The Open Court

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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by Edward C. Hegeler

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ON GREEK RELIGION

BY MRS. HENRY HULST

THE early Greeks understood that Homer was primarily religious and, with Hesiod, credited him with naming their gods and giving them their attributes; but in later and historic times interpreters and critics, such as Plato, became irreverent to this religion, and when Christianity came it was transcended and passed away. The Greeks had very little of what we call historical sense, and even Plato did not think of crediting Homer for holding advanced thought as compared with that of his own contemporaries in a prehistoric past but judged some of his myths unfavorably comparing them with the thought in the late day. To understand Homer rightly and to appreciate his value in his own prehistoric as well as in their historic days, the methods of archaeology must be adopted and the ideas and ideals of his contemporaries must be dug out in the Hebrew religion, the Hindu, the Babylonian, the Persian and Egyptian, and others. Then it can be seen which outworn and inferior beliefs he discarded, which he held, also where he made an advance. Defects and inconsistencies will be discovered, and his must be looked upon as another Old Dispensation out of which the New Dispensation could grow . . . much that resembles the old institutions of Abraham and the other patriarchs will be found in Homer's epics.

Early and simple people are troubled little, if at all, by inconsistencies in their religion, but those things become very serious to subtle and acute minds in later periods; and when Grecian critics culminated in Plato and Socrates, a process was under way which must result in the rejection of much that the earlier generations had held true and the re-formation of what could be retained in accordance with the thought and spirit of that day. Many centuries had intervened between Homer and the philosophers who were his critics—at least as many as have intervened between the Puritans and their descendants of to-day who have rejected much that the fathers held true. The changes that were occurring between Homer and Plato may be compared also to the changes that occurred in the period between the Early Church and the Reformation, when, finally, a succession of critics, culminating in Luther and Calvin, led many people to give up the veneration of the Saints and re-form doctrines in accordance with the thought of their own century. It would be as great a mistake to hold that there had been no Grecian religion before Plato as to hold that there had been no Christianity before Luther and Calvin. If the Greeks had not turned Christian after Plato, it is safe to say that their religion would have undergone great change. In Plato's day, the foremost were ready to adopt Monotheism.

Homer was the founder of a religion, a religion which was his nation's guide in life for more than a thousand years and which can be gauged by the excellent institutions and the marvellous temples, the Thought and the Art by which Greece is glorious among the nations. His mythology was allegorical and, with the philosophy which developed from it, was, as Saint Clement pointed out, "a schoolmaster to bring the Hellenic mind to Christ".

As he showed them in his epics, the Greeks of Homer's time were a serious and deeply religious people, thought and talked a great deal about their gods, prayed to them often, purified themselves, made restitution, heeded soothsayers, and put their trust in oracles. They believed that the gods punished evil-doers in this world and the next; they regarded pestilence and all other calamities as a punishment sent by the gods because of some sin that had been committed, and they had a more definite conception of Hades and the conditions there after death than the people of Israel had of Sheol at that period . . . think of the ingenious and harrowing sufferings that Odysseus saw the wicked enduring when he descended into Hades? His Hades was the prototype of the Inferno that Vergil, and after him Dante, described; and perhaps it had its prototype and some of its main features from Egypt, where, centuries before Homer lived, it had been believed that the Dead were ferried across to the Lower World by an old ferryman, named *Turn-Face* or *Look-Behind,* to the Happy Fields if they had lived good lives, but were refused passage if they had been guilty of any of the forty-two crimes that were enumerated in the Book of the Dead. These crimes, for which Osiris tried Egyptians at their Judgment, included the very crimes which Homer's epics showed committed and punished, among them being murder, wronging widows and orphans, impiety, adultery, reviling, violence, and the like. These ideas had been held in Egypt as early as the Fifth Dynasty, 2750—2625 B. C., and such ideas pass easily from land to land and from age to age. In the Odyssey, Menelaus tells what he expects his own condition to be in the world of the Dead, and shows how he got this idea in Egypt—he expects to go to the Happy Fields in the West and to be immortal.

Reviewing all of the facts bearing on the date of Homer, Professor Dörpfeld has recently decided that it was about 1200 B. C.; and we know that the ancient world was in religious ferment in that century, deeper insight was being attained, older faiths were being rejected or re-formed, old Nature gods, Love goddesses, and Wargods were being transcended, and new religions, higher intellectually and morally, were being born, whose gods were Wisdom and Righteousness. It was in this century that Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egypt, under Rameses 11, (who died in 1225 B. C.), and gave them the Commandments, the Law of Jehovah, the God of Righteousness; in Persia, about 1200 B. C., Zoroaster, or Zarathushtra, re-formed the religion of his people, rejecting the Devas whom they had worshipped and teaching the worship of One Supreme God, the *Lord Wisdom,* Ahura Mazda, whose Helpers are Virtues and Powers, abstractions personified. Among these are (1) *Holy Law,* Asha, the True and the Just, called also the son of Ahura Mazda; (2) *Piety, Devotion,* Aramaiti, called also the daughter of Ahura Mazda; *Good* Mind, Benevolence, and others. In Homer's religion, Themis, the *Law,* was above all, even above Zeus, while Zeus was above gods and men, being the god of the Sky and the Thunder. His two main Helpers were (1) his glorious son, Apollo, who typified Truth, Justice, the Light in Inspiration, and (2) his powerful daughter, Athena, who typified Wisdom. These new religions were very much alike in some of their essentials, and they agreed in elevating Wisdom and Righteousness above Love and War, the gods who had been given the highest veneration in the East. It is clear that Moses, Zarathushtra, and Homer were introducing a new principle, establishing a new trend for the mind and heart which was to divide the West from the East. In this, Moses and Homer were to be the most influential, for Western culture was to be enriched with study of the Hebrew and the Greek. There have been times and places where other Eastern influnces have been strong.

In the East, especially in Babylon, Ninevah, Tyre, and the Tyrian colony of Carthage, the worship of the Goddess of Love, called also The Mother, Ishtar, Ashtaroth Tanuit, Sams, and many other local names, was often licentious, very passionate, uncontrolled, expressed in orgies, in wild shouting, raving, cutting with knives, and mutilations; in strong contrast to this, the religions of Israel and the Greeks were self-restrained. In the light of this difference, the words inscribed on Apollo's most sacred temple bears profound historical significance as well as the religious significance that has always been understood: ALL THINGS IN MODERATION. Moderation, self-restraint, had become a determining article in the Grecian Creed.

The self-restraint of Homer and the early Greeks was, then, Apollonian; and violent and orgiastic practices did not enter Greece until long after Homer, when the worship of new gods, Dionysos and Orpheus, was introduced from the East. And in Athens these were never completely accepted; Orphism was always held in discredit, and Dionysos was never really adopted into the Olympian Circle though he became extremely influential and was worshipped as a god, with dramas presented in his Theatre, which was his temple, and with the Sacred Mysteries conducted at Eleusis. The tragedies of Aeschylos, Sophocles, and Euripides and the comedies of Aristophanes, which were written for his celebration and in his spirit, were presented with Apollonian moderation, or self-restraint, in Athens; and at Eleusis the late story of Cupid and Psyche gives another instance of Apollonian self-restraint united with Dionysian fervor, the introduction of new ideals and enthusiasm and hopes, but accord with the spirit of Homer, for the character of Aphrodite in that story is still cruel and unlovely, and she is shown making trouble for mortals. Enthusiasm, and rapture, were introduced into Greek religion with the worship of Dionysos, approaching in some ways and places the rapture which characterized in the East the worship of the Love Goddess, *whom* Homer had not included for rapturous worship among his gods—on the contrary he showed the goddess of Love, whom he named Aphrodite, with all of the evils that can attend love and in the strongest contrast to Wisdom, who was the Virgin goddess, Athena. He showed a scene in which Zeus himself admonished Aphrodite to exercise her powers for the home, not to mislead men and ruin them—it is admitted that she is a goddess of great power, of whom men should beware.

Homer's reason for picturing the goddess of Love like this was doubtless political as well as moral and religious, for the Greeks like the Israelites, must have been always in fear of military invasion from the East, with defeat of the gods of their fathers, along with loss of their personal freedom and possessions. On the gods of their fathers would depend their freedom and possessions, and they knew, better than we know from ancient monuments, what would be the fate of the peoples whose gods were conquered by the East. Were Ashtaroth and Baal, the gods of Love and War in the East, to displace Jehovah, the God ot Righteousness of the Patriarchs, reducing the children of Israel to slaves? Were Aphrodite and Ares, also the gods of Love and War, to supplant in Greece as they had in Troy, the gods of the Grecian fathers, Athena, Apollo, and Zeus? Homer showed these two groups of gods at war, in which Aphrodite and Ares were defeated, fortunately, both in the war as a whole and in all separate encounters and combats. He showed this so very effectively that in all of Grecian history there was never a temple to Ares built on Grecian soil, and no temple to Aphrodite was built by the Greeks themselves, though there were temples in Greece to the Eastern Love Goddess built by and for Eastern people residing there. Until danger of attack by the East was past, and until the East had been conquered by Greeks, it would be impossible that Eastern influence should become strong in Greece; and when such an influence entered the West later, by infiltration or by deliberate adoption, it was not likely that the Eastern Goddess would be adopted and honored among the elect in Greece, but that they would continue to worship their Homeric gods with the old Apollonian moderation.

The difference in religious spirit and practices between the East and the West is well illustrated in the incident when the worship of the Eastern Love Goddess, the Mother, was introduced into Rome, directly and formally, and by decree of the Senate. Roman fathers had worshipped the gods of their nation, their fields, and their home in sober and self-restrained way, but a dark day came in the Punic Wars when Italy was invaded by Hannibal and these gods did not avail to drive the Carthaginians out. The powerful patron of Carthage was Tanuit, the Eastern goddess, brought from Tyre, and now the Sibyl prophesied to the Romans in their hour of doubt that if they would bring the Eastern Goddess to Rome they would be able to expel the Carthaginians from the peninsula, apparently on the theory of fighting fire with fire, and of dividing the support of the enemy, to rule. A deputation was sent to Pergamum, where the Romans had allies, and the Sacred Stone representing the Goddess was brought to Rome, with priests to conduct her services. When Hannibal departed from Italy, the Eastern Goddess was given the credit of the Victory and the prophecy of the Sibyl was understood to have been fulfilled, so the worship of the Eastern Goddess had to be retained, although it was entirely unlike anything that had been previously known at Rome and was very offensive to the Roman people. Citizens were greatly shocked when first they saw it, and no Roman was permitted to become a priest in that cult so long as the Republic endured. Phrygian priests had to be brought in to conduct the services, and they were forbidden to hold their processions in public because the wild singing, wild dancing, and bloody rites were not approved.

But with the coming of the Empire the spirit of Rome was changed, and the Goddess of Love was given worship under many names, the process being hastened and conditioned by the subjugation of the East. While Roman armies were conquering Eastern provinces, the Eastern spirit and religion conquered Rome. As a pre-requisite to his Eastern conquests, Alexander had felt that he must prove himself descended from a god because Eastern rulers had claimed to be descended from gods, or to be gods incarnate; and now the Caesars traced their descent from the Eastern goddess, when Romans gave the Roman name of Venus, meaning *Love*. Octavius Caesar assumed divinity in his own person and assumed as an appropriate name for this new assumption Augustus, which means *receiving offerings in honor,* like a god. Finally, to glorify the Love Goddess and to invent a beginning and a background for Roman history which would support his claims, the poet Vergil wrote his *Aeneid* for Augustus, imitating Homer's style and treating the Trojan War as his subject, but giving the honors all to Venus and the Trojans. By imperialist Romans, the Love Goddess was rendered such honor as she had not received from Israel or the Grecian peoples for more than a thousand years, and in the welter of nations that Rome became it seemed that the Western ideals must go down in spite of the long struggle that Israel and Greece had made.

But at the very moment when degenerate, imperial Rome was descending into paganism of this low type as a growing minority was forming throughout the Roman Empire, who would not bow the knee to Venus, Aphrodite, Ashtaroth, Istar, Isis, Tanuit, Sams, the Mother or whatever the Love Goddess might be named, but who turned in devotion to a new Queen of Heaven, both a Virgin and a Mother, Mary whose Son was born King in a Kingdom not of this world. The Greeks had worshipped Athena as "the Virgin", "the Parthenon", the very opposite in character of the Love Goddess of Homer and the East; but Mary was honored for ideals that Athena did not possess. While Mary was the Virgin, she was the Mother as well, who satisfied the heart more than the Eastern Mother had done. Saluted by angels and sought with offerings by Magi, she lived among lowly people and was a mother of earth. The human griefs that made her the Mother of Sorrows endeared her the more to men, and they turned to her for consolation under a hundred names, while they turned to her Son as a Saviour who satisfied their needs. Within corrupted imperial Rome, the City of God thus began to take form, as Saint Augustine called it writing for the Christian of his day; and his Christian criticism, more destructive than that of Plato, resulted finally in sweeping the Roman gods away.

SCIENCE, RELIGION AND THE NEW HUMANISM

BY VICTOR S. YARROS

IN reviewing the 1926 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Julian Huxley, grandson of the great Professor Thomas E. Huxley, laid particular stress as to the marked tendency in the addresses and discussion to apply the method of science to political, social and economic problems and at the same time to adopt "a humanistic scale of values", or, in other words, to apply to the solution of such problems the principles of "scientific humanism."

Professor Huxley is not the only prominent exponent of this "scientific humanism". In a new book *Science and the Modern World,* described by many philosophical critics as "epoch-making", Professor A. N. Whitehead repeatedly speaks of the same scientific movement, attaches to it great significance, and connects it with his own important doctrine of "organic mechanism".

What, let us ask, is scientific humanism and what organic mechanism? What is novel and vital in either of these doctrines or attitudes? What are their respective contributions to the stock of modern ideas, scientific and philosophical?

Let Professor Julian Huxley furnish a few introductory remarks to the attempt at interpretation and comment that is to follow. He wrote:

> "Broadly speaking, there exist two main competing *Weltausschauungen* in current thought—that which, however, modified, is a survival of the religious-philosophical outlook of the later Middle Ages, and another more realist system of which different partial manifestations have been the humanism of the Renaissance, the rationalism of the eighteenth century, and the modern scientific outlook. However, it is only in very recent years that this system could become even approximately complete. Before Darwin it could not take in the realm of living things; before the rise of

psychology it could not link up with the study of mind; before the rise of anthropology and sociology, human behaviour and human institutions were beyond its grasp. The Renaissance humanism was incomplete because it took little account of Science; the eighteenth-century rationalism had not yet understood the limitations of reason; and the scientific philosophy of the late nineteenth century was seeking to compress all phenomena into the categories prescribed by physics and chemistry."

