. He paid a great deal of attention to divine service, and is even said to have composed hymns.

Charlemagne's Coronation.—August, 800 A.D., Charlemagne crossed the Alps with a great army and gathered all the lords spiritual and temporal of Italy and the Frankish lands in a council in Rome. The incumbent of the papal chair (Pope Leo III) was declared *above* all earthly jurisdiction, and on Christmas Charlemagne went to St. Peters and seated himself in his regalia opposite the main altar. When mass had been said and Charlemagne was still kneeling as though lost in prayer, Pope Leo—seemingly by a divine inspiration—stepped over to him and placed the golden crown (made ready for the purpose) on his head. Bishops, priests and a number of persons "in the know" at once shouted enthusiastically: "Long live the Augustus Charlemagne, crowned by God, the great and peaceful Emperor of the Romans!" Then Leo annointed him. Charlemagne, seemingly very much surprised and trying hard to call a modest maidenly blush to his sophisticated cheek, banished all Leo's

enemies from Rome and enriched St. Peter's Church with splendid gifts of gold and gems.

From Pride of Power to Shameful Decay.—In the year 833 Pope Gregory IV appears as an arbiter, to settle a family quarrel between the Emperor Louis and his sons. In 860 Pope Nicholas I breaks the independence of the Frankish metropolitan bishops. In 875, the Emperor Charles the Bald calls the imperial dignity "a present from the pope". The importance of Charlemagne's coronation lay in the fact that the new Roman emperor undertook to spread the Catholic faith throughout the world. The ideas which St. Augustine had laid down in his "City of God", 400 years before, it was his duty to realize in a God-sanctioned empire on earth. But—it was the first duty of the state to *serve the church.* Justice, morality and religion were merged. And the dogma of legal intolerance, of the punishment of heretical opinions by *death,* found its way into the Church. It became a religious law. Alas, how much evil the ideal of this "God-given", this *theocratic* state was to cause in the world at large through the centuries! Charlemagne was the highest worldly authority in his empire. But when he died the *popes* made themselves the heirs of that power. Pope Nicholas I really founded the papal monarchy. But toward the end of the 9th century, while the Norsemen (Vikings) were plundering all Christian coast lands, the pagan *Magyars* and *Avers* (Hungarians) were carrying their raids deep into the Frankish, Teuton and Italian lands, and *Greeks* and *Arabs* were fighting in lower Italy, the papacy for a time seemed about to come to an evil end, amid sin, shame and blood.

A Family of Female Pope-Makers.—Every Christian—for, of course, before the Reformation the Catholic was the *one* Christian Church of the world except the Greek—must deplore the terrible degradation which permitted a shameless and wealthy Roman widow-lady, together with two daughters more beautiful and quite as depraved as their mother, *to make and unmake popes* as seemed best to them for a period of some fifty years. The objectionable Pope Stephen VI already showed to what depths the successor of the great Leo and Gregory had sunk. He had a predecessor, Pope Formosus, who had been Stephen's political enemy. No sooner had the new pope come to power than he had poor Formosus' body torn from its grave. It was dressed in his pontificial robes, placed in the papal chair, and then solemnly put on trial for having allowed itself to be made pope against the canon law. When Formosus was questioned he naturally remained silent, and on the theory that "silence gives consent" he lost his case. As a punishment the body was stripped of its pontificial robes, the fingers it has raised in the papal blessing were cut off, and then the remains were thrown into the Tiber. But it is claimed that the river cast the body up again and again, and

that when Formosus was once more laid to rest in St. Peters (897), some of the saints' statues bowed to him as he was carried in. Popes now succeeded each other with alarming frequency—violence or poison did away with them.

What Marozia and Theodora Did During the Socalled "Papal Pornocracy".—When we consider the noble, blameless lives of so many of the Roman pontiffs, those of our own times, and of many others who lived when all Christianity, practically speaking, made up one great Church, the appearance on the papal throne of such monsters as Pope Sergius III seems hardly credible. The beautiful Marozia plucked him from the moral cesspool where she incubated her lovers, and placed him in the chair of St. Peter. For full thirty years three women, the lovely Marozia, her sister Theodora, and their mother "disposed at will of the Roman see which they filled with their paramours, their children and their grandchildren", a great Church historian tells us. Sergius held the papacy until the year 911. He was a vile mixture of rapacity, lust and cruelty—if we are to credit the pious and learned Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, who has recorded the history of these times—who lived in open concubinage with Marozia. It fairly rained popes in those days, for other church factions and the ladies behind their leaders, set up *three* anti-popes: John IX, Leo V and Christopher. The two last-mentioned Sergius managed to get hold of and strangle. Poison overtook Athanasius III in 913. Theodora, seeing that Marozia had had *her* pope, now promptly took a turn at filling the papal chair. A handsome young priest of Ravenna, John of Tossignano, had come to Rome on some pious mission. Theodora saw that he was not uncomely. She invited him to her embraces and he must have responded to the invitation for—he was first made Bishop of Bologna, then Bishop of Ravenna, and finally Pope of Rome. But even if not saintly, Pope John X was energetic and independent. In fact he was too independent for his petticoat rulers. At the head of his own troops he defeated the Saracens who had been terrorizing the vicinity of Rome, but in 982 Marozia's husband* surprised His Holiness the pope in the Castle of St. Angelo and suffocated him. John XI (931) was the next pope. Historians are undecided as to whether he was Marozia's son by Sergius or by her first husband, Alberic, Marquis of Camerino. Alberic must have suspected he was *not* his own child. His mother Marozia had meanwhile dropped her second, and acquired a third husband, Hugh the Great,** King of

* Marozia, aside from many lovers had a series of husbands. It was her second husband, Guy, Duke of Tuscany, who did away with Sister Theodora's pope.

** He must not be confused with St. Hugh of Avalon (c. 1140-1200), Bishop of Lincoln, who was so beloved in the town that even the Jews wept when he was buried.

Arles, also called King of Italy. Pope John XI was told to attend strictly to ecclesiastical matters. The real governing was done by mother Marozia and step-father Hugh. But Marozia had nursed a serpent child in her son Alberic, a boy supposed to be the son of her first husband. Alberic respected neither his mother nor his step-father. The latter had once slapped his face for not bringing him a basin of water quickly enough, and Alberic never forgot the blow. When the time was ripe he swooped down on the Castle of St. Angelo, and smiling gleefully, put Marozia his mother and his brother Pope John into small, uncomfortable dungeons, where he kept them until they died. Then Alberic, calling himself "Prince of Rome" kept the papal chair filled with carefully hand-picked pontiffs. But even at that he found popes who disappointed him: there was Stephen IX (937), whom Alberic felt obliged to have seized and his face so brutally carved up that he was ashamed to appear in public.

The Pope Who Made Rome Unsafe for "Honest Widows with Fair Faces".—On the death of Pope Agapetus II (956), either his own or Alberic's son—it was a fortunate son who knew his rightful father in those free-and-easy days—a vicious, utterly depraved boy of eighteen ascended, under the name of Pope John XII, the throne which had once been made illustrious by the virtues of Leo and Gregory. His Holiness disgraced his venerable title by scandalously neglecting all his duties, and living in such shameful debauchery that "female pilgrims were afraid to visit Rome lest they should become the victims of his passions." As a cardinal said at his trial* "Honest widows with fair faces dare not come to Rome and visit the tombs of the saints because of him!" According to the cardinals and bishops who tried him, and the clerics who testified against him, John had hardly left a crime in the calendar uncommitted. He had made a flighty widow named Raniera governor of a city. Besides, he had given her the holy gold vessels of the church, and church money meant for the poor. He had ordained a ten-year old child Bishop of Todi—for a cash payment. He ordained deacons in stables. He swore by Venus and Jupiter. He cursed when he diced. He pledged the devil when he drank. He never made the sign of the cross. He

* The Teuton Emperor Otho the Great had been invited (951 A.D.) to Italy by the young, beautiful and virtuous widow Adelaide—it seems to have been the Golden Age for widows of every sort in Italy—to deliver her from the persecutions of Berengar II, who had succeeded her husband. Otho met Adelaide, married her on Christmas Day and took her back to Germany with him. Berengar, ten years later, owing to cruelty and misgovernment, had to resign his crown to Otho, who was crowned King of Italy and crowned emperor by the Pope. But before long the complaints of Pope John's misrule poured in in such volume that Otho had a Synod convened to *try* him.

dressed as a soldier and was guilty of murder, incest and arson. He rode hunting, and was revoltingly cruel, adulterous and incontinent. And one cardinal pointed out, from where the judges sat, the windows of the Lateran Palace, filled with damsels whose attire hinted at garments rather than supplied them. John—though he excommunicated every one concerned—was deposed, and Leo VIII (963) was elected in his place. The ex-pope did not forget to carry the treasures of St. Peter's Church with him when he flitted from Rome. But the women of Rome, perhaps, because "he was only a boy", pitied the papal wastrel, bronzed by the sins of many frontiers of vice and stirred up the Italians to take up arms and restore him. John returned, and while Leo fled the city, cut off the hands, tongues, noses or fingers of those of his friends he could find. But an injured husband clouting him over the head in the act of adultery, John passed to his reward. His party promptly made Benedict, a man of high personal character, pope. But Leo reappearing with the Emperor Otho, Benedict was deposed and sent away to Hamburg. There he lived and endeared himself to the burghers by his virtues and cheerful manners. Well might the holy Bishop Gerbert, who afterward became pope himself say, writing to a friend from Rome: "The morals of the Romans are the horror of the world!" Let us turn from these scenes of degeneracy to one of the greatest of the popes, Pope Gregory VII (1073-1085). Before considering this great prince of the Church, however, we must give space to a cleric who, by his life and writings, did much to *create and solidify* the feeling *against the marriage of the clergy,* which Gregory afterward abolished.

Pietro Dâmiani, the Father of Flagellation.—One of the most famous clerics of the 11th century was Pietro Damiani. His appearance in this world roused his mother to such frenzy—her family was already inconveniently large—that only the upbraidings of a priest's *wife* led her not to abandon him. Damiani ill repaid the debt of gratitude he might be said to owe the *wives* of priests. For his one great object was to abolish them. Preaching and practicing austerities (he had first been a swine-herd), he soon rose to fame, wealth and power, as abbot of Fonte Avellano in Umbria. Honest, eloquent, pious and narrow, he was most extravagant in his prayers and devotions to the Virgin Mary. And he made *flagellation* to keep down worldly desires piously fashionable. Though the scourge was not a novelty, he made its wielding a holy delight and would say, with the ascetic's mad smile, that the Lord bade men praise him *on the timbrel!* "The timbrel is an instrument of dried skin", he would cry with growing eyes "and the man who flogs his own skin, dried by fasting, is obeying the Lord's commandment!" The details of the life of the pious Dominic, which Damiani wrote (Damiani flagel-

lated himself until his skin was *black* as a negro's) are grotesquely wearisome. But Damiani thought his true life work was fighting against *priestly marriages.* His stand seems to have been: "Why marry when you can scourge yourselves?" There were decent, honest married priests all over the Christian world, doing good to others and setting an example of a noble, Christian married life. Damiani hated them. They were an abomination in the sight of God, according to him. He was slanderous, venomous, shamelessy indecent in his attacks on these honest and pious men. The noble and intelligent Pope Leo IX (1049-1054), however, to whom he presented a horrible book which his diseased mind had produced, "The Book of Gomorrah", containing a detailed list of the dreadful sins and no less dreadful punishments of clerical unchastity, put it aside. And when a later pope, Alexander II, came across the vile volume, he put it under lock and key, and would not return it to Flagellation's Father. On other matters Damiani's seems to have been clear. In Milan and Lombardy (as well as in Italy generally and other lands) the *married* Roman Catholic priest was the rule, in Lombardy, so much so, that *unmarried* priests were looked on with *suspicion,* so customary was marriage. And even Damiani acknowledged he never had seen a body of clergy equal to the Milanese, unhampered by the unnatural law of celebacy, in purity of morals and decency of life. But Damiani helped put over decrees against the marriage of the clergy in the Roman Synod of 1059, though many bishops refused to publish them. And in Brescia the Bishop's own clergy nearly tore him to pieces when he did so. But Damiani's theories and their influence on his friend Gregory VII, were destined to result in the celibacy of the clergy throughout the Church.

Gregory VII and the Idea of Papal World-Power.—When the monk Hildebrand ascended the papal throne as Gregory VII he had one great idea. A plain carpenter's son, he was filled with one ambition. It was to establish the political idea of the royal dominion of Christ over his sworn vassals, those who took the oath to be faithful to him and to obey his orders. He saw all Western Christianity as bound to him *personally,* though the sacramental oath, the "army" oath of allegiance which all Christian soldiers had sworn to Christ. And he insisted that *lay clergy* be bound to him as well. There must be *no other vows,* neither to a woman, nor to an imperial lord. He forbade the Roman emperor to appoint princes of the Church. Over the worldly power of the emperor he wanted to place his own clerical train of vassal lords, the great priests, and turn the Church into the *highest earthly power.* He himself *must* be acknowledged as the representative of Christ, as the great treasurer of all the means of grace and mercy, as the all-highest lord commanding all Christianity, who opened or closed the gates of Paradise in St. Peter's place. It was

a magnificent ambition—far removed from the humble thoughts of the barefooted Apostle Peter, flinging his nets into the Sea of Galilee and rejoicing when he caught a few extra pounds of fish—*but a worldly one.* And it marked the true beginning of the great struggle between the *popes* and the *emperors*—for the Teuton "Holy Roman Emperors" took exacty the same stand as the popes did. They held that God had divinely instituted *them to* rule the *physical, actual, political world.* They did not claim control of the *heavens,* but they said the *earth* was theirs to command. They claimed the inheritance of Charlemagne, who had been independent of the pope in all worldly and political matters. Three important acts stand out in the pontificate of Gregory VII. He tried to abolish simony—the selling of church dignities to laymen and the "highest bidder" by the kings and the emperor. He humiliated the Teuton King Henry IV at Canossa, and—he put through the celibacy of the clergy.

The Power of the Bann of Excommunication.—The bann of excommunication was the most terrible weapon in the papal armory. He whom it struck was shut out of all the communion of the Church. He was deprived of the sacraments. He was an outcast—he had no legal Christian existence, he was damned in this world and in the world to come. And so strong was the magic of the decree of excommunication, so powerfully did it affect the medieval mind, that the person excommunicated—peasant or emperor, was often little more than a living dead man in the eyes of his fellows! The long political struggle between Gregory and King Henry IV ended at Canossa. There Gregory trod the king and the imperial dignity underfoot.

A Royal Eating of Humble-Pie.—"Henry was first admitted only within the second wall of the Castle of Canossa. Without a single follower, without any sign of his royal dignity he had to wait, barefooted, fasting from morning till night, to learn when the Pope would deign to receive him. This lasted three days, until Gregory was induced to let him come before him. On the morning of the fourth day (Jan. 26, 1077) the Pope released Henry from the *ban of excommunication,* after the King had literally *sworn away* all his rights. Gregory then celebrated mass in the castle chapel. Holding up the consecrated wafer, the body of Christ, he said he would eat it to prove the justice of his cause. If he were not innocent then God might destroy him on the spot. He broke the wafer and ate half of it, amid the enthusiasm of those present. Then he offered King Henry the other half. But Henry would not accept the terrible challenge." He was absolutely defeated. When Gregory died, the papacy which he had found in a state of miserable degradation, was far advanced toward the mastery of the kingdom of the world.

The Celibacy of the Clergy.—The one measure which, perhaps, had

a more deplorable and evil, or a more useful and beneficial effect, according to the point of view, than any other measure initiated by Gregory was his decreeing the *absolute celibacy* of the clergy throughout the Christian Church. Gregory was more the politician than the ascetic. *His* idea was to chain and bind the lay clergy more firmly to himself and to the Church. He wanted *no love for wife and child,* no considerations for their safety or advantage to interfere with the allegiance of the cleric to his pope. Celibacy in the Christian Church had begun as a custom. In general, throughout the history of the Church, the advocates of celibacy were the mystics, the visionaries, the impracticable ascetics, the dreamers of a spiritual perfection which insists in ignoring that man is *human,* a *creature of flesh and blood.*—The opponents of celibacy often were men just as pure, as high-minded, as nobly Christian. But they had the clear, direct view of man's make-up which, from both practical and religious grounds, prevented them from taking a stand opposed to the natural law of human earth-life. It is a curious thing that Gregory VII, the man who finally enforced celibacy—there had been many decrees for and against it issued by bishops and popes before his time—should have made it a law of the Church, not from *ascetic* reasons, but from *political** ones. The clergy, generally were opposed to celibacy. They were priests, but they were also men. They were not rarified spirits. But the zeal of their opponents even took the stand that *concealed concubinage*—to which enforced celibacy

* As a political measure to establish the power of Church and priesthood and make it supreme, celibacy has amply justified itself. Of course, it may be argued that the Christian ideal is *not political power.* The Roman clergy has always owed much of its influence to its celibacy. In many cases this influence has been justly earned by the *celibate's devotion to an unworldly ideal.* In others, the evil moral effects have led to governmental interference, as in Mexico, where the government *demanded* that a priest keep a concubine, for the protection of his female parishoners. Any fair-minded critic will admit that the Catholic "Counter-Reformation" did much to purify the morals of the Roman clergy. And modern Roman Catholic discipline is unquestionably superior in this respect to that of the Middle Ages. The sincere and devout Roman Catholic, perhaps, is inclined to lay *too* much stress, to believe *too* implicitly in the moral and physical purity of the priests whom he reverences. The intolerant Protestant, on the other hand, is only too apt to regard *all* celibate priests with a certain horror, and deny them any claim to moral purity. Probably, as in most questions, the truth lies midway between both opinions. It might be pointed out, though, that absolute control of the *minds, thoughts and actions of others,* which is the ideal of all political Churches, must suffer where a clergy is *not* celibate, where all its energies are not directed into the one channel—advancement of the power of their Church. The non-celibate, marrying clergy of other Churches perhaps have the advantage of leading a more happy, normal and more practically useful life. They may know the joys of an openly acknowledged fatherhood, of family life, and by the very fact that they live *as men among other men,* acquire a more human standpoint regarding the difficulties of their flocks.

leads in many cases—was preferable to open, honest marriage. Celibacy played its part in bringing about the *great spirit* in the Church known as the Reformation. It played its part in so undermining clerical morals from the time of its first promulgation to Luther's day that—in spite of the many noble, saintly, pure and holy men to whom the Roman Church unquestionably could point with pride—the name of *monk* became a byword in every land, at times even among Catholics themselves.

Damiani's ideas with regard to celibacy and, later, those of Pope Gregory, met with the greatest opposition on the part of those concerned. Everywhere in Italy, in France and in Germany, the *"unnatural prohibition"* as it was termed, which had no real Scriptural warrent, but rested principally on the convenient doctrine of papal "infallibility", was received with revolt. There were riots and killings, quarrels and dissensions without number. But Gregory held firm. And in the end he triumphed. From the standpoint of supplying himself and his successors with a *political* instrument past compare, his celibate priesthood has lived up to expectations. There is, to many simple minds, a certain something about the celibate priest which seems to *set him apart* as specifically a creature of God. He has—or is supposed to have—voluntarily sacrificed certain animal functions which appear to reduce the majority of mankind to one common level of humanity. He is clothed in mystery, in the halo of earthly renunciation, he is a creature blessed and sanctified. And where the celibate priest uses these mystic and angelic powers with which the imagination invests him *for good*—and this is *often* the case—this supposed aura of the *divine* which surrounds him makes all that he does doubly effective. Where he does not! . . . The non-celibate cleric of the Protestant Churches cannot help but make a more purely *human, less divinely-haloed* appeal. A wife and a blooming family of children cannot help but rob him of the *mystic, golden halo* of more *intimate angelic* association. But, on the other hand, he is able, perhaps, *to appeal more directly to the human.* It is not too much to say, perhaps, that the non-celibate priest of any faith makes his strongest appeal on the basis of the *love* of God. The celibate priest of any faith makes his appeal more on the basis of *reverence, awe, mystery.* And behind reverence and *awe,* especially among the superstitious and ignorant, the *fear of God* rises in all its terrible majesty. Be that as it may, in the last analysis, celibacy or marriage among priests must be weighed by its *final individual results.* It is the man who does the *most real, practical good as an individual,* whose Christianity bears the greatest fruitage of useful deeds, whether or not he wear a wedding-ring, who has accomplished the most.

The Unam sanctum Bull.—After Gregory, under the Hohenstaufen

Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and the German King Henry VI, the tide turned again, and the world empire passed for the time being from the popes to the emperors. But not for long. The pontificates of the strong popes who reigned from 1198 to 1302, when Pope Boniface VIII issued his famous *Unam sanctam Bull,* saw the papacy at the height of wordly power.

This Bull declared, among other things, that: "The head of the Church is Christ, and his representative Peter, and Peter's successor. There are *two swords,* the spiritual and the temporal (worldly). Both swords are in the possession of the *Church.* The temporal sword must be used *for* the Church, the spiritual sword *by* the Church. The *one* must be used *by the priesthood,* the other by the *kings and warriors,* but *according to the will of the priesthood, and only so long as the priesthood allows!* But one sword must be raised above the other and *the worldly authority must be subject to the spiritual. . .*" And to show that he possessed the highest worldly power and authority Pope Boniface VIII cried: "I am Caesar, I am the Emperor!" Emperors, kings and princes could only draw the sword as his "commissioners." The Church, the pope, could decide *all* things on earth. This "theoretic world" empire of the popes knew no limitations of authority. When new continents were discovered in the 15th century, the Church claimed the *sole* right to dispose of them. By means of two Bulls, Pope Alexandria VI in 1494, "out of pure generosity" as he said, and "by reason of the authority of Almighty God, given by St. Peter", gave away all discovered or still to be discovered lands to Spain and Portugal. In addition, there was the Church's monopoly of all instruction. Only the Church could determine what was *worth knowing.* Since the beginning of the 13th century all the universities were in clerical hands. The church which *itself* insisted upon being *free,* demanded unquestioned *obedience,* actual slavery, from the rest of the world. The idea of the Church's freedom excluded any chance *for self-determination* on the part of the *peoples* or *individuals* of earth. And, as a result, the "Wars of Heresy" began under the greatest and most powerful of all the popes, Pope Innocent III, and in 1215 the *Inquisition,* the "Holy Office for Heresy" was created. For in all ages there have been men who thought differently than others. But the Church held that *belief* could be *compelled,* that men must be forced to believe; any difference in religious opinion was *lese-majesty.* The Church had gained its freedom but mankind had lost it.

A Pen-Picture of Pope Innocent III.—Pope Innocent the III united the boldness of Gregory VII with the politic caution and patience of Alexander III, and under him the papacy attained its highest elevation. He was a great ruler and a great practical man of affairs. The kings of all the earth obeyed him. So great became the secular

power of the papacy under him that a Greek visitor to Rome in his day said: "Innocent is the successor, not of Peter, but of Constantine!" Royal husbands all over Europe who had cast aside one wife to take another, were compelled to change back to the first again, and the *national* and *domestic* affairs of the rulers of Christendom were directed from the Lateran. Philip Augustus of France, King John of England, the kings of Aragon, Portugal, Castile, and Poland humbly did as they were told, and bowed to the will of Innocent. In the year before his death Innocent held the Twelfth Ecumenical Council at the Lateran. It was a wonderful proof of the pope's world-power, and of his undisputed personal ascendancy. It was attended by the plenipotentiaries of the emperor, of the kings and princes of the Christian world, and by more than 1,500 archbishops, bishops, abbots and other dignitaries. The business before it—the discipling of the heretics and Jews, the proclamation of a new crusade, etc., vitally concerned all the states and countries represented. Yet there was virtually *no debate*. All the great assembly did was to sit, listen and *endorse the decrees read by the Pope!* Shortly after this crowning display of his political might, Innocent III died on July 16, 1216.

A Man of Tolerance Who Lived Before His Time.—The struggle of the Emperor Frederick II, with Pope Innocent IV (he also fought with Honorius III and Gregory IX) who was quite as determined to uphold the world-power of the papacy as any of his predecessors, did not shake the papacy's power. Innocent's whole war against Frederick was a relentless exhibition of the most intense personal hatred and bitterness. Nowhere did it have the support of *lay* opinion. In Germany the pretender king Innocent had set up to fight Frederick was contemptuously called "the priests' king", and the Dominican and Franciscan beggar-monks who found their way into Germany to preach the "holy crusade" against Frederick which Innocent IV had proclaimed, were usually thoroughly beaten by the enraged peasantry, who despised the "special indulgences" promised them for treason. Innocent's legate was driven out of England, and even St. Louis of France, whose pious dulness and stupidity drove the high-spirited and lively Elenore of Aquataine wild—shook his head and did not approve of Innocent's mad crusade of hatred. Outside of Italy the pope's own clergy were against him—but he had his way. When in 1250, two years after Frederick's imperial insignia—of vast and solemn significance in those days—had been captured in the imperial camp before Parma, Frederick died, Innocent raised his eyes to heaven with gratitude and cried: "Let the heavens be glad and the earth rejoice!"

Frederick's Vices and Virtues.—The Emperor Frederick II was a curious mixture of good and evil, like most men. But his virtues were greater than his faults. He was one of those unfortunate men

who seem to have been born before their time. He might have made a greater Napoleon, though he was not a great soldier, for the code of laws he gave his kingdom of Sicily (1231), has been called "the fullest and most adequate body of legislation put out by any Western ruler since Charlemagne". But let us first take his faults. He was licentious and luxurious. He had subdued the Saracens of Sicily—it was said they furnished him 20,000 fighting men—as much by kindness as by force of arms. And the beautiful daughters of Sicilian *emirs* dwelt in the cool, shadowed halls, amid orange-groves and fountains, of the harem of his great castle of Lucero, together with other mistresses. But these were personal failings. Many of the great prelates of the Roman Church, in spite of the personal moral purity of the popes since Innocent III, lived lives of the most vicious license and immorality. Innocent IV did not fail to make use of every evil report concerning Frederick. Even when Frederick had undertaken a crusade (against the pope's command, it is true), and was about what every one in those days considered the Lord's business in Palestine, Innocent was trying to have him killed. The Patriarch of Jerusalem sent the pope a careful account of Frederick's vices: "He *outraged** the clergy and religious orders. He held friendly intercourse with infidels. He had received presents of singing and dancing girls from the Sultan, and lived more like a Musselman than a Christian." The Pope Innocent vainly had tried to have Frederick assassinated in Italy by Franciscan monks. The Knights Templars now planned to stick a dagger or two into him when he went bathing in the Jordan. But Frederick, warned in time, never went swimming alone and thus escaped. One great point the Patriarch made was that Frederick "used language that showed a disbelief of the Christian faith, and an inclination to the falsehoods of Mahomet". And this brings us to Frederick's great virtue, one might say his great *Christian* virtue—tolerance.

There seems to be but little doubt that Frederick—no matter what was his personal opinion regarding forms and ceremonies, the actual spiritual powers of the pope—was absolutely and sincerely convinced that he was the emperor, the inheritor of the Caesarian empire, *by the direct grace of God!* Frederick may have been a sceptic in many things, but he was unquestionably a *deist*, he believed in the *Supreme God* who was the source of his power. With this belief he combined a tolerance for the individual opinions and beliefs of others which is remarkable in his age and time. This tolerance—this willingness to discuss questions of all kinds with Jews, Mohammedans and heretics—was largely due to a keen, inquiring mind which

*If Frederick was able to do this, in view of what all the historians of the crusades report to us regarding the morals of the clergy of Jerusalem, he was performing miracles.

examined and investigated everything. At his Sicilian court every one who could think and talk well was welcome. Frederick spoke six languages and was tolerant in all of them. He did not interest himself in his eunuch-guarded harem beauties alone. In Salerno he had a fine menagerie and an aviary. He wrote a work on falconry, and not only encouraged literature, but himself wrote poems to his mistresses. One theory, that he wished to make himself a *spiritual* pontiff, and found a new religion, has been dropped as patently ridiculous. Poor Frederick could not even make himself *temporal* master of the world, for the popes would not let him!

Tolerance.—Pope Innocent III—Innocent IV was a man of smaller caliber, a more or less petty soul—and the Emperor Frederick II *both* followed a great ideal. Both were honest, sincere, inspired with the confidence that God's blessing rested on all that they did. And we cannot judge the ideals of Christianity in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries from the standpoint of the twentieth. The purely secular *advanced thought,* the philosophic thought of modern times, has long since brushed away *both ideals*—that of an autocrat *worldly* ruler of bodies and souls, and that of an autocrat *spiritual* ruler of bodies and souls. And in all Churches—even in those crystallized in the venerable cyst of agelong traditions, as the relics of saints are encrusted in gold and gems—the *humanly* Christian element has come more to the fore. The ideal of those who can rise above a narrower religious sectarianism is to look on *all shades and varieties of religious opinion with tolerance.* Are they not all based on faith? Let the Protestant not regard with scorn the Holy Father. He still refuses to set his foot outside the sacred precincts of his cluster of palaces and cathedrals, the Vatican, in the heart of Rome, rather than acknowledge that the age of papal *world-dominion* has passed. Yet he is still the head of a great religious community which *does untold good in the world!* And let the Roman Catholic not turn with loathing from his Protestant brethren because they deny the authority of St. Peter's successor. If he must burn in hell, at least treat him as a *brother in Christ* on earth! Let Greek Catholic and Christian Scientists, Buddhist, Mohammedan, and men of all sects, seek to find the good in *each others beliefs* while *practicing* the good in their own. For *love of all mankind* should be the first law of every faith.

CHAPTER XXII

ALONG THE ROAD TO THE REFORMATION

We have left the one Christian Church of the world at the height of its power, absolute and supreme ruler of the bodies and souls of men, claiming the right to rule their *private* and *public* lives, their thoughts and their actions. From this height the Church's power once more began to decline. In the 13th century *national states* began to make head successfully against the Church as a *world-autocracy*. The *Crusaders* (1096-1291) was the greatest individual *deed* which the papacy accomplished as a *worldly* power. But in the end these half-holy, half-raiding expeditions of emperors and kings resulted in the triumph of the Moslems. The great lords who rode in splendid armor and beneath waving banners, with beautiful women crusaders to keep them company, followed by great armies—the great feudal host of the First Crusade counted 300,000 fighting-men, to say nothing of swarms of monks, clerics, minstrels and players, camp-women and horse-boys—passed on in their glory, and out of history. The kingdom of Jerusalem did not endure full two hundred years. After that the hot Syrian sun shone down once more on a *Moslem* land. Where the Church suffered a great setback in the Crusades was in the fact that the *practical interests of the world* once more came to the fore. The whole geographic and mental horizon of the nations had been broadened out by the Crusades: they had come in contact with *new ideas, new thoughts.* And—the attention of the world turned more to worldly things. Commerce and trade flourished. The individual nations developed separate national feelings. Besides —contact among individuals everywhere—Christian, Jew, Mohammedan—had called forth something hitherto unknown in the world, the *Spirit of Tolerance.* It also had called forth the *Spirit of Criticism* and the *Spirit of Dissent,* dissent against the Church's worldliness. But the Spirit of Tolerance was the finest spiritual result of the Crusades.

We are concerned here only with the *spirit* of the Crusades, not their political and military detail. In this connection a crusade which started but never arrived shows with what boomerang effect misplaced religious enthusiasm may strike back on those in whom it is awakened.

The Childrens' Crusade (1212 A.D.).—We have touched on the spiritual gain resulting to the Western world from the Crusades. Yet one crusade, the most pathetic, ill-starred and unhappy of all, the famous Childrens' Crusade, produced only dissilusion and despair. It was one of the most ghastly tragedies the world ever has known. Some fifty-thousand children were persuaded by pestilent dreamers that their childish innocence could affect what their immoral fathers had failed to accomplish. They left their homes on an expedition to capture the Holy Land. Most of them never returned. The happiest were shipwrecked and drowned in the Mediterranean. It is the curse of *all great world movements* that they seize upon the minds and imaginations of the *immature*. In our own World War, how many boys of fourteen and fifteen did not try to enlist in army and navy, inflamed by the spirit of the times, by unrest, the yearning for adventure, rather than true patriotism. The beggar monks and other "revivalists" who were about spreading crusading propaganda in the days before there were newspapers to do so, went from one hamlet to another. They raved, they preached, they shouted. Thousands of boys listening open-mouthed, weary of chores, looked forward to seeing the world—and winning heaven at the same time. And, gradually, actively encouraged by ignorant fanatics, the idea of a "Crusade of the Children" spread in Germany and France. The common-sense of the King of France and his leading prelates was opposed to the idiotic step. But Pope Innocent III regarded these innocent boys and girls—alas, much of this childish innocence foundered by the wayside in the promiscuities of camplife beneath the stars, before the expeditions were wrecked—as so much useful revivalist grist for the Crusade mill. He wrote: "The very children put us to shame! While we sleep they go forth gladly to conquer the Holy Land!"

Stephen and Nicholas.—In France these poor, wretched adolescents gathered under a shepherd boy named Stephen. Weary of his bleating charges, no doubt, his little brain turned to golden visions of the Saviour who had told him to go preach the cross—this is what hanging open-eared on rhapsodies of the "professional" cross-preachers had led to—Stephen started out with the village boys and girls of Cloes, near Vendôme, and made his way through France. Everywhere other children, carried away, followed, leaving home and parents and chanting "O Lord, help us recover thy true and holy cross!" They reached Paris 15,000 strong, with banners, crosses and censers. Stephen was looked upon as a saint. The threads of his dress were treasured as holy relics, and though King Philip Augustus said the whole thing was utter nonsense, he could not stop it. At Marseilles Stephen arrived in a triumphal chariot with a

bodyguard and a baby army 30,000 strong. There he had promised to lead his army dry-shod over the sea. Instead, the unfortunate little ones were suffered to come into the hands of "war-profiteers" in human flesh, vultures of the type bred by *all* wars, some of them even Christian shipmasters, who promised to carry the wretched little victims of fanaticism and hallucination to Egypt and Africa free of charge. On the African and Asian coasts many of the children were sold into slavery. Some are supposed to have been sold to the Old Man of the Mountain to be brought up in his horrible faith. And little hands which a Christian mother had taught to fold as little lips lisped their first prayer, swung the assassin's dagger to earn the joys of the hidden valley of paradise in the Lebanon hills.

In Germany, in the lower Rhine districts, a similar movement sprang up. There the boy leader of the children, Nicholas, managed to lead some 7,000 children to Genoa. Nicholas, however, had his father with him, who had a definite idea of eventually capitalizing the influence of his wonder-child. In Genoa, having no money, they could not take ship for Asia. They struggled on to Brindisi, where the local Bishop, a good, kind, sensible man, persuaded some of them to start back home and forget the Holy Sepulchre for the time being. He was the more anxious to have them do so because it turned out that Nicholas's worthy father had in mind *selling all the children into slavery* if he could only get in touch with a good Mohammedan customer. Most of the poor children perished trying to struggle back to their home land. Nicholas's father received his reward from the executioner's sword when he got back to Cologne. "Ghastly" is the only adjective which fits the tragedy of the Chidren's Crusade. Aside from those whom the grim reaper harvested along the line of march, and those sold into slavery, there were the little souls smirched and sullied by the wild life of the camp, where they were free to do as they pleased without control. And following each of these crusading armies of babies, were jackels in human shape, men and women of infamous life. . . .

The Best Gift of the Crusades.—Yet the Crusades, all in all, tore men loose from the old, traditional way of doing things and looking at life. They met a new civilization face to face. It was one different and yet, in many respects, as good as their own. New experiences and new knowledge supplied new material for scientific thought and poetic imagination. And, beside new plants, new fruits, new colors, new manufactures new fashions in dress, besides sugar and maize, apricots, melons and lemons, muslins and damask, lilac and purple, the use of powder, of glass-mirrors and the *Christian rosary itself*—they brought to Europe the *Spirit of Toleration.* Un-

fortunately, this very Spirit of Toleration, however, seemed the least appreciated gift of all.*

St. Francis of Assissi (1182-1226).—There is no more beautiful or romantic *Christian* life record, either in the Middle Ages, or in more modern times, than that of St. Francis, born in the great days of the Old Church which belongs to Protestants and Catholics alike, in the town of Assissi in Umbria. In his youth, St. Francis was what is termed in these days "a regular fellow". A trifle wild, he was a leader of the gayer town boys, but liberal, generous, and liked by every one. Francis, too, was no "slacker". The neighboring town of Perugio was trying to force Assissi to take back the arrogant, haughty nobles the independent community had turned out of its gates. The men of Assassi had to stand by each other. Francis fell into rank with the rest. Captured in battle, he lay in a Perugian prison-pen for a year and, released when peace was declared, went home to take up the old life again. But—as many a young felow has found when he got home from war, life itself had changed. Things were not the same. The old zest, the old interest was gone.

Something inside Francis told him that the wild old days had lost their flavor. But he struggled to take up things again where he had left off. He gave the same gay parties. There was wine and there were girls but—his heart was no longer in the game. One night Francis gave a party. He wore the flower-crown—Italy was a land of flowers and it was a regular custom for the king of the revels to wear a flower-crown—while the boys went through the streets in gay procession. Maybe they sang some of the old army songs of the Perugian War, for they all had been there. Suddenly they missed Francis. They hunted high and hunted low, and at last they found him—but he was not the Francis they had thus far known.

Since he had returned unsettled in mind from the war and from his prison, Francis had been *acting* happiness. Now he was truly happy. He had found out what was the trouble with him. He had been thinking too much of *himself*, and not enough of *others*. And once he had discovered this golden key to happiness not only did joy fill his own heart, but he started to live a life of self-sacrifice and

* While in many ways and to many minds the Crusades seem quite *irrational*, from the standpoint of the present day, we must allow for the fact that not *all* crusaders were selfish, not *all* were moved by the hope of *worldly gain*, or the purchase of salvation at a cheap price. The opposite point of view to that of Voltaire and Hume has been well expressed by Ernest Barker, who says: "Humanity is the richer for the memory of those millions of men who followed the pillar of cloud and fire in the certain hope of an eternal reward. Then ages were not dark when Christianity could gather itself together in a common cause, and carry the flag of its faith to the grave of its Redeemer. Nor can we but give thanks to their memory, even if for us religion is of the spirit, and Jerusalem in the heart of every man who believes in Christ."

devotion whose real beauty of truth the love of the ages has enshrined in the golden glow of one of the sweetest legends ever told. He gave himself unreservedly to help all those who were poor, sick and afflicted. He had a loathing for lepers. Now he nursed and cared for them tenderly: they were his brothers, and unfortunate. When his old friends pelted him with mud—they thought he was out of his mind, for he gave away all he had to the needy—he bore them no ill will. When his father had him legally disinherited, he gave him the very suit of clothes from his back, to show that poverty meant nothing to him. After three years helping the poor and preaching—helping came first with him always—he went to Rome with twelve disciples. There Pope Innocent III gave him his blessing, and the "Franciscan Order" was founded.

The Man Who Tried to Live Christ's Life.—Perhaps no man ever seriously set out to live Christ's actual life in Christ's way, and do Christ's work in Christ's way as successfully as Francis of Assissi did. He loved poverty because Jesus had been poor. He loved poverty—and the whole world, the birds, the beasts of the field, the stars, the sun, the moon. And he loved men and nature *cheerfully.** He was an *ascetic.* He wore out his body with self-denial. But he was no *gloomy flagellant,* who scourged himself, no hateful fanatic who spread the fear of hell-fire and the gospel of gloom wherever he went. He was no mystic absorbed with visions that centered in his *own* halo. He loved men with a song in his heart and on his lips. He loved men *helpfully.* St. Francis did not devise ingenious methods of torturing heretics. He did not worry about dogmas, or whether priests should marry or not, or church politics. He was too busy doing good to his fellowman and woman. He was too busy *living* the life of Christ in the *flesh* to have time to fuss with what to him were lesser details. And—this greatest Christian of the Old Church was *not a priest*—he was only a deacon! He did what a philanthropist, a professional "social worker" and an honest revivalist rolled into one might have done if all of them had been *the very best* of their kind. But he was not really a philanthropist, for "philanthropist" often suggests that the person giving *knows* he is giving, or is giving with a *motive.*** St. Francis never knew he was giving. Someone needed—he gave. He had no "professional" manner, no "professional" zeal, no "professional" red tape or smile. He just worked, and prayed and sacrificed for others, out of the bigness

* One of the few rules St. Francis strictly enforced on his friars was that they must always *rejoice in the Lord.*

** Like philanthopists whose business careers may have wrecked the lives and happiness of others and who, toward the end of their days, try to buy absolution by devoting part of the incomes they cannot spend to vast foundations beneficial to mankind, in the hope that it will make the passage of the needle less difficult.

and love of his heart. He was not a professional revivalist—for he had no tricks, no trained tear-ducts, no *vox humana* stop in his voice ready to be pulled at the right moment. He spoke his heart—and what he said was so true and so beautiful that its memory still echoes sweetly and tenderly and—joyously down the dim corridor of the centuries. Those who joined him gave away all they had to the poor, and did as he did. And in that great world of his day, a world of hatred, and warring ambitions, a world where popes and emperors strove for the mastery of the world, and fought each other with excommunications and the shutting-out from the Christian brotherhood on the one side, and armed force on the other, the joyous, happy life of these men wedded to poverty had its effect. Every one listened. The luxurious bishop, who rode to hawk and hounds, who had his love-affairs and his purchases of gems and Arabian steeds, his building plans for a new palace, and a thousand and one other things in mind, shrugged his shoulders. But deep in his heart he respected Francis. And the peasants out in the country, the robbers in the forest, and even the bearded men-at-arms in the stone castles, who had little respect for "holy men", listened to Francis. For Francis rang true. Once a whole castle-full, lord and lady, men-at-arms and retainers, after he had talked to them out of the fulness of his heart, fell down on their knees and begged to be allowed to join him. But Francis knew that what was easy for him might not be so easy for all. So, in addition to his own friars, who took the vow of obedience, chastity and poverty, Francis founded an order for laymen and lay women—those who lived in the world. And when they asked him what they should sacrifice, he told them to make the sacrifice of their *hearts*. For—wonderful man!—he knew that one need not be *ordained a priest* to simply go and do good, practical good, in the world! All one need do is to *do* it, with or without a cassock.

St. Francis loved man and bird and beast. He overflowed with sympathy for all God's creatures. There are miracles related of him. There is the "Sermon to the Birds": Once, going along the road between Cannaio and Bevagno, he saw a great company of birds in the trees hard by the road. And he asked his companions to wait: "For I will go preach unto my little sisters, the birds", he said. And he went into the fields and began to preach to the birds on the ground, and immediately all those in the trees flew down to him and stayed still and quiet till St. Francis had finished preaching, nor did they depart until he had given them his blessing.* There are many other instances of love and of kindness shown God's little creatures.

* That charming book called "The Little Flowers of St. Francis," by an anonymous writer of the Middle Ages, which tells his life and his deeds, is easily obtainable in English and is well worth reading.

They are sweet and "natural miracles", perhaps no real miracles at all, for it is known that some men have a strange power of awakening trust and affection in Nature's children. And his greatest "miracle" is also capable of rational explanation. Going upon a mountain-top to pray, when he came down he spoke of a vision of a seraph on the cross, of a sudden sharp but exquisite pain and—his hands bore the very *signs,* the Stigmata of the crucified Christ! They were not bleeding wounds, but fleshy excrescences, the very form and color of the nails. The nail-heads were on the palms of the hand, and the backs looked like nails that had been hammered down. Wonderful is the power of the soul, when in a state of exaltation, over a body exhausted by asceticism! And if St. Francis gained the Stigmata he deserved them. They were his by right. For all his life was controlled by one master-thought—the desire to be like Christ. Under the high altar of the Cathedral of Assissi his mortal body lies buried. But, handed down from his own day is an old, old legend. It says that far, far below the ground, much further than the subterranean vault of the church, the great saint sits, pale and erect, on a seat of stone. In his five wounds the drops of blood show, and around him hangs the silence of the ages. Yet his smile—for he smiles as though rapt in some heavenly meditation—lights the darkness with a golden glow. And it is in the happiness of his enchanted dream of paradise, the happiness he had so richly earned in life, that St. Francis waits, not in darkness but in the golden light, for the moment when he, like his Lord, shall rise again.

The Franciscans.—(Friars Minor, or Minorites, also called The Seraphic Order and, in England, the Grey Friars). The Franciscans from the first were an order of the *poor.* They wandered over the countryside in pairs. They lived in huts of branches and wore the same garb as the Italian peasants among whom they worked. Ever happy, ever joyous, they slept in hedgerows, barns or church porches. They worked in the fields to *earn* their daily bread. They mixed with the *poor,* the *laborers,* the *lepers,* the *outcasts.* They called themselves "God's minstrels", and preached the imitation of Christ's life, repentance and contempt for riches to the wretched and the lowly. Soon quarrels developed among them. The "Moderates" wanted to make *some* use of the world's goods, to have convents, "houses", to do this, that and the other. But always there were those who wanted to realize their founder's vow of *utter* poverty, and who formed separate Franciscan orders, especially in the sixteenth century, *Alcantarines,* in Spain, *Riformati,* in Italy, *Recollects,* in France. The *Capuchins* (est. c. 1525), came nearest to the original Franciscans. But in every age the Friars Minor of every kind have carried out St. Francis work of ministering to the spiritual needs of the poor. The Franciscans always have been the most numerous among the

religious orders—they numbered 100,000 at the time of the Reformation—and aside from spiritual instruction have devoted themselves to education, to the care of the sick and of orphans, and good works of all kinds. The Franciscans, unlike other orders, have never sought *political* advantage or power. They have never tried to accumulate *wealth*. And in their following out the principles of their founder, they have been a blessing to mankind where other orders, at times, and until their over-weening ambition was checked, actually proved to be a curse.

When the Imitation of Christ Was Declared a Heresy.—One of the strangest revolts within the Church was that of the Franciscans against Pope John XXII. The Pope's magnificent court, his worldliness, his greedy accumulation of money, were in rather shocking contrast to the Christ-like life and principles of the Franciscans. Nor were they slow to call attention to it. The Pope regarded them as revolutionists, used the rival order of the *Dominicans* to persecute them and (1323), John XXII declared the Franciscans "heretics" because they dared to live as Christ and his Apostles did on earth, in absolute poverty! He had more than 100 Franscicans burned at the stake because they insisted on being poor, and tried to live as Jesus did. The Franciscan wandering friars, meanwhile, everywhere spread the doctrine that the Pope was the anti-Christ (it must have seemed so to them) and the Roman Church the Babyon of the Scriptures. This doctrine was to bear fruit some centuries later.

The False and Mythical Legend of Pope Joan.—The legend of the mythical *female* pope—usually placed between Leo X (847-855) and Benedict III (855-858)—is one of the most curious and fantastic in the history of the Christian Church. It is *utterly unfounded*, though between the 13th and 17th centuries more than a *hundred* authors circulated the tale. Strange to say, the legend was first put forth at the time of the papacy's *greatest power*, by the French *Dominican* Stephen of Bourbon (d. 1261). Joan (or Agnes or Gilberta), said to have been a girl of English parentage, studied in Mayence. There she fell in with a Benedictine monk, a student, and putting on a monk's frock entered the same monastery he did, to be with her lover. Joan gained a great reputation for learning, soon won a chair of Greek in a college in Rome, and eventually a cardinal's hat, still masquerading as a cleric. When Leo IV died, she was elected to fill the papal chair. A rare old book, *Histoire de la Papesse Jeanne** (1736), by Mr. de Spanneheim, gives the legend at great length. Since it is a curious one its salient features may be worth quoting. "Intelligent as she was", says the author, "Joan must have known that the Christian Faith forbids women to enter

* *Histoire de la Papesse Jeanne* (History of the Pope Joan), by Mr. de Spannheim, First Professor at the University of Leyden, 1736.

the priesthood. Yet as Sovereign Pontiff she made priests and deacons, bishops and abbots, conscecrated temples and altars, administered the sacraments, presented her feet to be kissed, and did all other things the Roman popes were used to do. But riches, idleness, good eating and the suggestions of the devil, before long plunged her into intemperance and impurity. Joan had no difficulty in finding a lover, and at last the Pope gave evidence of approaching maternity. It is possible," Mr. de Spannheim continues, "that she was not sufficiently instructed in matters pertaining to her sex which women usually learn from one another. But she had no mother to guide her. Hence, not knowing when her child was to be born, she may have neglected certain precautions which it would have been wise for her to have observed. At any rate, when the Festival of the Litany was celebrated by a solemn processional, Joan according to custom, in her pontificial robes, the triple crown on her head, mounted on horseback, preceded by the cross, and accompanied by cardinals, bishops, Roman clergy and a multitude of people, left St. Peter's to go to the Church of St. John Lateran. But she was suddenly overtaken with severe pains in a street between St. Clement's Church and the Colisseum. And there Her Holiness gave birth to a child in the middle of the street before the whole world. Every one was extremely shocked, and had it not been for the fact that the unfortunate woman died almost at the moment she became a mother, she might have been instantly flung into the Tiber. As it was, she was buried without any honors with her still-born child there on the very spot where all had happened. Benedict III, Joan's successor, had placed in the Chapel of the Saviour, in the Lateran Palace, a pierced chair of marble and porphery, on which the newly elected pope seats himself. Then the last appointed deacon or two other clerics, worthy of faith, first themselves make sure that the new pope is really and truly a man. Then he is proclaimed to all the clergy and people, and all give thanks with a 'Praise be to God!' after which the pope is consecrated." (This custom was continued up to the time of Pope Leo X, and then dropped). The general belief in this *entirely imaginary legend* of Pope Joan is so wide-spread, in spite of the fact that modern historical research has proved it false, that it is *important to refute it.* It might also be pointed out that, even if it were true, which it is not, it implies no reproach to the Christian Church of the whole Christian world of the time. An unfortunate moral breach committed by a female pope who had improperly tried to establish woman's rights under circumstances where neither the time, the place nor the girl were justified, has absolutely nothing to do with religion.

The Inquisition.—Both the Church and the civil authorities in the earlier Middle Ages burned, hung, executed and despoiled heretics

who were guilty of offenses against Christian orthodoxy. Not until 1233 did Gregory IX regularly institute the *"Holy Office"* of the Inquisition and send papal commissioners to heretical districts to stamp out unorthodox opinion. The courts of the Inquisition were *secret* courts. All accused were *presumed guilty* and the judge also was the accuser. *Torture* was used to extort confession, and "there was never a case of acquital pure and simple". Penalties ranged from penances to "burning to ashes". When Clement V tried to have the Knights Templars destroyed as heretics in England, King Edward II gave the papal commissioners an unfriendly reception. They were forbidden to use torture, and so could not establish the Templars' guilt. In France, after the great heretic uprisings of the 13th and 14th centuries, the Inquisition acted feebly against heresy. In Italy generally its power increased up to the 14th century; but Venice, though perfectly orthodox, would admit the papal Inquisition *only* on agreement that it was controlled by the Venetian government. In Germany the Inquisition was never exercised as regularly as in the Latin countries. In Bohemia the Inquisition was generally powerless during the 13th and 14th centuries, and the heretics persecuted in the 14th and 15th centuries in Bulgaria, Roumania, Slavonia and Dalmatia merely threw themselves into the arms of the invading Turks "whom they found more tolerant than the orthodox Slav princes". Spain was the great land of the Holy Inquisition. There the Inquisition was the "Spanish", and not the "Papal" Inquisition. There was a great deal of money in it for all the ecclesiasticals concerned. There were such rich spoils in confiscations and fines—to say nothing of the incalculable number of *souls* saved after their possessors had been tortured into confessing crimes they never committed, and had been burned so that they could not "relapse", nor their property fall into *unsanctified hands*—that it was a cherished clerical institution. The combination of burning a man's body to save his soul, and inheriting his earthly property for merely reducing him to ashes was largely exploited. The Grand Inquisitor Torquemada burned about 2,000 in his day, and others burned in proportion. *No one* in Spain was safe from the Inquisition. The Inquisition was one of the most successful instruments in reducing Spain to beggary by destroying commerce, trade and all stability in civil life—it was dangerous to do business with *almost any one*: especially if he were rich. The rich were very apt to find their flames on earth before they got a chance to try the needle's eye. King Philip II, one of the greatest bigots who ever lived, and a cheerful little burner of heretics on his own account, only just managed to stop in time an attempt of the Spanish Inquisition to put *its* authority above his *own*. To Napoleon, when he entered Madrid (1808), credit is due for at once *abolishing the Inquisition* and, restored and

abolished after that on different occasions, it finally disappeared when in 1869, the *principle of religious liberty* was proclaimed in the Spanish peninsula. The Spanish Inquisition added "new refinements" to the processes of torture. One of the most weird and grotesquely horrible has been pictured by the imagination of a distinguished modern French author.*

The Lovers of Toledo.—The sun reddened the granite coat-of-arms above the entrance to the palace of the "Holy Office" in Toledo, a dog carrying a flaming torch in its mouth! Within the portal quadrilateral flights of stairs rose or descended from and into the bowels of the building. They lost themselves in spirals. Some led to council chambers, the inquisitors' cells, the secret chapel, the one hundred and sixty-six dungeons, and the dormitories of the "familiars". Others led to long corridors opening on refectories, libraries, etc. In one of these latter chambers, richly decorated, sat an old man. He wore a white robe with a red cross, a black mantle. He had bare, sandaled feet and wore a square, black skull-cap and an iron girdle. He looked to be eighty. He seemed broken with scourgings and no doubt, was bleeding beneath the invisible steel girdle he always wore night and day. He was looking at an alcove in which, draped and garlanded, stood an opulent nuptial couch. This man was the Grand Inquisitor, Tomas de Torquemada. About him a terrifying silence reigned throughout the immense palace. Suddenly Torquemada drew the cord of a bell whose sound could not be heard. A monstrous block of granite turned in the wall. Three "familiars", their heads bowed, entered the room—coming from a narrow stairway hewn in the darkness—and the stone again turned back into place. This had taken but a second, yet that second was enough for a red glare, reflected from some subterranean hall, to light the chamber. And a terrible, confused mingling of cries so piercing, so shrill, so terrible that one could distinguish neither the age or the sex of the howling voices, passed through the opening in the wall like a breath from hell. Then the deadly silence fell once more.

Torquemada uttered a few words in a low tone of voice. One of the "familiars", stepped out, and returned at once with two handsome adolescents, a young man and a young girl, eighteen and sixteen years old, respectively. Their noble air, their rich dress, showed they were of high rank. With an innocent and astonished smile they looked at the holy man. "My dear children", said Tomas de Torquemada, blessing them, "you have been in love now for over a year. So much so that your love has *troubled your devotions* in

* Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, *Derniers Contes.* His tale bears the motto: "Would it then have been just had God *condemned man to pleasure?*"—one of the responses of Roman theology to the objection against the doctrine of original sin.

church! Your eyes and thoughts are only for each other. So I had you brought here and have united you in matrimony. At home, in your palace, the nuptial feast. But . . . I have taken it upon mysef to unite you in holy matrimony so that the essence of love, the love of the good Lord himself, will not be troubled in you by those too carnal desires, those concupiscences which, alas, too long a delay in making you *one* according to the laws of the Church, might awake in you! Yes, your prayers were neglected, your attention was distracted from your religious duties. The fixity of your earthly dreams had begun to obscure your original purity of soul. And now, in order to sense the reality of your love, you already are eager to enjoy its delights. Your wish shall be granted. You are now in the chamber of the Inquisition which is known as the *Chamber of Happiness!* Here you shall pass *only* your first nuptial hours. You will leave it, I hope, blessing me for having brought you back to your *own true selves, that is, to God!* And you will return, thus, to live out your human life in the station God has assigned to you."

At a rapid glance from Torquemada, the "familiars" rapidly unclothed the couple, who dared not resist them. Then, placing them opposite one another, like two youthful statues, they swiftly enveloped them and tied them against each other with broad ribbons of perfumed leather. After this they carried them lip to lip, and heart to heart, to the nuptial couch, in an embrace which subtly immobilized their transports. A moment later they were left alone to sigh amid their kisses "Ah, could our happiness but ast forever!" Yet nothing on earth is eternal—and their tender embrace, alas, lasted *only forty-eight hours!*

Then the "familiars" reentered. The wedded pair were unloosed, they were taken to separate cells where rich garments awaited them and, tottering, mute and with haggard eyes, they were once more led before Torquemada. The Grand Inquisitor, with an icy smile again blessed them, saying as he did so: "Now that you have passed through the hard test of happiness, I give you back your worldly life and your love once more, *for I think* that now your prayers to God Almighty will be less perfunctory, less from the lips, less absentminded, less distacted than before!" They were escorted to their palace, where the bright lights were burning. Yet, during the joyful wedding banquet, the noble guests noticed, not without astonishment, that a species of awkwardness, a sort of repulsion seemed to exist between the young bride and groom. Their words were short, their smiles artificial. And they lived, practically separated one from the other, each in his own apartments. They died without leaving children. For—they dared not embrace each other again, for *fear of what might once more be their portion!*

Could a more fiendish, a more diabolical form of torture than this

just described be imagined? Could a more subtly horrible manner of "leading the soul to God" be conceived. Whether this tale, and Edgar Allen Poe's thrilling one of "The Pendulum", which makes another dreadful mental torture precede physical annihilation in the dungeons of the Inquisition in Madrid are true in fact is not so important. They are true in spirit. But we must remember that it is the spirit of an age gone by. Nothing could be more unfair to ascribe to the modern Roman Catholic Church, in accord with the humanitarian spirit of our own day, and sympathy with the horrible barbarities and cruelties of other and darker centuries. But this is what too many are prone to do, confuse the past with the present.

The "Babylon Captivity" (1305-1377).—It was Clement V. who transferred the seat of the papacy from Rome to the town of Avignon in southern France. Clement was the creature of King Philip the Fair of France. Avignon he was under the French king's thumb, and there the popes continued to stay for 70 years, the time known as the "Babylon Captivity or Exile". The exiles, by the way, lived so pleasantly that "the corruption of the papal court grew to a degree hitherto unknown, its exactions raised the indignation of all western Christianity, and its moral tone became grossly scandalous." This covers the most important activities of the papal court in Avignon during the "exile", but a more agreeable and humorous side of its existence is revealed in Alphonse Daudet's charming tale of the pope's mule which is more to the point, perhaps, than a long political study of the "Babylon Captivity" would be.

The Tale of the Pope's Mule.—"Those who never saw Avignon in the days of the popes never have seen anything. There never was a city like it for gaiety, life, goings-on and a continual round of festivities. From morning to night there were nothing but processions, pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers, and houses hung with tapestries. There were cardinals arriving by the Rhone River, banners floating in the wind. There were papal soldiers, chanting in Latin in the public squares, and bands of beggar monks. From top to bottom of the houses that clustered around the great papal palace like bees around their hive, rose the noises of the craftsmen of the Church: the sound of the looms of the weavers of gold thread for the chasubles, of the little hammers of the goldsmiths who made the altar-vessels, the tuning of instruments as the lute-makers', the hymns of women warpers, and above them all the chime of bells and the sound of drums coming down from the port-side of town. For in those days fifers and drummers stood on the Avignon Bridge and there, in the fresh breeze from the Rhone, every one danced, night and day. Ah, that happy age, those happy days, that happy town! Halberds that never shed blood! State prisons where wine was distributed to refresh the prisoners! Never a famine, never

a war! . . Thus the popes of Avignon governed their people, and that is why their people hated to see them go. . . .

"There was one in particular, a good old man named Boniface.* Ah, the tears that were shed in Avignon when he died! He was so amiable, so friendly a prince. He laughed so happily seated high on the back of his mule. And when you passed close by him—whether you were only a poor dyer or the lord high vicar of the town—how politely he gave you his benediction! . . Every Sunday, after Vespers, this worthy man went to the little vineyard he himself had planted, three leagues out of Avignon among the myrtles of Chateau-Neuf. And when he was there, seated in the warm sun, with his cardinals stretched out all about him at the foot of the arbors, then he would have a jugful of the new wine brought—a fair wine, ruby-colored, which still goes by the name of the papal Chateau-Neuf'. And he would drink it in little sips, while tenderly looking at his vines. Then, the jug emptied, and the day drawing to a close, he would joyously ride back to the city, followed by the whole chapter. And when he passed across the Avignon Bridge amid fifes and drums, his mule, excited by the music would fall into a little dancing step, while Boniface himself would beat the measure of the dance with his *baretta,* his cap. He would do this to the great scandal of the cardinals, but all the people said: 'Ah, the noble prince! Ah, the good pope!'

"After his little vineyard at Chateau-Neuf it was his mule that the pope loved above all else in the world. He was quite mad about the beast. Every night before going to bed, he went to see whether the stables were properly locked, and that the manger held all that was needful. And never did Boniface rise from the table without having a great bowl of wine prepared beneath his own eyes, in the French style, with plenty of sugar and spices. This he carried to the mule himself, in spite of the protests of the cardinals. And it must be said that the beast deserved these attentions. It was a beautiful black, gray-spotted mule, sure-footed, with a shining coat, which proudly tossed its little head, all adorned with pompons, ribbons and silver bells. At the same time it had an angelic disposition, an innocent eye, and two long ears which were always twitching, and which gave it a good-natured look. All Avignon respected that mule, and when it passed through the streets, every one was polite to it, for everyone knew that through the mule was the only way one

*Boniface IX, in history, alas, is noted for his willingness to sell *any* clerical dignity for a good cash price. Dr. Robertson says: "The Pope himself was not above accepting the smallest gains, and his mother, who is described as the greediest of women, with his three brothers, found opportunities of enriching themselves." Since neither Boniface VIII nor Boniface IX (1387) resided in Avignon, we must conclude that Daudet's pope is merely a personification of the more genial popes of the captivity.

could get a good standing at court. Every one knew that for all its air of innocence the mule had made the fortune of many a man, in proof of which there was Tistet Vedène.

"This Tistet Vedène was really an out and out good-for-naught, and his father Guy Vedène the goldsmith had been obliged to kick him out of the house because he would not work, and ruined the apprentices. Then, for six months his ragged jacket could be seen on the streets of Avignon, but was principally in evidence along the side of the papal palace. For a long time the rascal had held his own idea regarding the pope's mule, and as you shall see, it was a very artful one. . . So one day, when His Holiness was riding beneath the walls, quite alone, on his beast, my Tistet goes up to him and says, clasping his hands with an admiring air:

'Ah, Saints above, Most Holy Father, but that's a wonderful mule you have there! . . Pray let me look at it a bit! Ah, Your Holiness, but this is a beautiful mule! . . The Emperor of Germany has none to equal it!' And he petted it, and spoke to it sweetly as one would speak to a young girl.

"'Come here, my jewel, my treasure, my pearl of pearls! . ."

"And the good pope, deeply touched, said to himself:

"'What a decent fellow it is. . . How his heart goes out to my mule!'

"And do you know what happened the next day? Tistet Vedène exchanged his old jacket for a handsome laced surcoat, a vest of violet silk and buckled shoes, and entered the papal stables where, before his time, only the sons of nobles and the nephews of cardinals had been admitted. . . That is what diplomacy does. . . But Tistet was not yet satisfied.

"Once in the papal service the rascal kept up the game he had played so well. Insolent toward the rest of the world, he lavished all his care and attention on the mule, and he was always to be met within the palace courtyards with a handful of hay or a bundle of fresh French grass, shaking them gently while looking up at the Holy Father's balcony as though to say: 'And who will get this, eh?' And he kept this up until the pope, who felt himself growing older, finally left it to Tistet to watch over the stable, and carry the mule its bowl of wine in the French style—which made the cardinals laugh.

"But—it did not make the mule laugh! For now, when the hour for its wine arrived, it always saw five or six little choir-boys hurry up, rustling around in the straw with their laced cottas. Then, in another moment the stable was filled with the warm, fragrant odor of caramel and aromatic herbs, when Vedène came in, carefully carrying the bowl of wine in the French style. And then the poor beast's martyrdom began.

This perfumed wine of which it was so fond, which kept it warm, which gave it wings, they were cruel enough to bring the mule, there in its stall, to let it drink its fragrance. Then, when the poor beast had filled its nostrils with it, that was the end. The lovely, flaming, rose-colored liquid all went down the throats of the rascally choir-boys. And if they only had been content to steal his wine! But, once they had downed it, they turned into veritable devils, did these little choristers. One pulled the mule's ears, the other its tail. Quinquet climbed on its back. Béluguet crushed his barette down over its head. And not one of them ever dreamed that with one lusty kick the good beast could have sent them all flying to the Polar Star and even further. . . But no! Not for nothing is one the pope's mule, of benedictions and indulgences. No matter what the boys did the brave beast did not grow angry. Only toward Tistet Vedène did the mule bear a grudge. When he happened to stand behind the mule its hoof itched, and with reason. This scoundrel Tistet played such evil tricks on it. He thought up such cruel tortures after drinking. . ."

"Did he not, one fine day, ride the mule up to the top of the bell-tower, high up above the whole palace. Yes, it is the truth, two hundred thousand Provençales saw it with their own eyes! Imagine the unfortunate mule's terror when, after having turned blindly around and around the tower stairs for an hour, climbing heaven knows how many steps, it suddenly found itself standing on a platform in the dazzling sunshine, with a fantastic toy-house Avignon spread out before it a thousand feet below, where the people crawled about like ants. Alas, the poor beast! The cry it gave made all the windows of the palace tremble.

"'What is it? What has happened to it?' cried the good Pope rushing out on his balcony.

"Tistet Vedène already was down in the courtyard, pretending to weep and tear his hair.

"'Ah, Your Holiness, what has gotten into your mule? Saints above, what will become of us? Your mule has climbed the tower stairs!'

"'All by itself?'

"'Yes, Holy Father, all by itself! Look, look at it up above there! Cannot you see the end of its two ears twitching? . . They look like a pair of swallows. . .'

"*Misericorde!*" said the poor Pope, raising his eyes. "The beast must have gone mad. . . . It will kill itself! . . . come down at once, unfortunate one!" And nothing would have pleased the mule more than to come down. But how? The stairs? Not to be thought of, for one could climb such things, yes, but going down meant broken legs, nothing less. And the poor mule grieved, and rambling

about the platform with its great eyes full of dizziness, it thought of Tistet Vedène. And it thought: "Ah, you scum, if I only get out of this . . . what a kick you get to-morrow morning!"

This idea of a kick heartened the mule up a bit. Otherwise it would have caved in. Finally they managed to get the poor beast down, but it was quite a job. They had to use a great screwjack, ropes and a stretcher. Think how humiliating it must have been for the mule of a pope to see itself hanging from such a height, striking out with its hoofs in the empty air, like a crab at the end of a line! And all Avignon looking on!

That night the unfortunate creature could not sleep. It still seemed to be turning around and around on the accursed platform, with the whole city laughing down below. And then it thought of the infamous Tistet Vedène and the good kick he would get in the morning. Ah, my friends, what a kick that was to be! One would see its dust as far away as Pampérigouste. . . And now, while his kick was preparing for him in the stable, what do you think Tistet Vedène was doing? He was floating down the Rhone, gaily singing aboard a papal galley. For he was off to the Court of Naples with the troop of young nobles which the city sent there every year to learn diplomacy and good manners in the company of Queen Joanna. Tistet was not of noble birth, but the Pope wished to reward him for the good care he had taken of his mule, and especially for the activity he had shown, in saving it from the tower.

So it was the mule which was disappointed the next day.

"Ah, the scoundrel," it thought, "he had his suspicions!" and the mule shook its silver bells in a fury. "But never mind, go your way, you scum! When you come back—your kick will be waiting for you. I'll save it for you!" And the mule saved it for him.

After Tistet's departure the mule dropped back into its old pleasant, tranquil life. No more Quinquet, no more Béluguet in the stable. The good days of the bowl of wine in French style returned, and with them its good humor, its long siestas, and the little gavotte it danced when crossing the Avignon Bridge. However, since its mad adventure on the bell-tower, the town treated the mule with a little coolness. There was whispering behind its back as it passed. Old folks shook their heads, and the street boys laughed and pointed to the tower. The good Pope himself no longer had the same confidence in his friend. And when he did let himself drop into a little nap on its back on Sundays, returning from his vineyard, he never fell asleep without thinking "Suppose I should wake and find myself up on the bell-tower platform!" The mule noticed all this and suffered, without saying a word. But when Tistet Vedène's name was mentioned in its hearing, its long ears trembled, and with a little laugh it sharpened its iron shoes against the pavement.

Thus seven years went by and then, at the end of the seven years, Tistet Vedène returned from the Court of Naples. His time at the Neapolitan Court had not yet expired. But he had heard that the Pope's First Mustardmaker had died suddenly in Avignon and, since it was a well-paid position, he was in a great hurry to try and secure it.

When this intriguing Vedène entered the palace hall, the Holy Father hardly recognized him, he had grown so large and stout. Of course, the Pope, too, had grown older, and did not see so well without his spectacles.

Tistet was not bashful.

"What, Your Holiness does not recognize me? It is I, Tistet Vedène!"

"Vedène?"

"Why, yes . . you know, the one who carried the French wine to your mule."

"Ah, yes, yes . . . now I remember. You were a good lad, Tistet Vedène. And now, well what is it you desire of us?"

"Only a trifle, Your Holiness. I thought of asking you for. . . By the way, have you still your mule? And how is the noble creature? Doing well? Ah, that's good! . . I had meant to ask you for the position of your First Mustardmaker, who has just died. . ."

"First Mustardmaker? You? . . . But, my boy, you are too young! . . . How old are you?

"Twenty years less two months, Illustrious Pontiff, just five years older than your mule. . . Ah, that noble beast! . . If you only knew how I love that mule, how I have yearned for it far away in Italy. Would you let me see the dear creature again?"

"Yes, my child, you shall see the mule," said the good Pope. He was deeply moved. "And since you are so fond of the good beast, I shall arrange that you need not live away far from it. From this day forward consider yourself attached to my person as my First Mustardmaker. . . My cardinals will object, but no matter, I am used to that! . . You may report to us tomorrow, after Vespers have been said. Then we will remit to you the insignia of your dignity in the presence of the College of Cardinals, and then . . . I will take you to visit the mule, and you shall come along to our vineyard with us. . . So . . . farewell until to-morrow the morrow!"

If Tistet Vedène was satisfied when he left the palace, it may be imagined with what impatience he awaited the next day's ceremony. Yet he had left in the palace one even happier and more impatient for the morrow than himself. This was the mule. From the time of Vedène's return to the Vesper hour of the next day the terrible

beast did not cease stuffing itself with hay, and practicing against the wall with its hind hoofs. The mule, too, was preparing for the ceremony!

The following day, after Vespers had been said, Tistet Vedène made his entry into the courtyard of the papal palace. All the higher clergy were there: the cardinals in their red robes, the Devil's Advocate* in black velvet, the abbots of the convents with their little mitres, the churchwardens of Saint Agrico, the chapel choir-boys in violet-caped capes, the lower clergy, the papal soldiers in dredd uniform, the three confraternities of penitents, the savage-looking hermits of Mount Ventoux, the little cleric who walks behind carrying the bell, the flagellant brethren nude to their waists, the sextons in judges' gowns. All, all were there, down to the very sprinklers of holy water, and those who light and those who put out the candles . . . there was not a soul missing. It was going to be a fine ordination. There were bells and fireworks and sunlight and music, and through all the sound of the drums and tambourines beating out the dance on the Avignon Bridge. . . .

When Vedène appeared in the midst of the assembly his handsome presence and manners called forth a murmur of admiration. He was a splendidly built Provençal, blond, with long locks curled at the end and a wild little beard which seemed made of the golden threads of metal that peeled off beneath the chisel of his father, the goldsmith. Rumor said that the hands of Queen Joanna herself had sometimes toyed with this golden beard, and Messire Vedène had, in fact, that proud and distant look common to men whom queens have loved . . . This day, to honor his race, he had exchanged his Neapolitan dress for a rose-broidered jacket in Provençal style, and a great white feather of the Camargue ibis danced on his cap.

As soon as he had entered the courtyard, the First Mustardmaker bowed with a gallant air, and then turned his steps toward the high terrace where the Pope was waiting to remit to him the insignia of his rank: the great spoon of yellow wood and the saffron robe. The mule stood at the foot of the stair, all harnessed and ready to leave for the vineyard. . . As he came up to the mule, Tistet Vedène had a happy thought. He smiled and stopped to give the beast two or three gentle little love-taps on the back, while he watched the Pope out of the corner of his eye to see whether His Holiness saw what he was doing . . . His position was just right . . . The mule could not ask no more . . . it drew back:

"Caught at last, you villain! Seven long years I have been saving it for you!"

Then the mule let fly a kick so terrible, so terrific that its smoke

* The socalled "Devil's Advocate" was a cleric whose business it was to raise objections to any candidate for canonization, saintship.

could be seen as far away as Pampéigouste. Yes, a cloud of blond smoke, in which revolved a white ibis feather—that was all that remained of the unfortunate Tistet Vedène! . . ."

As a rule a mule's kick is not so destructive and annihilating in its effect. But this was a papal mule, you see. And besides, you must remember, that it had saved this kick for seven long years. . . There exists no finer example of a well-nursed clerical grudge than the kick of the pope's mule.

