

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOL. XXXII (No. 8)

AUGUST, 1918

NO. 747

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The Open Court Publishing Company

122 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, \$1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879
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THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA

By

DR. PAUL CARUS

Pocket Edition. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00; flexible leather, \$1.50

This edition is a photographic reproduction of the *edition de luxe* which was printed in Leipsic in 1913 and ready for shipment in time to be caught by the embargo Great Britain put on all articles exported from Germany. Luckily two copies of the above edition escaped, and these were used to make the photographic reproduction of this latest edition. While the Buddhist Bible could not in any way be considered a contraband of war yet the publishers were forced to hold back many hundred orders for the book on account of orders in council of Great Britain.

When the book was first published His Majesty, the King of Siam, sent the following communication through his private secretary:

"Dear Sir: I am commanded by His Most Gracious Majesty, the King of Siam, to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of your letter and the book, *The Gospel of Buddha*, which he esteems very much; and he expresses his sincerest thanks for the very hard and difficult task of compilation you have considerably undertaken in the interest of our religion. I avail myself of this favorable opportunity to wish the book every success."

His Royal Highness, Prince Chandradat Chudhadharn, official delegate of Siamese Buddhism to the Chicago Parliament of Religions, writes:

"As regards the contents of the book, and as far as I could see, it is one of the best Buddhist Scriptures ever published. Those who wish to know the life of Buddha and the spirit of his Dharma may be recommended to read this work which is so ably edited that it comprises almost all knowledge of Buddhism itself."

The book has been introduced as a reader in private Buddhist schools of Ceylon. Mrs. Marie H. Higgins, Principal of the Musaeus School and Orphanage for Buddhist Girls, Cinnamon Gardens, Ceylon, writes as follows:

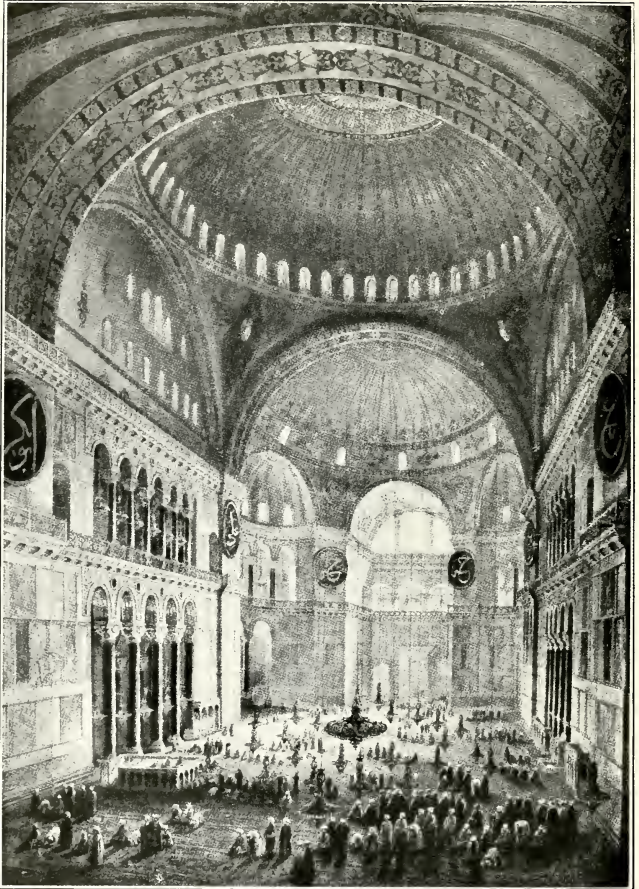
"It is the best work I have read on Buddhism. This opinion is endorsed by all who read it here. I propose to make it a text-book of study for my girls."

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122 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE

CHICAGO

ILLINOIS



INTERIOR OF THE HAGIA SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.
From Fossati, *Aya Sofia*.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

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THE NORTHERN ORIGIN OF THE STORY OF TROY.

ATTESTED BY THE PITCHER OF TRAGLIATELLA.

Translated from the German of Carus Sterne.

I. *A Survey of the Story of Troy.*

IN all world literature, omitting religious books, there is probably no book that has been the object of deeper and more frequent investigation than "the immortal songs of divine Homer." A library of more than a thousand volumes treats solely the content of Iliad and Odyssey, and even in antiquity doubt was raised whether there was any foundation in reality for these pictures too replete with color for a mere work of fancy. Old Herodotus, who estimated himself as only four hundred years younger than the poet of Troy, asked the priests of Memphis whether all that the Greeks told about the Trojan War was to be consigned to the realm of fable. They gave him an affirmative answer and assured him that Paris had never abducted Helen to Troy and that accordingly the Greeks never could have marched against Troy to demand her back. They claimed the whole affair had taken place in Memphis, and Herodotus concludes his long observation with the judgment: "With regard to Helen I assent entirely to the opinion of the Egyptian priests and for the following reasons. If this princess had been in Troy, they would certainly have returned her to the Greeks, no matter whether Alexandros (Paris) had agreed or opposed. Priam and the princes of the royal family really could not have been so deprived of all sense as to sacrifice themselves along with their children and their city to destruction, merely to secure the possession of Helen. to Alexandros. . . ."

Very many ancient scholars passed similar judgment on the so-called historical kernel of the poem and shrewd Eratosthenes

made sport of those who pretended to see anything else than myths and stories in the wanderings of Odysseus. With a smile of roguishness even the poet of the Iliad has his Apollo ask Poseidon himself if he imagines that it was the Greeks who had fought with the citizens before the gates of Troy, for it seems to him as if in the Iliad it had not been a matter of the struggle between men but of gods with one another. In these words the poet announces that he intends to tell us a myth and not history, but how few investigators have believed him! The heroes of the Iliad have come to a life more real than real, not merely in the ideas of Schliemann, but in the meditations and efforts of thousands who insist on the principle, "The story must be true after all, or else it couldn't have been told."

The eleven thousand scholars and pedants who have since been cudgeling their brains to find a solution for the riddles and mysteries here in control, seem to me to have given "full and complete" proof of at least one thing, that the matter cannot be settled merely by philology and linguistic lore. This gave a foundation for the right to try another way. My ambition to do this resulted from no amateur notion of yesterday. I believe I was but little more than ten years old when I first read the Iliad and the Odyssey—of course in Voss's translation—"devoured them" would express it better, for I cannot deny that from boyhood up I was accustomed to devour books and was always tormented by a burning desire to become acquainted with the poetry of all peoples and times. But nothing exercised such perennial attraction as the Iliad and the Odyssey and I have always returned again and again to this love of my youth. In this I very soon gained an impression as if Homer's heroes were very much of the same mould as those of the songs of Ossian, of the Nibelungenlied, and of Gudrun. The similarity in certain customs, for example in the disposal of the dead, struck me early and I remember being astonished beyond all bounds when I read in Tegnér's *Frithjofssaga* that the Scandinavian heroes were said to have sworn solemn oaths and vows on the cut off head of a wild boar just like the Homeric Greeks. Finally, however, I thought this was a trait which Tegnér had borrowed from Homer.

It did not remotely occur to me that such coincidences in customs and views could be interpreted as pointing to a northern origin of the Greeks, for I was not as farseeing as Dr. Otto Ammon in Karlsruhe who now, after the northern provenience of all Aryans has been accorded a high degree of probability from many sides, asserts that he discerned this solution of the problem as a schoolboy! I had rather a firm belief in the axiom of philology that Central

Asia was the homeland of the Aryans. Anyhow at that time I harbored not only a deep feeling of gratitude and respect for the scholars who had unlocked the thought and fancy of such distant civilization to us, but also blind confidence in the correctness of their conclusions, which were based on merely linguistic evidence. Even to-day, as a matter of course, I have not at all abandoned this esteem for linguistic investigation, in spite of many bitter experiences with individual representatives of the philological sciences, for it has furnished us information of the highest value and performed the most valuable services to other fields of research; but I have gradually changed my opinion in regard to the certainty of its conclusions and to the unconditional reliability of some of its representatives. I must here relate somewhat more in detail the circumstances through which my original confidence received the hardest shock, since it also belongs to the Homeric problem.

[Carus Sterne then proceeds to recapitulate the famous controversy about the "blueblindness" of Homer, the absurdity of which he showed in *Kosmos*, June, 1877.]

This little triumph over the philologists in Homeric research was for me the occasion no longer to look upon the rest of their work with the complete reliance which had previously inspired me. If their infallibility got a fall from such a simple obstacle, what was then its status in the fields of prehistoric man and of comparative mythology which had till then been almost exclusively cultivated by philologists and from philological angles? Were really all peoples, as they asserted, whose languages belonged to the Indogermanic family of languages, of the same race? Had the original stock, to follow out their further conclusions, really come to Europe with bag and baggage, domestic animals and seed stocks and everything, from the Plateau of Central Asia? And if that was all correct, why had it been impossible up to then to get much certainty in respect to the relationship of the religious ideas of the various Aryan branches? For if the languages are the same, then the mythological range of ideas, which surely did not take growth in a later era but in the myth-forming primeval time, must needs reveal the same inner connection.