The new, the realistic and humanist system of thought, we are assured, takes into due account both the limitations and the highest potentialities of the human spirit. Its humanism is not sentimental or arbitrary, but strictly scientific, while its science is not dry, narrow, thin, prosaic, but rich, warm, humanistic.

These are large claims, and they should not be accepted without adequate support.

In the first place, it appears, scientific humanism and organic mechanism are at war with the old so-called "scientific materialism" and take the position that spiritual and religious values are as real and vital as the values recognized by the exact sciences. Professor Whitehead says, for example, that "In regard to the aesthetic needs of civilized society the reactions of science have so far been unfortunate. Its materialistic basis has directed attention to *things* as opposed to *values*. This misplaced emphasis coalesced with the abstractions of political economy, which are in fact the abstractions in terms of which commercial life is carried on. Ultimate values were excluded."

As to religion, science has been either openly hostile or indifferent toward it, yet Professor Whitehead says "the fact of the religious vision, and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it human life is a flash of occasional enjoyment lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experience".

Finally, as to appreciation of beauty and of the variety and richness of value, Professor Whitehead writes:

"There is something between the gross specialized values of the practical man and the thin specialized values of the mere scholar. . . . When you understand all about the sun and all about the atmosphere and all about the rotation of the earth, you may still miss the radiance of the sunset. There is no substitute for the direct perception of the concrete achievement of a thing in its actuality. We want concrete fact with a high light thrown on what is relevant to its preciousness."

We are told by Professor Whitehead expressly and by implication, in a hundred different variations, that the man of science and the rationalists and skeptics of the 19th century were too materialistic, too narrow, too cold and too contemptuous of religion, of aesthetics, of philosophy and of the humanities.

It is permissible at this point to ask on what evidence such sweeping assertions as these can possibly be based. Certainly Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Wallace, Haeckel, Lyell, Comte, Harrison and the philosophic utilitarians were not hostile or indifferent to philosophy, art, moral values and even to sincere religious speculation. None of the thinkers named were "materialists"; they knew and insisted that matter and spirit are merely *convenient words* descriptive of unknown if not unknowable entities. If they were agnostics, it was because they did not care to pretend to the possession of knowledge they did not have, or to use words without definite meanings. They never dreamt of disputing the necessity of high lights on concrete facts *if the high lights were available.* They never denied the importance of research and reflection in the hope of obtaining high lights. They never sinned against the beauty, the preciousness, the significance of things in all their ascertainable actuality.

Still, if they missed something vital that was or is knowable or known, or at least, accessible, it is but just to emphasize that fact and to correct their incomplete and erroneous ideas or generalizations.

We turn, accordingly, to Professor Whitehead's positive doctrine, to his "alternative philosophy of science in which *organism* takes the place of *matter.*" Here it is in a nutshell.

Science is becoming the study of organisms. There are plenty organisms in nature which are incapable of further analysis. A primary organism is the emergence of some particular pattern in the unity of a real event. Of course, the conception of an organism includes the concept of the interaction of organisms. The event has an intrinsic and extrinsic quality; the event is something in itself and at the same time it is related to, and modified by, other events. Value emerges by reason of the various entities constitutive of the event and their togetherness, while the importance of the value of an event depends on the property called endurance or reiteration. There is a pattern in the event regarded as a totality and there is a pattern in each part of the event. No value can be ascribed to the underlying activity; it is found only in the matter of fact events of the real world. Ideal situations are devoid of intrinsic value, but are valuable as elements in purpose.

"An individual entity, whose own life-history is a part within the life-history of some larger, deeper, more complete pattern, is liable to have aspects of that pattern dominating its own being, and to experience modifications of that larger pattern reflected in itself as modifications of its own being."

For example, the individual in society is a real entity related to other entities and modified by them. He may feel the reactions of the other entities, and of the social organism as a whole, as a modification of his own being. His value arises out of his own particular personality and quality, and qualities as acted upon by other personalities and as reacting to them and to himself. There is a pattern of human conduct which is at once individual and social. The value of a given moral action or omission is concrete, not abstract, yet we can think of ideal situations as mirrors of a purpose. We cannot improve individual conduct or social relations unless we have a pattern to guide us, and that pattern cannot be imposed from without.

These propositions are very abstract and difficult, but the difficulty is due more to Dr. Whitehead's style than to the quality and character of his ideas. What he mans to stress throughout the argument is the existence of *purpose* and *pattern* in and behind events, so that neither cosmic nor human existence is a result of mere chance. It follows that if we wish to live up to the purpose and pattern, we must understand events in their intrinsic as well as extrinsic relations, and as part of other events. Value is nonexistent apart from organic patterns, enduring, recurrent patterns. Science may isolate and study only this or that aspect of the organic mechanism, but it must not overlook the essential pattern, the organism, in and behind the aspects.

What are the implications of the doctrine thus summarized, and what legitimate deductions are to be drawn therefrom?

One of the most important deductions is that the search for values cannot be left to the sciences alone, but must be participated in by philosophy and by religion. Another deduction is that there is no conflict between *human* ethics and *cosmic* ethics, and that our ideals and our noblest conceptions are as real and valid as the things dealt with by the physicists, chemists and biologists. Talk of lower and higher elements in human nature is contrary to the doctrine of organic mechanism. Evolution for man, is the increasing manifestation of an original pattern and the ever more successful adaptation to the social environment. Materialism, says Professor Whitehead, somehow suggested struggle for existence, selfishness, aggression, division, indifference to the weak and unfortunate. Organic mechanism suggests co-operation, sympathy, solidarity, pursuit of the common good and of visions of moral beauty and harmony.

It is interesting to glance at Dr. Whitehead's definitions of religion and God as arrived at from the standpoint of his philosophy or organic mechanism. "Religion," he writes, "is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind and between the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real and yet waiting to be realized; something which is a remote possibility and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal and yet the hopeless quest."

"Religion is the reaction of human nature to its search for God. . . . The immediate reaction of human nature to the religious vision is worship. . . . That vision claims nothing but worship, and worship is a surrender to the claim for assimilation, urged with the motive force of mutual love. . . . That religion is strong which in its ritual and its modes of thought evokes an apprehension of the commanding vision."

And what have the exponents of organic merchanism and scientific humanism discovered in their search for God? Professor Whitehead objects to the paying of "metaphysical compliments" to God. If, he says, God is conceived as the foundation of all ultimate activity, then the fatal difficulty presents itself that such a God is the origin of evil as well as of good.. The supreme ruler of a drama is responsible for the weaknesses of the drama as well as for its merits. No; God is to be conceived as "the ultimate Limitation", "the ultimate or rationality". God is not concrete, but he is the ground for concrete actuality; the nature of God is the ground for rationality. He is the supreme ground for limitation and for value; it is within his nature to divide the good from the evil and to establish reason within her proper dominions.

Professor Whitehead adds that "what further can be known about God must be sought in the region of particular experiences, and therefore rests on an empirical basis".

But how can particular experiences and empirical facts help us to understand the ultimate irrationality and the ultimate limitation? How can things interpreted by reason and logic throw any light on the nature of God, for which "no reason can be given?" And why talk of good and evil in connection with irrationality?

We fear that Professor Whitehead is not clear in his own mind on the subject of the scientific conception of God. He seems to contradict himself in recognizing an *empirical* basis for *something that cannot be grasped and conceived,* or in talking of ultimate ideals at the end of a *hopeless quest.* Hopeless quests lead nowhere.

We confess we are unable to perceive any advantage in Dr. Whitehead's definition of God over the older definition of an unknowable, incomprehensible, inscrutable power whence all things proceed. We confess, further, that the "value" of the Whitehead definition from any ethical or social point of view is negligible, if not actually negative. It is impossible to *worship* Dr. Whitehead's God, impossible to imagine his relation to nature or the relation of nature to him—or it. One cannot worship or pray to an abstract metaphysical formula. Frankly, once you give up the naive, anthropomorphic notion of God—the supreme ruler of all things, the creator of all things, the cause of all things, the final arbiter of all things, then the conception or theory of God is shorn of all moral and practical value. We may *assume* a purpose and meaning in nature and *a source* of that purpose and meaning. We can form no *notion* of the purpose or of its source, though as metaphysical abstractions both may serve dialectic ends. But worship, prayer, communion, and the like imply a totally different notion of God, and it is idle to attempt a denial of that fact.

On the other hand, what is there in what is now often sneered at as "Nineteenth century rationalism" or "Naive agnosticism" that stands in the way of full acceptance by the agnostics and freethinkers of scientific humanism? To reject Dr. Whitehead's conception of God is not necessarily to embrace a crude, narrow mechanical theory of the universe. One may reject both mechanism and vitalism on the simple, common-sense ground that neither term really means anything. Neither alleged conception explains reason, instinct, morality, altruism, self-sacrifice, ideals of great men, noble deeds of common and simple men. Scientific humanism, to be scientific, must be based on observed facts, not on metaphysical abstractions or strained subtleties. To say that science is "reverting" to humanism is to misrepresent the situation. At no time has true science been anti-humanistic. It was sheer and egregious misapprehension to impute the evolutionists, for example, the belief in a ruthless struggle for existence, or in a cold, unimaginative, unsympathetic commercialism. The ethics of the evolutionary thinkers and the philosophical utilitarians were *never* lower than the ethics of the theologians or the metaphysicians.

It is true, however, that *some* men of science are today taking a deeper and greater active interest in religion and in philosophy than did all their predecessors. This is a healthy tendency, since both religion and philosophy have everything to gain, and nothing to lose from such interest, and since men of science are bound *quä* men of science,—to determine whether or not religion and philosophy pursue scientific methods and have something more than baseless fancies and guesses to offer to humanity.

After all, religious thinkers must deal with religious experiences and religious phenomena, and must deal with such precisely as men of science deal with the phenomena and experience of the physical world. You can talk about "mysteries". for another millennium without advancing by one inch the cause of religion. Advancement is possible only where the facts are better studied, where the body of facts is constantly increased by new observations and where theories are formed carefully to account for the known facts. If, in addition to science, we can enrich ourselves by developing a scientific religion and a scientific philosophy, so much the better for humanity. Meantime it is important to recognize the truth that humanity, beauty, moral progress are *not* dependent upon any particular religious conception, but are quite compatible with agnosticism and a suspension of judgment concerning the origin, significance and value of certain sentiments and emotions called religious. We may change terms and interpretations without changing a single fact or ignoring a single bit of evidence.

There is, alas, reason to fear that the new humanitarians and the exponents of the theory of organic mechanism have not taken the pains to re-read and restudy the views of the thinkers of the 19th century. This, in truth, is the irritating and great difficulty with most writers on religion and philosophy. They fight windmills; they set up little straw figures and proceed to knock them down; they imagine opinions and debit their opponents with them in order to refute those opinions with an air of virtuous triumph. There is something new and perhaps valuable in organic mechanism, but that something is *not* epoch-making or revolutionary. As to scientific humanism, it seems to be nothing but an alluring phrase that represents no novel or positive idea. Humanism is scientific and science can be and has been an instrument of goodness and beauty. Science can be used destructively by predatory and malicious men, but so can common sense. There would be little hope for civilization and progress if science were *not* humanistic.

THE PAGEANT OF LIFE

BY MARGARET WINFIELD STEWART

A HISTORY can be written of "The Dance of Life" and no one is surprised to find it portrayed as an age-long quest for the beautiful. It may seem presumptuous to make the same claim for religious formalism, which is undoubtedly responsible for many of the ugliest pages in history. We have been so accustomed to think of Religion as a thing apart, that it is difficult to judge it for what it really is—a medium of self-expression.

"As far back as we can go in human history, we find ourselves face to face with well established ceremonies. . . . Human society seems to begin with it, and though civilization may, in a sense, be said to have led to the gradual banishment of ceremonial, one might be justified, in the light of history, in believing that ceremonial will not wholly disappear so long as human society remains."[1] As chief source of its ability to perpetuate itself is its power to furnish a means of artistic expression to the rank and file. In all tribes every initiated member, in modern churches each "communicant" has his part to play. This is probably why the most inarticulate are the most devout, for religious ceremonial throughout all history has been the dramatization of man's inarticulateness. More creative and analytical minds may find it impossible to sink into the abandonment of reason the churches call religion but many still cling to the rites and forms. Whoever achieves complete expression of all that is in him will do so only because of the paucity of that which is in him. Those most richly endowed with the personality which springs from sources which are in us but not of us will feel some vague sense of kinship for this panorama of human experience which is the nearest possible expression of the substrata of racial inheritance now popularly known as "the unconscious".

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[1] A. W. Cooke. *Sacraments and Society.*

Drama in all its branches is certainly the lineal descendant of religious ceremony and among the "intelligentsia" fills the need which has been so artfully fed through the ceremonies and so thoroughly understood by the priesthood of the Catholic church. A modern "problem play" will take three hours to expound some minor point of present day sociology and a Catholic high mass will act out the history of the ages in an hour and a half. The only modern play which approximates its significance is O'Neill's "Emperor Jones", which tells the same story in another form.

The Catholic priesthood tells us that the function of the church is to equip its votaries for the future life. To one who watches it function it is more apparent that it bridges the gap between us and our past life, thereby giving to its followers the sense of unity and continuity with the forces which has made them that they call their faith. An arrogant Emperor Jones, so isolated from his racial traditions that he believes himself superior to them, finds in them only terror and defeat when a time of stress brings them welling up within him. A devout Catholic, trained from babyhood into subconscious co-ordination with his traditional heritage, finds peace and escape from daily trials in its forms.

We have had a Reformation which stripped the church of its ceremonies and left it all dogmas. Every year that reformation is meeting with greater defeat as the Protestant churches, one by one, adopt the forms and ceremonies against which Protestantism protested. The next reformation will have to be one which will strip the church of its dogmas and leave it all its ceremonies. The only successful modernism will be one which will accept as fundamental the fact that the instinct for dramatizing the gropings of the human mind into ritualistic pantomine is one that does not, will not and cannot die.