Miracles.—Since the time of the Christ miracles—exceptions to the order of nature as known to human experience—have been the subject of dispute. The whole subject is too complex to allow for extended discussion here. The gist of the matter is that miracles—except where they are *natural* or cosmic, or *moral* miracles (healing miracles), which may be conceived as humanly possible of realization, remain a matter of *faith.* If your faith can credit them—they take place, for you. If not, they do not. The four principle trends of thought which deny miracles are: *Atheism,* which denies the existence of God; *Agnosticism,* which says God's nature is unknowable; *Pantheism,* which identifies God and Nature; and *Deism,* which excludes God's freedom of action from the course of nature. From the Christian standpoint, the miracles of Jesus and those of his Apostles are *basic*—in other words the Christian faith and Church would never have come into existence without a belief in the *greatest miracle,* that of the Risen Lord. The belief of the Christian Church of the Middle Ages, that its saints could work miracles—and in some cases the fact that the particular "saint" in question could work miracles is a miracle in itself—rests on a less solid foundation. But—faith can do everything. The Church of the Middle Ages, by the multiplicity and often fraudulent *production* of its miracles (the Roman Catholic Church since the Reformation still ascribes miracles to the influence of its saints and relics) *weakened belief in them.* From one point of view, belief in the inherent virtues of a bit of bone or a vial of so-called saintly blood, places those who believe in them, on a level with any other fetish-worshipers. Rather than enter into the misuse and abuse, the fraud, chicanery and "miracles for profit's sake" which did their part in producing the great sixteenth century schism in the Christian Church, we will turn to one of the *beautiful* miracle legends of those same Middle Ages. For in the legends to which the belief in miracles gave rise, we have some of the most touching expressions of trust, love and confidence in the Divine which humanity has conceived.

The Protestant is all too much inclined to smile with disdain at the miracles of modern Catholicism. But if any one's faith can draw either physical or moral benefit from seeing the supposed blood of St. Januarius held up to turn from a congealed to a fluid state,

touching the shrine containing the bones of St. Anne, the grandmother of Christ, kissing the Saviour's coat in Treves, or making the pilgrimage to Lourdes, then the *miracle*—though it exist only in the worshiper's *imagination,* has been productive of good. Every one must find help and strength as best he may. And no one should scorn a brother Christian whose faith is sincere, even if he cannot justify the other's faith to himself. Whether a man seek God's help through direct communion in prayer, or along the byway of a bit of bone, he still is seeking God. That faith makes the miracle has never been shown more beautifully than by Honoré de Balzac, the great author of "The Human Comedy" in his tale: "Christ in Flanders."

Christ in Flanders.—The small bark which ferried passengers from the isle of Cadzant to across to Ostende (this was in the early Middle Ages) was full and about to push off, when a young man appeared on the wharf to which it was moored. He seemed to have risen from the ground, like some peasant who had been lying in the field waiting for the boat to leave and who had just awakened. As he reached the end of the wharf, seven persons standing in the back of the boat hastened to sit down, so that the stranger would not be seated among them. It was one of those swift thoughts which spring up in the aristocratic heart, the heart of the rich. Four of these personages belonged to the highest nobility of Flanders. There was a young cavalier, with two handsome hounds, a cap sewn with precious stones and golden spurs who, from time to time, gave a disdainful glance at the rest of the passengers. There was a haughty young lady with a falcon on her wrist, who spoke only to her mother or to an ecclesiastic of high rank, no doubt a relative. Besides there were: a big burgher of Bruges, wrapped in his mantle, with his armed servant, who guarded two bags of gold pieces; and a scholar, a doctor of Louvain University, and his clerk. These were the people in the rear of the boat. There were no seats there, so the young man glanced at the stern. The people in the stern were poor folk. Seeing a bare-headed man in a plain brown suit without a single ornament, they took him for some village mayor, and respectfully made way for him. An old soldier, used to fatigue and privation, let him have his place, and seated himself on the edge of the bark, while a young woman with a babe moved to let him sit down. Behind him sat an old peasant and his son, and behind them a poor old woman in rags, with an empty knapsack, crouched on a pile of rope. One of the rowers, an old sailor, who had known her when she was rich and beautiful, had let her come aboard, as the people say, "for the love of God."

The skipper blew his horn for the last time, cast off and cried to the rowers: "Row, row and put some heart into it! I feel the

tug of a strong tide under the rudder, and the storm in my wounds!"

In the rear of the boat the better class passengers enjoyed the sight of the powerful arms, the brown faces with fiery eyes, the tense muscles of these human beings working together to ferry them over the water for a trifling sum. And they laughed as they pointed out the agonized expressions that strenuous toil lent their faces. But the soldier, the peasants, anl the old woman looked at them with the natural compassion of those who, living by toil, know the rude anguish and the feverish fatigues of labor. And, seeing from the appearance of the skies that danger threatened them, they were serious. The young mother rocked her babe, and sang it to sleep with an old church hymn.

"If we get across," said the old soldier to the peasant, "the good Lord must have made up his mind that we were to live."

"Ah, he is the Master," said the old woman, "but I think it is his good pleasure to call us to him! Do you see yonder light?"

She nodded her head toward the sunset, where bands of fire stood out against the reddish-brown clouds which seemed about ready to unloose some furious wind. The sea murmured with the voice of a dog that growls. After all, Ostende was not so far away. And then, suddenly, for a moment, all in the bark fell silent. All gazed at sky and sea, while over the water spread a white and dazzling light, one which changed with all the shifting colors of steel. The sky was grayish. But in the west showed long, narrow strips, like ribbons of blood, while in the east glittering lines as though drawn by a delicate brush, were separated by clouds heaped up like the wrinkles on an old man's forehead. Thus, sky and sea everywhere showed a dull background, a background of half-tints, which made the sinister fires of the sunset stand out all the more forcibly. The face of nature inspired a feeling of terror. The old soldier said that time was in flight, and the peasant answered that the sky looked like an executioner. Suddenly the wind rose from the east and the skipper, who had never taken his eyes from the sea, saw it swelling on the horizon and cried:

"Hau, hau!"

At this cry the rowers stopped rowing and let their oars trail.

"The skipper is right," said Thomas coldly, when the bark, raised on the crest of a towering wave, redescended with it as though the very bottom of the sea had opened up before them. At this extraordinary movement, and the ocean's sudden rage the persons in the rear of the boat turned pale, and uttered a terrible cry:

"We will drown!"

"Oh, not yet, not yet," answered the skipper, carelessly.

At that very moment the clouds split beneath the force of the wind, exactly above the bark. The gray masses having been torn

apart with sinister promptness in east and west the twilight, passing through the crack made by the storm-wind, fell on the faces of all. The noble passengers, the sailors, and the poor, were held all, for a moment, were united in a common surprise at seeing the face of the stranger, the last arrived on the boat. His golden hair, parted in two rolls above his serene and tranquil brow, fell down in numerous curls on his shoulders. Against the great gray background, his face seemed to radiate kindness and divine love. He did not despise death, yet he seemed certain that he would not perish. But if the persons in the rear of the boat had forgotten for a moment the tempest whose relentless fury threatened them, they soon returned to their selfish fears, and the habit of their daily life:

"What a lucky fellow that stupid small-town mayor is. He has no idea of the danger that hangs over us. There he sits like a dog, and he will die without suffering," said the scholar.

No sooner had he made this sensible remark than the tempest broke in all its fury. The winds blew ragingly from every side. The bark whirled around like a top, shipping water.

"Oh, my poor baby, my poor baby!" "Who will save my baby?" cried the young mother.

"You yourself," answered the stranger.

The tone of this sweet, powerful voice penetrated the young woman's very heart, and kindled a ray of hope in it. She heard the gentle words in spite of the whistling of the tempest, above the cries uttered by the passengers.

"Holy Virgin of Speedy Aid, who art in Anvers, I vow you shall have a thousand pounds of wax and a statue if you get me out of this!" cried the merchant, kneeling on his bags of gold.

"The Virgin is here just as much as she is in Anvers," said the scholar.

"She is in the heavens," said a voice which seemed to come from the sea.

"Who spoke?"

"It must have been the devil," cried the merchant's servant, "for he was poking fun at the Virgin of Anvars!"

"Leave me alone with your Holy Virgin," shouted the skipper to the passengers. "Pick up those empty cans and get busy bailing! . . . And you, fellows," he went on, turning to the crew, "do the very best you can with the oars. We have a moment's respite, so in the name of the devil who set us down in this place, let us be our providence! . . . This little arm of the sea is terribly dangerous. Well I know it, for I have sailed it now for thirty years! Do you suppose this is the first evening I have fallen foul of a storm?"

And standing at the helm, the skipper kept on giving all his attention to his bark, the sea and the sky.

"The skipper laughs at everything, always," said Thomas, in a low tone of voice.

"Will God make us die in the company of these wretches?" the young blue-blooded young girl asked the handsome young knight.

"No, no . . . your ladyship . . . Listen to me! . . ."

He took her by the waist and drew her to him, whispering into her ear:

"Say nothing of it, but I know how to swim! I will catch hold of your lovely locks and draw you gently to the shore, but you are the only one I can save."

The young girl looked at her old mother. She was kneeling, begging the bishop to absolve her, but the bishop did not hear her. The knight saw a faint gleam of daughterly affection in the girl's eyes and said, in a low tone:

"Submit to the will of God! . . If he wishes to call your mother to him, it will no doubt be for her happiness . . . in the other world," he added, speaking still lower. "And for it will make us happier in this," he thought to himself.

The Countess of Rupelmonds owned seven great estates besides the barony of Gavres. The young girl listened to the voice of life, the lure of love, speaking through the lips of the handsome adventurer, a young wretch who hung about the churches looking for his prey, some girl to marry, or gold ducats down. The bishop blessed the waves, ordering them to be calm, though he had no faith in his command. He was thinking of his concubine, who was giving him a delicate feast, and was waiting for him in Ostende. No doubt that very moment she was entering her bath, perfuming herself, slipping into a velvet dress, or having her collars and jewels fastened. Far from thinking of the powers of Holy Church, of consoling his Christian fellow-travelers, or exhorting them to trust in God, the perverse bishop mingled wordly regrets and words of love with the holy phrases of the breviary. The light which shone on their pale faces, allowed all to read each other's different expressions when the bark, flung high into the air by one wave, then cast into the bottom of the abyss, like some frail leaf, the toy of the autumn wind, cracked and seemed on the point of breaking up. Then terrible cries rang out, followed by frightful silences. The attitudes of the persons in the front part of the boat were in strange contrast to that of the rich and noble in the rear. The young mother pressed her babe against her breast each time the waves threatened to swamp the frail craft. Yet she trusted in the hope the stranger's word had sown in her heart, and each time she turned to look at him and

drew new faith from his face, the strong faith of a weak woman, of a mother.

Living on the divine word, the word of love which had escaped this man's lips, the trusting creature expected with entire confidence that the species of promise he had made would be kept, and her danger hardly troubled her. Nailed to the side of the boat, the old soldier never stopped looking at this stranger. He made his own rude, weatherbeaten countenance as unmoved as the stranger's. Eager to show that he was calm and tranquil, as well as that he had the higher courage, he ended by identifying himself with the secret principle of this inward power. Then his admiration turned to the fanaticism of instinct, to an unbounded love, to a belief in this man resembling the enthusiasm soldiers feel for their chief, when he is a man of power, haloed by the glory of victories, and marching amid the splendid omens of genius. The poor old woman said in a low voice:

"Ah, vile sinner that I have been! I wonder I have suffered enough to make up for the pleasures of my youth? Ah, poor wretch that I was, why did I lead the gay life of a strumpet? Why did I devour God's wealth with the clerics of his Church? Why did I devour the good of the poor with tax-gatherers and extortioners? . . . Alas, great has been my sin! . . Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! . . . let me end my hell on earth in this vale of misery! . ."

"Take heart, mother," said the old soldier, "the good God is no siege-gun! For all I've done my share of killing, and I may have killed rightly and wrongly, who knows, the good as well as the bad, I do not dread the Resurrection!"

"Ah, Master Swordsman, how happy they must be, the handsome ladies yonder, to be so near a bishop, a holy man," the old woman went on. "They will get absolution for their sins. Ah, if only I could hear a priest's voice say to me: 'Your sins are forgiven you!' I would believe him."

The stranger turned toward her, and his glance, full of divinest charity, made her tremble:

"Have faith," he said to her, "and you shall be saved!"

"May God reward you, my most gracious sir!" she answered. "If you tell me true I will make a pilgrimage bare-foot to Our Lady of Loretto for us both."

These two peasants, father and son, remained silent, resigned and submissive to the will of God, like people accustomed to follow instinctively, like the beasts of the field, the movement of Nature's pendulum.

Thus on the one side there was wealth, pride, science, debauchery, crime, all human society as it is shaped by the *arts, thoughts and education, the world and its laws,* and on that side only rose cries of

terror, on that side only a thousand different feelings struggled with terrible doubts, on that side only was the frightful anguish of fear. And above these existences, was one strong man, the skipper of the bark, without a doubt about anything, the chief the fatalist, acting as his *own* providence, shouting "Holy Sheet!" . . . and not "Blessed Virgin!". . . defying the storm and fighting the sea body to body. At the other end of the bark, the weak . . . the mother rocking at her breast the babe which smiled at the storm, an old woman, once a merry girl, now given over to terrible remorse, and an old soldier crippled with wounds, with nothing to reward his tireless devotion save the gift of a mutilated life. He scarce had a crust of bread salted with tears to eat. Yet he laughed at everything, and tramped on without a care, happy when he could drown his glory at the bottom of a pot of beer, or tell the tales of his wars to a group of admiring youngsters. He gaily left the care of his future to God. Finally, there were the two peasants, creatures of toil and labor, of work incarnate, the labor on which the whole world lived. There simple beings knew nothing of the treasures of the mind. But they were ready to drown them in faith, a faith the more robust because it never had sought to discuss or analyze. They were virgin souls, whose conscience had remained pure, and whose feelings were strong. Remorse, misfortune, love, labor had exercised, purified and concentrated their will—the only thing which, in man, resembles what the scientists call the soul.

When the bark, handled by the skipper with almost miraculous skill, came in actual view of Ostende, not fifty yards from shore, it was thrust back by a sudden convulsion of the tempest and suddenly began to founder. It was then that the stranger with the luminous features said to the little world of sorrow in the boat:

"Those who have faith shall be saved! Let them follow me!"

And he rose and with a firm, assured tread walked upon the waves. And at once the young mother took her child in her arms and walked on the sea near him. And the soldier stood up suddenly, and said in the language of the camps:

"Ah, name of a pipe, I'd follow you to hell itself! . ."

Then, without seeming the least surprised, he walked upon the sea. The sinful old woman, believing in the all powerful grace of God, also followed the stranger and walked upon the waves. And the two pheasants said to one another: "Since they walk on the water, why should we not do so too?" And they got up and ran after those who were walking on the sea.

Thomas tried to imitate them. But, his faith wavering, he fell down beneath the water two or three times. Getting up, however, after a third ducking, he found he could walk as well as the rest. The daring skipper hung like a leech to a plank of his bark. The

avaricious merchant had faith and stood up, but he wanted to take along his bags of gold, and they carried him to the bottom of the sea. Mocking the charlatan and the idiots who listened to him at the moment when he saw the unknown tell the passengers to walk on the sea, the scientist began to laugh, and was swallowed up by the ocean. The young girl was carried down into the depths by her lover. The bishop and the old Countess went to the bottom together, weighed with crime, perhaps, but still more heavily weighed with disbelief, lack of confidence and faith in false images,—heavy with devotion, but light in charity and true religion.

The faithful band which walked dryfoot with a firm step across the raging plain of water heard the horrible shrieking and whistling of the tempest about them on every side. Tremendous waves broke along their path. But an invincible force clove the ocean. Beyond the storm, the faithful saw on the shore, in the distance, a dim, twinkling light in the window of a fisherman's hut. Each, as he courageously held on toward this light, thought he heard his neighbor's voice calling out "Courage! Have no fear!" across the roaring of the storm. And yet, engrossed in his own danger, not one uttered a word. Thus they came to the shore. And when they were all gathered about the fisherman's fireplace they looked in vain for their radiant guide. Seated on the top of a rock at whose foot the tempest had flung the skipper clinging to his plank with the strength which seamen show when they battle with death, THE MAN descended, and picked up the well-nigh broken sailor. Then, stretching out a succoring hand above his head, he said: "This time things went well, but do not do it again! The example you set is a bad one!"

He took the mariner across his shoulders and carried him to the fisherman's door. Knocking, to make sure that the unfortunate man would be taken into the modest refuge, the Saviour disappeared. And in that spot there was built, for sailormen, the Convent of Grace where, for a long time, so it is said, there could be seen the foot-prints which Jesus Christ had left on the sand. In 1793, when the French armies entered Belgium, the monks carried off this precious relic, which attested the last visit Jesus made to earth!"

And suddenly, in the distance, I saw thousands of cathedrals . . . they were adorned with paintings and frescos, and I heard ravishing concerts of music. About these monuments crowded thousands of men, like ants about their ant-heaps. Some were busy gathering books and copying manuscripts. Others were helping the poor. Nearly all were studying. And from the bosom of these numberless crowds towered statues which they had raised. And by the fantastic light cast by a luminary as great as the sun, I read on the pedestals of these statues the words: *Science, History, Literature!*

And then the vision fades, the white robe and halo disappears, and it is once more the old woman who confronts the author and cries: "Men no longer believe!"

Before the Reformation.—The great Church Councils of the fifteenth century which took place after the "Babylonian Exile", were meant to clear up the tremendous confusion into which the habit of having popes and anti-popes, sometimes three or four at a time, selected by different kings and political parties, moving on the political checker-board at the same time. Each pope claimed that he only was the *true* successor of St. Peter. He only had the *true* key to paradise. And—in the course of time, no one knew quite whom to believe. Besides this, there was the constantly growing *popular* demand for a *thorough-going reform in morals and manners* on the part of the Christian clergy. What cut deepest of all, perhaps, was the constantly increasing pressure brought to bear on the part of the Church to get money. This pressure to secure money, was so strong, so unscrupulous and so extensively applied, that it roused opposition in every land.

It was hoped that the councils might lead to checking the tyrannical power of the popes, and succeed in bringing the Church back to a rule of bishops, *episcopalianism.* The Council of Constance (1415), claimed to be authorized *directly by God,* and *superior* to the pope with regard to reforms. The Council of Basle (1431-1449), forbade the Roman chair to appoint abbots and bishops. It objected to the misuse of the ban of excommunication and other abuses. But in the end this Council yielded to the pope, and a few years after it had ended, Pope Pius II declared the doctrine that councils had *more authority than popes a heresy!* The Councils did very little in the way of reform. But in France, Spain and England powerful kings insisted upon having and obtained the autocratic power the Church still claimed. And this put an end to the absolute dominion of the popes in the national and political affairs of the nation. In Germany a weak ruler, the Emperor Frederick III, practically handed over the country to the Church's misrule, especially as regards financial "carpet-bagging". This, too, had its share in bringing about the Reformation which, since the Church was not willing to reform from *within,* had to come from *without,* from the *people.* In Italy one particular pope, the infamous Alexander VI, whose family name of "Borgia" has become a world-synonym for all that is *evil,* did his individual share in dragging the reputation of the mind, and in making his office, the highest in Christendom, only another term for all that was unspeakably vile and un-Christian.

The Loathsome Borgia. (1431-1503).—Alexander VI, the Borgia pope, stands in somewhat the same relation to the Reformation that King Louis XV of France does to the French Revolution. Neither

Alexander's immediate successors, nor Louis's immediate successor (though he seemed to be) were the last drops that tilted the bucket, the last straws that broke the camel's back. Louis XV, as one historian has said, let the Dubarry turn the crown of France into a nightcap. And it might be said that Alexander VI flung the papal tiara down among the twinkling legs of the nude courtesans who danced for his pious amusement amid a floorful of lighted tapers in the Vatican. Alexander's immediate family did not help his own reputation, but then even had his son Caesar and his daughter Ducretia been different, their father would only have looked the worst by contrast.

Alexander's Election.—When the cardinals gathered in Rome in August, 1492, to elect a pope, it seemed more as though a stock exchange transaction were being carried out rather than a papal election, so openly were votes bought. Money had flowed in from all parts of Europe to the Roman banking houses, and deposited to the interest of one or another candidate. But *Rodrigo Borgia,* or Lanzol, a Spaniard of Xativa Valencia whose uncle, Pope Caliztus had given him a cardinalship and his own name (Borgia), owing to his great wealth, and the liberal use he made of it, was chosen. The moment he knew he shouted out, mad with joy; "I'm pope, pontiff, Christ's representative!" The next day all Rome spoke of the four mules loaded with gold which the Borgia had sent to the palace of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, the price for his vote. Alexander was woman-mad, passionately fond of his best-known children, those to a certain Vanozza de Catani, and capable of committing any crime for their advantage or his own. It must be mentioned, however, that practically every prelate in those days had his mistresses, his love-affairs and his children (for all he could not marry), and that Alexander's personal morals were on a par with the clerical morals of his time. The pontifical bee flitted from flower to flower, too many flowers to count. In 1491 Alexander found a new love the seventeen-year old, blonde Giulia Farnese, and his daughter Lucrecia was brought up in the same house where they held their meetings. While his oldest son, Giovanni, Duke of Gandia, and his younger, Caesar, now a cardinal, led the same disorderly life their father did, Rome swarmed with murderers and criminals, priests, Spanish adventurers and girls of the streets. Daily Jews and Moslems driven from Spain arrived in Rome, and were welcomed by the Pope, who taxed them heavily for his Christian forbearance in letting them stay there. Alexander rode out hunting with the Turkish Prince Djemme,* who kept him company in his love affairs and drinking-

* The Turkish sultan paid His Holiness 40,000 ducats a year to keep his brother a captive.

bouts, and the Duke of Gandia, himself wearing Turkish costume, and followed by guards. Or, he played the gallant cavalier among the Roman ladies, in elegant Spanish lay dress, with Cordovan leather boots, dagger and velvet hat.

Family Life and Father-Love.—When brother Caesar murdered brother Giovanni and had his dukeship of Gandia's body flung into the Tiber, Alexander dared not call him to account. After some passionate outbursts of tears, father and son agreed to let bygones—in the shape of Giovanni—be bygones, and Alexander consoled himself for the loss of a son by adding some beautiful Spanish girls to the papal harem. His daughter Lucrecia, who had married and been divorced from her first husband, declared impotent, soon after retired to a clositer to give birth to a son. He was afterward legitimatized, and whether he was the child of Caesar or of Alexander is still shrouded in doubt, though Lucrecia undoubtedly was his mother. When Lucrecia married a second husband, the Duke of Biceglie, Caesar's first attempt to murder him when he thought the time ripe, only resulted in a severe wound. Lucrecia took him into the Vatican to nurse. But Caesar only laughed: "What was fumbled at breakfast can be finished at supper!" he said. And sure enough, one evening when Lucrecia had left the room for a moment, Caesar had his brother-in-law strangled. It was an open secret, and Caesar did not even think it necessary to make any excuse. Caesar also made short work of his father's servants who did not suit him. One he stabbed beneath His Holiness' eyes, another he had thrown in the Tiber. Meanwhile Alexander, who needed a great deal of money, had hit upon a simple means of getting it. He loved to invite *rich* cardinals to banquets. Then, His Holiness being an apt at poisons, the cardinals would drink the carefully prepared papal wine, go home and die. Alexander would be his heir. His real estate would be sold. His furniture, tapestries, silver service and gold would emigrate to the Vatican. Nor was Alexander particular. A bishop or abbot did quite as well as a cardinal, if only he had money. Alexander always had plenty of wine and plenty of poison. They formed an irresistible combination. This successor of St. Peter opened the gates of paradise for his elect with a poisoned key. Of course, it is only fair to add that Alexander did not want money for *himself alone*. He needed it to send to son Caesar, who was busy establishing a kingdom of Italy which was to grow out of a duchy of Romagna, on a foundation of murder and treachery. And son Caesar needed gold, gold, gold! So Alexander poisoned and sent it on, and to hide his activities with the wine-flagon, he gave sumptuous public festivities and masquerades. When the processions passed beneath his windows with obscene songs and emblems, the old sinner looked down, smiling happily. In the Vatican he turned

the night into day, with orgies at which women were never absent, and over whose details a veil had best be drawn. And often the affectionate father tried to gain a few hundred extra gold pieces for Caesar at the gaming table. At last so many of the higher clergy—practically *all* who were *rich,* fled the city for fear of sudden death, that good old Alexander felt it necessary to say that now he had weeded out all the guilty. Let every one stay, and they would have a lovely Carnival celebration.

What Came Out of Alexander's Loving-Cup.—Cardinal Orsisi, his son's enemy, had been poisoned in prison, *after* the pope had obtained a great pearl from his mother as the price of his life. What will a loving father not do for the son who is the darling of his heart?

How Alexander Developed His System.—He poisoned *one* set of rich cardinals. Then a new group of clerics, paid heavily to *become* cardinals. Then he poisoned *them.* Another batch of victims always was ready to buy the privilege of the Vatican loving-cup. Pope Alexander VI might almost be considered the inventor of the daisy-chain in religious politics. In May, 1503 a new batch of cardinals (Vasari says they were men of the very worst character) were made. The proceeds amounted to 130,000 ducats. But Alexander was no lily of the field. In April poor Cardinal Michiel—after taking dinner with His Holiness—was seized with vomitings, which lasted two days. While he was in his last gasp, the Pope's men—for they were courteous enough always to wait until the victim had breathed his last—entered the house. A few hours later the same old moving-vans had carried to the Vatican his furniture silver service and money, amounting to 150,000 ducats. When the Venetian ambassador was announced, the Pope could not see him. He was still busy counting his inheritance. Finally—as cardinals and wealthy prelates grew scarcer—Alexander stooped to smaller game. He had a number of rich Romans of the middle class seized. Some were accused of being Jews, some of heresy pure and simple. As soon as they were jailed, their homes were plundered, and then they were allowed to pay a price for their lives. Giovanni Borgia, Alexander's nephew, Cardinal of Monreale, met with one of those sudden after-supper deaths. After all, a son is closer than a nephew. His inheritance amounted to 100,000 ducats. But Alexander was to go the wine supper once too often himself. On August 5th, 1503, Alexander and Caesar went to a little party at the vineyard of a certain Cardinal Adriano Corneto, who had survived as though by miracle. History shows that both Alexander and Caesar caught a malarial fever, and that the evil father of a worse son died from his fever quite naturally. He was a heavy, corpulent, hot-blooded ill-liver of over seventy. But the belief has always held its own—and somehow it seems more appropriate—that Cardinal Adriano

thought that it might be better, if some one had to be called, that "His Holiness" rather than "His Eminence" be the one chosen. Caesar sickened at the same time. His body broke out in black blotches, and it is said that he was saved only owing to his being wrapped in the freshly stripped hide of a slaughtered bull, which drew off the poison.

It may be hard for the average reader who is not a Catholic to consider a man like Alexander an opener of the gates of paradise, as the head of the Church. But the evil *men* associated with the history of the Christian Church must be regarded as representing only certain *external* phases of the Church's existence. The *ideals* of the Christian faith, the ideals taught by Christ and practised by his Apostles remain untouched in the serene and lofty beauty of the lessons they indicate.

CHAPTER XXIII

SCHOLASTIC, HUMANIST AND SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT AND THEORY FROM THE DARK AGES TO THE REFORMATION

DURING the early Middle Ages, philosophy was halter-bound to Christian theology. In other words, if any one *thought* it was along the lines laid down by the Church as *thinkable.* And—everything had to be brought into harmony with what the Church declared to be right. Christianity controlled politics, morals, education—it was in this sense that the monasteries and cloisters were the "torches of learning"—science, literature and art. There was no thinking *outside of Christianity,* and that the three persons of the Trinity are the power, wisdom and good will of God.

We briefly mention a few of the great "Scholastic" thinkers, whose thought did not always *agree* with the Church. *John Scotus Eregina* (b. 810 in Ireland), introduced the "germ of realism" in a philosophy which combined Plato and St. Augustine. *Peter Abelard,* in a work on "Theology", said that *reason* should precede *faith.* His work was *condemned* by the Church Council of Sens (1140). The *Church Mystics,* among them Bernard de Clairvaux (1091-1153) held that God is not reached by a process of reasoning, but by mystic contemplation. The mystic "plunges into the ocean of infinite truth, and waits for the mysterious ascension of the soul to heaven". But where *individual* opinion dared to differ from that of the *Church*—the cathedral and monastery schools and universities were organized *to put down any freedom of opinion*—it was condemned as heresy. People who thought must see to it that they made *reason and faith agree.* This was not always possible. *Thomas Aquinas* (b. 1225), allowed for the natural sciences by explaining that philosophy sought God by means of *facts,* and that theology sought facts by way of God. His system was based on the idea that God made everything for a purpose. The students of science and geography of the thirteenth century believed the earth was *round,* a sphere. *This belief the Church condemned.* It was generally supposed that the Mediterranean Sea occupied the center of the earth and India could be reached by sailing due West. And even Columbus died believing he had discovered the Western shores of India.

Roger Bacon.—This English philosopher and man of science—the

fantastic "science" of the Middle Ages—is one of the most picturesque figures of the thirteenth century. He always was an object of suspicion to the Church, for he had the unfortunate habit of thinking and of publishing thoughts which were not along the regulation lines. In one work (1278) he attacked the ignorance and vices of the monks and clergy with so much truth that the General of the Franciscans, after Pope Nicholas IV, put him away in prison for fourteen years. Roger Bacon is famous for the description of gunpowder given in one of his works. It is thought that he may have stumbled on its composition while making chemical mixtures looking for the "Philosopher's Stone". He does not seem to have known that gunpowder was the *power of projection.* He only knew that it exploded and could blow people up. Bacon had some actual "modern" ideas in science, but devoted far more attention to astrology, alchemy and magic.

The "Great Art" of Raymond Lully.—A Catalan mystic and missionary, (1235-1315), born in Palma, Marjorca, Raymond—he says so himself led a most dissipated life until 1266, when Christ crucified appeared to him in five successive visions. He then devoted himself to Arabic instead of amours, got the King of Marjoca to build him a Franciscan monastery at Miramar, and taught there. In 1291 he went to Tunis as a missionary, but the Turks did not like his doctrines, and expelled him. In 1315 he crossed over to Mohammedan Africa again, to Bougie, and insisting on his missionary efforts was stoned to death by the inhabitants outside the city walls in 1315. Lully's invention to reconcile *all differences between faith and reason* was a simple one. It was the *Ars magna,* the "Great Art". According to its author it "gives information regarding all questions of knowledge *without the effort of learning or reflection.*" You put a series of nine questions on seven movable disks, and manipulate the disks so as to get answers. "With this barren mechanical device Lully won a large and enthusiastic following, who continued to believe in the "Great Art" down to the seventeenth century."

Various Scholastic Thinkers.—John Duns Scotus (b. 1265), an Irishman, called "the subtle doctor", strongly upheld the authority of the Church—he received his doctorate title for an eloquent thesis on the Immaculate Conception—and was a bit of a Pelagian. He said that *dogma* was *beyond dispute,* faith the basis of the highest truth, and love the foundation of virtue. The English Franciscan *William of Occam* (b. 1220), laid great stress on "intuitive knowledge", and said that it was not possible to prove all Christian dogmas by reason, the only thing to was to *accept God on faith.* The Latin Mystics were generally faithful to the Church. The great German mystic *Master Eckhart* (1260-1327) a Dominican, and his followers, were more independent. Among Eckhart's chief tenents were:

Mortality consists in bringing the soul back to God. Love is God himself. In returning to God man becomes one with God again. God became man in order that man may become God. Martin Luther was deeply impressed by Eckhart's book on mysticism, when he discovered it in a Frankfurt on the Main book-stall some centuries later.

The Thought of the Renaissance.—The Renaissance is the age during which the authority of the Church over the human mind is weakened. Individuals begin to think more for themselves. Natural science pushes theology out of the way. Men throw off their Church fetters, and turn to the *Bible* and their *own consciences* as standards of conduct. And, the world over, men refuse to accept other men, human *"middle-men"* between their God and themselves. They long for that district, personal communion with God which Mohammed once and for all gave to all his followers without in any way weakening his own authority or that of his religion.

Humanism.—In an artistic and literary sense the Renaissance was the age when people rediscovered the arts and the literatures of Greece and Rome. In a *human* sense, *it is the age of the rebirth of man's mental freedom.* Everywhere during the Renaissance the demand for freedom made itself felt, among states and among peoples. They asked for freedom for the individual in his work, and in his thought, in his research and in his discoveries. There was a general return to old political ideals, too. The Renaissance had no use for the God-inspired, the "theocratic state", the world-empire for which the popes had striven. Men in the Renaissance returned to the ideal of a purely *worldly* state—the state with which God had nothing directly to do. And the aim of this whole movement was the joy of life. People wanted to enjoy nature and works of art, they wanted to enjoy life socially, in a world where women moved on an equal footing with men. *Humanism,* as this movement was called, *undermined the whole structure of the Medieval Christian Church.* A whole group of ideas disappeared and were swept away at one and the same time: the ideal of the political control of the world by the Church, and the curse resting on the world, the idea of the power of papal excommunications, the idea of the holiness of the *Latin* Bible, the *Vulgate,* and that it was too sacred to be revealed to the ordinary human being in his own everyday language, the belief in the power of relics, in the authority and the preogatives of the priesthood and in monasticism.

The Curse of Humanism.—Yet a curse rested on this whole great *Humanist* movement. It sickened and languished because of a great *inner untruth and hypocrisy.* Humanism was spread through the highest circles in the land. Pope Leo X himself (1513-1521), said he enjoyed the study of the classic more than that of Christian theo-

logy. Most of the Renaissance popes, in fact, did not take religion too seriously, nor did the cardinals, the writers, the artists or sculptors, the princes and nobles who formed the upper Renaissance social crust. When certain cardinals, teasing the great artist Raphael, told him that his Apostles' faces were too *red*, Raphael said quite frankly: "I can well believe it. The Apostles blush to see the way you carry on!" Leo X's favorite remedy for the annoyance Luther caused him, and the plots his own cardinals laid to poison him, was to call in buffoons and jesters and listen to their merry quips and cranks. And this spirit of laughter which made a mock of everything, of religion itself even, was current amid the highest clerical circles—though all *humanist* thought and all *humanist* laughter was directly opposed and in sharpest contrast to the *official* Church. But—though every one, popes included, laughed at the Church and refused to take it seriously *among themselves*—no one suggested any of the salutary reforms of which it stood in such need. No one thought of breaking with it for conscience's sake. And while the higher clergy claimed the greatest freedom of opinion for themselves—the great *mass of the people*, the plain people, the common "people", were kept in the mental slavery of the dark Middle Ages. The old customs and the old ways were good enough for the "common herd"! *Humanism* failed to do what Luther did, and take the decisive step which released the mind from its bondage—the break with Rome.

Humanism and Occultism.—Plato and Aristotle, in general, are the mental gods of the Humanists. But there are all sorts of other mixtures of ideas. We have the Christian *Occultists*. These, like *Pico de la Mirandola* (d. 1494) and many others, are enthusiastic students of the Jewish *Kabbala*. Symbols, mystic formulas, black and white magic are used, together with astrology—all of them had been used since the early Middle Ages—to discover the deepest "secrets" of nature. And what are these secrets? The magic transformation of metals. The making of gold out of baster substances. Alchemy comes to the aid of medicine, and all sorts of secret tinctures and compounds are brewed in the search for the "tincture of eternal youth", the "elixir of life". The whole occult movement was a search for the "Philosopher's Stone", which would allow its possessor to control every secret nature had.

Agrippa of Nettesheim and His Ideas.—Agrippa of Nettesheim (1487-1535) and *Theophrastus of Hohenheim* (1493-1541) are outstanding figures in the group of these early "nature-fakirs", and Nettesheim was generally known as "Parcelsus": "Parcelsus'" system said: Man has a terrestrial or *visible*, and astral or *invisible* body, and a soul, the gift of God. Hence there are three great sciences: *philosophy, astrology* and *theology*. These, with *alchemy*, form the basis of *medicine*. The four elements—earth, water, fire,

air—are made up of three basic substances: *sal,* the solid principle; *mercury,* the liquid principle; and *sulphur,* the combustible principle. Each of the four elements obeys elemental spirits. The earth is ruled by *gnomes,* the water by *undines,* the air by *sylphs* and the fire by *salamanders.* Each particular thing has an *archaeus,* a vital force. The secret of medicine is to support this vital force against its enemies (opposing earthly and starry forces), by means of alchemy and magic. It was said that Agrippa always kept about him several "familiars", demon spirits, in the shape of black dogs; that he could read in the face of the moon all that happened on earth; and that he could change metals and often paid his way with coins which looked to be pure gold, but which afterwards changed into bits of horn or dung. It was said that he could raise the dead from their graves.

Through the Middle Ages, and far into the eighteenth century the race of magicians, wonder-men and mystic masters of Nature's forces continued to exist.

Some were *adventurers* of the mind pure and simple, deceivers who plundered where they could, and abused the superstition and credulty of the rich and great. Others were evil men of dark and sinister nature. The type of the real medieval scholar who mingled the mystic and occult with the human is Goethe's "Faust", the learned philosopher and bookworm who sells his soul to the devil to regain the youth he frittered away in philosophic speculation. With occultism went the belief in *evil spirits,* a personal devil always busy tempting the Christian, and witchcraft.

Sprenger's Witches Hammer.—One of the most vicious books ever written by a human being, perhaps, was that produced by the learned theologian Jacobus Sprenger, a Dominican monk. (c. 1500). His *Malleus maleficarum* or "Witches Hammer", became the standard inquisitorial "rules of procedure" on witchcraft, especially in Germany. It was a hellish work, built up on the gross superstition that certain persons are "possessed" by the devil or his demons, and its idiocies are solemnly formulated in three sections: 1, the evidences of witchcraft. 2, rules for discovering witches. 3, how witches should be punished. Before 1230 the Church had held that witchcraft was a "canonical sin" or superstition. From 1230 to 1430 the theologians with the kindly practical aid of the Inquisition, developed the idea that witchcraft was *real.* The Inquisitors managed to spread a belief in the *actuality* of witches among the ignorant, and Sprenger gave them the handbook that supplied the silly questions with which they tortured their victims. Their confession, extracted by rack and thumbscrew, were then called *voluntary!* In spite of witchcraft and the numerous victims of the Inquisition, in the two centuries preceding the Reformation the greatest persecutions of the "Holy Office" occurred during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Machiavelli's "The Prince",—While the Occultists helped lead religion into the morasses of superstition, and called forth torturings and burnings, four other lines of thought also helped undermine the Church theory world-empire. One was *political.* Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527), a Florentine diplomat, a man of great intellect, made the most *radical attacks on the political Church* in his writings. In his day the Roman papacy was merely *one* of the many tyrannical states into which Italy was divided. He explained his combination of ideas in his books, *"The Prince"* and the *"Discorsi".* His ideal was a united Italy—preferably a republic—absolutely *free* from Church domination *in religion, science and politics.* But because his age was corrupt, he believed the *perfect republic unrealizable,* and that an enlightened *autocrat* made the best *practical* ruler. His books were the Bible of the older diplomacy, the secret diplomacy which resorts to lies, force, deceit, misrepresentation and trickery of every kind to gain its aims—the diplomacy which the World War is *supposed* to have done away with. All Machiavelli's teaching was *away from the temporal power of the Church.* The political world should be ruled by *laymen* and *not by priests* was his theory, and he was criticised by churchmen not only for his satires on great ecclesiastics, but also for a tendency to "ascribe all human things to natural causes." *Hugo Grotius* (1583-1645), leader of an aristocratic party in sixteenth century Holland, also argued the cause of *absolutism*—Louis XIV of France later realized his arguments at Holland's expense—and in his *De jure belli et pacis* made the State rest on reason and human nature, not religion. *Samuel Pufendorf* (1632-1694), son of a Saxon Lutheran pastor, attacked the rule of *ecclesiastical princes,* and developed a practical working theory of the supremacy of state over Church in Protestant countries, which paved the way for toleration and working compromises by which Protestant powers could deal with Rome rewarding the Roman churches in their lands. His idea of natural law made the *monarch's authority absolute.* In England *Herbert of Cherbury* (1583-1648), explained his system of *rational* religion as follows: Certain natural truths are common to all religions: one God, repentence of sins, future punishment and reward. Corrupted by priests, this natural religion is restored by rational Christianity, Christianity founded on reason. *Skepticism*—the spirit of doubt—is found in many authors of the Renaissance. *Michel de Montaigne* (1533-1592), in his famous "Essays", advises obedience to divine commands, though he despairs of reason, and bids mankind return to nature uncorrupted, and to revelation. A certain amount of *free-thinking* is subtly hidden in his work, full of quaint humor, but it never brought him into conflict with the Church. The *Metaphysicians* were looked upon as more dangerous. *Bruno Giordano* (1548-1600), a Dominican monk-philosopher, driven by

his restless mind to ceaseless wandering, was a true Renaissance spirit. Chased out of Italy for "impiety", he lectured in France and England, constantly tracked by the spies of the Inquisition. Returning to Venice, he was caught in 1593. Imprisoned for seven years, he was then excommunicated and burned at the stake in 1600. In 1889, as the result of a strong popular movement among the *Roman people,* a statue to him was unveiled *in Rome,* in the *Campo die Fiore, on the very spot where ignorance and intolerance had consumed his mortal body!*

Why Bruno Burned.—Bruno sought with passionate devotion the *unity of God in matter.* Reason gives man the truth of things, and men are judged by their *deeds,* and not according to their *belief* in one or another catechism, he said. He laughed at miracles and said that monks, avaricious, dissolute, breeders of dissention, destroyed all the joy of life on earth. So—though he held that God was everywhere in the infinite universe—he was made food for the flames.

Tommasso Campanella's "City of the Sun".—This Renaissance philosopher, a Dominican monk of Calabria, held that the Church was supreme over the state, and that all temporal government should be subject to the pope. But—he was independent, and so he was persecuted by the Inquisition and spent twenty-seven years in prison for political ideals "he never tried to realize in practise". These ideals were contained in his *Civitas Solis.* "The City of the Sun". It describes a model city of the imagination, with a socialistic theory of government, like Plato's *"Republic"* and Moore's *"Utopia".* In that "city of enlightment" wives and property are *owned in common!* There is *state-control of the birth-rate,* and universal military training. Compulsory education is based on natural science—Campanella's idea was that the fundamental principles of *heat* and *cold* explain the life-struggle in nature—and that children be taught in *play, in open-air schools and with object-lessons!* Established religion for a time could suppress or ignore political or metaphysical ideas opposed to her traditions. It was harder to ignore *actual material, visible and mathematically provable discoveries in natural science.* The Portuguese Inquisition could declare the explorer Vasco da Gama a heretic because he insisted on finding countries *not mentioned in Holy Writ,* but closing your eyes to a fact, especially a large geographical fact like the continent of India, does not make it non-existent. Nor was opposition to *scientific truth* confined to the Church of religious tradition. It came from the Church of religious reform as well.

Nicolaus Copernicus (1473-1543), astronomist, physician, mathematician and man of affairs, founded the epoch-making theory of *astronomy* which changed man's outlook on the material universe. He showed that the movements of natural bodies in the skies are caused by fixed laws. Pope Clement VII approved, and Pope Paul

III accepted the dedication of the "The Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs" (1543). But *Martin Luther* objected to Copernicus' discoveries on the ground that the Bible said that Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still, and not the earth. The experimental philosopher *Galilco Calilei* (1564-1642), born in Pisa, the town of the "Leaning Tower", by inventing the telescope gave Church authorities a chance to convince themselves with their own eyes that his view of the solar system proved the Bible astronomically at fault. But in 1616 his theory that the earth had a dirunal movement of rotation, that "the earth does move", was condemned by the Holy Office as "absurd in philosophy and formally heretical, because expressed *contrary* to Holy Scriptures". In 1632, Galileo was obliged to recant, *say that white was black* (under menace of torture), and to recite the seven penetential psalms once a week for three years, while the Inquisition continued to keep an eye on him.

Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), the Dane, and *Johann Kepler* (1571-1630) the German, were both Court astronomers at the Court of that sick dreamer, the Roman Emperor Rudolf II, in Prague; and both Brahe and Kepler dabbed in astrology, in spite of important real discoveries they made. But Kepler, though he drew horoscopes for Wallenstein and other great men, showed his real opinion when he said: "Nature, which has given every animal the means of existing, had given astrology as an adjunct and ally to astronomy." And Kepler—though he had no great trouble with the Church—had his minor difficulties. His refusal to subscribe to the rigid formula of belief adopted by the theologians of Tübingen, his *alma mater,* made it impossible for him to teach there at a time he would gladly have done so.

In general these are the lines of philosophic thought that show how the *human mind* was breaking the fetters in which the Christian Church tried to bind it. This philosophic thought expresses the revolt of the *mind.* In the following chapter we will consider the various religious awakenings, the protests of the *heart* against the same tyranny which come to a head in the Reformation. The Reformation finally split what hitherto, speaking broadly, had been the *one* Christian Church of all the world into *two* opposing churches.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE REVOLT OF INDEPENDENT CHRISTIAN THOUGHT AGAINST THE CHURCH OF TRADITION

(THE REFORMATION)

ALMOST from the very beginning, there were independent thinkers in the Christian Church. We have touched upon the heresies of the earlier ages. Centralizing the authority and power of the Church in the Roman papacy did not stop the development of independent thought. For men's minds have continued to differ from the beginning of time, just as men's minds still continue to differ. In the end the Reformation split the one Christian Church into the two great churches, whose followers are known respectively as Protestants and Roman Catholics, yet it was merely a successful development, a "putting over", of the thoughts and convictions of men who were not content to accept the traditional authority of the orthodox Christian Church of the day. It was only one revolt which went back—as others before had done—to the Bible and the Apostles, instead of to orthodox tradition and dogma, to justify the opinions the rebels held.

Heroes of Independent Thought Who Died for Opinion's Sake.—The monk *Arnold of Brescia* in the twelfth century, filled with visions of apostolic purity and poverty, preached against the *temporal* power of the clergy. He pleaded for a *spiritual* church, working only by spiritual means. On June 11, 1155, Arnold was hanged, his body burned and his ashes flung into the Tiber at the command of Pope Adrian IV. The *Cathari* or *Apostolici*—men favoring an Apostolic method of life—later known as *Albigenses,* who sprang up in a number of countries, revived the *Manichaean* heresies, and were especially strong in Southern France, in the country of Toulouse. They made a point of reverence for the Scriptures. They preferred the Gospel to tradition and the authority of the orthodox Church. They considered *all wars* and *all capital punishment murder.* They called the pope and bishops murderers for encouraging wars, and denounced with especial severity *wars* and *persecutions* due to difference of religious opinions.

From 1209 to 1229, the *Catherists* or *Albigenses* of Southern

France were harried by "crusading" armies, slaughtered, murdered, spoiled of their lives and goods. The Inquisition at times burned as many as two hundred a day. Finally this expression of unorthodox opinion was stamped out. *Peter Waldo* (1170) was the founder of the *Waldenses.* In France, Germany and Lombardy the sect quickly grew in numbers. Its followers believed that the right to minister as a cleric to a fellowman did not depend on *ordination,* but on *personal piety* and *goodness.* Like the *Cathari,* they opposed the whole *ritual* system of the Church, and the pope. The Saviour's teaching was sufficient for salvation, they said. Quiet, simple, harmless Christians, of pure morals, the Waldenses, though crusaded against, and persecuted, managed to "last through" until the days of the Reformation in the Vaudois valleys of France, when they were gradually absorbed into the Swiss Protestant congregations. The struggles between the *Franciscans* (1323), and the orthodox Church, in which over one hundred Franciscan monks were burned at the stake already have been mentioned. At the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century, we have in England the *Lollards,* the followers of *John Wycliffe.* Wycliffe's crime was the same conception which led St. Francis to glory and some of his followers into the fire. The Church, if true to her divine lesson, should encourage men to try to *imitate Christ,* and live in apostolic poverty. And Wycliffe's "poor priests" as they were called, actually dared read and preach from the Bible in *English!* They grew powerful. In 1395, they petitioned Parliament to reform the Church. They said temporal possessions ruined it. Wealth drove out the Christian graces of faith, hope and charity. All wars were against the New Testament principles, and were but murdering and plundering for the sake of kings. Vows of chastity laid on nuns encouraged child murder. The principal duty of a priest was to *preach,* and worship of images, pilgrimages and the use of gold and silver chalices was a sin. Wycliffe managed to die a natural death (1384) but in 1415 his remains were *dug up* and *burned* by order of Pope Martin V. In England his doctrines, what with conscientious burnings, were gradually repressed. We find even King Henry VIII. giving the executioner's axe an occasional rest to burn Lollards. In Bohemia, however, Wycliffe's great discipline *Johann Huss* raised his master's teachings to the dignity of a national religion, and *Hussism* in turn influenced *Luther.* Wycliffe's great discovery was the secret of the immediate dependence of every individual Christian on *God,* a relation which needs no priestly middleman, and for which even the sacraments of the Church, no matter how desirable, are not necessary. Another revolt against the corruption and immorality of the orthodox Church was the attempt of *Savonarola,* a Dominican monk, to turn Renaissance Florence into a veritable "City of Christ". Savonarola

and his brethren of the Convent of St. Mark for a time turned a licentious, disorderly medieval city into a decent, Christian community.

Savonarola's "City of Christ".—Savonarola was an ascetic of pure and blameless life. He was a magnetic orator. When he spoke his listeners were aflame with enthusiasm. And he talked Florence into "getting religion". When Carnival came around (1497), the Florentine children went from house to house, and begged the people to give up their gauds and vanities, the worldly things which turned their hearts and their attention away from true Christian living. And soon, in the Great Square, rose a tremendous pyramid. Fifteen stories high it was, made up of carnival masks and rich dresses, women's ornaments, false hair, "rats", wigs, mirrors, powder-puffs, rouge-pots, lip-sticks, cards and dice, perfume and cosmetics, books of poems and on magic, musical instruments, and worldly paintings in which Greek nymphs displayed their unclothed shapes. The great pile was topped with a figure of Lord Carnival himself. A Venetian merchant wrung his hands, and offered twenty thousand crowns to the city government for the pile. Instead he had to fling a valuable picture he himself owned on the heap. Many artists with heavy hearts, perhaps, but with Christian fortitude, flung their drawings and paintings from the nude on the pyre. And, after Savonarola had said mass, it was burned with white-robed children singing hymns, to the sound of bells, drums, trumpets and enthusiastic cheers. The money collected by the child missionaries was turned over to a pious brotherhood. But it is hard for a whole cityful to continue being good for any length of time and Savonarola had many enemies in Florence. Compulsory goodness was distasteful to many. Not content with the enemies he had Savonarola made more. Pope Alexander VI. believed in living and in letting live—unless one were rich and a guest at a supper-party. Savonarola denounced the iniquities of the pope and his court. A papal excommunication, the revolt of the "gilded youth" of Florence, (all the wild boys of the town who were strong for a life of wine, woman and song), the turning against him of the fickle crowd preceded imprisonment. Unable to find valid grounds for a charge of heresy, these were forged. Soon Alexander VI. had the pleasure of knowing that this *practical* reformer—for he asked only for *practical* not *doctrinal* reforms in the Church—had been hanged and then burned.

Johann Huss and Hussism.—Johann Huss, in Bohemia, spoke disrespectfully of the Church and its clergy for he preached that "God rather than man is to be obeyed in the things that pertain to salvation." Going to the Council of Constance (1414) under a *safe-conduct,* he was seized, and tried for heresy. His soul was solemnly commended to the devil while he commended it to Christ,

and he was burned at the stake, singing "Christie eleison" as he died. He handed the torch of the Reformation on from Wycliffe to Luther. His death caused revolution and civil war in Bohemia. The party of the orthodox Church sent a vast crusading army under the German Emperor Sigismund to subdue the Bohemian dissenters. The Emperor's army was defeated. One of the main demands of the Hussites was that "The secular power over riches and worldly goods which the clergy possesses *in contradiction to Christ's precept,* be taken from it, and the clergy itself brought back to the evangelical rule and an apostolic life which Christ and his disciples led." It seemed a shocking demand, to the Church of Tradition. The Hussites of both parties, the *Taborites* or Extremists and the *Utraquists* or Moderates, held their own against the Church, but fell to fighting among themselves at last. The Taborites were totally defeated in battle in 1434. After the beginning of the Reformation many of the Utraquists accepted Luther's and Calvin's doctrines, and thereafter those of the Hussite tradition were generally known as "Protestants" in Bohemia.

The Reformation.—What was the "Reformation"? It was simply the final wave, the last great and *successful* revolt of independent Christian thought against the Church of Tradition. The bigoted Protestant is apt to think the Reformation an unmixed *blessing,* the bigoted Roman Catholic considers it an unmixed *curse.* It is only fair for the former to remember that to many millions, then as now, the Church of Tradition represented and represents a *divine* institution. They believe, honestly, sincerely, devoutly, as good Christians, that the *external* Church of Tradition, the church of the papacy, the "body" of the Church, crystallized through the ages in doctrines and dogmas associated with the names of great and noble men, is the only true Church.

Some Pros and Cons.—The Protestant, on the other hand, has a different angle. To him the *external* "body" of the Church, the formal church, the traditional church, is a mundane, an *earthly* institution. It is subject to *change,* like everything else in life. No organization, political or religious, could have shown greater skill and ability, perhaps, in handling the difficulties which had confronted the Church of Tradition up to the time of the Reformation. Its clergy and its popes had held together the great army of the ignorant, generally speaking, the huge masses of national population in a number of different countries, in *one great Christian body.* It had hitherto repressed all opposition and enforced its laws. *But repression is a two-edged sword.* And—whether right or wrong—individual freedom of thought cannot be permanently suppressed. The Church of Tradition—for all the beauty of its golden treasury of legend, its hallowed relics of the Christian past, the glory of

its saints—had inevitably, *externally*, at any rate, turned into a *political world power*. And this *historical* position once established it had to be maintained. The Church of Tradition had become a vast, elaborate society. It was a world within itself, a monarch of earth which *viseed* all passports to heaven. But—its passport charges grew increasingly heavy. The deterioration in lives and morals of many of its representatives with the increase of authority and wealth, the weakening of their sense of *moral* responsibility, the spread of God's word by the invention of printing, the inability of good Christian prelates and clerics in the great Church Councils, to bring about the *reform of the abuses so clear to good Catholics themselves*, and the vile personal lives of some of the popes, all played their part, together with many other things, in attempts such as those of Wycliffe, Huss and Luther, to *re-establish* a Christian ideal which many Catholics as well as Protestants, felt had been lost.

Leo and Martin.—Wycliffe, Huss and Luther, it must be remembered, made no attack on *Christianity*. They only went back to *God's word* as revealed in the Scriptures. They preferred the authority of the Gospels to that of the long successions of Church Councils which had built up the dogmas of the Church. Leo X, the pope of the Reformation, was a great gentleman of the Renaissance. He was no monster, no anti-Christ, like Alexander Borgia. He was liberal, laughter-loving, a judge of paintings, of good wine, of wit, humor and pretty women. He was a splendid aristocrat, a great worldly monarch. And he was as honest and sincere in the belief that he held the keys to heaven and hell, and that the lordship of the earth was his as a man could be. Luther was a plain, everyday son of the soil, a peasant monk. Leo played cards for heavy stakes after his banquets. But he was always the open-handed prince. Whether he won or lost he always threw gold pieces among the spectators of the game. While Leo rode to hounds and diced, and ran the gamut of the worldly amusements the son of a rich and noble family—he was a Medici—could command, Luther was wrestling with his soul in a monastery. Leo was not a great man, but he was good-natured. He had many cooks and paid them high wages. And the discovery by one of them of peacock sausages excited him more than any theological discussion. The whole matter of the Reformation was an unmitigated bore to him, for he was a good bit of a Humanist as well as a pope.

The curious thing is that Luther, who contested the *divine* origin of the papacy, and said that there was only *one* mediator between man and God, Jesus Christ, was a *medieval* soul. He was simple, sincere, serious. Leo had a *Renaissance* soul. He did not even

take his papal dignity *too* seriously. Luther insisted that every man has the right to read and study the Bible on his own hook. Leo could not imagine why men should want to study the Bible at all, when one could read Bocaccio or some other entertaining *Cinquecento* (fifteenth century) novelist*. Besides, the *Church* was there to explain the Bible, and give the only right and true explanation.

The practical consequences of Luther's successive steps away from the Church of Tradition from 1517, when he nailed his articles of faith on the door of the castle church of Wittenberg, to the great diet of Worms in 1521, where he refused to yield a single step he had taken, were many. A number of the German princes and their people went over to the "Reformation", and by the Augsburgh "Religious Peace", (1555) for the first time in the history of Christianity, in *one* great Western Christian state the followers of *two* differing Christian faiths were placed, for a time at least, on a footing of *equal rights.* Luther's revolt spread to other lands. In Switzerland, Huldreich Zwingli (1516) denounced pilgrimages to the famous shrine of the Virgin of Einsiedeln as useless. In France, Switzerland and Scotland Calvin and Knox found numerous followers. In the Rhine country, in Austria, Bohemia, Poland, in England, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, the new teachings were eagerly welcomed.

Did the spread of the new doctrines bring about all that was hoped for it? It did not. The followers of the cause of *individual freedom of belief* in a broader peace and good will promptly started quarreling among themselves. And among themselves they were as bitter, as fanatical, as intolerant, as ever a Roman Catholic inquisitor. The Protestants broke up into individual parties. Perhaps one of the saddest examples of what intolerance leads to is the story of the great scholar Erasmus. His "Praise of Folly" which attacked the faults and superstitions of the clergy was a "best seller" in his day, and shows he was not blind to the reforms needed in the priesthood. Yet he was faithful to the Church of Tradition. It was dear to his heart. He could not break away from it. He saw the faults of *both* parties and hoped—noble-hearted man—that he could *reconcile* them. Erasmus was tolerant. What was his reward is shown in the bitter words he spoke toward his end: "The Lutheran tragedy loaded me with intolerable ill will. I was torn in pieces by both parties, while trying to consult the good of both!"

The great aim of the Reformation was to secure individual freedom in *worship.* But no sooner was this liberty secured than theologians began to build up new sets of dogmas to *destroy* that freedom. The Lutherans and Calvinists (first known under the general

* It is only right to add that in later years Bocaccio was put on the list of "forbidden" books.

name of Evangelical Christians, for they still clung to the idea of the old church) split and fought, Armenians and Gomarists quarreled in the northern Netherlands, Anglicans and Puritans in England. And—meanwhile, as Protestantism was developing sects which tore each other to pieces, the Roman Church, building on the towering influence of its time-hallowed traditions and its claim of divine authority, began a Counter Reformation. Before considering it we will give a view of the development of the various Protestant sects of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The Anabaptists, the "Extremists" of the Reformation and the Baptists.—All sects of Baptists in general, are distinguished by one thing: the administration of baptism to believers only. The weight laid on *baptism* has distinguished them from the start. Revolts against authority in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were often directed not against the Church alone. Often they were combined with *social risings* on the part of peasants against nobles. The Anabaptists who followed the Wickau prophet Thomas Munzer were not Baptists like Baptists of to-day. They began with a program of a simple church founded on brotherly love, and they rapidly increased in number. A gentle and scholarly saint named Hubmeier, in 1525, baptized as many as three hundred converts from *one bucket.* But the authorities feared them. In 1529 the Emperor Charles V. ordered them put to death with fire and sword wherever found, without the formality of a trial. Persecution roused up a preacher in Harlaam, Holland, Jan Matthison (d. 1534), who prophesied the end of the world and the establishment of the kingdom of Sion on *earth.* The new Sion was the city of Munster, which the Anabaptists took in 1534, driving out the bishop.

A Brigham Young of 1532.—Johann Buckholt or *"John of Leyden"*, as he was called after his home town (1508-1545), when Matthison died soon made himself the autocrat of the wealthy city. Base-born, a tailor's apprentice, John had a way with women, for he was good-looking and a smooth talker. He soon threw out the "twelve judges" which, in the style of ancient Israel, he had first set up, and had himself crowned "King of Sion" in Munster Cathedral with great pomp. He introduced polygamy and his personal example made every kind of immorality flourish. John had "inherited" the wife of the prophet Matthison. He had also married the daughter of Knipperdolling, a fanatic Anabaptist town counsellor. But investigation revealed that there were other pretty girls in the city. John in true Brigham Young style encouraged his followers to marry as many as they wished, *after* the needs of his own harem had been served. His time was divided mainly between gorgeous banquets and bloody executions. The terrible *Krechting*, his executioner, went with him everywhere; sometimes hundreds were

beheaded on a single day, their wealth flowing into the royal treasury. John himself lent a hand at times and chopped off the head of one of his wives who had displeased him. Meanwhile he wrote proclamations to all the peoples of earth, urging them do away with their rulers and—he was quite impartial—*both* Luther and the pope! While he caroused and made love and chopped off heads, however, famine and pestilence raged in the city, for it was besieged by the troops of the deposed bishop and the Duke of Hesse. John had formed a royal bodyguard and had fallen out with its captain, probably over a girl. The captain turned traitor. One night a strong body of lansquenets crept silently up to the great gate of Munster in the darkness. The traitor knocked gently. The warden asked "Who knocks?" At the answer: "The Captain of the Guard of the King of Sion", the key turned in the monster lock of the city gate. The lansquenets poured in, and a terrible struggle began. Roused from soft dreams, John already had drawn a dagger to end his wretched life, when his father-in-law, prophet Knipperdolling, rushed into the room. His guard drawn up in battle array in the palace courtyard were waiting for their king to lead them. Fighting with the courage of despair John held his own with his men for a time. Suddenly a knight on a huge horse spurred into the midst of the lances of his bodyguard, literally plucked John out from amid his men with an iron grip, and made off with him. Soon the struggle ended with the total defeat of the fanatics. The fate of the leaders was terrible. Krechting and Knipperdolling were tortured to death with red-hot tongs. John of Leyden must often have regretted the soft white arms of his royal wives. Thrust into an iron cage, he was carried from place to place in Germany for more than a year, and exhibited like some wild beast—which, in truth he had been. Then the red-hot tongs made an end of him, and in his iron cage, he was hung up at the top of the tower of St. Lambert's Church in Munster. There his glazed eyes could look down on the kingdom of Sion he once had ruled, and there his body hung until it fell apart.

The Mennonites.—The excesses of these "Mormon" Baptists gave the good quiet, kindly real Baptists of that day, who rejected blood and the sword, a bad name and unjustly so. What was left of the Anabaptists after the usual persecution, the Mennonites, who followed the lead of Menno Simonis (1537), eventually took refuge in Holland, where William the Silent, Prince of Orange, was glad to take them in. They maintained themselves also in Switzerland and other countries, where they led a simple Christian life under the rule of "elders." They, too, split into smaller sects, one sect breaking away from their brethren in Holland because they decided *razors* and *buttons* were *un-Christian.* The *Mennonites* have come down

to our own day. Pacifists—they excuse themselves from military service on the authority of the Bible—Napoleon recognized their right to exemption by using the Mennonites of the Vosges (1793) *only* for hospital service. On the other hand, the Dutch Mennonites sent a large band of volunteers to fight at Waterloo. The oldest American Mennonite colony (1683), is that in Germantown, Pennsylvania, and of the estimated 250,000 in the world, there are some 80,000 in the United States: three separate older sects and a "New School Mennonite" group. They are humble, hard-working folk whose main idea is to lead a good life apart from the world.

John Bunyan and "The Pilgrim's Progress".—A great name among the English Baptists of the seventeenth century is John Bunyan. A tinker's son, John Bunyan (1628-1688) at ten dreamt fiends were trying to fly away with him. At seventeen he served a campaign in the army of Parliament, yet his eighteenth year still found him a youth of singular innocence. He was excitable, religiously enthusiastic, and uneducated. When twenty he gave up his darling sin, dancing on the village green. He was a saint, but his own morbid visions made him a devil in his own eyes. Yet when those who wished him ill accused him of licentious conduct he could hold his own. Never, said he, as he called on God and his angels to bear witness to his purity, had he made improper advances to any woman. He had been spotless before marriage and strictly faithful to his wife after it. True, there was a time when he swore. But once reproved, he never did so again. He does not seem ever to have been drunk in his life.

At length he joined the Baptist church in Bedford. He began to preach, but when Dissenters were persecuted with the Restoration of King Charles II. he was flung in jail (1660), where he was left to languish for twelve years. Four small children and a second wife wept and waited for his release, while he worked at making thread laces to support them, and read the Bible and *Fox's* "Book of Martyrs". At last—he had begun his "Pilgrim's Progress" in jail—he was released. The great work was finished and published in 1678. The sins, temptations, the personal devil, the perils that beset *any* Christian's journey through life are described in it in story form, as an *allegory,* in the simplest and most vivid way. It tells a human tale in the terms of human experience. It was Europe's best seller of the seventeenth century, and was translated into practically every language, and sold broadcast in cheap editions. With the "Pilgrim's Progress", his "Life and Death of Mr. Badman", and his "Holy War", Bunyan became so great an authority among the Baptists that he was generally called "Bishop Bunyan". He worked, preached and lived a true Christian life until his death. When he was buried in Bunhill Fields, many Puritans

to whom the respect Roman Catholics pay their relics and the tombs of their saints seemed sinful, begged with their dying breath that their coffins might be placed as near Bunyan's coffin as possible.

The Baptists.—While there is no link between the Anabaptists and the Baptists of England, from whom the Baptist Church in the United States is derived, the *ideals* of true Baptists are much the same, in a general way, all the world over. The Baptists are split up into a great number of sects. *Freewill Baptists* are "open communion" Baptists; *German Baptists* or *Dunkers,* driven from Germany by persecution in 1719, settled in Pennsylvania and other states. They object to war and law, cultivate the kiss of charity, and dress and talk simply. *"Landmark" Baptists* say that unless you are baptized by an ordained Baptist minister who has been baptized by an ordained Baptist minister and so on back, your baptism in invalid. *"Primitive" Baptists* are Calvinistic. They object to an educated minstery and foreign missions. These are the Baptists known as *"Hard-Shell, Anti-Mission or Old School" Baptists** (there is a special sect of Seventh-Day *Dunker* Baptists), who keep holy the seventh day, Saturday, as their Sunday. But these and all other Baptists sects and they are very numerous, all agree generally that the only Christian baptism which is of any account is that by which one is immersed upon professing the faith. Many sects, but no new ideas, characterized the development of the Baptists. The first Baptist Church in the United States was founded in Providence, by Roger Williams (1636), and it is estimated roughly that there are nearly 8,000,000 Baptists in their fold.

Luther and Lutheranism.—What might be called Luther's "personal" sect, the Lutheran Church, is among the less "vital" of Protestant sects to-day. Yet Luther himself is generally regarded by all Protestants as the hero of their cause. He was a plain, honest, passionate, sincere man of the people, the Abraham Lincoln of Protestantism. No doubt he was coarse, violent and rough at times. No doubt his wish to marry the nun Catherine Bora, who

* Seventh Day *Adventists,* who practise a foot-washing sacrament, believe that the "Advent," the second coming of Christ, will take place on some Saturday (their Sunday) not exactly specified. William Miller, a Baptist minister (1782-1849) founded the Second Adventist sect in the United States. On October 22, 1844, Millerites gathered in white muslin gowns on housetops and hills—but Christ did not come as their prophet had foretold. Nothing allows for greater differences of opinion than the actual date of Christ's second Advent and the Adventists naturally split up into many sects. The *Evangelical Adventists* hold the cheery belief of everlasting punishment. There are approximately 99,000 Adventists in the United States. The Adventists who are continually working out time schedules for the Saviour's reappearance on earth have, thus far, suffered endless disappointments. The Seventh Day Adventists who wisely leave the particular Saturday open, avoid these heartbreaks.

bore him six children, had *something* to do with his objecting to the celibacy of the clergy. But—he said, and quite truly, that enforced celibacy was unnatural—unless, of course, one has that higher spirituality which is able to ignore a flesh and blood constitution and its demands. In place of authority and tradition Luther substituted the simple message of free grace for all men. Belief in Christ makes all men blessed, he said. He was intolerant in various ways. The Church of Tradition held a doctrine that the pope had a treasury of good deeds, the surplus good deeds of the saints. When a saint had done enough to ensure his *own* salvation, and he always did, this "surplus" went into the pope's treasury. Then sinners could "buy" these good deeds, "indulgence" they were called, and put them to the credit of their *own* or other souls. Souls of loved ones frying in Purgatory could be whisked to heaven at a moment's notice, if one bought enough "indulgence" to secure their release. The papal see drew in tremendous sums of money on the sale of "indulgence" and, since the doctrine was an *established* one, did so in *perfect good faith.* But Luther denounced the bluff, hearty Dominican monk Tetzel, who was the chief sales agent for indulgences in Germany, and did a splendid business, as though he were the vilest of the vile. And the poor, honest "emigration" agent, who assured his customers that "as soon as the money clincked in his strong-box the soul leaped from Purgatory into Paradise", could not understand Luther's animosity. To the staunch Catholic Luther remains the Anti-Christ, Satan's agent, who split the Church in twain. Catholic Church historians represent him as being seized by devils and carried off to hell on his deathbed. Be that as it may—Luther, in "shaking up" the Christian Church, did pretty well shake it to pieces.

And Luther did not realize that the beauty of holiness is not necessarily expressed in ugliness of worship. Christian love, faith and devotion may legitimately express themselves in emotion, in ritual, in ceremony whose solemnity for many is increased by the glow of tapers, the gleam of golden and colored vestments, the silver chime of bells, all the elaborate detail of outward splendor and sanctity. You may regard such things as unnecessary "frills". To another man they may be symbols full of the loveliest truth and deepest meaning. Luther did away with fasting, though Christ fasted. He did away with bishops, though bishops ruled the Church before the popes did. He substituted "State" control for "Church" control. But—though he was narrow in many respects, Luther, from the Protestant standpoint, is the hero who freed the world from medieval superstition and papal tyranny. He opened the road of freedom and progress to all mankind.

Luther's "State" church was not a happy idea. The experience

of the ages has shown that any "State" church—Catholic or Protestant—is a detriment in the broader sense. The countries in which, as in the United States, church and state are *absolutely* separated, are those which have the least religious difficulties. Even in the United States it is a question whether much of the intolerance shown Roman Catholicism is not due directly to the fear and repulsion men feel for a "political" church, and a church control of the *national* life, rather than a prejudice on purely religious and spiritual grounds. The Lutheran or Evangelical Church of to-day has its sub-sects, like every other Christian denomination. In Denmark, Sweden and Norway it has kept its bishops. And there, as in various German states, it is a "State" church, and subjected to the deadening influence which seems to devitalize all "State" churches to a certain extent. In the United States, owing in part to the "Luther League", a religious association for young people, it is more active and less apathetic than in Europe generally.

Calvin and Calvinism.—John Calvin (1509-1564), a born Frenchman, was a nervous dyspeptic—he also suffered from asthma, stone and gout—who provided the "fighting armor" of Protestantism. He gave it its theology. The gist of Calvin's doctrine was that man is *thoroughly depraved,* unspeakably vile. Christ takes his sins upon himself, but Christ picks and chooses very carefully those for whom he suffers. These "hand-picked" saints are "the elect." Calvin thus introduced "class distinctions" into the doctrine of salvation. But though he taught that the babe unborn brought its own damnation along with it from its mother's womb, Calvin's severe morality, the force of his personally pure and consistent life was a useful thing in an age when such examples were needed. He ruled Geneva where he lived and taught with an iron hand, and forced another Reformed minister, Ameaux, to crawl almost naked to the town to apologize for saying that he, Calvin, was a bad man. He also cheerfully had another Protestant, Servetus, burned at the stake (1553) for disagreeing with *his* theology. But while the churches that trace their descent to him have dropped many of his extreme views, his insisting that "to know and do the will of God" is man's chief end in life, has made for the strenuous moral character that helped build up the modern Presbyterian Church.

The Huguenots.—The French Protestants of Tours used to get together and hold meetings at "King Hugo's Gate", at midnight, in that city, where King Hugo's ghost was supposed to walk. So one day a Roman monk, preaching against them, said they ought to be called "Huguenots", because they only walked at night like King Hugo. The name stuck. The Huguenots were the French Calvinists. They supplied the "human material" on the Protestant side for eight bloody religious wars (1562-1593), with the usual

murderings and burnings on both sides, the blood-bath of Vassy (1562), and the famous Massacre of St. Bartholomew. A wild boy, King Charles IX., his mind weakened by excesses, his body half-dead of consumption, was bullied into ordering a general massacre of the Protestants in his kingdom by his fanatic mother, Catherine de Medicis and misguided French priests. Beginning with the chime of the great bells of Notre-Dame at midnight on St. Bartholomew's Eve, in August, 1572, the great massacre spread from Paris throughout France, and though actually, perhaps, no more than seven or eight thousand were slain, it was thought at the time that one hundred thousand Protestants had been cleared out of the way. They were murdered in bed and in bath, in their homes and in the street. When the glad news reached King Philip II. of Spain, he laughed for the *first time in his life*, the story goes, so joyful was he. In Rome the *Te Deum* was sung in the churches, and the pope had a medal struck with the inscription in Latin, "The Slaughter of the Huguenots". But many Catholic princes mourned the frightful deed. And, contrary to general opinion, the massacre was *not* ordered from Rome. In spite of a "movie" version whose producers, filled with the pure and noble motive of not losing Roman Catholic admission-money, have introduced a saintly cardinal rushing forward to stop King Charles from signing the fatal order, this is not historic, and must be regarded only as a modern example of religious tolerance inspired by greed for "gate receipts". But—the Protestant should not think the Massacre of St. Bartholomew quite unprovoked. It was the bloody reply to the exampled scorn and hatred which the Reformers had exhibited toward the Roman Church. It was an answer to the famous *sacco di Roma*, the "Sack of Rome", when the Protestant lansquenets of the Roman Catholic Emperor Charles V. stabled their horses in St. Peter's Church, drank their wine from the golden chalice of the Host and celebrated the unholy nuptials of the camp on the altars. It was an answer to the hideous reign of the Anabaptists in Munster, to Protestant cruelties in Southern France, to violation and plunder, the destruction of holy images, and the profanation of churches. Like begets like!

The Edict of Nantes.—When King Henry IV. (1589) decided that "Paris was well worth a mass", as he said, and went over to the Catholic Church, he secured *religious freedom* for the Huguenots. They ceased to exist as a political party. But in 1685, King Louis XIV. revoked and made null Henry's "Edict of Nantes" in the course of the Counter-Reformation struggle. The Huguenots were persecuted everywhere. They were sent to the galleys as slaves. When they died their bodies were flung into the public sewers. They were tortured, they were cut up by dragoons, and finally more

than 400,000 chose exile to other lands, which they enriched with their courage, ability and thrift, rather than go against the dictates of conscience. The French Revolution and Napoleon at last made them secure, and the French Protestants now number some 750,000.