But in spite of all learned efforts nothing worth mentioning had been accomplished on this ground. Max Müller's attempts to derive all Greek gods and goddesses from India (for instance, Greek Hera, Artemis, Athene, Aphrodite and the rest solely from an Indian goddess of the dawn) proved just as complete failures as the efforts of Herodotus and other scholars of antiquity to trace

back all their divinities to Egyptian and Phoenician origin, a view which, as the result of the philologists' blind faith in authority, has continued its ghostly existence clear into our century and is still not able to die. Of the entire chaos of comparative mythology, as far as Aryan divinities were concerned, there remained as a certain result but little more than the fact that the celestial divinities of the ancient Indians, Greeks, Romans, and Germans: Dyaus, Zeus, Jupiter, Tyr or Zio, showed an unmistakable, but on the whole little known relationship.

This grand fiasco could be explained only as due to false methods and faulty foundations, i. e., a departure from preconceived erroneous ideas, and it became ever clearer to me that an entirely new substructure would have to be built if a durable edifice was to be reared. First it had to be made clear that mythology is nothing else but the precipitate of the attempts of people in the childhood of the race at an interpretation of nature, mixed up with ideas of ancestor-worship. Its goal is to explain and make comprehensible all facts and phases of the life of nature and humanity to an undeveloped intelligence from the action of personified natural forces, phenomena, and conditions, i. e., to make answer to the natural questions, Why is it turning winter now and later spring? Why have sun and moon not the same appearances and the same course in the sky all the time? For what reason is there so little sunlight in winter? By whom are sun and moon suddenly swallowed up during eclipses? Who is angry in thunderstorms? and so on and so forth. It had to be made clear, too, that such things can only be treated successfully by naturalists and ethnopsychologists, but not by philologists who had not even observed that every clime and every race, in so far as it possesses recollections of the original home of its mythological epoch, must have as its own a special theogony corresponding to its climatic conditions, that this too must have passed through a period of development from lower forms, etc., etc.

However, this evolution cannot be immediately recognized in literary evidence, which in the nature of things must possess a stamp so highly colored by individuality, by national and local patriotism that it is rarely to be trusted. Then, too, such evidence springs only seldom from the myth-forming era proper; as the result of a long process of thought it offers only clarified or, rather, clouded views, is in fact to be used only with extreme caution. Much more important in this direction are the various objects buried without ulterior motives in graves, prehistoric witnesses in general which

place before our eyes the civilization and religious reverence of primitive man in unvarnished reality, to the extent to which we are successful in interpreting these silent witnesses aright. Thus, the distribution of tools from the stone, copper, bronze, and iron ages, relics of pottery, modes of burial, and megalithic monuments furnish bases which in value for the knowledge of primitive history and the history of religion are surpassed by no literary monument, but which have on the contrary already corrected the data of literary monuments from the most diverse angles.

Because of their peculiar occurrence from the coasts of the North through France and Iberia to the north coast of Africa, on the one hand, across the Caucasus to Asia Minor and India, on the other, the megalithic monuments have always seemed to me to be worthy of particular attention, especially since from implements found in their attendant burial-places the thesis can be made probable that the North German ones are older than all the rest. As early as 1879 in my essays on the stone age in the Orient I called attention to the fact that the stone monuments of Palestine so often mentioned in the Bible displayed a similarity to those of northern Europe which could hardly be explained by assuming an equality in the cultural niveau of their builders. I made an exhaustive comparison of the cromlech of twelve stones supposedly built by Joshua at the ford of the Jordan "in commemoration of the twelve tribes of the Jews" with the cromlechs of Britain also generally constructed of twelve stones, for example with Stonehenge; of the dolmens with the round hole in one side-wall with the corresponding dolmens of India and France; and of the balanced rock of Jerusalem over which the Jewish Temple, now a mosque, was built with similar balanced rocks of Keltic lands.

Eight or nine years later, as everybody knows, Flinders Petrie discovered on Egyptian temple-walls colored representations of the Amaurs, those tall Amorites of the Jordan-land often mentioned in the Bible, and it was found that these predecessors of the Jews were blond, blue-eyed people. How many Bible antiquities would be more easily explained if people were willing to look more sharply at this Aryan original stock of Palestine. I mention only the sacrifice of horses on high mountains, offered to the Sun and the Moon, which were abolished by Josiah (2 Kings xxiii); the chariots of the sun mentioned there, and the prophet Elijah who is wholly identical with the northern Thor (cf. the author's *Tuiskoland*, pp. 271-275).

The views of classical philologists who after the precedent of old Herodotus would not cease deriving the Greek gods from Egypt

and Phoenicia appeared to me more and more untenable. What, pray, had a land which, down to the beginning of our era, persisted in a debasing animal-worship, to offer to the Greek pantheon! Quite on the contrary, Egypt, Syria, and Phoenicia borrowed infinitely much from the northern Aryans who had crossed their boundaries in a hoary antiquity, and only from that arose the deceptive similarity of many of their cults to those of Greece and the North. I sought to explain this state of affairs further in a longer series of articles, "Mythologie und Entwicklungsgeschichte," 1886-87, showing by many examples the agreement of Greek-Roman cults with those of the north Aryans, which, to be sure, got to Greece in many cases only by way of Asia Minor.

Especial weight was laid on the northern origin of the cult of light (Zeus and Apollo) already attested by so many ancient authors, and the so-called sun champions and defenders of the patriarchy (as, e. g., Apollo, Herakles, Theseus, Perseus, Achilles, and others), who according to tradition destroyed the ancient matriarchy and the Amazonism of the Semitic peoples, were characterized as likenesses of our northern sun warriors, Tyr, Thor, Freyr, Siegfried, that is of those celestial divinities who combat the demons of darkness and cold, and liberate the "lights of heaven" from their might in order to help man. The following year (1888), when I wrote the series "Fussstapfen blonder Indogermanen in der Urgeschichte," the northern origin of the Troy legend, long a surmise, became a conviction with me, and with reference to the Indic Karna, the principal hero of the mighty Mahabharata (who is likewise a faded Siegfried-type, that is, a later development of the divine sun warrior of the North) I wrote the following:

"As can easily be seen, there is in this an essential support for the view here upheld, that the Aryans migrated from northern Europe to India and not the reverse. Furthermore, not the Mahabharata alone but also the Iliad has the greatest resemblance to the Lay of the Nibelungs—the three stateliest epics of the world have the same personality as their chief hero. Some years ago I pointed out in this paper (*Vossische Zeitung*) the surprising similarity of the dragon-slayer and maiden-rescuer Siegfried with the bright dragon-slayer and liberator of Andromeda, Perseus, with the victor over the Minotaur and Amazon-conqueror, Theseus, and with blonde, curly-headed Achilles with the small vulnerable spot on his heel. These three sun heroes seem to me, indeed, much closer doubles of Siegfried-Sigurd of the Edda and of *Das kleine Heldenbuch* than the Indic Karna. . . . Siegfried conducts his own bride to King

Gunther; Achilles likewise yields his own bride Briseïs to the commander of armies, Agamemnon; and Karna, like Siegfried, wins the Gandhari-king's bride in battle to yield her up to the king.

"In all three national epics the cause of the struggle is the same, whether the name of the ravished or insulted wife be Brunhild, Helen, or Draupadi. . . . Achilles and Karna fall long before the decisive battle and by treachery and envy of the gods, just like Siegfried. While Hagen learns of the spot between the shoulder-blades where Siegfried is without protection, in the Greek story Apollo suggests to cowardly Paris to aim at the heel (of Achilles) which Thetis had forgotten to harden because she held the child by it, and in just the same wise god Indra, in the form of a Brahmin who can be refused nothing, approaches Karna, in order to beg from him the horny skin that makes invulnerable,—plainly the most clumsy change of the original story. . . ."

The comparisons given here very much abridged have of course reference only to the form which the myth received in the popular epic, the beginnings of which must therefore have been extant already before the separation of Teutons, Indians, and Greeks. Then the story of Troy passed through very different changes before arriving at the form given it in the Iliad. I proved the northern source of the Iliad more in detail in *Tuiskoland*, 1891 (pp. 449-521), and especially in the chapter on Achilles I indicated that some time there must have been a form in which it is he who liberates Helen, for she appears married to him on the island of Leuke, before the mouths of the Danube, just as Brunhild ascends the funeral pyre with her liberator, Siegfried. The name of Achilles points that way, which I derived with Preller from *echis*, "serpent," connecting it with the slayer of the winter dragon Ahi, to whom an Achilaras corresponds in India. It was from the power of this winter dragon that he had freed her, and if her counterpart is recognized in Briseïs, we may easily see the way in which the Iliad grew out of the Achilles story in the hands of the Homeric poets.