One modern Catholic writer, in defending a "resort to that ceremonial . . . which can address certain energetic faculties of man to which speech has no access; which can stir depths of emotion . . . no ably reasoned argument can ever plumb", makes the indisputable claim that "in one fashion or another, ceremonial has begun in our own times, to win back a part of the prestige which was repudiated by the reformers. Their churches seem to regret that repudiation more and more and to look with kindlier eye on the venerable rites of the Church of the Ages." [2]

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[2] H. T. Henry. *Catholic Customs and Symbols.*

How literally the church of which he speaks is the church of the ages and how truly venerable its rites one will have to seek other authorities to learn, but he will not have far to seek. The internal evidence is conclusive enough without resort to history. A true child of the Reformation witnessing a Catholic service for the first time will be shocked and dismayed at the obvious "heathen practices" he will see. But if he tarries long enough and returns again he will soon find that those same heathen practices have a charm and attraction that appeals to something in him deeper and older than his sixteenth century revolts. Protestant churches have learned this to their sorrow and the gradual reversion to type noticeable everywhere is almost laughable. But if the "high brow" who laughs will turn the laugh in upon himself, he will profit by the experience. The adoption of Catholic forms by Protestants as the only means of self-preservation is merely a repetition of the process by which the Catholic church adopted the forms and creeds which held the imagination of the people it strove to convert. Each of the cults it absorbed had in its turn absorbed an earlier one, back to the beginning of time. Survival of the fittest in religion is a process of adaptation and assimilation. As the human skeleton today tells the whole story of its evolution and retains the atrophied remains of functionless organs, so the ceremonies of the Catholic church are the evolutionary skeleton of human thought, encumbered with all the outworn machinery that has ceased to have practical use. But the human family must build on the skeleton which holds it together, whether it likes it or not. Its structure may be archaic and stupid but without it the organism becomes a formless mass of flesh.

An appreciation by the non-conformist that these characteristics which endure in spite of vicissitudes are simply strivings toward artistic expression, that the empty forms which he condemns are the real substance and the theological explanations of them pure verbiage, may help *him* toward the adaptation without which his survival is doubtful.

The capacity of ritual forms to "be born again" is unlimited. Many of the forms which the Catholic church has adopted from ancient usages did not appear until the middle ages. They apparently lay dormant for hundreds of years and then reappeared in practically the same form as in pre-Christian days. They have in them the same urge as the seasonal rebirth from which they grew and which they commemorate, and all the Luthers and all the modernists that have been or are to be are but as the frosts in the fall, tending to stem a too rank growth. All the howlings and all the ragings of the chilling storms of the "intellectuals" may leave the strange growths of religious thought winter-killed for a time, but a vernal equinox will come again in a season or a millenium and prove how impotent they are as against the strange impulse for resurrection latent in these outward forms with which man has clothed his aspirations toward the forces he does not understand. Just as certainly as men will dance while feet have muscles, regardless of what moralists think of it, so religious ceremonial will last so long as men's minds grope outwards, no matter what reformers think of it.

Even the pure religionist seeking converts for his faith expresses himself in much the same way as our modern phallic worshipper with his violent contempt for religion. "The world about us is filled with a beauty faintly surmised, dimly glimpsed; to be expressed or rather insinuated by symbolism rather than by words, a visible parable of increate Beauty. And out of this mysticism, clothing with happy fancies what we perceive with our poor senses, come 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears'." Whether our deity be Aphrodite, Pan or Christ we speak the same language, but each is shouting his part too loud to catch the harmony.

Whatever our deity, of the thousands the earth has produced, there will be startling similarities in our manner of "getting out of our systems" the desire to find expression for a something within us, whether we call that something an artistic sense, boredom or religion, or whether we belong to a tribe in South Africa, the patricians of Rome or the bald-headed row at the Zeigfeldt Follies. This is as true in the field of doctrine as of form.

The success with which the Catholic church has organized and capitalized this quality in human nature is conclusive evidence of the ability and intelligence, if not always the integrity, of its leaders. If there are parts in every service that "play down" to the stupidity of portions of the congregation, some other part will prove seductive bait in angling for the interest of a higher type.

Nothing that modern standards will tolerate is omitted from the sensuous appeal of a Catholic service, and all the various types of appeal that have succeeded through the ages are crowded in, as far as time will permit. Their churches are as gorgeous as they can make them. Sunlight is filtered seductively through stained glass windows. The altar candles have something mysterious about them; the elaborate priestly vestments are carefully planned as to color scheme; the incense makes you drowsy, and the sudden silences bring into strong relief the infinitely varied music, ranging from the weird, barbaric responses that are undoubtedly very like what one would hear from a band of head-hunters starting on a raid, to brilliant masses on which the greatest of the world's musicians have expended untiring effort.

No part of this was invented by the Catholic church. The Mystery Religions dominating the Roman world in the early Christian era "aimed especially at quickening the emotional life. . . . No means of exciting the emotions was neglected in the passion play, either by way of inducing careful predispositions or of supplying external stimulus. Tense mental anticipation, heightened by a period of abstinence, hushed silences, imposing processions and elaborate pageantry, music loud and violent or soft and enthralling, delirious dances, the drinking of spirituous liquors, physical macreations, alternations of dense darkness and dazzling light, the sight of gorgeous ceremonial vestments, the handling of holy emblems".[3]

It is much more difficult to find elements in the Christian religion that are original than to find evidence to prove that most of it is not. Like most religions founded on the teachings of an individual, the nucleus is a new contribution of philosophical thought, but the value of a brilliant mind and a devoted life has been more nearly swamped in the case of Jesus than any other instance. If Jesus was himself responsible for his claim to divinity, he has paid dearly for the temporary advantage it gave him as a teacher by making his value to posterity one-half what it should have been. The Greek philosophers were fortunate in having been born into a religious environment that frankly had no relation to philosophy, intelligence or sense, and so there was no tendency to combine philosophy and religion. Their teachers have therefore remained teachers of the intellect, while their mythology and all its elaborate pageantry has descended to us so interwoven with the philosophy of Jesus that both have lost their meaning.

The immediate connecting link in the process was the Mystery Religions, thriving in the Roman Empire in the time of Jesus. "The Mystery Religions were lowly and simple enough in their origin. They arose from the observation of the patent facts of recurring death and subsequent rebirth in nature, and from the attempt to see in the alternations of winter and spring, decay and generation, sunset and sunrise, a symbol of the life and hope of man and a replica of the divine life, which in primitive thought was conceived merely as the all-vitalizing energy resident in nature. Their origin belongs apparently to a remote period of civilization which was pastoral rather than agricultural. Two centers of the ancient Mysteries, the wild plateau of Phrygia with its emotionalism, and Thrace, the homeland of the Dionysiac-Orphic Mysteries, have exercised an enormous influence in the religious history of Europe.

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[3] S. Angus. *The Mystery Religions and Christianity.*

. . . A Mystery Religion was a divine drama which portrayed before the wondering eyes of the privileged observers the story of the struggles, sufferings and victory of a patron deity, the travail of nature in which life ultimately triumphs over death and joy is born of pain. This was impressed on the beholder by a solemn mimic representation. Thus in the spring festival of the Great Mother, the Myth of Attis was rehearsed in a passion-play. The sacred pine tree under which the unfaithful youth had mutilated himself was cut down. The tree then, prepared like a corpse, was carried into the sanctuary, accompanied by a statue of the god and other symbols. Then followed the lamentation of Attis with an appropriate period of abstinence. On the Day of Blood the tree was buried, while the mystae in frenzied dances gashed themselves with knives to prove their participation in the sorrows of the god that they might have fellowship in his joy. Next night the Resurrection of Attis was celebrated by the opening of the grave. In the darkness of the night a light was brought to the open grave while the presiding priest anointed the lips of the initiates with holy oil, comforting them with the words: "Be of good cheer, ye mystae of the god who has been saved; to you likewise shall come salvation from your trouble. The initiates gave vent to their emotions in a wild carnival; they made their confession that by eating of the tympanum and drinking of the cymbalum they had been rendered communicants of Attis."

It is a safe deduction that Christian missionaries of 2,000 years ago, confronted with the problem of defeating ingrained devotion to the Myth of Attis, solved the problem in the same way that a Christian missionary of today proposes to combat the ingrained devotion of a Chinese to his ancestors. "The strongest centers of opposition to Christianity are Ancestor Worship and Fungshui . . . What is to be our Christian approach to this inspiring system of belief. . . . These and similar beliefs of Ancestor Worship have to be replaced by the truth as we know it in Jesus. . . . We have a doctrine, comprehensive and inspiring, and enshrined in the Apostle's Creed, the belief in the Communion of Saints, which embraces much, perhaps all, that there is in this aspect of Ancestor Worship."[4] As the Communion of Saints, according to this gentleman's plan, is to be made to absorb ancestor worship, so it has undoubtedly been made to absorb totem worship and a variety of others. If there was one fairly exclusive heredity that Christianity could claim it was its belligerent monotheism, but when it found that every village and every clan was tenaciously devoted to its "patron saint", which originally undoubtedly walked on four feet or swam with fins, there was nothing to do but translate that god into the "Communion of Saints which embraces much" and make the best of it.

That this is the source of the animal symbolism in Christianity is also certain. "Christ was also symbolized by the dolphin, the king amongst fishes. The ancients considered it sacred and esteemed killing it sacrilege. It inhabited the purest waters, was an emblem of strength and swiftness, was fond of human society, was patient and valorous, gave loving care to its single offspring. . . . He was symbolized by the Pelican, which legendary lore had characterized as feeding her brood, in case of need, with her own blood; . . . the griffin, because in its dual body it represented the two natures of Christ united in His divine personality. . . . The cock symbolized variously Christ, St. Peter, and the preachers of Christ; and similarly the eagle symbolized Christ as well as the beloved disciple," while "the signet ring of a Christian should have an engraving of a dove or a fish, or a lyre or an anchor, or a man fishing." That all of this was alien to anything in the teachings of Jesus or the heredity of the Jews who were his first followers is certain. It is the sort of thing in which all primitive religions abound and that its adoption by Christianity was the absorption of habits of mind that would not be killed is self-evident.

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[4] T. W. James. "The Christian Approach to Ancestor Worship," in *The Chinese Recorder*, November 1925.

The sanctity of numbers is also "as old as the bill." "Why there should have become a holy number has long been the subject of speculation. One modern theory suggests that, as man has three finger joints his reckoning arose from his fingers and three became the base of order, hence holy. Another contends that three is the base of all rhythmical movements and man is a rhythmical creature. Still another theory is that, as some savages cannot count beyond two, three became synonymous with the all of perfection. Aristotle said long ago that three represents all and hence is the perfect number." [5] And so we have trinities all over the world—Hindu, Buddhist, Christian. "Four among some savages was a holier number than three, notably over all the western world, where, both in North and South America, four, based on the four directions (cardinal points), was the really religious number. Five, too, has a limited sanctity, especially in India. . . . Then again seven is, if anything, the truly religious number, as sacred in India as in Greece." Then we have the truly catholic religion that, when in doubt, takes them all. "Many numbers have been clothed with religious symbolism. If, for instance, we take the arithmetical series from one to ten, inclusively, we shall find some liturgical or devotional aspect in each of them." Here is evidence of a tardy reception of some hobby that new converts would not forego. "The addition of octaves to feasts of the saints is apparently not older than the eighth century."

The confession is not new. "Even in the scanty remnants of the Mysteries we have ample evidence that at least several of these—the Somothracian, Lydian, Phrygian, Syrian and Egyptian —anticipated Catholicism in the establishment of a confessional." The confessional is common to the Buddhists of India and the savages of Peru.

"Incense, too, was inherited by the Christian church from Mediterranean usage (all the Semites except the Arabs used it) and the Buddhistic church inherited it from the Brahmans. The ritualistic halo was borrowed from Greece and this apparently was carried to India, as the rosary was carried from India to the Christian church." "While candles had been used by the pagans in their worship they are in themselves indifferent things. The Church, a wise mother of souls, endowed them with a spiritual meaning undreamt of by Jew or pagan."

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[5] E. W. Hopkins. *Origin and Evolution of Religion.*

The conception of the Eucharist is certainly the evolution of a very old idea which has been common to most religions. "That there was a firm belief, in the earlier stages of religion, of participation in the god by eating him in a sacramental meal cannot be questioned. In the Thracian-Dionysiac Mysteries the celebrants by such a meal share in the divine life of the god. . . . And in the Dionysus-Zagreus cult the communicants rushed madly upon the sacrificial animal, tore it to pieces and ate it raw, believing that the god was resident in the offering. Cumont believes that the original significance of the eating of a sacred animal in the Phrygian cults was that 'it was believed that thus there took place an identification with the god himself, together with a participation in his substance and qualities' and that in certain mystic meals of the Syrian cults the priests and the initiates, by eating the fish sacred at Atargatis considered themselves to be devouring the life of the diety." A bewildered Catholic priest traveling in Tartary so gets the cart before the horse as to exclaim: "The devil so mimics the Catholic Church there, that although no European or Christian has ever been there, still in all essential things they agree so completely with the Roman Church as even to celebrate the Host with bread and wine; with mine own eyes I have seen it."[6]

Modern Catholic priests, however, are better informed and, in even popular books written for the laity, count it safer and saner to admit the obvious. "Solemn and public processions were not infrequent in the Church after she had emerged from the darkness of the catacombs. She selected for them by preference the days dedicated by pagan Rome to the honor of the false gods, and thus gently corrected the traditions of the false worship *without sacrificing the established physical habits of the people.* April 25 had been a pagan procesional day of suplication for a good harvest, styled the Robigalia. It next became a day of processional Christian prayer." The same writer, speaking of the ember days in the Catholic Church, explains their origin in "the profoundly wise action of the Church in regard to the pagan celebration by Rome of the deities presiding over agriculture. Pagan Rome had its days of feast in June, September and December to propitiate these deities and implore blessings on seedtime and harvest. The Church simply gave men's devotional activities the right direction, substituting for the pagan deities the One True God; even as St. Paul made the altar which the Athenians had dedicated to the Unknown God the text for his timely sermon on the One True God." And so, out of the profound wisdom of the church, the festival of late December celebrated so widely and persistently since history began was declared to be the date of the birth of Jesus, though such unbiased authority as the Encyclopedia Britannica will tell you that the gospel stories of the nativity contain uncontrovertible evidence that the event could not have been at that time of year. The same authority can be cited for the claim that Easter, which is not stationary but is determined by astronomical calculation, is the spring festival as to which "the memory of men runneth not to the contrary." As it always had been celebrated and obviously always would be, regardless of what significance was attached to it, it was identified with the Resurrection. Since the relation of the egg and the rabbit to the story of Calvary could not be explained, nor could their popularity be suppressed, they have wisely been left without explanation.

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[6] F. B. Jevons. *Introduction to the History of Religion.*

In its oft reiterated claim to being a "joyous" religion, the score on which Catholicism has contributed most to the joy of nations is its music. Here its history is the same. "The sacred songs and chants of the early Christians were derived from traditions both of Hebrew and Greek origin. . . . The type of these primitive hymns is most like the 'Sanctus' and the 'Gloria' of our Eucharistic service. It is natural to suppose that strains like these would have been used in a very remote age by every people."[7] The naturalness of the supposition will not be disputed by any who have listened attentively. The chant of the priest may be so little in accord with our modern idea of music as to seem merely foreign and strange, but the harmonized responses of the chancel choir, forming the connecting link between the chant and the elaborate, brilliant music of the modern mass, makes the picture so complete that it takes but a poor imagination to conjure up from their resting place the endless succession of generations whose "Hymn to the Sun" is reproduced.