John Knox (c. 1505-1572).—John Knox was the hero of the Scotch Reformation. Calvin—he had died in Geneva—was his guide, and the faith he introduced and established was a Calvanistic one, which developed into Scotch Presbyterianism. Ratified by the Scotch Parliament (1560) it showed the Christian tolerance common to all Christians of those barbarous days, by inflicting the death penalty on those who heard mass for the third time. Knox, when lovely young Mary, Queen of Scots, came back to rule her land, objected to a "regiment of women" on general principles. Soon they were at swords' points. But Queen Mary's private life and her love affairs—they were quite innocent, perhaps, when compared with that of the French Court she had left—ruined her in the eyes of the majority of the nation, especially when, three months after her drunken young husband's murder, she married his murderer. Knox's eloquence did the rest. To Knox more than any other man Scotland is thought to owe her political and religious individuality of character.

The Scotch Covenanters.—The seventeenth century Scotch Covenanters—so called from the *covenants* by which they bound themselves to maintain the Presbyterian doctrine as their sole religion, were Knox's heirs. They banded to resist the efforts the Roman Catholics were making to regain their hold on Scotland, and for a time ruled the country (1638-1651). But Charles II., establishing the Anglican "State" church, in open battle (1666), and with torture and executions, practically destroyed them. The cruelties of the English general Thomas Dalzell, who had fought for the Muscovite tzar, and had picked up many a diabolic trick of cruelty from the Turks and Tatars, were exercised on the defeated peasants with fiendish delight. The *Cameronians,* named after their leader Richard Cameron, were extremists of the party. The Covenanters had their martyrs and their saints, like all those sects which suffer for opinion's sake, and the halo of romance rests around their deeds and their sufferings.

Presbyterianism.—In England the Presbyterian Church, the church governed by presbyters or elders, and representing the Calvinistic doctrine, was officially established with the Forty-two (1552), and later the Thirty-Nine Articles (1571). "Blood Queen Mary", the daughter of Henry VIII., who had promptly repudiated her father as the "Supreme Head of the Church of England under Christ", and dodged her brother Edward VI.'s "Act of Uniformity" by having mass in her private chapel, cruelly persecuted her

own Anglican Protestants rather than the Presbyterians, for it was not until after the French persecution of 1567, that they appeared in England in numbers. For a time it looked as though there might be *one united Protestant Presbyterian Church* throughout England, but the simple process of division by re-reformers, with the Puritans and Independents in power under Cromwell, in England and Scotland, ending with the final reestablishment of the Church of England, put an end to the hope.

The Puritans.—The sixteenth-century Puritan Presbyterians of England were those who thought the Church of England was still too close to Rome. They wanted greater simplicity in worship. Since in religion, the basic practical rule always has been to persecute, the Puritans were promptly persecuted by the followers of the "State" church, the Church of England.

The American *Pilgrim Fathers,* who came to America in 1620 on the famous "Mayflower", were a Puritan body which brought the Calvinistic hatred for the æsthetic in life, the beautiful in art, music, furniture and clothing with them from Europe. Undoubtedly they did their part, a noble one, in establishing some of the fine traditions of American life. They had themselves fled from persecution. But they were intolerant and persecuted others whose religious opinions did not agree with their own, as soon as they were well established in Massachusetts; especially the unfortunate Quakers.* There seems to be a tendency to idealize the Pilgrim Fathers beyond their deserts. The idea is common that without the *leaven* supplied by the Pilgrim Fathers there might have been no American *loaf* at all. This is losing sight of the fact that we have had splendid human yeast, whose religious and social fermentation has been quite as valuable to the United States, perhaps, from a variety of other European sources.

The Unitarians.—Historically the Unitarians trace back their leading doctrine, that God exists in the person of God the Father *alone,* back to the Apostolic Age, through the Arian communities and individual thinkers. During the Reformation *Cellarius Martin,* a friend of Luther, was the leading "anti-Trinitarian". Seceders from orthodox Presbyterianism went over to this belief, but the founding of the distinct modern Unitarian denomination in 1773 was due to *Theophilus Lindsey,* who left the Church of England. In the United States Unitarianism is a modernist faith, liberal in outlook, and based on the comparative study of all religions. King's Chapel in Boston may still be considered its Mecca. The present-day de-

*It has been claimed, however, that the "back to nature" ideas of some of these early, extravagant Quakers, rather than their religious opinions, were responsible for their persecution, lack of clothes rather than liberties of conscience.

velopment of the Unitarian Church has been marked by an especially fine thing: "a degree of *harmony* and *unity* found, perhaps, in no other religious body," something other religious bodies of all denominations may well take to heart.

The Congregationalists.—Congregationalism, which means a "local autonomy" church, *self-government* for each *local* church, as opposed to Episcopalianism and orthodox Presbyterianism, rule by bishops and elders, is a Puritan and Presbyterian offshoot. The first known church of the sect was formed by Robert Browne in 1581 and, of course, its followers were at first persecuted. It continued to grow and flourish, however, and the church on *Congregational* lines founded in Salem (1629) by the settlers who formed the Massachusetts Bay Colony under the leadership of John Endicott (1628) was the *first* of its kind in America. There was little to differentiate the Puritan and the Congregationalist colonists, and the Congregationalists founded both Harvard College (1636) and Yale College (1701). Since 1850 the American Congregational Church has spread from New England to the West and the Pacific. Its liberal and democratic policy has made it, in the course of centuries, an "Evangelical" rather than a "Calvinistic" Church.

The Calvinist Methodist Church (Wales) is not a "Methodist", but a Presbyterian church, and was born of the great English evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. It is democratic, flexible and progressive and the strongest church in Wales.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States.—In America the Presbyterian Church represents a development of European Presbyterianism. In general, it may be termed a church which appeals to the *conservative.* Much of the early severity of Calvinistic doctrine is now relaxed in practice, and it teaches piety along orderly and well-organized lines. Its congregations are usually *wealthy,* and it is a church with which all susceptible to the appeal of "good standing", the solid, conservatively inclined elements in the average American community are largely identified. Though in 1866 the Presbyterian Church declared that "Adam's body was directly fashioned by God Almighty without any natural *animal* percentage of any kind, out of matter previously created out of *nothing*", it has more or less, in the persons of many of its ministers, fallen into line with the whole movement for reconciling the truths of evolution with biblical legend. There are approximately some 2,000,000 Presbyterians in the United States.

The Anglican Church.—The Anglican Church represents the "State" church developed by the Reformation in England to take the place of the Roman Church. King Henry VIII., for all he was a better athlete and musician than theologian, founded the Church of England. He did not found it primarily for religion's

sake, but for his *own*. Henry wanted to get rid of a wife and to get hold of money. Jolly Pope Leo X., when Henry wrote a little tract called "The Defense of the Seven Sacraments", bestowed on the pious king the title of "Defender of the Faith". Henry kept the pretty title and even handed it on to his followers (King George uses it to this day), but soon turned and did away with the very faith he had defended. When Leo refused to grant Henry a *divorce* from wife Catherine—Anne Boleyn was far more attractive, and Henry was eager to be "off with the old wife"—the king in a rage cut off the stream of English money that had been flowing to Rome (1532). Then, making himself the supreme head of the Church, he gained a tremendous treasure by confiscating the huge wealth in gold, silver, costly objects and money of all kind stored up in the golden hives of the English monasteries. He also granted himself his divorce. Henry's real idea was to keep Roman Catholicism with himself as a Windsor pope. But the doctrines of the Reformation had spread to England. The people wanted Protestantism. And, though Henry burned Romanists, Lutherans and Lollards, with cheerful impartiality, Elizabeth (1558-1603) made the separation from Rome final, and Protestantism gradually became the faith of practically the entire nation.

The "Anglican Communion" and the Protestant Episcopal Church.—In England proper the Church of England continues as a "State" church, with all the disadvantages this entails, chief among them that of being a "political" church. After the American War of Independence, however, the English bishops conceived the idea of a great Anglican church communion, made up of churches which had nothing whatever to do with British nationality or royal supremacy. And in this communion are included Anglican, "episcopal" churches all over the world. But there is no *formal* connection between the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The latter is an *independent, American church,* with its own organization and is no more subject to the control and influence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, than Congress is to that of King George. Since the Civil War, in particular, the Protestant Episcopal Church has grown with the expansion of national life. While as a ritual church it stands for routine, it is a *democratic* church, in which the laymen have almost as much power as the clergy, and in many particulars its Constitution follows that of the United States. It is often, rather unjustly, because of its wealth, classed as an "aristocratic" church. Its liberality of opinion is, perhaps, best exhibited in a number of *individuals* among its clergy, who have done noble work in social and research work and other lines, than doctrinally; and educationally the personnel of its ministers ranks high.

The Quakers, The Society of Friends.—We now use the name "Quaker" without implying any reproach. But when George Fox (1624-1691), began to preach in English barns and marketplaces, advocating a religious fellowship with no formal creed, liturgy, or *outward* sacrament, but laying all stress on *inward spiritual experience* and the leading of a good life, this was not the case. Presbyterians, Baptists, Anglicans and every other sect fell upon the unfortunate Quakers with the holy zeal which—before religious toleration became a world fact—distinguished *all* Christians, Greek, Roman and Protestant, and led them to make life hard for each other. Naturally, the "Quakers" quaked. But not with fear. It was religious *emotion* which set them trembling. The early Friends said that those who did *not* quake and tremble "were strangers to the experience of Moses, David and other saints". There may have been another reason: the early Friends—the truth must be told—were often *extravagant* in their zeal. Quaker gray later and rightly became the color of pious modesty. But the early Friends did not always color their modesty that way. Instead their religious *undress,* in the cases of both men and women, sometimes went to the extreme of nakedness. And that being the case, one may well imagine an early English Quaker quaking in a keen September blast from perfectly natural and non-religious causes. To-day the Society of Friends is one of the most sane and conservative of religious bodies. But in the early romantic days, James Naylor (b. 1617) let himself be worshiped as a Messiah. Another Quaker went to Jerusalem to preach to the monks there against their superstition. Mary Fisher, "a religious maiden", turned up at the court of the Turkish Sultan Mohammed IV., and other earnest religious jaunters appeared in Africa, Hungary, the West Indies, etc. Three particularly fine doctrines of the Quakers deserve mention. The operation of the divine spirit in man is not limited by time, place or individual. It is possible to obtain a complete victory over sin in this life. Women have held from the first an equal place with men in the church organization.

The Society of Friends in the United States.—The Quakers were cruelly persecuted from the time of their rise until the Toleration Act of 1689, which a *Dutch* King of England, William III., had passed. Since then they have gradually established their position in England as a sect identified *always* with fine humanitarian movements, such as the abolition of the slave trade, philanthropy, etc., and they are also to be found in Scotland and Ireland. When they first came to America, the Quaker women were warmly welcomed in Boston. They had their books *burned* by the public hangman, were searched as witches, jailed for five weeks, and then chased o t of the colony. In 1656 laws were passed providing that the

first time a Quaker appeared in Massachusetts one of his ears was cropped, the *second* time the other, and the *third* time he had his tongue bored with a hot iron. Naturally this strated a little Quaker rush for the colony where martyrdom could be obtained, and eventually three men and one woman were hanged for insisting on staying where they were not wanted. The early Quaker settlements in New Jersey and New York yield in fame to William Penn's famous colony of Pennsylvania. There the Quakers flourished and in 1688 the Quakers of Germantown raised the *first protest made by any religious body against slavery.* They have yearly and five-yearly meetings (there are some sectarian divisions as in all other religious bodies) and in the United States have done *more* in the way of following out the simple teachings of the Christ, perhaps, than any other body. They have been consistently identified with good works. They are opposed to war, to cruelty in any form, to intolerance, and are notable for the finest, largest-hearted benevolence, and actual relief of suffering which the general Christian record can show. There may be some 130,000 Friends in the United States. It would not hurt the country, speaking without the slightest religious bias, were there more. An outstanding example of real Christian "brotherliness" has been the vast and splendidly managed relief work undertaken by the Society of Friends after the World War in those European countries which had most suffered from it, irrespective of politics, religious belief or any other consideration save that of humanity. At a time when practically all the "official" churches of the world at least acquiesced, more or less, in the principle that wretched babes in the lands of the Central Powers deserved to die of starvation owing to their injudicious choice of parents, the Society of Friends dared take a less popular but more Christian view, and fed them.

The Pietists.—Before taking up the subject of the Counter Reformation—the vast and intricate series of political and religious conflicts by means of which the Church of Tradition, along the battlefront of a whole world, tried to reduce independent Christian thinkers to obedience—we still have another sixteenth century religious development to consider. *Pietism* was a Lutheran Church movement which laid stress on getting a "change of heart", and leading a holy Christian life instead of putting correct *doctrine* first, as the orthodox Lutherans did. *August Hermann Francke* (1695) together with Spener, was the greatest Pietist leader. The movement itself died out toward the middle of the eighteenth century, but one of its developments which has lasted to the present day is the *Moravian Church,* founded by Count von Zinzendorf (1722-1727) Spener's grandson, in 1727.

The Moravian Church, or the Church of the Moravian Brethren.—

The original "Moravian Brethren" were Hussite followers, Bohemians, Moravians and Poles, and during the Thirty Years' War became practically extinct, fleeing to England and some even to Texas. But from a small group which had stuck together Count Zinzendorf, a fervent *Pictest* "revived" the sect. They built Brethrens' and Sisters' houses, lived a quiet *spiritual** life, full of sentimental piety, *working hard, incidentally*—it is possible to combine both ideals—and evangelized all over Germany. English *Moravians* (1720), were the first Protestants to declare that *evangelization of the heathen* was the Church's duty. The Moravians are especially well established in Austria, Germany and the United States. Bethlehem, often called the American Baireuth, is the Moravian Mecca in this country. Founded by Count Zinzendorf about Christmas, 1741, it contains the famous old Moravian Church, College and Girls' Seminary. During the War of Independence the Moravians turned over their great College Hall as a hospital for wounded patriots. The glorious religious music of the Palestrina of Protestantism, Bach, has always been cultivated in Bethlehem ever since the Moravian trombones played the old *chorales* from the College roof. At the famous "Bach Festival" (1888-1905) performances of Bach's "Passions" and the great "Mass in B Minor" drew thousands to the town each summer. The Moravians may be counted among the *few* Christian sects who have *not* persecuted, perhaps because by the time other Christians were through persecuting them, the age of persecution had passed.

* Strange to say, in any religion, when its followers grow *too spiritual*, they are apt to flop over into the opposite extreme, and before they know it the *body* is playing a most improper part in *spiritual* things. *Sentimental* piety is a dangerous thing. Dr. E. Washburn Hopkins, in his History of Religions explaining that these monastic Moravians were devoted to *sensuous* mysticism and had an elaborate ritual, says: "Lutherans and even the original Pietists were revolted at the *indecency* inseparable from too sensuous a "love of Jesus," and Zindendorf was banished. These reflections do not, of course, apply to the Moravian Church of our own day.

CHAPTER XXV

THE COUNTER REFORMATION AND THE CHURCH OF TRADITION

THE rapid spread of independent thought at the expense of the Traditional Church had to be contested, for it threatened that Church's very existence. And in the first half of the 16th century a vast, far-reaching and splendidly organized *Counter-Reformation* was initiated. Protestantism—as we have seen—had split up into a variety of sects.* This was its great weakness. The Church Council of Trent—which sat, off and on, from 1545 to 1563—renewed the great *Medieval ideals* of the Traditional Church: the return to the monastic idea and the withdrawal from the world, as well as the renewal of the Inquisitional tribunals and the establishment of the *Jesuit Order* were the two great steps taken to make the Counter-Reformation effective. And Pope Pius IV. of his own free will did away with some of the worst financial abuses of the Roman Church. The dogmas of the Church of Tradition, incidentally, were united in one great volume of Church Law, as firm and immovable as Gibraltar, and the power of the Pope was tremendously centralized. And as a preparation for the conflict all the prelates, at the end of the last meeting of the Council of Trent solemnly rose and cursed the heretics!

The Monastic Orders.—The Jesuits were the new "shock troops" of the Traditional Church, organized especially for the great Counter-Reformatory struggle. But, in general, all the religious orders were mobilized in the cause. A brief survey of them may be in place here. The monastic ideal—which, with asceticism and mysticism, is common

* The tendency of any particular sect is to pick out some *one* special doctrine or point of belief, and make it *more important* than others. One sect specializes in Christian independence, another in one or two ethical points, a third in some matter of good taste, a fourth in some emotional phase. Thus, by picking out for special prominence some *one particular idea,* we get Seventh Day Baptists, Christian Scientists (healing), Mormons (polygamy), Quakers (individual spiritual experience), Salvationists (social salvation work among individuals) and what not. In this sense sects may be said to have been a good thing. They reflect mental *vigor.* They have kept Christianity alive. On the other hand fighting about trifles—for in a broader sense *all minor points* are trifles—kills the *spirit* of religion and only keeps alive the *letter* of the law. The best feature of all modern Christianity, perhaps, is that much of the horrible, fanatic hatred and bickering of the past has died down. People may disagree about "brands," but they no longer kill each other because they do.

to *all* religions and *all* races—is Christianity in a *medieval* rather than a *modern* ideal. In traditional churches like the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic, which cling to the medieval ideals, monasticism is still a *vital force.* In the churches of independent thought, broadly speaking, and in spite of various individual Protestant monastic developments, monasticism is largely an *outworn ideal.* The whole trend of independent Christian thought is *away* from seclusion and withdrawal from the world. And its practical doing good in the world takes other forms.

The early development of monasticism already has been considered and the Franciscans have been discussed in detail, and the Jesuits will also be considered apart. There remain a variety of other orders: Military orders, *Knights Hospitallers* (*Knights of Malta*), *Knights Templars, Teutonic Knights, Knights of Calatrava, Alcantara,* etc., became merely "decorative" with the passing of the Crusades and the Christianization of Europe. *Trinitarians* and other "Ransom" orders, fell into the "decorative" class when there were no longer any Christian slaves left to ransom from Mohammedan captivity. The *Benedictines,* founded by St. Benedict of Nursia (480-544 A.D.) played a great part in civilizing north-western Europe with object-lessons in organized farming work and trade, and with their offshoot orders, *Cistercians, Celestines, Camaldulians,* and many others now devote themselves largely to secondary education. In modern times the Benedictines have become enshrined in the hearts of all lovers of alcohol. Their piety, their educational work, is forgotten and they are thought of as the manufacturers of the cordial known as *Benedictine,* which brings them a large revenue. People forget that in Fécamp, the French sea-port and bathing resort, the Benedictines guard the relic of the "True Blood", found in the trunk of a fig-tree which the ocean currents brought to the spot from Palestine. They remember only that from Fécamp the Benedictines export their Benedictine. The same may be said of the monks of the *Premonstratensian* or *Norbertine Order,* who have gained wealth and the blessings of Protestants and Catholics alike as the makers of the famous liquor "Chartreuse", green and yellow, which a great French writer declares "fills the stomach with sunshine." The *Dominicans, Carmelites, Augustimans* and *Franciscans* are the four great orders of mendicant or "begging" monks.

St. Dominic (1170-1221) who founded the Dominican order, a noble man, pure, devout, was full of human love and sympathy like St. Francis. Yet the name of the Order has been especially associated with the Inquisition, most inquisitors having been Dominicans. And the Inquisition cannot be accused of over-great "sympathy", with humanity. Missionary work has been the special field of Dominican endeavor, and many good brethren have laid down their lives for the

Gospel in savage lands. The *Carmelite Order,* according to the curious official legend, was founded by a Jew. It seems that the Prophet Elias established a community of *Jewish* hermits on Mount Carmel. When Christianity came and St. Peter preached to them, these Jewish hermits became converted. Staunch Christians, they built a chapel on Mount Carmel and the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles promptly joined the Order. A Catholic attempt was made in the eighteenth century to have this story declared a fable. The Carmelites got the Inquisition to help them repulse the attack on the legend dear to their hearts. But the best they could do was to secure a papal decree imposing silence both on them and their opponents, until the Church reached a decision *pro* or *con*—and this the Church has not yet done. The Carmelites were famous missionaries and have contributed a school of mystical theology to the Traditional Church. The *Augustinians* (organized 1250), engage in charitable work of every kind, both "hermits" and "hermitesses", and many congregations of them do so bare-foot. There are, of course, many other monastic orders and sub-orders, but these must be regarded as the principle ones. Among female orders, the noble one of the *Sisters of Charity,* founded by St. Vincent de Paul (1633), is an outstanding example of the finest type of monastic endeavor. These devoted women are given up entirely to works of charity, chiefly nursing in hospitals and in the homes of the poor. They afford one of the finest examples of *practical* Christian sacrifice and labor for the good of others the Traditional Church has to offer.

In general monks and nuns, throughout the centuries, while there was only *one* Christian world church, and *after* the Reformation, have been subject to much attack. Undoubtedly, at various periods, laxity, immorality and abuses crept into the monasteries and nunneries. Monks and nuns, whether they wear a black, white, or grey or brown gown are men and women in the final analysis. And one can fall from grace in a monastery or nunnery as well as in the market-place. Making a liberal allowance for monastic depravity, however, Protestant sectarianism has undoubtedly exaggerated the truth. The *modern world,* theoretically at any rate, sets higher standards of morality. And especially in the case of the *working orders,* the monastic bands of noble men and women who toil to help others, who practice not prayer alone, but good deeds, the world is blessed by their activities.

Beginning of the Struggle.—With lay, clergy and the monastic orders brought into line with every other power of the Church, the details of the struggle of the Counter-Reformation are complex. They are interwoven with the whole political history of the 16th and 17th centuries. It is a struggle which makes great historical personages stand out prominently in the public eye. By the end of the first period of the struggle (1588) *John Knox* had established Calvanistic

Presbyterianism in Scotland, and the leader of the Catholic party, the romantic, unfortunate and beautiful *Mary, Queen of Scots,* lost her head on an English block provided by her cousin Elizabeth. Elizabeth made Protestantism the nation's religion in England. In France the period ended with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and in the Netherlands by the Subjection of Protestant Holland by the *Duke of Alba, Don Juan of Austria,* and the *Duke of Parma,* the generals of Philip of Spain.

The Height of the Struggle.—From 1585 to 1621 the struggle reached its height. The Armada of King Philip of Spain was wrecked by storm and the English fleet. With it was shipwrecked Philip's hope of a Catholic conquest of England. With the death of the *Duke of Parma* (1592), the Spanish armies win no more battles in the Netherlands. *King Henry IV.* establishes religious toleration in France with the Edict of Nantes. But the Thirty Years' War by 1629, has rooted out Protestantism in Bohemia. From 1630 to 1632 the Swedish Protestant King Gustavus Adolphus defeats the armies of the Catholic Emperor Ferdinand, and makes Protestantism triumphant in Germany. In 1685 the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes makes France a Catholic country once more. But the Catholic Stuart, James II. of England, loses his crown and flees to France, leaving his vacant throne to be occupied by the Protestant King William III, the Dutch Prince of Orange. As the final result of the Thirty Years' War, Catholicism was *officially* established in Austro-Hungary, Bohemia and Hungary. Great Britain, the greatest part of Holland (except Belguim), Norway, Denmark and Sweden and the majority of the independent principalities of Germany remained Protestant.

The Net Result of the Religious Wars.—The net result of all the bloodshed, all the cruelties, all the destruction of the so-called religious wars was a "draw". Neither the Church of Tradition nor the Churches of Independent Thought won. In the final analysis all that was gained was a terrible setback for civilization and progress in general, a rich crop of hatreds, which were to bear fruit in all sorts of persecutions that lasted into the eighteenth century, and a general brutalization and impoverishment of mankind.

The Jesuits.—The Jesuits, or the Society of Jesus, founded by Ignatius Loyola (1530) were the religious first line soldiers of the Traditional Church. Their cloisters were their camps. Military obedience to the orders of their superior officers: "Ours not to question why, ours but to do and die"—though, by preference, others were made to die instead—was the practical *working motto* of the Society. The Jesuits were spiritual soldiers living under military discipline. They were *spiritual* soldiers, but their work was in the *world.* They were the soldiers of reaction, of blind obedience, unlimited surrender of the

individual will to that of others. They were the ideal soldiers* to fight the fight of the Counter-Revolution.

There are popular misconceptions regarding the Jesuits which should be corrected in the interests of fairness and justice. The Jesuits moral theologians, though time and again popes have condemned propositions made by them, did not *actually* teach that "the end justifies the means used to attain it". That *individual* Jesuits may have acted in accordance with this doctrine does not make it one held by the society, though St. Ignatius, its founder, gives it as a rule of orthodoxy to be ready to sap that *black is white if the Church demands it!* Nor should the Jesuits be regarded as a sort of papal Janissaries or assassins, whose Old Man of the Mountain was the pope of Rome. They were the stormy religious petrels of *politics,* and far too many Jesuits could not separate politics and religion. They took an active part in embroiling states, intriguing against kings, hatching conspiracies and concocting wars. And when, as they did in their schools, they considered the "removal" of objectionable monarchs or other persons, *theoretically,* it was natural that weak-minded pupils should carry out assassinations in *practice.* But no matter what speculative professors may have said in their lecture-halls, there is no evidence that the Jesuits have taken a *direct* part in political assassination, no matter what their indirect moral responsibility may have been.

The Black Pope.—That the General of the Jesuits, the socalled "Black Popes", are independent of the Pope, is another error. They are not. The failure of the Society of the Jesuits to stem the tide of Protestantism, which it did much to check, lay in the *lack of great intellects in the Society.* In novels and romances they are often described as priests of supernatural ability, supermen of political cunning. Learned, no doubt, many of them were clever and shrewd. But they invariably chose the *wrong side* in every political argument, and one can be a good politician and yet be far, far from being a great man. Sometimes the individual Jesuit was a hero, a martyr, a saint—the noble Jesuit missionaries who died teaching the Gospel to the North American Indians for instance. More often, especially in politics, he made a *mess of things.* Nothing could prove this more clearly than the fact that the Jesuits were eventually *suppressed* by Pope Clement XIV., who, acceding to the wish expressed by the

* Allowance must always be made for the fact that the Church of Tradition, the Roman Catholic Church, since it stood and stands for the *Medieval form of Christianity* as opposed to the Modern, is *compelled* to stick to the principles which were formulated in the *Middle Ages,* whether or not they are *suited to Modern times.* It is because its Spirit is so entirely at variance with the spirit of modern life and modern thought, that the Roman Church adjusts itself only with the *greatest difficulty* to modern progress. And this is entirely natural.

Catholic peoples of Europe themselves, did away with them in 1773.

Religion During the Eighteenth Century.—The Christian world presents a curious picture during the 18th century. The Traditional Church—though it did not abate and has not to this day abated a jot or title of its claims to world-empire—had been thrust into the *background, politically,* by the *Catholic monarchs* of Europe themselves. The same emperors and kings who had sacrificed uncounted human lives and countless treasure, who had destroyed "heretics" by the hundreds of thousands, were not willing to play *second fiddle politically* to the Church. Philip II. of Spain and Louis XIV were the heads of the Spanish and the French Catholic Churches respectively. They wanted no *Roman* interference in their *domestic* regulation. But, in the lands where the Traditional Church was the official "State" church, intolerance and persecution were still the rule during the earlier part of the 18th century. Before discussing what might be called the "Spirit" of the later 18th century, we will turn to the most important 18th century religious development in England, the birth of Methodism.

Methodism and the Methodist Church.—A Methodist is one who follows a "method" in religion, the method of John Wesley (1703-1791), its founder. Methodism and Methodists are not in these days associated in any one's mind with romance. Yet when Methodism began as a revival of "personal religion", it was accompanied by some romantic revivals of the *Medieval* spirit. It fashioned its church government after the established Anglican Church, with bishops, but there were also *Love-Feasts,* and the itinerant evangelists, the "traveling preachers", roamed the green English country-side and held forth to the country folks like the country friars of St. Francis. The *simple spirituality* of the Gospel was what they preached. John Wesley and his brother Charles, who has been called "the greatest hymn-writer of all ages", were powerful, eloquent preachers and John, like St. Francis, was of a gay, happy disposition. In England he came at a time when the land was ripe for him. "English Christianity seemed to have no power to uplift the people. Dram-drinking flourished everywhere, and so did Free-thinkers' Clubs." Yet in spite of opposition from various sources, John Wesley lived to see Methodism established on a wide, permanent basis before he died. He *inspired* his preachers, and the "revivalist" idea has been a feature of Methodism ever since its beginning. Wesley personally was a man of a pure, noble and self-sacrificing nature. He was a *practical* Christian, who labored hard for the poor, not by *indiscriminate charity,* but by providing them with work; and no man did more to create a taste for good reading in the 18th century.

The great merit of Methodism lies in its ability to be "emotional without being sickly, and dramatic without being insincere". It is

a sect which lays comparatively *little weight on theology and dogma,* and looks at religion in a big, broad Christian way, a practical Christian way, which does not consider non-essential things, frills and furbelows, of the greatest importance, but first of all appeals to *the spirit of Christian brotherhood* in man. But in the 18th century Methodism was a thing quite apart from the higher thought of the century itself. The philosophers of the day, and the theologians thought of God as being *very far away from man.* It was the philosophy of Locke, which made the *mind* the test for religion. John Wesley, so to speak, brought God to earth, and made all those who took part in his "revival" meetings feel what those who share in them feel to-day—that God is *near* to every one, and that every one can approach him, relying on his loving kindness. Methodism has its sectarian divisions—some sixteen in all—like all other denominations,—and both white and black Methodists, for it is a strong church among the American *Negroes,* to whom its *emotionalism* makes a real heart appeal; but its differences in doctrine are not major ones, and the character of Methodism—good-will toward man in general, tempered, at times, one regrets to say, as is the case with the Baptists, by special anti-Roman Catholic intolerance—remains the same throughout the body of the Church. There are, approximately, some 3,000,000 Methodists in the United States.

The Spirit of the Eighteenth Century.— While in Spain the power of the Traditional Church, as expressed by the fires of the Inquisition, suppressed all scientific life, all freedom of philosophical and religious thought languished in Catholic countries generally. *Spinoza* worked and wrote and published in Holland, *Locke* and *Newton* in England, *Leubnitz* and *Wolff* in Germany. But in France, nominally a Catholic land, men like *Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot* and *Rousseau* fought with tongue and pen against the incredible corruption and rottenness in the Church, in the State, in social and private life. And since everywhere there was this demand for a return to *natural, decent, common-sense* conditions, in law, in national politics, in economics, in family life, in society there was also a demand for a return to a natural and more or less common-sense religion. This demand was most insistent in its cry for a curtailment of the monstrous, incredible privileges of a *thoroughly degenerate nobility and clergy* and was realized by the French Revolution.

The Suppression of the Jesuits.—The Jesuits, especially in France, had done their share in creating the conditions which led to a *revolt.* As early as 1741, Pope Boniface XIV. had strictly *forbidden them,* under threat of excommunication, to engage in *trade* or *business of any kind.* He had found this necessary. In 1758 the Marquis de Pombal, the greatest statesman Catholic Portugal ever had, since he saw that they opposed every effort he made to restore the moral and material

prosperity of Portugal, had the Jesuits *banished* from that kingdom. They were shipped back to the Papal States as "traitors and rebels". In France hatred for the Jesuits had been on the increase ever since the year 1755. The Jesuit Father Lavalette, who played the merchant prince on a big scale, went bankrupt that year, and the wealthiest monastic order of Christendom refused to assume his 2,000,000 livres of debts. The French Parliament—composed entirely of Catholics—in 1764 decreed the *banishment* of the Order from France. Its example was followed in 1767 by King Charles III., who *banished* them from Spain and Naples. And—so hated were they throughout the Catholic world—that in 1773 Pope Clement XIV., as already said, dissolved the Order.*

But by the time these fighting monks of Catholicism—who often wore a lay dress and while secretly members of the Order carried on their work in the guise of soldiers or diplomats—were disbanded, the great struggle of the Counter Reformation was over. The Church of Tradition had not succeeded in stifling independent thought, but it had gained by becoming one great solid body, solidified and centralized in its dogmas.

Atheism.—Atheism, like monasticism, has existed in all religions, and at all times, but we are apt to think of it as a special development of the spirit of the 18th century, and Voltaire, one of the men who best represented the spirit of the 18th century in France, is regarded as an atheist. How much of Voltaire's scoffing stands for a revolt against Christianity, and how much an attack on the *clergy,* never has been entirely clear. For one is not necessarily attacking *God* or even *religion,* when attacking a *clergyman* or a *priest.* But it is positive that Voltaire was *no atheist,* and did not approve of atheism. He even said: "If there were no God it would be necessary to invent one." As regards atheists in general, *dogmatic atheists* absolutely deny the existence of God. *Skeptical atheists* distrust the ability of the human mind to discover God. *Critical atheists* question the proofs of the existence of God. The curious things about atheism is that it is opposed to the *heart-instincts*

*The *central* idea of the Medieval Church of Tradition might be summed up as follows: The death of Jesus Christ satisfied God with regard to what he felt it his right to demand of Christian man. Therein consists the "estate of salvation" which Jesus gained for us. But it is not "community property," free to *all* to use as they see fit. It has been given to the Traditional Church to *administer.* The Traditional Church as an institute of salvation *outside of which there is no salvation,* has been ordained by Christ Jesus himself. Only those who belong to it can be sure of being *rightly* taught and led in matters of salvation. Whoever refuses to acknowledge the authority and administrative rights in matters of the Traditional Church of salvation *loses* salvation. While this theory is entitled to all respect, it has, of course, nothing in common with the Gospel Jesus preached. It is not the teachings of Jesus, but a doctrine *about* Jesus.

as well as the mental conclusions of the majority of mankind. Most atheists who insist that there is no God put something in his place, an ideal of some kind, and worship it as God. And in many cases they are admitting the existence of God while fighting over the *meaning* of a word or phrase. The "professional" atheist best known to Americans is Robert Green Ingersoll (1833-1899). Son of a Congregational minister, a Civil War soldier (Northern), he was a man of *high personal character,* whose lectures attacking the Bible and Christianity made him a prominent figure in his day. Colonel Ingersoll was more eloquent than logical. His lectures gave offense to many. But the God he denied, all merciful and a God of Love, it seems reasonable to think in another life may have proved to his human assailant that he was mistaken. For a Supreme God is a tolerant God.

The Festival of the Goddess of Reason.—Whatever atheistic opinion existed in 18th century France found its expression in the demand of a group of the extreme Red Republicans of the Revolution *that God be abolished altogether.* Instead of God they would worship *Reason.* So there was a "service" to the "Goddess of Reason" in Notre-Dame Cathedral. It took place the day after the looting of the Paris churches. Carlyle has graphically described the return of the looters to the Hall of the Paris Convention:

"Most of them were still drunk with the brandy they had swallowed out of chalices—eating mackerel on the patenas. Mounted on asses, housed with priests' cloaks, they reined them with priests' stoles. They clutched in the same hand communion-cup and sacred wafer. They stopped at dram-shop doors. They held out ciboriums and the landlords had to fill them thrice. Mules high-laden with crosses, chandeliers, censers, called to mind the priests of Cybele. . . . Thus did the profaners advance toward the Convention, in an immense train, all masked like mummers in fantastic sacerdotal vestments, bearing on hand-barrows their heaped plunder—ciboriums, suns, candelabras, plates of gold and silver. . . ."

God was evicted the next day in Notre Dame, and in various other churches. In Notre-Dame God's place was taken by Mlle. Candeille, a pretty actress, lavishly rouged, as the "Goddess of Reason", Crowned with a red woolen night-cap, and escorted by wind-music, she seated herself on the high altar, and the first communion service of the new religion was celebrated. In St. Eustache's Church, says Mercier, "sausages, pork-puddings, pastries and bottles stood on tables around the choir. . . . guests flowed in and out. . . . girls and boys of eight drank from the bottles and their prompt intoxication created laughter. Reason, in an azure blue mantle, sat serenely aloft, with cannoneers, pipe in mouth, serving her as acolytes." But the adoration of Reason instead of a God came to an end when

Robespierre decided that *Atheism is aristocratic.* The idea of a Supreme Being who watches over innocence oppressed and punishes crime triumphant is an idea of the *people.* So he gave a festival to the *Supreme Being,* and had a figure effigy of *Atheism* solemnly burned.

The French Directory, in 1795, proclaimed *religious freedom in France:* "The choice of religion is free. The State does not concern itself with religion and does not pay the servant of any cult; the State is without a religion." Napoleon, though officially a Catholic, completed the ruin of *papal absolutism* in his empire, by making the pope a mere instrument in his hands (1800).

The Catholic Church Since 1800.—We will not enter into the complexities of papal and royal politics which in Europe led to a new growth of absolute power on the part of the Traditional Church. The Revolutions in the various European lands had a tendency to *increase* the power of Rome. At first her conservatism was identified with the cause of monarchy, though most of the kings supported by the Traditional Church—among them Charles X. of France (1830), and the Emperor Napoleon III.—lost their thrones. On July 18, 1870, while a tremendous *thunder and wind storm* reigned outside, Pope Pius IX. (1846-1878) was declared *infallible*—the doctrine of the pope's infallibility, that the pope is *right beyond a doubt,* in *all* matters of religious belief. From his decision there could be no appeal. What he said was *so* because *he* said it. If this decision renewed the intolerance of the 13th century, we must also take into consideration it was a stand the Church *had to take,* for it was based on *all its dogma and tradition.* Since then, in its position as the guardian of the *Medieval traditions of Christianity,* the Church has depended more and more upon the support of the *masses* in all those countries where it is strong. It has allied itself—strange as it may seem—with *democracy.* The effort of the Protestant Christian churches to bring religion into harmony with scientific discovery has *not* been made by the Church of Tradition. There was a decided movement within the Catholic Church in that direction. It began toward the end of the 19th century, was known as *"Modernism",* and was a scheme of *Catholic reform* aiming to reconcile *Roman Catholic dogma* and the *truths of science.* But Pope Pius X., in 1908, came out flat-footed against the attempts of great scientists and scholars in France, Italy and Germany to bring the *Medieval Church* into step with the *Modern World.* In 1909 the theologian Lepicier in Rome said: "A heretic should not only be excommunicated but, by right, may be killed." This extreme utterance need not be considered an official statement. Yet Pope Pius was right in his attitude when he held that the Church of Tradition *is* a Church of Tradition. It is not *modern,* and it is a

question whether it *could* be modernized and still retain its unique medieval character. It is interesting to note, however, that in the leading *Roman Catholic countries,* the medieval claims to *political power* on the part of the Traditional Church have everywhere been defeated. In Italy the pope's temporal power was taken away from him (1870) together with his temporal territory, the "Papal State". And the kingdom acts in a sovereign manner as regards its educational systems and its religious politics. In France the decree which was to adjust the *distribution of church lands* led to the separation of Church and State in 1905. When the Roman clergy refused to conform to this law of the land, the French Chamber of Deputies (1906) confiscated their landed properties. As Minister Briand declared amid the applause of the French Senate: "All we ask is the right to govern our state *without foreign interference.* The clericals, however, wish to have a stranger in a strange land, *not uninfluenced* by foreign considerations, make laws for us!" In Spain the government still controls the Spanish Roman Catholic Church as in the days of Philip II. In Portugal the proclamation of the Republic (1910) brought with it the separation of Church and State. Pope Leo XIII. called the United States the Promised Land of Catholicism. But it has grown strong and flourished principally, perhaps, because it is simply *one* among other Christian sects, guaranteed the *same* rights and privileges that the members of any other sect or church may claim under the law. Dr. E. Washburn Hopkins says, in "The History of Religions":

"The Church from the fourth century possessed a *body* and a *soul.* Its *body* was the huge establishment with pope, cardinals, priests, bishops, friars, wealth acquired by gift and trade (a crown exchanged for the 'states of the church' in the eighth century), a swollen body and often an unhealthy condition. It's *soul* was that undying aspiration for a diviner state and a purer life that was easily obtainable in a body devoted to the world. . . . Every union of Church and State, *papal or Protestant,* has only helped to stifle the *soul* without compensating advantage to the *body.* The persistent soul has always disturbed the body by doing its best to escape." The case could not be put more plainly nor more fairly.

Individual Eighteenth Century Christian Movements.—Out of many, two special religious "movements" of the 18th century might be mentioned because of their peculiar *individual* character, and to give an idea of the activity which marked the age in religious thought. The eighteenth century philosophers, too, occupied themselves with the religious phase of philosophy. Their views—which, of course, were not current among the great masses of the population in any country—are considered in the concluding chapter of this work

The Shakers, or the Spiritual Children of "Ann, the Word".—The Shakers are an American sect of celibates and religious communists. Trances and visions flowering into hysteric shaking, quivering, dancing and jumping characterize their devotions, and link them with the French *Convulsionnaires* (1720-1770), and the Welsh "Jumpers". "Mother Ann" founded the *"Millennial Church"*, or *"The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearance."* "Mother Ann" was a blacksmith's daughter. She was all for a celibate life. But her parents coaxed and she married. After bearing four children, her longing for celibacy outgrew all control. It showed itself by frenzied dancing, shouting and blaspheming, and the discussion of theology with four Anglican ministers for four hours in 72 languages(?). In a Manchester jail she had a revelation against the "lusts of generation". Promptly chosen (1770) by the society which grew up about her as their "Mother in spiritual things", another revelation (1774), told her to take her band to America. She did. Her husband went along. One is not surprised that he deserted her as soon as he could make his escape. Mother Ann developed a quaint theology. Adam's sin was sexual impurity. Jesus, born of a woman and a Jewish carpenter, was merely a *male* manifestation of Christ and the first Christian Church. Mother Ann—putting the blacksmiths on a level with the carpenters—claimed she was the *female* manifestation of Christ—the Bride ready for the Bridegroom. When Mother Ann passed, there were Shaker communities in many places in America, East, West and South. But, while the Shakers did not absolutely *forbid* marriage, they frowned on it. They refused to recognize marriage as *a Christian institution.* They were good people. They were clean, honest and frugal. They worked and sold the knitted underwear and apple-sauce they made apart from the world, to the world from which they made it apart. But the better they became, the more they failed to marry and the more celibate they grew. Soon Shakerism turned into a simple problem of arithmetic. A little bit taken from what you've got leaves just a little bit less. By now the Shakers have practically died out in the United States.

Swedenborgianism (The New Jerusalem Church).—*Swedenborg* (1688-1772), a Swedish mystic, scientist and philosopher, is one of the most interesting individual religious figures of the 18th century. He did not attempt to preach or found a sect. His followers did that for him. As a scientist he anticipated many scientific facts of modern times. He invented machines to transport the galleys of King Charles XII. overland a distance of 14 miles, when the latter besieged Frederikshall. He was the first of Swedish geologists. He discovered the nebular theory of the formation of planets before Kent and Laplace. He invented the first ear-trumpet for

the deaf, improved the Swedish house-stove, cured smoky chimneys, designed machine-guns and sketched a flying-machine. Religiously his own soul flew to regions unknown to man. Geometry, physics and metaphysics had not showed him the soul. But from 1710 to 1745, as he wrote a friend he was "introduced by the Lord into the natural sciences . . . and heaven was opened to him!" Swedenborg had visions. He talked with angels and spirits, saw heaven and hell, and conversed with the Lord himself. Whatever we may think of his visions and his personal conversations with his Maker, Swedenborg was a man who won the respect, love and confidence of all who came in contact with him. And he brought with him nothing from the heaven of his visions but what was pure and high and noble in thought. Better than any lengthy explanation of his many beliefs and the spiritual revelations to which he thought he held the key, are two of his sayings: "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good!" And, "The kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of uses". Coleridge, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Henry Ward Beecher and Thomas Carlyle were much influenced by Swedenborg and modern psychologists are investigating the doctrine he put forth long ago, which relates the *elements* of the universe to the *membranes* of the human body. The New Jerusalem Church exists in Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, England, Australia and other countries. It has existed in the United States since 1792.

CHAPTER XXVI

RELIGION IN THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES

As has been seen, the Church of Tradition, with the final declaration of its stand as a *Medieval Church,* rooted in the august heritage of the dogmas, legends and traditions of the past, is practically removed from the current of *Modern religious thought.* In various external ways, as in the institution of the propagandist order of the "Knights of Columbus" which, in the United States has been prominently and very laudibly associated with *patriotic activities,* it has shown real ability in creating a valuable modern instrument for the furtherance of the Medieval ideal. Yet, all in all, the Traditional Church stands where it has stood during the ages of the past. Like some noble Gothic minister rises in all the glory of its stained-glass windows, its golden shrines of saints, its beautiful and elaborate ceremonial, it lets the rest of the world pass by—that world which has moved beyond the naive and happy beliefs of the Gothic Age.*

In Modern Christianity the great problem of the nineteenth century has been the *reconciliation* of Christian ideals with the problems of modern thought. The philosophies of Kant, Hegel, Spencer, Bergson and other thinkers (see concluding Chapter), and the development of scientific knowledge, has had its effect on Christian thinking. This problem, by virtue of its stand on Medievalism, the Church of Tradition has avoided. She shuts her eyes to these things. For her they do not exist. Yet in spite of all the doubts awakened by new scientific discoveries, the Christian life of the world in general was never more *intense* than during the nineteenth century. And modern

* The *central* idea of the Medieval Church of Tradition might be summed up as follows: The death of Jesus Christ satisfied God with regard to what He felt it His right to demand of Christian man. Therein consists the "estate of salvation" which Jesus gained for us. But it is not "community property", free to *all* to use as they see fit. It has been given to the Traditional Church to *administer.* The Traditional Church as an institute of salvation, *outside of which there is no salvation,* has been ordained by Christ Jesus himself. Only those who belong to it can be sure of being *rightly* taught and led in matters of salvation. Whoever refuses to acknowledge the authority and administrative rights in matters of the Traditional Church of salvation *loses* salvation. While this theory is entitled to all respect, it has, of course, nothing in common with the Gospel Jesus preached. It is not the teachings of Jesus, but a doctrine *about* Jesus.

methods of Bible criticism, study and explanation in the majority of cases have permitted of adjustments which enable the conscientious Christian to keep his faith in Christ alive without blinkers on his reason or his common sense. Here and there, of course, we find reactionaries of the ostrich type some times even politically prominent, petitioning state legislatures to *"legislate"* such *generally accepted truths* as the findings of *evolution out of existence.* But these aberrations fortunately, do not stand for the general body of intelligent Christian opinion. Both economic and religious fallacies of a faith which prefers ignorance to knowledge, are an insult to the average intelligent common-sense mind, which can *combine* faith and knowledge.

The Spirit of Tolerance.—The greatest advance in Christianity, during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, perhaps, has been in the direction of *tolerance.* Tolerance, from the earliest times, has *not* been a shining Christian virtue. The *Mohammedans,* as a general thing, in history, were content to let their Christian subjects believe as they wished. They allowed them religious freedom in their convents, churches and religious establishments, and the Moslem rulers were content to let them quarrel to their hearts' content among themselves. The blood-thirsty *Mongols* believed in *absolute freedom of religious thought.* The French Franciscan missionary Andreas of Perugia wrote at a time (1326) when heretics were devoutly burned alive in Christian lands of the empire of the Mongol Khan Kublai: "In this empire are people of *all* nations under the skies and of *every religion* known. And all of them are allowed to live each according to his *own particular belief.* For the Mongols are of the opinion or, rather, the *error,* that every one has a right to find salvation in his own faith. We are allowed to preach in all freedom and security." In the eighteenth century Frederick the Great of Prussia set an example to all countries, Protestant as well as Catholic, where the absurd principles reigned that the *subject must profess the religion of his ruler.* In 1794 he legally declared that every citizen has a *born right* to think as he sees fit in matters of faith. Voltaire calculated that some 10,000,000 human beings in all were burned by "Mother Church" during the centuries when the papal power was dominant, and there were burnings even toward the end of the eighteenth century. The last official burning of a heretic took place in Rome, in *1761,* but the heretic burned had first mercifully been hanged. In Spain the last heretic was burned in Seville, unhanged, at the last auto-da-fe, in *1781.*

The nineteenth century was one without burning, and in the twentieth we may be said to have reached a stage where—unless in the minds of some gloomy fanatic or mental children playing with masks

and nightgowns—the idea of burning a fellow human being for a difference with regard to religious opinion is unthinkable.

Special Religious Developments of the Nineteenth and Twenticth Centuries.—While the other leading Christian sects already have been considered in the preceding chapters, some distinctive religious developments of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries remain to be described.

The Mormans, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.—The church was founded by a prophet with the unromantic name of Joseph Smith, Jr., (1830), and since 1848 largely concentrated about Salt Lake City. Near Manchester, N. Y. Prophet Smith found a stone box containing thin gold plates—as a boy he had been subject to prophetic epileptic fits—as well as a pair of supernatural crystal spectacles. Reading the plates through the spectacles of revelation, Smith found that the "Book of Mormon", as he called it, which declared him "God's prophet", was a *history of America.* It seems that when the workmen on the Tower of Babel quarreled and dispersed, some of their descendants dispersed as far as Chili, S. A. From the "bad" portion of these early Chileans, condemned by God to have *red skins,* were born our American Indians, who thus really are *Jewish.* The better Hebrews moved from Chili to Ontario County, New York state. There, in the dim, dark days beyond recall, the last of these *Jewish Mohicans* buried the "Book of Mormon" for Joseph Smith to find. But Joseph was a licentious prophet. His crystal spectacles were used to discover pretty ankles as well as the Mormon Bibles. After forming a settlement in Ohio where disciples were tarred and feathered on occasion because of lapses into the old patriarchal marriage ways in a day which had outgrown them, Brigham Young, a Vermont painter, (1801-1877) took the lax prophet in hand. He organized the church with apostles—one of them was known as "The Wild Ram of the Mountains"—a religious *bank* and a band of religious *assassins,* the "Danites" or "Destroying Angels". They, "bound to secrecy under penalty of death" punished all opposed to the church, and were guilty of numerous murders (though the later-day Mormons have denied their very existence) and after more or less bloodshed and conflict with state militia in Missouri and the Far West, the Mormons moved into Illinois.

But *polygamy,* a doctrine near and dear to the Prophet Smith's heart, was too much of a good thing for Illinoisians. They did not like free and easy cohabiting with numerous wives, for all Smith claimed God had revealed "plurality" to his prophetic favorite. Incidentally, the fact that Smith and his followers were quite successful in winning these "spiritual" wives from homes where Mormonism had been unknown, did not add to their popularity. In an uprising the Columbus of the Jewish Indians was shot and Brigham Young,

after a Mormon "King of Sion" had been killed by some of his followers on Beaver Island, succeeded to his honors. Illinois no longer seemed a Promised Land. The Mormons moved to Utah and there, near Salt Lake, an elaborate religious system was perfected, with bishops, a complicated hierarchy, and missionaries who led off strings of young girls to the stamping-ground of the saints the way the wild stallions of the hills coax young fillies from the home corrals. Then Brigham announced as a point of *doctrine* that "cutting people off from earth is to *save*, not *destroy* them", and did some skillful "cutting off" by means of the saintly desperadoes known as "The Wolf Hunters". Massacres of hapless immigrants were among their crimes, but after conflicts with United States regulars, the Mormons made a "formal" submission to the Federal authorities (1858). The laws of the United States do not anywhere (intentionally) permit multiplicity of wives. Congress (1862) passed an act to "punish and prevent polygamy in the Territories". But it long remained a dead letter. Young died in Salt Lake City August 29th, 1877. He left two million dollars, twenty-five wives and forty children. Even *Adam* was a polygamist according to Brigham, for he declared that the father of mankind came into the garden with *"one* of his wives". Since Young's death the "Presidents" or "Prophets" who have succeeded him have been the heads of the Latter-Day Saints, numbering some 350,000 in Utah and other states.

Adam as God.—Mormonism, with due allowance for the gold-plate Bible and the crystal spectacles, is at best what a musician would call a "variation on an original theme", the theme being Christianity. The old Adam of Genesis is promoted to be the Supreme Godhead. Christ, Mohammed, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young are also divine. These deities propogated *souls* to full bodies begotten on earth and in the case of the two last-mentioned prophets they did not confine themselves to mere *spiritual* creation, but supplied bodies as well as souls. The more wives and children a Mormon saint had the greater his saintliness. The practice of polygamy is not *now authorized* by the Mormon Church. A "sealed" Mormon wife, was a spiritual wife, though she could be materialized if necessary. Marriage, say the Mormons, is necessary for eternal bliss; the unwedded woman, however, may be married and "sealed" by *proxy*, and this answers salvation's purpose.

George Washington a Mormon.—The Bible, where it does not conflict with the Book of Mormon, and revelation by the President of the church, is believed. The end of the world is near at hand. When it comes the saints will dwell with Christ—and Joseph Smith—either in Independence, Missouri, or Salt Lake City, Utah. *Baptism of the dead* is practiced, the dead being baptized by proxy, and *George Washington* and *Benjamin Franklin* are among those who have thus

been received into the Mormon Church without having been asked whether they wanted to join.

The Reorganized Church.—The Mormon Church Proselytes.—Missionaries work in Canada and in Scandinavia, England, Italy and elsewhere. Mormon missionaries were expelled from Germany in 1853. Aside from some lesser independent branches, *The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints* (48,000 members) is *opposed* to polygamy. It declares that "the doctrines of *polygamy, human sacrifice, or killing men to save them, Adam being God* and Utah Sion . . . are doctrines of *devils*". The headquarters of this organization are in Lamoni, Iowa. Polygamy of course, is not officially allowed by the law of the United States (1896), though Joseph Fielding Smith, the prophet's nephew and President of the Mormon Church in 1907, celebrated the birth of his *forty-third child* by paying a fine of three hundred dollars.

The Salvation Army.—There always is to many of us something stirring in the idea of the "military life" and the *uniform.* And though the *practical ideals* of the youth who enlists for a term in the *regular army,* and those of the youth who enlists in the *Salvation Army,* may differ, the Salvation Army uses the lure of the uniform and military music, the feeling of "solidarity", *unity* in an aggressive outwardly militarized organization, to win recruits to wage the good fight. The Salvation Army is a *religious body* organized along "military" lines to do *social* work, to handle the problems of spiritual, bodily and economic salvation of the individual in a Christian way. It was founded by William Booth (1865), and was first organized on a military basis in 1880. It is not a new *"sect".* It preaches no new *dogmas.* It conforms to the doctrines of the leading evangelical sects, and is really an offshoot of the Church of England. To General Booth (its founder took this title, making local bodies "Corps" and supplying them with "Field Officers", lieutenants, captains, etc.), it seemed that the Anglican Church was not doing enough *practical work.* It was not evangelizing among those who needed it most, and the Salvation Army was founded to do so. Its finest doctrine is its preaching that the supreme duty is *self-sacrifice* for the sake of *others'* salvation. The Salvation Army has been much criticized, especially by other Christians whose final aim is the same which the "Army" advocates. Its emotional, revival style of meetings, its street-corner and market-place activities, with exhorting and hymn singing, its simple and not especially intellectual preaching, do not appeal to friends of dignified routine or ritual in Christian worship. People of a reserved disposition, who do not wear their religious hearts on their sleeves, sometimes look on the "Army" with a shudder of distaste. And yet the Salvation Army in a direct, *practical* way has accomplished and accomplishes untold good. It is em-

phatically adapted to large masses of Christian "raw material", human beings who think with their *hearts* and *feelings* rather than their minds. During the World War the courage, self-sacrifice and devotion of the members of the Salvation Army, the men and women who supplied our soldiers with doughnuts and coffee along the battle-fronts *free,* was in striking contrast to the policies another great *social work institution* whose self-sacrificing war relief efforts were exercised on a rigid *dollar and cents basis,* and which *sold* to the soldiers cigarettes, chocolate, etc., *given* by the people of the United States for *free* distribution to the men. Whatever we may think of the Salvation Army's preaching of "the everlasting punishment of the wicked", there can be no doubt regarding its sincerity and the *practical value* of its work to lead those with whom it works into the path of redemption.

Occultism, Theosophy, Spiritualism and Spiritism.—Occultism is as old as the world itself. Once the expression of a blind belief in magic powers, the scientific discoveries in *physics* and *psychology* of tht nineteenth and twentieth centuries have largely robbed it of its "magic" character. *Occultism* to-day is handled practically, if not explained, in connection with such universally accepted ideas as telepathy—conveying thoughts from one mind to another by other than the ordinary sense channels—*radio activity, materialization,* etc.

Theosophy.—The nineteenth and twentieth century development in America and Europe of *oriental theosophy*—workings-out of the *Karma** doctrine along the path of *Yoga*—has tended to encourage the "universal brotherhood of humanity", but the revelations have no direct connection with Christianity. They are *modernizations* of *mysticism* in the sense of old Hindu teaching. This mysticism (Theosophy) like the Medieval mysticism of the Church of Tradition to which that Church still clings, but by the use of modern quasi-scientific means, claims to lead the individual human soul direct to the primal, the first Godhead, *not the Christian God,* but merely "God". Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant, and Rudolf Steiner (b. 1861), who has developed a revelation philosophy of Theosophy, are the great names associated with this trend of religious thought. There are flourishing theosophical colonies in the United States (California), with "temples", etc., and an external cult, but theosophic thought has no real relation to Christianity. *Spiritualism* in its older and in its more modern form, *Spiritism,* has a Christian affiliation. It is the belief that the spiritual world reveals itself to the material world, that spirits, the souls of the dead, reveal themselves to the souls in living bodies by producing in the physical world effects that cannot be explained by the laws of nature.

*See Chapter 12, Brahmanism?

At the bottom of Spiritualism and Spiritism is a very human and pathetic *longing.* It is the longing of those whose loved ones have passed on into the immaterial world to come in touch with them again, to hear their voices, to be with them "in spirit", though all bodily contact may be denied. The human "medium" is the link between the world of the living and the world of the dead. There is nothing in Spiritism which directly offends Christianity. It is, rather, a striking vote of confidence in the immortality of the soul. The whole matter may be briefly summed up. There has been from the beginning much *fraud* and deceit, for money, much practising on the folly, affection and credulity of human beings who have loved and lost, by the unscrupulous deceivers. The "professional" medium, as a general rule, carries on his or her activities on a *business* basis. The medium's stock in trade is to supply "materializations" of those who have passed into the Great Beyond. And, as soon as it is a matter of *dollars and cents,* any one whose business it is to drag back the spirits of the dead from the realms of space is going to do so, whether the spirits are there are not. On the other hand, there have undoubtedly been mediums whose *sincerity* cannot be questioned. The *external manifestations,* rappings, revelation of details unknown to any but the questioner, the production of blood and marks of burns, etc., are all capable of a rational scientific explanation. Rappings and burns and blood, as Science proves, all *can be produced* by the direct action of the *mind* on the *body,* of mind on matter.

Telepathy explains in a more or less satisfactory way the infinite mass of petty detail or trifling incident, which the medium in the trance or "possessed" state provides. Spiritism has produced, thus far, no *great* revelation which mankind *at large* could seize upon and credit as *authentic,* as being a *direct message* addressed to it from the spirit world, *beyond all possibility of reasonable doubt.* Very human, and full of pathos and sincerity have been the recent efforts of Sir Oliver Lodge, in his lectures and his book "Raymond or Life and Death" (1916), to prove the truth of Spiritism by means of the automatically produced "writings" of his son Raymond, a British officer who fell in the World War. And in this connection Sir Conan Doyle, the well-known author, might also be mentioned. But the net result of Spiritist effort brings us back to the standpoint that the question whether the spirits of the dead do communicate with us or not is entirely a matter of faith. Spiritism has not been either *entirely proven,* nor has it been *entirely disproven.*

Russellism, The International Bible Students' Association, was founded by Charles Taze Russell (1852-1916), Brooklyn, N. Y. The ideas of "Pastor Russell", as he was generally known, stand for a

development of Christian teaching along his special line of Bible study and interpretation. The claim of the "International Bible Students' Association" that they "revive the great truths taught by Jesus and the Apostles and turn the light of the twentieth century upon them", is one which other sects have made or can make. In brief its doctrine is as follows: Man has a mortal soul. The wages of sin is death, not eternal torment. Jesus, put to death as a man, was raised again from the dead a spirit being of divine nature. His death was the ransom for man's deliverance and restoration. Since Christ tasted death for *all* men, every man must have a fair trial in God's due time. To this end there will be a resurrection of all the dead. Christ will return to earth a second time. Then the "overcomers" will share in his thousand-year reign. During this reign *all* the dead will be awakened. They will be given an impartial life and death trial. The *obedient* to Christ's righteous rule will be granted human perfection of body, mind and character and the earth, reverting to the Edenic state, will become the fit habitation of man perfected, who will inhabit this new Garden of Eden through all the ages to come. The *wilfully disobedient,* incidentally, will be *everlastingly destroyed.*

A man of the highest ideals and of noble and pure life, full of Christian zeal and untiring in the development of his ideas, Pastor Russell (Judge Rutherford has continued his activities as head of his foundation) devoted himself so entirely to his good work that he died without leaving an estate. Pastor Russell's "Studies in the Scriptures" (especially "The Divine Plan of the Ages"), and "The Harp of Gold", by J. F. Rutherford, which declares that it offers "proof conclusive that millions now living will never die", will give those interested a detailed idea of the tenets of this body. Various magazines, among them "The Golden Age", serve to spread its teachings among a wide audience.

Its literature has been published and very largely circulated throughout the world in thirty-two languages besides English. The unbiassed can only regard the *practical* work of the International Bible Students' Association with the greatest respect.

From this standpoint its doctrines or dogmas seem less important. Whether, as Pastor Russell believed, Christ has been present on earth in the spirit since exactly 1874, or not, is a point which others may dispute. Inferences which connect *vacuum cleaners* and *gas machines* with the 1874 second arrival of Christ on earth may be challenged by those who are not willing to take such a connection on faith.* "The Golden Age" is in many ways an admirable pub-

* "From that time (1874) forward, there has been a marvelous increase of light . . . . . mention is made of some of those (inventions and discoveries) that have come to light since 1874, as further evidence of the

lication. It is directed against the wars, famines, pestilences, revolutions, distresses and perplexities "of a dying old world"; a fine and ambitious program. But the establishment of assumed unquestionable religious truth by juggling arbitrarily with Biblical data, figures, obscure passages and the enlisting of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, in elaborate calculations to determine points of theology along certain specified directions, and to conform to preconceived ideas, many find open to criticism. A long line of prophets and interpreters before Pastor Russell have been quite as certain of the absolute truth and accuracy of what their personal ingenuity had enabled them to fit together, taking the Bible as an absolute standard of truth, from beginning to end. In the last analysis, any pronunciamentos or claims of the sort are *personal* ones. The broadest tolerance permits those who accept what Christ said, on the testimony of the Gospel, when it comes to the interpretation of what he said, to consult their individual preference or faith in the individual interpreter. And in the practical *doing* of good, no Christian can go wrong if he does according to the *spirit* of Christ's law, no matter how it is interpreted.

The Development of the Doctrine of the Influence of Mind Over Matter Along Christian Lines.—What Kenneth Mackenzie, in an excellent work, calls man's "Physical Heritage in Christ", represents another *special* line of Christian thought and endeavor which has given rise to movements *within* the Christian Church, and to a large and numerically important "sect" development *outside* it in the shape of the Church of Christ Scientist.

Christian Science, the Church of Christ Scientist.—Christian Science, a system of Christian "healing" (therapeutics) and doctrine, with Hindū theosophic elements (though the latter are denied by its followers) is an offshoot of the nineteenth and twentieth century Christian thought along special lines. It is still regarded with much intolerance by more orthodox Christian sects. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy (1821-1910), thrice married and twice divorced, is the founder of the sect. Her theories are in essence an application of the *direct power of mind over matter.* This power many independent "mental healers" successfully use without any recourse to

Lord's presence since that date, as follows: Adding machines, aeroplanes, aluminum, antiseptic surgery, artificial dyes, automatic couplers, automobiles, barbed wire, bicycles, carborundum, cash registers, celluloid, correspondence schools, cream separators, Darkest Africa, disk ploughs, Divine Plan of the Ages, dynamite, electric railways, electric welding, escalators, fireless cookers, gas engines, harvesting machines, illuminating gas, induction motors, linotypes, match machines, monotypes, motion pictures, North Pole, Panama Canal, Pasteurization, railway signals, Roentgen rays, sewing machines, smokeless powder, South Pole, submarines, radium, skyscrapers, subways, talking machines, telephones, typewriters, vacuum cleaners and wireless telegraphy."

Christian theology. Mrs. Eddy first came forward as a healer by mind-cure in 1867. Christian Science is absolutely a faith religion. It declares that there is nothing real but *Mind,* with a capital "M". There is but one Mind, one God, and one Christ. Basing her teaching on the Bible, Mrs. Eddy assured the world that, God being the Spirit of Love and Good, moral and physical evil were contrary to his spirit, *the True Spirit* as revealed in Jesus Christ. Since there is nothing but *Mind,* the body is an illusion. We think we have bodies, but they are not really there. Matter and sickness are "subjective states". They do not really exist, they are delusions. Where sickness is a delusion* doctors and medicine have no real excuse for existence. Ordinary *medical* and surgical science is "irrelevant and immaterial". Drugs? *Drugs* cannot cure what is only *mental error,* for there is no body for drugs to operate upon, and drugs themselves, being matter, are non-existent. Spiritual treatment is the only cure for the mental errors of our non-existent physical bodies. Jesus himself never went to the corner drug-store. Why should we? Jesus healed not *miraculously,* but by perfectly natural healing methods, and he promised that all who believed in him could do the same. Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science Bible, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures" (1875), has gone through editions that would make the mouth of a "best-seller" novelist water. It is the Gospel of the sect, and she published other expositions of her doctrine at various times in other works.

By the beginning of the twentieth century Christian Science was firmly established in hundreds of churches throughout the United States and has also spread to England. The form of government is local. There have been schisms in the Church of late years. In one of them a rival female prophetess, Mrs. Stetson, flung accusations of the use of *"malignant animal magnetism"* against the "orthodox" church authorities. The "mother church" in Boston, is regarded by good Christian Scientists with somewhat the same feeling of reverence the good Moslem has for Mecca.

Mrs. Eddy claimed to have been taught by the *direct revelation* of Jesus Christ, who revealed all truth to her. We know that she learned much from Dr. Quimby, a Swedenborgian mystic. The latter merely said that "all effects produced on the human frame are the result of chemical changes of the fluids of the body, and accompanied by a peculiar state of mind." He used silent spiritual treatment and stressed the power of repose to help those who came

* Irrespective of the pros and cons of Christian Science, no one should fail to read Mark Twain's delightful critical study of this faith, even Christian Scientists themselves. Their faith will prevent them from taking the great American humorist's strictures too seriously while the enjoyable comic and entertaining sidelights he throws on what the profane consider the contradictions of their beliefs cannot help but tickle their risibilities.

to him. Mrs. Eddy having had the advantages of personal talks with Christ, went further. Christ is at one and the same time "the divine manifestation of God which comes to the *flesh* to destroy incarnate error" and "God's most beautiful thought". Christ did not really die to save a sinful world. His death was his *error,* and this error Mrs. Eddy was commissioned to correct. The *doctrine* of Christian Science, to use a familiar term, has often been called "neither Christian nor scientific". It is contradictory, confused, full of obscure verbiage. But *practically* Christian Science is a faith which has accomplished *a great deal of actual good in the material world, for all it denies matter.* It is a warm, hearty, cheerful faith. Whether, in *individual* cases, it always reduces the presence of God to a scientific method of living an unselfish life is open to question. But then the same may be said of any religion. We often find people *preoccupied* with the salvation of their *own* little two-penny souls in the orthodox Christian churches. It cannot be denied that despite Mrs. Eddy's doctrinal vagaries, and the often contradictory and illogical *mixtum compositum* of its theology, Christian Science has "brought sweetness and light and peace into the lives of hundreds of thousands of people". And any faith which can do this is deserving of respect. The professed Christian of the denominational church too often cultivates the flowers of gloom and melancholy in his garden of religious thought. But the Christian Science tries to rob death of its sting and life of its pains. Why, unless it is because of secret envy, should any one be prejudiced against a belief which makes its believers *well* by denying the *existence of disease?* Undoubtedly the Christian Science "healer" has effected remarkable and sometimes almost inexplicable cures, in mental and nervous disorders. And, seemingly, there have been cures quite as remarkable operated on physically non-existent human bodies. The whole trend in medicine *against* drugs, and the use of "auto-suggestion" and "faith-healing" in medical higher practise, have had their effect in removing prejudice against the Christian Science practitioner. On the other hand, the recurring *deaths of children* seem to show that there should be a greater measure of legislative control of the activities of the Science practitioner where children are concerned. After all—leaving the child's non-existent body out of the question—a child's *mind* is an *immature thing.* It is not developed. It has not reached its growth. The practitioner has not the same soul-material to work upon as in the case of the adult. Perhaps, up to a certain age, a "closed season" in Science healing practise for children might solve a problem which comes up again and again in our courts of justice. Without being weaned from their faith, Christian Science children could relapse into their *non-existent bodies* when their *minds* were ripe to respond to the mental treatment of

the practitioners of their sect. In the meantime they would enjoy the protection modern medical science gives other *matter-made tots* in the case of diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever and other diseases.

Healing in the Christian Church.—Despite the great good which Christian Science does in a *practical* way for those who believe in it, *actual Christian* belief is only *one* of its various elements, and doctrinally it is, of course, opposed to the teaching of *all three* of the great Christian Churches, the Eastern (Greek Catholic), the Western (Roman Catholic), and the Independent (Protestant) churches. It stands for an unorthodox interpretation of the Bible, for whose ultimate truth we have only Mrs. Eddy's word. That, of course, is a matter of belief. For those who believe that Mrs. Eddy was personally inspired by Jesus Christ, the Christian Science Church is Christian. For those who do not and from a basis of actual historic truth, it is not. The doctrine of healing in the actual Christian Church is not based on Christ as "God's most beautiful *thought.*" With regard to actual "Christian healing" by faith, we find that the Church of Tradition does not cultivate it. The Roman Church gives extreme unction. It anoints (or, if one prefers Voltaire's expression, "greases") for *death*, not for life. It applies the holy oil when it is plain that the sufferer cannot recover. The *only churches* which seem to go back to the Apostles' practise of laying on the hands in healing are the churches of the Anglican Communion, the *Church of England* and the *Protestant Episcopal Church.*

Two Outstanding Figures of Christian Healing.—"The movement in the Anglican Communion (The Emmanuel Movement, 1908) received its further impulse from two outstanding personalities: The late Rev. Henry B. Wilson (1870-1923), and Mr. James Moore Hickson, of the Church of England, whose labors have been world-wide".* Mr. Hickson's whole activity has been built up on the contention that *reason* and *scholastic culture*, unless surrendered to the influence of the *Holy Spirit*, defeat the spiritual conquest for God. His many marvelous cures have been due only to praying for the sick, advising and strengthening them in their faith. He has proven practically, in a remarkable number of cases, that the Apostolic gift of healing has been withdrawn. He does not deny the existence of the material body. He does not deny the value of skilled modern medical treatment. He has given principally to those *whom doctors themselves* confessed they could not reach. Practically Mr. Hickson invites all those who have *full faith in the Lord* to avail themselves of the blessings he bestows. If they can be cured by way of the medical profession, by psycho-therapy, well and good. If these do not meet the needs of the case *God still has*

*For this and other information regarding his subject the author is indebted to Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie's "Our Physical Heritage in Christ."

help to give those who appeal directly to him, in full faith. "God will meet you where he can find you; and He will give you as much as you are able to take" is Mr. Hickson's stand with regard to divine healing. Both Mr. Hickson and Mr. Wilson have upheld the theorem that *it is God's will that his children be in health.* Mr. Hickson has exercised his healing power in England, the United States, India, China and Japan.

Dr. Henry B. Wilson and "The Nazarene."—In the United States probably the most fruitful and valuable development of the spiritual healing movement along Apostolic lines has been that developed by the late Henry B. Wilson. To him the abandonment of the *old theologic attitude* that God is *behind* sickness and disaster is largely due. A man of a noble and self-sacrificing nature, of devotion to the mental, moral and physical well-being of others, a cause to which he literally gave his life, his experience before and after entering the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church led him to found "The Society of the Nazarene" (1909). His "Revival of the Gift of Healing" appeared (1914), and with his other books "Does Christ Still Heal?" "The Power to Heal," "Ghosts or Gospels" and "God's Will for the World", show forth the tenets of Christian spiritual healing which have resulted in the growth of the "Society of the Nazarene" to a membership of over 4,000 in a few years, and the *practical* development of his work in cures whose number has been so large as to attract much attention. This movement has had a great repercussion throughout the United States and, with similar movements in Australia and in England, have affected the whole attitude of the Anglican Church toward healing by direct faith in Christ. They show that, quite aside from Christian Science, which is not technically or historically Christian, and the independent efforts of various individuals who have advocated mental healing *without any religious basis* (Dr. Coué's auto-suggestion, etc.), there exists in the Protestant Church a valid *Christian* movement, justified by "cures", and by practical results as convincing and as wonderful as those any other systems may claim.