Jason and Theseus are two doubles of Achilles in Greek poetry. Both fight, like Achilles, against the Amazons, in addition Jason has the same home and the same teacher as Achilles (cf. *Tuiskoland*, p. 497), both rescue a radiantly beautiful woman from the power of a monster; they owe their lives to her, but they nevertheless surrender her to another, just as Siegfried, Achilles, and Karna do. In the case of Theseus, in a way not to be misunderstood, the story is not clear whether it was Helen whom he abducted from the castle at Sparta during the dance, or Ariadne whom he led in dance from

her prison in the labyrinth of Crete, which, as we shall see later, bore the name of Troy in antiquity. A fourth or fifth form of the legend has Pyrrhos, son of Achilles, conquer Troy, and release Helen in dancing. A sixth relates that Menelaus found abducted Helen in Memphis and there liberated her from the hands of the ravisher.

More instructive and important than all these forms of the story is the seventh, often cited in the Iliad as the original form, the story of the liberation of Hesione before the gates of Troy by Herakles. Her father Laomedon is narrated to have delivered her to the wrath of Poseidon, after the latter had built the walls of Troy and had devastated the coast on being cheated out of his pay. Then Laomedon invokes the help of Herakles, to whom he promises one of his miraculous horses, if he should liberate his daughter from the monster. This Herakles does, is deceived by the perfidious, lying king like Poseidon before, and now destroys the fortress, Troy. In *Tuiskoland* (pp. 449-459) I showed by many details that this oldest Greek story of Troy is a quite senseless distortion of a purely logical northern nature-legend, told in the Edda. According to this the Asas promise sun, moon, and Freya to a giant architect for the building of a castle for the gods, the architect is then cheated out of his miraculous horse by Loki, and finally the young god of summer, Thor, returns, slays the giant, and frees Freya along with sun and moon. A large number of variants of this story, living on in fairy-tales and myths of the North, leaves not the slightest doubt that we are here dealing with a native nature-story, celebrating the liberation of the sun-goddess from the bonds of the winter demon. In *Tuiskoland* (p. 460) I laid down the thesis that Helen corresponded to the northern sun maiden.

In order not to make things too easy for zealous rivals, I kept to myself that my attention had been drawn for more than ten years to peculiar labyrinthian constructions scattered over the whole North, which bear the names, *Troja*, *Trojeborg*, *Tröborg*, *Trelleborg* in Scandinavia, where, as in Russia, they were built of stones; in England, where they are cut out of turf, they are called *Troy Town*, Welsh *Caer Droia*, or *Walls of Troy*.

The Troy Town of Gotland here given reproduces clearly the most frequently returning tracing of these constructions, which are kept in shape in England until to-day because, it is said, the figure is a picture of the city of Troy and because the English, and especially the Welsh, are supposed to be descendants of the Trojans. Again there is found scattered over all of England, even in Ireland, Scot-

land, and the Orkney Islands, in thousandfold repetition a similar figure cut in natural rocks, dolmens, menhirs, and cromlechs, yes, even in burial-mounds of the bronze age on the covers of urns and the like, which also has been called *Troy* from ancient times. Russia, too, in its northern provinces is strewn with such constructions, although they now bear other names there. Also in the Prussian province of Brandenburg traces of Troy Towns are to be seen here and there, called *Wunderberge* (wonder hills), in the rest of Germany apparently *Wurmlagen* (dragon lairs).



TROJABURG AT WISBY, GOTLAND.

After K. Braun's *Wisbyfahrt*, Leipsic, 1882, p. 120.

However, the connection of these Troy Towns with the Greek story of Troy seemed for the time too problematic for use in support of the northern origin of the story of Troy, and till then every attempt to link them with the story of Troy had been energetically repulsed by antiquaries. The Troy Towns which in Scandinavia are often found in the immediate vicinity of Christian churches were rather supposed to be imitations of similar labyrinths which are executed on the floors of numerous French and Italian churches and served there either as symbols of the erring paths of the world or as paths for penitents which they had to pass on their knees.

In this way Edward Trollope had explained the English field labyrinths in 1858, Dr. Nordström the Scandinavian in 1877, and in 1882 W. Meyer in like manner pointed out the numerous labyrinth drawings of similar moralizing tendency in medieval manuscripts, extending down into the ninth century. These drawings were said to have had their source in copies from the Cretan labyrinth as they



OLD COIN OF KNOSSOS, CRETE.

appear on coins of the Cretan city of Knossos from the fourth century B. C. on, and resemble the copy of the Troy Town of Wisby in Gotland, given above, as one egg does another.

In addition the church labyrinths, as well as book labyrinths, were attested not infrequently as Daedalus Houses by inscriptions, and it was only in Iceland that the name of Völund Houses replaced that name; this, however, is to be accounted for as if the house of Daedalus had simply been translated into that of the smith Wayland (Icelandic Völund) so nearly related to him in the saga.

In this disagreeable predicament it will be found comprehensible that I was in no too great haste to assert an ever so probable connection with the story of Troy before I could not refute those attempts at explanation which sounded so plausible. For this way and means were gradually found. For one thing, church imitations of such labyrinths were to be found neither in England, nor in Scandinavia or Russia, while field labyrinths in Italy are mentioned already by Pliny; besides, the name Troy Town was strikingly suggestive of the name of an old Roman game, *ludus Troiae*, which according to the descriptions of the ancients took place in winding ways similar to those of the Cretan labyrinth. To be sure, a new error now threatened the attempts at solution: the northern Troy Towns were said to be named for the Roman game which, strange enough, was cited just like the English Troy Towns, as evidence for the Trojan origin of the Romans, without any explanation being given as to what connection the Cretan labyrinth (which even in the Theseus story competed with Troy, in respect of the liberation of Helen and Ariadne) could have with all these stories. The

consideration that spring-festivals were celebrated in the Troy Towns of Brandenburg and of England down to recent times, in conjunction with the fact that the Cretan labyrinth dance was danced at Delos in honor of a goddess of spring and of Apollo returning in spring, and that the labyrinthian Troy Play of the Romans was likewise said to have been founded in honor of a spring goddess, finally gave sufficient inner solidity to the hypothesis for me now to risk coming before the public.

This was done in three essays which appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung* under the title "Die Trojaburgen Nordeuropas" in August, 1891. They sketched the plan of this new field of investigation in its entire extent, tracing back to these old northern religious customs not only an old Roman military dance in labyrinthian paths (the Salian dance, which must also have borne the name Troa Dance) and the Troy Play derived from it, but also the Cretan labyrinth story, the Iliad, and the stories of the Trojan origin of European peoples referred to such bases; their principal results were summed up as follows:

"Assuredly most people who have ever heard of the name Troy Town for the labyrinthine stone-figures of Scandinavia and England and, linked up with it, the story of a maiden locked up in one of them and to be rescued, will want to explain the connection by the simple transfer of the name Troy to them. But that has insuperable obstacles, for the Greeks, to be sure, knew two kinds of stories of a lady, Hesione or Helen, to be rescued from danger of, or imprisonment in, a Troy Town, but they knew nothing of a labyrinthine plan of the establishment, nothing of the labyrinth dance of liberation. On the other hand the Romans had the labyrinthine Troy Dance, (presupposed, it is true, only by the author as the original form of the Troy Play); but with them, again, the association with the stone labyrinth and the liberation of the maiden were forgotten. In the Cretan labyrinth dance the idea of the liberation of the maiden was united with that of the stone labyrinth, but here the name Troy is wanting. So in this case as in so many others the key for the understanding of the Roman, Cretan, and Trojan stories and customs would be found in the North, . . . and a significant field of investigation of ancient Aryan mythology, rich in new vistas, is joined to the half-forgotten prehistoric stone labyrinths of the North to which the name *Trojaborg* remained attached, and if anywhere, the proverb can be applied here: 'When men are silent, stones will speak.' We must merely understand how to make them speak."

The further investigation, the results of which I published in connection with finds made up to that time in a book entitled, *Die Trojaburgen Nordeuropas* (Glogau, 1893), which appeared a short time ago, was particularly taken up with the question, what sort of a nature-myth probably formed the ultimate background of the story of the maiden incarcerated in a labyrinthian citadel and freed from it. According to the story of the Edda we have to look to Freya (Vanadis or Fru Disa), the northern goddess of love and spring; in name and character the Roman Venus or Frutis who was celebrated in the Troy Play corresponds to her exactly, also the Aphrodite of the Delian labyrinth dance and tolerably well also the beautiful Helen of the Iliad. Just the same I could not rest content with this result, for an allegory like the one that the giant Winter had imprisoned Spring or the goddess of love and that the summer-god of thunderstorms would have to come in order to liberate her in the first thunderstorm of spring, that is no mythical idea such as primitive peoples form, but as said, a modern allegory.