"All ancient worship was ritualistic . . . and the liturgies and ceremonial rites were intimately associated with music. The music so extravagantly praised in antiquity was, vocally, chant or recitative, ordinarily in a single part. All evidence and analogy indicate that the Hebrew song was a unison chant or cantillation. . . . In theory, style, usage and probably to some extent in actual melodies also, the music of the primitive [Christian] church forms an unbroken line with the music of pre-Christian antiquity. The relative proportion contributed by Jewish and Greek musical practice cannot be known. There was at the beginning no formal break with the ancient Jewish church . . . In the freedom and informality of the religious assembly as it existed among the Hellenic Christians, it became the practice for the believers to contribute impassioned outbursts. . . . This was the 'glassolalia' or 'gift of tongues' alluded to by St. Paul . . . but it is not to be supposed that the Corinthian Christians invented this custom, since we find traces of it in the worship of the ancient pagan nations. . . . Out of a musical impulse of which the glossalalia was one of many tokens, grew the hymns of the infant church. . . But the weight of evidence and analogy inclines to the belief that the liturgic song of the church, both of East and West, was drawn partly in form and almost wholly in spirit and complexion from the Greek and Greco-Roman practice. But scanty knowledge of Christian archaeology and liturgies is necessary to show that much of form, ceremony and decoration in the worship of the church was the adaptation of features anciently existing in the faiths and customs which the new religion supplanted."[8]

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[7] F. L. Humphreys. *The Evolution of Church Music.*

Most of us feel a need of seeking external stimulus to internal coordination. Some of us go to symphony concerts, others to church, some go to a doctor and some of us get drunk. None of these finds what he seeks as completely as the Catholic whose life is wrapt up in the endless routine of his church, for he seeks and finds a coordination of forces deeper than either of the other routes can reach. No one who is associated with them can dispute that they do draw from their services a sense of well-being and contentment which is probably responsible for the high percentage of good health and good nature among them.

The favorite indictment of the Catholic church is that it is "a relic of barbarism." This is putting it mildly. It is a vertible museum of barbarism, and therein lies its beauty and its value. The constitutent elements that make up the best products of civilization are "relics of barbarism."

The appeal of organized religion is and has always been to emotion and impulse. The same is true of music, the dance, and to a lesser degree, painting, sculpture and drama, and the world is richer for each of them. When the non-conformist recognizes that Religion is one of the Fine Arts he will find in it a thing of greater value than it is to the believer for his appreciation will be intelligent, and there is no reason why his emotional enjoyment of it could not and should not be as great.

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[8] Edward Dickinson. *Music in the History of the Western Church.*

UNDERSTANDING JAPAN

BY J. ALAN JENKINS

IT has been said of the Buddha that "There is perhaps no person in history in regard to whom have arisen so many opinions that are either wholly or partly false". Substitute "nation" for "person" and you have the case of Japan today as it rests in the hands of the average American. First of all, the Japanese aren't "heathen". "Heathen" can hardly be applied to a nation which, shocked by reports of the Inquisition and the horrors of the stake, rightfully distrustful of "Christian" nations, torn itself by internal strife resulting from the introduction of Christianity, closed its doors in 1612 to the Church Militant not in the interests of national integrity alone but on humane grounds as well. Nor is the "geisha" a prostitute. The "geisha" is a professional entertainer, accomplished musically, often highly intelligent. Nor are all Japanese merchants pretenders and cheats. *Some* of them are—a fact which may be largely explained historically. In old feudal Japan, the Japan of the 13th Century and the Japan of *1867,* merchants were déclassé. They made up the lowest class of society. The priests and the military ranked first, the farmers second, and your merchants a poor third. Not until the beginning of the 18th Century did gold begin to take the part in Japanese life it had already taken for some centuries in the life of Western nations. The standard has been lowered, not raised. And what of the man in the street's pet bogus, the militarists? Japan has her share of them, true, and when Russia attempted to force her into compliance and self-effacement in the decade preceding the Russo-Japanese war it was well she had. If there were less agitation on this side of the Pacific and more head-work on the part of Congress, militarism in Japan, in so far at least as this nation constitutes its direct inspiration, would be a drug on the market.

Whenever nations, as well as individuals, claim backgrounds wholly dissimilar, misconceptions and misunderstandings are certain to arise. It is only natural that we should think in terms and symbols intelligible to ourselves. But when this means following the line of least thought resistance it is time for us as a nation to watch our step. Understanding Japan, alas for the sluggish-minded, implies acquiring a new background—necessary fragmentary in the case of most of us though none the less important. Needless to say, Japan has been at great pains to understand ours. As the center of world interest keeps shifting to the Pacific it becomes increasingly important that we should understand *theirs*. "Orientation", as far as the United States is concerned, becomes a term of growing significance in its most literal sense.

What are the lines along which the civilization of Japan has evolved? What forces have most strongly influenced its development? Our existence, as a nation, dates back just 150 years. The history of the Japanese nation runs back some 1400 years and its mythology a full 1000 years more. Five generations take us back to Washington. Present-day Japanese are just eighty generations removed from the time of Jimmu Tennō, alleged descendant of the gods and "father" of the Japanese Empire. Now pick out the more important threads, from a sociological and evolutionary point of view, in a history of such proportions? It can be done and in an easily remembered way.

Chronologically we may speak of Japan's dim past, of her immediate past, and of the present. Again, we may say that the first concerns itself with Japan alone, that the second witnesses Japan affianced to China, and the third her assumption of bigamy, i. e., alliance with the West. The casual visitor, landing at ports largely Westernized, and never penetrating far enough inland or staying long enough to get any but the most superficial impressions, is apt to think of Japan as having sold her birthright. Not yet. The danger is there and one is perpetually astonished with the evidence, on every hand, of Western method and manufacture, but the longer one lives in Japan the more one comes to realize the super-imposed nature of it all. True of the Whole East, this is especially true of Japan. To live in the Far East is to be continually impressed with the ephemeral nature of Western civilization, of any civilization, in its purely commercial and industrial aspects. But this side of Japan, because it is the most obvious, is well enough known.

It is the story of two generations. Our present interest lies with the other seventy-eight.

China is weak; Japan is powerful. For back of the Japanese Empire is an idea. This idea takes its rise in mythology. Izanagi and Izanami, pre-creation gods, mated. First they produced the islands of Japan, then various gods and from the descendants of these gods, in turn, came Emperor Jimmu and the ancestors of the Japanese. This story of creation, as found in the two oldest "histories" of Japan, the Ko-ji-ki and the Nihongi (both dating from the 8th Century, A. D.), is given the same popular credence in Japan exacted by the book of Genesis here. Only the Japanese are a "chosen people" and their Emperor a representative of the gods. That "Emperor-worship", in the case of the educated, belongs to the "limbo of forgotten things" is true. Reverence rules in its stead. But then the Emperor in Japan has always been more important as an *idea* incarnate than as Emperor. The present Emperor is non compos mentis. But the *idea* is still there. One's devotion to the flag has nothing to do with the chemistry of its fabric.

Intimately bound up with the mythology of Japan, and consequently with the "Emperor-idea", is Shintoism. Shintoism, as the native religion, touches all aspects of Japanese life. Hearn goes so far as to say that "the history of Japan is really the history of her religion". It may be held responsible for (1) Japan's possessing today the oldest ruling dynasty in the world (2) together with the teachings of Confucius, the family system.

Now no one knows when ancester-worship first started in Japan. But as it evolved the gods of Shintoism took shape. Among these Amaterasu, the sun-goddess (from whom the Emperor descended), and the Emperor himself, as the "Son of Heaven", became of special importance. Thus religion and early government, to a very appreciable extent, became identified. Each strengthened the other. To over-estimate the importance of this reciprocal relationship is hardly possible. In the course of time it was to prove Japan's salvation. Community government, further, in so far as each community had its local gods, began to wear a religious aspect. Finally, family government early began to pivot on the idea of ancestor-worship as expressed through Shintoism, "The Way of the Gods".

In Japan the unit is the family. For long ago, out of the worship of ancestors, there grew both a religion and an ethics of the home. Then later Confucianism, reinforcing the ideas of moral responsibility developed through Shintoism, came from China. Only Shintosim emphasized one's responsibility to the dead; Confucianism, one's responsibility to the living. To the Shintoist the dead became gods, exerted a mystic influence over human affairs. It became necessary to live on good terms with them, to perpetuate the family in order to "carry on" with the family cult. If there were no sons, a husband might be adopted for the eldest daughter. In such cases the husband took the adopting family's name. If there were no children at all (1) an heir might be adopted (2) the wife divorced (3) as among the ancient Jews, a mistress taken.

Under such a system, the creative force being assumed as masculine and hence the duty of cult maintenance falling to the husband, women naturally held a subordinate position. True under early Shintoism, this became still truer under the influence of Confucianism. By the end of the 8th Century a power in the life of the nation, Chinese philosophy brought to Japan the doctrine of woman's perpetual obedience to man: before marriage to the father: after marriage to the husband; widowed, to the son. Then Buddhism, following, contributed its article of faith, i. e., that women were "unclean, temptations, obstacles to peace and holiness". Sterility, lewdness, failure to obey either the father-in-law or mother-in-law, larceny, jealousy, disease, and loquacity were the grounds upon which a wife might be divorced. She possessed no corresponding rights.

Since 1893, when the Civil Code was promulgated, this has all been changed. The wife possesses practically the same legal rights as her husband. Divorce may be (1) by mutual consent (involving no judicial procedure) (2) judicial. The liberal nature of the law may be inferred from the fifth cause for which either party may bring action for divorce viz., "If one party is so ill-treated or grossly insulted by the other that it makes further living together impracticable.[1]" The individual has been recognized at the expense of the family system.

Let no one suppose, however, that the framers of Japan's new code were unwise enough not to provide for the continuance of the old system. It was given adequate legal recognition. Unless a man has completed his 30th or a woman her 25th year, the consent of parents is necessary for marriage. Again, "If a husband and wife have effected a divorce by mutual consent, arranging as to whom the custody of the children shall belong becomes the *husband's* right.[2]" Full provision was made for the adoption of husbands and heirs hitherto mentioned. The new Civil Code rejects the teachings of Chinese philosophy and jurisprudence, mocks the traditional tenets of Buddhism, at the same time preserving the customs and forms necessary for the continued existence of the family system. For back of Cofucianism and Buddhism in Japan lies Shintoism which in the home, no less than in its support of the Imperial Cult, has for centuries proved a unifying force in the life of the nation.

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[1] International Legal Directory, "Japan".

It is hard for some to think of Shintoism as a religion. But think of religion as essentially a "conservation of values" and Shintoism becomes a religion in the deepest sense. It preserves the loving memory of the dead. It enriches the atmosphere of the home. It acts as an incentive to nobler living. For is it not true that the spirits of the dead hover about their tablets? As Hearn writes in his "Japan, an Interpretation": "From their shrines they observe and hear what happens in the house; they share the family joys and sorrows; they delight in the voices and the warmth of the life about them. They want affection but the morning and evening greetings of the family are enough to make them happy. They require nourishment but the vapor of food contents them. They are exacting only as regards the daily fulfillment of duty. . . . To cause them shame by ill-conduct, to disgrace their name by bad actions, is the supreme crime. They represent the moral experience of the race."

If the traveller, arriving at Yokohama or Kobe, is first struck with the evidence he finds of Western civilization, let him but linger a fortnight and his most lasting impression will be that of a country immeasurably enriched by Buddhist art and architecture. Graceful temple roofs, magnificent gates, the gigantic Buddhas at Kamakura and Nara, lofty pagodas, Buddhist pictorial art in temple and palace, these will he remembered. And the sound of giant, bronze temple bells, a sound strangely disquieting, full of the sorrow and wisdom of the East, will echo long in his heart. For if through Shintoism one can get nearer to the heart of Japan, it is through Buddhism one gets to know Japan's more popular side.

When we speak of Japan as having been affianced to China, it must be remembered that the link was a religious one, Buddhism. And when we speak of this as having occurred in the "immediate past", it must be remembered that we are using the phrase in a relative sense. It was in the 6th Century that Buddhism came to Japan. It brought with it all that was best in the civilization of China and proved the greatest cultural force Japan has ever known. It filled the country with temples and works of art; it encouraged learning; it extended the philosophic and spiritual horizon of the Japanese.

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[2] International Legal Directory, "Japan".

Shintoism and the newer religion conflicted only at the start. Then the two joined forces, places being found in the Buddhist pantheon for the gods of Shinto belief. Amaterasu, goddess of the sun and ancestress of the Imperial family, came to be worshipped by Buddhists and Shintoists alike. This was in the 9th Century and the two religions were (theoretically, at least) as one until 1871 when they were again separated.

Christianity was introduced in Japan by Francis Xavier, a Jesuit priest, in 1549. First taken as the propagator of a new Buddhist sect, he was given a Buddhist monastery. The new faith spread rapidly. Far-seeing lords, appreciating the connection between trade and Christianity, renounced Buddhism and their vassals followed suit. There were doubtless bona fide Christians, as various cases of martyrdom would attest, but for the most part, as Brinkley says, it was a "harvest of artificial growth". Christianity, as interpreted by the Jesuits and Francescans, did little in 16th Century Japan but help close the country to the world (1637) for over two hundred years.

One of the most interesting developments of modern Japan centers in the new Buddhism. I refer to such activities sponsored by the Buddhists as "Buddhist Sunday-schools", the "Young Men's Buddhist Association", orphanages, homes for ex-convicts, and "evangelistic campaigns". Hitherto the sutras having been in difficult Chinese, far beyond the understanding of all but the highly educated, "sectarian bibles" in the common written language of the people have recently been putting in their appearance. The largest and most powerful sect of Buddhism in Japan, the Shin, has been particularly active along these lines. Its main temple in Kyoto boasts over 600 Sunday-schools. If Christianity in Japan were responsible for the rejuvenation along modern lines of this leading Buddhist sect alone, its continued existence as a challenging faith would be justified.