Community Religion.—A very interesting religious development, along special "community" lines, is "The Community Church of New York City". Founded (1907) by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, as "The Church of the Messiah", it is, to use its founder's words: "an attempt to *apply democracy to the field of religion.*" The word "democracy" is used to mean the association of free men and women in "the spirit of fellowship to the end of common service for the common good". The Community Church is *undenominational.* It belongs to no special "sect". Instead of affiliation with a *religious* sect, it preaches identification with the *community.* Its welcome is a particularly broad one, beyond question the

most broad and tolerant of *any* development of the Christian spirit to-day. It says that the religious instinct is *universal.* It welcomes all men, *regardless of sect, nation, class or race,* on a fellowship basis. This fellowship basis is that of citizenship in the community. It leaves all *theological beliefs* to be settled by the *individual himself.* It sets up no creed, no statement of faith. Religion, as Dr. Holmes defines it, is "social service". It bridges the gap between *real, practical life* and *religious life* which exists in so many churches by making the community, *not the church* the source of religious life. The church is a *free agent* for the expression of practical Christianity. The true Christian breadth of this development is summed up in one pregnant statement, that it expresses: "Freedom to liberate and make known the *religion of Jesus, whether labeled by his name or not.* Every one of its ideals is fine: *Intelligence* should take the place of *dogma. Brotherhood* should take the place of *sectarianism. Work* for human welfare should do away with the *distinction* between *sacred and secular.* The Church of the Messiah stands for a *democratizing* of Christianity along the broadest and most intelligent individual and group lines. Its message to all who find existing churches narrow and cramping is *"Forget denomination and remember Jesus Christ!"* In this sense, for the past sixteen years, Dr. Holmes has built up a flourishing community organization on an absolutely democratic basis, and accomplished a great work for good, whose influence practical and moral, has extended far beyond the limits of New York City. John Haynes Holmes' thoughts and ideals are most fully revealed in his "New Churches for Old", and in his "Religion for To-day".

The Universal Christian Church.—We have concluded the present chapter with the consideration of "The Community Church" because, writing without bias, it seems to approach nearest the ideals which make the most direct and radical application of the *teachings of Jesus to present-day social conditions.* Three great religions have tried to become *universal,* to become the religion of *all* mankind: *Buddhism, Mohammedanism* and *Christianity.* Buddhism has failed to achieve universality. At the same time it gives the Asian soul a spiritual belief which, speaking broadly, *Christian missionary effort has practically failed to shake.* Islam has not become an *universal* religion. Yet here too, though it is spiritually and technically a faith far *inferior to Christianity,* Christian missionary effort may be said to have had no effect at all. Islam, at bottom, is no more nor less than a jumble of half-digested Jewish and early Christian ideas, mingled with the old Arabic folk-spirit and cast into forms of thought and observance common to the whole Orient. Christianity makes no impression on the Moslem because religiously the selection of very simple, easily understandable rites

and observances, and the privilege of *direct communion with God* raises the Moslem's self-respect to a point which makes any suggestion of a change from his accepted faith seem ridiculous. Aside from *external* details of race difference, of race habits of thought, or Western instead of Eastern viewpoints regarding everything, there is another reason why "foreign missions" show such negative results. At bottom *dogmas, groups* of religious and moral thoughts, are all matter of discussion. The dogmatic and theological dogmas of Christ's divine nature, of his "human" birth, of his dual nature, of the church, the priesthood, the sacraments, cannot be *proven*—save by the touchstone of faith—to be superior in every way to Taoism in its higher spiritual sense, to the unity of the moral and cosmic order, the Divine "All-Soul", rebirth, and transmigration, the solution of all suffering in Nirvana. And yet, of all *three* religions, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christianity has *the best claim* to universality and the best right to it. In this volume an idea has been given of the hateful quarrels, the *intolerance,* the cruelty and the vice which have marked Christianity's history. Some would say that of *all* religions Christianity is the *least divine.* Yet to quote Dr. Hopkins: ". . . This turgid stream, full of abominations made by *man,* suddenly clears itself and becomes sweet and pure again. Through choking accumulation rises ever anew the water of life, fresh from its fountain." And this is because, in the words of George A. Barton, "The Christian conception of God is capable of becoming adequate to the needs of man's expanding knowledge of the universe, while it satisfies the highest personal and social aspirations of man. It is also because the ethical standards of Jesus, combined with the Christian conception of God, afford *the best basis for a universal brotherhood;* and also because it was the aim of Jesus to make the whole world such a brotherhood, such a family." With these thoughts in mind, let us turn to what a modern Teuton thinker offers as the solution of the great problem of *making the world universally Christian.* In a general way the *Eastern Church* (Greek Orthodox) crystallized, became *static,* at the beginning of the Middle Ages. Since then it has done but little toward helping solve the increasingly difficult problems of the human race. The *Church of Tradition* (Roman Catholic) crystallized along Medieval lines toward the end of the Middle Ages. It cannot be called *altogether static,* for it still strives to adapt its Medieval viewpoints—and beautiful as many of them may be from the standpoint of religious tradition, they *are Medieval*—to *modern* conditions. The task is one of the greatest difficulty and naturally can be carried out only under the Church of All the World in individual cases. *Independent Religious Thought* (Protestantism), partly crystallized in *dogma,* is still, all said, the *most dynamic,*

the most *live* and *vital* of the three Christian Churches. From an entirely unprejudiced viewpoint, after a study of the best way to make the Christian Church universal, the solution suggested by Paul Rohrbach* seems to the author to be a very fair one. He submits it, therefore, for what it is worth, in concluding this volume. Rohrbach says: "The Gospel contains *two ideas* raised above *all time, all races* and *all conditions* of civilized development. These are the *rule of God* and *God's incarnation as man.* And these two ideas are *one.* The Gospel tells us that God calls on every soul to become incarnated in order to realize Him, that He may reign on earth as He does in heaven. The Gospel says that believing in God simply means the wish to raise one's neighbor up out of the depths of the collective fate of humanity to become humanly incarnated. It is this doctrine and none other to which the hearts of hundreds of millions of human beings will open in alien worlds, human beings to whom Christianity will otherwise remain a sealed book. Buddha and Confucius, Islam and Brahmanism will be conquered by it. It can absorb all that is spiritually great in the religions that lie outside of Christianity. In it the nations whose masses have not yet roused from their dull brooding will awake to life and its blessing. Whether we look abroad among the nations or within our own circle of culture and at our own race—the one need is everywhere apparent. It is necessary to *go back again, back of all that has been* and that wears *the fetters of the past,* to that which is original and *alive,* that which kindles the *will.* This something original and alive is at the same time the universal. In this sign Christianity will really become what it cannot become in any of its present forms: *the religion of all mankind.* To do so it must cast off what is Christian merely in a 'historical' sense, and return to the clear spring from which flows the true life of mankind: *God's message through Jesus.*"

* "God's Reign on Earth," by Paul Rohrbach.

CHAPTER XXVII

MODERN PHILOSOPHIC THOUGHT FROM THE AGE OF THE REFORMATION TO THE PRESENT

MODERN philosophic,—as distinct from religious,—thought, thought based on reason instead of faith, represents so vast a field and one so immense and complex in its details that no more than a brief outline is here attempted. Modern philosophy practically speaking begins with the period of the Reformation. The spirit of revolt against authority and tradition in religion spreads and develops in other fields of thought with the growth of knowledge in every direction. Two Englishmen, a Frenchman and an Italian Jew are the thinkers who prepare the way for the greater English, German and Eighteenth Century French Philosophers of "Enlightenment".

Francis Bacon (1561-1626), Lord Chancellor of England, author of the celebrated "Essays", a judge who was found guilty of receiving bribes, as he himself said, "rang the bell which called the wits together", in England. What he did was to *sum up* the mistakes which the broadening out of human knowledge made to stand out in the *thought of the Middle Ages. Thomas Hobbes* (1588-1679), dedicated his most famous work, "Leviathan", to King Charles II. There is a God, Hobbes said, we know and can prove, but *what* he is we do not know! His "Leviathan" may be considered the philosophical defense—philosophy can defend anything—of the English Stuart monarchy against the demands of the people. Hobbes was a witty old man, whom "Old Rowley" liked to see at Court because he scandalized the bishops and, perhaps, because he could punish a bottle. When he tossed the story of his life in Latin verse at eighty-four, Hobbes used to say he had been drunk about a hundred times in his life. Though he was *not* an atheist, the people thought he was, and at the time of the Great Plague (1666) in London he was afraid he might be tried for heresy. He lived, however, to be ninety-two. *René Descartes* (1596-1650), a French soldier philosopher, a Jesuit pupil, who served in the Dutch, Bavarian, Imperial and French armies, still found time to study and practise his favorite science, *physics.* He was no student of *books.* "Here are my books", he once told a visitor to his work-room, pointing to some dissected animals. He died in Sweden, where he

had gone to teach the young Queen Christina, daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus. "The end of all study," said Descartes, "is to guide the mind to form true and sound judgments on all presented to it." He had his troubles with both Protestant and Catholic theologians, since he claimed the highest liberty proceeds from clear and distinct knowledge, though he tried to reconcile *mechanism* and the ideas of *God, the soul and freedom.* This business of reconciling these ideas kept his successors, the followers of the *"Cartesian philosophy"* busy for centuries. *Nicolas Malebranche* (1638-1715) held that there is one Supreme Reason, which includes the ideas of all possible things. *Blaise Pascal* (1623-1662) was mystic, skeptic and mathematician combined. Beautiful are his "Provincial Letters", and his "Thoughts on Religion". He had a religious angle on Cartesianism. In religion we experience God and find peace, he claimed: "The heart has its reasons reason does not know!" Human nature and human society are sinful and corrupt, hence only divine grace and revelation can save us. *Pierre Bayle* (1647-1706) in his "System of Philosophy", showed that reason and revelation, science and religion, were *opposites,* and was the predecessor of Voltaire and the French philosophers of "Enlightenment". *Benedict Spinoza* (1632-1677), though Dutch-born, was the son of a Portuguese Jew merchant. Spinoza was *the first human mind* to give shape to the idea of an *unity* existing in and rising above the *difference* of mind and matter. He said true knowledge consists in seeing things under the form of eternity, when nothing can be seen under the form of *eternity* unless it first has been seen under the form of *time.* Spinoza led a lonely and unhappy life, given up mainly to thought and the society of a few friends. The Jewish synagogue of Amsterdam cast him out, and his works were censured by the Protestant clergy and put on the *Index* of forbidden books by the Catholic. Spinoza ground glass lenses for a living, but still found time to write his books "Metaphysical Cogitations" and "Ethics" and for his friends. Though he said that God was the cause of the universe, God is used in his works as a synonym for Nature. He was much scorned, and even persecuted in life, and after his death Hume slurred him as "this famous atheist". But the nineteenth century philosopher Hegel calls him a "God-intoxicated man". He died of consumption.

The English Empiricists.—Locke, Berkeley and Hume are the great English "Empiricists".* *John Locke* (1632-1704) was a big, free spirit. The son of a Puritan military man, he soon grew disgusted with the *intolerance* of Puritans, Presbyterians and Independents alike. Each practically told every one who did not accept

* "Empiricism" in philosophy is the theory that all knowledge is founded in data furnished by the senses.

their blue-prints of God's earthly and heavenly paradise, to go to the hotter regions of theology. Locke wrote a fine "Epistle of Toleration", an essay on religious liberty of opinion, and a famous "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding". His last recorded words were that he died "in perfect charity with all men, and in sincere communion with the whole church of Christ, *by whatever name Christ's followers called themselves!*" A fine sentiment for the intolerant sectarian to think over. Locke's great work was starting criticism of human knowledge, and "spreading that spirit of free inquiry and universal toleration which has since profoundly affected the civilized world." He left no elaborate philosophical system, but did what was much better—spread the gospel of every man's right to think for himself. He had many followers, who developed one or another of his ideas in different ways. *Francis Hutcheson* (1694-1747), first advocated "the greatest happiness for the greatest number. *William Paley* said that whatever was *expedient* was *right,* and that actions must be judged according to their tendency. Naughty *Bernard Mandevil* (1670-1733), claimed that private vices did more for the public good than benevolence and charity. And the Frenchman *Helvetius* preached the sad doctrine that egoism is the only motive for what we mortals do, and that enlightened self-interest should be our moral code. His theory was to make man moral by *law.* We have, if anything, *too much law* in our own day, yet morality still leaves much to be desired. Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* introduced the new political economy which upsets the old mercantile system of the Middle Ages, and demands an "open road for the individual in the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness." *George Berkeley* (1685-1753), was an Irish Anglican bishop and metaphysician, who devoted much of his thought to critical examination of the various forms of free-thinking flourishing in England in his day and to refuting them with his own theory. His theory presented all Nature as God's language. Berkeley even attacked the higher mathematics as leading to free-thinking. *David Hume* is more celebrated than any of his predecessors. Born in Edinburgh (1711), he is best known by his "History of England", and his fame is greater as a historian than as a philosopher. Hume says that all knowledge is founded only on *experience,* and his philosophy is a combination of *positivism*—meaning that we know only what the senses reveal; *agnosticism,* which questions such final things as God and the soul; and *humanism,* which holds that man's *mind* is the only thing worth studying. Another hard-headed Scotchman, *Thomas Reid* (1710-1796), found Bishop Berkeley's *idealism* and Hume's *skepticism*—for an agnostic is a skeptic, he doubts, he questions, he does not know—*both* unsatisfactory. He went back to ra-

tionalism*, and said that *common-sense* was the true basis of things. What the common-sense of man-kind agrees on considering positive facts—that the actual world exists, and that God exists—*must be true!*

Common-Sense Philosophy (Rationalism) in Germany.—Having a father who was a professor of moral philosophy, was one of the advantages with which *Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz* (1646-1716) started life. He read Greek and Latin at twelve. And to use what is called a "mixed metaphor", Leibnitz's *mind* had a *finger* in every pie of his age. He was politician, naturalist, lawyer, economist, genealogist, philologist, and various other things, besides being a philosopher. In Nuremburg (1663), he even studied the old writings of the *alchemists,* and was or pretended to be, a *Rosicrucian***. In order to turn away France from attacking the German empire he suggested that France conquer *Egypt.* Louis XIV was interested, and had Leibnitz come to Paris. But when he got there Louis would not see him, and his secretary of state said: "There is nothing against a holy war, but such things have gone out of fashion since St. Louis' day!" Napoleon when he took possession of Hanover (1803), was much surprised to learn that *his* idea for a French conquest of Egypt, had already been suggested by a *German* philosopher. Poor Leibnitz! He worked like a dog for the Elector of Hanover, his employer, for many long years, in various capacities; but neglect was his portion. He was buried, says his secretary, his only mourner, "more like a robber than what he really was, the *ornament of his country*". Leibnitz's main ideas were that the universe is a harmonious whole, governed by mathematical principles, and a belief in the logic of *common-sense,* that God is in his heaven and that the universe is the best of possible worlds. In view of the neglect which he met in his later years, he may have changed his mind, and have added to the last thought, "except for philosophers". Leibnitz was the first great German thinker of *modern days.* But the common-sense philosophy of Leibnitz and his followers, *Wolff, Teten, Platner, Nicolai* and others, brought out from cover those whose natures preferred to build theories on a *mystic* rather than

* Rationalism in philosophy is any theory which sets up *human reason* as the final standard and chief source of knowledge.

** The legendary origin of the Rosicrucians is a pretty tale, but false. A certain Christian named Rosenkreuz was said to have discovered the *secret wisdom* of the East on a pilgrimage in the fifteenth century. The Rosicrucians were various seventeenth century individuals who went in for *occult* studies. Their writings show that they used the *suggestion* of mysticism or "hidden science" to get people interested in *real* scientific and religious reforms. The "Brethren of the Holy Cross," in other words, gilded the pill of knowledge with the *flavor of mystery, to make it palatable,* and as a general thing favored Lutheranism as opposed to Roman Catholicism.

a *common-sense* basis. So *F. H. Jacobi* (1743-1819), based a philosophy on *intuition,* and various German theologians invented *Pietism.* "The idea of scientists guessing at religion," they cried. "Outrageous, religion is the property of the religious! It has nothing to do with science, but is a matter of *inner religious conviction.*"

The Great French Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century.—This idea would have made the brilliant and irreligious French philosophers of the "Enlightenment" laugh heartily. Everywhere, during the eighteenth century, philosophy not alone reflected the *ideals* of the times, but also influenced the *actions* of the times. Everywhere men were trying to make understandable to other men what such things as religion, morality, the State, and the world at large, really meant. In France the Roman Church had decayed so thoroughtly, was in such a state of moral corruption and dissolution, that it had no influence on men's minds at all. It was identified with the whole monarchial system of social and political oppression. The French philosophers put such words as *liberty, equality, the brotherhood of man, humanity, good will, the natural rights of man,* on every tongue. And their radical and outspoken hammering away at these new ideas produced the French Revolution. Out of the French Revolution in the end, came *liberty of conscience and worship, government by representation* (American Revolution), and equality of all individuals before the law.

Francois Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778), was one of the greatest of French dramatists and men of letters as well as a philosopher. We have to do with him only in the last named capacity. Carlyle says he never uttered "a single thought". That may be true. But he was superhumanly clever, and he was no mere mocker. In some ways his personal character was detestable. He loved to wound and pain those who were opposed to him or his ideas. Thus his *Pucelle d'Orleans* (Maid of Orleans), is a base libel on history and religion. But, for all that its burlesques and jokes were written simply to *pain* people who were *Christian believers,* it is witty and amusing. His best philosophic thoughts are contained in his *prose tales,* which make delightful reading. "Candide" is an attack on religious and philosophic *optimism.* It was written to poke fun at the idea that this is the best of all possible worlds. Candide, a Westphalian baronial byblow, his sweetheart Cunegonde, the baron's daughter, and Dr. Pangloss, the castle professor, escape into the world, and the course of the tale proves that Dr. Pangloss' theory that "all is for the best in the best of possible worlds" is untrue. *Zadig,* on the other hand makes fun of the accepted forms of *orthodox* mortality and religion of Voltaire's time. Still other stories are Biblical lampoons. Voltaire's most extended philosophic work is the *Dictionnaire philosophique* ("Philosophic Dictionary"), made up of miscellaneous anti-religious, anti-church or anti-Bible articles, and others. A coffee-fiend, as thin as

Paganini, conversation and literature were Voltaire's two gods. He was brain to such an extent that his relations with women were mainly platonic. He dug up no new truths from the depths of nature and the human mind. But he did spread *existing truths,* presented them so that every one could understand them, and he did his best to show up *moral dry-rot, idiotic traditions, abuses and prejudices* in his writings. He was a practical philosopher and—he did good in the world. Seven years before he died, he wrote Frederick the Great of Prussia: "I do not fear death, who draws near me with his powerful tread. But I have an unconquerable objection to the way in which one has to die in our Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. It seems very laughable to me that one has to be *oiled* to pass into the next world, oiled the way a wagon-axle is greased when one is setting out on a journey. This folly and all those connected with it are so distasteful to me that I am tempted to have myself carried to Neufchatel in order to die in your territories." And a few months before he actually died he again said: "I am eighty-four today, and more than ever opposed to extreme unction and those who give it." He really did escape it. Popular opinion looks on Voltaire as an *atheist.* He was nothing of the sort. A *deist,* he never gave up his belief in God. "All nature cries out to us that he exists" he said. Aside from Voltaire's belief or lack of belief, one expression he often uses has been very unfairly exploited by his enemies. He often says in his works and letters: *L'infame,* the infamous one. Some have claimed that he meant the *Christ.* All that he wrote however, proves that what he had in mind was not the Christ, not God, not Christianity, not even Catholicism. It was the grossly immoral, persecuting body of the *orthodox clergy* of his day, which represented the whole *system* of suppression of truth, liberty, and freedom of opinion against which he fought. All his life long he fought *superstition* and *ecclesiastical domination.* He objected to oppression of *every kind.* He stood for mental, religious and political freedom of opinion. He fought for the freedom of the press, the freedom of the ballot, equal rights. But he was *no democrat.* The lower classes do not know how to govern, he said, and his "Age of Reason" does not include "lackeys, cobblers and hired girls". But he did think that *neither clever priests nor unscrupulous politicians should abuse the prejudice and stupidity* of "lackeys, cobblers and hired girls", to tyrannize over them and bleed them.

Other Philosophers of "The Enlightenment".—Among other eighteenth century French philosophers (1709-1751), fell back on Descartes for an explanation of animate nature. If an animal is a machine, why not man? he asked. The German *Baron d'Holbach* (d. 1789), who wrote in French, thought that *matter* and *motion* explained *everything.* His idea was that there was no God and no soul, that *thought* was a *brain product,* and matter only immortal. These

theories which make *matter* take the place of the soul are called *Materialism.* Another materialist, *Cabanis* (1757-1808), said that the brain *secreted thoughts,* just as the liver secretes bile. *Buffon,* the great eighteenth century French naturalist (Darwin's forerunner), made life depend on the *molecule.* Most of the French thinkers of the eighteenth century agree that man's mental and moral development is a *natural* product governed by *natural* laws.

Diderot and the "Encyclopaedia".—A daring and fertile thinker, Denis Diderot (1713-1784), is hardly a great philosopher. And though, as a gray-haired man, he put Bocaccio to the blush with his *Bijoux Indiscretes* ("Jewels of Indiscretion"), a collection of tales "gross without liveliness and impure without wit", he was at *heart* a lover of sentimental virtue. He adored the artificially innocent paintings of Greuze, and wept over tiresome platitudes of the English novelist Richardson's "Pamela", in which the poor but honest working-girl has a series of narrow escapes from the libertine noble who pursues her. Diderot's greatest and noblest work was his *Encyclopaedia,* meant to be a French equivalent of the English "Chambers' Encyclopaedia". Twenty years of unremitting toil went to it. He wrote hundreds of articles, revised hundreds of others. He ruined his eyesight and toiled day and night. And when the printer gave him the final proofs—the very soul of the work, the passages which meant most to him and to his world, had been *stricken out!* The printer was afraid of the government.* Why? Because Diderot had pleaded for *religious tolerance, for freedom of thought.* He praised *peaceful industry* and *condemned* wars. It was a doctrine which could not help but be distasteful to the "war profiteer", and in eighteenth century France those of the governing class as a whole were "war profiteers". In other works, Diderot tried to work out rules and regulations which would make the human race more *kindly and simple, merciful to others,* and content. All this though Diderot was a materialist.

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), was the philosopher who threw cold water on the enthusiasts of the "Enlightenment". Rousseau's personal life, especially in his earlier years, was most repulsive. He is first of all a depicter of the human heart and its passions. But his "Confessions", which show him converted to Catholicism by means of a young and pretty widow; abjuring for twenty francs; accusing a poor girl who was a maid in the house in which he served as a foot-

* The old governing classes of France before the Revolution were *absolutist* along *monarchical, military* and *religious lines.* The influences which control modern governments are more intelligent. Instead of *suppressing* ideas which may interfere with the accumulation of wealth—the modern synonym for power—in the hands they consider best qualified to possess it, they use the weapon of *propoganda,* and press and radio often are employed to broadcast and advertise those measures in attractive religious, patriotic or other sentimental wrappers which will ensure the largest financial profits

man of the theft of a ribbon to turn suspicion from himself; holding an *official position* as "domestic lover" to a married lady who robbed her husband to pay Jacques; and other amorous and sentimental activities; do Rousseau little credit. He excited all those philosophers who boasted of how humanity had *advanced* in science, art and civilization, with his other works. Man by himself is good and innocent (one never would think so to read the "Confessions"!) said Jacques. We must get back to pure, sweet, simple nature. Not on his intelligence, but on his *moral* nature does man's worth depend. Civilization has corrupted innocent *natural* man. The possession of property made some masters and others slaves, some cultured and others uncultured, some rich and some poor. But while some of Rosseau's ideas ("Discourse on the Origin and Foundation of Inequality Among Men", 1753) offer a hash of unpractical socialistic ideas, Rosseau showed himself more sound in his theory of *direct government by the people*—the *referendum* and *recall*. This fine principle, which the Swiss Republic has developed with such satisfactory practical results in our own day, still remains the bugbear of the professional politician in other lands. Not that this is unnatural. For the professional party politician, who conducts politics as a business, quite naturally objects to being directly controlled by those who elect him. At the same time, the principle of the *referendum* and *recall* which *Rousseau was the first to advance*, is gaining more and more favor among intelligent people in the world's greatest republic, the United States of America. A business man would laugh at the idea that he was not entitled to discharge *incompetent* or *dishonest employees*. And a business nation is gradually coming to believe that *it* should have the right—since it employs them and pays their salaries—to discharge those among its political servants whose work is unsatisfactory, and whose *private interests* interfere with the proper discharge of the public duties to which they are paid to attend.

Rousseau's idea that *no nation* should be ruled by a "privileged *class*" either privileged by *blood* or by *wealth*, found its way into the French Revolution's famous "Declaration of the Rights of Man" (1789). With Rosseau everything was Nature. So, like Voltaire, he fought *atheism* and *materialism*. His theory that nature will deliver us from the corruptions of our artificial civilized life, that honest sweat in furrow and cow-shed is the natural cure for social ills, has found an echo in the "back to the soil" movement of recent years. His belief in "natural education", isolating the child from its ordinary social environment to educate it by private tuition, has greatly influenced *modern education*, and has been *practically* tested by such men as *Pestalozzi* and *Froebel* (Kindergarten). Rousseau's finest constructive thought, perhaps, is that the *people's will*, in so far as it makes for the *good of all*, is the *highest law*, that governments exist only to carry

out the people's commands, and that a nation *can limit or recall* the power delegated to a government.

Immanuel Kant, "The Philosopher of Protestantism".—Immanuel Kant, (1724-1804), one of the greatest of German philosophers, was more the *thinker,* and less the *sentimentalist* than Rosseau. He shed no tears of emotion at sight of the innocent cow, or the beauties of the country landscape. The virtues of the gentle rustic on the farm, unspotted by the world, did not move him. He was simple, honorable, truthful, high-minded, but he was *all science.* Music was a noise; poetry, a bore; women, creatures of a somewhat lower order; to Kant. He was a good friend up to the point of sickness, for he could not bear to visit sick people, and the dead he tried to forget. Probably by suppressing sentiment and escaping marriage, he was able to produce his many important works, among them the famous *"Critique of Pure Reason"* (1781), which made the University of Königsberg, where he taught, a shrine, and himself the Messiah of a new philosophy. It is practically impossible to summarize the very complex Kantian philosophy. Yet it might be said that he develops God as well as immortality, the desire to realize the highest good in a future life, out of the *inner moral law* that dwells in a man. Pure *reason* hitches up actual knowledge "dictated but not read", taken for granted but not guaranteed, with humanity's noblest *practical* interests.

Incidentally, Nature's real purpose in developing our reason is in the interest of morals and of moral law. Among his followers, who further developed or modified his ideas, was the poet *Herder* (b. 1744), who said the whole history of man was an evolution leading to the harmonious unfolding of *every* human capacity in relation to environment. Thus man's ability to understand evolutes into reason; his sense-refinement into art; his heart impulses into forms of beauty and liberty; and his motives of conduct into love of his fellowmen. *Jacobi* (b. 1743) and *Fries* (b. 1773), add to the Kantian philosophy the idea that the *visions of realities* Kantian criticism declares the human mind cannot grasp are *included in experience.* Any systematic explanation of things was impossible, and man must content himself with examining the *facts* of which he is *conscious.*

German Philosophy from Fichte to Eucken.—In *Johann Gottlieb Fichte* (1762-1814), we have an idealist* philosopher. His later works prepared the way for Schopenhauer. His father had woven ribbons, and young Fichte soon began to weave theories, but not on Kant's loom. In Germany where the *liberty of human thought,* whose battle-cry the French Revolution had sounded, had found no echo, he tried to show, in turn, that freedom of thought is the right of every human being. And the idea that freedom of thought, the *will,* is a thing that

* Idealism in philosophy, broadly speaking, says that in knowledge or experience two factors, subject and object are absolutely interdependent.

works and acts of its own accord, is the gist of Fichte's philosophy. When the will acts we are *alive,* when it does not we *vegetate.* The will is the motive power behind all human experience, the foundation of all knowledge, the motive of man's action. Fichte declared also that the knowledge and love of God is the end and aim of life. But when he said that the infinite God is the all, the moral order of the universe, the German Protestant clergy all cried "Atheism!" The difficulty with clerics, no matter what their faith, always has been that they are not satisfied with *a* God, no matter how unique, noble, loving, if he is not *the* God of *their* dogmas. True toleration must respect any God who is a God of Love and Good!

Philosophy, for philosophers are only mortel men after all, usually gives way to patriotism when the philosopher's native land is attacked. The cruel Napoleonic oppression of Germany which resulted in the "War of Freedom" of 1813, found Fichte casting *pure reason* overboard, to fight with lectures—with his brain and tongue, since he could not with his arms,—for his country's cause.

Friedrich Wilhelm Schelling (1775-1854), followed the ideals of the great German romantic writers: Lessing, the poet Herder, Schiller and Goethe, and idealized a *philosophy of revelation* with the world conceived in a romantic way as man's original falling away from God.* Georg Wilhelm Hegel (1770-1831), is considered to have developed one of the most difficult of all philosophies to understand, and the story goes that Hegel himself said: "I know of only one man who understands me, but even he has not altogether understood me." The *Absolute Mind,* which is the evolution of the *Logical Idea,* is the manifestation of God. Philosophy is superior to both Art and Religion since it explains the harmony between man and the Absolute. Christ's history is the visible reconciliation between man and eternity, Christ's death changed this union from a vital *fact* into a vital *idea*—the Spirit of God in the Christian community. Later Hegelians (there have been many in Germany, England and elsewhere) declare that pre-existence of the soul is as necessary and certain as existence in a future life. If you do not remember what you did in a previous existence, your lack of memory merely shows that memory is not a *soul-substance!* Since Hegel did not define the exact statue of God, Christ and Immortality, he left attractive possibilities of conflict open to his disciples, which they did not fail to improve during the time (1820-1845), when Hegel's system was the ruling one in Germany.

* *Friedrich Schleiermacher* (1768-1834) a Prussian army chaplain's son, when Moravian theology ceased to satisfy him, out of dangerous amorous dabblings with Elenore Grunow, a Berlin clergyman's wife, learned much "of the inner truth of human feeling and emotions", and gained *elevation* and depth of thought. His philosophy tries to reconcile reason and belief, science and faith. And he is the forerunner of present-day efforts to reconcile the *modern world of science with the Christian Church.*

Marx and *Lasalle,* early socialist, by giving human history an *economic* explanation, used Hegelianism as a foundation. Naturally, as with every other system of thought, opponents* to Hegel's ideas also arose.

Schopenhauer, the Philosopher of Pessimism and the Gloomy Apostle of the World as Will.—Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860), drew no hopeful thoughts from the study of Plato and Kant at Göttigen University (1809). Even then Arthur said: "Life is a ticklish business. I shall spend it reflecting upon it." He did his reflecting with a loaded pistol always beside him—for one never knows, he felt, when one will want to leave this dreadful vale of tears by the shortest route. He had few friends: chief among them were Bunsen, W. B. Astor, son of Washington Irving's millionaire hero, and—a poodle. He trusted the poodle most. After Göttingen Arthur went to Berlin, as usual lonely and unhappy. For a moment patriotic enthusiasm took possession of him in 1813. He bought himself a musket. But after all, he thought, as he held it in his hand, Napoleon is only doing what everyone else would do were they not hypocrites. He is expressing that *natural lust for unhampered self-determination* which weaker men feel, but fear to realize. Arthur dropped his musket through a grating and instead of going to a recruiting station, left the rest of the nation to fight for its freedom while he wrote a philosophic essay in a small Thuringian town. Weimar, Dresden, wherever he went, Arthur took his pessimism with him, his gloom and his pistol. He had his real troubles, too. After the publication of "The World as Will" (1819), and two visits to Italy, he found himself in Munich (1824) wretched, isolated, and having almost lost all hearing in his left ear. He had written busily all his life, and though fame shed a little wintry sunshine on his last years, he died when seventy, quite pathetically, all alone at his breakfast table. Schopenhauer's philosophy is often cynical—it does not credit human beings with many good qualities, and it often denies there is any virtue or truth in man. He accepts Kant's philosophy, in part, but claims that the *will* is the *real self,* and the *body its servant.* The will makes itself a brain, the brain functions and we have intelligence and consciousness. But the will is not God nor of God. It is a blind, unconscious power. The will is immortal and reveals itself in ideas. Suicide destroys only a *single, individual human expression of the will,* not the will it-

* *Johann Friedrich Hebart* (1776-1841), said he was a disciple of Kant, and went back to experience. All advance in knowledge must depend on *experience.* Any phenomenon, any "appearance", must be the appearance of something *real.* The real world never changes, the changes take place in us. Real things only *appear* to change. What we have in our souls is merely the result of the reproduction and association of sensations. Mental life exists in the union and combat of ideas. Practical philosophy is the development of the morally beautiful.

self. Schopenhauer's happy thought is that all the world struggles, and sin and sorrow result, because the will *insists* on living and expressing itself. The world is a place where larger and stronger brutes are constantly devouring smaller brutes, just as repulsive. Life is a daisy-chain of endless painful desires whose gratifications only gives birth to new longings. Man's will is selfish and base, so man is the same. The progress of civilization only serves to develop new forms of suffering, selfishness and immorality. Man is a heartless and cowardly egoist living in the worst of all possible worlds, the world of *pessimism.* "Most men's lives are weary and yearning and torture, accompanied by a succession of trifling thoughts . . . A man's life is like a clock. It is wound up and it goes without knowing why. Whenever a man is born the clock of human life is wound up again, to grind out the same hackneyed old tune it has played so many hundreds of times before, measure for measure, beat for beat, with insignificant variations." One is only surprised, when reading what Arthur thought, that his faithful did not go off. The reason was that, after all, Arthur *did* allow mankind a loophole of escape from the Will. Sympathy or pity was the upward road. The artist or philosopher, by loosing himself in artistic creation or philosophic contemplation, may temporarily forget his selfish Will. Mourning over the wickedness of the world, the uselessness of life in general, also offers escape from the suffering of concentrating on one's own wicked and wretched self. The ascetic life is the ideal one, is Arthur's final conclusion, for it kills the Will with Willlessness! As soon as the natural impulses which tie man down to the world die along the road of suffering, the evil Will which curses existence yields up the ghost, and man is on the way to the one goal—release from the horrors of existence in the bosom of *Nirvana* or Nothingness! The philosopher *Edouard von Hartmann* (1840-1906), thought pretty much as Schopenhauer did, but objected to asceticism. His idea was that it is every man's *duty* to will to live to the *utmost,* and not to flee the world. Time enough to look for *Nirvana* when mankind solemnly decided on non-existence.

But while Arthur Schopenhauer was developing his philosophy of gloom on the basis of pessimism and just as the metaphysicians—Kant, Fichte and Hegel—had developed their systems on the basis of speculation, certain thinkers now based their ideas on *material science.* Darwin published his "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection" in 1859. *Büchner* (1822-1849), physician and psychologist, in his "Force and Matter" (1855), was an out-and-out-materialist. "As a steam-engine produces *motion,* so the intricate organic sum total of force-bearing substances in an animal body produce a sum total of certain effects. When united, we call these effects *mind, soul and thought.*" All natural and spiritual forces are contained in matter,

and Nature is purely physical. This and other protests against *idealism* in philosophy were in turn succeeded by the writings of those who tried to substitute a *new idealism* for the old. Thus *Hermann Lotze* (1817-1881), divided all observation into three regions: that of *facts,* that of *laws,* and that of *standards of value.* They separate only in man's thoughts, not in reality. By means of the first two regions we realize the third, the highest, and this in turn is revealed to us only by the idea of a *personal God.* This God has chosen certain forms and laws for the creation and preservation of the world, and the natural operation of these laws carries out his purposes. Lotza's God is a God of Love. *Gustav Theodor Fechner* (1801-1887), comes to similar conclusions. A psychologist, he was the father of the *laboratory psychology* which investigates the human mind with the aid of the most exact scientific apparatus. Life thrills everything, says Fechner, and "man stands midway between the souls of plants and the souls of stars, the angels." Natural laws exist only to show forth God's perfection. When Fechner died, a happy old man, he looked forward with joy to the hereafter, for he had a "daylight view" of his own world and the world to be. He was a happier man than Arthur of the loaded pistol. *Friedrich Paulsen* (1846-1908), went beyond Fechner, declaring that the soul expresses itself through an *instinct,* the "will to live", which pursues its ends without reasoning why. *Wilhelm Max Wundt* (b. 1832), physiologist and philosopher, claimed it was philosophy's business to combine general truths developed by individual sciences into a consistent system for all. The late *Hugo Münsterberg* (b. 1863), is perhaps, better known in the United States than other modern German philosophers. He was appointed professor of psychology at Harvard University (1892), and his speciality was experimental psychology, while his principal works are: "Eternal Life" (1905), "Science and Idealism" (1906), and "Eternal Values" (1909).

Rudolf Christian Eucken (b. 1846), preaches a doctrine which applies religious inspiration to solving the practical problems of modern society. This system of *practical idealism* he call "Activism." His theory is that religion should not struggle to secure the *happiness* of man but to develop a real spiritual life on a thoroughly human basis. An infinite, immortal power, a yearning for truth and love, must dwell in man or else there is no sense in his striving for higher things.

The French "Positivist" Philosophers, John Stuart Mills and Herbert Spencer.—Every Revolution, physical or mental, has its reaction, and the French Revolution was no exception to the rule. After the French Revolution the popular *materialist* and *sensational* philosophies of the earlier eighteenth century went out of fashion. The Revolution had upset *so many traditions* that people were tempted to think

modification of the old ideas, which had been swept away, the "safe and sane" course to take. *Joseph de Maistre* (1754-1821) and others, begged for a return to sentiment and faith, tradition and respect for authority. And there was a Roman Catholic revival, in which *Chateaubriand, Royer-Collat, Maine de Biron* and *de Bonald* were leaders besides *de Maistre*. The brutal energy and the military conquests of the First Empire threw into relief for a time the advantages of *successful autocracy*. They encouraged *fatalism* and *superstition*. But after Napoleon's fall, the endeavor of the Clerical party in France, especially of the Jesuits, to restore the *Church's absolute empire* over the minds and actions of man, led to a *revival of liberalism*.

Claude Henri de Saint-Simon (1760-1825), was a fantastic seer and prophet rather than a clear thinker. His was a checkered career. He had fought as a volunteer for American independence under George Washington. He had planned a Panama Canal. He turned real estate into gold during the Revolution. Imprisoned at the time of the Terror, his ancestor Charlemagne appeared to him in a jail vision, and told him he was to be a Messiah. Released, Saint-Simon studied, traveled, married, spent his fortune in extravagant living, divorced his wife, and died after pointing out that all society was upside-down, because honor did not reward true service. He left the reputation of having been "a crack-brained Bohemian". His Christian ideal was a Christianity which made love of the world, love for the poor and lowly, and *not self-denial* its leading motive. And the gospel of great public works for the general benefit of the people, railroads, canals, free-trade, is not especially insane. Saint-Simon called his ideas a *positive philosophy*, based on experience and science. *Auguste Comte* (1798-1857), who began as a Saint-Simonian, worked out his own plans for the reform of society in a number of books. Progress for him meant the *perfection of man in society*. To love others, and to live for others should be society's ideal. The object of man's worship should be Humanity. This was Comte's philosophy. Renouvier (1818-1903), opposed positivism with a philosophy founded on Kant, and influenced such moderns as *Bergson* and *James*. Fourier (1772-1837), who thought himself the Newton of social science, claimed that the law of universal attraction governs the hearts of men as well as the movements of planets. His ideas represented an extreme and fantastic development of *Rousseau's naturalism*. Trust to your instincts, drop the artificial conventions of society, and you have the Golden Age. "Fantastic" is the correct term for his ideas. If kept down on the farm, as it were, instead of being allowed to go to "Paree", Fourier declared that the innocent rustic would in time be able—when the final stage of harmony was reached—to swim in a sea "turned into a sort of lemonade", while his primeval virtue disported itself in

the light of a perpetual *Aurora Borealis* which would warm the pole. On the virgin soil of America the Fourierism school did not thrive, though it was one of the many socialist sects which started up experimental communities that failed. *Fouillé* (1838-1912), was a bird of less picturesque but more practical philosophic plumage. He worked out the idea of *idcés-forces* "idea-powers", in which the mind is the *active cause*, due to the trend of ideas to realize themselves in appropriate action. P. J. Prud'hon made *justice* the ruling idea of his socialist philosophy, which agrees in points with Comte and Hegel; but his sane and generally moderate theories (though in 1848 he suggested turning the state into a universal banker who would give "free" credit to the people), suggest a dark chaos shot through with such lurid lights as his two famous aphorisms: *God is evil! Property is theft!*

John Stuart Mill, the Prophet of Empiricism.—The psychology and economic theories of John Stuart Mill (1806-1873), are now largely out of date, but his writing had a great deal of influence on the political life of his country in his own day. He based his theory of logic on the law of *association of ideas.* The universe is ruled by inexorable law and order. The greatest good of the greatest number is the standard of morality. The best final result of his *Utilitarianism,* as it is called, is the theory that every one who can think should investigate for himself, rather than accept the "say-so" of others. Knowledge should be based on experience. He believed in human nature. He said "Education, habit and the cultivation of the sentiments will make a common man dig or weave for his country as readily as fight for his country." As a result of the experience of the World War one might say that a man will dig, or weave, or rivet or anything else for his country quite readily, especially at top wages, while the man who fights for his country does so at a nominal wage. And many men would rather profiteer—ostensibly for their country—than dig, weave or fight. But then wars do not bring out the best in humanity under any circumstances.

Herbert Spencer (1820-1903).—One of the greatest of modern philosophers, Herbert Spencer—the friend of Darwin, Lewes and Huxley—in his "Synthetic Philosophy", a "putting together philosophy", tried to express in summings-up, in general "formulas", the whole tremendous progress of the Age of Revolution, and set it up as the supreme law of the whole universe. Spencer claimed that all knowledge is *relative;* that idealism is a disease of language, living in our words, not our thoughts; that we must accept realism owing to basic laws of consciousness. When we feel and see an object, it is there. Social Evolution will have reached its highest point when humanity has become *a permanently peaceful society,* every member of which gains his own ends without preventing

others from gaining theirs, and that the greatest degree of general happiness on earth results from letting the individual work out his own salvation without state or government interference.

Contemporary Idealistic Ideas.—Idealism, the idealism of Kant and Lotze, found its way to England and America in translations of the works of these and other German philosophers. And *Thomas Hill Green* (1836-1882), was one of the first to strain German idealism through the sieve of his own individuality while keeping its fundamental principles. (*Neo-Kantian Philosophy*). Green's teaching was a great influence for good in civic life in nineteenth century England. He did not merely "philosophize", he *lived* his theories. He was an enthusiastic good ordinary citizen, who lived up to all the duties of citizenship, and he helped by his example to break up the evils of that "class distinction" to which the World War may be said to have dealt a finishing blow. *F. H. Bradley* (b. 1846), an English metaphysical philosopher, declares that reality and truth are only facts of experience, leading to the Absolute or Ultimate Reality. *Josiah Royce* (b. 1855), an American, and a professor of Harvard University, in his "Spirit of Modern Philosophy", and "The World and the Individual", has developed his version of the facts of life and nature. The final object sought in seeking to be, to exist, is to develop the *deeper self* that knows all truth, in *unity*. The only sure thing in the world is that it is understandable, and that its problems are solved, and its most obscure mysteries are clear to the Supreme Self.

Pragmatism and the Pragmatists.—Pragmatism, in a general sense, means the practical, that which serves practically for the welfare of mankind. The great modern name in pragmatism is that of the American philosopher *William James* (1842-1910). His "Principles of Psychology" (1890), made him one of the leaders of the physical school of psychologists. His theories make knowledge an *instrument* for the testing of truth, and the test of truth valuable for the sake of its practical consequence—its value to life and to humanity. "Passionate vision" is more important than logic in philosophy. It is logic's task to justify the vision, not to create it. God is a being like ourselves, in personality and moral nature. He is part of the universe, the affectionate friend, helper and lover of man, and real faith in him lies in man's will to believe (not in his emotions or his intellect) what cannot be scientifically proven. Among other modern pragmatists might be mentioned *H. V. Knox*, *J. B. Pratt*, "What is Pragmatism?", 1909; *C. Santayana*, "The Life of Reason", 1905, and *John Dewey* and his pupils. Dewey's school of thought stresses the importance of the actual world in which we live and have our being, and the individuals who compose it.

Nietzsche, the Prophet of Discontent and General Revolt.—Amer-

ican pragmatism represents a *protest* against conventional and traditional standpoints in science and conduct. But Nietzsche—a German pastor's son—who must have made his father turn in his grave—after the usual classical university course, began to work out a very individual philosophy, to many extremely repulsive. It was worked out of a mind which, from 1876 on, had been *effected.* Nietzsche spent much of his time in the ensuing ten years in various sanitariums. "My year contains two hundred days of sheer pain!" he cried and this being so, it does not seem strange that he made Schopenhauer's dark broodings the basis of his speculations. Nietzsche's philosophy is partly explained by his life. It is not consistent, but it is brilliantly put forth. It is very plausible, and it appeals to the *feeling of revolt* which is present in nearly every human being. Nietzsche's excessively nervous, emotional temperament, his lack of true mental balance, dominates his writings. The unfortunate man, recovering from an earlier attack, was declared hopelessly insane in 1888, and remained so until he died in 1900.

Rebellion against every convention, against the whole civilized environment of mankind, was the keynote of Nietzsche's brilliant essays. He throws away, he *abolishes* all the values of the past. He is an "individualist". Christianity is worthless. It is a religion of the weak, and for the weak. It favors the weak, unfit and decadent at the expense of the *strong,* who are the only ones worth considering. The *superman* has the right to spit on the "spineless Christian virtues". Nietzsche justifies his trampling down the whole herd of the servile followers of Christ, the "poor in spirit". Atheist and free-thinker, Nietzsche preached a "master-morality". According to it, Schopenhauer's "will to live" is really a "will to power". Life is a striving for power at the expense of others, and this *will,* this *instinct,* is the only thing that matters. The mind is just a tool for this instinct. It is the "lesser reason". The body and its instincts are the "big reason" for existence. *To love truth for its own sake shows a diseased state of mind!* Truth is only valuable as a *means* of life. And illusion or error are more important in preserving life and developing the species.

Transformation of the values of the past into new ones that count is the important thing. *Peace* among men or among nations means *stagnation* and death. *War is the natural state of life.* Every living creature tries to increase its own power by vanquishing and destroying others. That is life's law. Slavery, in one form or another, always has been and always will be man's portion. The modern laborer is identical with the slave of old days. *The theory of human equality is a dangerous madness!* State supremacy is wrong. It contradicts individualism. The best-equipped, strongest, most ruthless individual, the one strongest in body and mind,

has the *right* to rule. These better men, *supermen,* aristocrats of nature, ought to command the rabble. Man's whole horizon is bound by the world of his desires and his instincts, and his other instincts all rest on the foundation instinct—*the will to power.* Life is a fearsome and terrible thing. Suffering, injury, pain are the portion of the weak. But this is because they *are* weak. *Pity is a vice.* It saps the courage of the strong. It injures him who gives and him who receives. The "milk of human kindness" is a treacherous poison. But why be pessimistic with the ideal of the strong trampled underfoot as a shining model? Pessimism, like self-sacrifice and renunciation, is the sign of disease and degeneracy. For the will to live, to trample, to subdue, in a *healthy mind,* should be able to overcome pain and the blows of fate.

Nietzsche flings practically everything there is out on the junk-heap. Happiness, peace, pity, self-denial—into the ash-barrel with them, he says. Non-resistance, effeminacy, equality, contempt for the world, socialism, communism, religion, philosophy, science—are garbage, truck, away with them! Follow the spirit of revolt against everything but *love of life,* and *the will to power,* and it will lead you aright.

Various Modern Philosophic Trends.—Ernest Mach (b. 1834), has presented the idea that we live in a world consisting only of our *sensations* and that a man's self is merely a group of sensation-units. Instead of bodies producing sensations, complexes of sensations form bodies. Thoughts are flashes of light which light up the path of the will. *R. Avenarius* (1843-1896), goes back to "pure experience" as the only determinant of knowledge. *Henri Bergson* (b. 1859), a Frenchman, is the inventor of what is known as *Intuitionism.* As Henri sees it, science can only understand what is dead, static, finished, crystallized. The waste matter of creation, the dead stuff of the material world, is science's domain. But when it comes to all that is dynamic to moving, growing, living things, science is at fault. Life and consciousness escape mathematical and scientific treatment. Science does not "get them". To do so man needs *Intuition.* Man's intuition is a *superinstinct,* an instinct spiritualized. And only by means of this instinct, this intuition, can man grasp life's meanings. Like all metaphysical philosophies, Henri Bergson's is complex. One among his many subtle thoughts might be instanced to show how *Intuitionism* works. Joy—not pleasure, ordinary pleasure, but joy, refined, pure, immaterial joy—rings the soul's signal-bell to let us know that intuition is active in us. And when we hear this superjoy-bell tinkle in our soul we may confidently feel that it means that life is triumphant, for wherever joy is there is creation also, and creation is life. The real reason man lives is for the sake of a creation of *self by self,* and by the continual en-

richment of personality through elements and factors which the individual draws not from outside sources, but develops out of himself.

All the constantly shifting developments, the changing phases of philosophic thought of the immediate present and of the past, naturally, have not been touched upon in this chapter. It may be said to present, however, in outline, the outstanding men and thoughts in serious philosophic striving from the Age of the Reformation to the present day.

THE PERSONAL ROMANCE OF HISTORY

The Personal Romance of History

INTRODUCTION

THE tales of the loves of the kings and queens who have ruled over the nations of the earth may be said to make up the "personal" romance of History. Crowns and ermine, jeweled robes and sceptres are only stage "props". Castles and palaces are only stage settings. And, where love is concerned, time and place are only incidental. The "personal" romance of History is a human thing. It is *life!* For kings and queens, "under their skins", to use Kipling's phrase, are no different from other men and women. Sometimes, as in the case of Henri III. of France, the men are more women than men; sometimes, as in the case of Queen Christina of Sweden, the women are more men than women. But, weak or strong, right or wrong, noble and elevated or base and degraded, in their loves and passions, they are *human.* And, perhaps, nothing brings these dead and gone monarchs closer to us, makes us realize that they are poor, weak, erring creatures like ourselves, than the "personal romance" of their lives. No one volume could adequately cover *all* the personal romances of History. Some of History's greatest romances remain its greatest mysteries. But the outstanding stories of the heart and soul-romances of the great still intrigue us. Though we live in an age when the kings of earth, one by one, seem to be folding their tents like the Arabs and silently stealing away, magic still clings to the word "king", and a golden halo of romance surrounds the idea of kingship. And the lovely queens of yesteryear are dear to the hearts of all the world. The following pages, therefore, attempt to give some idea of how kings and queens lived and loved in the golden days. In History proper we see kings riding at the head of their armies, or with a solemn face signing a new tax decree or some other state paper. The queens are trying on coronation robes or smiling a smile of stereotype sweetness from behind the great glass windows of gilded state coaches. But—both

kings and queens (crowned and uncrowned) did more than that when they were released from the galling chains of duty and the peering eyes of the curious. With a sigh of relief they flung aside the purple, and for the time being they were like the other poor human creatures they so often may have envied. The uneasy heads of men that wore the crown sank happily to rest on soft, loved bosoms; the proud necks of diademed women bent and thrilled to the touch of loved hands, often those of some ordinary man of common birth. They refound the humanity the terrible isolation of their station so often made them forget. There is no romance more wonderful than this "personal" romance of History, for all too often it is the romance of *repression!* It represents the few sunbeams of happiness, the few drops of mad passion that give the passing glow and glory of life to the human puppets condemned to the royal servitude of kingship. At the same time a deep moral underlies these sketches of royal lives. It is the moral that it is a bad thing for a man or woman to be so raised above the common herd that their pleasure is their only law. And it is one that shows how wise George Washington was when he sternly refused to listen to insidious proposals that he be the first American "king". The reader may judge for himself, in the following pages, whether the "personal" romance of royalty in the mass has been an influence for good in the lives of the nations.

In preparing his studies the author has drawn on the best of modern French, German, Spanish and other writers of memoirs and historical fiction besides the standard historians.

CHAPTER I

THE ANCIENT EAST

(Egypt)

Some Old Queens of Pyramid Land.—Could the lips of the dead kings and queens whose mummies lie in their glass museum cases only speak, what tales could they not tell! Some of these lips of royal women who lived in the days when History was young are tightly closed. They seem to say that even in death they will guard against the tender secrets their tongues might betray. Others are curved in a slight, skeptical smile which has survived the passing of the centuries. What is there about love worth telling, their smile seems to ask. And the personal romances of these embalmed shells of humanity will never be told. Egyptian kings and queens did not entrust the details of their personal life, their love-life, to the solemn hieroglyphics for the world to read. What we know of them is gathered from the chronicles of such gossipy old historians as Herodotus and his successors, who set down what people whispered behind their hands in the by-gone centuries for the information of the people of to-day. So only here and there a name stands out. There is the mythical *Nitocris*. Herodotus tells of her. The old Egyptian kings often married their sisters, and Nitocris was one of these sister-brides. When various ones among his priests and nobles conspired and murdered the pharaoh, Nitocris carefully planned her revenge. She had an underground palace built, with a noble banquet-hall. But in the wall of that hall was a sewer-like grating, hidden by tapestries. When the conspirators, invited to a feast, were happily intoxicated with palm brandy the beautiful queen had provided, she smilingly withdrew from the hall. Then, with every way to get out barred by iron gates, the guilty wretches were suddenly roused to sobriety—and death—by the rushing waters of the Nile, which drowned them all, while Nitocris, joy in her heart, listened to their cries and clapped her hands as they drowned.

There is the mannish Queen Hatshepsut. No sooner was her husband safely embalmed than she literally put on the ancient Egyptian equivalent to pants, as her monuments show, and ran her twin kingdoms with a high hand. But as to whether she loved, in trousers or out, history is silent. There was the Memphis-barmaid,

Queen Taia, a girl who grew up in an Egyptian beer-saloon, with all that this implies and who, no doubt, drew on the lessons of a wide experience to help her twist her elderly husband, the god-king of Egypt, around her little finger; and to rule, after he had gone to sleep in the darkness of a pyramid tomb. We know that his royal women were a source of trouble to one Egyptian Pharaoh in particular, poor Rameses III. The harem wives and girls got together. The king was an old man. Perhaps they thought their plot to put his young son on the throne in his place would bring a gleam of sunshine into their somewhat loveless lives. At any rate, they planned to do away with their elderly husband and lover. But the plot was discovered, and King Rameses immediately created a large number of harem vacancies. Here and there we have a glimpse of the intimate lives of erstwhile Egyptian royal mummies. But for the most part their intimate lives, their purple passions, their loves, noble or base, are hidden from us. And their silent lips never will tell the tale. The Persians and Macedonians in turn conquered Egypt, and after Alexander's conquest and death it passed into the hands of his general Ptolemy. Then for a long time the descendants of Ptolemy reigned over the land, growing gradually more vicious and depraved as the centuries passed. The women of this royal family, in particular, united in themselves the worst failings of the Egyptian and the Macedonian Greek races.

CLEOPATRA, THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE

The past perfected flower of this degenerate race was Cleopatra. The most beautiful woman of her time, she has been the inspiration of poets and romancers through the ages. She has called forth dramas by Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw. She has motived operas, women's fashions, ballets, stories, novels without number. Yes, this woman who died shortly before Christ was born, is still a living influence at the present day. To most of us the mention of Cleopatra suggests a highly improper person, one of those women whom men *should, but do not, forget.* We think of her as a woman who, after a life of dissolute folly, largely devoted to melting pearls in vinegar, committed suicide by having a snake bite her. Her story is generally taken to be one of "a reckless lust that threw away the world for love"; only, as the screen says: "Don't call it *love!*" Yet to understand poor Cleopatra, we must remember that she was not a Christian housewife. She was a creature of her environment. No one better expressed the spirit of that environment of the ancient world in which she lived than the great French poet Theophile Gautier:

"Our world is petty compared to the ancient world. Our festivities are trifling compared to the frightful sumptuousness of Roman

patricians and Asiatic princes. Their every-day meals would be called mad orgies to-day. A whole modern town could live for a week on the *dessert* of one of the dinners Lucullus gave a few friends. We, poor wretches, can hardly imagine those enormous existences, which realized *everything* the imagination could invent in the way of the daring, the strange and the monstrous. Caligula would not have stabled his horses in our palaces. The richest of constitutional monarchs does not make the showing of one petty Persian satrap. . . ." Cleopatra was one of those monarchs of ancient times whose every wish was fulfilled almost before it was expressed. The royal daughters of the Ptolemies of Egypt were farmer girls in *one* sense. It was a family tradition for them to sow their wild oats, and none regulated the sowing thereof. It is hard to imagine the gulf between a royal princess of those days and one of our own. Cleopatra was more than human, she was *divine*. Egypt only existed for her pleasure. Men—the handsomest, the strongest, the proudest, were simply *incidents* in Cleopatra's royal life. They distracted her. She let them love her when she was bored—and Cleopatra often was bored. Like the "Louise" of the Paris "East Side" in the opera of the same name, Cleopatra's motto seems to have been, "Why am I beautiful if not to be loved?" And, like some great *prime donne* whose moral frailties the world condones in view of their services to Art, Cleopatra passed from passion to passion. When their love began to bore, Cleopatra had her lovers flung to the crocodiles or given the poison cup. Not that she was cruel, not at all. But—they had served their turn and Egypt was still full of love material should boredom again befall her. We must remember that these passions which seem so *purple* to us, were only the most delicate *lavender* in Cleopatra's eyes. For in all things much depends on the time, the place and the girl, and the Serpent of the Nile was a special kind of girl. Instead of being a girl whom *men* forget, she was one who *forgot men* as soon as she wearied of them.

CLEOPATRA AND CAESAR

When Julius Caesar came into Cleopatra's life, love wedded and unwedded was an old story to her. Aside from crocodile-food, she had been married to her brother King Ptolemy XII., with whom she quarreled. When Julius Caesar came to Alexandria following Pompey, he found Pompey dead, but Cleopatra very much alive. The astute queen at once improved the opportunity to win him to her side. Did she love him? Who can tell! Caesar, before fame had covered his bald head with her laurel-wreath and even after, had been one of the most industrious love-bees of the Roman hive. Flitting from flower to flower, he had supplemented his town ex-

periences by amatory studies in Britain and Gaul. He must have had a way with him. But so did Cleopatra, for that matter. Taking a small boat one evening when the dusk was falling romantically, she had a single confidant, Appolodorus, row her across the twilight waves to the waterside palace Caesar occupied in Alexandria. Then the loveliest of her sex had herself wrapped in a rich rug lest she call a blush to the cheek of the legionaries on guard, and thus was carried to Caesar's apartment. Caesar was writing, but laid aside his pen when he saw what came out of the rug. The rest of the tale is soon told. As Plutarch says, he was "overcome by the charm of her society". That his affection was real is proven for, partly for her sake, he overthrew her quarrelsome brother in a little war, and married her off to a still younger brother, Ptolemy XIII. Besides, as a pledge of his love, Caesar left her—at least Cleopatra declared he did—the babe Caesarion (b. B.C. 47), afterward associated with his mother in the government of Egypt as Ptolemy XIV.

CLEOPATRA AND ANTONY

Romans, after this love affair, seemed the most delightful people in the world to Cleopatra. No doubt the crocodiles still had an occasional meal: it is hard to break the habit of decades. But in her love affair with Antony Cleopatra entered upon what poets and dramatists declare was the *great passion* of her life, while grave historians say it was a *political enterprise* so bold, so daring that only a woman of superior intelligence could have conceived it. Antony was a soldier. His morals were those of the camps of his day, only more so. He was, liberal, joy-loving, immensely popular with his men, and his heart fluttered whenever he saw a skirt. It would hardly be right to say that Antony was led astray by Cleopatra. He was old enough to know better when he met Egypt's beauteous queen. Antony's wife Fulvia did not weigh on his mind when he met Cleopatra in Ephesus. He was there, preparing for a war against the Parthians, when "she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple. Oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes, fifes and harps. She lay all alone under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture (and we all know how much dressed "Venus in a picture" is apt to be), while beautiful young boys stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces. Some steered at the rudder, others worked at the oars (alas, for delicate little hands that were blistered tugging at the hawsers!). Perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore." All the town crowded down to the river-side and when, finally, Antony found himself sitting all alone in the judge's tribunal

in the market-place he thought he might as well join the rest. He came, he saw and—he invited Cleopatra to supper. It was the first of many little supper-parties, public and private. Cleopatra was one of those wonderful women who can mix in *any* society. Soon she was bandying soldier jokes with Antony, "for all", as Plutarch says, this camp humor was "broad and gross". Cleopatra must have been fascinating. The old historian says: "Her actual beauty was not in itself so remarkable . . . but the *contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible!* The attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation . . . was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another. There were few of the barbarian nations that she answered through an interpreter. To most of them she spoke herself, to the Ethiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians and many others."

Soon Antony followed Cleopatra to Alexandria, where the royal lovers lived in a passionate whirl of enjoyment. Eight wild boars would be roasting at a time on the spits for supper. Why *eight* enormous wild boars when there were only *ten* others supping with Antony and Cleopatra? Well, there was no fixed supper hour and so, since the roast must be served to a turn, it was necessary to have various boars, fowl, etc., in different *stages* of roasting. Plutarch says: "Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but Cleopatra had a thousand". And we can see that she knew how to hold a man's attention. "Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had every moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes. She let him escape her neither by day nor by night. She *diced* with him, *drank* with him, *hunted* with him and when he exercised in arms she was there to see."

CLEOPATRA THE POLITICIAN

And here we might as well come to the *political* Cleopatra. Was passion a habit with Cleopatra and politics a passion? Or was politics a habit and passion a matter of politics? Probably a little of both. Cleopatra was a woman accustomed to rule. Practically all the kingdoms of Asia had been "taken over" by the Romans with the exception of her own. If there was any more gobbling to do Cleopatra preferred to do it herself. Antony and Octavius, Julius Caesar's nephew, owned the Roman world between them. And Antony, simple soul, was easily managed. Her idea was to make Egypt the *central* country of a group of Asian countries. Antony, as joint King of Egypt with herself, should rule over them. Very conveniently for her plans, Antony's wife Fulvia died during

the merry days at Alexandria. But—if Antony actually married an Egyptian wife and set up as an Egyptian king it would greatly injure his popularity with the Romans. The Romans at large would have felt somewhat as Americans might feel were the President of the United States to proclaim himself King of Liberia, marry an ebon daughter of a jungle chieftain, and still try to take a hand in American national affairs from his African throne. Antony knew this. So when Fulvia died, to keep the Roman end of his political affairs smooth he married Octavia, Octavius Caesar's sister.

KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

For three years Antony kept away from Egypt and its royal charmer, and devoted himself to giving Octavia two little daughters and conquering Persia instead. But—the lovers kept up a correspondence, and it is always easy to rekindle a great conflagration of any kind with a scrap of paper, if only suitably worded. History seems to prove—how hateful it is to have the glowing, golden visions of romance thus destroyed!—that the need of *cold cash* brought Antony and his heart's desire together again. For—Antony had no money to pay his legionaries their $30.00 per month. And Cleopatra, in spite of her lavishness, still had intact the immense family hoard of the Ptolemies, a vast treasure of gold and silver. Shakespeare has painted the marriage of Antony and Cleopatra (36 B.C.) in the most glowing and romantic colors. But it was a marriage on a *cash* basis. Cleopatra would only let her *husband's* hand dip into her hoard. So Antony, in order to be able to dip, married her and became the King of Egypt. But—he tried to keep it quiet. They were married very quietly in Antioch, like a couple of respectable middle-class folk, and tender-hearted Antony did not think of divorcing Octavia. Yet in spite of his generalship and Cleopatra's gold, he did not conquer Persia and had to retreat from Parthia. And when he returned from his campaign, Octavius Caesar, to oblige his sister Octavia who loved her bigamous husband, dispatched *her* to bring Antony the new recruits sent him from Rome to fill his ranks. Octavius wanted to force Antony to come out openly and declare whether he was a Roman or an Egyptian, whether he was going to stick to his Roman or to his Egyptian wife. But Antony wrote and told Octavia to wait in Athens with her 2,000 soldiers, and all the gifts she had brought for him, and that he would meet here there. She waited, but Antony never came. Cleopatra employed the cunning arts which women before and after her have used to sway the hearts of weak and erring men.

"She feigned to be dying of love for Antony, bringing down her body by slender diet. When he entered the room she fixed her eyes upon him in a rapture. When he left she seemed to languish and

half faint away." Clever Cleopatra! "She took great pains that he should see her in tears, and as soon as he noticed it hastily dried them up and turned away, as if it were her wish that he know nothing of it." And meanwhile everyone in Alexandria was telling Antony what a hard-hearted creature he was. Here a lovely and loving woman, whose soul depended on him, was killing herself for his sake. Antony put off his new Parthian expedition and poor Octavia went back to Rome. There, noble-hearted woman, she took care of the two pledges of Antony's former affection, as well as Fulvia's children, and tried in every way to further the interests of the man who had abandoned her. But Antony's political pitcher was on its way to be broken at the Roman well. When he had the people of Alexandria gathered in a great parade-ground, set up thrones of gold and silver and created a batch of Asian child kings out of his nursery, the Romans shuddered. Heralds proclaimed his wife Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Africa and Coele-Syria, with Caesarion, the living souvenir of her romance of the rug as joint ruler. Two of Antony's boys by Cleopatra were also fitted out with crowns. Alexander was made King of Armenia, Media and Parthia (as soon as father should have conquered his kingdom), and little Ptolemy strutted about as King of Phoenicia, Syria and Cilicia, wearing the Macedonian cap with the royal diadem twined around it. Cleopatra now advanced herself to divinity, and appeared in public as the goddess Isis. But it was all too good to last.

THE DOWN-HILL ROAD

The passions and politics of the two lovers were on the way to a tragic end. Octavius Caesar, whose sister had been infamously treated and who was entitled to a share of Armenia, prepared for war. So did Antony, and the latter celebrated his approaching victory before it was won with such splendor that the people asked what he would do after the battle was gained. Every Roman was incensed by what he learned about Antony's Asian carryings-on, and shook his head when he heard that Antony would delay the solemn public receptions of kings and ambassadors to gloat over love-letters graven on tablets of onyx and crystal sent him by Cleopatra. Once, when he was holding a court of judgment, and a lawyer named Furnius was making a most eloquent address, Cleopatra happened to pass outside in her litter. At once Antony left the judge's chair and rushed out. Forgetting all about the case, he followed Cleopatra home. After that, of course, no lawyer had a good word for him. Antony's own veterans, however, were faithful to him. What if the general preferred an Egyptian woman to a Roman one? Many of them had forgotten all about the wives they had left in Rome and had taken to Egyptian spouses and sweethearts instead. Be-

sides, a woman was only a woman to their rude soldier way of thinking, but a leader like Antony was a stroke—a stroke of luck! Yet when Antony repeated his performance in the court-house at the great sea-battle of Actium, Roman veterans changed their minds. For a leader to *desert* the men who had been fighting and dying for him on the great sea-galleys, simply because a woman fluttered her skirts and fled, was shameful beyond all thinking! And just this Antony did. Cleopatra's own sixty galleys turned and ran when there was every prospect of victory for Antony, and Antony ran as soon as he saw Cleopatra's own ship set sail. His soldiers on shore held together for a few days and refused all the offers Caesar made them. They could not think that their old general would leave them to perish. At last they all surrendered.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

The rest is a series of mad, hectic days, days of wine and wassail, when Antony and Cleopatra feasted, drank and frolicked together in Alexandria with the "Society of Diers Together" which they had founded. For Antony knew that all was over for him. His infatuation for Cleopatra had made him do a thing men do not forgive. When not drinking and feasting with Antony, Cleopatra was very busy testing out various kinds of poisons. Venemous snakes of different kinds were "tried out" on prisoners condemned to die. Thus the intelligent woman with her own eyes convinced herself which fangs would bring about the most *pleasant* death. The asp—known to-day as the *naya-hayeh,* "Cleopatra's Asp", or the *uraous* serpent, which grows to the length of five feet, but whose tooth in the baby-state is also remarkably effective—was finally selected. Its bite brought no pain. The one bitten simply passed away pleasantly in a lethargic sleep. When Caesar's men drew near Alexandria Antony sallied out and beat them back into their trenches after a fierce fight. But he knew the end was at hand. In the next day's battle his horse deserted to the enemy and his foot were beaten He returned to the palace and fell on his own sword.

THE DEATH OF ANTONY

Cleopatra, some time before, had put up a tall monument or tomb near the temple of Isis. There she had collected all her treasures, her gold, silver, emeralds, pearls, ebony, ivory, cinnamon, and a great quantity of torchwood and cotton waste. When the news came that Antony had given himself a mortal wound, she had him brought to her retreat. She let down cords from a window (she and two other women were the sole persons in the building) and they pulled the dying man up and in. With dreadful exertion Cleopatra managed to drag Antony, covered with blood, to a couch.

There, tearing her face and breast she wailed for him, calling him her lord, her husband, her emperor, intent only on him. No one can truly tell what went on in the dark heart of Egypt's greatest queen. But at the end, her passion, as the pages of the old historians tell it, rings true. Antony was indeed, one cannot help but think, dearer to her than the great bald-pate who conquered Gaul, dearer than all those nameless lovers of an hour who passed from her white arms to the jaws of the scaly scavengers of the Nile. He was dearer than ambition, dearer than life itself—at least for a moment! But Antony, too, had done with weakness. He called for a last cup of wine, and while he drank he consoled Cleopatra. He gave her good, practical advice as to how to make the best of her own tangled affairs. And he said before he died: "Do not pity me! Rejoice in the memory of our last happiness. For of all men I have been most illustrious and powerful, and I have fallen not ignobly: a Roman, I have been overcome by a fellow-Roman!" And now Cleopatra had to think of herself.

CLEOPATRA'S PASSING

In Cleopatra's veins ran the blood of two proud races, however much the Romans might frown upon them. Caesar had taken her prisoner. He had let her celebrate Antony's funeral with magnificence. He had met and talked to her. For Cleopatra was to be the great sight, the crowning glory, of his magnificent triumph in Rome. There, in chains, following after his chariot, the most beautiful queen in the world would lend her final splendor to his success. But Cleopatra saw through his cunning plans. She had a soul above a Roman triumph and, possibly, a quiet life as a private person in some villa given her by Octavius' charity. A queen may be a captive, her subjects living beneath the enemy's sword, and yet her wish may still be a command. After a passionate farewell from her great lover's spirit at Antony's tomb, she bathed and ate. Soon after a country fellow appeared. When the guards saw that he merely brought a basket of fruit to offer the queen they let him pass. She wrote a note to Octavius Caesar, begging him pathetically to have her buried in the same tomb with Antony. And then, lying down on her golden couch, with the crown of Lower and Upper Egypt on her brow, she moved the fruit in the basket and the only gift she asked of life, the gift of death, was revealed. The serpent's fangs sank deep into the flesh of the white arm that had been the delight of so many passionate lips, and Cleopatra with a sigh fell back gently upon her cushions. Caesar Octavius buried her as she had desired.

THE QUEEN WHO WAS DONE TO DEATH WITH KISSES

(A Babylonian Echo)

In the old, old days the girls who filled their big clay jars at the drinking fountains of Babylon the Great told the desert wanderers who stopped to drink the tale** of the queen who was done to death with kisses. It was a tale first told in the old days of King Nebuchadnezzar, the king who was stricken with madness and ate grass like the beasts of the field. And the children's children's grand-children of the first tellers were still telling it in the days when Alexander the Macedonian died in the old town. Then the tale disappeared. For no true tale dies. It vanishes for a time and, somehow, it pops up again in the brain of a poet or romancer. He thinks it is his and writes it down. But really, it is a tale that had lived on in the blood of his forbears and come to life again in him. Perhaps it has slumbered for many hundred years. But at last it is told again and set down again, for no tale really ever dies.

One evening King Nebuchadnezzar once more stepped into the great hall of his palace. He walked erect and when he saw Naaman, the *tartan* or general of his armies, he raised his hand. And Naaman came to him hastily, for Naaman saw that the great King of Babylon had risen from the well of his madness and was sane in mind. Nebuchadnezzar said to him: "I came by the marble stair on the other side of the palace. No one saw me for the guards were asleep in their drunkenness. And I am no longer the mad king who browsed on the garden grass like a goat. Once more I listen with joy to the clatter of the chariots being harnessed in the courtyard of black stones. I hear with pleasure the women singing on the terraces, and the flutes of the young men with painted cheeks are blowing beneath the cedars. No more will I howl so that my howls are heard beyond the palace walls. And, Naaman",—here King Nebuchadnezzar smiled a cruel smile—"I will no longer hear your love-sighs and the kisses you have lavished on the queen. For every evening when you disappeared with her in the green garden thickets my mad eyes followed you! 'Nebuchadnezzar is sleeping', she said when you mentioned my silence. The whiteness of her skin made it seem as though dawn were rising in the gardens. And the slaves admired her, too, for their eyes would glow behind the iron bars of their barracks. When you had done kissing and left the garden the stars seemed as sad as the lamps that are lit for the dead. And I would begin to howl once more, frightening the shepherds under the palms and the sheep sleeping on the riverbank.

"So I first wanted to see you, Naaman. My voice would have

* Retold after Lantoine's *Le Reveil de Nebuchadnezzar.*

wakened the soldiers like a thunderbolt. I am strong again. My power has returned with my reason. I might easily have remounted my horse and have had you put to death. Your crime has not made me forget your past service to me. You have too often dared death in battle by my side for me to hand you over to the headsman. Besides I have come up from the shadows with a heart full of forgiveness—for you. And I understand the desire of the slaves. They toil hard and have no joy in life. They love the queen as we do, Naaman, more than we do. They have seen the dawnlike whiteness of her skin, and they die because they may not possess her. Therefore, Naaman, I command that this night you lead the queen to the slaves so that she may at last have her fill of love and kisses." And Naaman shuddered and fell at King Nebuchadnezzar's feet and cried: "The king of the world has spoken. I hear and I obey."