The affinity of the Freya myth to the story of Siegfried which goes to the point of absolutely blending in the *Fjölsvinnsmal* of the Edda—for here in place of Freya, Brunhild within her citadel awaits her liberator—, furnished better hints for further investigation. It was shown that the story, so widely spread in Aryan lands, of the dragon-slayer who liberates the captive maiden is entirely identical with the story of the building of the citadel, and in many of these dragon-slayer legends, like in the Norse Ragnar Lodbrok Saga, the citadel with its rings is actually replaced by a mighty dragon who throws his coils about the house of the maiden, leaves no entrance open and must first be slain before the captive can be liberated. There can be no doubt that the dragon is only the guardian who holds the maiden in captivity and often appears also in human form as a giant or an old man who desires her as a wife. Brunhild herself appears in the different northern forms of the saga, now guarded by a dragon, now enclosed by the "flickering fire" or by an impenetrable thorny hedge, now on an unascendable glass-mountain, now in a sea-castle all surrounded by water, now in a tower without doors. In most cases it is a leaping horse which carries the liberator over all obstacles—in the Russian story over nine walls, in order that he may redeem and lead forth the maiden (*Trojaburgen*, pp. 117-146).

Brunhild-Dornröschen has been almost always explained by the mythologists as personifying the earth lying in the fetters of winter and aroused from her sleep by the kisses of the young spring sun-

shine. But proceeding cautiously we were able to prove with certainty that this is a more recent reinterpretation and that we must recognize in Brunhild the sun maiden who is completely incarcerated and sent to sleep by the winter demon in the extreme North. This accounts for the fact that the Brunhild myth has retained its significance better and longer in the higher latitudes, and in the Eddic lay of "Brunhild's Death Ride" her hall surrounded by the flickering fire is indeed assigned a location in the south, where in far northern countries the sun is seen last before for weeks and months it disappears completely (is incarcerated), and is seen first when it is released from its prison in spring. In one of the Sigurd songs preserved on the Faroe Islands King Budli builds the hall surrounded by the flickering fire on Hildar Hill; in it his daughter Brinhild is seated on a golden chair, asleep until Syurdur rides through the fire on his miraculous horse, smashes the door and shutters with his sword, and cuts her golden armor in two. The description of Budli's daughter in the same song fits the sun maiden exactly, as shown by the following lines:

"Brinhild is sitting on Hildarfiáll, she is Budli's daughter:

The skalds in their songs would sing of her that the light casts a shadow
beside her,

Brinhild is sitting on Hildarfiáll, right in her father's realm:

A radiance shone from her shoulder-piece, as if one looked in the fire.

Brinhild is sitting on her throne, and she combs her hair:

It is fine-spun like silk, and looks like gold."

For the same reason, viz., because Dornröschen, too, is really the fair-haired sun maiden sleeping in the winter-time, her children are called, in the French fairy-tale, Dawn and Day, in the even earlier version of the Pentamerone, sun and moon. From this it is seen that the tale of the sun's incarceration originating in the North was no longer understood even in France and Italy, because in these countries no giant Winter is strong enough to make the sun disappear entirely. In middle Europe, too, the myth assumed another form, more closely corresponding to the astronomical facts. We are referring to the Syrith saga, of which the oldest form that we know was written down by Saxo Grammaticus toward the end of the twelfth century. According to this, the sun maiden with the golden hair whom nobody can look in the face is carried off by a giant who keeps her a prisoner in a craggy wilderness where she must tend the goats of her abductor. Wandering about the rocky shores of the northern sea, she is found by her lover Othar, who slays the giant but fails to win as little as a glance from his un-

responsive sweetheart, even after she has entered the house of his parents. At last he determines upon a drastic course of procedure, telling her that he wants her to serve as the bride's torch-bearer at his nuptials with another maiden. She then burns her fingers (probably rather those of her supposed rival) and lifts up her eyes to her liberator who warns her to pay better attention and now consummates the marriage with her, putting away the sham-bride.

This tale is not only one of the most faithful nature-studies of the winter sun that can be imagined, but also one of the most ancient and most widely spread Aryan myths in existence. The sun maiden, whom nobody can look in the face during summer, keeps her lustreless eyes cast down in the winter, when she is aimlessly wandering over the crags of the shore, tending the goats of her abductor. Even after the first days of her liberation she remains frigid (early spring, temporary return of cold weather), until on a certain day, when all the after-effects of winter are overcome, the "sun's bridal" may be celebrated all over the earth. This is a festival which is observed in wholly pagan forms clear until to-day by the Serbs, Bulgarians, Rumanians, and Greeks on the day of St. George, the Christian dragon-slayer who also rescues a maiden. The day is the twenty-third of April and is marked by the chanting of songs which are nothing but copies of this Syrith saga of the North, showing especially copious detail in the episode of the "sham-bridal."

It is only in one respect that these south Slavic songs show a decided difference: the liberator of the sun who slays the dragon has been transformed in accordance with the myth of ancient Greece into the sun-god himself, it being well known that Apollo in turn is easily recognized as the later development of a dragon-slayer. He has replaced the northern sun maiden, consequently it is he who, like her, has to tend the herds of the king of Troy, i. e., his wintry prison does not keep him in captivity closer or darker than that in which Syrith is kept, the southern sky with its fleecy clouds ("sheep") is open to him to roam, his only restriction being that he is not allowed to leave these precincts.

Returning to Othar and Syrith we readily see that behind these two names of the Danish saga a god and a goddess are hidden who are half forgotten in the Edda: Odhr and Freya, the latter of whom sometimes appears in old Norse sagas bearing the name Syr, or Syr Fentanna ("Syr of the crags," i. e., the winter sun gliding low over the crags along the seashore). One song of the Edda deals with her love for Ottar, i. e., Othar or Odhr, for whom she shed golden tears when he was gone and who, under the name

Svipdagr, released her from the flickering fire and other bonds holding her in the "Fiölsvinnsmal" mentioned before (*Trojaburgen*, pp. 156-171).

It is quite evident that the goddess Freya of the Eddic Troy legend must be derived from her prototype Syr, who is identical with the old Germanic and old Indian sun-goddess Svarya, Surya. In many languages her name returns in the names of the sun, always thought of as a female in northern countries; I mention only British *Sulis*, Lithuanian *Saule*, old Norse *Sol*, Greek *Seirios* (which originally did not signify the dog-star but the sun). According to the opinion of many linguists, Helen's name, too, is derived from the old verb *svar*, "to shed light," "to shine" (*svalinn*, the sun shield of the Edda), for in remotest antiquity the name was spelled *Velena*. Bergmann rendered Syrith many years ago by "sun-fire" (*svar*, "sun," and *aitar*, Greek *aithra*, "fire") and compared the name Syrith to that of the queen Sparethra, mentioned by Ktesias. All these are indications pointing to a very great age of the Syrith myth, and it is by no means impossible that the name of the Scythian solar divinity mentioned by Herodotus, Oitosyros, refers to the divine couple Othar and Syrith. As everybody knows, the ancients often confused the Scythians with Germanic peoples.

We realize that everything is plainly pointing to the sun maiden as the person who is kept a prisoner by the dragon and must be liberated by the thunder-god; therefore it cannot be very difficult to form a more accurate idea of the identity of her incarcerator. The myth of the Edda informs us that a world twirler, Mundilföri, had two children, a son Mani (the moon) and a daughter Sol (the sun). This myth, which was recently characterized as a late invention by E. Mogk, proves its great age when we consider the fact that also in the Indian myth the moon-god Soma or Manu and the sun-goddess Surya come to life in a gigantic twirling-process. Besides, it is known that to this day the Hindus have not given up their conception of the deity of the moon being a male, picturing him at once as the first man and the judge of the dead. The Romans and Greeks, on the other hand, transformed the moon-god Men, who was worshiped on the shores of the Black Sea in late historic times, into a moon-goddess first called Mena, and replaced the northern sun-goddess, who was assuming different functions under the name of Athene or Minerva, by a male solar deity. The further relations of the sun maiden to the world builder and word smith, her father, once formed the center of the explanation of nature as native in the North, and it has left most remarkable traces in the

Indian and Persian mythology as well as in that of the Greeks and Romans.