But we have strayed into the present, the too "immediate past". We have said nothing, thus far, of the more purely historical side of Japan—of the rise of the great military families, of feudalism, of the decline of the royal power, of the Restoration. For from the 6th Century on, the actual administration of the country came to lie more and more in the hands of the great military families; and from the 13th Century on down to 1867 the Imperial Court suffered almost total eclipse. The Emperor became a figure-head, far too strongly entrenched as an *idea,* as the traditional focal-point of Shinto belief, to be supplanted, too weak in his own right to successfully challenge the ruling military chief. There was a time when the Imperial treasury was so low that the Emperor's corpse remained unburied for forty days, awaiting funds. There was a time when the unfortunate Emperor had to earn his own living as a calligraphist. There were *times* when the "Heavenly Sovereign", in female attire, unceremoniously fled from his palace. The story of Japan's Imperial family is of epic proportions but for the student of history and sociology it affords a fascinating tale.

The Restoration came in 1867. The story of the resignation of the Shogun and of the Emperor's subsequent reinstatement to full civil and military power constitutes one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of any nation. For two centuries a closed country, Japan suddenly found her existence jeopardized. Two of her ports having been bombarded, Kagoshima in 1863 and Shimonoseki in 1864, and her own weakness made manifest, Japan took her cue—Westernization. Shinto scholars, busy since the beginning of the century in reasserting their Emperor's divine right to supreme rule, had finally, in the face of a common peril, evoked the latent loyalty of his people. The Japanese were behind their Emperor to a man. In the hands of a few master statesmen, Emperor Meiji among them, the little Empire presented a united front to the world. She destroyed feudalism; revolutionized her government; modernized her army and navy. China in 1894-95 and Russia some ten years later both discovered how well she had learned to speak her lines.

Japan owes her unity and consequently her present position as a ranking power to (1) Shintoism (2) insularity (3) imitative capacities. Shintoism, backbone of the nation, through its challenge to the loyalty of the Japanese, made possible both the Restoration and the success of Japan's subsequent Re-formation along Western lines. Shintoism constitutes the primal source of Japan's esprit de corps. Some day, in the dim future, it will belong to the past—with Japan strong enough to do without it. Japan's insular position, further, has made not only for oneness and a community of interests but for a progressive spirit among her people as well. These two factors, religious-sociological and geographical, largely explain the startling contrast afforded by the positions of Japan and China today. Our third factor, Japan's imitative capacities, it has been customary to emphasize to the exclusion of the other two. That Japan has a genius for adaptability and the rapid assimilation of new ideas is true. Yet it is equally true that her race is far from one lacking in creative power. When we remember the four great sects of Buddhism (preeminently the Shin) that arose in Japan during the 12th and 13th Centuries which together, according to Reishauer in his "Studies in Japanese Buddhism", represented "as real a development of Indian and Chinese Buddhism as is the Protestanism of Germany, England and America a real development of medieval and early Christianity", it becomes difficult, turning to this page of Japan's history, to unreservedly classify her genius as "imitative". The "creative" and the "imitative" are closely related. It is a phantom line that separates the two.

That Japan should be playing "the sedulous ape" as fai as Western method and manufacture are concerned is only natural. Some seven decades ago Commodore Perry, emissary extraordinary of a new order, forced her to go to school. Some six decades ago the inevitable had been accepted and the Restoration was under way. Some five decades ago, Japan having abolished feudalism, a despatch from Korea announced the breaking of relations with a "renegade from the civilization of the East". Japan, with what Brinkley calls "a Perry show of force" immediately opened her sister country. Obviously the unvoiced grievance of our native alarmist is that Japan has learned too rapidly. She will continue to learn and grow in power and if, through an understanding of her past history and present needs we can help her along the paths of world citizenship, we may expect history's final judgment to record at least one more chapter of which we may well be proud.

ADVENTURES OF TWO CLERICAL GENTLEMEN

BY CHARLES KASSEL

THE biography of Edwin Miller Wheelock, begun with a sketch in outline, published in the September number, 1920, of the present magazine, and amplified, period by period in subsequent issues, loses for a time its direct connection with the larger phases of the nation's history. For a brief space the narrative enters a realm which, for the student, is of narrower interest. It is a realm, however, with a fascinating appeal of its own and from which the reader emerges with unforgettable pictures of war-time life in the Old South.

Strung through the issues of the *Open Court* for February and July, 1922, March, August and September, 1923, March and July, 1924, April and September, 1925, and March, 1926, will be found the installments of this biography elaborating the brief sketch with which the series commenced and bringing the recital down to the conquest of the Mississippi by the federal forces in 1863. With the close of the last installment we left the subject of our story in the midst of his tasks as one of the Superintendents of Negro Labor at New Orleans under General Banks, co-operating with George H. Hepworth during the latter's short-lived career in the Department of the Gulf. The work with which Hepworth and our minister were jointly connected had to do with the crop-season of 1863 and was designed to solve the problem of the refugee blacks who left the plantations in hordes and quartered themselves upon the federal army posts. That temporary purpose accomplished, Hepworth returned to the North, to realize through press and platform upon his brief war-experiences. The celebrated Labor System of General Banks, with which the name of Hepworth is so often erroneously linked, had its birth in the following year and took its tone and color from the labors of Chaplain

Wheelock, as will later appear, but the passing touch with the work in 1863 sufficed Hepworth, with his journalistic instincts and ready gift of speech, for a round of lectures, and for a book, now long forgotten, under the name of *Whip, Hoe and Sword; or the Gulf Department in '63*. It is from this work, and the life of Hepworth by Susan Hayes Ward, that we obtain the record which serves as the basis for the present chapter, and these remarkable adventures are abundantly worth preserving, not only for their special value as bearing upon the life we are writing, but for their general interest as episodes in the history of a great contest.

It was against a background of colorful historic incident, as we have seen in the March issue, 1926, that the two clergyman prosecuted their work, sharing as participants or spectators in sundry of the military engagements, and in their sojourn up and down the Mississippi obtaining a contact with plantation life in war-time such as came to no other figures, similarly circumstanced, on the Northern side. It is precisely this aspect of their labors that created the vogue enjoyed for a time by the writings and lectures of Hepworth.

A study of the campaigns of General Banks in the Department of the Gulf, and of the opening of the Mississippi, must possess for our purpose more than a merely historic interest, and it is for this reason we have gathered from varying sources, and in the preceding installment have recorded, with an amplitude of detail not found in the published histories, the story of those phases of the great struggle. Of the participation of our minister, during intervals of labor for the negro, in many of the stirring episodes of the time there can be little doubt. Such information as we possess comes, it is true, from the biography of Hepworth, and from *Whip, Hoe and Sword,* but the constant association of the two chaplains in the task set for them by the Commanding General during the first half of 1863 is persuasive of a common share in these experiences, and the fact is confirmed by the express statement of Hepworth to which we have already referred.

In the work by Susan Hayes Ward we read of a visit to Baton Rouge where they found still visible the havoc of war—referring doubtless to the battle of Baton Rouge we have described. So, too, of the march to Port Hudson upon the occasion of Farragut's successful effort to pass the river-batteries, we find mention at length. In the second expedition up the Teche, also, when the Confederates were driven beyond Alexandria and a large portion of eastern Louisiana was thus won for the Union, both chaplains participated, leaving their column at Opelousas to return to their work for the plantation negroes. In the investiture, finally, of Port Hudson, with the two costly assaults and the wearying siege, Hepworth certainly, and our minister probably, was present. By way of quotation from *Whip, Hoe and Sword* we shall endeavor to fill in the appropriate details of their days in the field and on the march, allowing the reader to make his own deductions for the partiality and prejudice of that work.

For Unitarian preachers, accustomed to the placid course of New England life, these were unwonted experiences. Nor were their ways and works less strange and unusual during intervals between military campaigns. The supervision of the living conditions of some thirty thousand negroes—the number given by Susan Hayes Ward—with visits to "most of the plantations in the Department of the Gulf"—to quote from *Whip, Hoe and Sword* at page 47—was surely a bizarre and quixotic work.

Two years before, sitting quietly in their studies, they might have envisaged a coming time when slavery should be no more. Either or both might have foreseen that a military contest between North and South would find them with the Northern armies contributing their share to the great consummation. But that one or both should be caught up by a furious gust in such a storm and set down in the very midst of slave-life, with arbitrary power to judge between the master and his serf, neither in his wildest moments could have believed. It was one of those romantic interludes in a bitter struggle that serve to redeem somewhat the horrors of war.

The country in which they wrought was as unusual as their work. Southern Louisiana, with its huge swamps and lazy bayous, its dark forests and innumerable lakes, belonged to the past. It was an area not yet ripe for the habitation of man and held kinship geologically with epochs in the planet's history when saurian monsters haunted land and sea and air. Its very alligators were a hint of ages long forgotten. But it was precisely these things that challenged interest. The endless lakes and bayous were poetic, the great, gloomy, cypress-covered marshes quickened into life a thousand memories borrowed from history and fable. The pendants and festoons of Spanish moss, linking the boughs together where the swamps began, seemed like an effort of nature herself to protect her creatures against those dismal and impenetrable solitudes. Nor did it detract from the weirdness of the region that, in sharp contrast with all this gloom, one might emerge of a sudden into floods of sunlight, with perfumes weighing down the senses from jessamines and magnolias, oleandors and camelias, and roses in bewildering profusion.

It was the charmed country of Evangeline—a region of mystery which the imagination of the New England poet had wrapped in a golden haze. In his student days and early ministry our chaplain had revelled in the tender sentiment and rare imagery of that poem, and now the very scenes were before his eyes and every object recalled some beautiful touch of the poet's fancy or some magical turn of phrase.

Whether either minister was present with the forces of General Banks during the first expedition up the Teche—the expedition in January which was abandoned as untimely—is left uncertain by *Whip, Hoe and Sword*—which work, indeed, is little more than a jumble of impressions and experiences hastily thrown together for publication, without pretense to chronological sequence; but that Hepworth, and inferentially our own minister, participated in the first visit of Bank's army to Port Hudson, when the feint was made of a land attack in order to hold the attention of the Confederates while Farragut passed the works, is plain from that interesting if fragmentary record.

"It was a bright, beautiful morning," remarks the author on page 246, "when the command was given, 'To horse, gentlemen!' and the noble Farragut had passed Baton Rouge in the *Hartford* cheered by the huzzas of ten thousand hearts," and he proceeds:

> "He is really a hero; and there is a ring to his tones, which reminds one of a trumpet, when he says, 'Iron gunboats are all well enough; but give me a crew of iron hearts'. We very soon caught up with the advancing column; and I have never witnessed a grander sight than that presented by our forces. First a wagon-train, interminable in length, filling up the road for full two miles,—the white canvas tops contrasting with the rich green of the foliage, for the road was through a dense wood; the drivers hallooing to their mules; the negroes making the woods ring with their songs; all made up a picture at once novel and interesting. Next we came upon a solid column of some twenty-five thousand men. They were in the best of spirits; and as the whole body parted in the middle, and filed to either side of the road, and gave expression to their confidence in their leader by cheers which ran along the entire length of the line, every one was roused to an enthusiasm almost uncontrollable. I felt that he who led such a

body of men was the most enviable being in the world; and, when the scene was rendered wilder by the crashing music from a dozen brass bands, it seemed as if every man was ready to risk his life in the dread encounter.

"That night, our advance encamped within six miles of the enemy's works. I accepted the kind invitation of Col. Bullock, of the Thirtieth, to share his tent; and slept as though I had had a bed of down. A hard ride of six or eight hours naturally inclined me to hunger and sleep. I relished a pile of crackers and cheese more than Vitellius ever did his dainty dish of birds' tongues; and was soon afterwards on my back, giving good evidence of my condition.

"I slept soundly until about half-past ten; when a faint, booming sound awoke me. It occurred at regular intervals of about a minute; and, as soon as I gathered my scattered senses, I knew that the gunboats were hard at work. I lay quietly for some time, awed by the solemnity of the occasion; for it was then pitch-dark, and the dull, heavy sound was freighted with success or defeat; and, on opening my eyes again, I could distinctly trace the course of a shell through the air by the light of the fuses. I watched them until about two o'clock: when I ordered my horse, and set out for headquarters. It was so dark that I could not keep the road, and so trusted to the instincts of my noble beast. It was, withal, a lonely ride,—five miles through dense woods, the silence only broken by the gruff 'who goes there?' of the guard, and the ominous clicking of the hammer as he cocked his gun. All the legends of the Hartz Mountains ran through my mind; for the night seemed just fitted for a carnival of the Genii.

"I had just reached headquarters when the welcome news came, that a part of the fleet had succeeded in getting by the fort. Still there was something ominous in a certain glare of light, which ever and anon burst up from the tree-tops in the distance. One of our vessels must have caught fire. It could not be a common gunboat, for the flames had already lasted several hours. At last a courier came, saying that the *Mississippi* had caught fire. That noble vessel was part of the price we were to pay for the victory hoped for.

"I have never witnessed a scene so magnificent as that which closed the career of this war-ship. One moment, the flames would die away, and then the black darkness of the night seemed heavier than ever; in another minute, the flames would curl up again above the treetops, and tinge the cloud-edges with a lurid light. At length came the catastrophe. I thought the fire had gone out; and was just turning away, when fold after fold of cloudy flame, driven with terrific force, rose higher and higher, until the entire heavens were illuminated, as though the sun itself had burst; and immediately after came a sound that shook the earth,—a crash so awful, that it seemed as though one could feel it; which thundered along the entire horizon, frightening the birds in their coverts and the horses in their stalls; and then all was still and dark. The

Mississippi was no more. That noble vessel, which had made for herself a history, had at last fallen a victim to the chances of war. She was a splendid ship and every American will remember with regret the hour when she was lost."

Between the dramatic episode which this quotation records in the conquest of the Mississippi and the second expedition up the Teche in April there was an interval, bountifully filled as we may believe, with visits of inspection to the plantations, and it was a welcome relief doubtless, from the strain and tedium of constant inquiry and investigation, when the order came to accompany the troops along the Teche. That expedition, it will be recalled, was set a-foot on April 11th, and in the initial skirmish the Confederates were driven from Brashear City. Retreating northward to Opelousas the Confederates were pursued by Banks and on April 20th were driven from that place, retiring thence beyond Alexandria.

From Brashear City to Opelousas the two chaplains accompanied the army, sharing the interest of the marches and the excitement of the battles, but at Opelousas they bade fareweell to the troops and returned to their work upon the plantations. We give the account as we find it in *Whip, Hoe and Sword* at page 271, merely prefacing that often the vanity of the author prompts the use of the pronoun "I" where "we" should be read, and instead of "my work in the labor system" we should read *"our work"*, for here, as elsewhere, throughout the book, the official association of our minister with Hepworth in the labors of the latter's office is ignored.