The heat of the day had died. The queen's slaves had rubbed her delicate skin with galbanum, they had touched her face lightly with rouge, and from sandalwood coffers had taken glowing jewels to adorn her hair. When the veil of the twilight deepened Naaman entered the garden, as was his custom, and the queen stole down to meet him in a long silver gown, like some lovely ghost, sweet as a perfume. And Naaman said to her: "Your breath is as grateful to me as the cool evening air to the foreheads of sailors lost in the hot waters of the sea. Your kiss makes drunken like sorgho wine and your caress is the very caress of Ishtar, the love goddess herself."

But the queen was ill at ease. "I have not heard Nebuchadnezzar howling", she said. "The slaves I sent to look for him could not find him". Naaman did not reply.

A languor lay over the gardens. They seemed filled with an immense and unappeased longing made up of flowering plants, the stars, heat of the sun, the citron-trees and the cooing of doves. The queen and Naaman disappeared in the green shadows.

Then a great and terrible cry passed over the palace. The slaves resting against the bases of columns leaped to their feet, and curious faces peopled the palace terraces. And for years and years after, the girls who filled their clay jars at the drinking fountains of Babylon the Great told the desert wanderers who stopped to drink the tale of the queen who was done to death with kisses.

CHAPTER II

PALESTINE, INDIA, PERSIA AND CHINA

HEBREW ROMANCE BEFORE SOLOMON

We must not look for romance among the Jewish cowboys on the cattle-ranches of the polygamous old Biblical patriarch. Cow-tracks in ancient Palestine never led to romantic adventures. No noble two-gun men shot up villainous rustlers to rescue the blooming daughters of poor but honest ranchers. We find (Genesis 9. Chapter XXXIV, 10) that the word "trade" is significantly connected with the word "marriage" in the land where Abraham grazed his herds, and trade is not romantic.

Samson, who surely chose the appropriate weapon with which to slay his enemies, was shaved for the Philistine chain-gang by a patriotic Syrian vampire, but the touch of the shears clips the romance away from his tale. King David? There is no real romance in the tale of King David and Abishag the Shunamite. "King David was old and stricken with years", and Abishag "was very fair". The daily press abounds with stories of aged millionaires strewing grains of golden salt on the tail-feathers of the lovely young birds they wish to win for their gilded cages. The story of King Solomon's romance with the Queen of Sheba has been told in "The Romance of the Opera", but Solomon also is credited with being the author of "The Song of Songs", which "extols the power and sweetness of pure and faithful human love." Was the husband of a thousand wives the author of "The Song of Solomon", or "The Song of Songs?" All tends to show that the song is *about* the much-wedded king and not *by* him. It is one* of the tenderest royal love-stories of history, in spite of the fact that its oriental frankness, anent the physiology of love may not be in accordance with our own ideas of good taste.

THE SHEIK OF A THOUSAND WIVES AND THE JEWISH FARMER GIRL

It is the story of a Jewish farmer girl who preferred a shepherd lad in his sheepskin to Solomon in all his glory. But there are so

* The loveliest and most idyllic of all Bible love-stories, of course, is that of Ruth, and for its telling, which could not be improved upon, the reader is referred to the Bible itself.

many different interpretations of the story, by so many different Biblical scholars and orientalists, that it is still a doubtful matter whether the lovely maiden loved *Solomon* or the *shepherd,* and whom she chose. That she loved *some one,* to judge by her passionate language, is about the only *definite* conclusion one can reach. The version of the tale being a matter of choice we will tell it as follows:

Throughout history farmer's innocent daughters have been in the habit of being surprised by admiring princes. In the little town of Shulem, the Shulamite—we do not know her first name—went down into her father's little truck-farm one morning. Perhaps she meant to pick a mess of beans or pluck some lettuce leaves. At any rate, there she was, all innocence and grace as truck-farmer's daughters so often are, when King Solomon swept by with his splendid train, going north to Jerusalem. No monarch with a thousand wives fails to note a charming bit of femininity, wherever he may be. Solomon's trained eye saw the lovely lettuce-picker. He laid his hand on his charioteer's arm. His chariot stopped. All the royal chariots stopped, and the court ladies gave a cry of admiration at the Shulamite's beauty. But the modest little country maid shrank back in alarm. "I had gone down into my garden to see its growth," she cried, under the ardent gaze of the great wife-selector. "I know not how my soul hath brought me among the chariots of princes!" But Solomon commanded the flower of his northern valleys to turn and let herself be seen, in spite of her bashful protest. And—he found her "unique among women", a remark he had made, no doubt, a thousand times before. Next we meet the little rustic in the great palace in Jerusalem, among the ladies of the court harem. There King Solomon is laying siege to her heart. For the great Jewish Louis XIV. of Palestine constrained no maiden into his arms against her will. He always was willing to marry those whom he loved. His intentions were honorable, no matter how often he duplicated them. A marriage more or less meant but little in his royal life. And the Shulamite *was* passionately in love—but not with the king. A decent, simple lad who drove his bleating charges along the same road where Solomon's royal chariots had swept so proudly by, had won her girlish heart. Perhaps he had leaned over the garden-gate of an evening, when his sheep passed on to their fold. Perhaps there had been soft whispers in the twilight. Perhaps there even had been—kisses. It all happened long ago and it is hard to say.

So Solomon's royal love-making did not move the Shulamite. She was home-sick for the little truck-farm. She wanted to hear the soft tootlings of her shepherd lover's flute. Her beloved, though she knows not where to find him in the splendid city, is cherished

in her heart. She hugs him—in metaphor, of course—to her bosom, "like a spray of the sweet henna flowers that Oriental ladies delight to wear." How much rather would she be sitting with her country boy under the cedars instead of listening to Solomon's sweet nothings, staled by thousandfold repetition. The harem beauties set her down as witless. They told her to hie herself back to the farm. And at last poor Solomon, despairing of weaning the simple little thing from her fondness for the unknown country boy—we might call him Reuben for convenience's sake—let her return to the lettuce-patch and the cedar-grove. There, far from the gilded and perfumed splendors of court life, she could find the happiness that only true love can give. In the Shulamite's last monologue (VII, 10; VIII, 3) hope of immediate return to her lover is tempered by maidenly shame. Her maiden desire for a mother's advice to guide her shows how real was the Shulamite's constancy. And in spite of obscurities in the text of the Song of Songs which make us dread the *worst*, we like to think she escaped from the royal harem to bring her shepherd lover a dowry of innocence and virtue uncontaminated as a bridal portion. Let us hope they were very happy for long years among the lettuce and the sheep.

ANCIENT INDIA, CHINA AND PERSIA

China and India, historically speaking, are lands in which in ancient times romantic royalties—men and women who thought the world well lost for love like Cleopatra and Antony—are more legendary than real. In India there are charming romances, like that of Sakuntala, a pious hermit's daughter, whom a king meets and loves in her father's forest retreat, but they are literature rather than history, and we are considering people who really *existed*. In China, the outstanding empresses in the old days (and down to more modern times) were intensely *practical*, rather than *romantic*.

IMPERIAL CHINESE POISONERS

Those who think that royal Chinese women did nothing but teeter about on tiny feet in the ancient days, submissively accepting the caresses of their saffron colored lords and masters in the perfumed recesses of the harem are much mistaken. Various Chinese ladies have shown that mastery of the *heart* of a Son of Heaven could be combined with political control of his *empire*. The Empress Liuchi, is probably the first Chinese woman to take a prominent part in public affairs. A widow, she reigned (c. 200 B.C.) for her son. She is the Chinese Lucretia Borgia. When her husband, Emperor Kaoutsou died, another one among his many sorrowing widows wanted the throne for *her* boy. But Liuchi nipped her plans in the bud with a cup of poisoned wine. And poison proved

such a convenient way of ridding herself of her enemies that she soon began to use it day in and day out. Once her own son, who did not wish to lose too many of his subjects, succeeded in saving one of the greatest princes of the empire at a banquet. He had come to know what the peculiar gleam in his mother's eye meant when she affectionately pressed a cup of wine upon *any one*. Seeing the gleam, he snatched the cup away from the victim just in time. This was not wise of Hoeti, Liuchi's son. He was slipped his own specially prepared poison draught soon after, and went into the Great Guess leaving his mother to rule alone. After a time she *adopted* a boy. When his real mother tried to use her supposed influence to draw gold from the Empress, the latter put *her* away with the time-honored means. In fact, her reign is just one poisoning after another, for her adopted boy protested when his mother was poisoned, and promptly had to drink from the same cup. Liuchi might have depopulated China had she not died herself, as legend says, from terror, because the ghosts of all those whom she had sent into the beyond gave her no rest. She made *government by women* unpopular in China for a long time. Poisoning had kept her so busy that the thrill of delight she had when the victim of her "home-brew" sighed, gave a few convulsive moans and stiffened out, seems to have been the only gleam of romance in her monotonous life. Another practical empress of the same kind was the Empress Wou, who lived in the seventh century A.D., the widow of the Emperor Taitsong. When Kaotsong, Taitsong's son, married one of his father's other widows, Wou, at one blow she swept away his entire harem. This energetic lady took all Kaotsong's other wives, including the lawful Empress and, cutting off their hands and feet, thrust them into large wine-filled vases, those giant Chinese vases one sometimes sees in the windows of oriental curio shops. After that she was her husband's only wife, and ruled him and his empire. Alas, for the rarity not only of royal charity, but of romance as well among these crowned heads of Cathay!

MOTHER-LOVE IN ANCIENT HAREMS

In ancient Persia, as in China and India, the hand which knocked the lesser inmates of the harem about was, no doubt, the hand that rules the world. Persian queens do not play a great part, as a rule, in official history. We need not point out that wherever a number of royal ladies gathered together with but a single husband to share among them, there was bound to be trouble. For in a harem women gentle, sweet, kind-hearted, turn into tigers to defend their supposed rights and those of their little ones. And, usually, there were many different little ones, all of whose mothers each hoped that her boy might some day wear father's crown. When there is but

one crown and any number of baby candidates, mothers do not seem to have shrunk from anything. Dark plots, poisonings, assassinations in corners, sacks holding murdered bodies, splashings into the river which flowed by the harem walls, energetic mothers holding some other mother under the rose-scented water of the royal bath until she was drowned, a thousand and one little variations of death were common to harem life. But even when mother-love turns a mother into a murderess she does not become romantic. She is merely *practical* and trying her best to give her own little prince his "place in the sun". Before we leave these perfumed Persian harems filled with murdering mothers, these rich and gorgous apartments where hateful beauties whisper to sallow eunuchs while they dart snaky glances at some poor little lad who may be wandering past, we might have an actual historic illustration of harem morals. The hidden hands of these Capitolas of Persia usually clutched a dagger or a deadly drug. Plutarch is our authority for some of the "romance" of Persian harem life in King Artaxerxes' day. Artaxerxes began by marrying a beautiful and virtuous wife to please his parents. But soon marriage became a habit with him and then his troubles began.

PERSIAN HAREM HORRORS

It was a happy family, that of King Artaxerxes. He and his younger brother Cyrus fell out about the division of the kingdom, and Cyrus, as his brother Artaxerxes proudly claimed, was slain by his own royal hand. Next Artaxerxes' mother poisoned her daughter-in-law, Statira. Then Artaxerxes fell horribly in love with his own daughters Atossa and Amnestris, and married them. And we shudder to read he so loved Atossa that "when leprosy had run through her whole body, he was not in the least offended at it. Putting up his prayers to Juno, he made obeisance to this one goddess, laying his hands on the earth. And his satraps and officers made such offerings to the goddess by his direction that all along for sixteen furlongs between the court and her temple the road was filled with gold and silver, purple and horses, devoted to her." When the master of three hundred and sixty wives and concubines grew old, he narrowly escaped assassination at the hand of one of his own sons, whom he had executed. And at the age of ninety-four the old king—so fiercely raged the harem plots and intrigues regarding which of his sons was to succeed him—saw his one real favorite among them take poison because of a tale that lying eunuchs had told him of his father's anger. The great royal harems of the Orient in every age were the breeding-grounds of terrible tragedies. They hatched out passions horrible and revolting in their cruelty

and hatefulness. In ancient Greece, on the other hand—where love was free as the air—though not always as pure—we find romances which, no matter how tragic, are less hateful. And among Greek lovers we do not feel that sweet smiles and silver laughter are only masks to hide thoughts of death and destruction.

CHAPTER III

GREAT LOVERS OF ANCIENT GREECE

PERHAPS no one ranks higher in the honor roll of famous lovers than the Lesbian poetess Sappho, who lived in the sixth century B.C. She herself was crowned only with the laurel wreath of poetry, but she could have taught many a queen the true inwardness of the art of love. Sappho was "small and dark", but for all that she seems to have been a human love-dynamo. Sappho not only *wrote* her love-poems, she *lived* them. The tales which others in all ages have told of her have been subjected to the acid test of investigation, and the best general verdict which can be reached is that, while "Sappho was not *utterly* vicious she was by no means a paragon of virtue". This is not the finest endorsement of character in the world, but "all ancient tradition and the character of the poems which have come down to us show that Sappho's morality was what ever since has been known as 'Lesbian'. Of course, Sappho lived at an age when passion knew no limits and no distinctions and before there were any Christian mothers to lead young girls aright."

WHY SAPPHO LEAPED TO DEATH

The best-known of Sappho's many love-affairs is her romance with Phaon. Phaon was a handsome boy about town. Sappho fell in love with him. But—perhaps Phaon liked his sweethearts large and blonde instead of "small and dark"—he did not return her affection. In fact, for the Greek youths of that age were a hard-hearted lot, he laughed Sappho's love to scorn. Outside the town of Lesbos was a huge rock that jutted out into the blue sea. It was a promontory known as Leucadia, the "Lover's Leap". There the broken-hearted *girls*—there is no record of any of the town *boys* taking the jump—of Lesbos took the leap which cured them of their love. It was a sure cure, for when they struck the water they never rose again. Sappho, the pathetic, small, dark poetess, when Phaon coarsely pushed her aside and told her not to bother him, went straight to the "Lover's Leap". For a moment she stood on its brink, then with a cry of despair flung herself into the abyss. In the cool depths of the blue sea waters her passionate heart was stilled forever. Phaon shrugged his shoulders when he heard the news, and

married a nice quiet blonde who, though she could not write poems of passion, was an excellent cook.

HELEN OF TROY, LOVE'S FIRST POLITICIAN

Lovely Helen of Troy, "the world's desire," is more or less a figure of legend. To try to tell her story, incidentally, would be trying to improve on Homer. One thing about her, however, might be pointed out. Helen of Troy is the *Eve of politics.* She was the first to show that a woman if beautiful enough, could upset the world's politics. The young Trojan Paris induced her to run away with him from her dignified, middle-aged husband King Menelaus. As a result a twenty-year war broke out between Greece and Troy, which lasted until Troy was destroyed and Helen led back to the bed and board from which she had fled. For twenty years this *one weak woman* ruled the politics of two states. For twenty years the only burning *political* question in Troja and Greece was who should possess this woman. And ever since Helen discovered that man could be drawn hither and yon by a single golden hair, women have used the tender-heartedness of man as a lever to govern kingdoms and empires.

HERO AND LEANDER

A girl of quite another kind was unfortunate Hero. Here is one of the saddest true tales of love the ancient world knows. Hero was tall and beautiful, all that the heart of man could desire. She was a priestess of Venus and lived alone in the tower-shrine of the goddess on the outskirts of the town of Sestos, on the European side of the Straits of Bosphorus. By day Hero garnished and swept the shrine. She burned incense before the gleaming marble statue of Aphrodite, and she prayed to her. Her prayer was ever the same. She prayed that the gentle goddess would watch over her lover, young Leander, when he came to her that night. For Leander was a boy of Abydos, on the Asian side of the straits, handsome, strong, a mighty wrestler and swimmer. And every night, while the good folk of Sestos were sleeping the sleep of the just, Leander flung himself into the waters of the Bosphorus and breasted the swift-running tide to swim to the girl who waited for him in the tower of the goddess. And every night Hero, on the tower-top, high above the waves which foamed about its base, held up a burning torch to guide her lover on his perilous way. Every night for a long time, young Leander had dared death for his sweet Hero's sake and Aphrodite had been kind. And then, one night, a tempest rose and Leander, for all his great strength, could not win through the foaming billows of the storm-whipped sea. His eyes fixed on Hero's blazing torch, his star of hope and love, his weary lips still yearn-

ing for Hero's own, he sank into the deeps, exhausted; while, as Keats says, "up bubbled all his amorous breath". The next morning his cold white body was washed up at the foot of the tower where Hero found it. Then Hero climbed the tower-shrine for the last time. She had nothing left for which to live, so in her despair she flung herself from the tower where she had watched for her lover night after night, and perished. Thus the lovers were united in death. Perhaps Aphrodite, whose violet eyes of a goddess could look into the future, had given this death as a precious gift to Hero and Leander. For they died at the passionate height of a great love. They died convinced that each was all in all to the other. They died before there was a rift in the lute of their affection. Who knows what the violet eyes of Aphrodite may have seen preparing for them in the future years—had they lived! Perhaps she saw a wedding and Hero moving from her lofty tower to some tiny cottage in the suburbs of Abydos. Perhaps she saw Hero and her mother-in-law living under the same small roof and not getting along. Perhaps she saw Leander tiring of the girl for whom he had once dared death nightly. Maybe she saw him forgetting her in the summer season, when the villas were opened in Abydos and the society girls from the large towns came down to the shore to promenade and flirt and disport their tag-ends of bathing-suits along the beach. Perhaps Aphrodite saw Leander, the stalwart life-saver, surrounded by laughing summer girls, while poor Hero was taking in washing and trying to keep tabs on five small children. One cannot tell what the violet-eyed Aphrodite, the goddess of love, saw in those future years. But what she saw may have moved her to grant Hero and Leander their death as the greatest gift in her power to bestow. And dying as they did, they left the world one of its tenderest love tales. It is a tale all romance, all sacrifice for love's sake. For a long time Leander's swimming of the Hellespont was regarded as a fabulous tale. But Lord Byron, the great poet, showed it was possible to swim the straits by doing so himself. It is a real feat of skill and strength, for at the narrowest part of the Hellespont a powerful current races from the Sea of Marmora into the Archipelago. The romance of Hero and Leander has inspired beautiful lines in Byron's "Bride of Abydos", and Keats has written a sonnet "On a Picture of Leander" on the same theme.

WHERE PLATO WAS WRONG

The tale of Aspasia, the famous courtesan, uncrowned queen of Athens and love-crowned queen of the heart of Pericles, Athen's ruler, is one of the most remarkable of history. In another volume of "The Outline of Knowledge" ("The Romance of Human Life Through the Ages") that peculiar institution of ancient Greek life,

hetaeria has been touched upon. Aspasia was the queen of these gifted girls whose combined powers of physical charm and exertion of intellect turned the men of their times into wax in their hands, to be molded as their hearts desired. In a way Plato, that great and lofty-thinking philosopher, was to blame for the power these professionals of love obtained. Elsewhere the greatness of Plato's thought, his marvelous contributions to philosophy, have been noted. But what does Plato say about women? Ah, Plato, Plato! "Women are accustomed to creep into dark places and when dragged into the light exert their utmost powers of resistance and are too much for the lawgiver" (Laws, VI, 781). As Henry T. Finck says: "In Plato's mind a woman ranks half-way between a man and a brute." Plato does away with woman, except as a breeder of sons, and then proceeds to do away with marriage and morality—as we understand it. "The brave man is to have more wives than others" (Republic, V, 468). Plato was a great philosopher but for him such things as family affection did not exist. Marriage should be state-controlled. Imagine, let us say, the officials of our Department of Justice entrusted with the arrangement of marriages among the inhabitants of the United States! Plato's idea was something of the kind. The officials were to arrange the pairing of men and women and pick the who's who in each individual case. Maternal love was thrown on the garbage-pile. The state was to take away the children (the satisfactory ones, the others being destroyed) and raise them. The proper, patriotic thing for elderly men to do was to "share" their wives with younger men—for the good of the race. As soon as some of the "species" had been perpetuated husband and wife were to separate. It seems strange that with such a practical working philosophy of life, Plato should have given his name to the purest, most ideal form of love known, the spiritual affection between man and woman, unmixed with any carnal desire, generally spoken of as *"Platonic affection"*. But it is not strange that with views floating about such as these, Aspasia and other girls should have flourished in ancient Greece.

ASPASIA, THE LOVE OF PERICLES

Aspasia—there is a bust bearing her name in the Vatican Museum—was born either in Megara or Miletus. She settled in Athens and there her beauty and her intelligence gained her what in those days was considered a great reputation. Plutarch primly says: "Her occupation was anything but creditable, her house being a home for young courtesans", yet at the same time he informs us that "those who frequented her company would carry their wives with them to listen to her", so we see she was not a social outcast. It seems that in the old days of Athens' glory the red light and the

sacred heart-flame could burn in happy union, side by side. On the other hand, Pericles, after he had divorced his wife (445 B.C.), became so entirely wrapped up in Aspasia that their irregular union almost had a respectable character. He "loved Aspasia with a wonderful affection. Every day both as he went out and came in from the marketplace, he saluted and kissed her", like any modern husband going to business in the morning and coming home from work. And she is supposed to have given Pericles many a good political hint suggested by her ready wit. Poets and romancers have dwelt on her loveliness, her charm and her wisdom, for all Plutarch says that after Pericles' death she took up with a sheep-man "a man of low birth and character". But—such was Aspasia's political skill and influence that owing to her even the sheepman became a person of power in Athens.

ALEXANDER'S FIRST LOVE

But not always was a woman's power supreme over the great of ancient men of ancient Greece. Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the Asian world, does not seem to have taken women over seriously. Alxander was a greater soldier and drinker than lover. Most of his marriages were political. The Macedonian's father and mother led such a cat and dog life that it may have had an effect upon the growing boy. His infatuation for pretty Barsine, Memnon's widow seems to be his earliest romance. Memnon was the Greek general of the Persian King Darius III., and when he died his relict seems to have kindled the love-fires in Alexander's heart. Perhaps they died down soon, for we hear no more of her, though she was gentle-tempered and agreeable. Plutarch declares that Alexander "sought no intimacy with any other woman before marriage" except this Barsine, to whom he "attached himself". But marriage Alexander could not pass by, for he had to found a dynasty. Darius' chief wife, supposed to be the most beautiful woman of her time, Alexander treated with the pink of courtesy when he captured the Great King's harem in Damascus after the battle of Issus (332 B.C.).

THE BIGGEST WEDDING OF HISTORY

But Alexander *was* susceptible to feminine charms at times. Up in the Bactrian highlands (327 A.D.) he ran across Roxana, the daughter of a native prince. She was a young, beautiful girl, with whom he fell head over heels in love at a drinking entertainment at which he saw her. Plutarch calls it the only real passion by which Alexander, the most temperate of men where women and not wines were concerned, was overcome. And he adds, praising his hero, that "he forebore till he could obtain her in a lawful and

honorable way". Yet—Alexander did not take his love-wife with him to Susa, where he married two more Persian princesses and had all his officers and men take them Asian girls for wives. The great marriage feast at Susa (324) must be considered one of the most romantic *mass weddings* of all times. Soldiers of all ages have had a tendency *not* to take marriage seriously. But, after all, the simultaneous weddings of some 80,000 men at the command of their general-in-chief has a touch of grandeur about it. Let us peep into the huge tent where the superior officers and the court are holding the wedding-feast. That enormous tent, which held more than 10,000 persons, rested on eighty silver-gilt columns, inset with jewels. From shining electron rods hung the richest of tapestries. Through the ranks of a guard of honor composed or seven hundred of the "Noble Guards", the Persian brides entered, the daughters of Darius leading them. They seated themselves on the couches with golden cushions and purple covers that surrounded the long tables. And soon the Macedonian husbands were cutting the bread with their swords, taking one half and giving the other to the bride, the last rite of the wedding ceremony while the brides unveiled.

TEN THOUSAND LITTLE BRIDES

"How charming many of those little Persian brides were. It was a charm strange and foreign to their Macedonian husbands. Narrow, delicate faces, eyes black as coal, a dreamy smile on their motionless scarlet lips, they sat in submissive silence opposite their lords and masters. In word and gesture they seemed willing, they seemed ready to welcome the love they had been commanded to feel. But many a smooth little forehead, as white and smooth as ivory, hid gloomy recollections. The same man to whose embrace a maid was about to yield herself might have slain her brothers! Another girl thought of her mother, violated and killed on the ruins of her home. A third saw the town in which she had been born go up in flames, its treasures plundered, its temple defiled, its holy books dragged away. In her mind's eye she could still see the trampled grain-fields, the ravaged villages, the corrupting bodies of old men and children. A girl's mouth might smile and thrust itself forward to be kissed, yet her glance turned aside from this scene of mad joy."

"At Alexander's side sat Statira, the daughter of the unfortunate Darius. She was robed in a gown of some splendid Babylonian fabric, strings of pearls ran down from her brow, and around her neck she wore on a silver chain an amulet to protect her against evil dreams. Her face showed a strange, evil immobility. Perhaps she was thinking of her rival Roxana, waiting for Alexander in the royal palace in Babylon. At times Statira exchanged a swift glance

with her sister Drypetis, who was to marry Hephaeiston Alexander's friend. She like some slave-girl disturbed by sensuous thoughts, smiled absently before her from time to time." Were many of them happy, those thousands of poor little wives cast at the dictates of politics into the rude arms of the war-hardened men and officers of Alexander's host? Did to some of them, at least, the monster wedding bring a gleam of honest happiness, of true affection? One would like to think so. But history turns impatiently aside from the thousands of little Persian brides on the threshold of soldier matrimony. History is not interested in their weal or woe.

THE END OF TWO QUEENS

History is interested only in Alexander, and in the few women who shared his personal life because it was *his* personal life. Poor Statira came to a wretched end. Before Alexander, killed by alcohol and the swamp-fever of Babylon, was hardly cold on his bier, the smoldering hatred of Queen Roxana broke all bounds. The great palace of the old Babylonian kings was filled with tumult and confusion, with the cries of partisans and the clash of arms. If we were to draw aside the curtain of the past, we might look down a long marble corridor, from which rises a sound of tumult and wild cries. In the light of flickering torches a party of slaves, eunuchs and soldiers come along the broad passage, dragging two Persian princes and a cowering woman with them. She raises her hands and pleads frantically for her life. It is Statira. Her robes have been torn from her slender body and her veils from her face. Her eyes are swimming in tears. Beside her are the Persian princes, their swords drawn to defend her. "She must die. It is Roxana's command!" says one of the soldiers. Then, with a sudden leap, like some demon, one of the eunuchs seizes the unfortunate woman by the hair, drags back her head with a sudden jerk and cuts her throat with his knife. Without a sound Alexander's queen sinks to the ground while a stream of blood spurts out upon the marble floor. At the same moment Roxana appears. Torches flare behind her. She is tall and sinister, and she does not regret the deed for she bears in her bosom Alexander's son and heir. Poor little lad, the one heir of the great Macedonian's body, the one known child of his real love. He was little more than twelve years old when both he and his mother were put to death in Macedonia.

ALEXANDER'S WILD SCYTHIAN LOVE

And yet, so legend says, Alexander may have left a *daughter* as well. In the land of the Scythians, in Hyrcania, dwelt the tribe of the Amazons, wild, savage, fighting women, who subsisted on the spoils of the hunt, apart from men, under the leadership of a

queen who was also the priestess of the goddess they worshiped. This goddess was the Tauric Diana, a misshaped, hideous goddess, eager for human blood. In Alexander's day Queen Thalestris was the leader of these wild women. Escorted by the Satrap Atrobates, strangely and splendidly dressed and superbly armed, she led three hundred of her female riders to Alexander's camp when he visited the Scythian lands. She had come with an object. The Amazons, when the touch of spring was in the air, became weak and human. Then, in the dark, moonless nights, without love and without choice, furtively and in the darkness, they met the warriors of the Scythian tribes. It was of these loveless embraces, where none of those who met saw each others' faces, that were born the children of the Amazons. And the fathers of these children were bold and daring men. The man who forgot that only the obscurity of the night was his, and allowed the gray light of dawn to surprise him in the arms of his savage mistress paid for his forgetfulness with his life! For the wild warrior women at once surrounded him, dragged him to the altar of the jealous goddess Diana, and offered his blood in sacrifice. Not for proud Thalestris were the unseen and furtive lovers of the Scythian springtide nights. She had a loftier aim. She had ridden far from home to share Alexander's couch. She was lovely in spite of her mutilated breast—it was the rule among the Amazons that they must cut off one of their breasts—and the young king was touched, when she told him that "from the union of the bravest among men and the bravest among women would spring heroic children, children equal to the demi-gods!" Alexander was not hard-hearted. For twelve nights they shared the same tent and Alexander is said to have known a love such as only Roxana among other women ever gave him. Poor Thalestris' savage heart also had been moved. When on the dawn of the thirteenth day she bade her royal lover farewell, her woman's heart betrayed her and she bowed her head and wept. Her tears had more effect on Alexander than her caresses. He invited her to stay with him and fight by his side. But she told him she must return to the mystic city of Themiscyre, where her sisters and attendants awaited her. Then Alexander offered her farewell gifts, jewels and rare pearls. But the warrior woman told him he could give her only one gift worthy of them both. It was his great shield, his buckler of black bronze, adorned with golden figures, which he had taken from the altar of the temple of the Pallas of Troy, when first he had passed into Asia. Alexander loved this buckler more than anything else among his arms. But Alexander was as generous as Thalestris was beautiful. Alexander remembered that the old Greek heroes had fought against the Amazons man to man, and that they had loved them. And since he was proud to see that his barbarian

mistress was as high-souled as himself, he gave her the great black buckler. And before she rode back again into the mists of legend, Thalestris promised Alexander that if their child were a boy she would send him to his father—for the Amazons brought up only the girl babes born to them—but that if it were a girl she would keep the child herself. Alexander may have left a daughter—it could not have been a son, for he never turned up in Macedon—who in the dim regions of the Taurus may have reigned over her strange tribe and left other daughters to succeed her until the Amazons died out and were buried beneath the passing sands of time.

And now we will pass from the most royal lover among the Greeks to crowned lovers of quite another sort—the Roman emperors. If ever the cry "Don't call it love!" deserves to be applied to any group of royal personages, it does apply to them.

CHAPTER IV

THE PURPLE PASSIONS OF IMPERIAL ROME

In the good old republican days of Rome, when the Romans still knew by personal experience that such a thing as virtue and decency existed, a dastardly attack on feminine honor was duly punished. In Lord Maculay's stirring "Lays of Ancient Rome" a fine poem is devoted to the unfortunate Lucretia. She was a Roman lady and the wife of a gentleman named Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus. Lucretia's personal charms were as admirable as were her domestic virtues. The former, alas, attracted the attention of a base wastrel, Sextus Tarquinius. But Sextus was the king's son and his father King Traquinius Superbus or the Proud, was King of Rome. Perhaps Sextus never would have thought of Lucretia had he not seen her by chance.

THE TRAGEDY OF VIRTUOUS LUCRETIA

One night—the Roman army was besieging the town of Ardea—the young officers were making merry over their wine in camp. And over their cups they began to compare wives. Ah, how husbands idealized their wives in those distant days! For without exception every young married man declared that *his* wife was the best and worthiest ever known. Since they could not agree it was determined to put matters to the test and decide which really was the best wife by peeping in on them while their husbands were away. So all climbed on their horses' and galloped off to Rome. There, while the wives of all the rest were discovered having a good time, feasting or cozy-cornering, as the case might be, virtuous Lucretia was discovered spinning wool amid her maids. It was clear that Lucretia was *the* wife.

But Sextus, after one good look at Lucretia, had made up his villainous mind that she should be his, by fair means or foul. A few days later he rode in from camp to see her. And Lucretia received him with unsuspicious hospitality and friendliness, for he was her husband's cousin, and did her best to make him feel at home. In due time Sextus retired to the guest room—but not to sleep. Instead he rose at midnight and entered Lucretia's chamber with stealthy steps. With his drawn sword in his right hand, he

laid his left on her and in a low voice bade her yield to his wicked desires. If she refused, he continued, with a hateful smile, he would slay her, then kill a slave and lay him beside her and say that he had taken them in adultery. Lucretia, between the devil in the shape of Sextus and the deep sea of a death so shameful to her husband that he could never live it down, gave in. She consented, out of shame, to that which no fear could have wrung from her, and Sextus having committed his loathly deed, returned to camp as though nothing had happened.

But Lucretia was no woman to live on with a guilty secret. Messengers went spurring to her father in Rome and her husband in the camp before Ardea to come to her. And when they came she told them what had happened. "My body has suffered shame", she cried, "though my will did not consent to it! But though my heart has not sinned, I cannot live to be pointed out as an example of unchastity. I have sent for you to avenge me on the wretch." Then Lucretia drew a knife and stabbed herself to the heart. Her husband and father swore to avenge her and did; and that was the end of kings and the beginning of a republic in Rome.

Virtue flourished in the early days of the republic, but in its later days virtue began to be laughed at as old-fashioned. By the time of Caesar and Antony many Roman women found a reputation the easiest of all things to lose and the least among lost things to be regretted. And with the empire we find high Roman society exhibiting a license and a disregard for all decency and morality which only modern civilization can equal. In the days of the empire divorce in Rome was as shameless, as disgustingly frequent in higher circles as it is to-day among the so-called higher classes in New York, London and Paris.

WAS CAESAR ROMANTIC?

Was there any romance about the personal life of Caesar, the first real Roman emperor, for all he never wore a crown? Let us see. When sixteen he jilted a girl named Cossutia—a gentlewoman born and very wealthy—to marry Cornelia. Cornelia dying, he married Pompeia, but later, when injurious reports were spread about her character, he divorced her, for as he said: "Caesar's wife had to be above suspicion". His next wife, Calpurnia, helped him get the command of the army to subdue the wealthy province of Gaul, but Suetonius reports the names of various Roman married ladies with whom Caesar's relations were all too intimate. For one of these ladies, "Servilia, the mother of M. Brutus", he bought a pearl that cost him six millions of sesterces!" And Cleopatra was not Caesar's only queenly conquest. We learn that aside from "men's wives in the province where he was governor", he loved "Eunoe the

Moor, wife of Bogudes, King of Mauretania, upon whom, as also upon her husband, he bestowed gifts of infinite value." Octavius Caesar Augustus, the first Roman emperor, also had anything but a good moral reputation. Yet both Octavius and Julius seem persons of the highest respectability when we compare them to their immediate successors.

MYSTERIOUS TIBERIUS

No Roman emperor bears a more evil and sinister reputation than the Emperor Tiberius. From the shadows of the wonderful marble palace on the island of Capri where Tiberius lived amid mysteries whose supposed horrors are detailed by Suetonius, he stretched out the hand of power when heads were to fall in Rome. Capri is a fairy island, even to-day. It was an island of flowering luxuriance, of silver sea-grottos, of eternal sunshine amid sparkling blue waters. There Tiberius spent the last eleven years of his life and reign and there Suetonius—though the historical accuracy of his information has been questioned—has described him as leading a life of the most hideous debauchery. But this too is shrouded in mystery. For no man ever really *knew* exactly what Tiberius thought or did. He is the greatest man of mystery all history has to show. He may not have been as bad as Suetonius, the Pepys of ancient Rome, painted him. Suetonius is known to have drawn his information from a poisoned source, the private memoirs of the Empress Agrippina, Nero's terrible mother, murdered by her still more terrible son. And Agrippina wrote with a pen dipped in gall, bitterness and—so many a historian thinks—lies.

THE MAN WHO TAXED MARRIAGE

Caligula, who succeeded Tiberius, was a fierce and murderous maniac. There is not sufficient whitewash in the world nor a brush large enough to redeem his character. He did not bay at the moon as dogs do, but "in the night he would call unto the moon when she was full and shining to come and lie in his arms". His mooning frenzy was his gentlest. In other moods he surprised and killed his brother with a sword, forced his father-in-law to cut his throat with his own razor while shaving and poisoned his grandmother Antonia, so it is said. No woman's honor—though that was a scarce commodity in Rome at the time—was safe with him. All his life was fantastic murder and cruelty, and in his eagerness to draw in money in taxes to supply the wealth he squandered in the maddest follies, he even decreed that "wedded persons should pay for their use of marriage!" Sometimes this madman would have huge heaps of gold coin poured out on the marble floor of his palace and then would wallow on them. Can we hope to find romance in a life like

this? Yet for three years, ten months and eight days the Romans endured his rule, until he was murdered by conspirators whom one feels deserved a vote of thanks.

MESSALINA

Claudius Drusus Caesar, his successor (41-54 A.D.), was the husband of the most depraved, corrupt and criminally evil woman whose deeds ever crimsoned the pages of Roman history. Cleopatra had her moral weaknesses, yet she was a great Queen, a woman of education and—among all her little amours there stands out one great love, the love for Antony. But Messalina? Drunkenness and dice-play and the heavy nap of the glutton after meat were the chief joys of poor, weak-minded Claudius, her imperial husband. Claudius was no novice when it came to marriage. Four wives had died or been divorced before he married his cousin Valeria Messalina, the most cynically debauched of all the women of Rome. She was beautiful, but within her burned a flame that oceans of passing loves could not extinguish. It almost seemed as though she yearned to possess all the gold and all the men of Rome. For a time she easily hoodwinked her silly, timid, foolish but kindly husband, while she turned their nuptial couch into an experimental station for her studies in lascivity. Slaves, gladiators, muleteers—herculean figures her feverish eye had glimpsed from her litter as she passed through the streets, or noticed from the imperial box in the circus—were summoned to the palace, as well as knights, senators, soldiers and grooms. Her profligacy rose above class, above rank. All her life centered in the satisfaction of her two great thirsts, a thirst for pleasure and a thirst for gold. She wasted no time. From the drunken orgies of the palace and the arms of prefects and senators whom she left lying senseless on the marble floors, she would hurry down into the Suburra—the great slum quarter of Rome. There she would enter the houses of prostitution and offer herself to all those who entered. But at last her political enemies managed to open weak Claudius's eyes to the fact that she was not content merely to sully the Roman purple. She dragged it through the gutters. She wrapped herself in its silken folds and wallowed in the filth of the highways and byways. A handsome youth named Gaius Silius had caught her yearning eye. Under threats of death—this happened while Claudius was away in Ostia, not far from Rome—Messalina forced him to divorce his wife and marry her, and the news was carried to the old drunkard who wore the imperial crown. She was slain in the Gardens of Lucullus with the latest of her victims, terribly; for the Emperor with his Praetorians and other soldiers came up like a whirlwind from Ostia, and had her done to death on the scene of her infamous joys.

A RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH

The executioners of Claudius' will found her in the Grotto of Endymion. Open to the green gardens, a stream of crystal water ran through it. Pillars of porphery supported its roof. There Messalina lay on the floor dissolved in tears. She knew her end was near. Her mother, a pure and noble woman of the stern old Roman type, was urging her to die bravely. But Messalina was not brave. The brazen doors of the Grotto flew open and Evadnus sent by Claudius to do the deed, came in with his Praetorians, the light of the torches reflected by their armor. Then while Evadnus, now a freedman but once a slave, insulted his former mistress, she begged and pleaded for mercy until her mother suddenly snatched his sword and handed it to Messalina: "Strike, strike home, daughter!" she cried. But craven Messalina let the heavy sword drop from her nerveless fingers, while she crawled to her executioner and clasped his knees. But as her own bare knees touched his, the dominant idea, the one thought of her life, her ruling passion—strong even in death—returned. She forgot all else and held out her lips to the freedman. And he hesitated. In him the desire was born to be the last human being whose embrace would send a thrill through this lovely form that all men had hated and loved. But one of the soldiers standing by took pity on Messalina's mother. The proud Roman woman stood as though frozen in horror and disgust. The soldier picked up the fallen sword and thrust it violently into the imperial neck. Messalina fell back without a sound. The extreme pallor of her head, almost severed, was almost immediately covered by a wave of blood, and the jewels of her necklace flashed with a ruddy light. But the soldier, stooping to pick up the sword uttered a cry of surprise. For the eyes of this blood-covered head were still fixed on Evadnus, hungry, living, filled with shameless desire, as though they meant to carry a vision of what might have been into the beyond. Messalina was only twenty-six when she died.

POPPAEA, THE EMPRESS WHO BATHED IN MILK

Was Nero, who succeeded Claudius, capable of love? Perhaps he was. At any rate the lovely unscrupulous Poppaea Sabina, his empress, might have inspired love in any man. She was a beauty without compare, a blonde. Her hair, like gold through which the sun shimmers, set the fashion in Rome and forced all brunettes to buy them blonde wigs in order to be in style. Poppaea was witty, intelligent, daring, superstitious. She liked to listen to astrologers and soothsayers. She was pious in secret, yet pleasure-loving. Though Poppaea had no *real* morals—she would have kissed the iceman and more without an after-thought if only she was sure she

had *not been seen!*—she *acted* with the most chaste and shrinking modesty. In public she showed herself with her face half-veiled and so she piqued the curiosity of all men in her day.

But we must not fancy that Poppaea was some young virgin when first she caught Nero's eye and won his heart. It is a question whether there *were* any virgins in Rome in those days, even among the sacred Vestals. Virginity was regarded as something shameful to be lost as soon as possible. Poppaea was only at her second husband when Nero's eye lit on her. His name was Otho, and when she saw that he was Nero's bosom friend, Poppaea had quickly shaken off Burrus, her first. But Otho babbled so much of her beauty to Nero that the latter's curiosity was aroused. He sent for her and promptly dispatched Otho to govern a distant province. But Poppaea was a match for the madman. She meant to rule the Roman world, but she knew that to fly into Nero's arms at his first call was not the way to gain her end. Instead she treated her would-be imperial friend coldly, and twitted him with some disreputable love-affairs.* Poppaea spoke especially of Acte. Now Acte was the only true, decent woman in all of Nero's horrible private life. At seventeen Nero was not as vile as he was later, simply because even corruption matures and grows more corrupt. In the palace was a little slave-girl from Asia, innocent, charming sweet-faced and smiling. Nero already had a wife, Octavia, the daughter of his predecessor Claudius. But he saw the timid little slave-girl, made her a freedwoman and—even thought of marrying her. To marry the daughter of some noble house, though her morals and conduct might shame the lowest prostitute of the Suburra, would have been quite in order. But for the Roman emperor to marry an ex-slave-girl set all the Roman ladies' tongues wagging. Nero's haughty mother Agrippina was shocked. And Nero gave in and contented himself with making Acte his concubine. It may be that at seventeen Nero still was capable of a gleam of honest tenderness, of decent affection. Schiller has called Nero's affair with Acte "perhaps the most harmless and most sentimental episode in Nero's life."

Religious legend says that little Acte was a Christian. Heaven knows she needed a religion which might console her for the husband she had gained! A few years after she had yielded herself

* Suetonius gives us an idea of the revolting nature of Nero's amatory life. "He deflowered Rubria, a Vestal virgin. A boy named Sporus whose genitals he cut out and essayed thereby to transform him into the nature of a woman . . . he caused to be brought unto him as a *bride*." The historian says this gave rise to a jest in Rome that "it might have been well and happy with the world had Nero's father Domitius married such a wife." And Sporus, decked out in the jewels and robes of an *empress*, was carried with Nero in his litter through the streets of Rome.

into his hands she was begging the gods to preserve his love for her, and to stop his marrying Poppaea. And to this very day, on the wall of the Cathedral of Pisa, is the record of the shrine poor little Acte put up to the goddess Ceres. She built the tiny temple in the vain hope that Ceres would help her. It is a pathetic little memorial of a vanished dream, the dream of a faithful love, and it still lurks modestly amid the fairest group of great buildings in northern Italy. But—whatever Nero's "love" was, it was not the kind to survive the passing of a few years. Quietly and sadly the little Asian slave-girl gave way. She stayed in the background of the palace, grateful for the comfort of a passing smile the Caesar flung at her in a moment of drunken self-forgetfulness. She was grateful for a glance, an oath even! And when the mad wretch had killed himself and an outraged world cursed his memory, Acte was one of the small band of faithful women who saw that the emperial body had a grave where it could rejoin its fellow-clay.

OCTAVIA AND POPPAEA

Acte was pushed aside, and Agrippina, Nero's mother, was drowned by her affectionate son so that Poppaea might come into her own, for Nero was mad about her. Even the Romans were upset at the murder of Nero's mother. One morning a babe was found exposed in the Forum, the market-place. Fastened to its baby clothes was a scrawl which read: "I will not bring you up lest you slay your mother!" Can a more terrible indictment of a ruler be imagined? But once Agrippina was out of the way there was no more opposition to Poppaea. And for a time she held her own. But the cleverest woman trainer of a wild beast never knows when her charge will turn on her. Poppaea had all she wanted. Five hundred she-asses supplied the milk for her daily beauty-bath. The mules that drew her silken litter through the Roman streets were shod with gold. The lotions, slaves and complexion-creams she invented, and which were called by her name, were eagerly bought for many years after her death.

Yet for all she was Nero's wife and empress in *fact*, Poppaea was still not empress in name. And she wanted to be. Octavia was Claudius' daughter. She, not Nero, was the true heiress to the Roman empire. When Nero asked one old soldier adviser about divorcing her, the latter said: "Give her back her dowry if you divorce her", and the Roman empire was Octavia's dowry. Besides she was a clean, good woman, and the Roman people loved her. But —Poppaea was about to become the mother of Nero's child, and Nero felt that it should be born "in the purple"! Octavia must be divorced. So he divorced her for sterility, and twelve days later Poppaea became empress. In Rome the people everywhere cheered

the divorced Octavia, cursed Poppaea and tore down her statues. So Nero, under promise of reward, found a vile creature, an admiral, the prefect of the fleet, and got him to say that he had been Octavia's paramour. And on the perjurer's word, Octavia, only a girl of twenty-two, was first banished to a little island, and soon after soldiers sent by her ex-husband brutally cut off her head. Then Poppaea's child, the only child Nero ever had, was born "in the purple" as its mother wished (63 A.D.) to live only a few brief months.

NERO'S LOVE-KICK

Nero is generally regarded as having been passionately devoted to Poppaea, to have loved her truly. Poppaea's one great prayer had been that she might die before the perfect flower of her beauty faded. That prayer was granted her—in the shape of a brutal kick from her devoted husband when she bore beneath her heart a second child she had by him. The kicking of a pregnant mother by the epitome of Roman beastliness might be quite in keeping with Nero's great "love". Yet we must remember that Nero half the time was half-seas over, and then it might be a kick and a blow as easily as a kiss with him. To make up for the kick Nero gave Poppaea a magnificent funeral and the spices burned at her obsequies were more than a whole year's produce of the Arabian spice-land! Nero's last wife, who survived him, was beautiful, dissolute and unimportant. Her name was Statilia Messalina, and Nero gained her by murdering her husband.

MATERIAL FOR PSYCHOANALYSIS RATHER THAN ROMANCE

The whole history of imperial Rome is one long record of purple but not essentially romantic passions. The humblest toiler of the present day would turn with loathing from the life led by a Roman emperor. And as for the women of those days, they hardly seem entitled to be considered women in any higher sense of the word. For one Acte we meet a thousand Messalinas. Incest, murder, unnatural crimes and loves were the order of the day among the crowned women of ancient imperial Rome. One of the most virtuous of Roman emperors, Marcus Aurelius, produces one of the most vicious sons ever fathered by any one, the Emperor Commodus (180 A.D.) whose only occupations "were the indulgence of his sensual appetites and the sports of the circus and amphitheater." Commodus forgot his stoic father's wise maxims about leading a decent, frugal and honorable life, in an immense harem where maidens, widows, young boys and girls were all jumbled together for his enjoyment. Marcia, one of his mistresses, however, was a woman of rare good sense. When Commodus returned to the palace one

day, tired out from hunting other wild beasts, she handed her imperial lover a draught of poisoned wine with a sweet smile. Then she called in a husky lad, a wrestler by profession, for she was afraid Commodus would sleep off both poison and wine. And the wrestler strangled the monster without resistance.

The dreadful Heliogabalus was one of those persons who make psychoanalysts shake their heads in these days. And discussion of his character would narrow down to one of two questions: Was he a "Sexually Delinquent Mental Defective" or a "Mentally Defective Sexual Pervert"? A careful study of his life would lead most to believe that he was both and what eminent psychoanalysts call an "Androgyne Pervert" in addition. Heliogabalus had what is known as a "thymus personality". Romance for Heliogabalus meant what it means to unfortunate ones whose glandular personalities have gone wrong, and he ended, quite appropriately, in a sewer. We look in vain for romance, sentiment, in all those long centuries during which the Roman empire of the West gradually fell apart beneath the attacks of the barbarian tribes who assailed it on every side. It is to those ruder human beings who poured forth from the frozen wastes of their dark northern lands, that we must look for the blossoms of tender sentiment the luxurious and effeminate Romans had trodden underfoot in their wild and furious hunt for baser pleasures.

CHAPTER V

SOME ROMANCES OF EARLY MEDIEVAL DAYS

MAIDENHOOD, which the Romans laughed to scorn as something ridiculous, was treasured among the women of the barbarian tribes, the Goths, the Vandals, the Franks, the Longobards, as a solemn and holy possession. Barbarian princesses were virtuous and, here and there, in those centuries of crime and bloodshed there flourishes a sprig of romance among the crowned heads. But the barbarian princesses and princes were imitative. Before long, by carefully studying Roman manners and morals, they were able faithfully to reproduce them down to the least details. Among the Franks, for instance, the terrible Fredegonda could have held her own with the worst of Roman empresses.

FREDEGONDA THE FRANKISH FIREBRAND

Fredegonda had bright red hair. She started life as a swineherd's daughter on the estate of a Frankish noble. But she had no intention of casting the pearl of her beauty before the swine. King Chilperic of Neustria, after dividing his father's estate with his brothers, came along the highroad, followed by nobles, soldiers and many carts laden with gold, silks and silver vessels. He stopped in for supper at the home of Fredegonda's master. Fredegonda—she was helping the kitchen maids that day—stepped into the banquet-hall and looked at King Chilperic. And Chilperic at once forgot his wife Audovera. It was as though she never had existed, though she had presented him with various children. When Chilperic spoke to Fredegonda and she blushed like a June rose every one felt sorry for the queen—and for himself because he was not doing the speaking. When Chilperic went on the next morning, Fredegonda rode by his side on a great white horse with a silver bridle which the kind king had given her. And when he reached Sessonib, his city, he sent the wife who had borne him three boys to a cloister and made Fredegonda his chief concubine. And then the red-haired beauty began a terrible career of cruelty, lust and bloodshed. But—when Chilperic was away from Fredegonda he forgot her beauty. And on one such occasion he sued for the hand of Galaswintha, sister of Brunehaut, and daughter of the King of the Visigoths. She came to Sessonib attended by Gothic warriors and servants, and the wed-

ding feast was celebrated to the sound of horns. Yet—when Galaswintha stepped into the bridal chamber—there was Fredegonda! "Away slave, away concubine, or I shall have you whipped!" cried the king's daughter to the daughter of the swine-herd. But Fredegonda stepped over to Chilperic and thrust a small dagger into his hand. "If you drive me from you then let it be forever!" she said. And when Galaswintha proudly asked: "Is she still alive?" King Chilperic clasped red-haired Fredegonda in his arms. In the morning, however, when he thought of Galaswintha's golden dowry, he hunted up his insulted wife and once more promised to send Fredegonda away. But the next day the Gothic princess lay strangled in her bed by one of Fredegonda's servants, and the day after the Frankish king married his concubine. From that moment on, Brunehaut, the murdered girl's sister, devoted herself to being revenged upon Fredegonda. She induced her husband Sighebert of Asutrasia to go to war with Chilperic, and finally the latter was defeated. He was at his enemy's mercy when two of Fredegonda's henchmen slew Sighebert with poisoned daggers as he was celebrating his triumph. Brunehaut was foiled for a time. And when, after years of further struggle, she was on the point of realizing her ambition of uniting all the small Frankish kingdoms into one, and revenging herself upon Fredegonda, a sudden revolt placed her in her enemy's power. Brunehaut, whatever her faults of ambition may have been, was a decent woman compared to Fredegonda. But her red-haired foe had her tortured for three days and then tied to the tail of a wild white horse until she was dragged, torn and trampled into fragments. The gathered fragments were collected, burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. When the swine-herd's daughter had gratified her hatred many Frankish ladies whispered in each other's ears the old proverb to the effect that one can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It seemed just the proverb to fit the case.

KING DAGOBERT THE ORGANIST

King Dagobert (628 A.D.) was married on a large scale. He was supposed to be a Christian king, but had three queen-consorts and numerous mistresses. King Dagobert was a musician. He played the organ and the only real romance of his life appears to have been a musical one. Organists usually are tender-hearted and Dagobert was no exception to the rule. One day, while his fingers were straying over the keys (or rather, his *fists,* for in those early days the organ-keys could not be pressed down by the *fingers,* but had to be thumped down with a shrewd blow of the fist) seeking for the lost chord, a beautiful voice began to sing a hymn behind the cloister grating, for King Dagobert had strayed into the chapel of a nunnery to play. The king stopped improvising and listened. And he

knew by the singer's voice that she must be beautiful in every way. He at once fell in love with her. In those days to love was to act. Royal lovers lost no time in romantic meditation. Dagobert promptly removed the grating, tore the bride of the Church from her cloister, and married her and thus Nanthilde, for such was her name, became the first of the many singers who have since won the *hearts* of kings, though few of them have succeeded in annexing their *crowns as well.*

A ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNS

Among the early Saxon kings, Alfred the Great (848-900) was so happy with his wife Ealswith that there is nothing romantic to report of him. Where is the romance in a happy married life and the bringing up of five children? But other kings were not so happily wedded. It was not the *wife* of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, who with tears streaming from her eyes, hunted for the dead monarch's corpse among the disfigured bodies that covered the great battlefield of Hastings. It was his mistress, the lovely Edith "Swan's neck", who at last found the mangled remains of the man she loved, and paid ten marks of gold for the privilege of taking them off for burial. Nor were the Norman kings, many of them, content with the sober pleasures of the family hearth. King Henry II., the murderer by proxy of Thomas à Becket, perhaps had some excuse. He had married a firebrand, Eleanor, Duchess of Aquitaine, for the sake of her duchy. Eleanor had a wild way about her and a fiery temper besides her duchy in southern France. She already had gained experience as a wife. Her first husband King Louis VII. of France, a crusader king, found her a great trial and Eleanor returned the compliment. Eleanor was passionate, lively, and fond of change. Louis was heavy in mind and body, sedate and regular in thought and deed. To Queen Eleanor his ideas about feminine morality—when applied to crowned woman like herself—seemed most amusing. He objected to her lovers. "How illiberal the man is," thought Eleanor. When he had taken the cross and ridden to the crusade, Eleanor, with a company of three-hundred ladies had also gone. To King Louis the Crusade was a very solemn occasion. To Eleanor and her frivolous beauties it was a merry picnic—with wonderful opportunities of meeting the most interesting men imaginable, and becoming better acquainted with them.

Hitherto King Louis, when Eleanor changed lovers, had sighed deeply, turned his eyes heavenward and—kept his mouth shut. But when she crossed the color line and dallied with a handsome young Saracen prisoner, he made up his mind she was no wife for him. After his return to France an obliging Church divorced them and Louis, though he hated to lose Eleanor's duchy, was cheered by the

thought that he had lost her as well. Soon the lovely divorcee married King Henry II., of England. All marriage bells ring clear at first. It is not until later that they crack. Henry was a thoroughly wicked person. He kept mistresses of "every rank and nation" and Eleanor soon began to show him what hath no fury like a woman scorned. Since she was an intelligent and fearless woman she soon made life a torture to him and poisoned his children's minds against their father. Still Henry does not deserve much pity. King Henry II., among all the ladies who beguiled his leisure moments of love-making, seems to have found one whose pathetic tale has been the theme of many a romance, though its historic truth is questionable.

FAIR ROSAMOND

Long King Henry had loved his "Fair Rosamond", a blonde-haired Saxon girl of noble birth, in secret. In 1173, however, when he clapped Eleanor into prison for a time, he no longer hid his passion. He built a wonderful bower and labyrinth, so legend claims, for the woman he loved above all others, near Woodstock. A clue to which only Henry held the secret, at least so he thought, led into the recesses of the bower, and there the king, sneaking off from the affairs of state, would repair to find oblivion for all the cares and troubles of the hateful world wherein he lived, in Rosamond's white arms. But Queen Eleanor was not the kind of person who could be counted on to remain quietly behind bars under such circumstances. She too could follow a clue, once she had it. And one fatal day she followed King Henry's clue into Fair Rosamond's bower and offered the lovely creature a choice between the dagger and the poison bowl. Fair Rosamond chose the bowl.

THE SAD ROMANCE OF RODERICK AND FLORINA

It was in Gothic Spain that a king's illicit love for an innocent girl whom he betrayed led to the conquest of the land by the Arabs. Under the young King Roderick, the Goth, Count Julien, governor of Ceuta on the African seaboard, was the most powerful man in the land. This stern warrior was also the father of a lovely young daughter. And at royal courts lovely young daughters often have been a curse to themselves and to others. Yet gentle chestnut-curled Florinda, one of the maids of honor to Roderick's Queen Egilona should not be blamed for what happened. In the great castle of Toledo, where the royal Goth held court with his queen, plenty of other ladies, no doubt, would have leaped to pick up the handkerchief of royal favor dropped on the ground. But no, King Roderick was not content to range among court beauties whose experience in the arts of love would have made them fearless where a royal passion was concerned. Instead he had to choose the tender, sixteen-

year-old child whom her soldier father had so confidently entrusted to his care as the object of an unwarranted affection.

THE CURSE OF CHANCE

It happened by merest chance. A group of the Queen's maidens was in the palace gardens. They had been laughing and sporting together as young girls will, and the question arose which were lovelier, blondes or brunettes. In their engerness to prove their champion, blonde Florinda, lovelier than Zora, the dark girl put up by the opposite side, these innocent merrymakers had literally torn her delicate robes from her body. They had chosen an unfortunate moment to do so. King Roderick, who had stolen from the Alcazar, his palace, to enjoy the evening breeze, was drawn by curiosity in the direction from which came shouts of girlish laughter. He stole up and peered through the latticed mirador or "peep-window" of the pavilion in which the contest was going on and he saw—what his eyes were not meant to see! He saw the undraped form of lovely Florinda before she could escape from her companions' hands and modestly conceal the charms they had so rashly exposed.

A ROYAL WASTREL'S LOVE

King Roderick's royal memory was all to retentive of the forbidden charms which he had glimpsed. He could not stop thinking of Florinda. He felt that he must know her better. His soul inflamed by a wicked hope, he began to seek an opportunity to have a few words with her alone. One day—the queen's ante-room was deserted—he found her there. "Sweet one", he said, with the nearest approach to a fatherly tone his voice could command, "there is a thorn in my hand! Canst draw it out?" Reverently Florinda drew near her king, and taking the hand he presented to her, innocently tried to find the non-existent thorn. At the touch of her light fingers a tremor ran through Roderick's frame. Alas, it was no tremor of guilt! Did the innocent child suspect that there was no thorn? As she knelt before Roderick, vainly hunting for it, blush after blush dyed her fair cheek. At last, raising her pure eyes to those which looked down into her own with guilty passion, she whispered in confusion: "Your Majesty, there is no thorn!" Hastily, as she prepared to retreat Roderick stepped to her side. "Here, here, Florinda", he cried passionately, pointing to his heart and pressing her hand to it in his agitation, "here is the thorn! Will you pluck it out?" Poor little Florinda! Reproachfully her large eyes looked at the enamoured king, while she trembled with a terror she could not explain. She realized that some danger threatened her but, living in the eighth century and not in the twentieth, she had no inkling what it might be. "My father told me I was to be

as a daughter to you, my lord!" she said at last. Roderick suppressed an oath. For nothing enrages a wastrel more than the ignorance of innocence. "No, no", he cried, "innocent as you are, you *must* understand me! I offer you a royal love! It is a king's love, it will not degrade you like that of a common man!" But Florinda, now she knew what was demanded of her, grew virtuously indignant. And her indignation was real, not feigned. "I would rather die than submit to dishonor", she cried and then, hoping to see Roderick drop the entire matter, she added, "I know that Your Majesty has only been jesting!" But her face was white with fear.

THE CRY OF INJURED INNOCENCE

When Roderick poured out further passionate entreaties she fled and left him. But—did she always flee? Did she always repulse Roderick's attentions with the same maidenly indignation? We do not know whether the unfortunate girl was pushed or fell into dishonor. The king was practiced in the arts which win women's hearts and Florinda's innocence and virtue were no protection. In the end Roderick gained his wicked will. One does not like to think that he gained his end by threats and base compulsion, and yet it seems as though he must have done so. A soul stiff-necked in wrong-doing has no conscience. The cry of despairing innocence falls on a deaf ear. At any rate, King Roderick hoped that little Florinda would keep silence regarding their guilty loves for her own sake, if not for his. And—had she been born twelve centuries later she might have done so. She was no longer the light-hearted blushing girl who had stood amid her merry playmates in the innocent nudity their prankish jesting had revealed to Roderick's glutton eye. Florinda felt she was a soiled dove. And her mother was far, far away. One day, coming from the horror of Roderick's embrace she impulsively seized a pen and sent a despairing message to her stern old soldier father: "Alas, my father, you entrusted your lamb to a wolf! The king who should have been a father to me has abused and dishonored me. Take me from this polluted court to some quiet convent where I can hide my shame until death releases me from suffering. Come quickly to your unhappy child!" A devoted page carried the sealed missive to Count Julian, and the latter read it with a dark brow and a terrible hatred in his heart. He returned to Toledo and without betraying by word or sign that aught was amiss, carried off his daughter to Malaga. There he set sail with Frandia, his wife, and Florinda, his treasures, and his household, to the African fortress of Ceuta. And once in Ceuta he arranged with Musa, the Moslem emir, to betray Roderick and Spain into his hands so that his daughter's dishonor might be avenged.

WHAT WAS BORN OF A GIRLISH PRANK

Near Xeres, along the banks of the Guadelete (711 A.D.) raged the great battle between the Goths and Moors which might never have been fought had not a king in a moment of passion uncontrolled torn her honor's crown from a defenseless girl. The Goths fought with splendid valor. King Roderick had ridden into battle on a proud ivory chariot, with wheels and pole covered with plates of gold. The milk-white horses which drew it champed golden bits and a crimson canopy floated above his royal head. He himself wore a splendid robe of beaten gold brocade, sandals inset with pearls and diamonds were on his feet, and the Gothic crown of gold and gems blazed upon his head. It was thus he showed himself to his men before the hosts met. As soon as the battle began, however, he flung off his golden robes. He leaped on his battle-charger Orelia, a beautiful, sleek-skinned Arab, white as snow, and battle-axe in hand fought in the thickest of the fray. But suddenly a great body of soldiers, led by the Archbishop Oppas, Count Julian's brother-in-law, passed over to the enemy. Then Count Julian himself, who had been striving to reach Roderick, wounded him. The King reeled in his saddle but recovered a moment later. It was a moment too late. In vain Roderick threw off his helmet to show his face to the Goths. Their own men deserting, the King's falling from his charger was too much for them. The whole great Gothic host turned in a panic and melted away in mad flight, casting aside swords, spears and battle-axes, and rushed madly on beneath the swords of the pursuing Moslem cavalry in a terror nothing could control.

WHEN THOUGHTS STRAY

King Roderick at last turned his poor bleeding Orelia in flight. As he rode from the battlefield the Moslem shouts of victory filling his ear, did he think the loss of his kingdom too great a price to pay for a maid's dishonor? After a time, he came to a hermitage. There the hermit, so legend says, bade the guilty king repent. And as a proper place for repentence, the hermit led Roderick to an open grave in which lay a great black snake. "If you *truly* repent of the wrong you did innocent Florinda", said the holy man, "the snake will not harm you. . . . But if you are not *sincere* in your repentence . . ." The hermit left the rest to Roderick's imagination. For two days Roderick's repentence must have been sincere, for the snake did not harm him. But on the third day Roderick's mind could not have been on his remorse. Perhaps his thoughts strayed back to the fragrant gardens of his Toledan palace. Perhaps he relived in memory the hour when he had drawn the unfortunate Florinda, struggling like some little bird fascinated by a serpent,

into his embrace! Perhaps. . . . Whatever Roderick thought must have gone wrong, for suddenly the pious hermit heard a doleful voice proceeding from the open grave. It was the voice of Roderick and he cried: "Father, the snake gnaws me! His pointed teeth are destroying me where most I sinned! . . . Then, after a terrible cry of anguish there was silence. When the holy man drew near King Roderick was dead. Count Julian, who had betrayed his native land to avenge his daughter, was powerful among the Moors. But his daughter Florinda turned away from him in horror. "All I asked was to be taken to a convent where I could mourn and pray", she told her unhappy father, "but instead you have given our land into the hand of the Moslem and my name is cursed by every Christian lip!"

POOR LITTLE FLORINDA

Poor little Florinda! To this day the Spaniard unjustly calls her *La Cava*, "The Harlot", and she bears the burden of Roderick's sin. Florinda did not long survive the battle of Guadelete. Devoured by despair, tormented by visions of the dead Gothic warriors who had fallen in the great fight and, perhaps—for the heart of a girl holds strange mysteries at times—perhaps longing to feel those arms which thrilled her with horror once more embrace her, Florinda ended her unhappy life by flinging herself from the tower of her fathers' palace, the great Alcazar of Cordova. "Hapless Florinda! Thus she passed, but still in that garden the spiked palm-leaves rustle in the breeze, like souls in pain. The canes and reeds bend their heads over the fountain. The frogs croak sadly in the cisterns, and a Moorish cascade, rushing down a flight of marble steps, sings her name in endless, voiceless melodies!"

CHAPTER VI

EMPRESSES OF BYZANTIUM

THE Eastern Roman Empire, whose capital was Constantinople for a number of centuries, was ruled by princes whose courts showed greater polish in their depravity and more smoothness in their vice than those of the Western Roman emperors. In fact so smooth were the Byzantines that one is almost tempted to consider them highly civilized. Many of their crimes are equalled only by the newspaper horrors of our own day. And where a Roman empress simply put the poison she had prepared for a dear guest into an ordinary loving-cup, the Greek empresses of Constantinople took especial pleasure in passing the death-draught to some beloved enemy in a consecrated wafer or in the sacramental wine.

Let us examine some of these crowned heads of the Greek empire a little more closely. Royalty, such as still remains, has brought down with it from the Middle Ages of the barbarian tribes the idea of the supreme importance of royal *blood* and *family*. In the old empire of Rome and of Byzantium it was the imperial *dignity* which counted above anything else. The emperor might have been and often was a common soldier who had risen from the ranks, a street-sweeper, a horse-boy, anything, but once he wore the *purple* (and was not assassinated) he was the *emperor*, in early Christian Byzantium next in importance to God himself on earth. As a result he could and did select as an empress whomever best pleased him. He might pick a patrician's daughter or he might pick a prostitute to wear the imperial crown: in either case the fact that it was *his* choice made everything right. But we need not expect to find many romances of happy wedded life in the splendid Palace of Blachernae. The Greek emperors of Constantinople and their ladies were no medieval Darbies and Joans like the "Cid Campeador" and his Ximena.

THE MESSALINA OF BYZANTIUM

Theodora was the more intelligent and astute Byzantine Messalina, of the Eastern Roman empire. The wife of the great Emperor Justinian (527-565), her elevation to the imperial throne cannot, as Gibbon says "be applauded as the triumph of female virtue". But it was a long time before Theodora ever thought of the imperial

throne. She grew up among the caged beasts of the imperial circus. As a tot of twelve she pulled the Numidian lion's mane, she took the tiger-pups away from their mother to play with them. And when she was weary in the middle of the day she slept under the shadow of the elephant's gigantic body for she knew no fear. At thirteen she was one of the circus dancers and she danced in such fashion that the Bishop Vigilius, sitting with other great personages in the shadowed box of the higher clergy, yawned, and turning to his deacon said: "That grasshopper will be the greatest strumpet in Byzantium some day!"

THE WAGES OF SIN

One day, shortly after she had begun to dance, Theodora did not come home at night. When she turned up again in the vaulted cellar rooms of her adopted father, the wild-beast feeder, she had three gold coins. Theodora had entered upon her sorry "business" life. This was not strange, for Theodora's two step-sisters, a few years older than herself, Comite and Anastasia, already were favorites in their chosen profession, the oldest in the world. Yet Theodora was more variously gifted than they were, and being worse she did better. Theodora was not the kind of a girl to bury any of her talents. Soon she became so famous as a pantomime artist that she had to perform every day, and the people of Constantinople yelled, screamed and applauded deliriously while she impersonated Cleopatra, Roxana or the Queen of Sheba. But the Queen of Sheba gave offense. One day a young patrician who had just been appointed secretary to the youthful Emperor Justinian, later known as the historian Procopius, rose in his place and said: "Public women whose indecent nudity decent men have to put up with every day when they attend the chariot-races should be prevented from celebrating the triumph of their vices masquerading as respectable Biblical women!" For a few days Theodora did not appear. Meanwhile she was selling her charms to a long series of rich admirers, and her fame or infamy waxed and grew great. She was probably the most celebrated among all the prostitutes of Byzantium when she made the acquaintance of Antonia, the wife of the great general Beliasarius. Antonia was the daughter of an ordinary charioteer and Gibbon assures us that "her chastity has been stained by the foulest reproach". But she did love her hero husband in spite of her many deviations from the straight and narrow path, and he, good trusting fellow never doubted his wife.

FROM THE MANY TO THE ONE

And though Theodora laughed at her married friend for sometimes preferring to freeze in Belisarius' tent during his campaigns

instead of cultivating attractive lovers during his absence, she had already commenced to plan the conquest of the Emperor Justinian's heart—and a daring plan it was for a strumpet like herself to make! First she left off dying her black hair blonde, and no longer gilded her finger-nails or painted her face, as was the custom of those who followed her profession. And then one day, when she least expected it, came a message from Justinian. Justinian was in his way a Byzantine Tiberius. He was secretive. He was a strange, conscientious, pious, treacherous autocrat and no Greek emperor who ever reigned over the city on the Bosporus had a loftier idea of the grandeur, the dignity and the divinity of the imperial power than himself. But even to Justinian's quiet study in the inner part of the great palace Theodora's name had come. Often, perhaps, before he took the decisive step, he had watched her with secret glances from the great imperial box in the circus, glances which those about him did not see. One night he called Clothar the captain of his guard to him. He handed him a string of great pearls, told him to bring them to Theodora and to say that the Emperor awaited her in the palace within the hour. It was midnight when Clothar knocked at Theodora's door. But Theodora was engaged. For a moment she turned pale as the soldier called his message through the door she refused to open. Then her plan was made. She told him to carry back the pearls to Justinian and tell him to buy some other girl with them. She was not for sale. And when Justinian sent a second messenger with splendid offers, he was told that if Justinian wanted to see her he should come to her himself, and not send one jackass after another to annoy her. And, so the tale goes—Justinian went.

He found Theodora lying before a great cross that hung on the wall, lost in prayer, though she had not been lost in prayer fifteen minutes before. She looked up at him with a glance that seemed to have left some heavenly vision. When he asked, coldly and harshly: "Who are you?" she answered in a clear voice, "Theodora, my lord, the strumpet of the Circus of Constantine!"

"Whom every sailor can buy for three coppers?"

She nodded her head. And when he cried in a voice that hissed like a whip, "Then why do you refuse yourself to the Emperor?" she answered:

"The three coppers are all he has to give, Justinian."

"Do you always . . . demand . . . all?"

"Always, Justinian!"

"Then what must I offer you?"

"Your crown, Emperor of Byzantium!"

Justinian was sincerely pious. Piety is a strange thing. There are those who would have us believe that out of a pure and noble Christian affection he stooped to this woman who had erred beyond

computation with the multiplication-table. It is possible in Theodora's case, barely so.

THEODORA'S ONE GOOD DEED

But Theodora reigned over Justinian's heart and land for two and twenty years. Some claim that the long succession of her lovers, who disappeared with promptitude when they were indiscreet, were in part due to her effort to realize the great ambition of her own and of Justinian's life—to bear a son and heir to inherit the empire. But all Theodora's wishes and prayers were vain. She buried an infant daughter, the sole offspring of her marriage, but a son was denied her. The historian Gibbon says that Theodora led a virtuous life after her marriage to Justinian, but then virtue must have been a very relative idea to Theodora. One good thing she did do, and it should be put to her credit. She founded the most benevolent institution of all Justinian's long reign, a house of refuge on the Bosporus, with beautiful gardens running down to the sea, for five hundred women of ill fame. But—it was not a practical success. The inmates could not bear the restraint and a number of them flung themselves into the water and committed suicide, so at last the home was abandoned. Theodora died terribly of cancer, and amid great suffering. Dim legends of an even more terrible end, in which the unfortunate woman is supposed to have perished in the frenzy of madness after orgies which tore the veil that hid her true character from blind Justinian's eyes, need not be credited. Theodora was surely bad enough without making her worse.

Yet not all the Byzantine empresses were like these. Some were princesses virtuous and gentle, and in the later years of the empire the daughters of Greek emperors often married the kings of other lands.

THE ROSE OF BYZANTIUM

Sometimes they were happy in their new homes, sometimes not. Several married Teuton emperors. Sad was the fate of the lovely Irene, called the "Rose of Byzantium", daughter of the Greek Emperor Isaac Angelus. She was the wife of the knightly Teuton Emperor Philip. Her fate had been a curious one. King Roger of Sicily, son of the great Crusader Tancred, had begged her hand from her father. And Irene had sailed from Constantinople in a splendid galley only to find herself when she arrived in Palermo a widow, who never even had embraced her husband. The tale of the misfortune of the lovely Greek princess touched the heart of the Hohenstaufen Philip. He loved her even before he saw her, and when he pleaded for her hand she did not refuse him. Though then he had not yet been elected emperor, his personality was worth

a crown, and he was the greatest among the German princes. None other had so many cities, villages and strong castles, nor so great a treasure of gold and silver, nor so many loyal vassals.