The primeval world smith, standing at the head of the original Aryan pantheon, a fire-god, had lost his first rank everywhere under the influence of a new interpretation of nature, and had been replaced by a god of the bright sky (Tyr, Thor, Zeus), who, however, still retained a great deal of the element of fire and lightning inherent in his predecessor. This was connected with an explanation of the change of the seasons and the sun's path in the North, by the tale that the celestial smith had been driven out because, in the height of summer, he had tried to ravish his daughter, the sun-goddess, thus causing the heat of July and August. Dethroned and expelled for this crime by the other gods, he tried to take revenge by claiming his two children, sun and moon, or by luring them into his magic castle, so as to cause the world which had cast off his rule to turn cold and dark (beginning of winter). This is the meaning of the Eddic myth telling of Smidhr the builder who demanded the surrender of sun, moon, and Freya for building the world, because the author of the Younger Edda did not remember that Freya had sprung from the old sun-goddess Syr. Thor, or Othar-Siegfried, has to liberate the sun maiden in spring from the builder's power, who has again become a god of winter and cold.

The same myth reappears in the Greek-Roman story of the ravishing of Athene-Minerva by Hephaestus-Vulcan, in the Persian-Indian myths, and furthermore in the cycle of fairy-tales which have been discussed in the chapter, "An Emperor Wants to Marry his Daughter" (*Trojaburgen*, pp. 175-194). Now since an explanation of nature cannot very well do without a fire-god, Tvashtri in India, Hephaestus in Greece, and Vulcan in Rome, were reinstated, with limited powers, in their office as forgers of the divine thunderbolts. The system became complicated. As an expedient a celestial smith and world builder, retired, as it were, was assumed (Uranus-Varuna) and his misdeeds, among which figured the refusal of the nectar which he had invented, were imputed to a dragon-shaped demon. This demon is encountered under the most different names, such as Ahi, "the dragon," Maha-Dru and Draogha, "the great deceiver," etc., but lived on in tradition also under the name of the old Norse world builder Valas, Valand, Pallas, Phalantos. In India he is sometimes regarded as a son of the world smith, sometimes he is simply identified with him under the influence of the original relationship. The Greek-Roman secret doctrine found another way out—it made Pallas-Hephaestus-Vulcan the husband of

his daughter Pallas-Athene-Minerva, and explained the later sun-god Apollo as their son, the child of the sun-goddess of the Aryans.

In the ancient writings of the Persians and Indians, these developments in the religious views of the Aryans are still very clearly discernible. In the Rig Veda we read that the great dragon (Maha-Dru) stole the sun, and that Indra, corresponding to Thor as god of thunderstorms, liberated the maiden. In Persian sacred writings we find this monster Drukhs, Druya, or Draogha described as a devil with three heads; the Persian dragon-fighter Thraëtaona (the prototype of Feridun, the Persian Siegfried) fortunately slays him every year in spring whenever, by the long retention of the sun and the resulting cold of the winter, he is just about to destroy all earthly life. Windischmann interpreted this three-headed Draogha years ago as the representative of winter, whom Ahriman created so as to give a wintry climate to the land of the Aryans, with but two months of summer. The earth would be buried entirely under snow and ice if the benignant gods did not come to the assistance of man by sending Thraëtaona who breaks the power of the monster. It is the same beneficent function which the Edda attributes to Thor. At the same time, however, it is obvious that this whole religious system must have originated in the North. The three-headed winter-dragon Draogha is easily recognized in the three-headed demon Troyan, alive to this day in Serbo-Bulgarian tales; the latter in turn has his counterpart in the winter demon of the Greeks, Geryoneus or Alkyoneus, likewise three-headed, who is conquered by Herakles. This leads us on to the story of the winter emperor who locks up Helen in his castle Troy and forces Apollo to tend his cattle (*Trojaburgen*, pp. 218-228).

Now both the Indian Druhs and Varuna, the expelled god of heaven, are described as ensnarers and trappers; the Valand Houses, or Troy Towns, of Iceland are interpreted as traps (OHG *dru*); and the sun bride of the Slavic Syrith songs is abducted in a snare (or a swing): so the idea naturally suggested itself to interpret the Troy Towns as towns of Draogha, i. e., as sun-traps, especially since old Indian and old Greek myths tell us of a captivity of the sun in the fire-surrounded palace of Varuna or Aëtes in Colchis. As a matter of fact the Troy Towns exhibit an accurate reproduction of the winding paths through which the sun, describing lower and lower arcs in the sky, at last is led into its southern prison from which, in the higher latitudes, it does not come forth until after several months (*Trojaburgen*, p. 182). The labyrinth in Crete must be characterized as a copy of these northern "sun-traps"

which were no longer understood in the South, and the more so since here, too, we find the myth of the bull-shaped father who pursues his daughter (Asterios and Asteria), and since the Cretan labyrinth dance showed the leading forth of the radiant maiden in spring through the same winding paths through which she was led away in fall (*Trojaburgen*, pp. 262-276). These dances, however, are the same as the northern and old Italian vernal sword dances which ended in the expulsion, stoning, or killing of the winter smith (*Trojaburgen*, pp. 236-247).

The transformation of the divine dragon-slayer into the sun hero is preserved with especially remarkable completeness in the Persian mythology, in which Indra, who is here also called Vritrahan or Verethrayan (the dragon-slayer), is without difficulty recognized in Feridun. In the Tuti-Namah, a Turkish collection of stories probably derived from a Persian source, the fight with the dragon by which Ferid wins the daughter of the sultan is described just as in various German Siegfried tales, collected by the brothers Grimm. In this connection the story of "The Two Brothers" is of particular interest, including its variants (Vol. III, No. 60). This tale must be very old indeed, for the details of which it is composed are found from Scandinavia to Rome, from Hellas to India, in tales of the ancient Greeks and in the Vedas; we mention only the hero eating the magic bird, the hero drinking before the dragon-fight to gather strength, the "faithful animals" helping him in the fight, his profound sleep afterward, a rogue stealing the dragon's heads and claiming to be the real slayer, his being unmasked by means of the tongues previously cut out, and so on. We thus discover that even these minor details are in reality embellishments of the simple original myth of the sun maiden's liberation, added to it several thousand years ago.¹

ARABIAN PICTURES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ORIENTAL institutions, be they social, political, or religious, are very conservative, and especially so in Arabia. We may indeed assume that the family life of Abraham was practically the same as that of an Arabian sheik to-day. We may notice with special interest that the characteristic features of the general world-

¹[In our next number we shall publish the second part of Carus Sterne's argument, dealing with the Pitcher of Tragliatella exclusively; a summary will then draw the final conclusions.—Ed.]

conception and the daily habits of Oriental peoples are deeply religious.

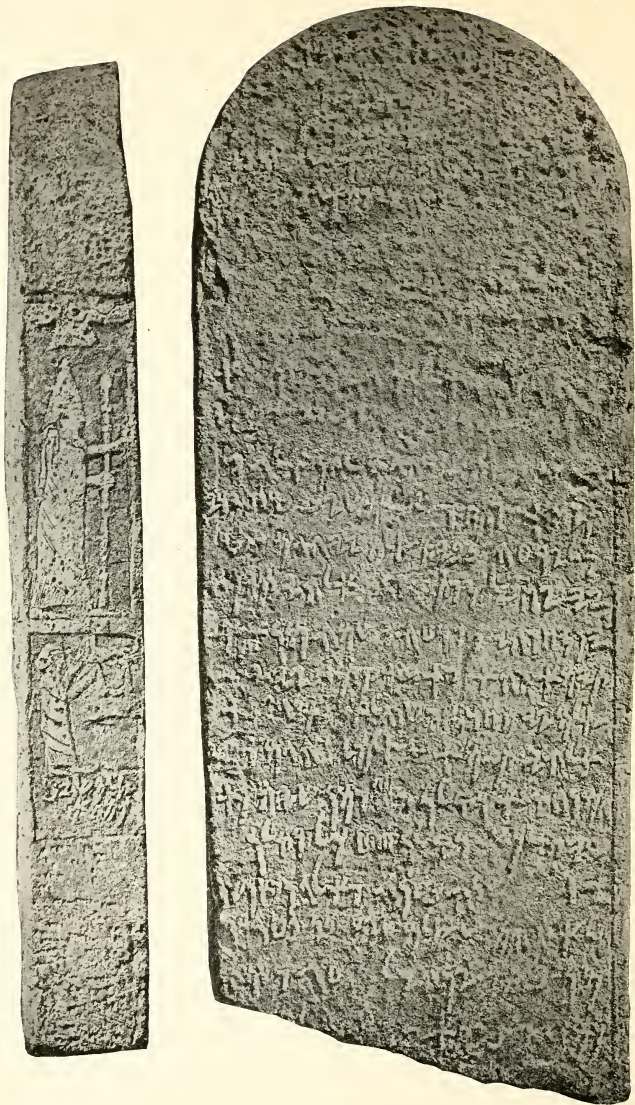
Though the Arabian of to-day may be neglectful of many essential things—including the laws of sanitation and even of ordinary cleanliness—he will never forget his daily prayer. When traveling through the desert he will dismount at specified hours and offer his thanks to God, while in the cities the call for prayer resounds from the minarets at the same hours to remind the faithful of their duties toward the Almighty.