"Some time after this General Banks made his demonstration against the rebels opposite Brashear City. They were too few in number to offer any great opposition; and, being made up largely of unwilling conscripts, did little else than effect a masterly retreat. At one or two places on the road, they made a stand, but only for a short time. I was down the river when the fight began, and without any means of transportation. We—Chaplain Wheelock and I—hurried by rail to Brashear City. That evening, the booming of cannon in the distance made us very uneasy. There were no means of getting over the bay until the next afternoon; and, by that time, the army, which made splendid marches, was about fifty miles away. When once we got on the other side of the bay, however, we succeeded in getting two tenth-rate horses and saddles, and started. It was a long chase. The first afternoon, we rode thirty miles, and through a country swept clean of every thing by two armies; and the second day, after having ridden fifty-five miles, we came up with the rear division of our forces. The best horses had all been taken by the Texans of the enemy; but, in their haste, they left every thing that was not easily portable. Our boys drove to the rear every pony and mule, every ox and cow and sheep. They did not leave, on an average, two chickens to a plantation. Wherever they encamped, the fences served as beds and firewood. A more forlorn and destitute set of people never were seen. Some cried, some cursed, some whined; and some, overcome with fear, hid themselves in the woods, leaving every thing to the tender mercies of the army. I could not help contrasting these times and our policy with the times and policy of two years ago in Virginia. This was war, with all its penalties and all its horrors; that was a system of fighting by which nobody was hurt, and nothing injured.

"There was very little excitement to be found in the rear of the column; so, the next morning, having changed our jaded horses for two better beasts with a kind-hearted rebel (who, however, did not seem to relish the trade so much as we), we started for the advance. We were most of the time with Capt. Williamson's company of cavalry skirmishers. This, certainly, is the most exciting arm of the service. Fast riding, dashing onsets, scouring the woods, all come in as a part of the skirmisher's duty. From that time till we reached Opelousas, we did not lose sight of the rear-guard of the retreating column. Every hour or two, they would make a stand, deliver a volley or two, and then ride with all their might for another covert.

"These Texans almost always dismount when they fire. Hiding their bodies behind their horses they rest their guns in the saddles, and thus render our return-fire useless until they are mounted. Once we had a fine view of them. Some four or five hundred lingered by the edge of a thick wood, hoping to get a few chance shots at us. One of our Parrott guns was brought to bear on them; and, in a very few minutes, they concluded that in the woods was better than out of them. At another time, we came suddenly upon a broad plain; and on the farther side of it were some two thousand of the foe, all mounted. We sat, and looked at them for a little while; but, as our cannon had been mired about a mile in the rear, we were unable to make an attack. Our cavalry were itching for a charge; but it was concluded best not to risk any thing; so, after the interchange of some hundred or two shots, they moved quietly away. Then the chase began anew. Once only was the advance cavalry taken by surprise. There is, close to the little village of Opelousas, a dense wood. From information which we had gained, we felt sure that there was no force in the thicket; and so rode leisurely on. When within about a hundred yards of a covert, whiz, whiz, came the bullets, singing around our heads. Only two of our boys tumbled from their saddles; and these were killed instantly. Of the two, one was a negro. He was acting as guide; but was well armed, like the rest of the cavalry. He was a brave fellow; and, when he was struck, was in the van. I remained by his side for some little time, anxious to see the effect produced on the soldiers by the sight of death. I had been talking with Porte Crayon, just before, on this question. He surprised me by telling me of the perfect indifference on such matters that characterizes the soldier. He said, that, after the battle of Antietam, the over-wearied boys lay down on the field, by the side of the killed, to sleep, and sometimes even used their dead comrades for pillows. One man he told me of who brought his fiddle, which he had carried through the campaign, and, sitting down on the nearest dead body, began to play and sing. Indeed, there is no merrier time in a soldier's life than just before and after a battle. When the wounded are brought into the surgeon's room, they are met by the jokes of their comrades, also wounded."

It is also, perhaps, to the days on the Teche that the episode is to be referred which is recorded at page 125 and which affords an enlightening insight into the conditions of life in the invaded sections of the South during the war.

"After a hard day's riding over a road made infinitely dusty by an interminable wagon-train, I came upon a house which seemed to promise a good night's rest for man and beast. I was hungry as well as tired; and though I indulged in the faint hope of fresh meat and flour-bread, and a cup of real Mocha, instead of that wretched counterfeit made out of burnt sugar, in which the members of the Confederacy so largely indulge since the blockade. I nevertheless was morally certain that I should have to make myself contented with a slice of hard ham, and a square of the inevitable corn-cake which has been the staff of life to the rebels ever since the blockade. I (when I say 'I', I mean we; for my friend Wheelock shared these luminous experiences) knocked at the large front-door; and was very soon confronted by the mistress to whom the frequent question was put,—

" 'Madam, may we trespass on your hospitality for the night?'

"The 'yes, I suppose so', came out very reluctantly, and showed plainly enough the proclivities of the landlady.

"There was, however, no hesitancy on our part to accept such coldly given succor; for we knew that, only the week before, the same house had been the favorite rendezvous for rebel officers; and felt that what had been given to the red, white and red, was due to the red, white and blue. She was alone, of course; and, had I been three months younger, I should have pitied her forlorn and seemingly widowed condition, and checked the exodus of chickens, geese, and turkeys from her barnyard, which threatened soon to leave her destitute of these valuable domestic songsters. But the last three months had added largely to my experience, as well as something to my age; and, knowing well the occasion of her temporary widowhood, I could find in my heart no spark of pity. Her husband, a Northern recrant, had, a few days before, gathered together his best hands (the young, strong-limbed men), his finest horses, and all his mules, and started for the prairie near Alexandria, whose soil the foot of the Yankee, he thought, would never desecrate.

"We found in the Teche a large number of widows of this description. The husbands, sure that they would find no security in the presence of the Union forces, left their wives and children to the mercy of the invading army, while they themselves sought a safe asylum, with whatever valuable portables they could take with them, within the Confederate lines.

"We promised to keep the house of our unwilling hostess free from stragglers during our stay,—for which favor she seemed very thankful as this gormandizing rear-guard of the army had spread terror in every kitchen of any promise whatever,—and then retired to our rooms for rest and sleep."

Arduous as were the duties of the two chaplains, however, and difficult and dangerous as may have been at times the role they enacted, it was by no means a case of all work and no play. We have distinct record now and then in the book from which we are quoting of periods of rest and diversion, and it may not be amiss to transfer to these pages the story of one such period spent on the Cheniere, where, be it recalled for the interest of the reader, the pirate ships of Lafitte were wont to anchor in the old days and gather store for a voyage of pray. This account we find at page 68:

"Being very much worn with constant travel for weeks, Mr. Lawrence, of the Magnolia Plantation, about forty-five miles below the city, asked Mr. Wheelock and myself to spend a few days with him; and we at once cheerfully accepted his kind invitation. We found him a very genial, hospitable gentleman, and enjoyed our stay exceedingly. We rode over his fine, large plantation, and happening to hit a half-acre of luscious, ripe blackberries (it was in May) found ourselves in the midst of the brambles in a surprisingly short time; leaving the place with great hesitation, and then only on condition that we should make daily visits to the spot, or that the darkies should bring the well-laden baskets to us. Day after day, we sat in the gallery, enjoying the luxury of physical repose, which seemed like a delightful prolonged siesta. A few quaint, old-fashioned books supplied us with reading; and good-tempered but sometimes warm discussions upon the topics of the day came in to fill up the little interstices of time, when we otherwise might have felt the symptoms of ennui.

"One day, our host told us that a few miles away were three of those mysterious mounds which the Indians left as a memento and a puzzle to the white man, and that we could go a part of the way through some of the finest scenery in the State. It was at once determined that we ought to make the trip, so the orders were given to have a skiff in the canal early in the morning, with Sam and Jim to handle the white-oak. A bright, beautiful morning it was. Soon after breakfast, the buggy drove to the door; and we rode to the canal, at the wood-end of the plantation, where we found our two sable friends ready. A half-mile through the canal, where we scared up an alligator ten feet long, who made the water foam when he went down, and we struck into the beautiful Cheniere, a bayou about seventy-five feet wide, and one of that tangled web of bayous which drain the lower part of the state. We moved smoothly and quietly along, the silence broken only by the regular dip of the oars; all about us, on either side, an almost boundless prairie, level as a floor, and covered with tall, rank grass five or six feet high. I could not control my destructive tendencies, and landed twice to set it on fire; but succeeded only in making a huge smoke which floated upwards in heavy black clouds, adding to the picturesqueness of the scene.

"We went on in this way for a little while, when the Cheniere flowed through some woods which gave us scenery wholly different. On the banks, and out of the rich marshy land, grew those wonderful live-oaks, uncouth but grand, which one must see to appreciate. So tough is the fibre, that branches sometimes grow horizontally to incredible lengths. I remember seeing one branch thus growing, which I measured, and found, to my surprise, that it was eighty feet long; extending almost at right angles from the trunk. These long branches stretch out over the water, forming the most delightful shade; while from them hangs, in thick, rich folds, six feet long or more, this aerial moss, which makes every forest of the South so picturesque. It gives the trees the air of antiquity; and the knotty, rough, irregular character of the live-oak strengthens the impression. I thought, at the time, that it was the most romantic, unreal, weird, and yet fascinating picture I had ever looked on. But the illusion that it was the home of the fairies was soon dispelled by the numerous alligators, which were lazily lying on logs, or ogre-like floating leisurely along, only their thin, long heads visible. They disappeared only when our boat showed a desire on our part to cultivate too close an intimacy.

"At last, we reached the place where we were to land, and take guides through the woods to the hieroglyphics of ancient history. Two little huts showed themselves just on the edge of the woods; and farther on, in a cleared space, another, in which lived, not the lowest of the 'poor white trash', but people deplorably dirty and incredibly ignorant. The master of the first hut, who was to be our guide, had reclaimed from the swamp and forest a few acres of land, and had, at his leisure and at sundry times, planted a few orange-trees thereon, from which he hoped, in the course of a few years, to enjoy a snug little income. How he managed to support himself in the interim, I could not discover. There was no evidence of farming utensils having been used; for thick clusters of weeds, of most luxuriant growth, tangled our feet at every step. A little patch of half an acre was planted with sweet potatoes. That was the entire farm. The Creole fished and hunted, and in that way supplied his table. When he was successful, his dinner consisted of sweet potatoes, plus a catfish or a piece of venison; and, when he came home empty-handed, it consisted simply of the aforementioned esculent. His neighbors enjoyed the luxury of a log-hut, the wide cracks in which were not even plastered with mud. Three men and a woman lived it in. I saw one rude mattress, and was convinced that these simple people lived in a perfectly natural way; and were, perhaps, being far from the contaminations of the city, delighting in a little golden age of their own.

"However, be this as it may, we started for the mounds. It was a rude path we traveled, through acres of straight, slender cane-stalks, which would have excited me beyond measure in my Izaak Walton days; over fallen timber, and narrow bridges made of uncertain limbs; spanning black, slimy-looking, stagnant water; through clouds of every kind of pestiferous insect known to the naturalist. Such heat never was felt before. We reached the mounds in a very melting mood; and, clambering forty feet to the top of one, were compelled to build a smudge, and put our heads in the hot, wavy smoke, in order to be comfortable. What expedients will not a man resort to in pursuit of comfort!

"We were, however, well repaid for our journey; for these great heaps of earth, burial-places, landmarks of history, or whatever they may be,—dumb mementos of the past,—were very interesting. They were like those cairns found in the West, in Labrador, and all along the Gulf-coast. Some have been opened; but nothing satisfactory has been discovered. A few huge boxes, some pieces of pottery, and a few rude agricultural or domestic utensils, are all that have ever been dug up. Whether they were made by the Indians, whom we have driven away; or whether they are as old as the Pyramids, relics of a race living here when the earth was young, in some dim, ante-historic period,—has not yet been decided."

One quotation remains to be made from the work of Hepworth, because it deals with an epic hour in the great battle for the control of the Mississippi, in the labors of which our minister must have borne a share. The siege and surrender of Port Hudson the imagination loves to dwell upon for its dramatic interest and it is difficult to pass over any story of its incidents drifting down from contemporary sources. In this instance, however, the recital carries a special appeal. A battle or siege is a kaleidoscopic thing and what a beholder sees depends upon his point of view. It means much to us, therefore, that the account we have comes from the hand of one with whom our minister must have had many things in common. We may let the one speak for both:

> "When our boys invested Port Hudson, they had, most of them, been in the Teche for a month; and, having started in light marching order, were without change of clothing. Yet they were uniformly cheerful, enduring the fatigues and deprivations of the campaign like veterans. They had no tents, and, for a long while, no meat; nothing but coffee and hard-tack.
>
> "Our position was on the further edge of a heavily wooded lot; and our line, shutting the rebel works in, was about seven miles long. On the river-side, the enemy's position was so fortified by nature, that no number of gunboats could hope to capture it. On the land-side, it was protected by a high parapet, in front of which was a ditch about twenty feet wide and six feet deep. Between our position and theirs was what looked to be a plain, three-quarters of a mile wide; but, when examined by the proper officers, it was found to be full of deep ravines, at the bottom of which was broken timber, and very tall, dense chaparral. Under proper circumstances, (i. e., with a good supply of provisions and ammunition and twenty-five thousand men) it could resist any force we could bring against it.
>
> "We made some assaults; but they were soon found to be of little use. We could not get near enough to the enemy to make a dash over the parapet. We had to grope our way through deep ravines, or slowly find it under and over fallen timber. A regiment could not march in line, on account of the thick chaparral, brier-bushes, and gullies. We then sat down quietly, to starve the rebels out, and to harass them by our artillery practice. We fenced them in with our guns some six weeks before they cried, 'Enough!'
>
> "It was a long, tedious, and dreary work to capture the place. Disease at length got into the ranks, and made sad havoc with the men. Every day, loads of sick went to the hospital. Thither I followed, in my turn, to study the character and test the skill of the army-surgeon.
>
> "It was a grand day,—the glorious old Fourth of July,—when a strange steamer came bowling down the river, bringing the unexpected but glorious news of the fall of Vicksburg. When it was announced, the whole line sent up its joy in many a ringing hurrah and many a silent prayer. The news reached Gen. Gardner's ears, and he at once sent to Banks to know if it was true. Our general sent back a copy of the official despatch from Grant, and that day Port Hudson changed hands. Gardner said, 'If Vicksburg has fallen, it is of no use for me to hold out longer'. I have no doubt that the rebel officers were dismayed; but I have very good authority for believing that the rank and file were glad enough to end their war experiences then and there. They were poorly

clothed, having on no uniform,—nothing but the rude, home-made clothes of the South,—and had been for some time on short rations. They had been deserting in large numbers for many days, and were doubtless glad to be freed from the conscription-act, and from imperilling their lives for the sake of slave-holders.