THE FATAL SWORD-PLAY

But Irene had worn the imperial crown but a short time when she lost her husband through one of the strangest of all strange tricks of fate. In the summer of 1208 Philip had celebrated the wedding of his little niece to the Duke of Meran with great pomp. After the great wedding banquet Philip retired to rest—for it was a summer of oppressive heat—to an inner apartment of his palace in the town of Bamberg. He lay on his couch and talked with various knights and nobles who were with him. Soon the Palgrave Otto of Wittelsbach rode into the courtyard. As he was one of Philip's most trusted and intimate vassals and followers, one whose faithfulness had been proved time and again, the guards made no difficulty about allowing him to go straight up to the emperor's room. Now Philip and many of his nobles had been bled that day because of the heat, and Otto, as soon as he heard this, began to pretend he was a surgeon. He must bleed the Emperor and finish up the work which he claimed the royal surgeon had only half-done. Otto was a wonderful swordsman and he often delighted the Emperor with his feats of skill with the blade. But to-day Philip did not care for his sword-play. Otto had stopped on his way to the upper apartments to drink deep of the wedding wine and was a trifle unsteady. He jugged his sharp sword and drew near Philip. And then, as one of the knights in the room seized his arm and tried to draw him away from Philip, the tragedy occurred. King Philip—he was "king" of Germany—received a slight accidental cut in the neck from Otto's sword. All those present testified that Philip's cut was hardly noticeable, so slight was it, but alas, Otto's sword had just chanced to strike the jugular vein, and had cut it through. King Philip rose from his couch, took a few steps and fell to the ground, where he rapidly bled to death. He was only thirty-three.

THE FADING OF THE ROSE

When the fatal news reached Irene's chamber she fell fainting to the ground, for the Greek princess was devotedly in love with her knightly husband. She did not long survive him, but died in the strong mountain castle of Hohenstaufen in the Suabian hills, giving premature birth to a little daughter. Irene was a lovely and gentle flower of the Orient, "a rose without a thorn". She had grown up in Constantinople amid horrors and bloodshed, yet she had led a life of quiet love and happiness in her German kingdom, filled with the clash of arms, adored by a husband who was the most generous

and gracious, the noblest and knightliest man of his age. Strange to say, eight days before her death she dictated a deed of gift to the Monastery of Adelberg, not far from the Hohenstaufen Castle where her husband had grown up. The deed began with the words: "The ways of the Lords are beyond man's judging". Philip was laid to rest in the Bamberg Minster, Irene in the ancestral vault of the Hohenstaufen family in Lorch, both striking examples of the vanity of all that is earthly. No one seems to have realized that poor Otto of Wittelsbach had slain his friend the Emperor Philip only through a most unfortunate accident. The whole country cried vengeance. And when the dead Empress Irene's eleven-year-old daughter, doubly orphaned, came before the Emperor Otto IV. and with tears streaming down her cheeks begged him to do justice to her father's murderer, Otto's fate was sealed. The unfortunate man was surprised in the courtyard of a farm at Abach on the Danube, surrounded, and cruelly killed with many wounds. But when a few years later (1212), the beautiful Beatrix, Irene's daughter, no more than fifteen years old, was married to the Emperor Otto she survived her nuptials only four nights.

Perhaps the truest imperial Byzantine romance, that is the one truest to a romantic *ideal* and a beautiful story to boot, is one we owe to the imagination of a modern romancer. Those who wish it to be strictly historical may study the pages of Gibbon, Finlay and other historians who have written on the Greek empire until they find the true name of the princess concerned. We will simply give the tale for what it is worth.

THE PRINCESS OF THE EAST

In the days when the empire of the East was threatened by the barbarians who prayed to the Prophet Mohammed, an Emperor of Byzantium sent messengers to the Western Christian peoples asking them to help him. And they came to his capital in their steel armor and saw the Emperor of the East sitting on his throne, which gleamed like the sun. He wore a garment of silver brocade and sat motionless on his throne. His eyes stared straight before him beneath the heavy crown, in which goldsmiths had set jewels as large as baby fists. The emperor's face was pale and transparent and his black beard was thin and fine. At each side of his throne stood two lions, artfully fashioned of gold, each as tall as two men, which opened their jaws and roared while hot steam rose from their throats. The Western barbarians deposed the Emperor of the East and divided his lands, and some became princes and others dukes and still others counts.

Now a son of the Emperor of the East was governor of the Province of Trebizond, which lay so far away along the shores of the

Black Sea that the people of the West knew nothing of it. And because they knew nothing of it they left it alone. Then, since no other provinces of the Eastern empire were left, the empire came to this son, and he became Emperor of the East and the city of Trebizond was the capital of the Eastern Empire. But while his successors reigned there the followers of Mohammed pushed further and further forward and took away cities, towns and villages from these emperors. And in the end the empire of the East was no more than what land could be seen by the naked eye from a steep cliff which rose up into the air near the city of Trebizond.

Now it happened during that time that an empress named Johanna reigned in Trebizond. She sat with fixed and staring eyes on her throne, the sceptre in her right hand and the globe of empire in her left. About her stood her great nobles, in a half-circle, in respectful silence. Their brocaded gowns, stiff with gold, hung down in long folds to the floor which was inlaid with ivory and ebony. One night the Empress Johanna had a dream. She dreamt that she was looking down into the market-place of the town from her high palace window, where all sorts of people were hurriedly going to and fro. And among them was a muleteer whose mule carried a little silver tower with many tiny silver bells on its head. And the empress had the muleteer fetched up into the palace and married him. And after a time she bore a daughter who drove all the barbarians out of the eastern and the western halves of the world, so that they sat in small shivering bands beyond the borders of the empire. The next morning when she awoke, the Empress Johanna stepped to her high window in the palace and looking down saw the muleteer of her dream. So she had him fetched up and the silver-haired Patriarch, the priest highest in rank in all the Orient, married them and went. Then they ate together at one and the same table and after that went into the nuptial chamber. And when the Empress Johanna after a time came out alone from the nuptial chamber, she sent for the executioner and ordered him to kill the muleteer. So the headsman cut off the muleteer's head and brought it to the Empress in a golden basin, while his blood flowed over the nuptial couch and dripped on the floor. And in due time the Empress Johanna gave birth to a daughter whom she called Esther.

Then she had a high, four-square tower built of huge blocks of granite on the great rock from which one could look beyond the boundaries of the empire. In this tower Esther was brought up, waited upon by bald and nerveless eunuchs, in long purple gowns. They told the child all sorts of confused tales of the grandeur and power of the two empires of the world. They told her of temples with gleaming columns of marble beneath which flaming gems lay hidden in secret caverns, gems that shone like the sun itself, together

with gold uncounted in basins of porphery, and saddled and bridled horses and splendid weapons and armor. They told her tales of vampires which rise from their graves by night in order to suck the blood of human beings, and which fly around the earth with them. They told her of tales of knights in golden armor, of swan princesses, of bronze statues that had the gift of speech, of enchanted cities lying in the midst of impenetrable deserts, with walls of copper, crystal lakes and men turned to stone. And they also told her about the stars which shone down at night from the blue skies, and which had been placed there by enchantment after they had lived on earth.

Often, too, Esther would sit at the foot of the great tower, among the yellow blossoms of the broom, and stare at the stones among which scurried lively little lizards. Or she would look out on the bright green sea that rose before her like a shining wall or toward the landward side of the earth, with its irregular spots of dark and light color. But the Empress Johanna meant to marry her daughter to the king of a land which lay at the extreme end of the western world and was called Portugal. For she had heard that a young king who was the bravest and most daring man in Christendom reigned over that land. So she sent a messenger to him with a picture of Esther and many gifts of jeweled caskets, silks and great square gold coins, and the King of Portugal sent back word that he would right gladly marry the Empress's daughter, and sent her gifts in turn, weapons of flexible steel in which figures had artfully been graven, costly furs and rare linens. Then the Empress Johanna had a ship built according to the old rules laid down a thousand years before, and which were preserved in the imperial treasury. This she did because for time out of mind her subjects had not followed the sea. Then she engaged two foreign master-mariners and had slaves riveted fast to the great banks of oars which were to move the ship. This done she had her daughter, together with her eunuchs, who wept and howled, taken aboard the great galley, and it put out to sea.

Esther sat on the poop-deck where the two foreign master-mariners stared at her with wonder. She wore a dark blue garment embroidered with golden bands, and the chair on which she sat was fashioned of gold and had purple cushions. Her face remained motionless, even when she spoke. She neither laughed nor did she show any signs of grief. It seemed as though she wore a mask, and the glance of her bright green eyes was as cold as ice. Day and night the great galley swept across the evenly rolling waves. It passed through a narrow strait whence land could be seen on both sides, and then through a blue sea with many small islands on which people dwelt. It seemed as though it was for their sake only that the

waters played softly along the white sands. And then a great wind storm broke over the galley. Esther looked at the two master-mariners with surprise, as though they were to blame and went into the cabin which had been prepared for her. There the eunuchs sat on the floor with their red gowns pulled up over their heads. But Esther sat upright on her couch and her eyes were angry. On the third day she sent for the master-mariners and in a great rage told them to make the storm cease. At first the mariners did not know what she meant. When they found out they shook their heads and went out again, for it was needful for them to stay up on deck. From that time on Esther said not a word to them. For several weeks the galley was tossed about on the waves by the storm, but at last the gray clouds disappeared and the blue sky and the sun showed once more. Then the master-mariners took out their charts and made calculations to discover where they were in the waste of waters, and when they had done this put into the nearest harbor. They did so because the galley had been much damaged and repairs had to be made. Besides, the slaves who had died at the oar had to be thrown into the sea, and new ones riveted to the benches in place of the old. After they had spent a few weeks in this manner they went on. And thus they at last reached Lisbon, the capital of the King of Portugal.

When the latter heard that the galley of the Empress of the East bearing his promised bride had arrived, he was very much embarrassed. A long, long time had gone by since the coming of the Greek envoy and he had received no further news from Trebizond. So he had come to the conclusion that the Empress Johanna had changed her mind about marrying her daughter to him. And since he was a young prince, warm-blooded and full of life, he had straightway married the daughter of one of his great nobles. He had married her just a week before Esther's galley swept up the Tagus river, and had come to love her so greatly that he would not have put her aside for the daughter of any empress. Very much ashamed at heart, the young king went down to the galley, presented himself to the Princess Esther, who sat in her golden chair awaiting him and explained how matters stood. She listened with a face that never changed, and did not reprove him or make any reply to him at all. The only thing she did was to ask him to have the two master-mariners beheaded because they had not stopped the tempest. Then the king inquired of them what this might mean, and they told him what had occurred. And the King of Portugal explained to Esther that mortal men could not make the sea and winds obey them, and that only a tyrant and not a Christian king would have the poor mariners beheaded for what was not their fault. Esther made no reply to his explanation but merely nodded her head in dismissal,

and the King of Portugal went back to shore looking much embarrassed.

Thereupon Esther ordered the two master-mariners to take the ship back to Trebizond again, and they followed her command with rage in their hearts. As they were hugging the shore for safety's sake in the neighborhood of the land of the Count of Montferrat, they met a ship coming from Genoa. And the master-mariners spoke to its captain through a great speaking-tube, and from the Genoese they learned that the Greek empire of Trebizond had been conquered. All the buildings in the capital had been burned down by the Moslems, and the head of the Empress Johanna, with its long black braids, had been stuck at the end of a lance and placed in the marketplace for all to see. When the master-mariners heard this news they took counsel together as to what they should do. They wanted no blood on their hands. So they made up their minds not to sell the Princess Esther as a slave, but to put her ashore seeing that the shore was close by, together with her eunuchs, and this they did.

Now it happened that the Count of Montferrat with his suite chanced to ride by while the Princess Esther sat on the white sand, surrounded by her lamenting eunuchs. He begged to be told her story, and then had her taken to his castle, where she was surrounded with all the comfort and honor due her high rank. The mysterious beauty of the eastern princess had made a deep impression on the Count of Montferrat. He fell madly in love with her, though she treated him with great haughtiness, as though he were her servant, while in truth she depended entirely on him. When he entered her room she did not rise, but remained seated in her chair. Nor did she look at him. And she returned only the shortest of answers to his loving questions, while her eyes gazed out of one of the castle windows into a courtyard filled with all sorts of odds and ends. For her personal service a poor nobleman's daughter had been assigned Esther. She was a bright, red-cheeked girl, merry-hearted and a great talker, and Esther's haughtiness did not bother her a bit. And one day she told Esther that she was treating the Count very unfairly and that she might think herself very lucky if the Count married her, else she would have no place to lay her head. But when she had spoken the Princess Esther rose from her chair and her eyes were so terrible that the harmless girl shuddered. And at the same time Esther drew a long, sharp needle from her hair and thrust it at her. The needle pierced her waist and flesh and would no doubt have entered her heart had it not struck a rib, against which it broke off, so powerful had been Esther's thrust. The poor girl ran off as pale as death with the broken needle in her breast, and after that nothing on earth could have persuaded her to enter Esther's chamber again.

But the love of the Count of Montferrat for Esther was so great that he knelt humbly at her feet and begged her to marry him. Then Esther made a swift movement like a lizard and laid her narrow white hand, covered with rings in his brown manly fist. But when the Count of Montferrat rose, took her in his arms and was about to kiss her, she glared at him with such fright and horror in her eyes that his courage deserted him, for all he was a brave knight, and he slunk from her chamber. Yet he was a good and just lord who gave every human being his due. And now, though he never had gotten more than twenty words from Esther, he brought her the keys to all the closets and cupboards in his castle, and told her to look over the wealth which was to be hers. Yet the next day he saw the keys lying exactly where he had put them on Esther's table, and his bride was again staring out of the window with the look of some brooding, captive bird on her face. Thus the day of the wedding drew near in discomfort and dissatisfaction. Many people gathered at the castle for the coming festivities, and among them many merchants and traders. One of these traders, an old man with a long white beard, but with fiery black eyes and a sly face, came up to the castle the day before the wedding and offered some rare jewels for sale. The Count thought that Esther might care to see his wares. He took him in to her and, much to his surprise, Esther grew quite lively, and pointed out various jewels which the Count bought for her.

The following morning every one was astir in the castle at an early hour. From all over the countryside the Count's vassals and farmers drifted in with snow-white beribboned lambs in their arms or white baskets of golden-cheeked apples or fair fabrics of spun linen for gifts. But for all the castle was filled with the movement of those coming and going and bustling about, no sound came from the room of the bride. The morning began to wane and at last the Count was filled with a vague unease. He sent serving maids up to Esther's room to call her and they returned with the news that the bride had disappeared!

Of course there was much excitement and much guessing, whispering and talking, while the horsemen were sent out everywhere to search for the Princess. But the Princess was not to be found nor was she ever found. Her eunuchs stood herded together in a corner of the great hall of the castle, hung with garlands of flowers for the wedding, and when any one came near them they seemed very much afraid and babbled in Greek—which was truly Greek to those who heard them. But many years after a dark rumor from a far, cold land in the distant north came to the ears of the Count of Montferrat. It was brought him by a knight who had fought in that northern land. And the knight said that the haughty Princess

Esther lived with the jewel-merchant as a serving-woman. She obeyed him humbly in all things, did the lowest and hardest work for him, and he treated her with great harshness and even cruelty. Yet, so said the knight, no one ever had heard Esther utter a complaint. Instead her face showed a glad and contented happiness. For love is stranger than anything else on earth!

CHAPTER VII

ROMANCES OF THE MOHAMMEDAN ORIENT

THE Mohammedan East has been a land of romance since Saracen civilization spread through the lands conquered by the followers of the Prophet.

The Crusading ages were also ages of Romance. In the first Crusades Christians and Turks cut off each others heads with gusto. Later brave enemies learned to treat each other with knightly courtesy on both sides. And Christian kings, princes, nobles and knights far from their wives and sweethearts at home, even came to look with the eyes of affection—alas that it should have been so—on infidel girls. Perhaps, in some cases these great lords began their flirtations in the hope of converting the souls of these charming brown daughters of the heathen, but they did not stop there, not even the clergy. Grave historians tell us of "a 'Lady Patriarch' of Jerusalem", a former Saracen inn-wife whom the highest spiritual lord of those parts had taken unto himself, and who "for years shocked decent Christian ladies of high rank by the splendor of her clothes and jewels!" The following tale, however, shows that while blood may be thicker than water in one case, love may be stronger than death in another.

SHERAMUR AND THE SULTAN OF DAMASCUS' SON

During the Crusade there often were truces made between Christians and the Saracens. Then Mohammedan traders, jugglers and story-tellers would be allowed to enter Jerusalem to amuse the knights and people in the city. Now it happened that shortly before one of these truces a young Saracen prince named Ali, son of the Sultan of Damascus, had been taken prisoner by a French knight and was held a captive in the Holy City. Ali had owned a slave, a Persian girl who loved him more than her own soul. And this girl, whose name was Sheramur, made up her mind to rescue her beloved master from prison. To this end she came to Jerusalem when the truce was declared, together with an old woman. Her supposed reason for coming was to beg alms in the city streets by means of her singing and dancing. The old woman who accompanied her was a fellow-slave. She was Prince Ali's nurse and she doted on him. Since in spite of her age she was very lively and full of inventive

malice Sheramur was glad to have the old woman's company on her dangerous errand.

THE WHITE ROSE

It chanced a few days after she had come to the city that a Teuton knight named Henry went with several companions to the great rose-gardens on the outskirts of the city called the "Gardens of Solomon". There they watched the rose-pickers pass. The women came by carrying on their heads the big baskets of dark-red, light-red and white roses from which attar of roses was made. And as they filed by under the cypresses where the knights stood, Sheramur among them, one of the knights spoke up and asked the Persian singer to sing them a song. Sheramur did not wait to be asked twice. She stepped out from among her companions and sang the legend of how the red rose was born. It told how the nightingale, when the white rose blossomed, had been seized with such love for her that he flung himself against the thorns of the rose-bush and bled to death. But this melodic blood as it flowed colored the white bosom of the rose a dark crimson. The Persian girl looked at Sir Henry while she sang and a curious feeling crept over him. She had delicate, silver-blonde hair and a pallid ivory face, and Sir Henry thought her a white rose herself. He began to wonder whether the love-sacrifice of a bleeding heart would turn *her* into a crimson rose. It was a strange thought for a Christian knight to entertain when looking at a Saracen woman.

As soon as the intelligent Sheramur saw the effect she had made on Henry she began to plan to use him to secure her Ali's release. Soon Sir Henry was as wax in her hands. He had fallen deeply in love with her and she encouraged him to visit her in her lodgings. There while she kept him at arm's length, she fanned the rising flame of his passion. Sheramur was very proud. She scorned all those who were not of her own race. The only exception she made was her Arab lover and master Ali, whom she worshiped. And soon she began to enlist Henry's sympathies for her brother—for that was what she called Ali—and he promised to help him escape. Meanwhile, to encourage him still further, Sheramur had him send her a monk and pretended a wish to become a Christian. And Henry would sit and look at Sheramur who lay on her divan, her white arms showing forth from her wide sleeves of white silk, and marvel at her white skin, which really seemed made of white rose-petals through which coursed a delicate stream of blossom-blood, sweetly lighting its dead white color. But the monk, Brother Baldrian, who was Henry's friend, from time to time would give a shy glance at Sheramur's old companion. He hated her face like a bird of prey, her chuckling voice. And most of all he hated a fire-yellow arab-

esque which wound and crawled and crept in a devilish way about the hem of her brown robe when she moved. One day Sheramur asked Sir Henry about a little silver locket he wore about his neck and which contained a splinter of the True Cross. So Henry begged her for a lock of her silver-golden hair. And Sheramur, who would have sacrifice far, far more to rescue her lover, smiled inwardly when she gave the infatuated knight the lock of hair to put in his locket.

THE ARABESQUE WOMAN'S JEST

Meanwhile, Sir Henry, who was highly esteemed and had much gold, had managed to discover that Sheramur's "brother" was imprisoned in an old monastery. He had even managed to arrange various meetings between the lovers, and to keep up appearances Ali and Sheramur pretended to include him in their plans of flight. For so far had Henry's infatuation gone that he was ready, if need be, to give up his faith for Sheramur's sake and turn Moslem. Now it had been planned that Sheramur was to wear the black costume of a page and her "brother" Ali, the monk's cowl, in order to make their escape with all possible safety and ease. But this left out the old woman with the arabesque gown. Henry had told Sheramur out and out that it would be best to leave her behind for the time being. She could easily make her escape separately as an old beggar-woman after they had gone. But the old nurse was indignant at thus being shoved aside. And since to Sheramur Sir Henry was less than nothing, she readily fell in with the Arabesque woman's plan to play a cruel joke on him. The two Saracen women put their heads together and hatched out the following trick. When Sir Henry prepared to join Sheramur and Ali at the hour appointed, to flee with them, the old woman would step up to him. And she would say that Sheramur was not willing to leave Jerusalem with him until he had made her his lawful wife—how Sheramur's silvery laughter rang out at the idea! The old woman with the arabesque would say further that Sheramur had secretly become a Christian, and was waiting to marry Henry in the nearby church. But instead of Sheramur the old woman, shrouded in a long white veil, would meet the knight at the altar. Once married to Henry she would give him Sheramur's farewell message: that since Ali was her true love and she was thus provided with a lover, she had sent Henry a substitute whose age was better suited to him than her own. Meanwhile Sheramur and Ali would have gained so great an advance that it would be useless for Henry to pursue them.

THE SARACEN OLAIJA

And so it would have happened, no doubt, had it not been for an-

other woman. Her name was Olaija. She was a Saracen girl of Jerusalem. She lived in a little white-walled villa just without the city. There, for she was lithe, graceful and handsome in her dark Arab way, lonely knights, gentles and clerics of the crusading host far from their loved ones at home and yearning for feminine companionship, came to visit her. Once and once only Sir Henry had rested on her heart. But she never had forgotten it. From that hour she loved him. She gave up all her other acquaintances and lived for him alone, though she hardly ever saw him. She had made Sheramur's acquaintance for his sake, and had thus far helped her in all her plans. Such was her love for Henry that whatever he wanted and if it were the moon from the sky Olaija felt he must have it. And Sheramur, who had absolute confidence in her, seeing that she was a Moslem like herself, had confided to her the cruel plan for Henry's undoing. Olaija told the tale to the monk, Brother Baldrian, who was Henry's friend. But she did not tell him that her loving and avenging hand meant to preserve Henry from the Persian girl's hateful plan.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT

Every evening Father Baldrian and Olaija walked slowly and seriously along the Valley of Jehosaphat so that the guards of the monastery-prison might grow accustomed to seeing the two figures, one cowled, the other dressed as a page, for thus costumed Sheramur and Ali were to escape. Then when the night of the escape came the guards would not stir. The Valley of Jehosaphat is cold and dark because of its extraordinary depth. And it is awesome because at either side of it are the ancient stone tombs in which are supposed to lie the old patriarchs and kings. One night the monk stopped near the tombs and said: "In such a cavern Sir Henry might well spend the years of his life which remain to him. They offer the hermit penitent the advantage that he can feel he has been tombed and coffined alive." But Olaija shuddered and drew him forward. The night of the flight came. Sir Henry stood in his lodgings bidding farewell to his friend the monk when Olaija arrived. She wore a white robe for she already had given the page's dress to Sheramur to wear on her flight. Perhaps she nursed a forlorn, stolen hope that she might seem fair and lovely to the knight in her new attire. But he had eyes only for her dress—it was a dress Sheramur had worn—from which came a strong, delicate odor of attar of roses Henry always associated with the Persian girl.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Then poor Olaija took down a light cloak that hung on the wall, wrapped it around her and begged the knight to spend the last hours

he would spend in Jerusalem in her company, on the Mount of Olives. For thence he could go directly down to the Vale of Kedron to meet his companions in flight. When they reached the top of the hill Olaija spread out her mantle beneath a palm from whence they could look over the white, gleaming roofs of Jerusalem to the dark strip of the Dead Sea and the savage hills behind it. Long Sir Henry stood leaning against the palm, but at last, wearied, he flung himself down on the mantle beside Olaija, and laid his head in her lap, to breathe in the rose-fragrance that streamed from her garments. And Olaija drew her dagger from her girdle and laid it beside her as though to prevent his hurting his head against it. And the fragrance of the attar of roses began to overpower Henry. His thoughts began to dance by like a band of wild, uncontrolled dancers. He thought of a chapel in the Teuton woods where once he had pledged his troth to a Teuton maid. He thought of the many Saracens his sword had slain, and of lilies that have a scent like incense of which Father Baldrian once had spoken. In the West, thought he, where the sun goes down and death waits, those lilies bloom. But I will go to the East where the sun and the rosy dawn and the crimson roses and all other things that are beautiful blossom. His lips moved slightly as he thought this. When Olaija saw the dreamy smile that played across Henry's face she swiftly seized her small dagger, held it hesitatingly for a moment in her hand, and then thrust it deeply into the knight's temple. He started up, hardly knowing whence came his sudden death-pain and then overcome, at once fell back again. Unconsciously his hand felt for and clasped the little silver locket as though it might protect him. Thus lying he was found the following morning, the morning of Easter Sunday, by those who were going to mass. Sheramur and Ali were escaped happily to Damascus, where the sultan's son rewarded the Persian girl with all the deep affection a grateful heart could bestow. When he in turn reigned over Damascus, Sheramur became his first sultana and she held his heart in thrall until her dying day. But Olaija, too, was happy, though in a different way. She returned to her white-walled villa and—do not think it strange—resumed her old manner of life. She was an Arab woman and such women have weird, long thoughts of love. She resumed her former mode of life because her real life was at an end. Her heart had stopped when her dagger had pierced Sir Henry's brain as he lay beneath the palm on the Mount of Olives. She had saved him from what would have poisoned every one of his living moments. She had saved him from worse than death. She had saved him from the silver, malicious laughter of Sheramur which would have rung hatefully in his ears for the rest of his days. She had saved him from shame and despair and what is worst of all—ridicule! So Olaija was

happy. She had given her love the greatest gift love can bestow. As for the rest—the knights and nobles and prelates who visited her in the white-walled villa were all figures in a dream. They came, they went. She listened to their pleadings, she accepted their kisses. But they were not real to her. They only existed to fill in the weary hours that must pass until she rejoined Henry.

Poor Olaija was no theologian. Somehow in her dark, sleek head lay deep-rooted the idea that her love for Henry had given her a right to find him again beyond the grave. Both Christian divines and Moslem *imams* could have proved to her that she was wrong. But can any one prove wrong what a woman considers right?

Moorish Spain, as well as other Mohammedan lands was a home of romance. Mohammed was a very practical man. He was content to make his world safe for polygamy and rested there. But even polygamous kings and queens have been romantic and often—for a short time, at any rate—their hearts have led them to do deeds of a most romantic sort. Such a king was the Sultan Ben Avif of Cordova in the old Moorish days. He had among his queens the beautiful Romaxuia whom he loved dearly for she was a most virtuous woman. She had a strange mania, however, most unusual in a woman, for having her own way. When she wanted something she must have it. If she did not get it she began to cry bitterly. The Sultan Ben Avif could not bear to see Romaxuia cry. He at once gave way and Romaxuia got what she wanted.

THE ROMANTIC SULTAN BEN AVIF

Once upon a time in the month of February there was a snowfall in Cordova. At once Romaxuia began to weep. Ben Avif took her in his arms, tenderly tried to dry her tears and begged her to tell him what was the matter. "I want the snow to fall every year," answered Romaxuia between sobs. Now Cordova was a warm land in which the snow fell but seldom. Yet Sultan Ben Avif, romantic beggar, wanted his Romaxuia to be happy. Besides he wanted her to stop crying. So to please her and satisfy her longing for snow he had all the hills surrounding Cordova planted with almond-trees at enormous expense. And then, the next February when they were in blossom the whole country seemed covered with snow, and his wife was satisfied.

Not long after, Romaxuia was standing at a palace window overhanging the lake when she saw a woman stirring clay with her bare feet to make bricks. Again Romaxuia's tears began to flow. Again the Sultan Ben Avif hurried up to still her tears. "What is it, love?" he cried. "Why do you weep?" Romaxuia looked at him reproachfully. "Because I never can have what I want. I cannot

even do what that poor woman under the window here is doing!" The Sultan soothed and petted her, and at once gave orders to have the great lake of Cordova emptied and refilled with rose-water. And to supply the place of mud he had sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, myrrh, ambra, musk and all sorts of other spices put into it. And instead of straw he had sugar-cane laid along the shore. And when the lake was filled with this precious dirt and rose-water, the Sultan told his wife she could take off her shoes and stockings, paddle about in it and make bricks to her heart's content. But Romaxuia began to weep again the very next day. And this time when Ben Avif asked her what was the trouble, she said: "You say you love me and yet you do nothing to amuse me!" But the Sultan Ben Avil's romantic vein had worn thin. He looked at Romaxuia and answered in Arabic: *Ehu alhenahac afen?* which means "Is dirt nothing?" For he thought that even though she forgot all else, she might have remembered the dirt that had cost a kingdom which he had made for her.

ONE OF SIX THOUSAND

But Sultan Ben Avif was not the only one who indulged his sultana. The great Spanish Khalif Abderrahman III. (912-961) built a whole magnificent palace-town on which the workmen toiled for ten years, merely to delight the eyes of Zahra, *one* of his concubines—and he had six thousand! An old Moslem chronicler tells that toward the end of his reign the venerable Khalif out of all these thousands preferred "the wit and graces of his girl-slave Noiratedia. With her he passed the hours of peace in groves where grape-arbors, orange-trees and palm cast their shade." Happy Khalif! Yet in his last days "he was inclined to be somewhat melancholy." Perhaps the thought of the vast treasures of charm and beauty he would soon leave behind saddened the mind of the aged ruler. "With a slight in disposition, the irresistible hand of the angel of death translated him from the joys of his palace of Medina Zahra to the eternal mansions of the other life," says the chronicler of his reign. Yet Abderrahman, for all he was a pious Moslem, may have felt that things would not be the same up above. After all, what are *seventy* houris in paradise to a man who possessed *six thousand* on earth?

ALLAH'S BOOK

These same historians draw a brilliant picture of the accession of his son King Alhakem. Around his throne were his brothers, nobles and the captains of his guards, Slav, Andalusian and African. The *Eslabos* lined the walls of the great palace hall, bare swords in hand; negro slaves in white were drawn up in other rows, with battle-axes across their shoulders. In the courtyard were Andalusian

and African guardsmen brilliantly clad and splendidly armed. And all acclaimed the new king. King Alhakem was a lover of books, of poetry and art, but history tells us that the book he most loved to read was one which Allah, the divine bookbinder, had provided with a satiny brown skin. The love-light in the eyes of his titillating volume of Allah's providing illumined its pages of passion when turned by the romantic bookworm Alhakem. Its—or rather her—name was Redhiya, a lovely slave girl. In the study of this living volume of Allah's library, King Alhakem spent golden hours in the gardens of Zahra, and his poetic soul named Redhiya *Estrella feliz*, "Happy Star". Those were the great days of Moorish Spain when love and literature, poetry and passion, went hand in hand. King Alhakem's son, King Hixem, lost his father while a callow youth. "He thought only of his innocent games and pleasures, did not leave his *alcazares* and delicious gardens, and desired no other recreations but those known to him." He was the son of Alhakem's chief sultana, Sokh, "The Daybreak", a Basque woman. When her son was ready to put away "childish things", his mother promptly provided him with so many charming girl companions to while away the hours in romantic dalliance that Hixem hardly knew he wore a crown.

THE ROSE-PETAL PLUCKER

He was in fact a shadow-Khalif. The great Emir Almansor, until he fell in battle, and after him various other military leaders, beat the Christians and extended his empire. But King Hixem, when he stepped from his bath of rose-water, thought only of being lulled to sleep by the soft, henna-stained fingers his harem beauties drew gently across his royal brow. Hixem fairly swam in an ocean of beauty to which all the lands of the East and the Gothic kingdoms of upper Spain had contributed delightful drops. What cared Hixem about the outside world? He lived in his own world of romance and counted the khalifate—if ever he thought of it—well lost for love. It is true that in later years he once was rudely awakened from his rosy dream. Rude armed men burst into the sacred precincts of the Zahrya gardens while he was ill. They brought with them the body of a man who in appearance was the exact image of Hixem. Pushing away the anxious, fluttering beauties who surrounded the king, they hustled off Hixem to an underground jail. Then they proclaimed his death and producing the body of his double gave it a fine burial. But another turn of fortune's wheel pried Hixem loose from his prison again and restored him to the throne that he only used as a foundation on which to build his love-nests. Thenceforward he plucked his rose-petals undisturbed until Allah translated him to that paradise where romance reigns forever. But

the pleasant harem gardens of the Moorish sultans, emirs and princes of Spain were not to endure. For several centuries they fought bitterly among themselves, and while they did so the Christian kings fought them. In the end chivalry and romance of Saracen Spain was reduced to the small kingdom of Granada, all that remained of Islam's great conquests.

WHEN FATHERS AND MOTHERS DISAGREE

And lovely woman was the romantic cause of the loss of Granada, the last Moorish stronghold in Spain. It is sad enough in a Christian household when father and mother are divided among themselves. How much sadder when fathers and mothers hate and fight each other. The fierce old warrior Abdul Hassan, King of Granada, had his softer moments. Among his many helpmeets were two whom he loved especially well. One was the Queen Zoraya, who had Christian blood in her veins, and the other the Sultana Aixa. Both had supplied Abdul Hassan with boy princes as pledges of their affection. And as a result of family quarrels—for poor King Abdul Hassen, when not fighting the Christian foe, was waging bitter battles in his harem—the distressed father was finally put out of his capital. He had to retire to Malaga while his son King Abdallah el Zaquir, known to history as King Boabdil, Aixa's boy, was proclaimed king. Civil war—the ladies behind it—raged through the streets of Granada. A third king, Abdallah of Zagal, also strove for the crown. After the clearing up of the political situation for King Boabdil by the resignation of his father and the death of the other pretender to the throne, came a tragedy.

THE SULTANNA ALFAIMA AND THE ABENCERRAGES

Among the great noble "clans" or families of the kingdom that of the Abencerrages stood out. Its women were famed for their beauty, its men for the skill in the arts of war, their horsemanship, their gifts of music and poetry and a passionate way of making love no woman could resist. In view of this last accomplishment, it was unfortunate that the handsome Aben Hamet was suspected of having fallen in love with King Boabdil's favorite wife, the beautiful Sultana Alfaima. It was said that he pleaded his passion, that she could not refuse her lips to his kisses and that as she clung to him in a passionate embrace in the myrtle-gardens of the palace of the Generaliffe, she was seen by a passing Zegri—the Zegri were a noble family opposed to the Abencerrages. The Zegri hastened to the king and dropped the venom of his news in the cup of royal pleasure. What he told Boabdil was a lie, for his queen was faithful to him. But Boabdil believed the lying Zegri's tale. In the Court of the Lions, in that fairyland hall of leaping crystal waters, alabaster

columns, walls glowing with the gold and blue of arabesques and fragrant with the breath of roses and orange-blossoms, King Boabdil gave a great feast to which all the Abencerrages were asked. And King Boabdil, as he entered the hall to give a last glance at the preparations for the festival smiled a cruel smile as his eyes lit on one of the Arabic inscriptions graven in the marble of the fountain. "The lovely princess walks in her garden covered with pearls and makes it a thousand times more beautiful." Between his teeth he murmured: "Alfaima will walk no more in gardens, either at the Generaliffe or in the Alhambra!" The Abencerrages came to feast, they stayed to die. There, unarmed, defenseless, every entrance and exit of the hall held by Boabdil's African guards, thirty-six of the bravest and noblest Moorish knights of Granada knelt while they were beheaded by the executioner's sword, while their blood flowed over the marble pavement. Others were seized and slain elsewhere and many were banished. In the end, after all the slaughter, the lying Zegri, about to die, withdrew his vile accusation and the poor sultana's character was entirely cleared.

Some of the loveliest of all Moslem romances are those to be found in the *Romancero Moresco,* written by Spanish poets after the Moors had been driven out of Spain. In them the turbaned princesses and magnificent sultans who fill the novels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries live again. Better than Persian, Egyptian or Syrian writings, perhaps, they let us glimpse the chivalry and romance of the Arab soul.

THE SULTAN BUCAR

Among the wise kings who once reigned over Andalusia was the old Sultan Bucar. At the prayer of his favorite he one day assembled his counsellors to discuss the affairs of the kingdom. And among many other laws they passed the following one: "Every lover must marry the girl he loves and whoso does not obey this law shall lose his head!" With the exception of one man, the sultan's nephew, all said that it was a good law. He cried: "Your Majesty's law rejoices all others but drowns me in despair! My love is married and so ill married that any one might pity her. And if she loves me greatly then I love her even more." Sultan Bucar reflected and then said: "Since she is married, my nephew, continue to love her. The law does not apply to you." This objectionable moral viewpoint shows how far apart are the souls of the East and the West. The brutally frank Arab of the Middle Ages actually advised wrongdoing. The more civilized, twentieth century member of a western race may do wrong, but he has the grace to be ashamed of it. If his actions are the same he at least, possesses the guilty conscience which the Sultan Bucar and his nephew lacked.

CHAPTER VIII

ROYAL ROMANCE FROM MEDIEVAL TO BAROQUE DAYS

If we take a bird's-eye view of this long stretch of time, we have a general impression of the goddess of romance, an indulgent smile on her face, gently shaking her plum-tree while its purple passion-fruit falls in grateful showers into the wide-open mouths of an enormous and continually changing crowd of kings and queens, princes and princesses. Perhaps the goddess of romance would not smile so indulgently were not her gaze lost in the horizon. Were she to look down to the squirming mass of royal plum-gatherers and see how often they devour her gifts in the most piggish and revolting fashion she might frown. Possibly she would cease shaking her plum-tree. Then history's page, instead of romantic purple blotches, would show only the black smudges of burnings and the red blood-stains of war.

ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE

Abélard (b. 1079) wore no royal crown. But he was a king of philosophers in his day. He was a silver-tongued orator. When made canon of Notre-Dame (1115), thousands flocked to hear him talk, and young girls fainted with emotion while listening to his tender voice and admiring his personality. Alas, the gifted young scholar found that besides a tongue he had a heart. This heart betrayed him. In the home of her uncle Fulbert lived Héloïse, a beautiful young orphan of sixteen. She was learned, and spoke, read and wrote Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Fulbert engaged Abélard as Héloïse's tutor. Even Abélard was surprised. "I was no less astonished at his simplicity" wrote Abélard in 'The Story of My Misfortunes', that if he had entrusted a tender lamb to a famished wolf." From being Héloïse's tutor he became her seducer. At the same time he did love her with real affection. But Abélard was no gentleman. Though of noble family he boasted of his conquest. Soon the whole world knew what had happened save uncle Fulbert. When at last he heard he separated the lovers; it was too late. Abélard then stole Héloïse from her uncle's home and sent her to Brittany, where—it was a rude and unscientific age—she gave birth to a son who was cursed with the name of Astrolobius. Furious Fulbert now insisted

on marriage. Abélard was willing but—Héloïse, noble girl, objected for Abélard's sake. She even quoted the Bible to prove that children would be inconvenient in a philosopher's home. But she allowed the wedding ring to be thrust on her finger under promise that her marriage would be kept strictly secret. Now uncle Fulbert blabbed. But when he joyfully spread the news Héloïse denied it. Then tragedy overtook the wheedling philosopher. Uncle Fulbert had been much annoyed in every way by the conduct of his niece and her scholarly friend. Yet nothing can excuse his barbarous action. Thinking that Abélard was at the bottom of Héloïse's refusal to acknowledge her marriage he became wild with rage when the lovely girl fled from his canonry to a convent. And forgetting all else the priest, with some hired knife-bearers, forced his way into Abélard's chamber one dark night. Well did Fulbert's henchmen do their hideous work! Abélard woke from rosy dreams of Héloïse to find himself mutilated in such wise that in the future he would be able to love Héloïse only spiritually and not the flesh. Abélard was not grateful, however, to think his passion had been raised to a higher and nobler plane. Overwhelmed with shame he retired to a cloister and became a monk. Héloïse went into a nunnery. But living apart Héloïse wrote her "Letters", which may be read to this day, and left the world an "unsurpassed utterance of human passion and womanly devotion." The bones of the hapless lovers now lie in the same tomb in the Père-la-Chaise Cemetery in Paris. There one may still drop a tear over them.

SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY

The daughter of Andrew II., King of Hungary, Saint Elizabeth (1207-1231) was betrothed to Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia, amid exciting scenes. A venerable prelate, the Patriarch of Aquileia, was one of the honored guests at the solemn festival. Unfortunately, he forgot himself and criminally assaulted a hapless countess who was present. Immediately after, his guilty conscience urged the Patriarch to depart, and he did. The lady's husband, unable to lay hand on him, and thinking the Queen of Hungary herself, Elizabeth's mother, had thrust his victim into the patriarch's arms, went into the queen's room and hung her from a beam.

From the day of her marriage—she was married at fourteen—Saint Elizabeth was kind, charitable and generous to all. The tale of her meeting her stern husband with a basketful of bread for the poor, and the bread's turning into roses by a miracle to save her from reproof, is well known. Eventually this poor, gentle lady fell completely under the influence of a coarse, fanatic and tyrannical priest, Conrad of Marburg. He persuaded her to renounce her children and all her friends in religion's name. He led her to with-

draw into a hospital where she practised penances and nursed sufferers from loathsome diseases. He even prevented her from almsgiving. In fact Conrad's savagery brought her to the grave in 1231, and after the life this unworthy member of the Church made her lead on earth, Elizabeth surely deserved the canonization she received four years later. The English painter H. G. Calderon's historical painting, "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation" (Tate Gallery, London), gave much offense to pious Catholics when first exhibited. The saint kneels entirely nude before an altar in the presence of her confessor and a couple of nuns. But the painter had painted his picture according to a passage in Elizabeth's "Life" by the venerable Dietrich of Apolda. He tells how she went into a chapel and renounced parents, children and relations in imitation of Christ, and "stripped herself utterly naked in order to follow Him in the steps of poverty."

THE NEAPOLITAN JOANNAS

Joanna of Naples is one of those mysterious figures in history whom some declare guilty of the blackest crimes and others call pure as the driven snow. She was beautiful, ardent, passionately attached to literature. It is but a step from loving poems to living them. Joanna is thought to have taken that step—often. When a little girl of five (1333) she was pompously married to a little boy of seven, Andrew, the King of Hungary's son. Ten years later, when Joanna put the crown of Naples on her head, he was a drunken, lascivious young reprobate. He put the one accomplishment at which he was an adept into practise by seducing Joanna's sister. Is it strange that hot hatred toward Andrew should have sprung up in the lovely young queen's scorned and insulted soul? Can one blame her for smiling that evening, in the Convent of Aversa with her Hungarian oaf, when the apartments she shared for the time being—it was during the hunting-season—were entered by conspirators whose plans she had encouraged? They decoyed the royal wastrel into a corridor and strangled him. Joanna's wild heart, matrimonially speaking, next turned toward her cousin, Louis of Tarento. In his arms she had wept during Andrew's lifetime, telling him of her wrongs. And Louis had listened and kissed her tears away, though not as a father might. It always was Joanna's great trouble—this affectionate nature she had inherited. She loved, poor, romantic thing, not wisely, but too often, at the wrong times and with great lack of discrimination. At last the Neapolitans tired of having the royal palace turned into a love-nest for Joanna's admirers, especially as they were given the bills for her lovers' cooings. When Charles, Duke of Durazzo, came to pluck the crown from her brow they hurried to help him. Poor Joanna, at least her exit was dignified

She was not killed clinging to some hapchance lover, but was quietly and decorously strangled in chapel while she bent over her prayer-book.

Queen Joanna II. of Naples (1371-1435) was a daughter of the house of Anjou. Weak, foolish and dissolute, she outdid the first Joanna in vice and incapacity. A widow of forty-five her twenty-six year old lover Pandolfo Alopo was promptly killed by James of Bourbon, whom she married. But she managed to have him put out of the kingdom, and consoled herself with Giovanni Caracciolo for his absence. But poor Giovanni was murdered in turn and Joanna, who, like the poet that "never loved a bird or flower but it would fade and pine away" finally gave up the struggle and died herself.

MARIA DE PADILLA

The romantically repulsive Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile (1333-1369) was both monstrously cruel and cruelly immoral. When he was forced to marry a beautiful French girl, the Princess Blanche of Bourbon (1354), he at once deserted her, and later had her done to death in the castle in which he kept her imprisoned. He claimed to be married to Maria de Padilla, his lovely mistress, but at the same time he had gone through a form of marriage to a lady of the Castro family who bore him a son, and also was married to Blanche. It is easy to see that he took his wedding-vows lightly. But trigamy was the least of Pedro's crimes. Maria de Padilla, the only one of Pedro's changing harem of whom he never really tired, was a dark vision of beauty. Pedro had the fair golden hair and blue eyes of the Spanish Goth, but his blue eyes were sinister. Only the thought of Maria de Padilla softened for a moment their usual murderous glare. While Pedro rogued and ranged and ran the gamut of murder and brutality, the people cursed the dark Maria as a witch who drove him on. An inner courtyard of the great Alcazar of Seville is still known as the *Patio de Maria de Padilla.* Above it Maria had her rich apartments, with a hidden entrance leading to Don Pedro's room. Its walls were fretted lace-work in stone, relieved by ruddy tiles. Beneath a golden dome a fountain cast a glittering, perfumed spray. On each side of the room were divan-recesses. They were piled with cushions of Eastern stuffs stiff with gold. Behind screens of golden trellis-work woven with the brilliant blossoms of living flowers hung heavy draperies concealing the doorways. There Maria, Don Pedro's evil lady of love, passionately concerned for her interests and those of her children by the king, played on his heart-strings with the subtle ends of her henna-stained fingers. There, when Don Pedro gathered her tenderly into his arms, she kissed him into thoughts of murder, the murder of those who stood in her way. When, after hanging on his lips,

she released them to ask for Blanche's death, he granted it lightly. "Why not? Life is short. A cup of wine, a silken cord, even a light scarf, if pressed too closely around a white neck, will do the trick! Have it your way, Maria! And now let us go to the gardens and watch the Moorish slave-girls dance for us." One of the slim, dancing beauties, a new slave sent by the King of Granada, has caught Pedro's eye, as Maria well knows. But what of it? Let him take his pleasure where he will so long as she remain mistress of his heart. As Pedro leaves her Maria sounds the golden whistle. Slave-girls come running and she bids them draw back the curtains from the *miradores,* the windows. "The setting sun comes in, its gorgeous tints lighting wall, dome, draperies and pavement." From the garden comes the sound of lutes and viols and Maria's heavy dark hair is delicately smoothed before a silver mirror before she descends to join her king. But Blanche's death lays a curse on the evil monarch. And Maria de Padilla's death is the harbinger of his own fate, for he will follow her a few years later. In the same room which has witnessed the transports of her passion Maria, stricken by a mortal malady, vaguely passes a wandering hand through her dark hair, sewn with the pearls she had put there the preceding night. Suddenly she shrieks, calls wildly for Don Pedro and writhes in the arms of her slaves. She dies evilly, alone—for Don Pedro is riding amid the dust-clouds of battle, far away on the plains of Aragon—and the sacraments of the Church are refused her. Her guilty soul must take its dread journey unblessed by God or man! But Don Pedro when he returns laughs the Church to scorn. Evil though she was and evil though he is, they loved each other. They loved each other with a poisonous love but a true one. And Pedro, faithless to all others, had Maria de Padilla buried in the Royal Chapel of the great cathedral of Seville as a queen, giving her at last, in death the title he had denied her while living. He had her buried beside the other queens of Castille, proud ladies, their dust helpless to resent the injury done them. But from that day on, Don Pedro's fortunes declined!

QUEEN BARBARA

(The Lansquenet Who Shamed an Empress)

The high and mighty Siegismund, Roman Emperor and King of the Germans, Bohemians and Hungarians (1387-1439), was splendor-loving, intelligent and weak. He was tall, slender and handsome. He had curly yellow hair and a yellow beard and was beloved by maids and matrons. Too much so, in fact, for his own good, for he was entirely given up to pleasure and his life was a long romance of joy and suffering, adventure and mischance. He was as full of

wise saws and foolish deeds as King Solomon, and his lavish generosity kept him always in debt. Once, while he was passing through Suabia, his creditors took away the golden sword of empire from him in full daylight to apply in part payment on what he owed. Many are the anecdotes told of his ready wit. Once Siegismund was fording a river with an old servant who had nothing but his gray hair to show for long years of service, when his horse stopped in the middle of the stream and stalled. Said the old servant: "The horse is like his master!" Siegismund asked "How so?" "He adds water where there already is more than enough," answered the retainer. In the same way his master makes presents and gives gifts, overlooking the really needy and deserving!" Siegismund said no more. When they returned to their lodgings the Emperor had two boxes brought him. One he filled with gold pieces, the other with lead. Then he had the servant choose between them. But the old man had no luck and chose the box filled with lead. "There you are," cried the Emperor, happily, "that shows it is not lack of good will on my part, but lack of luck on yours which has stood in the way of your making way! The gifts of great lords do not go to those who earn them but to those who are favored by God and good fortune!" Siegismund's second wife, Barbara, Countess of Cilly, abandoned herself to a life of the wildest sensuality, and Siegismund, who was anything but an angel himself, closed his eyes to her constant and flagrant breaches of decency, and her endless love affairs. But one day a simple German lansquenet shamed the beautiful Queen Barbara and did what had not been done for two decades or more—brought a blush of confusion to her beautiful cheek!

A ROYAL ENTRY

The imperial pair had entered the city of Nuremburg. The Emperor Siegismund rode a Hungarian horse, light chestnut in color, whose silken housings swept the ground, under a purple canopy. Before him walked four young pages who strewed silver pennies among the people from the leather bags that hung from their girdles. Behind Siegismund rode the Empress Barbara on a white Arab beneath a great peacock-feather fan, and after them came princes, lords and knights without number. Now among the people who cheered along the way to the Town Hall where their majesties were going, was a huge lansquenet. He cried *Kaiser, Kaiser, Kaiser!** with so tremendous and merry a voice that it sounded above the roar of all the thousands of other voices. And the Empress Barbara laughed and said: "Listen to the elephant trumpet!" He was a soldier of the Bavarian Duke Henry and the latter sang his praises: He was strong, faithful and he could do anything and everything

* Emperor, Emperor, Emperor!"

better than other men. "Everything?" asked the Empress, giggling, as her eyes sought the gigantic figure among the throng. The Duke laughed. "Everything? You ask me too much. But he is the manliest fellow I've run across. Worse than bad and better than good! He has been hung seven times, and each time he leaped out of the hempen cord back into life on earth again!" "Seven times?" cried Barbara. "Seven times hung and seven times resurrected? I shall have to see him!" The Duke laughed again. "Warn your maids not to fall in love with him," he said, "the man is as chaste as a saint's image."* "Do such men exist?" asked Barbara. "He is an example," returned the Duke. "I do not believe it," said the Empress and she shook her bronze-red hair topped with the royal crown. "The saints are only to be found in heaven. And real men are not often met with even on earth."

A ROYAL RENDEZVOUS

That night when Malimmes, the lansquenet, happened to step out of his tent, a kerchief was hastily bound about his eyes. A soft hand took his own and a gentle voice whispered "come with me!" Malimmes laughed. "Why not?" said he, and he went. When he had gone a way and climbed a stair he smelled a delicate odor of rose water, of ripe pears and of lavender. Feminine giggles came to his ear. "Oho," said he, "I thought I was going to one, but here there are four of you!" There was more giggling. Then a voice said: "Are you the Malimmes who can roar like an elephant?" "Do you want me to roar now?" asked the lansquenet. "No, no," came the frightened reply, and then his blind was removed and he saw that he stood in a great dimly lit chamber. Its wainscotted walls were richly carved, and valuable pictures showed against a golden ground. Silver vessels gleamed. A great stained-glass window gave on the street. On a small table stood a silver dish of fruit, a heavy wine-jar and five small goblets. Behind the table was a carved bench with red cushions, and on the bench sat four young women, all dressed alike, evidently the maids of some princely mistress. Malimmes picked out one of them with his eyes. She had a rosy, girlish face and heavy black locks fell from her bare shoulders to her bosom. She smiled at Malimmes. He took a deep breath and said: "I had all sorts of things to attend to this evening, so I have not

* It should be explained that Malimmes, the lansquenet, had loved with a fine pure and self-sacrificing love an innocent young peasant girl. She, disguised and armed as a *harhascher*, a mailed rider, fought in a company of the Duke of Bavaria's horsemen to be near her father. There the rude lansquenet had learned to love her as one might love a saint. And, when Siegismund entered Nuremburg, he had just sacrificed his *own* heart's love to see the girl safely married to an honest young soldier whom she held dear and who returned her affection.

eaten. May I help myself?" "You may help yourself to anything," said the girl with the black locks and the others laughed. Malimmes took the finest pear in the dish, sat down and ate it. And at last he said: "Well, my dainty rosebuds, why am I here? I never could guess myself?" and he smiled as he asked. "You are to tell us about how you came to be hung seven times," answered the black-haired girl, the only one who spoke. "So be it," said the lansquenet, "but before a man talks he should wet his whistle." All four reached for the wine-jar. But when the four little goblets were filled Malimmes turned the fifth upside-down. "They will do for your thin little necks, but I have still to drink from a thimble," said the lansquenet, "I'll take the jar." All laughed. The black-haired girl went to a wall cupboard. "Take this," she said and handed him a great goblet of chased silver. And Malimmes saw how lightly she was clad and blinked his eyes. Then he filled the great goblet to the brim and drank to "All that is fair and lovely in the world!" When he had drained it to the last drop he cried: "Ah, that is a wine! Do I get one more draught?" Laughingly the black-haired girl refilled his flagon. And when he had emptied it he sighed deeply and said: "What is it called?" She bent over him and whispered *"Lacrimae Christi,* Tears of Our Lord." The lansquenet murmured appreciation but refused to drink more. And then he told them the amusing tale of his seven hangings, each more fantastic and laughable than the other—a tale too long to be retold here. But when he came to the last time his neck had lain in the noose he said, sadly: "And I wish that then they had hung me for good!" With a commanding gesture the black-haired girl now waved her companions from the room. And as they went she asked him gently: "Why so?" Said Malimmes: "Because that day I was made as poor as the poorest church mouse. I lost the love of my heart, for I found she loved another. And yet good came of it, for now I know she is happy!" Then the black-haired girl suddenly took his head in her hands and made to kiss him. But he grasped her wrists and thrust her back. "No, do not tempt me, fair lady," he cried, "in the end all men are weak, even the strongest!" and his breath came heavily. She smiled and said: "Don't I please you?" He nodded. "I've never seen a prettier girl in my life—save one!" and he sighed. And since he did not answer when she asked "To-day?" she nestled up to him. Then when he sat there like a wooden image she plucked at his beard and cried: "Are you no man of flesh and blood?" He sighed. "I am and I burn with an evil fever," he said. "I hunger to take you in my arms!" She looked at him with the wide eyes of an astonished child. "Then why not do it?" she asked. "Because a man who cannot hold his passions in control is less than a beast of the field,"

said Malimmes, and he added, as his eyes grew calm, "and because a German peasant does not dishonor his king!"

THE TWO ROADS

She drew back, frightened and asked: "How is it you know who I am?" Malimmes laughed softly: "Listen, Lady Queen, I was not born yesterday! A kerchief does not blind one. And I have ears. And I can tell what's real from an imitation. Take down your wild, strange locks! Please, queenly lady, let a poor devil see what you really look like?" Silently Barbara took off her kerchief and her black wig and her beautiful bronze-red hair fell about her glowing face. But when she saw the joy in his face she lost her good-humor. For a moment they stood in silence, but when Malimmes said: "And now I suppose I have leave to do," Barbara stopped him. "I am a sinful creature," she said with shining eyes, "but if all men were like you we women would be saints!" She said it so seriously that the lansquenet had to laugh. "Lady Queen," he answered, "I do not think as you do!" Passionately she cried: "Will you enter my service?" Malimmes shook his head. "Not on my life! One can't tell what might come of it!" Then he grew serious. "Life is harder for me than for most others. Every man has a choice of two paths. One leads to the sun and the other to the mire. I have only *one!* For the path to the sun is barred for me. And since I don't like the mire I have to stick to the middle of the road, which is not easy." And while Queen Barbara again looked at him with the eyes of an astonished child, Malimmes kissed the hem of her silken sleeve and disappeared.

AGNES SOREL

Joan of Arc was noble, high-wrought, mystically inclined. She listened to mysterious voices, the voices of patriotism, which bade her go forth and reconquer France from the English for King Charles VII. And she obeyed those voices. She became the patron saint of France. She wears a deathless crown in heaven, but on earth her reward was burning at the stake. Ten years after heroic Joan had been burned, Agnes Sorel (1422-1450) also heard voices whispering to her. They said: "You are extraordinarily beautiful. Why are you so beautiful if not to be loved? And who would make a better lover than your own august sovereign, Charles, by the grace of God, King of France?" Agnes listened to *her* voices, and with an excellent training for her lifework—she had been a lady-in-waiting at the Neopolitan Court—she dedicated herself to her king. King Charles appreciated her loyal affection. Was she a good influence? History says that the king, chaste before he met Agnes, thereafter gave himself up to courtesans. At all events Charles robed her in

fine silks and jewels, and treated her as though she were his queen. She ruled the brilliant revels of his splendid court in Nancy, and Charles was as constant to her as a French king possibly could be until she died. It is true that the distinctions and honors Charles lavished on Agnes shocked all good people. But Charles knew what he was doing. He was setting a royal fashion. It was the fashion which thereafter made it *good form* for a king of France to have a semi-official and publicly acknowledged mistress. Whatever other royal duties Charles' successors neglected, they never forgot faithfully to follow this fashion he set, and always were most conscientious about observing it. Agnes died rather suddenly and unromantically of dysentery after the birth of her fourth child. Joan of Arc had listened to her voices and had been burned alive. Agnes Sorel had listened to *hers* and aside from gold, castles and lands, held the king's heart in the hollow of her little white hand, and held out her little white foot for him to kiss. But Joan of Arc laid up her treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt nor thieves break in to steal, while all that is left of poor Agnes' earthly treasures is a sadly tarnished reputation.

LUCREZIA BORGIA

The lovely Lucrezia of the poison-cup (1480-1519) is one of history's most tantalizing mysteries. Lucrezia was the daughter of Pope Alexander VI. by his mistress Vanozza dei Cattanei. Mere association with any one other member of Lucrezia's family—mother, father or brothers, would have been enough to ruin her reputation, and it does seem to have been very thoroughly ruined. Yet—perhaps because of it—Lucrezia remains a romantic personality. She was fascinatingly beautiful, she painted, embroidered and sang; but her innocent smile as she handed the death-cup to some chosen victim—as a poisoner she is supposed to have been her saintly father's pupil—is the best remembered of her accomplishments. Even for her day—to say nothing of the horrible love-affairs Lucrezia, rightly or wrongly, is credited with having had with her father Alexander and her brother Caesar—she was much married.

At eleven she was betrothed to a Spanish nobleman, Don Cherubino de Centelles, yet the engagement was almost immediately cancelled and Lucrezia was married by proxy to the richer Don Gasparo de Procida. But Alexander's fatherly affection soon threw her into the arms of another husband of higher rank. The Pope, of course, could not put asunder what God(?) had joined together. He smiled and handing Gasparo an unasked-for divorce, wedded his lovely child to Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pesaro (1493). Yet again better prospects beckoned. Again Alexander's spiritual powers released Lucrezia from her matrimonial fetters. Again she blushed—as well

she might—when the familiar words were spoken which united her (1497) to Alphonso of Aragon, Duke of Biscelgie. But Caesar Borgia did not like his brother-in-law. Strange to say, in view of this fact, Alphonso lasted three whole years before Caesar, while Lucrezia's back was turned, strangled him as he lay sick in bed. Lucrezia's fourth husband actually "took". Lucrezia sighed sentimentally when she heard his name for it, too, was Alphonso, Alphonso d'Este, and he was the son of the Duke of Ferrara. Yet though the poor fellow was bullied into marrying her (as the historian says: "Lucrezia's reputation was not unblemished"), her charms, for she was only twenty-two, finally won him over. As Duchess of Ferrara Lucrezia led a life hardly tarnished by a breath of scandal. One little tragedy mars the peaceful calm of her Ferrara days. Ercole Strozzi admired her—and jealous Alphonso had him stabbed in the back. Ercole had a smooth way of putting things. He would look at the cupids in Lucrezia's room, sigh his romantic sigh and say: "The little rascals looked into Lucrezia's eyes; they were soon enraptured; they turned to marble!"

Close association with Giulia Farnese, the adulteress mistress of the Pope Alexander, "Christ's Bride", as the Roman satirists called her, made Lucrezia a graduate of a finishing school for vice whose thoroughness could not be surpassed. Could a young creature of fourteen remain pure in such an atmosphere?" Gregorovius asks. Yet Lucrezia's faults were those of her age. She was neither better nor worse than the women and men who surrounded her. Many of the other Renaissance girls, especially those of princely, priestly or noble birth were like her. Life then as to-day kept time to jazz-music, only the rhythms were simpler and more direct, and alcohol was mellowed in the wood instead of being "synthetic". But at least the "petting parties" of the twentieth century wear a veil of decent reserve: those of the Renaissance dispensed with veils. Gentle, full of the joy of life; thought, amiable, Lucrezia had at least lived quite decently in Ferrara, no matter how romantically dreadful her life had been before. It was after she died that succeeding centuries began painting her blacker and blacker. At last when Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, and Donizetti, the Italian composer, made her the type of all feminine depravity in drama and opera, the world came to think of her with a poison-cup ever outstretched in her hand.

JOANNA THE MAD

The great fifteenth and sixteenth centuries crowned children of fate, some of whom are weird and fantastic figures. None more so, perhaps, than Joanna the Mad, *la Loca*, of Castile (1479-1555) mother of the famous Emperor Charles V. She was born in Burgos while

the anguished cries of a hundred heretics burning alive in the square rang up to the open window of the room in which she saw the light. A strange, loveless child, she grew up in the melancholy old town of Burgos. Neither father nor mother cared to have her around, and even as a young girl it was said she was skilled in the black arts. At seventeen her father made up his mind that she should marry Philip of Austria, son of the Roman Emperor. At Vienna the Spanish envoy sitting at table in the *Hofburg* with the handsome young prince had a happy thought. He raised his wine glass and cried: "So delicate is the Lady Joanna's skin that were she to drink this red wine you could see it gliding down her throat!"

JOANNA'S MARRIAGE TITLE

Eighteen-year-old Philip caught fire. A few months later he rode into Burgos in white satin on a white horse, and he and Joanna were married but—before the night was over—the young Duke, deadly pale, rushed wildly out of the bridal chamber. It was said that Joanna had refused to allow her marriage to be consummated. Philip pleaded with his wife again and again. Yet in vain he tried to make her change her mind. Then he looked for consolation elsewhere and found it. Every night he swarmed out with a noble companion or two in search of adventure; but the suppressed smiles of the haughty Spanish grandees irritated him. One night he made his way through a secret passage to his wife's chamber and stepping to her bedside with a drawn sword, demanded that she fulfill her marriage vows. Otherwise, he threatened, he would kill her. Joanna the Infanta disrobed. She bound a black cloth around her eyes and said: "If you care to take me thus you can satisfy both your wish and make good your threat!" Philip, after a moment, began to tremble, then turned on his heel and left her. From that time on he languished. He refused food and drink and his knights cursed the Infanta Joanna, his wife. And then, suddenly, when one day Philip fell at Joanna's feet and wept as though his heart would break she yielded herself to him. Gently she stroked his hair and leaping up, his face radiant, he carried her away to the inner apartments through a purple cloud of joy. That night the whole castle rang with music and merriment and was ablaze with lights. And the noble families of the town fed all who cared to eat at public tables in the market-place.

For a time all Burgos sang the tender romance of the loves of Philip and Joanna. The pages, knights and noble saw but little of their master. It was said that when he was not closeted with Joanna, who read him Italian poems, the accounts of the voyagers in Indian seas and new treatises on astronomy, he might be found

lying on the grass in silent mountain valleys, his happy gaze fixed on the white, floating clouds. But in time he changed.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Joanna's silent, ever-present, never-ending affection, the completeness with which she possessed him, began to weigh on him. And he returned to his nocturnal excursions, but secretly, for Philip was afraid of his wife. When her child was born, Joanna's father feared to leave it in its mother's hands, for he dreaded a return of those peculiarities of mood and deed which had shown themselves in many strange ways since childhood. Philip had left her—ostensibly on business—and her child, a girl, was taken away to Madrid. But when after seven months of absence Philip rode into his palace at Ghent in Flanders one day, he was told that Joanna, about to become a mother for the second time, was awaiting him there. And amid the royal festivities the city gave to celebrate the advent of its master's wife, Joanna's second child—the future Emperor Charles V.—was born. It was murmured that her pains seized her in the midst of the great ball, and that the child was born in the ball-room, its mother hedged about by a thick circle of her ladies-in-waiting. Back in Spain Joanna, while Philip spent no more time in her company than he had to, for the jolly, black-eyed Mooresque country-girls were more to his liking, bore him child after child, each taken from her as soon as born (Charles had been left in Flanders), and the dark shadows gathered more and more thickly about her soul. She knew that Philip deceived her, but she forebore, and she closed her eyes until she could close them no longer.

A LOVELY PORTUGUESE LEADS PHILIP TO A CRYSTAL COFFIN

When Benigna de Latiloe, a beautiful Portuguese, came to the court at Burgos and Philip at last paid open court to her in Joanna's very presence, she went to the great mirror that stood in her room between two columns of yellow marble. She looked in it and turned to her confidential maid: "Gregoria," she said, "he must die!" And Gregoria, who had a lover, a young page of gentle blood, blindly devoted to her, sent him to gather certain herbs that grew near a brook in Murcia. Thence the page Morales took them to an apothecary whom he knew in Molina, in Aragon. The apothecary distilled the herbs and when he gave a single drop of the liquid he had won from them to a cockerel the latter died on the spot. A few nights later Don Philip, at a late supper, called for wine. It was Morales' duty to bring it him and in the dark passage between the banquet-room and the store-room behind it he hastily dropped the poison into Philip's goblet of silver. Philip drank, died and was buried. Then dark rumors began to circulate in secret, while Joanna grew more

silent and strange with every passing day. Soon it was clear that she did not believe Philip dead. She opened his chests, took out his garments and kissed his golden chains and rings. One day she rode with some servants to the cloister of Milleflores. Don Philip lay buried there. Joanna had the frightened monks raise the stone lid of the burial vault. She had them raise the coffin and open it. And when she saw Philip's face she first smiled a sinister smile. But then she prayed and it seemed to her disordered mind that God heard her prayer. She was to have her Philip back again. She leaped up, and ignoring the protests of the monks she had the embalmed corpse laid on a bier. In the palace she had Philip's body dressed in a splendid robe of silver and put in a coffin of crystalline glass, that could be opened at the top and the sides. The crystal coffin she had placed beside her bed, and she spent hours gazing at Philip's face. She bent over it as a miner might over a shaft in which gleamed lumps of raw gold, and she would let no woman enter the room.

THE CLOCK-WORK HEART

She paid no attention to the menaces of the clergy, who demanded that she restore the body to its tomb. Instead she went to an old, skilled clockmaker. After a week he returned to her with the thing she had ordered him to make. A cut was made in the back of the corpse and an ingenious mechanism which imitated the beating of a human heart was thrust beneath the left breast. Under the shoulder was a stem by means of which it could be wound up when it ran down at the end of twenty-four hours. Now Joanna was happy. At night she could lie and listen and time the beating of her own living heart to match that of Philip's dead one. Then, for the pressure brought to bear on her to bury the body grew greater and greater, she left Burgos. She hired a hundred lansquenets at top wages, and taking the man she had poisoned with her she traveled, month in, month out, over the mountains of Aragon and on to Flanders, through the German lands and back to Savoy and Spain, month in, month out, year in, and year out. From village to village, from town to town, from castle to castle, she hurried on, and in spite of her grisly burden she was welcome at the castles of the nobles, for she repaid their hospitality with princely gifts. She lived only to hasten on with her crystal coffin, driven by the dark furies that haunted her breast.

THE RIDERS OF DEATH

Before the crystal coffin rode a standard-bearer in a black mask. He carried a black standard inscribed with the word *Rondum*, "Not Yet", in letters of gold. Four stout mules carried the crystal coffin

which swung and swayed between them, though its occupant never resented his joltings, and beside it rode four and twenty men on horseback with torches flaring in their hands. They carried torches, for Joanna traveled by night, fair or foul, clear or storm. Directly behind the crystal coffin, her eyes glued to Philip's waxed face, rode the mad queen herself. When the ghastly procession stopped to rest at inn or castle and the horror she carried with her had been placed in her room, Joanna would open the crystal coffin. She would listen like a happy child to the regular beat of the clock-work heart. She would embrace the still form, whisper in its ear, kiss its pallid brow and with soft, gleaming eyes, say softly, "Rest well, love and dream sweet dreams!" But often she had to hire new torch-bearers and lansquenets. Her men were rude, brutal soldiers to whom death was a commonplace, but the silent, restless nocturnal wandering about the earth with a corpse in whose breast a clock-works imitated the beat of a living heart wore them down. Some went mad, and thus Joanna's following changed from month to month. But she did not know it, for she lived only in and with her dead. And while she carried her coffin over hill and down dale and the peasants who met the mad woman's terrifying procession crossed themselves and gabbled their prayers, she was still the Queen of Spain. All decrees, laws and proclamations were issued in *her* name, though she never saw them.

REST

One night, while her fantastic cortège struggled through a snowy mountain pass, a snow-slide carried coffin and mules over a precipice. Joanna lost consciousness and, more dead than alive, lay for weeks in a village bed. When she recovered she did not ask for the coffin. Smashed and broken, it was dug out many weeks later from a snow-filled hollow and the badly disfigured corpse, by the order of the Duke of Savoy, was sent to Burgos. There Philip was at last laid to rest in Saint Andrew's Church, to travel no more. In a tower of the dreary castle of Tordesillas in the midst of a desert plain near Valladolid, Joanna watched the long years pass in apathy, for though she lived and played with the countless cats with which she surrounded herself, she was dead to feeling and emotion.

CHAPTER IX

THE TUDORS, MARY STUART, THE VALOIS AND THE FIRST BOURBON "BLUFF KING HAL," THE BLUEBEARD OF ROYALTY

HENRY VIII. (1491-1547), King of England and Ireland, linguist, scholar, theologian, musician and athlete, is best known by the wives he sent to the block. Henry is often regarded as a romantic monster. He was, strictly speaking, neither a monster nor romantic. The romantic member of his family was his sister Mary. The "screened novel", "When Knighthood Was in Flower" has put Mary on the map of historical "movie" romance. It has shown her, an eighteen-year-old girl, marrying her doddering old husband King Louis XII. of France, persecuted by the attentions of the wicked Francis I., and being rescued by her true-hearted lover, Charles Brandon, afterwards created Duke of Suffolk. What the kindly screen hides is the fact that Charles already had been twice married, and that his first wife was still living when (1515) he married Mary. However, that was easily adjusted by Pope Clement, who declared his first marriage invalid in 1528. Charming Mary had a streak of romance in her, but Henry was a solid, conservative person, whose gifts were all of a practical order. Henry started his wedded life handicapped by the fact that he was forced to marry his brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon. Matters dragged along until Henry met Anne Boleyn. Daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, or Bullen, Anne, who had gone to France with Henry's sister Mary as a maid-of-honor and had remained a while to serve Queen Claude, wife of Francis I., in the same capacity, was one of those attractive girls whom every one likes. When she returned to England admirers fluttered about her like moths around a candle. But once "bluff King Hal" had seen and smiled on her they fluttered away. For he made it clear that she should have no other lovers but himself. Had Henry been a giddy French king he would have been content to have entered upon some irregular sort of alliance with his sweetheart. But Henry was a person who liked regularity, propriety and order. Catherine was left at home while Henry took Anne with him to the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold and when they came back (1533), Catherine's marriage was annulled and Anne was crowned Queen of England in Westminster with great state. Anne

was "not the handsomest woman in the world". She was "of middling stature, swarthy complexion, with a long neck, a wide mouth, bosom not much raised, and in fact, had nothing but the English king's great appetite and her eyes, which are black and beautiful, and take great effect to recommend her", say the "Saunto Diaries".

Anne's eyes took too much effect; they coaxed error to creep into her married life. Anne's guilt has never been quite proven, but it is regarded by historians who have put two and two together as being beyond doubt. She was committed to the Tower, accused of adultery, with quite a crowd of co-respondents: her own brother, Sir Francis Weston, Henry Norris, William Brereton and Mark Smeaton. Mark, a handsome boy, confessed his guilt under torture—though such confessions mean nothing. After her little family group of lovers had been executed Anne had her head struck off at Tower Hill, laughing heartily as she clasped her hands around her "little neck", and jokingly telling the executioner to do a good job. "I have seen many men and also women executed", wrote the governor of the Tower, "all in great sorrow, but this lady had much joy and pleasure in death." Even on the scaffold Anne made no confession, but neither did she protest her innocence.

Anne's last letter to Henry must have made him wild with rage, and a few quotations from it will raise a doubt that any guilty woman could so have written: In part she says: "If not only my death but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, I ask of God that he pardon your great sin therein and that He will not call you to a strict account of your unprincely and cruel usage of me at His general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear. In His judgment, I doubt not, whatever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request be that only myself bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any further. . . . From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th May. Your most loyal and ever faithful wife, Anne Boleyn." And yet—were Anne and those "poor gentlemen" so innocent? History shakes a very dubious head.