A FARMER AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

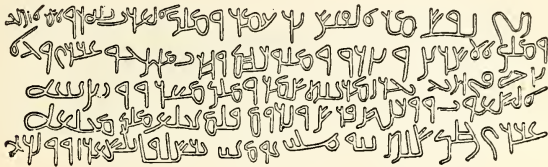
A slab with a Sabean inscription.

The civilization of Arabia is very old, but its early history is written only in monuments most of which have not come to light but in recent years. On one of these ancient stones, bearing a Sabean (South Arabian) inscription, we see a farmer plowing his field with oxen in a scene which must have been characteristic of the oldest time of Arabian civilization. Further there is an Aramaic inscription on a monument known as the stele of Teima, which is attributed to the seventh century B. C. and throws much



STELE OF TEIMA.
With Aramaic inscription. Seventh century B. C.

light on the conditions then prevailing in northwestern Arabia. It tells of the building of a temple dedicated to the god Salm of Hagam, and portrays besides the god one of his priests, Salmushezib. It not only informs us of the existence of the temple, but also of its income and maintenance, assured from its own pos-

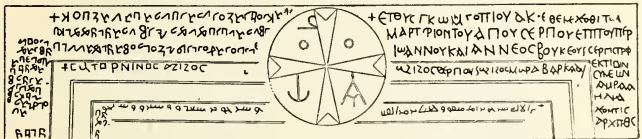


NABATEAN INSCRIPTION ON BASALT.

The oldest Arabic text in existence. It is reproduced from the tomb of an Arabian sovereign for whom a monument was erected in 328 A. D. in En-Namara near Damascus.

sessions and the royal domains. We learn that in those days well-established legal conditions prevailed in the country. The stone is preserved in the Louvre at Paris.¹

Arabia, as far as we know of its civilization, is connected with the outside world chiefly at two points, on its northwestern front which in antiquity was inhabited by the Nabateans, and in the south-



ARABIC-SYRIAC-GREEK INSCRIPTION.

Found in Zabad, near Aleppo, dated 512 A. D. and discovered in 1879.

western part (Yemen), the land of the Sabeans, which was invaded by the Ethiopians from across the Red Sea in the beginning of our era. The Romans, too, heard the fable of the enormous wealth of this part of the country, which they accordingly called *Arabia Felix*, and in the year 24 B. C. Aelius Gallus, the prefect of Egypt, pushed into the desert in search for these treasures. He fared miserably, but under the emperor Trajan at last a Roman province

¹ A copy of it is in the Chicago Art Institute.

was formed of the regions to the east and south of Damascus and of Judea extending southward to the Red Sea (105, A.D.). A Roman immigration took place and developed a more highly civilized life among the native Nabateans. The capital was at Petra, south of the Dead Sea, from which the province took the name *Arabia Petraea*. In the year 1812 the ruins of some stone houses

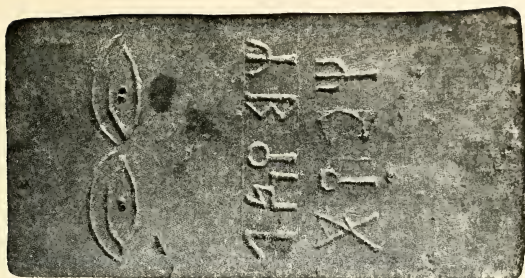


VOTIVE TABLET OF 'AMRAN.

The Sabean inscription informs us of Watar, the son of Martad, who has dedicated this tablet to Alamakh, the Lord of Hrn.

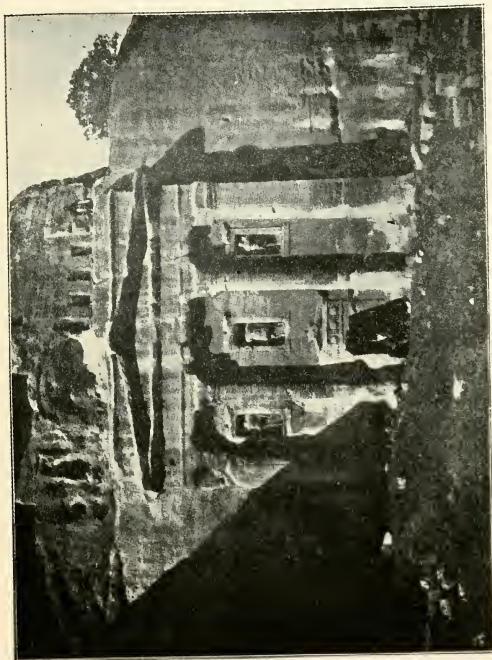
and temples were here discovered, dating back to the time of the late Roman emperors.

That Christianity exerted a great influence in Arabia during the first centuries after Christ is indicated by many inscriptions which make prominent use of Christian symbols. One hundred



INSCRIPTION ON A SABEAN
TOMBSTONE.

The original is preserved in the
court museum at Vienna.



RUINS IN WADI MUSA.

The Valley of Moses is near Petra, the old capital of the Nabateans in north-
western Arabia.

years before the Hejira we find Jewish and Christian (Abyssinian) powers trying to overwhelm one another in Yemen.

Perhaps we might grant that the Christian influence was neither deep nor permanent, but we should not forget that Christianity was one of the essential elements from which Islam, the religion of the Orient, has proceeded. Islam has not accepted Christianity, but neither has it denied Christian doctrines except the belief in the divinity of Christ, or rather the dogma of the trinity. The Moslem's interpretation of Christ's position comes very near to the religious views of the Christian Unitarian.



SABEAN LIMESTONE.

The inscription reads: "Magic Protection of Ilza'd and his brother Halqah, both of Chab'at." The original is in the court museum at Vienna.

• Christians have found an expression for their religious feelings in art—not so the Moslems. Originally Christians too forbade the representation of God or Christ and the saints, no less than the followers of Mohammed, because they thought images of any kind savored too much of the idolatry of ancient paganism. Gradually these sentiments changed and in Christianity the advocacy of artistic presentation gained the upper hand, although only after violent struggles, especially in the Eastern Church. But in Islam the

originally Jewish injunction against idols became so firmly established that even the portrayal of ordinary human beings was not



MOHAMMED'S ASCENSION.

From a manuscript in the Bibliothèque nationale at Paris, originally from Herat (Afghanistan). Beginning of the 15th century.

allowed. This was not an injunction given by Mohammed himself but became established later on. In fact the Persians continued

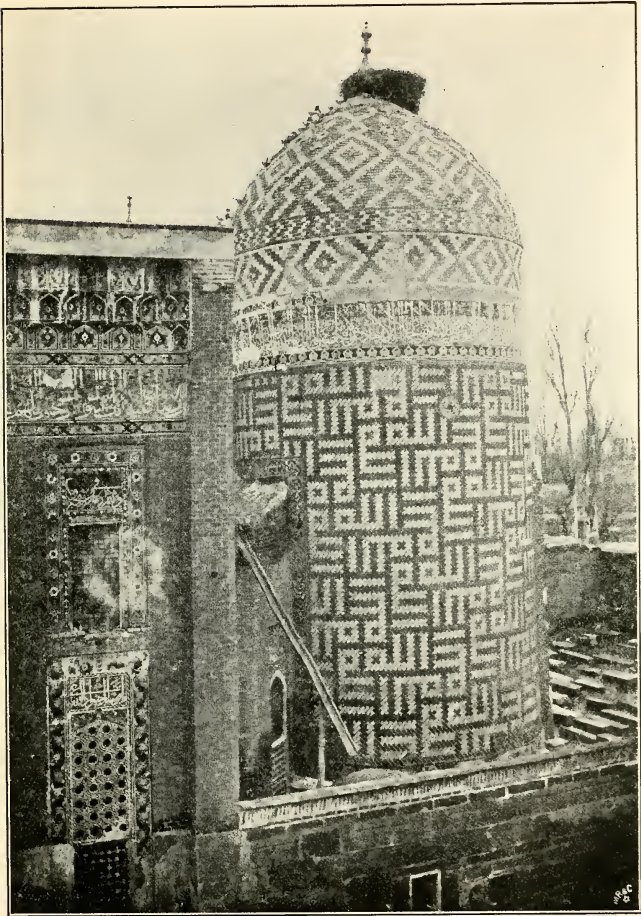
to follow their old artistic instinct and have produced many representations even of the prophet himself. The severe condemnation of all portrayals not only of God but of human personalities as well has limited Islam to the use of linear ornamentation, especially forms of decoration composed of Arabic letters in conventionalized



MASCHIA AND MASCHIANA (the First Human Couple).
By the Persian-Indian painter Mani of the 16th century. Library of the former khedive at Cairo.

forms. For instance, the Mosque of Sheik Safi at Ardebil shows in endless repetition the word Allah in an ornamental way, and it is well known that in this mode of decoration Arabian art has developed an original design called "arabesque," which occurs nowhere but in countries touched by Arabian culture. The central

mosque of modern Mohammedanism is the old Christian church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and an important feature of its decora-



MOSQUE OF SHEIK SAFI AT ARDEBIL.

tions consists of pious inscriptions (quotations from the Koran) hung up on its walls (see frontispiece).