"One the 5th day of July, the Mississippi was opened from the Passes to Cairo, the Confederacy was cut in two, and the rebel cause received a blow from which it will never recover.

"The dawn has come after patient waiting. When will the 'perfect day' come?"

THE MOTIVES OF INDIAN SPEECHES AND SONGS

BY DR. GEORGE H. DAUGHERTY, JR.

IN preceding articles attention has been called to the subject about which the Indian voiced his thoughts. First inspection of these rituals, songs, and speeches does not, however, always reveal the underlying motives or reasons back of them. It seems essential, therefore, to make a particular analysis to discover motives rather than reflections of environment. In a sense the range of Indian ideas and technique in self expression was rather limited. That is, nearly everything he said, sang, or chanted can be classified into a few general topics, and we find the same things referred to again and again. Yet within these topics the variations showing special animating motives on different occasions are almost numberless. An analysis of our materials (or similar ones) from this latter point of view (*i.e.* of motive) is both interesting and essential.

All selections previously quoted fall into two general classes: those of the group, expressing the emotions and ideas of the group, and those of the individual. Within the class of group expression, whether the group was large or small, the most important were undoubtedly those addresses or rituals for the purpose of supplication or propitiation of supernatural powers. The motives back of these were in every case economic. Redskin mysticism, so often eulogized as the spontaneous overflowing of a pure and unspoiled heart, was inspired by a materialism which in turn arose from the stern necessities and hardships of existence. This is not to say that the Indian was not a mystic. In previous selections,[1] we have seen that he was; but his mysticism was not actuated by love, but by fear—the strongest and most elementary of human emotions. We do not find Indian communities assembling to offer up disinterested chants of praise even to Earth-mother (perhaps their nearest approach to our concept of a primal, all-powerful, creating deity). Whenever they praise their gods, or the mysterious supernatural forces, it it was with the idea of getting something, as food or weather which would insure good crops, success in hunting or war, prosperity and peace within the tribe, or else a continuation of these favorable conditions.

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[1] See especially, selections quoted in "Mysticism and Associative Symbols of Thought Revealed in Indian Composition."

The rituals embodying most of these supplications are, as previously stated, long and involved, often highly obscure. Therefore, no lengthy analysis of them will follow here. A few passages only have been selected to illustrate primal motives.

In speaking of the Tusayan ritual for securing rain, J. Walter Fewkes has adequately stated a typical case. The Tusayan Indians live in an extremely arid zone of the Rocky mountains. Because of the scarcity of animals they are forced to depend on agriculture. "Accepting the inevitable, a man's ritual became a mirror of that part of his environment which most intimately affected his necessities. The irregularity of the rains and the possibility that the corn may not grow, developed the ritual in the direction indicated. As long as the processes of nature go on without change, no special rain or growth ceremonials would develop. . . . But let natural processes be capricious, awake in the primitive mind the fear that these processes may not recur, let him become conscious that the rain may not come, and he evolves a ritual to prevent its failure. He is absolutely driven to devise ceremonials by which to affect those supernatural beings who he believes cause the rain and the growth of his crops. *The cults of a primitive people are products of their necessities, and they become complicated as the probability of their needs not being met are uncertain. . . .*"[2]

"The genus *Homo,* emerging from genera of animals most of which were timorous and bodily weak, inherited from them wonder and fear at anything unusual or uncanny. . . . Man understood the causes of few of the mysteries about him, and felt himself at the caprice of chance. In this early condition . . . the use of charms, spells, amulets, mascots of various kinds to control chance, arose." Later, when animals had become tutelary gods, and the forces, of nature had been deified and endowed with human or animal forms, the rituals were addressed to them.[3]

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[2] The italics are mine.

The ritual by which the Tusayans hope to secure rain and bountiful crops consists of many symbolic acts by the priests, accompanied by prescribed songs and prayers. Some of these ceremonies last as many as sixteen days, the most important of them being the celebrated Snake Dance. The following quotation is given by Fewkes as the key to the whole explanation of the ritual:

> "All people awake, open your eyes, arise,
> Become *Talahoya* [child of light], vigorous, active, sprightly.
> Hasten clouds from the four world quarters;
> Come snow in plenty, that water may be abundant when summer comes.
> Come ice and cover the fields, that after planting they may yield abundantly;
> Let all hearts be glad;
> The knowing ones will assemble in four days;
> They will encircle the village dancing and singing their lays
> That moisture may come in abundance."[4]

The Navahoes, another agricultural people living in the arid environment of the southwest are also given to many ceremonies for "the planting and harvesting of crops, . . . war, nubility, marriage, travel, the bringing of rain." [5] The following extracts, though taken from the Night Chant, a ceremony for healing the sick, is an interesting example of a prayer for subsistence.

> "Oh male divinity!
> With your moccasins of dark cloud, come to us. . . .
> With your head-dress of dark cloud, come to us.
> With the dark thunder above you, come to us soaring.
> With the shapen cloud at your feet, come to us soaring. . . .
> With the zig-zag lightning flung out on high on the ends of your wings, come to us soaring.
> With the rainbow hanging high on the ends of your wings, come to us soaring.
> With the near darkness made of the dark cloud, of the rain, of the dark mist and of the she-rain, come to us.
>
> . . . .
>
> With these I wish the foam floating on the flowing water over the roots of the great corn.

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[3] *The Tusayan Ritual*, pp. 686, 687, 688.

[4] *Ibid, pp.* 693 and 699.

[5] Washington Mathews, *The Night Chant, a Navaho Ceremony, Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. VI, May, 1902, p. 3.

I have made you a sacrifice. . . .
My body restore for me.
My mind restore for me. . . .
Today, take away your spell for me.
Away from me you have taken it. . . .
Happily I recover
Happily my interior becomes cool.
Happily my eyes regain their power. . . .
Impervious to pain I walk.
Feeling light within, I walk. . . .
Happily abundant passing showers I desire
Happily an abundance of vegetation I desire. . . .
Happily may fair white corn to the ends of the earth come with you. . . .
Happily may fair plants of all kinds, to the ends of the earth come with you. . . ."[6]

Rituals innumerable to secure success in the quest of food might be quoted. Every tribe had several—usually a great many. Equally numerous are the formulae for healing the sick, of which, also, the above is a fair specimen.

A unique ceremony or securing a tribal need is the "Hako", a collection of Pawnee rituals in behalf of children, "in order that the tribe may increase and be strong; and also that the people may have long life, enjoy plenty, be happy and at peace."[7] Like the others mentioned this consists of numerous chants, symbolic acts, dances, and songs in which the whole tribe participated, led by a group of medicine men known as the "Fathers":

"Mother Corn, Oh hear! Open our way!
Lo! As we draw near, let our souls touch thine
While we pray thee:
Children give to us! Mother Corn, hear!

. . . .

Mother Corn, Oh hear! Open our way!
Lo! Now over hills, over streams, we go
Taking our way.
Toward the Children's land. Mother Corn, hear!"[8]

Still other verses repeat the inevitable cry for food, in this case buffalo:

"Clouds of dust arise, rolling up from the earth.
Spreading onward; herds are there.
Speeding on before,
Going straight where we must journey.

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[6] *Ibid*, pp. 143-4.

[7] Alice C. Fletcher, "The Hako, a Pawnee Ceremony," *22nd Ann. Rep. B. A. E.*, p. 26.

[8] *Ibid*, p. 293.

What are those we see moving in the dust?
This way coming from the herd;
Buffalo and calf!
Food they promise for the Children."[9]

There are also general invocations for the favorable regard of all the gods of the four directions: the West Gods of thunder, lightning, life, and death; the South Gods of daylight and plenty; the North Gods of darkness and moonlight:

" . . . .
Look down, South gods, look upon us! We gaze afar on your dwelling.
Look down while here we are standing, look down upon us, ye mighty!
Ye daylight gods, now behold us!
Ye sunshine gods, now behold us!
Ye increase gods, now behold us!
Ye plenty gods, now behold us!
. . . ."[10]

Among the other impulses which moved the redskins to invoke supernatural aid, the desire for success in war, and vengeance on enemies was perhaps strongest. War songs without reference to the supernatural, such as battle-songs expressing hatred and defiance for the enemy, songs of the women longing for absent warriors, songs of grief for the slain, will be cited later among the secular compositions.[11]

These, then, were the chief types of rituals, common to all tribes, because they represent common needs; rituals for food, for health, for success in war, for happiness, peace, and prosperity within the tribe. One other type of ritual appeal to the supernatural is important—that embodying the history of the group.

Reference has been made to the chant of the Puma, from the *Osage Rite of the Chiefs: Sayings of the Ancient Men.*[12] This rite is the initiation ceremony into a select and esoteric group of warriors in the tribe. It consists for the most part of lengthy chants which accompany various parts of the initiation ceremonies, such as painting the candidate, and making symbolic moccasins of buffalo hide. Some of these rituals are recited simultaneously by whole gentes. Interspersed are songs by the medicine men.

[9] *Ibid*, p. 305.
[10] *Ibid*, p. 299.
[11] War-songs already given represent the individual, rather than the group point of view.
[12] *36th Annual Report, Bur. Amer. Ethnol.*

Parts of the ritual such as that previously quoted invoke animal deities and various forces of nature. Other parts, still more important, contain symbolic references to the early history and experiences of the tribe.[13] The following lines clearly refer to the superstitious wonder and fear with which early man regarded fire; and indicate why *red paint,* because of its resemblance to the color of the protecting camp fires, was regarded as a safeguard to be worn by warriors. The reference to fire as "the red shield" is particularly interesting.

> "Verily, at that time and place, . . .
> They spake to one another, saying: What shall the little ones [members of the Osage tribe] use to paint their bodies?
> Verily, at that time and place,
> They gathered together four stones,
> Which they arranged in a pile, leaning one against the other. . . .
> They gathered together the small dead branches of surrounding trees. . . .
> They thrust the pieces of dead branches underneath the stones. . . .
> They set fire to the pile of the dead branches and the stones,
> And made the air to tremble and vibrate with the flames and heat.
> The darkened sides of the heavens
> They made to vibrate with the flames and heat. . . .
> They spake to one another, saying: Let the little ones use the fiery glow upon yonder heavens as paint for their bodies. . . .
> They said: The red shield,
> Let the sacred fire draw toward us.
> When the sacred fire draws toward us the red shield,
> Then when our enemies who dwell toward the setting sun,
> Come against us with weapons in countless numbers,

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[13] ". . . in this rite is perpetuated the story of the vital changes that took place in the ceremonial life of the Osage people during the protracted transitional period through which the tribe passed. Although the Nonhonzhiga (the Seers) handed down the story of the tribe's experiences in cryptic form, the story revealed clearly to the studious members of the tribe that these man of the ancient days were well aware of the historic fact that the tribal life of the people, as well as their tribal institutions, were developed gradually; that this gradual development was a process continually stimulated not only by the desire for the preservation of the tribal existence, but by actual hard experiences that taxed the physical and mental powers of the people and their leaders. This rite also points back to the time when the life of the people was in a chaotic state; to their emergence therefrom; and to their achievement of a tribal government well suited to safeguard the people, ..., from internal as well as from external perils."—La Flesche, *Rite of the Chiefs*, p. 47.

Their weapons shall fail to strike the little ones, they said to one another. . . .
The God of Day that sitteth in the heavens
The sacred fire shall draw toward us.
When the God of Day that sitteth in the heavens
The sacred fire draws toward us
Then all the gods shall always fear us, they said to one another. . . .
Even the gods themselves
Shall always fear to stare us in the face, they said to one another."[14]

Other passages in this ritual commemorate in similar fashions experiments in making tools of bone and flint, the discovery of animals useful for food and clothing, of medicinal herbs, and many other items of tribal experience.

Selections quoted in preceding chapters afford sufficient evidence, however, that not all group expressions were directed to the supernatural powers. The Indians had ceremonial rites and songs for the numerous purely secular occasions which recurred in the life of the tribe. Councils for discussing peace and war and internal government, weddings, house-building, festivals,[15] social dances frequently were held without appeal to the gods.

Samples of Indian oratory have already been seen in the Iroquois council. Incidentally, these council rites also embody the names of the great leaders of the Iroquois Confederacy, the names of the original towns, and other important items of League history. There is in this case, however, no reference or appeal to the supernatural, These selections easily substantiate the opinion, frequently expressed by observing critics, that the redskins were notable orators.

In the case of the Iroquois Mourning Council, the underlying motives are plain enough; the whole ritual was evolved for the same purpose as are similar inaugural ceremonies among white people. It might be compared, for instance, to the solemn rites performed when a Vice-President of the United States is installed to take the place of a President who has died in office. Inasmuch as the Iroquois rites were traditional they do not represent the motives which inspired Indian speeches for special occasions; nor do they necessarily indicate that these latter had any particular literary quality. The following Iroquois messages, spoken to Sir William Johnson[16] and other Indian commissioners in 1754, reveal the political integrity of the Iroquois, and their skill in claiming alliances. In this case, too, their pronouncement displays poetic imagination and skilfully inserted pathos:

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[14] La Flesche, "Rite of the Chiefs," from *The Painting Ceremony*, pp. 242-244.

[15] See especially the marriage song of the Taensa tribe already quoted in "The Indian Reveals His Character."

"Fathers:

We are greatly rejoiced to see you all here. It is by the Will of Heaven that we are met here, and we thank you for this Opportunity of seeing you altogether as it is a long while since we have had such a one.

Fathers. Who sit present here We will just give you a short relation of the long Friendships which hath Subsisted between the white people of this Country and us. Our forefathers had a castle [fortification, or stockade] on this River, as one of them walked out he saw something on the River, but was at a loss to know what it was, he took it at first, for a great Fish, he ran into the Castle and gave Notice to the other Indians. Two of our forefathers went out to see what it was, and found it a Vessel with Men in it. They immediately joined hands the People in the Vessel and became Friends. The White people told them they should not come any further up the River at that time and said to them they would return back from whence they came and come again in a years time. According to their promises they returned back in a years time and came as far up the river as where the Old Fort stood, Our forefathers invited them ashore and said to them, here we will give you a place, to make you a Town, it shall be from this place up to such a Stream . . . and from the River back up to the Hill. Our Forefathers told them tho' they were now a small People they would in time Multiply and fill up the Land, they had given them. After they were a Shoar sometime, Some other Indians who had not seen them before, look fiercely at them and Our Fore fathers observing it and seeing the white people so few in Number lest they should be destroyed took and Sheltered them under their Arms; . . At this time which we have now spoken of, the white People were small, but we were very Numerous and strong. We defended them in that low state, but now the Case is altered. You are Numerous and strong, we are few and Weak. Therefore we expect that you will Act by us in these Circumstances as we did by you in those we have just now related.