Henry did not let the grass grow over her grave before he was once more hunting the elusive happiness of matrimony. The day after Anne's head fell he became engaged to Jane Seymour. Jane deserves great praise. Of all Henry's wives she had the most spotless reputation. She gave birth to Edward VI. (1537) and, her duty done, died. Poor Henry then hurriedly arranged to marry Anne of

Cleves on the strength of a portrait painted by Holbein. He hated to be without a wife for he was a natural-born family man. But he never trusted a painter again, for when Anne landed in England and he hurried to surprise her, full of hope, he "was never more dismayed in his life"—these were his actual words—"to see the lady so unlike what she was reported". So unhappy was the good king at discovering that all Anne's beauties were moral ones and that she had no waistline, that he forgot to give her the little gift of jewels he had brought. "Very sad and pensive", says an eye-witness, "he had himself rowed back to Greenwich in his barge". He married Anne in January, 1540, and parliament annulled his marriage in July. Anne was a lucky woman. When her successor was axed, she could smile to herself. For Henry, in the generosity of his relief, gave her an income of £4,000 per year and told her she should be a "sister" to him for the rest of her life. Catherine Howard, whom Henry married as soon as he had washed his hands of Anne of Cleves, was his fifth. Catherine had many lovers before her marriage, among them Henry Manox a musician (like poor Anne Boleyn's Mark Smeaton), Thomas Culpepper and Francis Dereham. Catherine, who should have known better, continued to meet Thomas and Francis after her marriage until Archbishop Cranmer revealed to Henry both her past and her present. Henry acted with his usual promptitude in such cases. Some dreadful fate pursued his married life, tainting it with infamy. But he always cut off his better half when she offended. Be it said that according to the best evidence Henry was neither coarse, profligate nor brutal. He was uniformly faithful to his marriage vows. He treated his wives kindly. But—he treated them too much like "state furniture". Catherine's guilt, especially after her marriage, was clear. She had in the foulest way deceived a generous and trusting husband. Midnight petting hours spent with lovers secretly admitted to her chamber were proven and Catherine herself admitted her naughtiness. Her paramours were hanged at Tyburn. She was beheaded (1542). Catherine Parr, a two-fold widow, good, pious woman, married Henry in 1543 and the last years of his married life were untroubled. What made Henry so respectable a royal figure in his day was that while he had *six wives* (in succession) he never had *one wife* and *five mistresses,* like his kingly brothers in France.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Nothing is more startling than the contrast between the two cousins Elizabeth of England (1533-1603), the daughter of Henry VIII., and Anne Boleyn, and the famous Mary, Queen of Scots (1542-1587). Elizabeth had been brought up strictly and decently under the eye of good Queen Catherine Parr. Mary grew up in that

brilliant hotbed of murder and varied debauchery known as the "Valois Court". Mary died tragically, her head stricken off at Elizabeth's command. Elizabeth died no less tragically, old, lonely, without chick or child to soothe her last moments. Mary was all red-blooded passion, all heart. Elizabeth, in spite of her outward toying with lovers, had few deeper feminine instincts. The gossip of her day (historians think with truth), said that she was debarred from marriage owing to a physical defect. All men lost their heads over Mary, yet, though her features were as handsome as Mary's, Elizabeth had no charm and *no* men lost their heads over her, though some pretended to do so. Mary was deceitful and yet genuine. Elizabeth was deceitful and artificial. Elizabeth was the "Virgin Queen", Mary a triple widow with many incidental lovers. Elizabeth stood for Protestantism. Mary stood for Catholicism and quartered the royal coat-of-arms of England in her shield to show that she claimed Elizabeth's kingdom.

"GOOD QUEEN BESS"

Elizabeth's "love-life", if one may so call it, was one of desperate flirtations never carried to their ultimate limits. *Never* has a single imputation been cast on Elizabeth's *personal moral character.* In 1525 a supposed son of Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, who called himself Arthur Dudley, was presented to King Philip II. of Spain. But Arthur turned out to be a plain "fake". Elizabeth was quick-witted. She was masculine. She rode, shot, drank beer and swore round, mouth-filling oaths like a stableboy, yet no man took liberties with her. But in spite of her virtuous life Elizabeth had many favorites, and her encouragement of them led to tragedies. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (1531-1588), was handsome, ambitious, gallant, only twenty-seven, the kind of man Elizabeth liked to have about her at court. He planned to rise high, even marry Elizabeth perhaps and—whether by his knowledge or not—his sweet, innocent, charming little wife, Amy Robsart, the daughter of a plain old knight, whom he had married before he became Elizabeth's master of the horse, came to break her neck by a fall through a trap-door in the castle where he carefully hid her while he played the gay bachelor in London. It is still a dark mystery whether innocent Amy fell or was pushed down the fatal trap-door (1560) by a villain named Foster, in Leicester's employ. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized the sad tale in his beautiful romance "Kenilworth". Dudley rose high and fast and was finally created Earl of Leicester. But Elizabeth, though she liked to keep Leicester dangling, had no idea of marrying him. When finally he married the widow of the Earl of Essex, poor Dudley fell into disgrace, and it cost him time to get back in Elizabeth's good graces again. Did Elizabeth really

love him? He was tall, handsome and ingratiating, but then so were some of her other favorites. Leicester died suddenly, of a sudden illness, and was succeeded in Elizabeth's good graces by handsome young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex (1566-1601). When Robert began to worm his beguiling way into Elizabeth's good graces she was a woman of sixty, he a boy of twenty-one. We fear that Robert was not sincere in his protestations of affection. But Robert relieved the tedium of paying court to the "Virgin Queen" by flirting hard with her young maids-of-honor. Finally he married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney (1590). He tried to keep it a secret from his sixty-year-old friend, but such things will out. When Elizabeth learned the news she flew into a furious rage. But she forgave him, as she had forgiven his step-father, and she gave him every chance to distinguish himself. Essex took the chances but did not make much of them. Finally, driven on by wounded vanity, outrageous pride and insolence he tried to incite a revolution against the Queen, and was condemned and suffered on the Tower block for high treason. Sir Walter Raleigh, who since has led so many to imitate his famous act of gallantry and fling their mantles in the mud so that their ladies' dainty feet would not be soiled, was also one of Elizabeth's favorites. In most cases Elizabeth was set on preventing her favorites from marrying other ladies. In Sir Walter's case she made an exception. He was busy at sea trying to catch rich Spanish treasure-ships, when suddenly he was told to return at once to London: the Queen wished to see him. With an uneasy conscience the discoverer of the tobacco-plant made sail for England. Alas, he had overdone gallantry to the extent of seducing one of Elizabeth's maids-of-honor! When he landed he was at once clapped into the Tower, where he stayed until he married the damsel. But he proved to be a good husband, and his wife was devoted to him all his life long. Hatton, an innocent, handsome booby, who hung about Elizabeth, she called her "sheep" (Leicester had been "her sweet Robin"), and when that horrible example of a misspent life, the Duke d'Alencon, brother of King Henri III. of France, was lured over to England for political reasons by a pretended eagerness on Elizabeth's part to marry him, the Virgin queen anticipated the A.E.F. and sweetly called the slimy, diseased, repulsive creature her "frog" or "frog prince". Elizabeth died old, friendless and loveless, wearied of a life which had grown stale to her. She died of a vague disease, refusing food and medicine. "She could not rest in bed but sat silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died." Her favorites had passed before her. She was the last Tudor. She had no loving hand to close her eyes, yet she had done one thing which might be called romantically great:

she had conquered her love for Leicester to reign independent, so that England might be great and free!

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Mary, when fifteen years old had married the eldest and feeblest of the Valois brood of kings, Francis II. Two years later her sickly husband died of an abscess on the ear and the childless widow sailed away to take over the rule of her Scotch kingdom. Mary was a soft-skinned and womanly woman, but she, too, could ride like her cousin Elizabeth. If anything, she had an even fiercer and hotter flame of courage in her soul. Mary had a subtle brain. But ever and always Mary's heart, her fickle, changeable, tender heart, betrayed that brain. Mary was one of nature's own lovers yet, whatever her moral failings, she was generous to a fault and inspired a personal loyalty and love Elizabeth never won. With Mary's coming to Scotland her love-tragedy began, that long tragedy mixed with the tangled web of politics (which we will not unravel here) which led her at last to an English scaffold. A year after she had returned to Scotland Pierre de Boscosel de Chatelard, a French noble and poet and Mary's lover, died for her sake. Caught in her bedroom at night he suffered death rather than betray he had visited Mary with her permission and not against her will. Mary wrung her white hands and wept in secret but let him die. And then her heart went out to young Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox. He was a weak, dissolute young sot, but love and an imperfect knowledge of his failings glamoured him in Mary's eyes. They were married according to the Catholic rite in the apartment at Holyrood occupied by Mary's favorite bass singer and secretary, David Rizzio (1565). Two murders were the result of this ill-fated marriage. The weak drunkard longed to be crowned King of Scotland and, throwing in with Mary's enemies, he claimed that he had surprised his wife and Rizzio under the most compromising circumstances. One day the palace was surrounded by Darnley's conspirators, and poor Rizzio was dragged from Mary's very presence, and foully murdered. From that day forward the proud woman loathed the pitiful blusterer and coward she had married. She affected to believe his protestations of innocence of Rizzio's murder, but secretly she prepared her revenge. Darnley, stricken down with a sickness which led to hints of poison, was removed to a lonely house in Glasgow. On a Sunday evening Mary took her last leave of the miserable boy who had so often outraged her as a woman and a queen. That night a tremendous explosion awoke the city. The lonely house had been blown up. In an adjoining garden were found the bodies of Darnley and a page. They had been strangled by Bothwell's men. And it seems as though Mary had agreed to the

murder, for three months later she married the Earl of Bothwell, her husband's murderer. Bothwell, for whom Mary had taken one of her swift infatuations, was a coarse, brutal soldier, little better than an adventurer. He protested his innocence of all connection with Darnley's murder, divorced the wife he already had, and was created by Mary Duke of Orkney and Shetland. Mary, that consistent Catholic, was so mad about her new duke that she actually married him (for Bothwell was a conscientious Protestant, the one and only thing he does seem to have been conscientious about), according to the *Protestant* rites. She loved the coarse ruffian even when he left her to face her enemies alone—for the kingdom was up in arms against her and her marriage—at Carberry Hill, near Edinburgh. And she bade him farewell with passionate anguish and many kisses. Now she was a prisoner—a prisoner in the Castle of Lochleven. But Mary's power to move hearts had not left her. She smiled on George Douglas, the son of the Lady of Lochleven, and George surrendered to her charm. From the moment she smiled he was her slave instead of her jailer. George left the castle to work for Mary's escape from the outside. She tried once to flee, in March, 1568, but the soldiers on guard saw her hands. Those white hands which had only been moistened by the kisses of adoring lips—were not the hands of a laundress, for thus was Mary disguised. She was led back to her prison chamber. But another Douglas, Willie, aged eighteen—the age when boys are most romantic—helped her escape in the month of May. She was rowed to the mainland, devoted followers gathered around her, and soon she was at the head of an army. Her army defeated, she fled to England and there was imprisoned by Elizabeth. And now began her long struggle for life while she fought Elizabeth's judges and lawyers and her own subjects' accusations. Then love again stepped in to ruin her. Anthony Babington, one of the household of Sheffield Castle, where she was imprisoned, could not resist Mary's charms. She smiled at him. She whispered in his ear. And he undertook to gain her lease by murdering the Queen of England for her sake. The plot was discovered and Mary was condemned to die. She died bravely, cheerfully and smilingly, after making a will in which she remembered with tender gratitude every loyal friend she had, and recommended to the vengeance of the Spanish King Philip every foe of her own and the Catholic cause. Elizabeth is admired. She had the supreme virtue of patriotism. But Mary for all her crimes—partly those of her age and environment—appeals to the heart. For Mary was more human than Elizabeth. One cannot help but think, no matter how mistaken she may have been, her death on the block by the headsman's axe was a happier one than her cousin's. Elizabeth died with stony eyes fixed on vacancy. Life was bitter in her

mouth. Mary died with a joyous smile, feeling she was a martyr to her cause. Elizabeth did more for her country. But Mary through the ages finds defenders whom no argument can convince that she was not as spotless as a dove. The gift she had of making devoted friends while alive has survived her.

THE VICIOUS VALOIS

History veils her eyes and blushes when she looks at the Valois kings and queens. King Francis I. (1494-1547), was the first of the line, and Francis was a cheerful epitome of crude licentiousness. Ah, yes, he is often represented as a creature of romance! He makes noble gestures and utters fine sentiments. But if we are to judge him by his *deeds,* under cloth-of-gold, chivalrous speeches and easy gallantry of manner is a base, selfish, greedily voluptuous nature which respected neither honor nor virtue. He married Claude, daughter of Louis XII.—he loved, though one should not call it that—his mistresses. Besides those of lesser importance—among them a pretty farmer girl called "La Belle Ferronière"—who, as the poet says, "would number many a score", were two "titular" or "regular" wearers of the title: Françoise de Châteaubriant and Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess d'Étampes. Francis died of a shameful disease leaving a son, King Henry II., dull and melancholy, but an improvement on his father, insomuch as he had only one mistress—the very lovely Diane de Poictiers—to his credit. On the other hand Henry II. left a brood of seven children among whom were some of the worst royal specimens ever fathered by any king in any land. Their mother was Catherine de Medicis. Francis II., the wretched husband of Mary Queen of Scots, whose overfondness for his pretty queen is supposed to have hastened his end, was succeeded by his brother King Charles IX. (1560).

THE POOR BOY WHOM HIS MOTHER RUINED

Poor Charles—for all he stood on a balcony of the Louvre and took pot-shots at the Huguenots from his arquebuse as the unhappy wretches ran about half-clad to escape death in the Paris streets—is the most sympathetic of the four Valois brothers. Francis II. was dull to imbecility, Henry III. was the kind of degenerate a psychoanalyst can analyze but not cure, his brother the Duke d'Alencon was a monster. But poor Charles IX. was human. He was just a weak, wild boy, ruined body and soul by his mother! Lively, agreeable, good-natured, he was proclaimed King of France at the age of thirteen. And every one tried to use him. He was passionate and subject to terrible fits of rage—he had the reputation of being at once the worst and the best swearer in his kingdom—eager for military glory, brave, madly adventurous, and a puppet in his

mother's hands. When he had been on the throne but a short time he made a habit of gathering his young courtiers together of a night and roaming the Paris streets with them, beating up and terrorizing decent passers-by. Once he even secretly hired the *enfants de la matte,* the "Apaches" of that vicious old Paris, to surprise and plunder a company of guests he had invited to dinner. His education had been of the slightest. He loved and feared his mother, yet loved more than feared. And hers was the sinister hand which moved the poor boy about the political chessboard of France. Her training? She turned Charles loose among the debauched girls of her "Flying Squadron", the ill-named "maids-of-*honor*", whose personal charms Catherine used to learn the secrets or sap the loyalty of the men who were her pawns. After all, Henri, her next boy, was the darling of her heart. So Charles, untaught in anything but vice—and there he found complaisant teachers, men and women—and the arts of the hunt, wore out his eager, unruled body with the wildest excesses. When he was twenty he married Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II., amiable, virtuous and pious.

Alas, at twenty he already looked like an old man! He always treated his queen with respect, but the true love of his wild heart, for whom he gradually gave up all other feminine distractions, was a gentle, blue-eyed Huguenot girl—Marie Touchet. Marie's cool white hands only could drive away the terrible headaches which plagued him. To her he would play sometimes, for he had learned the violin and loved music. To her he would read the poems he wrote, often in praise of her beauty. And Marie Touchet, the druggist's daughter, loved him—loved this poor, unhappy, melancholy wretch whose hand, directed by his mother, had signed the decree of the blood-bath—for his own sake alone. Marie Touchet loved wild, weak Charles and—Marie Touchet was a *Protestant!* Charles' mother, Catherine de Medicis, had a clear, cold, logical, intriguing mind. She used priests as pawns, just as she used soldiers, and did not take the Church too seriously. But Charles was more devout. Yet Charles never tried to shake Marie's *faith.* Perhaps he felt there could be no purgatory for *her.* Marie bore Charles a little son and, perhaps with some lingering pity for the poor boy whose last words were: "My mother!" Catherine provided for his future. No, Charles was not the worst of the Valois, by any means! It seems strange to think that a marriage was once under consideration between Charles, who carried out the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and Queen Elizabeth, who defeated the Spanish Armada. Charles died of "galloping" consumption. The frequent hemorrhages which drenched his bed with blood were regarded by the superstitious as a punishment for the St. Bartholomew blood-bath.

HENRY THE DEGENERATE

Charles IX. was not unmanly. Henry III. (1551-1589) his brother, was a model of effeminate vice. "Delicate-featured, olive-complexioned, with dark, lustrous eyes, jeweled earrings, emeralds knotted in his hair, he looked more Asiatic than European." Superstitious, dissolute, cowardly he "concealed the most deadly treachery under features of passive immobility and his nature secreted hatred as a cobra's fangs secrete poison." Henry III. was a Heliogabalus of the sixteenth century. But Catherine doted on him. It is not strange that his poor wife, Louise of Lorraine, had no children, for Henry wasted the golden nights of his youth in curiously vicious pleasures. He fluttered about like a girl among his *mignons,* the painted powdered, jeweled, brave and wildly wicked young men of handsome personality with whom he surrounded himself. He dressed in women's clothes, collected and literally lived with tiny lap-dogs, which he cooed over like a woman. He hid in cellars when it thundered. One of the most striking pen-portraits of the last Valois king is by Stanley Weyman.* It is night, and he is in a room of his castle of Blois.

It is a great room filled "with red stuffs and gemmed trifles and gilded arms, all crowded together in reckless disorder. A monkey is chained in one corner . . . a table is heaped with dolls, powder-puffs, dog-collars and sweetmeats, a woman's slipper, a pair of pistols, some potions, a scourge and an immense quantity of like litter. The king's turban is awry and betrays the premature baldness of his scalp. The paint on his cheeks is cracked and stained and has soiled the gloves he wears." He is lamenting his misspent life: "'Thirteenth Valois and last!' He paused to laugh a wicked, mirthless laugh. 'They say there is ill-luck in thirteen! It is thirteen years since I entered Paris, a crowned king. There were Quelus and Maugiron and St. Megrin and I—and *he* (the Duke of Guise) I remember! Ah, those days! those nights! I would sell my soul to live them again; had I not sold it long ago in living them once! We were young then and rich, and I was young and Quelus was an Apollo! He died calling on me to save him. And Maugiron died blaspheming God and the saints! And St. Megrin, he had thirty-four wounds. And *he*—he is dead, too, curse him! They are all dead and it is all over. My God, it is all over! . . .'"

He was stabbed by a Dominican monk and the world was well rid of him. His words on that occasion: "Oh, the wicked monk, he has slain me!" sound like a slap on the wrist. The Duke of Alencon, a bit of especially revolting human refuse, was fortunately mur-

* Stanley Weyman, "A Gentleman of France".

dered by an injured husband before his brother's merciful removal, so he never wore the crown.

LA REINE MARGOT

(Queen Margot)

"Queen Margot", as the Parisians called Marguerite of Valois (1553-1615), Henri's sister, was lovely and had to the full that mad longing for pleasure which distinguished the other members of her family. Brought up amid the same surroundings, it was not to be expected that she would differ from them. Marguerite knew no more of morals and virtue than her brother Henri's lap-dogs, but she was good-natured and kind-hearted and as learned as she was loose. Her lovers were as countless as the leaves of Vallombrosa. The fact that she married King Henry of Navarre (whom she saved by hiding him in her own bed-chamber on St. Bartholomew Night) after a hectic affair with the Duke of Guise, did not stop her amatory adventures. It happened off and on, what with the frequent duels, murders and beheadings of the period, that men like Cocomas and Mole died on account of her. And it is said that romantic Marguerite had the hearts of these lovers who were killed for her sake embalmed. Then she would wear them in especially rich pockets inserted in her splendid *vertugins*—the spreading balloon waists of her day. Be that as it may, she certainly embalmed their memory in charming verses, and if she wrote a poem for every lover she had they must have supplied material for a whole series of volumes. Marguerite of Valois and her husband Henry of Navarre were two of a kind. Each closed an eye to the others' deviations from the straight and narrow path of brambly virtue into the broad ways of flowery pleasure. In our own moral day we have the *single standard.* We preach, if we do not always practice, that what is wrong for a woman to do is wrong for a man to do. These royalties of the Valois France also had a single standard, but one which was different from ours. They acted as though they thought that it was right for a woman to do wrong as well as a man. At any rate, though Marguerite knew all about Henry's successive mistresses and Henry knew all about Marguerite's lovers, they shrugged their shoulders with the tolerant smile of the age and often lived together for considerable stretches on the best of terms. Later, politics and, perhaps, good taste, after Henry became King of France, demanded that he take another wife. So he got a papal divorce, and Marguerite retired to the castle of Usson in Auvergne, where she cultivated love and literature, though she and Henri continued the best of friends. An eighteenth-century French historian gives us interesting glimpses of Marguerite's private life. He describes

a semi-political journey she made in great state to the Netherlands where she had a romantic meeting with Don Juan of Austria, natural son of the Emperor Charles V., who was in command there. Flanders was destined to be the grave of this brave, passionate, ambitious prince, the victor of the great naval battle of Lepanto. Don Juan burned the candle of sensual pleasure and military toil at both ends. Instead of carving himself out a kingdom of Tunis as he had hoped, he died—perhaps his half-brother, Philip, King of Spain, helped along his death with poison—worn out by love and labor. But before he died he met Marguerite, met her while she still was young and beautiful. "On the evening the Queen left Namur for Liége Don Juan gave her a most agreeable festival in an island in the Meuse, near the town. She was taken there in a richly decorated barge, escorted by barks filled with oboists, cornetists, fiddlers and all sorts of other musicians. A bower hall had been formed of green branches and flowers in the middle of the island where a great feast had been prepared for the French ladies, and after that there was dancing, and then the party returned to Namur." But the chronicler does not lead us into the green recesses of that fairy island where festive couples lost themselves after the meal was over and the fiddles began to sound. Nor will we follow Marguerite and Don Juan into the dim and mysterious shadows of the leaves, where perhaps a single moonray lit Marguerite's beautiful face as she closed her eyes while Don Juan's kisses burned on her lips, and the sound of the viols came softly and tenderly through the air, from afar, like the echo of a dream! . . . At Usson we get the reverse side of the saying: "All the world loves a lover." It does—until the lover, man or woman, grows old: then all the world laughs at him or her. Marguerite's daisy chain of favorites was a long one. They were often youths of base extraction and the older Marguerite grew the more boyish her lovers became. Once, while she was staying in Paris, her lover of the moment, a youth named Date, was shot and killed by a former rival. When his murderer was seized by the Archers the Valois blood-lust flared up in the old Queen: "Kill me this wretch!" she cried. "Here, here, take my garters and strangle him with them!" And she refused food and drink until she duly had his head cut off, two days later, watching his execution with joy. Let us draw a veil over the declining years of the woman who once had been the loveliest in all France, the toast of every cavalier, the inspiration of every poet! Wrinkled, rouged and ruddled, when Henry IV. once begged her for her own sake to stop turning her nights into days and *vice versa,* and to curtail her mad extravagance, she shrugged her shoulders and replied that these were Valois inheritances. She could live in no other way. And she was capricious. After the assassination of Date in Paris, she took a

dislike to the splendid mansion in which they had lived. King Henry had to install her in another. And there Date's successor, Bajeaumont fell ill. King Henry visited her and when he left said cynically to her maids-of-honor: "Pray to God that Bajeaumont recover and I will make it worth your while! If he were to die it would cost me a great deal of money, for the Queen would take a dislike to *this* palace and I would have to buy her another." Marguerite died at the age of sixty-three. Her only offspring was a child of her brain, her "Memoirs" which are very entertainingly written.

LA CHARMANTE GABRIELLE

(Charming Gabrielle)

King Henry IV., the first of the Bourbons (1553-1610) was a great lover of chickens. His famous saying that he wished every peasant in France to be able to put a chicken in the pot of a Sunday, is historic. Henry was affable, generous, good-natured and not at all shy where ladies were concerned. In camp and in castles he always was surrounded by a swarm of beautiful women and the red wine flowed in streams. But often when he rose after a night when the wine had thus flowed Henry was decidedly out of humor, and then his followers kept out of his way. On one such morning he said with a sigh to the Count of Bellegarde: "Where is Madame de Sauve?" She had been one of his passing loves. "She is encouraging the advances of the Duke d'Alencon, Sire", replied Bellegarde. "And where," asked Henry, "is the lovely Fosseuse"? She had been one of Queen Marguerite's maids-of-honor. Bellegarde only smiled. Then, as enry's face grew more gloomy, he told him what a charming creature little Gabrielle d'Estrees was and the King grew more cheerful when Bellegarde, her friend, promised him an introduction to charming Gabrielle. They met, and soon Henry could not live without her, and she was so beautiful that it did not seem strange. Gabrielle became his mistress but her love was sincere. From 1592 to 1598 they lived only for each other like two turtle-doves, and Gabrielle was in succession created Marchioness of Monceaux, Duchess of Beaufort, Duchess of Etampes and a peeress of France. Over the King's heart she reigned as queen. But her lover had given her three children and when he divorced Marguerite, she hoped he would place the crown of France on her head and make her the queen of his kingdom as well as of his heart. Gabrielle played the game for empire with a strong hand. The Huguenot Duke of Sully, who, unlike some great financiers of our own day, had little use for other ladies than his wife, shook his head. He saw pretty Gabrielle moving men about like checkers on a checkerboard,

and using the state treasury as a golden stair to climb to her crown. The birth of her children—they were made dukes and princes as soon as they uttered their first feeble cries—were celebrated by splendid and sumptuous feasts. It began to look as though, no matter how well King Henry was provided, his subjects would go short of the chickens the kind-hearted king wanted them to have. For royal entertainments cost money and kings get money by taxation and if a farmer's taxes are too high he must go short of chicken. And besides Gabrielle Henry was paying the way of Marguerite of Valois. Soon Gabrielle and Sully were bitter enemies. Sully wanted Henry to marry the Italian princess Marie de Medicis. So under the pretext that he was concerned for Gabrielle's safety he had Henry, who loved her as passionately as ever, send her just outside Paris to live in a chateau. Not long after an attempt was made to poison her. Some partridges were sent her, ostensibly shot at a royal hunting party. A dark suspicion led her to give the roasted birds to her two greyhounds, and they died in a few moments after eating them.

When Easter came around Gabrielle once more felt gay and happy. The King expected her in Paris for Easter, when he would return from the provinces, and she thought that then she would settle matters between Sully and herself and make Henry crown her Queen of France. At a late hour on the day before Henry was expected, her coach rolled through the Paris gate. She went direct to the hotel of a supposed friend, Count Zamet and as she sat at the breakfast-table the following morning, the Duke of Sully was announced. Gabrielle shuddered. Count Zamet, the traitor, had disappeared.

"Madame", said Sully, "you insult me by not stopping at my home. But I cannot control your caprices, though I do not know why you treat me so coldly. Personally I always have been your obedient servant. To prove it I beg that you will accept a trifling little gift from me." He raised his hand and a lackey came in with a basket full of strawberries, grapes and apples in his hand and put them on the table, "I would not dare", Sully continued, "to offer the Duchess d'Etampes jewels. But I thought she might be pleased to have some fresh fruit for her table in the month of April." Gabrielle rose and looked at him: "Are there any partridges in the basket?" she asked. "The Duke looked somewhat surprised: "Why, the partridge season is over", he said. "What a pity! Partridges are so healthy", answered Gabrielle. "I must thank you for your kindness. But it is a shame that you had to plunder your own stores to make me a gift. I could never be so shameless as to eat these delicacies all by myself. Won't you eat half this apple with me?"

"Surely, if you ask me to", said Sully and smiled. He cut the apple into two halves and gave one to the Duchess Gabrielle. She

waited until he had eaten his half and then followed his example. A few minutes later the Duke took leave of her. At noon Gabrielle was seized with fainting-spells which grew more and more frequent. She drank some water but this only made her more ill. Seized with a dim suspicion she tottered to the table which stood as she had left it, and looked at the knife with which Sully had cut the apple in two. One side of the blade was clear, but the other had a peculiar glaze or coating of some sort. Gabrielle rushed to the door and tore it open. "I have been poisoned!" she cried and fainted with terror. No physician could help her. She died while the Resurrection-hymns rose to the heavens from all the Paris churches and Henry IV.—as Sully wished him to—married Marie de Medicis, who became the mother of King Louis XIII.

CHAPTER X

THE LASCIVIOUS LOUIS

(Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries)

BEGINNING with Louis XIII. there were six Louis in all who bore the title of King of France. The thirteenth Louis was too languid, the sixteenth Louis too torpid to be lascivious, and the seventeenth, poor boy, died young and thus remained good. But three superb specimens of Bourbon vice did their best to atone for any shortcomings on the part of the others. King Louis XIII. (1601-1643) was timid, lethargic, and bored to death with himself and the rest of the world most of the time. He was the famous Cardinal Richelieu's royal pawn, and in spite of his priestly robes the agile and brainy Cardinal (if we are to believe Dumas' "Three Musketeers") was a better lover and more energetic liver than ever his master dreamt of being. Louis XIII. is one of history's unexplained characters. He grew up a little old man in his royal palace, for he never saw or played with other children. His mother and himself were enemies from childhood, but the boy tenderly loved his father; and his father's death was the one great sorrow of his life. Whether Louis' reputedly chaste personal life was a result of indolence or whether it sprang from nobler motives, at any rate, he has a good reputation. Quite innocent was his love—poor lonely creature, no one really cared for him!—for Mademoiselle la Fayette. It was restricted to amiable little chats. Mademoiselle de Hautefort was another chit-chat passion of Louis. And the eighteen-year-old Henri, Marquis of Cinq-Mars, though a favorite was not one in the sense that the *mignons* of King Henri III. had been. Cinq-Mars was the lover of the celebrated Marion Delorme—reputed the most beautiful woman of Europe in that day—and while he neglected the king to whisper in her shell-like ears, Louis' liking grew cold. In addition, Cinq-Mars had painted Marion's charms in such vivid colors to the Cardinal de Richelieu, that the prelate tried to lure her from her lover. He sent her some magnificent silver candelabra as an entering wedge to break any possible social ice—and Cinq-Mars saw them in Marion's room. There was a furious scene. Out of this grew the quarrel between Richelieu and Cinq-Mars which ended with the latter laying

his head on the block; for King Louis having again grown bored, left his former favorite to his Cardinal with a weary sigh. Mindful of his royal duty to posterity, however, Louis XIII. did exert himself sufficiently to give an heir to his throne in the person of Louis XIV.

MARION DELORME, AND NINON DE LENCLOS

Three romantic personages of the reign of Louis XIII. might be mentioned before we pass to that of Louis XIV. Marion Delorme (1613-1741) was an aristocratic French courtesan whose name was breathed with reverence by the godless libertines of her own day—she was so beautiful! Hers was not a convent girlhood. A blue-blooded reprobate, atheist and epicurean named Jacques Vallée, Lord of Desbarreaux, initiated the confiding and teachable Marion into the philosophy of pleasure. She did justice to his careful training. Richelieu, Cinq-Mars (to whom she is said to have been secretly married), Charles St. Evremond, the philosopher, the Duke of Buckingham, Prince Condé and many, many other highly placed and titled personages were among her admirers. Marion, however, was very exclusive: she did not stoop to encourage the homage of the common herd. Marion—perhaps her experiences with Richelieu, in spite of the silver candelabra, were not happy ones—cherished a little malice against the princes of the Church. When Cardinal Mazarin—she had been conspiring against his government—sent to arrest her she snapped her fingers in his face before she could be dragged off to prison. She died at the age of one hundred and thirty-five years, after surviving five generations of her fellow-beings.

Ninon de Lenclos (1615-1705) was also the daughter of a gentleman, if one choses to call him so, for he brought up his innocent child in "epicurean and sensual beliefs" as grave historians say. To speak more frankly, he taught her that "anything goes if handsome done." As a result of this evil philosophy Ninon became "the typical Frenchwoman of the gayest and most licentious society of the seventeenth century, leader of the Paris fashions, and the friend of wits and poets." Her distinguished lovers included Ninon's list plus Gaspard de Coligny, the Marquis d'Estrées, the Duke de la Rochafoucauld, Marshal d'Albret, the Marquis de Sévigny, Voltaire and, in fact, almost every one of social, literary, artistic or aristocratic prominence in France. No respectable young man—that is "respectable" in the corrupt sense of old royal France—was considered to have made his bow in polite society until he had met and loved Ninon de Lenclos. Queen Christian of Sweden visited her and Anne of Austria was powerless against her. If among so many she loved any one particular person it was St. Evremond. Their

love-letters are quite touching. The smile of Ninon's rosy mouth is said to have been indescribable in its charm, and it was enhanced by a tiny, mocking wrinkle which played about its corner. Ninon was one of the most remarkable women of all times, for she preserved her beauty—Ah, had she only set down her secret for the benefit of future generations of her sex!—until nearly a hundred. Her contemporaries assure us that lovely Ninon was still plucking the golden love-apples in her garden of delight, incredible as it may seem, as *a girl of ninety!* Once her strangely prolonged youthfulness nearly led to a lamentable error. A youth came to her very highly recommended, from Bordeaux. Ninon received him with her usual graceful and unaffected hospitality. But a vague presentiment led her to make some inquiries and it turned out that—he was *her own son!* When he had been born Ninon for all she loved the little creature, could not well accommodate it in her *salon*—for her social engagements were many. So she resigned it to kindly hands, and lost sight of it in the hustle and bustle of a crowded life. It speaks well of her maternal affections, that when after so many years the youth who entered as a lover turned out to be her son, she was delighted to see the boy once more. And she was devoutly thankful that their acquaintance had not developed in other directions.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH

Louis XIV. (1638-1715) has much to answer for morally. More so than his successor King Louis XV., who morally was much the worse of the two. For Louis XIV. made immorality *respectable*—at least in his own day and generation. With a few shining exceptions the world at the time was full of royal, princely and noble riff-raff of an especially fat-witted kind. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, England and especially in Germany, a crowd of gaping rulers watched and waited to see what King Louis would do—and then they went and did likewise. In the persons of his mistresses King Louis put vice on an equal footing with virtue. He was the State—and the brides of the State must be respectable or looked upon as such. And the wide-eyed royal boobies of other lands hurried to be "respectable" in Louis' style. No doubt quite a few would have gone wrong on their own account. But there were others, phlegmatic, conventional souls who would have been happy though married had it not been for Louis' bad example. Louis set the fashion. So the prince who, had it not been for the style that Louis set, might have led a decent home life, acquired him a mistress or so. Then he settled down with a sigh to be wicked and up-to-date rather than virtuous and out of style.

King Louis' excuse is that if you firmly believe you are a *divine*

institution yourself, you may easily get to think that all you do is godly—but this is not necessarily the case. Louis XIV reigned seventy-two years. An eloquent modern French writer has called him: "The man who *married France*". He had other matrimonial and non-matrimonial connections, however, quite a number of them. Yet in all his seventy-two years of royalty two great *true* loves stand out—all the rest are passing passions. One love gilded with its rosy beams his early years of royalty, the other shed a dim, religious light on his declining days. Let us first run Louis' light-of-loves across the stage, before considering his true loves.

Besides the State, Louis XIV. at twenty-one (1660), married Maria Theresa, the daughter of the King of Spain. The marriage was planned by Cardinal Mazarin, whom serious historians credit with being the lover of the widowed Anne of Austria, Louis' mother, and Louis himself had not much to say about it. Maria Theresa hardly counts in Louis' life except as a ceremonial figure and a necessary evil to secure an heir to the throne. Maria Theresa bore Louis children and, though complying with the tedious duties their high station forced upon them, had little in common and saw little of each other save on fixed occasions.

LOUIS DE LA VALLIÈRE

Sweet, gentle, pathetic Louise de la Vallière—she has given her name to a much-cherished article of adornment which ladies now wear—inspired the first passion of Louis' *married* life. She limped a little, did this maid-of-honor at Court, who blushed when the royal eyes dwelt on her; but she had the tenderest heart in the world. She could not resist her royal wooer and fell desperately in love with him. One day while walking with Louise in the Park of Versailles, Louis complained that for some time he had felt quite ill. Louise's tender eyes filled with tears. Her voice trembled as she asked for details. Louis forgot his health and drawing her behind a boxwood bush told her he lived but for her. Louise, overcome, could not speak at first. Yet soon she found her tongue, for they talked for *three solid hours,* not stopping until it began to rain. The next day the King sent her jewels and a love-letter, which has been preserved.

"Do you want me to die? Tell me truly, Mademoiselle? All the world does its best to disturb me. I am told that I am fortunate, but none tell me I love you, and that you drive me to despair. You are tender in a way that overpowers me. In God's name change the way you act toward a prince who is dying for you! Either be altogether kind or altogether cruel!"

Louise did not want poor Louis to die. She coyly admitted her love and the infatuated prince spent so much time with her that the

two queens, Louis' mother and wife, sent for Louise. They gave her such a lecture that poor, timid, terrified child, she fled and hid herself in a nunnery. But Louis, noble fellow, went and coaxed her out again. Soon she was installed—against her wish, for she was a shrinking violet—in the Birnon Palace, magnificently refurnished, and Louis showered her with kingly gifts. From time to time he had her come to Versailles. Once she came when he was recovering from a headache. She sat on his bed and they talked for *five hours*—happy lovers find *so* much to say to one another! The king's confessor spoke severely to Louis: in vain. The queen begged him to marry off Louise to some obliging noble: in vain. Masked assassins entered Louise's window: in vain. She was saved and the King gave her guards and a food-taster.

ATHENAÏS DE MONTESPAN

But cruel time and another lady were successful in prying Louise loose from Louis' heart. Once the royal eyes, resting on her, found that since the birth of her little daughter and her son Louise had grown shockingly thin. Besides, the latter event had taken place while she and the King were alone. The untrained King was unable to aid her and found himself placed in an embarrassing position. Louis did not like to be placed in an embarrassing position. Then the brilliant and dashing Marquise de Montespan appeared at Court and assured Louis she loved him. Louise was saying he did not love *her,* and it proved that poor Louise was right. The Duchess de la Vallière retired to a convent. There she prayed for her lost lover while Madame de Montespan, who had pretended to be her friend merely to rob her of Louis, took her place. About to enshrine Athanaïs de Montespan in his heart Louis paused long enough to fall in love with the Princess of Monaco, who did not repulse him. Madame de Montespan had a husband, but he had strange and disloyal ideas. He seemed to think that his wife's conduct was dishonorable. King Louis promptly banished him to a town in the Pyranees. But he could not prevent M. de Montespan from putting on mourning as though his wife were *dead to him;* and, in fact, being a decent man she was. Athanaïs was haughty, irritable, ambitious and insatiably eager for gold and honors. She forgot her husband as soon as he was out of sight and devoted herself to ruling Louis. Her reign over the King's heart lasted for ten years and she gave him eight children. But from time to time Louis tired of her haughty arrogance and would let his wounded heart turn instinctively to other eyes which promised to be more kind. In 1675, for instance, there was Madame de Ludre. When one of Queen Maria Theresa's ladies-in-waiting mentioned the attentions Louis was paying her the Queen shrugged her shoulders:

"Why, that's none of my business," she said, "that is Madame de Montespan's affair!" There were also, the same year, the Princess de Soubise, the Countess de Grammont, and the amusing little Mlle. de Guédami. But silently, in the background as yet, Madame de Maintenon, the widow of the hunchbacked wit and poet Scarron, governess of the King's illegitimate children, was beginning to make her influence felt. With the death of the next favorite of longer standing, Mlle. de Fontanges, Madame the Marquise de Montespan's day was done.

ANGELIQUE DE FONTANGES

One day King Louis saw Mademoiselle de Fontanges. His royal heart was once more deeply stirred. Mlle Angèlique de Scoraille de Rouville-Fontanges was the daughter of a country gentleman. A beautiful, brainless blonde, not quite eighteen, the King loved her deeply when she kept her mouth shut; for usually she talked utter nonsense. Yet to quote a contemporary "she had the good and generous heart of a child". This being the case she could refuse Louis nothing. In 1680 she was the Duchess of Fontanges. The same year, sad, pale and ill, she retired to a convent like Louise de la Vallière. She had fluttered out her brief day in the sun of royal favor. But she returned once more to Paris. It was in order to have the best medical attention for the approaching birth of her child she said, but in reality in hope of seeing the King once more. Angélique felt that she was soon to die. One day she sent for King Louis and he came to see her. An eye-witness had painted the affecting scene:

"The King could not supress a movement of horror when he saw what was left of this accomplished and captivating being. He stepped back two paces at sight of this pale and fleshless visage whose complexion once had been so fair, so enchantingly colored. In livid hollows were dying those eyes once so tender, so lively, so voluptuous. Teeth covered with tartar, pallid lips, a noxious breath were all that remained of a mouth, where Louis had intoxicated himself with the virginal perfume of the rose he plucked. Swollen fingers and bones covered with livid skin saddened the eye. Death already claimed his prey. In a few moments his glacial hand had ruined the charms which Nature had taken joy in creating. 'Sire,' said the Duchess, in a falling voice, 'the ghost you see is the woman who once made you happy. Forget the dream of the past but oh, my prince, do not grudge a regret for her at whose feet you would have lain your crown six months ago.' Louis XIV was profoundly moved. He wept hot tears on the sick woman's hand which he held in his own. Madame de Fontanges smiled happily: 'I die content,' she murmured, 'since my last glance has seen my King weep!'" Louis XIV was torn from this affecting scene by

the courtiers who surrounded him. But sometimes the ghost of poor, twenty-year old Fontanges, born of his imagination, would slowly rise at the foot of his royal bed. It would smile at him—but the smile was the hideous grin which the sinister skeletons of the past evoke. Little by little, however, these impressions disappeared. The joy the heartless Marquise de Montespan showed at the death of her poor young rival Louis never forgave.

THE ROYAL PICKANINNY

And the pious Madame de Maintenon adroitly seized the opportunity to bring sweet balm to Louis' aching heart. She seems to have been a woman of unstained life and strongly religious temperament. Court gossip made spiteful remarks, but she used her influence from the first to reconcile Louis with his long-suffering wife. Not until Maria Theresa died in 1683 did she marry the King, secretly, the following year. A curious mystery might be mentioned in connection with the death of Queen Maria Theresa. The *Chroniques de l'Oeil du Bœuf* by G. Touchard-Lafosse say: "How are we to reconcile this princess' spotless reputation with the existence of a little Moorish girl, brought up with the utmost mystery in the Moret Convent, and said to be a natural daughter of Maria Theresa. It is claimed that Dunesque made the Queen a present of a young Moor named *Nabo,* who did some clever acrobatic tricks which amused Maria Theresa in the solitude in which she lived. When the African began to talk French his chat was amusing, naïve and full of vivacity. In the end, they say, he pleased the Queen to such an extent that all her virtue could not defend her against a weakness, pity, which the handsomest man in all Christendom would not have called forth. Nabo died very suddenly. Shortly after the Queen brought into the world a little daughter so black that the surgeon Félix thought it best to pass her off as dead. The royal pickaninny was sent to the sisters of the Moret Convent, who raised it without knowing its parentage. On her death-bed, so the story goes, Maria Theresa revealed the existence of this child to Louis XIV. The physicians hastened to assure the King that *one look* from the Moor would have been sufficient to turn the child black. King Louis frowned: "One look?" he said, "it must have been a very penetrating one!" Then he made a visit to Moret to assure himself that the mystery existed. It is positive that a young Moor did live in the Queen's entourage; that a little Mooress was sent to Moret, and that each year a large sum of gold and a coral necklace is left for her at the convent."

MADAME DE MAINTENON

Madame de Maintenon, when she had made Louis send the de

Montespan away from court, and after Maria Theresa was dead, played her cards skilfully. She suddenly displayed great anxiety about her reputation, and begged the King to let her retire from Court, which was no place for a lonely widow. As a result one night the Archbishop of Paris was hastily roused from bed at eleven o'clock and hurried to Versailles. There the King with Madame de Maintenon stepped into the old chapel of the palace. And while a picture of the proud daughter of the Spanish kings, Maria Theresa, looked down on the elderly monarch and the elderly poet's widow with the greatest scorn, they were secretly married in the presence of a few witnesses. After that, betwixt and between her tatting and pious conversation Madame de Maintenon ruled France and its old King. But while Louis was quite touchingly fond of her he would not make her Queen of France. His wife, yes, after all that was his own business, but his Queen! . . To that the haughty Bourbon blood would not consent. When Louis lay on his death-bed, and was alone for a moment with Madame de Maintenon he said: "You are the only one I regret. I have not made you happy but I have had for you all those feelings of esteem and friendship which you have deserved. What consoles me in leaving you," he added with deep emotion, "is the hope that we will soon rejoin each other in eternity!" The Marquise left when he had said this, murmuring as she went: "And *that* is where he asks me to meet him! . . . The man never loved any one but himself!" Yet before we leave Louis XIV for his successor, let us turn to his one real heart-romance, his love of boyhood days.

MARIA MANCINI

Olympe and Maria Mancini were two nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. Olympe, for whom Louis had felt a passing fancy, was a haughty, disagreeable creature, but her sister, beautiful, clever, witty and sentimental, fantastic and romantic, awoke in Louis' heart a love he never felt again. He was eighteen, and he pitied her because her family did not treat her well. And Maria nurtured the golden dream of becoming Queen of France, for Louis' pity soon turned to love, a love so deep, so true, so ardent, that he seemed lost to all else. Hitherto his horses and dogs had engaged his mind. Now he wrote poems to Maria, did this big boy, and she read to him of an evening some touching scene from the great dramatist Corneille's plays or a tender, sentimental page from one of the romances of the day, "Cyrus the Great", or "Clelia". And the young King listened, fascinated. In an idle Court she became his one thought. And what did he not do to show his lady how bold and daring he could be for her sake. At the siege of Montmédy (1657) he ex-

posed himself like the meanest soldier. Later, wandering with his sweetheart under the trees of a royal garden he took her hand. Somehow she bruised her delicate white fingers against the pommel of his sword. The chivalrous boy drew it indignantly from its sheath and flung it far away. Cruel, naughty sword! It had dared to hurt the object of his passion! Ah, romantic young lover! Maria now began to love Louis for his own sake. When he fell sick in 1658, her days were passed in bitter weeping and he knew of her tears, and when he recovered loved her more than ever. They walked, they rode, they could hardly bear to be out of each other's sight. And they loved sweetly, chastely, innocently—like romantic children. And then came the Spanish marriage. Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin forced the boy's hand. Louis would have married his Marie in a moment, but he struggled against their inflexible wills in vain. He had to yield and he did for, after all, Louis was honest in his devotion to the State. With death in his soul he told Maria, tears filling his eyes, that their dreams were over. She married a great Italian noble, Lorenzo Colonna, Lord High Constable of the Kingdom of Naples. But he loved her profoundly and sincerely till she died. Often in later years when she came to France, he tried to renew those early bonds of affection. In vain—the golden thread that bound their hearts together had been severed!

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN AND MONALDESCHI

It was while Louis XIV was in the throes of his first great love that the stormy petrel of the north (whose mental wings were decidedly half-balanced) flew into Paris, stopped to commit a hideous murder and then flew on again. Christina, Queen of Sweden (b. 1626) was the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, the greatest of Swedish kings. She was a little girl when she succeeded to her father's throne as "King"—for the Swedes called their female sovereigns "King" and not "Queen". But she was a bad little girl from the start. She swore like a dragon. She was revengeful, and though she did not drink cologne she did lap up the rose-water on her mother's toilet-table whenever she got a chance as thirstily as ever a navy boy drank the alcohol in the compass. She became learned, and an excellent Latin scholar and—very extravagant. She did strange and fantastic things in her girlhood but—she was Gustavus' Adolphus' daughter, so the people put up with it. Alas, that one should have to tell the tale: Christina was coarse in speech, she usually forgot to change her linen and—*she shrank from the bath!* Christina was a dirty woman, a dirty queen. At last, weary of her crown, the eccentric royal bath-dodger decided to abdicate. She wished to lead a life of freedom, she said. It was

a great shock to the nobles, statesmen and people of her kingdom. But her mind was made up. Taking an immense amount of royal treasure with her, and arranging for an annual subsidy she went to the crowning of her successor (the royal crown was about the only crown jewel she had not taken) and once out of Sweden put on man's clothes and traveled as "the son of the Count of Dohna". As she traveled she did one queer thing after another. And the life she led was a "free" one. The city of Hamburg, where she stopped, gave her splendid receptions and entertainments—she rode off at four o'clock one morning without a word of thanks. In Münster she fairly reveled in the Society of the Jesuits, she, the daughter of the arch-Lutheran Gustavus! In Antwerp she got into a skirt again and was splendidly entertained, and in Brussels she secretly joined the Roman Church amid the most extravagant rejoicing, and publicly became a Catholic in Innsbrück. The poor Swedes were shocked when they heard that she had kissed the Pope's slipper in Rome. But the new-caught lamb laughed at mass and made the cardinals laugh: she was sarcastic and irreverent; and finally, after she had been fairly smothered with splendid entertainments, every one was glad to see her leave again. She now took her bad manners, her unwashed skirts and her slovenly man's clothes—for she was not fortunate in her tailor—to Paris. Christina traveled with lovers whom she also used as secretaries: two Italians, one a Marquis Monaldeschi, the other a Count Sentinelli. Both were on most intimate terms with their mistress. But Marquis Monaldeschi was not discreet. Why Christina should have taken to heart his boasting revelations of intimacies which were common knowledge (it is also said he sold some of her political papers) is not known. But in a great apartment in the Chateau of Fontainebleau, where Christina was King Louis' guest, she calmly had Monaldeschi murdered by three hired assassins, at the same time providing a priest to speed his dying moments. Christina shrank from water, but not from blood—if it were that of some one else. Of course one could say that creatures of the type of the Marquis Monaldeschi might just as well be removed. But even in Christina's day it was considered bad form for a man's light-of-love and employer to act as accuser, jury and judge, to condemn her paramour and parasite to death, and have him bloodily killed while waiting in the next room to hear that his throat had been cut. Tears and entreaties availed nothing. Monaldeschi was hacked and hewed to death with swords in a most brutal and revolting way. Christina, however, who had provided the priest to hear his dying confession, was even kind enough to have a mass said for his soul the next day. This happy little intimate detail off her hands Christina prepared to go to Paris, for she was very eager to see King

Louis dance a ballet. Naturally Louis was disgusted with her. He informed her that he would be obliged if she would vacate his palace which she had dirtied with her horrible murder and, laughing gaily, Christina did so. Then the English who had shuddered when they heard that Christina meant to visit them next, drew a deep breath of relief. The story goes that Mrs. Cromwell had been alarmed because she feared the great Protector might be weaned away from her by this lovely and learned queen. But after the Versailles affair she was happy, for Noll in spade-like terms told her what he thought of the "murdering Swede". Christina kept a gay house in Paris for a while and then began roaming again. She went to Sweden for a visit, to Rome, flattered, courted, entertained, but never satisfied, always fighting, quarreling and stirring up a row. Her conduct was very licentious but it was condoned. She was a favorite with the cardinals, priests and common people in Rome, but she quarreled with the pope. And though she had twenty thousand masses said for her soul and was buried in a robe of gold brocade when she died, she left little but debts. She wrote some twelve hundred maxims, many of them excellent, but most of them never followed by herself. For instance when she wrote "Contempt is the noble vengeance of a great heart," she might have spared herself the staining of her already sullied reputation with blood. And when we remember how Christina hated bathing, and how infrequently she practised it: "Grandeur is like perfumes of which those who wear them are the least conscious," does not seem a happy thought.

THE RIOTOUS REGENT

Louis Philip (1674-1723) Duke of Orleans, who governed France as "Regent" after the death of Louis XIV, gave convincing proof that the great Orleans family could produce members who could hold their own, when it came to viciousness, with any Bourbon, living or dead. Philip was that saddest of all sad things: a man with a kind heart, noble and generous qualities and brilliant intellect deliberately plunging into a mad whirl of the lowest debauch and drinking himself to death. The famous English "Regent", Beau Brummel's "fat friend", who afterward became King George IV of England, also brandied himself into a tomb. But the fumes of the spirits the Prince Regent of England took found large vacant spaces in his cranium in which to spread: while the Regent Philip of Orleans had a brain. We will not dwell on him. His mistresses, best-known among whom was Madame de Parabère, were cynical debauchees like himself. Love and romance did not enter into their lives. Coarse, brandy-laced sensuality, not sentiment and outward decorum, as in the days of Louis XIV, were the keynote of

the French Court in Philip's day. It was a training school which turned out a perfectly finished product in the shape of Louis XV, amusingly known to history as "Louis the Well-Beloved", though no king was more bitterly cursed during his lifetime and after he died than he. Philip died of apoplexy in the arms of his mistress of the moment, Madame de Phalaris, and the Paris wits said: "He died with his usual confessor about him!"

LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH

Louis XV (1710-1774) married a good, pious woman, Marie Leszcynska, daughter of an exiled King of Poland who lived happily on his father-in-law's money in Nancy, Alsace. She bore Louis seven children. But her charm soon faded and as she spent much time at prayer and cherished a skull which she claimed was that of Ninon de Lenclos, Louis not unnaturally soon came to dispense with her company. Louis did not like skulls. He was all for life and living, fast living. His first mistress to attract attention was the Duchess of Chateauroux. But when King Louis fell ill (1744) his lively fear of hell-fire—he himself said that fear of hell was the only part of his religion that seemed real to him!—induced him to send her packing. The King recovered both from his illness and his fear: the next year—after some little amatory side-affairs—he took on as his "titular mistress" Madame de Pompadour. She took over the rule of the kingdom, generally making a mess of things and by providing "substitutes" for herself in the disgusting harem known as the *Parc aux Cerfs* to occupy her royal lover, managed to rule (one can't very well call it his *heart*, for Louis came as near being actually "heartless" as a man could be) until her death in 1764.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR

Her name survives in a bristly, upstanding mode of wearing the hair. But there was nothing bristly in the way this ambitious woman first received Louis' advances. In fact she made the advances. Her father was a certain Poisson (literally, Mr. "Fish"), and she married a M. d'Etioles. But a fortune-teller had predicted that she would be the King's mistress. Jeanne-Antoinette, for such was her name, determined that it would be no fault of hers if the prediction did not come true. First she appeared, attractively gowned, at the royal hunting parties. But the Duchess of Chateauroux was on guard. She soon received an order not to appear at them again. Then at a great ball in the Paris Town Hall (1745) King Louis was attacked by a charming masked lady who was coquettish and captivating past description. The following day the "Well-Beloved" opened his aching royal heart to his valet Binet anent the

hardships of being a king. Passing loves disgusted him, said Louis. He was weary of Madame de la Popelinière, he was weary of the Duchess of Rochechouart, he was weary of the Countess de Brionne and various others. He suspected they did not love him for his *own* sake. Binet, his loyal valet, was related to Madame d'Etioles. He discreetly mentioned her to his king, and Louis deigned to give her an opportunity of dissipating his boredom. She succeeded. Quickly her husband, tenderly devoted to her, was exiled. "For his health's sake" read the royal order, but it took six musketeers of the royal guard to see that the royal physician's prescription was carried into effect. Exiled? Why not? He had committed the crime of marrying a woman whom *His Majesty* delighted to honor. Soon, in accordance with the laws of royal etiquette, King Louis presented the Marquise de Pompadour, his "legitimate" mistress, to his wedded wife, Queen Marie, who received her graciously. The Marquise de Pompadour established herself in the apartments in Versailles which the Duchess of Chateauroux had vacated. She was loveless, dry, a Maintenon without piety; but she was intelligent and knew how to manage her King. She was all ambition, cold by nature and yet, as her pictures prove, she was very lovely. Shortly after she "moved in" at Versailles she felt she must have Dagé to do her hair. Dagé was the king of Paris hairdressers. He was so great in his line, so fashionable, that King Louis when his favorite insisted that he must dress her hair, had to treat him as one king would another to win his consent to go to Versailles. When he came Madame de Pompadour asked him how he had gained his great reputation. Dagé proudly threw back his head: "How? Why, I dressed the *othér one's* hair!" he said. He meant the Duchess of Chateauroux. And in the great mirrors which covered the walls of her dressing-room *"this one"* as she was called behind her back the next day, could see all her ladies in waiting bite their lips. The story of the *Parc aux Cerfs* which is credited with having been the birthplace of sixty-two little royal offspring, has been told elsewhere. It is enough to say that until she had hit upon this wretched expedient to preserve her power, Madame de Pompadour's life—for all gallant King Louis made and brought her chocolate of a morning with his own royal hands—was one of feverish anxiety and torture because, knowing her Louis, she trembled whenever he looked at another attractive woman. She died, rouged and powdered, with calmness and tranquillity and a coarse, heartless word of the dry-eyed royal libertine, as he watched her funeral convoy moving to the Capucin Convent was her epitaph.

MADAME DU BARRY

Louis consoled himself for a time with momentary distractions

of all sorts, the inmates of the *Parc aux Cerfs,* dancers of the Royal *Opéra,* ladies titled and untitled. He was used, however, to a certain regularity of representation in vice. His wife had died and there was no one at Court, so to speak, to do the honors. His courtiers cast their eyes about for a likely candidate to succeed to Madame de Pompadour's position. Then Louis' pander the *valet-du-chambre* Lébel found the infamously famous Du Barry, that jewel of the gutter, the mistress whom Louis drew from a brothel to console his silver-haired old age. Marie-Jeane Bécu, Countess Du Barry (1746-1793) was the illegitimate child of a poor woman of Vaucouleurs. In 1758 her mother moved to Vitry where she got a position as a cook. Jeanne lived in Paris and went from house to house peddling glass beads, ribbons, needles, etc., and anything else her purchasers would buy of her. Twice a month she visited her mother at Vitry. There she came in contact with the guests of the house and the Abbé de Bonnac was her first lover. Next Marie Jeanne—she could just about read the Catechism she ignored —entered a milliner's shop in the Rue St. Honoré in Paris. The milliner's shop is supposed to have led many an innocent working-girl to the dogs. But Jeanne was on her way before she entered it. Soon she became a regular visitor at the house of the infamous "Madame" Gourdan, the most fashionable place of its utterly vicious kind in town. And who should she meet there one day, but her god-father—M. Dumonceau! He was much shocked. Only Madame Gourdan's hurried interposition prevented a scandalous scene and saved the "good name" (?) of her establishment. For in answer to Domonceau's reproaches, the sixteen year-old girl said, "Surely, god-father, it cannot be wrong for me to frequent a house *you* visit?" After Jeanne had successively ruined a navy commissioner and a hair-dresser, a kind-hearted Franciscan monk found a place for her as his "niece" in the household of a wealthy tax-farmer. But when the tax-farmer and his brother, a state counsellor, to both of whom she had been kind, one day, caught her yielding her lips to the kisses of a valet, the mistress of the house told her to go. Jeanne—she called herself "Mistress Manon L' Ange" and in truth, though a little devil she did look the part of an angel, being a beautiful blonde, now joined the self-styled "Count Du Barry", a *roué,* public gambler and procurer of the vilest sort. He knew Lébel and the precious pair actually managed—it filled their pockets with gold—to foist this common girl of the streets on aged King Louis, who was enraptured by her charm. He had the procurer marry her to give her a title and though the people of Paris sang popular songs and made thousands of jokes about the new favorite, she was pompously presented at Court. Yet Louis had a hard time finding a court lady willing to present her. The Marquise de

Castallane was willing but her price was too high. She wished to be made a duchess and get fifty thousand francs. The Countess of Béarn came cheaper, and went through the farce of presenting the lady to His Majesty who, like many of his subjects, already was very well acquainted with her. Jeanne's extravagance was as boundless as the gold lavished on her by her royal lover. She did her little part, for she was a greedy soul, in hastening the coming of the French Revolution. Though she had, aside from many extraordinary gifts, a yearly income of two million gold pieces, she owed a round million when Louis died. There even was a plan on her part to marry Louis (once the papal dispensation had been obtained) but it came to nothing. Besides, the Du Barry could not have had more as Louis' wife than she already enjoyed as his mistress. She was coarse, natural, cynical and merry. The old King was sixty-three. She taught him, who always had been an abstemious drinker of wines, to enjoy the heating brandies, punches and strong liquors served in the London great houses of the day. She vulgarized everyone and everything. When she was half-seas over with champagne she would sing and break the beautiful stained glass windows of the *Oeil de Boeuf*. Horace Walpole in his "Memoires of the Reign of George III", tells us that Louis himself said to her one day, when she drank from the punch-ladle, not to make the rest of the company "drink her saliva"! She dragged the royal dignity into the dust; she made the king the laughing-stock of the world; she upset even the etiquette of adultery, which Madame de Pompadour had maintained. When the Revolution came the beautiful erstwhile street-walker who had ruled a kingdom for a time made a pitiable end. She begged and wept for mercy as the tumbril rolled along to the guillotine. And when her head was clamped into place she screamed: "Oh, just a minute more, executioner, just a minute more!" and then "Help, help!" like some woman attacked by thieves. We will not linger by Louis' revolting death-bed, which the Du Barry was forced to leave before the Church he had so long outraged would give him its last sacraments. A historian has well said of Louis XV: "It would be hard to mention the name of any European king whose private life shows such a record of vulgar vice unredeemed by higher aims of any kind."

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER LOVERS

Marie Antoinette (1755-1793) is the *romantic* figure of the reign of King Louis XVI (1754-1793), and her fat, stodgy, ironmongering and hunting husband Louis was that rare bird—*a decent Bourbon!* Marie Antoinette came from the strictly sober court of her pious imperial mother Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, into a very

corrupt atmosphere when she married the grandson of Louis XIV, then Dauphin of France. The courtiers of her new step-father were no playmates for an innocent girl. At first Marie Antoinette did not care for her husband at all. This led her to chose her friends among the younger, more dissolute set of courtiers of which her husband's brother, the Count of Artois was a leader. She was wildly extravagant in dress, jewelry and amusements and often appeared at horse-races and masked balls without the king. This gave rise to grave scandals. How much of the gossip which accredited her with various lovers is true it is hard to say. Two of the best authorities* on her life and that of her century, after close investigation have declared *all* the hateful rumors which have attacked her reputation false. The anonymous calumnies and the signed ones of the Revolutionary period list practically all the persons with whom she was intimate in a friendly way as her lovers: Edouard Dillon, M. de Coigny, the Duke of Dorset, Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, Lambertye, an officer of the Royal Guard, M. de St. Paër, the Count of Romanzoff, Lord Seymour, the Duke of Guines, Lord Strathaven and others. Marie Antoinette was foolish, she was rash, she was imprudent; but she was a virtuous wife and mother and—she came to the Court of King Louis XV when she was not yet sixteen years old! Marie Antoinette may be said to have inspired four great affections, aside from the routine kindliness of feeling which gradually developed between her husband and herself, and which was deepened by their suffering together when imprisoned during the Terror. The first was in a haughty prince of the Church, the second in an interesting mulatto, the third in the Swedish Count Fersen, and the fourth—in M. Sanson the executioner of Paris, the great master of the guillotine.

THE CARDINAL-PRINCE DE ROHAN AND MARIE ANTOINETTE

(The Tale of the Queen's Necklace)

Louis-René-Edouard, Cardinal de Rohan, Prince of Rohan-Guémené, Archbishop of Strassburg—to give him all his titles—was one of those spendthrift, dissolute princes of the Roman Church whose dissipated and luxurious lives were led with the gold wrung from the poor peasants of their estates, who sweated blood so that their masters could squander. He could not keep going on an income of two million five hundred thousand *livres* a year, which almost had the buying power of as many dollars. He was in disgrace with Marie Antoinette, for he had blabbed about her frivolous carryings-on at the Vienna Court when there in 1774, but one of his

* Edmond et Jules de Goncourt, "Histoire de Marie Antoinette".

light-of-loves, an adventuress who called herself the Countess Lamotte, made him believe she had influenced the Queen, and that Marie Antoinette now thought highly of him. Rohan began to correspond, as he thought, with the Queen. Soon their letters grew warm and the churchman thought he easily could add the royal lady to his string of conquests. Now Boehmer and Bassage were then the Paris Tiffanies. They had a diamond necklace, worth one million, six hundred thousand *livres,* that was a white elephant on their hands. Madame Du Barry might have gotten it—but Louis XIV died and she was exiled from Court. It was *twice* offered to Marie Antoinette, but the Queen of France had not enough money to buy it, and Louis would not hear of such extravagance. The Countess Lamotte got one of the "other girls", a street-walker named Marie Legay (or the "Countess de Valois", if one prefers), who looked very much like Marie Antoinette, to meet de Rohan in the romantic green shadows of a grove in the Versailles gardens. There were sighs and vows and the fake "queen" gave the kneeling Cardinal, amorous as a boy, a red, red rose. Rohan thought paradise was opening for him. The Lamotte told him the Queen wanted to buy the necklace, but through *him*: he must attend to the details for her. Then Lamotte got him a letter to show the jewelers, authorizing the deal. The forgery was signed with Marie Antoinette's name. The one million, six hundred thousand *livres* were to be paid in installments. Once the necklace was in Lamotte's hands, her "man", the "Count", crossed the Channel to London, breaking it up to sell the single diamonds. When paytime came, the Cardinal's notes would not meet the bill. The jewelers complained to the Queen. She said she knew nothing of the necklace. The police were set to work and the Countess Lamotte, the Countess de Valois, the girl Marie and other crooks were arrested. After a sensational trial in which the Cardinal cut a very poor figure (1876), the churchman was acquitted, as well as the woman who had impersonated the Queen. The Lamotte was whipped, branded and shut up in a house of correction. Her husband was condemned to the galleys for life; but little cared he, or he was paddling his own canoe in London's underground world of pleasure. Poor stainless Marie Antoinette, the trial did not add to her popularity! But still she inspired love in chivalrous hearts, white and black.

THE CHEVALIER DE SAINT-GEORGES

The Chevalier de Saint-Georges was a splendidly built young mulatto, fruit of the loves of a French official of noble birth and a sentimental and beautiful negro girl of San Domingo. Saint-Georges was well educated. He came to Paris. He attached himself—for he was a wonderful violinist, a brilliant swordsman, a witty companion

and a favorite with the ladies—to the depraved circle of the Duke of Orleans. The Duke of Orleans violently hated Marie Antoinette and her husband. One day Saint-Georges saw the Queen and she smiled at him, a kindly smile. It meant nothing but—it won her a loyal and devoted heart. Saint-Georges conceived a sudden repulsion for the Duke of Orleans, a man who could hate so innocent and lovely a creature and try to harm her. He went to Versailles, was received in private audience and revealed various plots against her to the lady of his heart. Marie Antoinette pleaded with him to accept a position about her person, but Saint-Georges' love for her was a holy thing to him. He loved her as the worm might the star. And, who knows, perhaps the splendidly proportioned mulatto who had found so many maids, wives and widows of high Paris society unable to refuse him anything, dared not trust himself constantly about his adored Marie Antoinette. A favorable moment, an irresistible impulse—even Queens are weak at times—and! . . . Nobly Saint-Georges refused her offer. "Farewell, lady of my soul," he cried, a tear in his eye, "farewell, queen, whose hand I have so often kissed in my dreams! I ask naught of you and I leave you. Only of your royal grace give me the rose you wear! Ah, give it to me! I will guard it on my breast, that chaste and lovely flower, pale as your lips are this very moment! Only to that rose can I confess what I dare not say without offending you!" Marie Antoinette was moved. Blushing she took the red, red rose from her breast, kissed it and gave it to Saint-Georges. In the moonlit gardens of Versailles he drew the rose from his breast, feverishly pressed it to his lips and mounting his horse, galloped off. He never saw Marie Antoinette again.

THE COUNT DE FERSEN

Hans Axel Count von Fersen fought at Yorktown for American independence as the aid-du-camp of Count Rochambeau, and on his return to France was made colonel of the "Royal Swedes" regiment of the King's Guards. He was called "handsome Fersen", and was a great winner of hearts in the gay Versailles circle. For the Queen he cherished a deep and ardent affection which his royal mistress may not have returned but yet appreciated, as women will. There are supposed to have been interviews of the tenderest nature between Marie Antoinette and Hans Axel but—who could prove that they took place? It is certain that she showed him great favor, for she liked his society. Yet her dainty little foot may never have overstepped those limits which separate a deep Platonic affection from a passionate love. When the royal family tried to escape from France it was Count Fersen who had the great traveling-coach built for it, and kept in his hôtel grounds to get the Parisians used

to seeing it. He was the coachman who drove the hack that took the royal family to the city gate. He rode with them to Bondy, the first stage of their journey. What was the brief word of adieu he there murmured to the Queen's ear, as Louis XVI nodded in his seat beside her, overcome with drowsiness? Who knows? Count Fersen tried, again and again, in spite of danger and difficulty, to rescue the woman he loves, who had been the sun, moon and stars to him, who had lent his happy Versailles days their sunshine. He tried in vain. It was the last admirer to conceive an affection for Marie Antoinette who was to help her escape the cruelties of man, but by a sharp, short road at whose toll-gate he was the guardian.

MONSIEUR SANSON, THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS

De Rohan's passion had brought Marie Antoinette undeserved shame and unpopularity. Saint-Georges' love had warned her of danger. Count Fersen's devotion had vainly sought to save her. The mute, grisly admiration of the Paris executioner at last gave Marie Antoinette release from earthly suffering. "Monsieur de Paris", as he was called under the monarchy, was a social outcast. Marie Antoinette never set eyes on him until she rode in the fatal tumbril amid the jeering and hooting mob, on her way to execution. But "Monsieur de Paris" had a heart. He had seen the Queen time and again, lost in the crowd. He had seen her eating in public, as the custom was, on the terrace of the royal palace in Versailles. He had seen her riding in her gilded coach through the muddy Paris streets. He had seen her dragged to the Tuelieries by a frantic mob. He had seen her taken to that sinister prison, the Temple. For he never missed a chance to see her.

This man from whose handiwork was blood, from whom others drew away with a sense of loathing, cherished deep in his gloomy heart a fervent passion, a spiritual and noble affection for his Queen—the Queen who was to become his victim! Sanson stood outside of politics. He had nothing to do with royalists or revolutionaries. He was simply the keen, cutting arm of the Law. Others determined *what* the Law was and who was to die. He merely slew them. King or commoner, priest or scavenger, noble or lackey, it all was one to him. And he alone of all that howling, cursing, gibbering mob, when pale and proud, Marie Antoinette stood in the turmoil, showed that he had a heart which bled for her! For "standing-room" in the jolting, creaking turmoil, the cart that drew the condemned to the guillotine, was all that was left on earth for Marie Antoinette when on October 16, 1793, she was driven to her fate. Few were the courtesies the sinister lover could show the mistress of his heart, who never suspected his devotion, but what he could do he did. He placed the footstool for the Queen to step up into the tumbril

with the anxious care of a lover placing a cushion for his mistress's ease. He held as loosely as possible the ropes with which her lovely arms were bound, and he stood behind her ready to catch her should she lose her footing in the jolting cart. A tear came to his hard eye when stepping back a moment on the scaffold Marie Antoinette accidentally trod on Sanson's foot and—begged his pardon in the light, graceful tone of the *salons* of Versailles! When Sanson adjusted the fatal blade his mute fingers seemed to implore it to strike swiftly and painlessly, and when it flashed he had an agonized moment of happiness, for he knew that death had come easily to his love. One more terrible duty remained for him to do. Reverently he lifted the severed head of "the widow of L. Capet", as the Revolutionists called their Queen, raised it by the long hair, once golden, which had turned white from suffering, and showed it to the mob which howled its joy. Then his task was done. Over a year later a stern, gloomy-looking man one day sought out a pious priest and begged to see him alone. When they were in the latter's humble room the priests' strange visitor drew from his pocket a small casket of fragrant sandalwood. It contained a dainty bit of lace, a handkerchief, with the initials M. A. intertwined beneath a royal crown in one corner, and it was stained with blood. "Do not ask me any questions but take this precious relic and give it to the daughter of her who once was Queen of France. It tears my heart to part with it and yet it is hers by right!" And, with a deep sigh, the unknown vanished. The next day the good priest stood among those watching the tumbril which held the blood-thirsty Robespierre, his reign of terror at an end, rolling by to take him to the same guillotine to which he had sent so many other victims. And in Sanson, "Monsieur de Paris", the executioner standing behind Robespierre in the swaying cart—the cords which bound Robespierre's arms were *not* loosened—he recognized with a start the same man who had given him the poor Queen's blood-spotted lace handkerchief!

LOUIS XVIII AND THE COUNTESS DE CAYLA

King Louis XVII was the ten-year old child (supposed by many to have escaped from his prison, to have married and left descendants) who, treated like a little wild beast, died of his torments in his Temple jail at the age of ten. Louis XVIII, the brother of Louis XVI, as the Count of Provence had been a libertine prince before the crash of the monarchy came. He returned and was put on his throne by foreign bayonets after Napoleon was overthrown. Louis XVIII had his mistresses even in exile, chief among them a Madame de Balbi, and when he returned to Paris at sixty, horribly fat and gouty, the mistress habit was so firmly ingrained that he felt he must have a charming specimen of the kind about him. Zoé Talon,

Countess du Cayla, was delighted to fill the post. The old king loved to honor her. He leaned on her arm when he rose, cane in hand from his chair. She disposed of good positions and fat-salaried appointments. She was young, beautiful and cleverly devoted, in appearance at any rate, to her fat old admirer. The old gentleman, when the formal part of his evening at the Tuileries, the conversational circle of the courtiers and his game of cards was over, used a time-honored phrase which deceived no one. With a fatherly air he would say, as the Countess de Cayla hurried up to give him her arm: "My dear Countess . . I count on you . . I have some work for you to do for me this evening . . state papers . . . writing! . . " She was the last love-light which flickered over the declining years of the Bourbon dynasty. King Charles X, who succeeded his brother, was no longer the giddy young Count d' Artois who had been the dissolute playmate of Marie Antoniette. He had turned into a bigoted, highly respectable family man, and he was finally driven from France for trying to restore royal and churchly tyranny. The Bourbon dynasty's rule ended with him.