THE WIDOW.

BY W. B. CONGER.

GHOSTS! Whose imagination is so lacking that even in the twentieth century he has never felt a shiver at an unexplained noise or a shadow? But how far back in the history of the human race must we go to find the origin of such fears?

Much farther back than well-established ancestor-worship. Such fears then were constant fears, and the belief so firm that one's soul—the male soul—must be secured by the prayers of a son, the placation of the ancestral spirits by prayers being the safety valve, that the absolute integrity of the wife was the corner-stone upon which the husband's salvation and that of his ancestors and descendants rested. When her integrity failed—death to the guilty woman! This was the real foundation for the double moral standard, not that adultery *per se* was condemned, but the belief that the imposition of a spurious son incapable of performing the sacred family rites through which the spirits remained benevolent, the confusion engendered by the imposition of a false heir, caused these spirits to become malignant demons. If this seems far away, we must remember that India, China, and Japan are the great representatives of ancestor-worship even to-day, and that upon it their domestic, social, and political as well as religious beliefs and customs are founded.

And the widow? How did she become involved with ghosts? Before fear-forming ideas became well defined, before the jealousy of possession was formed, the widow, as among the Yahgans,¹ almost immediately found a husband. The widow among the Pidhircanes, a Ruthenian people on the line of the Carpathians, indicates that she wishes to marry soon by untying the knots in her dead husband's clothes before the coffin is shut down, thus not only symbolically but literally, in their eyes, loosening the ties and removing all impediments to her future marriage.² This implies a form of freedom—when the conditions of life are hard and perhaps

¹ E. Westermarck, *History of Human Marriage*, p. 135: "As regards the Yahgans, none but mutes and imbeciles remained single. . . . No woman remained unmarried, and on the death of her husband almost immediately found another."

² R. F. Kaindl, "Volksüberlieferungen der Pidhircane," *Globus*, Volume LXXIII, p. 251, quoted by J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough: Taboo, or the Perils of the Soul*, Part II, p. 310 (1914).

hardest upon the widow—in which public opinion does not frown upon an openly expressed wish which we would not only consider naive but immodest. The belief in the virtues of asceticism as a continuous practice was of much later growth. Besides, the widow of this lower culture was prohibited from marrying only for a certain specified time. After fixed, stereotyped ceremonies, incumbent upon each woman, had been complied with she was free to marry again.

We can almost trace the steps by which the widow has made her way as an instrument in the "great plan" toward the attainment of monogamy. The superstitious and freakish ideas which gave rise to the sacrifice of the widow, were conducive both to the attainment of this end and to the forming of public opinion often hostile to her individual happiness. The widow is one of the great adventitious characters among women, moulded as she has been to her proper attitude by the active agent in society, her preceptor, if not exemplar, the male of the species. No human career is perhaps more curious, with the possible exception of that of the old maid. But at least before the different gradations of superstition had hardened into a conservative religious and social custom, she was sometimes led into the prohibitions of her new state by sympathetic and kindly friends, being followed from the grave by a person who kindly flaps a handful of twigs around her in order to drive away her husband's ghost. Or, like the Matambe widow, in order that she may remarry she is ducked in a river or pond to drown the soul of her loving lord, who appears to be clinging indiscriminately to his best-beloved wives.

Mourners in general are more or less taboo, and we find that sometimes the widower undergoes practically the same rules as the widow, though in time these die out. That he was under restrictions among early peoples is also shown by the fact that in India at the present time, danger appears to attach to a man if he marries for the third time. For about thirty days a Koyak widow and widower go into retirement, we may believe, principally on account of the death infection;³ but these people, too, seem to regard the widow as a particularly dangerous medium for her husband's spirit, and she has to seclude herself in a special hut. During this entire period she is considered unclean, her food, which she must not touch with her naked hands, being given to her in the minutest fragments. A Shuswap widow and widower appear to undergo the same pre-

³ E. Reclus, *Primitive Folk*, pp. 67-68.

liminary regulations.⁴ In the Mekeo district of British New Guinea, for some unexplained reason it appears to be the widower rather than the widow who is an object of fear.⁵ Among the Thompson River Indians the rules were similar, but differed inasmuch as the widower might not fish at another man's fishing place or with his net, as he would render both useless for the season. The widow was overtaken by a special punishment, for if she broke sticks or boughs her hands and arms would break also.⁶

Among the Minas on the Slave Coast a widow is shut up for six months in a room where the husband's body is buried. Among the Kukis the widow is compelled to remain by the grave for a year, her family furnishing her with food. The Patagonian widow seems to inspire the greatest horror, for she must remain in the strictest privacy for an entire year, is required to cover herself with soot, and is positively forbidden to show herself without absolute necessity. The meat of several animals is forbidden to her, and should she fail in any of the specified obligations to her husband's memory she would be instantly killed by his relatives. An Australian widow who fails to keep her husband's grave in order would also be punished with death. It is probable that the widow is in some danger herself, especially if she is light-minded, for the widows in some tribes speak only in a whisper, some, as in Central Australia, not at all.

The position of man has always been difficult at marriage, filled with fear. The groom was subject to the danger attendant upon the escape of a demon if his bride was a virgin, and of the ghost of the departed husband, if he was foolhardy enough to be a suitor for such an uncanny creature as a widow. The dangers attendant upon the catamenia are constant and wherever women are at large, as shown by the prohibitions of the Parsees, Hindus, Chinese, etc.⁷

A Bantu Yao or a Lilloat Indian married a widow at the peril of his life so long as the property rights of the deceased were invaded, for the wrathful ghost could cause illness to the presumptuous second husband and has been known even to burn down the house of a frivolous widow, while the ghost of the Ama-Zulu⁸ husband can cause his widow, pregnant by another, to miscarry. Central Australians believe that if the widow does not smear herself properly with mourning ashes, the conjugal ghost will kill and strip her to the bone. The Australian widow's veil is made up of small bones,

⁴ Frazer, *op. cit.*, p. 142. ⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 144-145. ⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 142, note 2.

⁷ See *The Sacred Books of the East*.

⁸ Emily C. Parsons, *The Old-fashioned Woman*, p. 102.

hair, and feathers, hanging over her face. When discarded it is buried in the grave. The Aqutainos, who inhabit Palawan, one of the Phillipine Islands, consider it fatal to meet a widow within a certain specified time, so poisonous is the atmosphere of death to which the ghost of the departed is thought to adhere.⁹ In some places the widow is disinfected or purified. Recalcitrant widows are badly off, being beaten, abused, and sometimes strangled.

Interwoven with these ideas is the question of property. On the death of a woman after her marriage, a part of the money received for her is returned to the husband as compensation for the loss on his investment.¹⁰ The widow of the Solomon Islands is absolutely at the disposal of the husband's relatives if the marriage price is not refunded.¹¹ The Athenian widow during what is considered the most glorious period of Athens could be willed away by her husband, if he wished. The widow as a chattel among some peoples was the property of the husband's son, sometimes of the husband's relatives, as among the Smoos of Central Africa, and in order to free her from the claims of the latter, her relatives had to pay what was known as "widow money," or if owned by the uterine kin, the bridegroom had to pay a fine in order to release their claims. The care of the widow sometimes devolves on a man's heirs.¹² Letourneau speaks of Du Chaillu's description of a festival celebrating the end of the mourning of seven widows, the property of one man:

"The wives of the deceased were radiant; they were going to quit their widow's clothes and join the festival like brides. The heir had the right to marry them all, but to show his generosity, he had ceded two to a younger brother and one to a cousin. They drank bumper after bumper of palm-wine, and then began to dance. The wives danced. But what a dance! The most modest step was immodest."

Here we find, however, symptoms of social control, the enactment and carrying out of a taboo among a people many would think have no regulations whatever to be regarded. Why was this taboo kept? *Because it was the business of every person in the community to see that it was obeyed.*

The dead man's widow and saddle-horse are led around the tomb among the Ossetes of the Caucasus and both are taboo hence-

⁹ Frazer, *op. cit.*, p. 144.

¹⁰ Rev. R. H. Nassau, *Fetichism in West Africa*, p. 7.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, p. 271.