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[16] Major General of the English forces in North America during the period 1753 and years following.

We view you now as a very large Tree which has taken deep Root in the Ground, whose Branches are spread very wide, we stand by the Body of this Tree and we look round to see if there be any who endeavor to hurt it, and if it should so happen that any are powerful enough to destroy it we are ready to fall with it."[17] There are many of these speeches, chance survivals of the long intercourse between the British and the Iroquois. In them one may trace many of the events leading to the decline of the once-powerful Six-Nations. They remained loyal to the English to the end, as they had promised. When the king's power fell, they fell with it; and their nation was broken forever.

Next to the tribal or confederacy council, the most important Indian meetings were those of secret societies which existed in all tribes. These fraternities were of various types, some religious, others purely social; and among them were included organizations for women as well as for men. In some cases the possession of a common "dress totem"[18] was the basis for membership; in others it was military distinction of some specified kind. Tribesmen of the same age usually belonged to the same societies.[19]

Each of these societies possessed its own set of rituals and songs for ceremonial and social occasions; and these compositions were constantly being added to as need arose. Among the purely secular songs and speeches are those celebrating distinguished service by members in war or hunting, happy events as well as occasions of misfortune in the history of the tribe, feasts or other social events, and miscellaneous songs expressing the spirit of brotherhood, of defiance to the enemies of the tribe, and other emotions. Since the members of these societies represented practically every class of adult tribesmen, their songs will in large measure serve to represent the feelings and impulses of the tribe.

Songs commemorating brave actions by individual chiefs in battle.

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[17] Manuscripts of Sir William Johnson, *Documentary History of the State of New York*, Vol. II, pp. 598-9.

[18] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 284.

[19] See Clark Wissler, "Smoking Star, a Blackfoot Shaman," *American Indian Life*, p. 445 ff.; and
Robert H. Lowie, "Takes-The-Pipe, a Crow Warrior," *Ibid*, p. 17 ff.

"Yae hi tha e hi the (meaningless vocables, repeated four times)
A friend, *Wahatonga* (man's name—also meaning "shield"), they say.
Yae hi tha e hi the (repeated four times)

"The meaning of the song was said to be that Wahatonga was a friend and a shield to the people."[20]

"When I come to the battle I shout,
I shout as I stand in my place,
I shout my command as I stand."

(Referring to the bravery of another chief who is not named in the song.)[21]

In connection with these songs it is interesting to note that they were only composed after due deliberation of the society. Without this dictum no man would dare permit a song to be made in his honor. When a favorable decision was reached the task of composition was turned over to a man with recognized musical talent. Sometimes the original name was stricken from a very old song, and the name of the latest hero inserted. A few songs carry two names, the old and the new. No man's name was ever dropped during the life of any of his near kindred. There was no official keeper of songs, but these were transmitted from one generation to another over very long periods of time.[22]

Song referring to an event in tribal history (Literal translation)

"Yonder far away (the voices I hear),
They are saying something to me.
They send (their words) where I lay.
The owl speaks; *thohe the* (vocables)
Morning comes.
A shout (is) directed toward one."

This song would be unintelligible (as would be many Indian songs) without the story which goes with it, and which it brings to the mind of the Indian singer. "The song may refer to a time when the Omaha were a forest people; it preserves the memory of a timely discovery by which a disaster was averted and a victory won." According to the story, one warrior of a band of Omahas camped in a forest was awakened by the hooting of an owl. Becoming suspicious of the genuineness of the call, he crept away among the trees, and discovered an enemy band preparing to attack. He then roused his own party, who completely defeated their assailants.[23]

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[20] Fletcher-La Flesche, "The Omaha Tribe," p. 483.
[21] *Ibid*, p. 484.
[22] Fletcher, "Omaha Music," p. 255 ff.

Song at a feast given by a member to the society.

"The feast awaits you—come, eat,
The feast is awaiting you,
Members, comrades, come and eat.
The feast awaiting stands before you, come,
Members, comrades, come and eat! *He tho.*"

The further procedure at the feast is also interesting enough to be recorded here.

". . . . the choicest pieces were given the bravest man present. After all had been served except the host, or feast-giver (for he observed the tribal custom of not partaking of the food he had provided for his guests), the leader arose and made an address, in which he thanked the feast-giver and discoursed on the need of food for the preservation of life. He told of the trials, dangers, and hardships encountered in securing food, so that the feast represented both a man's valor and his industry; and, since no one could live without it, food was a gift of the greatest value. Therefore no one should partake of it without thanking the giver and he should not forget to include the giver's wife and children who relinquished to outsiders their share in this great necessity of the family. When the repast was over, the member who had received the choicest part of the meat held up the picked bone and acted out in a dramatic dance the story of his exploit. Sometimes this exhibition was of a remarkable histrionic character." [24]

The following group of songs express the war-like spirit of the Hethushka braves, their defiance for the enemy, and their sense of brotherhood and loyalty to each other.

Songs of Eagerness for Battle, in time of Peace.

"Before me stands, awaiting my touch, coal black paint,
Heavy black clouds filling the sky o'er our head.
Upon our faces now we put the black, coal-black cloud,
Honoring war, wearying for the fight, warriors' fight,
Waiting to go where the Thunder leads warriors on." [25]

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[23] Fletcher-La Flesche, "The Omaha Tribe," p. 478.

See also the mourning son of the Hethuska society which commemorates a time of defeat when many of the warriors were dead.

[24] Fletcher-La Flesche, "The Omaha Tribe," pp. 467-8.

[25] *Ibid*, p. 463.

See also remarks on the Indians' inherent delight in war, comparable in many ways to the iron spirit of the ancient Anglo-Saxon warriors.

"Yonder the enemy are coming;
Seeking for me, they come.
'The Omaha, where is he?' they say.
Yonder they come.
'Here I stand! Come hither!' answer the Hethushka."[26]

Song of Brotherhood and Loyalty.

"Elder brothers!
I longingly wait [to share in the duties of the society]
Captains! The old men have spoken [of these duties]
Their words now refer to me.
Elder brothers! Captains! I longingly wait to take part in them [the duties]."

"This song enforced the bond of brotherhood which bound together the members of the Hethushka. There were two ways in which the relation of brother could be expressed in the Omaha language: 'Elder brother' and 'younger brother'. In the song the newly admitted member speaks, addressing the members of the society as 'elder brothers'. As war-honors were requisite to membership, those whom he addressed were all men of more or less distinction. In this form of address he not only recognizes this but also his own inclusion in the brotherhood and proclaims his eagerness to do his part in maintaining the honor of the society and to share in its duties." [27]

In other cases the situation in the songs was reversed; and the society expressed their principles very plainly for the benefit of new, or prospective members:

"Friends,
Whoever runs away
Shall not be admitted." [28]

One of the most interesting of the society songs represents the stern philosophy, the essentially stoic attitude, the grim resolution in the face of the hard circumstances of their life and death.

"The land, the scene one beholds,
Shall long endure
When I am gone."

The idea of the song is that "man's life is transitory, and being so it is useless to harbor the fear of death, for death must come sooner or later to everybody; man and all living creatures come into existence, pass on, and are gone, while the mountains and rivers remain ever the same." [29]

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[26] Free rendering of literal translation given by Fletcher-La Flesche, *op. cit.*, p. 473. This was not a battle song; apparently it was sung in "lodge meetings" of the society merely to give vent to the Jingo spirit of the warrior group. "While the song is defiant, there is also in it the note of tribal unity as against enemies."—*loc. cit.*

[27] Fletcher-La Flesche, *op. cit.*, p. 471.

[28] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 322.

The miscellaneous songs of the tribe (as a body) are even more numerous than the society songs. The following selections, though not markedly different in style from the preceding group, reveal various other community interests and thoughts.

Song of the women to send strength to the braves absent on the war-path.

"His call they obey!
Wa backa (name of a chief) raised his voice, nor ceased to cry aloud.
Come to me!
They all obeyed."

This song was originally composed to recall an occasion of great tribal excitement during an attack upon the neighboring Pawnee. The Omaha delegated complete authority to one man (Wabacka) who led the entire tribe, including the women, against the enemy. "This song has lived, and as it has been used by the women since that time as *wetonwaan*—a song *to* send strength to the absent warrior on the battle field—it is probable that it originally belonged to that class of songs." [30]

Quite different are another class of songs *about* women, but sung exclusively by men. "These songs refer to the flirtations and amorous adventures. They were not sung in the presence of women, but by men when by themselves. The existence of this class of songs was withheld from the knowledge of women of the better class. These songs were called *wauwaan,* 'woman songs'. They were composed by men, yet they always represent the woman as speaking, betraying her fondness for some one and thus violating social etiquette by speaking of her personal liking for a young man. They sometimes refer to uncongeniality in the marriage relation; the unhappy wife begs her lover to fly with her to another tribe."

"Daduma—I have made myself known, *the!*

[29] Fletcher-La Flesche, "The Omaha Tribe," p. 475.

[30] Fletcher-La Flesche, "The Omaha Tribe," p. 407.

Note. The style and import of this song is, of course, quite similar to that of other songs given previously, commemorating various individuals; but the primary motive is different. For other songs of war, see selections quoted in "The Indian Reveals His Character."

Daduma—I have made myself known, *the!*
Last night when you sang I uttered your name, *the!*
Daduma—I have made myself known, *the!*
'Who is it that sings?' *the!* they said, and I was sitting there, *the!*
'Wagunttia is passing', I said, *the!*
It was your name I uttered, *the! hi.*"[31]

Not at all times were the Indians so restrained in referring to sex relations, nor did the ladies and gentlemen always separate when they sang of such matters. The so-called "Crazy Dance" of the Creek is described:

"One of the favorite Creek dances is the Crazy Dance, so named because the participants behave like wild people, men and women taking freedom with each other's persons and acting in general in such a way as to provoke mirth. The word *hadjo* [name of the dance] . . . is in no way opprobrious. The songs for the Crazy Dance usually are funny or obscene stories, which in connection with other traits, suggests that in some way there is a connection between the dance and the idea of procreation. In other respects the movements, motions, and accompaniments are similar to other dances. Licentiousness usually follows after it."[32] One set of words for the Crazy Dance (sung by a leader, with chorus response by the dancers) is as follows:

"My mule, saddle him for me,
On the prairie big, when we get there,
Buffalo young bull, when I kill him,
My wife's mother, when we eat together,
When she scolds me. Osage chief,
When I become his son-in-law, many little Osages,
When I made them.
Morning star big, when it is rising,
Old turkey gobbler. When I hear him gobbling
My old gun, I start with it on my shoulder.
I'll go along, when I get there,
On tree limb big, I'll see him.
On a tree standing, I'll see him.
I'll aim at him; I'll shoot him
When I shoot him, I'll kill him, turning. My wife's mother,
I'll take it on my back. When I get there
My sisters-in-law, turkey breast meat,
When we eat it together, when they begin quarreling,

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[31] *Ibid*, pp. 321-323.

[32] Frank G. Speck, "Ceremonial Songs of the Creek and Yachi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, The Museum Anthropological Publications*, Vol. 1, No. 2. Philadelphia, 1911, p. 190.

Fighting with each other, I'll knock them about.
I'll eat it all up myself. WHOOP!"[33]

One set of words to the Drunken Dance, an orgy of similar nature, is even more frank and startling. "As in the Crazy Dance, . . . the leader may compose words for the song, improvise on the spot, or merely keep up a meaningless burden with a few expressions here and there. The songs are usually ludicrous, sometimes telling a story or some clownish anecdote."

"I don't know anything. I am drunk.
Something strong we drink together,
Something wonderful, is it not?" (whoop at end)
(Repeat with the following in which one of the women is supposed to be speaking):
"Let us go, she says to me,
I have no husband."
(Man supposed to be speaking)
"Your bed, tell me where it is.
Your home, tell me where it is." (whoop at end)
(Woman supposed to be speaking)
"My husband lies down. I will run away and wander.
My husband stays home. I will run away and wander."
(Man supposed to be speaking, whoops at end)
"When the moon rises I'll cohabit with you. . . .
. . . .
I'll sleep with you, night just one.
Road close to.
Night just four.
In that house old.
Night just ten, I'll sleep with you."
(An outsider is here supposed to be speaking)
Husband will whip her they say of you, they say of you.
Husband will strike you, they say of you, they say of you,
When you are called, they say of you, they say of you."
(whoop at end)[34]

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[33] Speck, *op. cit.*, p. 194.

[34] *Ibid*, pp. 197-200. I have taken the liberty of altering punctuation in a few places.

"An interesting feature of this song is the role played by the leader in which he impersonates a man, then a woman, and finally an outsider or public opinion. The chorus of dancers follow along as best they can with the song, or else sing *he ya* or some common burden syllables, at the end of each phrase, if they do not know the words."—*op. cit.*, p. 200.

It seems to me that this song goes far to discredit the "communal composition" theory. Such an occasion would surely be the time for the dancers to add verses. Yet from all accounts, the song is always sung by one person, chosen as leader. The others merely come in on the chorus. The song is not given as an *individual* composition, because the group took part in it, and apparently had different leaders at different times. D.

The Creeks and Yachis had a number of these social dances, with appropriate songs, some with words, some without. Many of the dances, such as the Rabbit Dance, the Mule Dance, the Alligator Dance, required the imitation by the dancers of various animals, or even of other objects in nature, as in the Leaf Dance. There seems to have been little if any idea of worship in these affairs.

Another very popular social pastime of the tribesmen was and is gambling in various games. Frequently these take the form of contests in which one side hides small objects as bullets, and the other players guess where they are. The "moccasin game" of the Chippewa, for example, resembles somewhat the "shell game", or "three card monte", of the country-fair sharper. The object is to manipulate a number of bullets, one of which is marked, hiding the marked bullet under a moccasin, or between the fingers of the hand. The opponent guesses where the bullet is hidden. This game and others are also the occasions for special "game songs" which are sung by spectators and participants as a sort of joyous social accompaniment.[35] These songs are not particularly interesting to the white man because they hardly suggest anything of the subject. To the Indians, of course, the reference is obvious. Frederick Burton gives as an example the song whose only words were "I use bad shoes". Not knowing the occasion for the song, he puzzled over these cryptic words for some time, finally deciding that they referred to worn out moccasins, and that the song was one of poverty. Later he discovered that the words meant that the singer was an expert in manipulating the moccasins used in the moccasin game, and expressed the idea "I am using bewitched shoes; they will fool you; you're not smart enough to get around these wicked shoes of mine." [36]

(To be continued)

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[35] Francis Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, pp. 209 ff.
[36] Burton, *American Primitive Music*, pp. 154-159.

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