CHAPTER XI

RUSSIAN, SAXON, AUSTRIAN AND BAVARIAN LOVE-ROMANCES

THE personal relations as well as the personalities of some of the great of earth during the irresponsible eighteenth century were curiously mixed. Peter the Great of Russia (1672-1725), a half-mad genius, the giant among the Romanoffs, knew nothing of romance. When he was not busy westernizing his half-oriental subjects, clipping their beards, changing their clothes, building a fleet, organizing an army or reforming the Church, he was indulging in long, drunken debauches, having his son judicially murdered and other edifying pastimes. In this strange, half-mad way he loved Catherine (1683-1727), the empress he had taken from a sutler's cart.

Catherine was a Lithuanian orphan, adopted by a Protestant pastor. She had married a Swedish dragoon of the army of King Charles XII. Captured as a prisoner of war, she was sold to the Russian Prince Menshikoff. In Moscow Peter met her and simply took her unto himself. After the birth of their first daughter he found he could not get along without her, so he divorced his wife Eudoxia, had Catherine baptized into the Greek Church, married her and made her empress. After that Catherine shared his tent in his campaigns. She was only guilty of one flirtation. It was with handsome William Mons, a gentleman of her bed-chamber; but Peter was not the man to tolerate any one's flirting with his wife. As a reminder to Catherine that flirtations were dangerous he had Mon's head, in a glass jar full of alcohol, kept in her room. Catherine took the hint. She closed her unloveable husband's eyes (1725), succeeded him on the throne, and by her rule showed that she had a sound head and a good heart.

EARLIER ROMANOFFS

Peter II (1715-170) the first Peter's grandson succeeded Catherine, but died of smallpox the day he was to marry a Princess Dolgoruki. When Peter II died, Anne (1693-1740) succeeded him as Empress of Russia. She was the child of Peter the Great's imbecile brother. Anne was a grim, sullen woman with an awful, majestic face, toweringly tall and large. Her chief lover was Count Biren. After her came Elizabeth Petrovna (1709-1762), a daughter

of Peter the Great by a girl named Martha Skovronskaya. Elizabeth was extraordinarily beautiful. This usually, in the case of eighteenth-century crowned heads, meant that her morals were below par, and Elizabeth was no exception to the rule. At eighteen her lover was a top-sergeant in the Semenovsky Guards, named Alexius Shubin. He was punished for taking over duties not included in his regimental service by having his tongue cut out and being sent to Siberia by the Empress Anne. A handsome young Cossack, Alexius Razmovski, was luckier and is even said to have married Elizabeth later on. Placed on the throne by a revolution (1741) Elizabeth at thirty-three simply continued her love-affairs under more favorable circumstances, while showing she could play the game of European politics with skill and cleverness. The Emperor Peter III (1728-1762), son of the Empress Anne, had been adopted by his aunt Elizabeth as heir to the throne. Whatever other advantages he may have had, Peter was mentally a child. His lady love was an ugly vixen, Countess Vorontsova, and he cherished her side by side with his beautiful and brilliantly clever wife Catherine in the "Winter Palace" in Petrograd. Catherine did not much mind, provided Peter did not disturb her own passionate love-making with a handsome young guardsman, Gregory Orloff. But finally Peter did so many insane things and made such a nuisance of himself that Catherine first deprived him of his crown by a little palace revolution, and then had him murdered in prison so that she could marry the handsome guardsman already mentioned. And since the latter was to be the gainer, she had him do the murdering.

CATHERINE THE GREAT

Catherine II (1729-1796) had some excuse for getting rid of her husband for Peter was a hideous looking creature, pitted with smallpox, degraded and filthy in his habits. Once he was removed, the scandalous Court Catherine kept was the gossip of all Europe. Louis XV had his female favorites, Catherine II had her male ones. But Catherine had a brain besides more patent charms. She corresponded with Voltaire and most of the other wits, scholars and philosophers of her time and was an author herself. And, if she was a model of impropriety, she at least forced the ladies of her court to be proper. Catherine at the age of sixty-seven was still mindful of the poet Herrick's advice: "Gather ye roses while ye may!" While engaged in this pleasant pastime with her last lover Platon Zubov, her health gave way. She "suffered from hysteria of a shameful kind" as the historians tell us, and died of a stroke of apoplexy.

FROM THE FIRST PAUL TO THE FIRST NICHOLAS

The Emperor Paul I (1754-1801) who succeeded Catherine II

was either the son of Peter III or of a Colonel Soltykov. It is hard to say which at the present day. But mother's court was a poor place for a boy to grow up into a nice boy. Paul did not grow up into a nice boy; quite the contrary. The strongest evidence that he really was his *imperial* father's son is the fact that he seemed to have inherited the bats that fluttered about so gaily in the belfry of Peter III. In other words, Paul was not quite "all there". While his mother blinked an indulgent eye, Paul was taught the lower conjugations of the verb "to love" by two maids-of-honor, Nelidoff and Lapuknin, in succession, and then by a Turkish slave named Koroïssov. He reigned brutally and irresponsibly during the last four years of his rule, an out-and-out madman. When at last he was strangled and trampled to death at a drunken orgy, by officers of his own guards, his son Alexander I succeeded him. Alexander was well-meaning and mystical. His politics were often dictated by the impulses of a romantic heart, and a chivalrous affection for the lovely Queen Louise of Prussia, made him Prussia's ally (1801). After the death of his daughter by his wife, the beautiful Princess Maria Louisa of Baden, the broken-hearted husband consoled himself in the manner which tradition has established for bereaved monarchs. The clinging touch of other white arms, the consoling kisses of other red lips makes their grief for the lost one easier to bear. The fruit of one of these outbursts of imperial sorrow was a little daughter he had by Madame Narishkine. But when she in turn was taken from him, it was his empress who consoled him and this death drew them closer together. A mystic and religious affinity whom Alexander had was the Baroness de Krüdener. She was a perfumed evangelist of the *salons* and "during the campaign which ended in Napoleon's downfall, the imperial prayer-meetings at which she presided were the oracle on which hung the fate of the world."

THE LATER ROMANOFFS

Nicholas I (1796-1855) who succeeded his brother was *not* romantic. His older brother Constantine was. A raw boy he married Juliana of Coburg at seventeen, but she soon left him. Yet a wild bachelor life ended in his falling in love with a pretty Polish girl, Johanna Grudzinska and for love of her, and to marry her, he renounced his claim to the throne. Nicholas, the "Iron Tzar", was savagely tyrannous in his public life (when he sentenced a Jew to run the gauntlet of 10,000 lashes, he said with deep emotion: "Thank God, we have no capital punishment in Russia!") and savagely virtuous in his private one. A kind husband and father, he left seven children. Alexander II (1818-1881) his son, and Alexander III (1845-1894) were comparatively respectable rulers for they had emerged out of the vicious eighteenth century into the purer moral (?) at-

mosphere of the nineteenth. The Emperor Nicholas II (1868-1918) was an absolutely moral and respectable member of society. He was a poor, stupid creature, incredibly inane and bigoted—or he would never have taken the lascivious, miracle-mongering monk Rasputin seriously. And he dearly loved his unfortunate, religiously crazed empress Alix, who had been a Hessian princess, so that the *family life* of the last Romanoff was a very happy one. The vicious gossip which connected the name of the last Russian empress with that of the debauched monk whose magnetic powers seemed to aid the health of the little heir to the throne, must be declared absolutely *without foundation*, though it was largely current in Petrograd. But that court ladies as well as inn-maids fell willing victims to the passions of the religious charlatan Rasputin seems to be more than clear. Rasputin is said to have met a death which was probably well-deserved at the hands of Prince Youssopoff and other more or less injured husbands in the latter's palace, his body being subsequently thrown into the Neva river.

THE FATHER OF TWO HUNDRED ODD

Augustus the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony (1670-1733) was one of those baroque German princes whose imitation of Louis XVI was the sincerest form of flattery. But Augustus, who could squeeze a silver dollar (when he had it) flat between thumb and forefinger, far outdid his French rival in the *number* of his mistresses. The only true romance, perhaps, in a life given over entirely to showy extravagance and sensual pleasure is the following. In Madrid, when a young, gay adventure-hunting prince, Augustus fell in love with a beautiful Spanish marquise. She returned his passion with the fiery ardor of her race. There were stolen meetings and all that comes of them. And then—the Marquis de Manzera discovered his wife's unfaith! Where the honor of a haughty Spanish grandees' womanhood was concerned he could be as cruel as a Moor. Manzera confronted the unhappy woman in a locked room. In one hand he held a dagger, in the other a glass with a poisoned draught. "Choose!" he said. She stretched out her weak hand for the poison and drained it. The Marquis with finished Spanish courtesy, said as he supported her to her couch: "It is sufficient that you die. It will be a pleasure for me to aid you to pass!" He laid a crucifix in her hand, tastefully arranged the candles about her head, passed a few reflections anent the fate of adultresses and when convinced she was dead, offered a short prayer and left her. Augustus learned of the tragedy the next day. His princely heart was torn in twain and it took hundreds of tender love-stitches and kept hundreds of charming seamstresses busy for the rest of his life sewing his torn heart up again. A list of Augustus' mistresses

would fill a city directory. We will not list them. Some two hundred and sixty children, many of whom took after their father and mothers, were pledges of their affection. Among all, the ravishingly beautiful Swedish Countess of Königsmark might be mentioned. Aurora Maria, even after Augustus had long left her to carry his damaged heart elsewhere, loved him. Her most curious adventure was the attempt to help Augustus politically by seducing that virgin king, Charles XII of Sweden. To "her king" she said: "Augustus, for you I can do . . anything!" And Augustus, with a glad heart, hoping the charms which had conquered him would make the King of Sweden as wax in her lovely hands, and secure him a favorable peace, saw her set out for Mittau, the Swedish headquarters in the depth of winter. But—there was nothing waxy about Charles. When Aurora was announced to him by Count Piper, his chancellor, he refused to see her. He called her, for he was a sober and moral man, just what she was; but it is not a pretty word and we will not repeat it. And poor Aurora, who had made a striking toilette which set off all her beauties, was not even admitted into the royal presence. Could he but see me once, she thought, all would be won. So she hung about Mittau and discovered when King Charles rode out. Then she managed to have her light carriage meet him in a narrow street. Impetuously the lovely woman leaped from her coach directly before the King's horse, raised her large pathetic eyes to his and opened her mouth to use the sweet and tender voice which never failed of its effect when—Charles swiftly tipped his hat to her, turned his horse and gave it the spurs. The adventure made Aurora and Augustus the laughing-stock of Europe. All sorts of mocking verses were circulated about the event in social circles in the European capitals. Here is one of them:

> The Countess from the field departed,
> Yet if King Charles the *right one* saw
> And she knocked—Ah, Mars, hero-hearted,
> You might have opened wide your door!

Augustus the Strong was only one among the many German princelings, dukelets and other nobles who arranged their model of living on the lines laid down by the great "Sun-King" Louis of France. How their wretched subjects had to sweat, starve, toil and die to supply the gold for their mad and wicked extravagances! It was to find the money his English mistress, a Lady Craven, demanded for her wanton pleasures that "the father of his subjects" the Duke of Hesse, sold so many of his children to the British King, George III, to be used in crushing freedom in America, during our

War of Independence, driving them aboard ship with the bayonets of his Guards.

HAPSBURG LOVES

The successors of the Hapsburg Emperor Charles V—himself a glutton at love's table as at his food—often made concessions to romance by "morganatic" or "left hand" marriages. By means of this satisfying arrangement they could commit bigamy with the sanction of the Church, have a wife instead of a mistress, and the morganatic babes were provided with titles and became nobles. Intelligent girls with whom Austrian arch-dukes and Roman emperors were in love always insisted on a "morganatic" union. There was something solid and respectable about it and it left one financially secure, for royalty so often changes its mind in matters of love from day to day.

The Emperor Rudolph II (1522-1612) was wild, gloomy and a trifle insane. He hated state business and lived a mad life in his magnificent castle, the *Hradschin,* in Prague, with his astrologers, alchemists and magicians. He collected priceless objects of art, but the Cupids of his love-affairs were the horse-boys of the imperial stables. Rudolph was very fond of his horses, and it was in the romantic atmosphere of his stables that he received the succession of venal beauties with whom he lived in free love unions. There he whispered his tender vows to some Gipsy girl seated on a bag of oats. Rudolph left a number of natural sons. Ferdinand II, the emperor of the Thirty Years War, was a trifle insane, and led a simple life, mentally and otherwise, void of any romantic flavor. Leopold I, Joseph I, Charles VI bring us to the Empress Marie Theresia (1717-1780), whose good-natured husband, Emperor Francis I was more his wife's secretary than an emperor. She was a very pious woman and her Court a model of propriety. Her son Joseph II was a noble and tragic dreamer, in whose life love played but a small part. The Emperor Francis II (1786-1835) was the *last* Roman and the first Austrian Emperor. Four times married, he was succeeded by the Emperor Ferdinand I of Austria (1793-1875) who alternated between violent fits of insanity and lucid moments when his mind merely was confused. One of his remarks has passed into a folk-saying in Austria. Once—he knew just about enough to come in out of the rain—he took refuge from a storm in a farm house with his doctor. The farmer was having dumplings for dinner. They smelled good to Ferdinand and he insisted on having some at once. His physician, who knew they would not agree with him, told him so: *Kaiser bin i' und Knüdel muss i' habe!* cried the imperial imbecile in a rage. And "Emperor I am and dumplings I will have!" became a proverb. Francis Joseph I

(1830-1916) bridges the great gap of years from before the middle of the nineteenth century till well into the twentieth. His private life was saddened by many tragedies, for his wife, his only son and his brother died terrible deaths. Himself a pleasure-loving, happy youth, he grew into a stern, duty-haunted old man. His real love-story, a tragic one, is the tale of the fairy prince and Cindarella. For Elizabeth of Bavaria, sixteen years old and a ravishing beauty, was a royal Cindarella. He was to have chosen her older sister Helen. He fell in love instead with Elizabeth. They were married amid universal rejoicing. Yet only a few years passed and then dark clouds gathered above the heads of the young couple. Elizabeth began to be haunted by the melancholy madness of the Wittelsbach family to which she belonged. The Countess Larisch reveals in her memoirs that Elizabeth, whose fantastic longings for happiness were constantly seeking some new male object, may have had various lovers. And as she went her way the Emperor Francis Joseph went his. He was a plain, simple, soldierly soul. He resigned himself to whatever the Empress did—her mad restless journeys, with a volume of love-poems always with her; her fantasies and extravagances; content that she did not drag the dignity of the purple in the dust. But always the Emperor treated her with respect, real consideration and friendliness, and the externals were carefully preserved. But when she withdrew herself from him he sought consolation elsewhere.

Frau Katherine Schratt, an attractive actress of the Vienna *Hofburg* Theater was to the monarch what his wife refused to be and, curiously enough, it seems with the direct sanction of Elizabeth, who treated Frau Schratt with the greatest courtesy and consideration. After Elizabeth's death Francis Joseph—a prouder man than Louis XIV—never had any thought of a morganatic marriage with the lady whom the flight of years had turned from a mistress into a platonic friend. But he relied on her more and more, and she was the one person in whom he confided and whom he loved best in all the world. There is an amusing tale of the earlier days when she in her villa and Francis in his, spent delightful summer months in Ischl. One night the monarch had remained with his charmer until after twelve o'clock. He wished to leave the villa, naturally, without waking any of the servants who long since had gone to bed. Somehow, wandering through a dark corridor, instead of reaching the outside door, he awoke the cook. In her nightgown, candle in hand, she bravely surprised the man she thought a burglar. And she had just opened her mouth to scream for help when Francis whispered angrily: "You stupid thing, don't you see I'm your Emperor!" The poor cook did not know what court etiquette prescribed for the unusual situation. But she tried to do

justice to it. Falling on her knees she loyally began to sing "God save the Emperor!" (the Austrian "Star-Spangled banner") at the top of her voice! Frau Schratt did not distress poor old Francis-Joseph's last years with pious chit-chat and political intrigues, as the bigoted Madame de Maintenon did those of her elderly Louis. She was merry, happy, full of jokes and yet, when sympathy was called for, she shared the Emperor's sorrows as only a true and devoted friend could.

THE TRAGEDY OF MEYERLINK

Rudolph, Crownprince of Austria, only son of Francis and Elizabeth had grown up as a libertine who boasted of his conquests over "love-sick" girls. He would laugh and say: "The stupid thing thinks I am head over heels in love with her, and so I can make her do whatever I wish!" When he set out to wed the Belgian Princess Stephanie whom he was told to marry, he is said to have traveled in company with a lady friend". Stephanie and Rudolph soon disagreed, and given Rudolph's incredibly dissolute life this is not strange. There was in Vienna a certain Baroness Vetsera, a hanger-on to the fringes of Vienna high society. She had a handsome daughter, Maria, and this daughter met Rudolph—he himself, who believed in no woman's honor, said she was not like the rest—loved him, and would not give him up. Not far from Vienna Rudolph had a hunting castle, at Meyerlink. Evil tongues called it his *Parc aux Cerfs* and said all sorts of things happened at its champagne orgies. Maria Vetsera came there and—suddenly the Emperor was informed that the Crownprince had committed suicide (1889). It has been fairly well established since that it was not suicide, the more respectable version of his death publicly given out, which ended his life. It seems, in spite of all Vienna could offer in the way of complaisant beauty, that the imperial Don Juan had to enter into an affair with a gamekeeper's wife. The gamekeeper was only human. He caught the two in a compromising situation and—crownprince or no crownprince—shot the despoiler of his honor and killed him! Maria Vetsera, forcing her way into the room in which Rudolph's corpse lay, committed suicide over his dead body. For years the horrible, ghastly affair remained a mystery. Even now the most probable version is disputed. But an autopsy showed that Rudolph might just as well have died as he did. His brain revealed evidence that in consequence of his excesses he would have died within a year as a hopeless paranoiac. The same year the Empress Elizabeth was murdered by an Italian anarchist named Luccheni.

KING LUDWIG "THE LOVER", AND THE OUTRAGEOUS LOLA MONTEZ

The most "romantic" perhaps among Bavarian princes was the poet-king Louis or "Ludwig" (b. 1786) who in 1810 married Theresa of Hildburghausen, a plain but extremely good princess. Ludwig did not find inspiration for his poems in his wife, though of course, he should have done so. He was both very religious, recalling the monks to his capital, Munich, and very artistic, patronizing artists in every way. He also extended his patronage to less worthy objects, however, and his example made Munich one of the most immoral cities of Europe. No one has more completely proven the truth of the saying: "There is no fool like an old fool." At sixty King Louis, who already had earned his title of "the lover", saw the delicate ankles of Maria Dolores de Porres y Montez, a Spanish dancer, twinkle across the boards of his Court Theatre. Thenceforward they became the twin stars which guided the movements of his heart. Men had killed themselves for Lola Montez's sake from India to Spain. She was a blushing combination of a fish-wife and a girl of noble family, and she became the Bavarian King's "friend".

Lola's philosophy of life may be given in her own words: "Why go to Paris? There the king (Louis-Philippe) is tight-fisted and notoriously the most moral and best father the world over. The princes are as much married as their dad. You could not squeeze a thousand dollars out of any of the royal sons for your life. I meant to go to Holland. I have heard that King William II whacks his wife like any drunken laborer! Then I thought I'd try Brussels first." Lola's listener interrupted: 'King Leopold is married and lives very happily with his wife.' Lola smiled: 'They all do', she said, 'but that does not keep them from being sentimental. There was a Danish king (Frederick IV). One day he and his wife were at one of their country seats looking out of the window, when a carriage passed with a good-looking woman in it. 'Who is the lady?' said the queen. 'That's my wife', replied the king. 'Your wife? what am I then?' asked the queen. 'You? well, you are my queen.'"

The Bavarian king lived only for Lola, created her Countess of Landsfeld and wanted to present her to the queen. But Theresa, who had received so many other among Louis' favorites drew the line at Lola. The richest gifts, gold, a silver-service, a palace, were showered on the dancer. She began to think she could play the rôle of a Madame de Pompadour, for she roused her aged admirer to impassioned love phrases. In his poems he praised the "moist glow of her gazelle eyes", he spoke of "the sweet flames of rose and ruby which bloomed on her cheek", of her "neck as white as swans' down". The poetic old soul even designed a coat of arms for her. In one quarter was a crowned lion (Louis himself), in another a bare sword

(with which he would protect her), in the third a dolphin (expressing the longing of the crowned troubadour) and in the fourth—a pale pink rose, on a white field! Lola was the pale pink rose, but the white background was unfortunate, for Lola's past was only too dark. All the scrubbing and scouring in the world could not have made it white again.

Lola was not fortunate in her political strivings. Neither the Protestant nor the Catholic party would have anything to do with her—they were afraid her aid would discredit them. She led her royal lover to commit the wildest follies and upset the whole order of government. But when society refused to receive or acknowledge the "Countess", then the street-walker and fishwife broke through Lola's surface of aristocratic veneer. When the people of Munich insulted and howled and booed at her in the streets, she showed that she could outcurse and abuse them, and she had street-fights with individuals in which she used her riding-whip with routined skill. Then came pretty scenes. A mob surrounded the royal palace and demanded that "the Lover" chase away his love. Inside Louis' daughter-in-law on her knees, wrung her hands, begging the king to "send the *lady*" away. But the loving "Lion" shook his head. He could not live without her. Then the crowd went to Barer Street, to the beautiful little palace Louis had given Lola. They threatened to tear it down. King Louis hurried up with only a single aid-du-camp. The crowd did not harm him. It let him enter but at the same time handed the monarch more home-truths than he had heard for a long time. Lola, however, carried on the war from her balcony. Stepping out with a wicked Spanish knife in her hand, she threw a dog down among the crowd, stuck out her tongue, and is even said to have raised her thumb to her nose, something no nice countess ever does. But the crowd had been told that this was the last time the King would see her, so it dispersed. While it was dispersing the hussy suddenly dashed out of her house and shamelessly had herself driven to the Royal Palace. But while the poor old royal sentimentalist lay in the love-nest Lola had deserted, sobbing into a yellow silk sofa-cushion, the sentries at the palace, where Queen Theresa was doing the ordering refused to let the Spanish rose enter. She spent the night in a suburban lodging house. Yet Lola was one of those poor but honest "working" girls who had fought all her life against hard, cruel men who wished to deprive her of her rights. The next morning, romantically disguised in trousers, she daringly made her way on foot to the Royal Palace. Could she but see Louis once more! Could she but weep a few of those charming tears which flowed so readily from her experienced ducts, all would be won! But her trousers did not help her. She did not see him, for Louis had been severely sat upon in the meantime. His wife, his ministers, his parliament, had told him that Lola *must go!*

And once she was gone, after other exciting mob scenes, all Bavaria breathed a sigh of relief. Lola had not been idle during her brief day of glory. She had put away plenty of Bavarian gold in foreign banks. And in Switzerland she soon found an English lover, younger but if possible, even more foolish than Louis. She had made Louis impossible as a king, however, and he abdicated (1848) retiring to one of his palaces. There he lived amiably as a private individual, leading a better life and writing worse verses than before. As for Lola, noisy and vulgar love affairs, scandalous court proceedings, police persecutions because of bloody tragedies with which she continued to be connected, accompanied her pilgrimages through Europe, Australia and America, where she was everywhere followed by a train of admirers. She honored America with a visit, and in 1854 appeared in a San Francisco theatre as a dancer. She died, as so many of her kind before and after, poor, wretched, in the utmost misery. And, strange to say, this adventuress whose most hectic days were associated with the Old World lies in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, across the great Bridge. There she rests beneath a headstone which reads: Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, died January 17, 1861, aged 42 years".

CHAPTER XII

ROMANCES OF ENGLISH, SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ROYAL LIVES

KING JAMES I of England (1566-1625) was a dirty king, who never washed his hands, slobbered over his food when he ate, and is chiefly remembered by the fact that the most popular English translation of the Bible is named after him. It seems inconceivable that Mary Stuart could have given birth to a son as unromantic as this monarch. His son, King Charles I (1600-1649), though a weak monarch, was a faithful husband to his lovely wife Henrietta of France whom he adored, and there were no mistresses at his court.

NELL GWYNNE, THE PRETTY ORANGE-GIRL

The son of Charles I, the "Martyr king", did not take after his father. King Charles II (1630-1685) a six-footer, "well-made, with a swarthy complexion, fine black eyes, a large, ugly mouth, a graceful, dignified carriage and a fine figure", was indolent, sensual and dissipated by nature. He perfected the development of these qualities in Paris. When he "came into his own" (1660), as King of England, he accepted the gift of a "very rich Bible" when he landed at Dover (the Cromwell family having removed itself), but at once he laid his Bible aside for future reference. He preferred to turn the pages of Nature's book—the changing pages of lovely womanhood. To this end Charles devoted the personal advantages with which he had been gifted. Catherine of Braganza whom he had married (1662) was not very attractive and Charles, following the example of his kingly model Louis XIV, took on a bevy of mistresses, chief among them Lady Castlemaine. The year 1670 was a joyful one for Charles. King Louis sent him an embassador. The French King knew the kind of an embassador to send his brother cousin of England—she was an embassadress. One of the loveliest of young feminine sprigs of the Breton nobility, Louise de Kérouaille now was added to Charles' seraglio, and in view of her charms he created her Duchess of Portsmouth. Lady Castlemaine wept and had to be made Duchess of Cleveland. Lord Halifax wrote of Charles: "His inclinations to love were the effects of health and a good condition, with as little mixture of the *seraphic* as ever man had . . . I am apt to think his love stayed as much as any man's ever did in the *lower* region!" Charles'

life, in fact, was one of uncontrolled debauchery. Among the many beautiful women of *noble* birth who shamelessly fought and squabbled for his gold and favor, and gladly sacrificed their virtue to get them, the little orange-girl Nell Gwynne makes a good showing.

Nell Gwynne (1650-1687) was born in an alley off Drury Lane, the child of a broken-down soldier father. When Nell was twenty-nine she had no mother to guide her for her parent, while drunk, fell into a pond and was drowned. But Nell already had been guiding herself for some time when this happened. She had begun peddling oranges—yes, she was one of those pretty, shameless, witty little orange-girls who sold their golden fruit and more in and about Drury Lane Theatre to noble lords and ignoble commoners who could afford to pay. But Nell soon dropped her orange-basket and appeared before the footlights. Occasionally she made a little excursion into other fields, as in the summer of 1667, when for a time she played the part of mistress to Lord Buckhurst, sixth Earl of Dorset. Nell was pretty, short of figure, merry, witty and good-tempered. Also she was a Protestant. Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth, was haughty, disagreeable, French and a Catholic. Nell was that one among the King's mistresses who was popular with the people. King Charles liked the stage and the actresses who appeared on it, and soon became to like Nell better than the rest. Her downward path led from the green-room to the palace. Poor Nell could not write, but this "true child of the London streets" as she had been called, out of the wide experience of her orange-hawking and stage-acting days had thoroughly learned the art of loving if not of writing. And King Charles was not interested in penmanship. Nell is a truly romantic figure because she honestly loved Charles for his *own* sake. She was not always plaguing him for money. She did not dabble in politics and—she was faithful to him while he lived and to his memory after he died! Charles on his death-bed remembered to say to his brother, "Let not poor Nellie starve!" and James provided liberally for her. Of course, Nellie died too, soon after her royal lover for "the wages of sin is death". But her funeral sermon was preached by Thomas Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury who said "much to her praise", and her son was the first Duke of St. Albans.

LESS ROMANTIC MONARCHS

King James the II (1633-1701) who succeeded his brother Charles was compelled to marry his mistress Anne Hyde, and when she died took the Catholic Princess Mary of Modena to wife. He was unfaithful to both his wives and even his brother "Old Rowley", as King Charles was called by most of his subjects, was his superior in the matter of his questionable amours, for though both were unblushing, Charles at least was more fastidious than brother James.

His son, the "Old Pretender", or "King James III" as the Jacobites called him, did his British kinging in Rome, with a guard of honor composed of papal troops and lived on a pension from the papal treasury. He spent most of his married life quarreling unromantically with his wife, a Princess Sobieska. The Court of King William III, who took James II's place, was one of decency and decorum. Both king and queen were persons of the highest character and William who had married his wife for purely political reasons is said to have become devotedly attached to her. Queen Anne, Mary's sister, who followed her, was given to dram-drinking, but her morals were quite irreproachable.

"BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE"

Charles Edward Stuart (the "Young Pretender", "The Young Chevalier" or "Bonnie Prince Charlie", 1720-1788) would be a far more romantic figure had he not been drunk so often and so consistently. But he was a handsome and accomplished youth in certain directions and the beautiful tale of the noble devotion of Flora Macdonald, who helped him escape from his enemies while they were hunting for him after Culloden (1746) is historically true. Edward was courageous, he could be spirited and dignified on occasion, but wine and women were his ruin. Thackerey has summed him up in one of his apt paragraphs: "The heir of one of the greatest names, of the greatest kingdoms and of the greatest misfortunes in Europe, was often content to lay the dignity of his grief and birth at the wooden shoes of a French chambermaid and to repent afterwards (for he was very devout) in ashes taken from the dust-pan. 'Tis for mortals such as these that nations suffer, that parties struggle and that warriors fight and bleed.' In a year when gallant heads were falling . . . the heedless ingrate for whom they had risen and lost all was tippling with his seraglio of mistresses in his *petite maison* ("little house") of Chaillot, near Paris." In 1746 Charles had met Clementina Walkinshaw while conducting the siege of Sterling and had formed an illicit connection with her. Still drunken and debauched in his habits and becoming even more so, he married the unfortune Princess Louise of Stolberg in 1772, but in 1780 the poor woman fled to a Florentine Convent to escape her husband's cognaed brutality. They were separated and Charles, sending for the daughter he had had by Miss Walkinshaw, legitimatized her, creating her Duchess of Albany, and at least had the priceless gift of a daughter's love to soothe and make easier the last years of a wretched, unhappy life. Whether he would have put aside the bottle and withdrawn from the society of the worst of their sex had he won his crown is one of history's unanswered questions. One fears not—he had been brought up in the Paris of the Regent of Orleans!

THREE GEORGES

George I (1660-1727) who succeeded poor dull, gluttonous, dram-drinking but highly moral Queen Anne, the last real Stuart who actually reigned over England, is famous for the cruel life-long imprisonment to which he condemned his poor wife Sophia Dorothea for listening to the love-whispers of a titled admirer, Count Königsmark.

Count Königsmark, who had cooed to Sophia Dorothea in George's conjugal love-nest in Hanover, was promptly assassinated. Sophia Dorothea was put in close confinement and there ate out her heart in solitude through the long years. Yet George, in the Versailles fashion, had plenty of mistresses. He was a protectionist in this respect, his principality of Hanover being a protected country, and the stout and homely ladies whom he honored with his affection, the best-known being the Duchess of Kendal, were loaded with English gold and estates. King George II (1683-1760) was quite as loose a lover as his father, a true chip of the old block, but while he let the tenderness of the lighter sisterhood while away the hours not devoted to business of state, he followed the advice of his good Queen Caroline in political matters. King George III (1738-1820) was personally a kind, loving husband to his Queen Charlotte Sophia and —though he tried to play the tyrant at the expense of Americans— a model of family virtue. He had recurring attacks of insanity and spent the last nine years of his life in mental and physical blindness. King George IV (1762-1830) was a coarser and less intelligent Regent of Orleans. He was *known,* during the years he acted as "Prince Regent" in his mad father's stead, as the "first gentleman in Europe", but this does not mean that he *was.* As a boy his old tutor, Bishop Richard Hurd, said that he would turn out to be "either the most polished gentleman or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe". He turned out to be the latter. The young Prince of Wales when he began his wild oat-sowing selected an actress, Mary or "Perdita" Robinson, for his bosom friend. But Mary went the way of others of her like, and then George settled down to a real love affair.

THE LOVELY MRS. FITZHERBERT

Maria Fitzherbert (1756-1837) educated in a French convent, and twice widowed does not seem a likely heroine to win a princely libertine's love yet she did. She was a woman of fine, noble character, who refused to be George's mistress—though her heart melted at his wild impetuous wooing—but since George was technically at any rate, a Protestant and she was a Roman Catholic, the State laws regulating his marriage for him were not considered binding by her. Yet any formal religious marriage, she felt, would do. George implored

wept, clung to her knee and—they were secretly married by a clergyman of the Church of England in December, 1785. In time rumors began to spread, and the first blackguard in Europe denied the tale that he was married as a malicious falsehood, though he was living with and on Mrs. Fitzherbert in Brighton, having run through immense sums in his extravagance. The loving woman forgave him his denial of her but she was too honest, too generous and fine to hold the royal tumblebug's faith. Lady Jersey, a new light-of-love, appeared on the scene and George brutally broke off his union with Mrs. Fitzherbert in 1794. Mrs. Fitzherbert had obtained a formal decision from the pope making her George's wife, but his relations with Lady Hertford brought about a final separation. For the best years of his life, however, this devoted woman, whose influence always was exercised for the good, had been the nearest approach to a real wife the dissolute prince had known. His marriage to Princess Caroline of Brunswick was a union characterized by light frivolity on one side and coarse brutality on the other. He treated her with the greatest cruelty and contempt and practically drove her away from him not even allowing her to see her little daughter. As soon as he became King George he dragged her name before Parliament on a charge of adultery, which made him the most unpopular monarch in Europe. "Public opinion, without troubling itself to ask whether the queen were guilty or not, was roused to indignation by the spectacle of such a charge being brought by such a husband. He had thrust away his wife to fight life's battles alone, surrounded her with spies to detect, perhaps invent her acts of infidelity, and was himself notorious for his adulterous life." The poor queen died in 1821, and the thereafter worn-out debauchee and alcoholic, after various other *liasions* settled down with Lady Conyngham, the "Lady Steward" of his household, until his death. The pecadillos of King Edward VII, an amiable, easy-going "man about town" as Prince of Wales, and the virtues of Queen Victoria, who had supplied the "flappers" of to-day with the useful adjective "Mid-Victorian" to designate the dark ages when young girls were controlled by their parents and high-school hip-flask parties, "petting" rides without chaperons and other blessings of the present were not known, need not be dwelt upon.

KING PHILIP OF SPAIN

The personal lives of many Spanish kings and queens is a dreary record of immorality and imbecility complicated by etiquette. The Emperor Charles V, who literally "dug his grave with his teeth" such a glutton was he, was succeeded by his son the gloomy fanatic King Philip II (b. 1527). When his wife Elizabeth of Valois died, he thriftly married Queen Mary of England to get her kingdom. and

after her death Isabella of France, daughter of the Valois King Henry II. But Philip's diseased and half-demented son, Don Carlos, had never forgiven his father for carrying off his bride—Isabella had been intended for *him!* In the great gloomy "Palace of the King" in Madrid, familiar to devotees of "the silent drama", immorality wrapped itself around with the smugness of religious hypocrisy. Wives were just political assets in Philip's life. Extremely licentious, he lived for years in relations with Doña Maria de Osorio, that sinister beauty the Princess of Eboli, and others. There were plots and counterplots at Court. Don Carlos was accused of plotting to take his father's life and his kindly parent is supposed to have murdered his son with a slow, stealthy poison. At the same time the manner of life Carlos led while imprisoned in the palace may have helped bring about his end. "He indulged in the wildest excesses, alternately starving and gorging himself, and on the Vigil of St. James (1568) after confessing and adoring the crucifix grasped in his poor, trembling, diseased hands, he fell back and expired without a groan." When Isabella died, the tender-hearted widower married for the fourth time—his niece Anne, an Austrian princess. It should be said that no trace of criminal passion sullies the noble and pathetic relationship existing between Don Carlos and the step-mother he had hoped to make his bride. Only in his father's vile mind were there doubts regarding their relationship. Isabella died as she had lived, a woman of spotless virtue, whose greatest sin was having married her husband. After Don Carlos had been cleared out of the way, Philip had another happy moment. Another victim of his poison, so the story goes, was brought back to Spain from the Netherlands. It was Don Juan of Austria, the son of Charles V by the beautiful German burgher's daughter Barbara Blomberg. Philip smiled happily when he saw the disemboweled corpse of the half-brother he always had hated because of his genius, joyfulness and chivalry, placed before him, blazing with jewels and brocades, steeped in balsams, and with the splendid insignia of the Golden Fleece shining on his breast. But his own turn was to come. At seventy-one Philip was stricken by the loathsome disease with which he was to expiate the enormities of his life. He agonized from June to September, devoured alive by innumerable vermin which had developed in his gouty and corrupted joints, "in tortures whose exquisite malignity surpassed every deviltry ever invented by the Inquisition".

FROM PHILIP III TO FERDINAND VI

The absence of anything like romance in the character of Philip III (1578-1621) who was so virtuous that it was said he *never* had sinned, is shown by one remark. He was looking at pictures of the

daughters of the Austrian Archduke Charles, to pick one of them for a wife. Said Philip, piously dropping his eyes: "The princess whom father prefers to select for me will be the most beautiful in my eyes!" After that (though the story probably is a humorous exaggeration) it is not hard to believe the tale of how he came to die. He was overcome by the heat of a *brasero,* a pan of hot charcoal, near him, because the proper official was not there to take it away! Of course the King of Spain could not lay hand on it himself. King Philip IV (1605-1665) was coarsely immoral, and his eldest son Balthasar Carlos unquestionably "died from debauchery encouraged by the *gentlemen* entrusted with his education". Such were royal courts in those days! The most romantic event of his reign was the insult to the honor of a fisherman's wife in Naples by his viceroy, which nearly lost him that Italian kingdom. King Charles II (1661-1700) a child of old age and disease, grew up too indolent to keep himself clean. When his younger brother, Don Juan, a natural son of Philip IV, obtained power at Court and sent away little Charles' mother, he said that at least the young king's *hair* must be combed. And Charles sneeringly remarked that nothing was safe from Don Juan—not even vermin! Spanish doctors and Spanish etiquette killed Charles' first wife, a lively French princess, but Maria Anna of Neuburg stood the strain better and survived him. Charles was half-imbecile and the most curious tales are told of the mad caprices in which he indulged. King Philip V, the first Bourbon king of Spain, was inclined to melancholia, but was a virtuous prince who allowed two wives to misgovern his land for him. King Charles III (1716-1778) was a decent, intelligent and sensible monarch and his reign will ever be associated with his decree which stopped the inhabitants of Madrid from emptying their slops out of the windows on the passersby. It was not a romantic measure, but it made Madrid safe for romance, and lovers who twanged guitars in the moonlight under their sweethearts' windows blessed the good king's name.

PATHETIC FERDINAND AND OTHERS

King Ferdinand VI (1713-1759) married a homely Portuguese princess named Barbara and the fact that he seemed shocked by her plainness was noticed by the courtiers at the wedding. But—hers was the romance of a homely woman, for the shy and melancholy monarch came to love her deeply and only her. Poor Ferdinand's is one of the few touching tales of faithful royal love. When his wife Barbara died it literally broke the king's heart. He would not dress or shave and unwashed, wringing his hands in grief, he spent his time in wandering about his magnificent royal park in his nightgown. He died in terrible despair. King Charles IV (1748-1819) was a booby with a passion for hunting. He was really fond of his wife's

lover Godoy, the chief among the many lovers who were called by his queen and the many lovers who were chosen by her. Charles was quite blind to his Queen Maria Luisa's carryings-on with her favorites. After handing over his people to Napoleon like a herd of cattle this crowned nincompoop accepted a pension from the French emperor, and spent the rest of his life in a sweet triangular family group made up of himself, the ex-queen's friend Godoy, and his lady wife. He died in Rome (1819) never suspecting for a moment that ever in his life had he done anything unbecoming a king or a gentleman. King Ferdinand VII (1784-1833) had the wits of a low, evil-minded boy and as such he reigned. He may have wandered about in a night-gown, but it was not in an access of noble despair and faithful affection. His was a reign of rosaries, blood and voluptuousness. He was succeeded by Queen Maria Isabella, who did not shed as much blood, comparatively speaking, as Ferdinand, but clung to the rosaries and still more to handsome young guardsmen until she was deposed. After a temporary republican government her son King Alfonso XII became king in 1875. Alfonso XIII, his son, who married the Princess Beatrice of England in 1906, is the present occupant of the Spanish throne, and one of the most respectable of modern constitutional monarchs.

ALPHONSO VI, THE MONSTER OF PORTUGAL

The worst Spanish kings are put to the blush by that horrible monster Alphonso of Portugal, proclaimed king in 1656. His boyhood was spent with the gutter-rabble of Lisbon, the swarm of unclean poor white, negro and mulatto children of the great city. From them he acquired his royal vocabulary and dragged them and their filthy language from the riding-school to the royal palace. King at sixteen, Alphonso brought back with his boon companions more than language which made his mother's maids-of-honor stop their ears and blush. He returned, so the historians tells us, with "flaunting females who were introduced beneath his *own mother's roof,* where orgies rendered hideous the night and were the peculiar boast of the fine little King the following morning". When exhausted by excesses he visited Obidos, "for the baths"; but seems to have employed them only to carry on long debauches through successive days and nights. Everywhere Alphonso abandoned himself to such unclean, insolent and cruel practices "that the people fled, hiding themselves from him". At last his mother played a clever trick on him. She had most of his street scum companions seized and shipped off to Brazil. In revenge Alphonso imprisoned her up in a convent. Alphonso varied his more romantic love affairs, now that he was nineteen, by such serious business as roaming the streets with ruffians at night assaulting innocent passers-by, firing pistols into the coaches of his nobility and rout-

ing religious processions at the sword's point. Together with his favorite, the Count of Castel Melhor, he led a life in the latter's palace of Altamira which might have made the most immodest blush. Then his advisers conceived the touching hope that the love of some good, pure woman might redeem this bit of human offal. A Princess of Montpensier was asked to wear the Portuguese crown but declined. Meanwhile Alphonso was induced to do a noble action. His dying mother sent for him. But he was dallying with what passed for a lady in his eyes and pettishly shook his head. But many entreaties, including the "lady's", at length led him to be generous and go. Yet he dawdled so along the way that when he reached his mother she could not speak. Greatly relieved, her son hastily kissed the dying woman's hand—he had expected to be bored with a lot of good advice—and hurried back to his charmer. Ah, Alphonso was a noble youth! One feels that the parents of Mademoiselle d'Aumale, daughter of the Duke of Nemours, who came to him as a royal bride in 1666 should have been shot on general principles; but probably their eyes were dazzled by the glory of the crown their child was to wear. Alphonso's honeymoon courtesies included making violent love to the new Queen's maids-of-honor in the queen's own room, compelling her to look on. At last, driven to it in self-defense, for none could tell what the murderous young monster might do next, the Queen and his brother Pedro conspired to dethrone him. The Queen ran away from the palace and took refuge in a convent. Alphonso followed her and already had broken down several doors with hatchets when his brother managed to get him away. The next morning Pedro had him arrested. After that Pedro married Alphonso's wife—for she had been a wife to Alphonso in name only—and had his brother put away, though kindly treated, where he could do no harm. The Turks when for a time they were afflicted with a monarch of a similar character, a vicious idiot, the Sultan Ibrahim (dethroned 1640) made shorter work of him. Ibrahim was madly cruel, blasphemous and licentious. When the solemn calls to prayers were uttered from the minarets of Constantinople he laughed and ordered the Janissaries' drums and their fifes to drown the *mollah's* voice. The *imams* and *ulemas* might have put up with Ibrahim's having all the rich shops of Constantinople kept open all night so that the hundreds of ladies of his harem could plunder them, but they would not tolerate his irreligion. They appeared at the head of a number of insurgents and after explaining why they did so strangled him.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BONAPARTES AS LOVERS

ANY consideration of the personal romances of the Bonapartes should begin with the great Napoleon himself. Napoleon was only a young general who had won no battles in the fields of love, when he met that charming Aspasia of the Paris Directory *salons*—Josephine Beauharnais. He fell head over heels in love with the beautiful Creole widow, married her and after a two-days' honeymoon was off to the army in Italy. From Italy he wrote her these sincere, passionate love-letters which may be read to this day. The unhappy military grass-widower wrote daily to Josephine to come to him. But Josephine only sent back an occasional curt excuse: in reality she was enjoying herself too well in Paris to be interested in army life. Napoleon once wrote "A thousand kisses for your eyes, your lips!" Is it strange that when Josephine refused those eyes and lips, that he occasionally bestowed his kisses elsewhere? Josephine did finally come to Italy, but though he loved her still, the first great passion-flame in Napoleon's heart for her had died down for want of nourishment. Nor did Josephine accompany her husband to Egypt. Again the deserted husband, devoured with longing, was not happy; for all he ruled Egypt from a magnificent Cairoeen palace. But again a gentle hand was found to smooth the wrinkles of care from the hero's brow. This time it belonged to lovely sixteen-year old Zenab, "who had the beauty peculiar to certain Egyptian girls", the daughter of an aged sheik. "A few compliments, the gift of numerous boxes of sweets, bracelets, ear-rings and chiffons were enough to win this childlike heart, quite ready to yield itself to the victor who had smiled on her." Alas, the unsophisticated little Cairoeen soon had to give way to Pauline Fourès, once a modiste of Carcassonne. With false friendship she turned "the General's Egyptian girl", as Zenab was called, into a silly little Paris fashionplate and made her ridiculous. Napoleon turned away from her. When the French left Egypt Zenab paid dearly for her folly for the poor little thing had her head cut off by her shocked and indignant compatriots. But Pauline, "Our Lady of the Orient", as the irreverent French soldiers called her, also was forgotten when Bonaparte returned to France. During his absence in Egypt Josephine's relations with an officer, M. Charles had been most compromising, and Napoleon came near divorcing her.

He forgave her instead, however, and all in all their relations from 1799 to 1804 were happy. No father could have been kinder to the children of Josephine's first marriage, Eugènie and Hortense than was Napoleon.

Napoleon, however, had his mistresses like so many other monarchs who had occupied the throne of France. But he was ashamed of them. He tried to keep his love-affairs hushed up, he tried to keep them from his wife; for as Josephine grew older she became more jealous. Among Napoleon's romantic flames were: Mme. Branchu, of the *Opéra*, "very homely, but a delightful singer"; Mlle, Georges, a ravishingly beautiful young actress of the *Comédie Française*, Mme. de Vanday, Madame Gazani, a lovely Genoese and—most famous of all—that beautiful Pole, the romantic Countess Walewska. She represents the second true love-idyll (if we allow that Josephine was the first) in Napoleon's life.

It was in Warsaw, during the campaigns of 1806-7, that for the first time the greatest man of his age knew the delights of a love fully returned. He first saw Marie Walewska at a ball given by the Polish nobility and cried: "She is as charming as an angel! One can see her soul is as beautiful as her shape!" Only twenty-two, Marie was blonde, with great blue eyes and a skin of dazzling whiteness. Recently married to a crabbed old nobleman, Napoleon's heart at once went out to her. She seemed to him a poor sacrificed victim. He determined to rescue her, but the high court dignitary whom he sent to her house with a declaration of love was repulsed. Finally, after Napoleon, unshed tears of tenderness in his eyes, had written her some most touching letters describing his plight, she consented to go and see the Emperor one evening. "Like a college boy keeping his first love-tryst", writes the historian, Napoleon awaited her. Countess Walewska came at ten and stayed until two in the morning, for at a first interview fond lovers have much to tell each other. After that she visited the Emperor often, coming earlier and leaving later. Poland was not Italy or Egypt. Napoleon now spent his time writing his wife Josephine *not* to come to him· "The season is adverse (which was true), the roads in a terrible condition." When Josephine did come, he tried his best to hurry her away again. Alas, the only too human conquerer! His Polish love-idyll came to an end when he had to rejoin the army for the Eylau campaign, but he never ceased to love Marie. Had she not given him a son? The lovely Pole, however, remained delicately in the background of his life. Only at those painful moments when tender words of consolation were needed by a lover overwhelmed by the harsh blows of fate, did she reappear.

Josephine, poor wretch, was divorced by Napoleon with great reluctance and for only one reason—because she could not give him

an heir to his empire. He did not wish to make her unhappy when he left her in 1809 for Marie Louise, the Austrian Emperor's daughter. In the palace of Malmaison, beautified with curios, plants and flowers which Napoleon gave her, Josephine closed her life in dignified retirement. Napoleon still was her devoted friend and often visited her to consult her on matters in which he valued her judgment. She died in 1814. Marie-Louise (1791-1847) Napoleon's second wife, was a shallow, cheap creature. But she was young and she was pretty, and Napoleon went into raptures over her like a husband of eighteen. While he was living with Marie Louise in the Tuileries he continued to write tender and affectionate, though purely friendly letters to Josephine, for he still loved her and the habits of a lifetime are hard to break. At the same time he had rather painfully learned to waltz to please Marie-Louise. His happiness was at its height when the latter bore him a son, the little King of Rome. Poor child, he died young. Brought up as the "Duke of Reichstadt" in his grandfather's palace of Schönbrunn—though Napoleon once said he would rather see his son strangled than brought up as an *Austrian* prince!—precocious, passionate, eager for military glory, overindulgence in physical exercise aggravated a weakness of the lungs, and he died in 1832 only twenty-seven years old. On the island of Elba Napoleon expected to see his wife and son. But Marie-Louise was already happy at the thought of being able to rejoin the one-eyed Austrian general, Count Neipperg, whom she loved. She never answered Napoleon's imploring letters, she never gave him a thought. Instead she begged and got an Italian principality, and even before Napoleon died had borne his successor a son. But the gentle Polish girl, Marie Walewska, in the days of gloom and despair, came to Elba, and at Marciana spent three days with her fallen eagle. Which is the more respectable of these women, the Polish mistress who obeyed the dictates of a true love and a tender heart or the Austrian wife, already shamelessly living in concubinage with the one-eyed lover?

Napoleon as a figure of romance as regards his personal life, remains the most interesting member of his family. Joseph did not deviate greatly from the paths of virtue. In succession king of Naples and of Spain, he came to the United States in 1815 after his brother's capture, and settled in Bordentown, New Jersey, for a time. There, as the "Count de Survilliers" he lived for a while trying to plan the escape of his brother from St. Helena, and entertained magnificently in the splendid mansion he built. Lucien, Prince of Casino, gave up a kingdom for love's sweet sake. His wife had died in 1800 and brother Napoleon insisted that he marry a widowed Queen of Etruria. But Lucien, who had fallen desperately in love with his mistress, Mlle. Jouberthou, not unnaturally

preferred her to a crowned relict who was not especially attractive. But though Napoleon ordered him out of France at the time, he returned and stood beside him during the "Hundred Days". Napoleon's sister, Marianne Elisa, who married a Corsican, Prince Bacchiochi, was for a time Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, She and her great brother often quarreled. Napoleon's brother Louis, once King of Holland, had a morbidly sensitive nature and a wife who was altogether too free and easy in her relations with other men. She was the celebrated Queen Hortense. And like Hortense was Napoleon's sister Marie Pauline, the gayest, most charming and most beautiful member of the Bonaparte family. Pauline's first husband, a French general named Leclerc whom she had married at seventeen, died in San Domingo of yellow fever. Her next was the Italian, Prince Camillo Borghese. But after living with him in Rome for a time, Pauline grew weary of her Prince. She went to Paris and there distracted her boredom in somewhat scandalous ways which often made her brother speak severely to her. Not that this made any difference. Pauline was the model of a famous nude statue of "Venus" reclining on a couch, by sculptor Canova. In the interests of art Pauline sat or rather lay for this statue, which offers a striking testimony to her personal charms. Napoleon's sister Caroline was chiefly interested, as a good wife should be, in advancing the fortunes of her husband, Jaochim Murat, King of Naples; but Jerome Bonaparte (1784-1860) was a voluptuary whose excesses might have done credit to a Bourbon king.

JEROME

Jerome gave his brother more trouble than all the rest of the family put together. His first serious escapade was his marriage in Baltimore to a young American girl (See following chapter) and after putting her out of France, Napoleon promptly married Jerome off all over again to the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. Then, to give the illustrious couple a proper love-nest, he carved liberal slices out of various German states and called the whole thing the kingdom of Westphalia. Jerome was luxurious and prodigal and did not let the presence of his queen at Cassel, his royal capital, deter him from indulging in numerous amours and running deeply into debt. His little court had as many high dignitaries as his brother's big one, and when the King of Westphalia traveled through his kingdom "he always was accompanied by the whole company of the royal theatre, the royal orchestra and the singers of the royal choir. But the sumptuous pleasures and dissolute morals of Westphalian court soon gave it a bad name. "Those mothers of Cassel who had pretty daughters feared to let them attend the Court balls." Etiquette demanded that men wear a court costume: "a blue silver-

embroidered coat and blue pantaloons", but "it was rarely that women and their *husbands* were invited together." On the other hand the complaisant wives of officers and officials were quite publicly rewarded with royal gifts, such as diamond collars. Slander said Jerome was so enfeebled by his vicious life that a calf was killed daily to provide his "broth baths". It was also said that Jerome bathed in red wine and that this red wine was afterward bottled and sold. This fairytale (for such it probably was) found so much credence, that the Westphalians stopped buying red wine. Napoleon would fly into a rage when he learned of the cost of Jerome's orgies and turn a deaf ear to his complaints about poverty. The King's subjects scornfully called him "King Merry", but he plagued them so with taxes to pay the costs of his splendid champagne suppers and the gold he needed for his mistresses that the merriment was all on his side. Jerome ruled his kingdom only until 1813, however, for it then fell apart with the general rising of Germany against the Napoleonic tyranny.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III

Just as the French royalists call the little boy who died in the Temple "King Louis XVII" though he never reigned, so the Bonapartists call the youth who died in Vienna, Napoleon's son, "Napoleon II". This is why when, after many dubious and shabby adventures the son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense upset the French Republic of which he was "Prince-President" and made himself Emperor, he took the name of Napoleon III (1808-1873). He was a romantic dreamer, a fatalist who believed in his star, and a well-meaning, kindly-hearted man with a great leaning toward the fair sex. When he found himself actually Emperor of France he dreamt of being an imperial Louis XIV. He saw himself treading the grassy sward of the Versailles Gardens with some lovely blue-blooded Louise de la Vallière or Athenais de Montespan of the nineteenth century hanging on his arm and, perhaps, disappearing with him in the leafy boskage of some discreetly secluded natural arbor. There was gold enough now—though Louis Napoleon had known hard times in London, when he did not have enough money to get his shoes soled—and he gladly would have built some tender feminine bird a dainty love-nest and filled it with costly furniture.

It was not his intention to make an empress out of the Spanish girl, Mlle. Eugénie Montijo, the daughter of the Marquise de Montijo y Teba, who had been a frequent guest at the gay *soiréés* that Napoleon had given at the Elysées Palace when he was Prince-President. But two things conspired to make the Spanish girl his empress, instead of some stodgy English, Austrian or German princess. The first thing was that Eugénie de Montijo did not for a moment con-

template selling her wedding-ring birthright for any such mess of pottage as a mistress's love-nest. The second thing was that the Emperor Napoleon himself fell so deeply in love with her that, after she had spent a few weeks as his guest in the great hunting chateau of Compiègne (1852), the imperial crown seemed the very least thing he could offer her. When the wife of some official snubbed her at a great ball Napoleon smiled and said: "I will avenge you", and shortly after he announced their engagement.

One of the tributes the Empress Eugénie received on the occasion of her pompous wedding in Notre-Dame in Paris, where the crown the First Napoleon had put on the head of Marie Louise gleamed on her own golden hair, was from the American author Washington Irving. He wrote: "Louis Napoleon and Eugénie de Montijo—Emperor and Empress of France! He whom I received as an exile in my cottage on the Hudson, she whom at Granada I have dandled on my knee. The last I saw of Eugénie de Montijo she and her gay circle had swept away a charming young girl, beautiful and accomplished, my dear young friend, into a career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is on a throne and the other a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders!"

In the brilliant years of imperial prosperity at the great state balls at Versailles, Eugénie was a striking figure: "The Empress looked like a fairy queen or nymph, in a white dress trimmed with bunches of grass and diamonds, a beautiful *tour de corsage* of diamonds round the top of her dress, the same around her waist and head-dress, and her Spanish and Portuguese orders. The Emperor said when she appeared: 'You are beautiful!'"* In 1869 she was first splendidly fêted in Constantinople by the Sultan Abdul Aziz, at a great reception "where she appeared lovely and all glorious in amber satin and diamonds", before she went to Port Said as the Khedive of Egypt's guest, to preside at the opening of the Suez Canal. The Emperor Francis Joseph was there in his yacht, but the Empress Eugénie was the bright particular star of the occasion. The French war-ship which carried her was the first to pass through the Canal, and when it reached Ismailia, where the Khedive had put up a new palace to house his 6,000 guests there were Arab horsemanship displays and other entertainments the following day, and a great ball at the palace in the evening. Ten months later, the Empress was a fugitive, on board an English yacht speeding away into exile! There is much to be said against the morals of the empire and of the Emperor Napoleon, but nothing can be said against those of his wife. She was passionately fond of having her own way, of splendor and ceremony, and of having a finger in her husband's political pies. And of that hollow, glittering and pretentious "Second Empire", a sort

* Queen Victoria's "Journal".

of fairytale on a throne, she was the brilliant feminine head. She was the arbiter of fashion. She was the queen of the splendid imperial receptions at the Elysées Palace. She was the radiant star which shone over all the pompous, gilded, colorful official state entertainments. War in Africa, war in Italy, the Crimean War, the Mexican War had shed a glory on the French army. The empire seemed prosperous, and the Imperial Court was brilliant, rather than select. Napoleon III himself, even after he was married had "a slightly blurred sense of the sancity of his marriage vows". He indulged in little escapades with the fair, but he was discreet and made no Bourbon display of his pecadillos. The Beau Brummel of the empire was the famous Duke de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, a Don Juan doubled by a stock-jobber. He was wit, epicure, man of fashion and aristocrat and has been called "one of the worst and one of the most fascinating men of his century". His love adventuesa did not add to the moral tone of court of which he was so prominent a member. The Empress Eugénie herself was pious and haughty, and her moral character was high. But the glamour was already fading, the splendor of the fairytale growing dim when the Franco-Prussian War came in 1870. We have a glimpse of the imperial pair at an evening *soirée* in St. Cloud a few days before Napoleon II left for the army—and a German prison! The authors'* hero catches sight of the Emperor as with back bowed and an air of fatigue he is passing through another room to retire to his private apartments. The Emperor looks worn and wearied but the young officer's vision of the glorious past fills him with confidence in the future.

"His recollections came crowding: the victorious Empire saluted by trumpets and cheers . . . the radiant and magnificent returns of the army of Italy, in August, 1859; the streets where flowers rained down on the marching men; the horses wound with garlands, the soldiers' bayonets topped with bouquets; and behind the trumpeters, riding before the wounded, the Emperor Napoleon, alone, in advance of the army! He saw him once more in the Vendôme Square, motionless on his chestnut horse, his hand on his sword, the great red cordon of the Legion of Honor across his chest. He heard the terrific cheers from the stands, the cries, the mad enthusiasm of the crowd! . . . Then, in June, 1867—always these great fêtes were summer fêtes, in the open air under the golden sun and blue sky—the great review at Longchamps. The whole Imperial Guard was there, regiments which had come from the four corners of France, a hundred thousand soldiers massed in the Boulogne plain, with the immense ant-heap of spectators crowding the Suresnes ampitheatre. In the great silence which followed the salute of the cannon from the Fortress of Mount Valerien, he saw the Emperor, mounted on a

* Paul and Victor Margueritte, *Le Désastre.*

pure-blooded black charger sparkling with gold, advance between the Tzar and the King of Prussia. The cannon fired a hundred rounds, an immense clamor rose to the blue sky! . . ."

Again, the Empress Eugénie is about to pass through the *salons* at the end of the reception:

"He always had felt himself especially drawn toward the Emperor. The Empress had fascinated him, but she remained the sovereign, a being more than earthly, the woman lost in the splendor of her rank. But the Emperor seemed to be more a human being. The great name of Napoleon had already exercised in irresistible influence on our hero's childhood and behind the Caesar of this day he saw the laureled profile of the OTHER. Dominating a tremendous clash of battles the epic Shadow rose! It was a swarm of kingdoms, of fields filled with cries and smoke, Jena, Austerlitz, Marengo, the incense of *Te Deums,* the imperial purple and golden bees! . . . Then came the white retreat from Russia the island of Elba, the return of the Eagle, winging from belfry to belfry to rest on the tower of Notre-Dame and, at the end, the most tragic breakdown in the world. . . . Waterloo, Saint Helena, words endlessly prolonged vibrated for a moment in his soul! And in spite of the heat and the radiant atmosphere, in the midst of women in evening dress and officers in gold-broidered uniforms, in that night of flowers and stars, he was seized by a singular sadness.

"A discreet babble of voices roused him from his reflections. The Empress was passing through the apartments. He saw her escorted by the Prince Imperial and followed by her suite, amid a triple row of plunging bows. The Empress was tall, she was in the full splendor of her maturity. The charm of this blonde beauty had something despotic. Her eyes glacially splendid, shone with pride and strength of will. Her feverish thoughts lent her complexion, warmer than usual, a something ardent and sustained. She bowed to left and to right with much grace. In the midst of a great silence she disappeared, lettting fall from time to time a word, a sign, an inclination of the head."

Eugenie's fate was a pathetic one. Her husband, who had suffered agonies of torture at the army and after he had surrendered at Sedan, from gravel and dysentery, died after an operation in England (1873). Her son, a noble, manly boy, was killed by a Zulu *assagi* while serving as a volunteer in the British army in Africa (1879). Eugénie survived her glory, her family, her generation, her epoch. She outlived her times and all those who lived in them. A lonely old woman, bowed with grief, she divided her days between Farnborough (England) and at Rivera villa at Cap Martin, while a world which had forgotten her sped by intent on its own affairs. She died over a year ago, (1922) a tragic survival of an epoch that had passed.

CHAPTER XIV

AMERICA AND ROYAL ROMANCE

AMERICA, north, south, east and west, has had its full share of royal romance and in the North, South and Central America blue-blooded redskins by the infusion of white blood have joined to form the national colors of the flag of the United States. That the blood of Aztec and Peruvian princesses of the Spanish Conquest ran in the veins of their female ancestors is the proud boast of some of the noblest families of Spain. In the United States the romance of John Rolf and the lovely Princess Pocahontas, known to every American schoolchild, is only one of many which since have taken place. And everywhere in the United States and rightly, the partial descendants of the daughters of Indian kings, chiefs and sachems are proud of their ancestry. We will not dwell on the negro "kings" and "emperors" of Haitii for what may swell the heart with pride in Port au Prince does not necessarily do so in Port Arthur. In Canada, too, French nobles married handsome Indian maids of royal stock in the Bourbon days. One such "king" in the days of Louis XV. left his savage dominions to pay a visit at Court. We read that he was a great success. The rouged and powdered countesses and marquises would crowd around the brawny hero who had married a dusky crown princess. With fluttering fans and startled shrieks, the chronicler says, they would watch him bare his muscular arms and display the frank and startling designs the skilled artists of his tribe had tattooed on them. One day, while riding with the King Louis and his courtiers along a shady alley of great trees at Versailles, his fellow-monarch asked the king of the woods whether he could climb one of the towering oaks of the avenue. At once the latter leaped from his horse, shinned up one of the tallest trees with incredible rapidity, and in a moment was bowing to the company from the topmost bough. "Not one of you gentlemen," said the King, turning to his courtiers, "has risen so high and so rapidly in the world as this man!"

THE EMPEROR OF THE CREEKS

One of the greatest of these romantic American kings was Alexander McGillivray, the "Emperor of the Creeks". Born on the site of the present Wetumpka, his royal mother, red-skinned and blue-blooded at one and the same time, was the charming (at least one supposes she must have been) daughter of an Indian "princess", whose

father had been a French officer. Alexander's own father was a Scotch trader. At seventeen, well-educated, after business experience in Savannah and Pensacola, Alexander yearned for a crown. Abandoning the counter he returned to the forest to become the chief of the Muscogee Indians. Being a king himself, he naturally took the side of his fellow-monarch King George in the War of Independence, and did the Patriots what damage he could in Florida and Georgia. He had colonel's commissions both from the British and the Spanish kings and kept them after American independence had been won. Coaxed to Washington in 1790—for Alexander was "Emperor of the Creeks" and other tribes in *fact* as well as in *title,* he deigned to accept a brigadier-general's commission and sign a treaty of peace with the United States Government. But he went back to his red subjects hostile to the Americans to the last. He had ten thousand followers, feathered and breech-clouted; lived in barbaric state and splendor and—whether his love affairs were romantic or not—left children. But none of them inherited their father's imperial crown. Descendants in whose veins runs Alexander's imperial blood may still, no doubt, be found in Alabama and other Southern states.

AN AMERICAN VICE-PRESIDENT WHO PLANNED TO MAKE HIS DAUGHTER AN EMPRESS

Did Aaron Burr (1756-1836) that Newark politician of an era in American history long since passed—the era of Thomas Jefferson—wish to carve himself out a great empire, either disrupting the Union, making the great South-West along the Mississippi into a kingdom with New Orleans for its royal capital? Or did he merely mean to use the Gulf port as the stepping-stone to a vast Mexican empire, with himself seated on the throne of the Montezumas and drawing from the gold-mines of Mexican viceroys the wealth with which to bedeck the Creole mistresses who would have flourished in his imperial palace at Chapultepec? We may say "mistresses" advisedly, for Aaron Burr was unscrupulous and notoriously immoral, for all his pleasing manners and generosity. Or was his gorgeous Mexican scheme inspired by the nobler motive? Though his idle fancies strayed and his fickle heart was drawn to any beautiful woman who promised to be complaisant, Burr was intensely devoted to his wife, Theodosia Prevost (d. 1794), the widow of a British army officer who died in the West Indies during the War of Independence. And if he was devoted to her he was even more devoted to his daughter, Theodosia, a beautiful woman who married Joseph Alston of South Carolina, and was tragically lost at sea in 1813. Perhaps, as witnesses testified when Aaron Burr was tried for treason to the United States in Richmond, in 1807, he wanted that imperial Mexican crown for his beloved daughter. What was there, after all, in those days

to prevent an American's head being turned by the "folly of grandeur"? Had not a plain little Corsican lieutenant of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, carved out an empire which took in half of Europe by his own personal exertions? What Napoleon Bonaparte could do Aaron Burr could do, so he thought. Cortez had conquered the Aztecs with a handful of Spanish adventurers. He could conquer the degenerate descendants of the Spaniards with a few legions of sturdy American fighters, those frontier riflemen who never missed their mark. And so—whether Burr wished to rule as king in New Orleans before he made himself emperor in Mexico or not—his complicated intrigues, his secret enlisting of men, casting of bullets and gathering of powder went on until the attention of the Government was drawn to his activities. The ex-vice-president of the United States had to stand trial; and though he was acquitted his grandiose plan of a South-Western Mississippi or Mexican empire was shattered. But—as long as he had Theodosia for whom to work and plan—Aaron Burr never gave up the ambitious scheme of placing a golden crown on her white brow. From 1808 to 1812 he flitted about the courts of Europe trying to enlist the aid of crowned heads and their advisers in his visionary filibustering schemes. He was active in England, Denmark, Sweden and France, but Napoleon would not see him, and he was ordered out of British territory. When his daughter Theodosia died in 1813, Aaron Burr laid aside his dreams of empire—they no longer had a motive. Returning to New York he married (1833) a rich New York widow of questionable repute who left him when he had squandered much of her fortune in wild speculations. He died, poor and lonely, in Port Richmond, Staten Island.

Associated with Aaron Burr is the romance of the unfortunate Harman Blennerhassett (1765-1831). An Irishman who had made a love-match and come to America with his wife Blennerhasset, bought (1798) a beautiful island in the Ohio river, about two miles below Parkersburg, West Virginia. Aaron Burr's silver tongue gained him over to his vast schemes (1805) and the young couple —who dreamt of shining among the grandees of Burr's golden and jewelled Mexican Court, threw themselves into the latter's schemes heart and soul. Blennerhasset supplied Burr liberally with funds, and his island was the rendezvous of the conspirators. There their arms and supplies were collected, and there the recruits who meant to march to the conquest of Mexico, were to be trained. But Aaron Burr's plans collapsed like a house of cards. The beautiful white mansion on Blennerhassett's island was occupied and plundered by the Virginia militia, while its owner was thrown into prison until Burr had been freed by the courts. Poor Blennerhasset never had the heart to return to the island which had such painful memories for himself and his wife. For a time he tried cotton-planting on the

Mississippi; then turned to the practise of the law in Montreal. But he died in Ireland and his wife—the island was to be unlucky for her to the end—died while in New York City (1840), while trying to get Congress to pay for the property destroyed when her home had been plundered.

AN AMERICAN BOURBON

No mysterious shadows rests upon the American Bonapartes. Their direct descent from Napoleon's brother is clear as day; but we have an American Bourbon of a most suspicious and romantically mysterious kind. He is that interesting prince, the Rev. Eleazar Williams. According to J. J. Hanson, in his curious volume, "The Lost Prince or Facts Tending to Prove the Identity of Louis XVII of France and the Rev. Eleazar Williams" (London and New York, 1854), the little lost Dauphin, after his escape from the Temple was brought up as an American boy among the wild, wild Indians. The poor lad who probably died in the Tower after his death, by the simple process of multiplication turned into *forty* actual and distinct replicas of himself—each one of the forty stoutly insisting that he was the only *real* and *true* Louis XVII. In this list the Rev. Eleazar is No. 3. Wisely, perhaps, he disclaimed all knowledge of the details of his escape from his horrid prison. Eleazar frankly admitted that he did not emerge from idiocy until the age of thirteen—many boys today do not do as well as that—and that before thirteen his mind was a blank. When the clouds cleared from the little prince's brain he found himself living with an Indian family upstate in New York. But perhaps it was well, if Eleazar really was Louis, which serious historians do not believe, that he was not brought up as a scion of royalty at a European court. His hardy and simple red-skinned foster-parents taught him none of the complicated wickedness which, as we already have seen, he would have learned at Versailles. Instead Eleazar grew up to be a decent, sober boy where the homely virtues of the Indian maids were all that might tempt him, and where there were no languishing and naughty marquises with daintily rouged cheeks and inviting lips to lure him from the narrow path. Eleazar Williams, far from the pleasure-tainted air of palaces, and under honest American skies grew up to become a missionary. His presumed forbears taught others to love their neighbors' wives as their own. Eleazar in the virgin American forests, taught the innocent redskins to love one another in the nobler sense of the Scriptural message. Eleazar's life in the greenwood as a prince in disguise is romantic, but we have no record of his heart affairs. After all, it is not a missionary's business to add purple pages to the book of passion. Yet lo and behold, one fine morning when Eleazar was busy about his missionary duties who should come tripping across the

greenwood and stop him as he was about to enter a hut with a comforting bowl of broth for a sick old Indian squaw (so Eleazar claims) but the Prince de Joinville! Eleazar, who was a prince himself knew that he had come for no good. Nor, indeed, was he wrong. The Prince de Joinville was the son of King Louis Philippe. This conscientious old monarch of the Orleans' family felt guilty because he was keeping the true-blue, legitimate Bourbon out of his rightful throne. So we have the Prince de Joinville, the King's son, bowing on the greensward with the stately ceremonial of the French Court and saying: "Pray, Your Majesty, will you not sign the following document which turns over your rights to my father, the present king? In return we will see that you receive your private inheritance!" Perhaps Louis for a moment forgot he really was Eleazar. Perhaps his hand slid nervously toward the tomahawk he wore in his belt for red-skinned converts who only would listen to cutting arguments. Perhaps his proud Bourbon blood boiled until his hands and the bowl of broth in them trembled. But not in vain had the Dauphin Eleazar Williams had an American training, among the most self-controlled people on earth, the American forest Indians. He drew himself up with a dignity from which the bowl of broth did not detract. "Go, Sir," he said with a haughtiness Louis XIV might have envied; do you not know that it is impossible for a son of St. Louis to resign his rights? Your father may usurp them, but that is another story!" Drawing his black gown about him like a royal mantle of state, the Dauphin Eleazar Williams, still holding his bowl of broth, disappeared in his patient's wigwam and there we will leave him.

ROMANTIC AMERICANS OF TODAY

Romantic Americans of today make no actual claims to kingship. But there always are ways of getting into touch with royalty. The genealogists, those clever people who live of the desire of others to establish a connection with some royal or princely house can do much. In most cases, they can show those who pay their bills in a more or less direct line of descent from Irish, Welsh, Scotch, English, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian or other royal forbears. Another more rapid way of joining the ranks of the blue-blooded or royal is to marry a title. This is not romantic, perhaps, but it is based on the principle that fair exchange is no robbery. Snobbish upper-class American mothers buy some Impecunious British, Italian, Austrian, Greek, Scandinavian, French noble or royal son-in-law, and with his wife he receives funds of which he is apt to be sorely in need. Of course some of these intermarriages with crowned or coroneted heads of Europe are love-matches, but far too many are not. In the latter case they are ridiculous examples

of social snobbery and bootlicking, and especially laughable in the Republic whose first head was plain "*Mr.*" Washington—a simple American man and gentleman. But these aberrations on the part of foolish women eager for imaginary social honors and social prestige do not, of course, represent the feeling of the average level-headed American. The poet Pope once said:

> "Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
> To gaze on Princes and to talk of Kings!"

Kings—such as are left—have undoubtedly improved in many ways with the passing of the centuries and so, let us hope, have princes. Yet those who have "gazed on Princes" in the pages of the present volume, as they were in the more romantic times when to be a Prince meant more than it does today, may not agree with the English poet. Only the title-mad, the incurably snobbish would attempt to deny the truth of the homely old saw: "Pretty is that pretty does." In the case of the title-hunter perhaps, a daughter may be considered well-sacrificed if with a title she acquires some dissipated, damaged, drug-addicted or otherwise mentally or physically lacking spring of European nobility, but for the average American some other American, in most cases, "does" and does nicely.