¹² W. I. Thomas, *The Source Book of Social Origins*, pp. 454, 829.

forth; let no one marry the one or mount the other!¹³ An Arawak widow must cut her hair. There are various deep-grounded beliefs regarding the hair.¹⁴ One, that it is the seat of strength, another, that there is danger in disturbing it as it is the seat of a proud and hearty spirit. Besides these there is the widespread conviction that sympathetic communion exists between the body and any severed portions, which may fall into the possession of the maliciously inclined, and probably everywhere the hair is considered one of the greatest adornments. These may be some of the reasons why men require less mourning of themselves and sacrifice but a lock or two, but a woman's hair is either plucked out, cropped, or shaved. A cap is sometimes worn to cover the bald head, which also becomes a badge. Chippewa widows are obliged to fast and must not comb their hair for a year or more, nor may they wear any ornaments. The Comanche women in addition to the customary wailing scarify their arms and legs with sharp flints until the blood trickles from a thousand pores. The mourning of a West African widow is so vehement that even an inattentive ghost, if there is such a thing, must hear her bawls.¹⁵ Bawling is a part of the education of the maiden, the emotions of women having been cultivated in certain lines, sometimes by outward requirements, though severely repressed by the same process in others.

Women of Asiatic Turkey do not attend the funeral but must remain in their tents, wail incessantly and scratch their cheeks to mar their beauty, while the widow must sing dirges for a whole year. Bancroft states that among the Mosquito Indians the widow had to keep her husband's grave supplied with provisions for a year, after which she dug up the bones and carried them with her another year before she could put them on the roof of the house, and not until then was she allowed to remarry. A Melanesian widow wore the mummied skull of her departed husband.¹⁶ The widow of the Tolkotin Indians in Oregon was subjected to such maltreatment that some of them committed suicide. For nine days the widow must sleep by the corpse and follow certain rules in regard to eating and dressing. If she neglected any of them, on the tenth day she was thrown on the funeral pyre and scorched until she lost consciousness. The widow of other tribes is expected to mourn night and day, after the friends and relatives of the deceased have stopped howling.

In the higher stages of barbarism the widow-sacrifice either

¹³ E. B. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, Vol. I, p. 463.

¹⁴ Frazer, *op. cit.*

¹⁵ Nassau, *op. cit.*, pp. 121-122.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*

dies out or increases until it reaches its maximum, as with the Hindus. In the former case, the cutting off of a finger is the substituted sacrifice to avert calamity, ghosts being placated by the shedding of blood which they are also said to drink, or, if the woman is unwilling to give this, the sacrifice becomes symbolic, and a notch is made in a post. With the Quakeoloths,¹⁷ she is made to lay her head on the funeral pile until she reaches the point of suffocation; if she survives she collects the ashes and carries them about with her three years, during which time any levity or deficiency in the proper amount of grief displayed would make her an outcast. Among some Indians the widow sets fire to the pile and anoints her breast with the fat which oozes from the body. When, owing to the heat, she attempts to draw back, she is thrust forward by her husband's relatives at the point of their spears until the body is consumed or she herself almost scorched to death. Her relatives are present to preserve her life, and when she is no longer able to stand, they drag her away. Such intervention often leads to bloody quarrels, but as soon as another member dies the widow, of course, has to go through the same ordeal. When allowed to remarry as with the Bedouin Arabs, her remarriage is not thought of sufficient importance to warrant a ceremony. In Cambodia widows retire perforce to a nunnery for three years and cannot marry for that time.

The Roman widow was ordered by law into solemn mourning for ten months and to observe various restrictions, such as refraining from wearing jewels, attending banquets, or wearing crimson and white garments. If she did not comply she lost civil status. There was a reflection upon the Roman widow, as only a *pronuba*, a matron who had married but once or whose husband was still living, could clasp the hands of the bride and the groom at the wedding-ceremony and attend the bride to her husband's home on the nuptial evening. There was a lingering on of the objection to remarriage, as a woman married the second time could not be a *pronuba* or touch the statue of Pudicitia or Fortuna Muliebris or Mater Mutata. On the second marriage, also, there were external forms less full of honor than the first, and only after the whole period of mourning had expired could the widow again become a wife. All of these restrictions go to show that many, if not all, widows had no desire to mourn for a husband to whom they had been given in a religious utilitarian marriage, but such regulations tended to cultivate certain moral qualities which in time bore fruit.

¹⁷ Tylor, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 461.

The Hebrew sages decreed that a widow had less monetary value than a maiden. She was married without music and dancing. Under the levirate the dead man's brother, if the deceased was childless, or his nearest kinsman married the widow to raise up seed in order to prevent his name being blotted out in Israel. This custom, of course, worked a hardship upon both. Of the widow who did not marry, Judith is the Jewish ideal:

"So Judith was a widow in her house three years and four months. And she made her a tent on the top of her house, and put on sackcloth upon her loins, and wore her widow's apparel. And she fasted all the days of her widowhood, save the eves of the sabbaths, and the sabbaths, and the eves of the new moons, and the new moons, and the feasts and solemn days of the house of Israel. . . . But she increased more and more in honour, and waxed old in her husband's house, being an hundred and five years old. . . . so she died in Bethulia."¹⁸

She was the ultra-conservative type complying with the stilted forms of public opinion, even when society is unable to explain its demands. That remarriage in itself *alone* was not reprehensible is shown by the remarriage of widows with public approval under certain specified circumstances.

Several reasons are advanced for widow-sacrifice among uncultured peoples. One is that the dead might have a companion on the path to the new life, a god lying in wait on the road to the other world implacable to the unmarried; a second is that the deceased might have a servant to perform the same tasks as rendered in his lifetime. This is the reason why the Indian woman was buried with the implements she used in her heavily burdened daily life. A Mongol widow found no second husband because she had to serve the first in the life to come.¹⁹ A more modern reason as given by some is that it is a punishment inflicted because a widow had not cared better for the preservation of her husband's life. Widow-sacrifice is an expression for the sex-importance of the male, for the principle never worked the other way. The idea of sacrifice for the salvation of the souls of many is best exemplified among the Hindus, and it follows that among them a widow's marriage is considered ill-omened and unworthy the participation of honorable men. The Hindu husband owes nothing to his wife.

On the Fiji Islands the wife or wives were much bedecked for death; it was as if they were going to a second wedding with their

¹⁸ Judith, viii. 4-6; xvi. 23.

¹⁹ Nassau, *op. cit.*, p. 9.

lord. In this much lower stage of culture we find a forerunner of some of the ideas which actuated the highly civilized Hindus, and while no hint is given it may be that they too believed a widow's death brought blessings upon the relatives of him for whom she died. In Fiji, as in India, the woman who was not strangled or buried alive was considered an adulteress, and was cut off from all hope of heaven. She was hounded to her grave with every persuasion and menace, and the eagerness to die manifested by some showed a full realization of the neglect, disgrace, and destitution which would be theirs as widows.²⁰

Caste plays a tremendously important part in the social life of a people, and we are apt at certain levels, as in higher barbarism, to find extreme manifestations of it. So strong is it in fact that it will even include women, for caste alone will save her life if, through inadvertence, there happens to be no one present of sufficiently high rank to despatch her at her husband's obsequies. Slaves and women, horses and their trappings add to the display and solemnity of such occasions. On the burial of a Warua chief the course of a stream is diverted and an enormous pit dug, the bottom of which is covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by a wife, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shoveled in upon them and all the women but the second wife are buried alive, it being her privilege to be killed before the grave is filled up. No less than one hundred women were buried alive when Bambarré, a particularly great chief, was interred. When Ra Mbithi, the pride of Somosomo, was lost at sea, seventeen of his wives were killed, and after the news of the massacre of the Namena people, in 1839, eighty women were strangled.²¹ In the cases of men of important rank not women alone were sacrificed, but subordinates were despatched too, to continue the same duties in the hereafter that they had performed here. When the ancient Scythians buried a king they strangled one of his concubines, his cook, groom, waiting man, messenger, and favorite horse.²² Sometimes men have committed suicide on the death of their chief, to attend him, and doubtless to make an imposing entry into the next world.²³

²⁰ T. Williams and J. Calvert, *Fiji and the Fijians*.

²¹ Tylor, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 459-460.

²² J. W. Wheeler, *History of India*, Vol. I, p. 69.

²³ Tylor, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 463.

When there is no pressure the widow like the widower does not choose a horrible death. When the brother of Ching Yang, a disciple of Confucius, died, his widow and steward wished to bury some living persons with him. On consulting the sage he suggested that they were the proper persons; the matter dropped.²⁴ Injunctions contained in religious tracts and dissertations in moral books warned any one in China from acting as a go-between for the marriage of a widow. The *Shih-King* gives the ideal widow in her peculiar inconsolability. Her thoughts will not go beyond the grave, nor will she do aught but weep.

"With his two tufts of hair falling over his forehead, he was my mate, and I swear that till death I will have no other. O mother! O heaven! why will you not understand me? . . . He was my only one. And I swear that till death I will not do this evil thing." (Book IV, Ode I.)

To show, however, that persuasion in holy books was not the only weapon used to make the Chinese lady assume the proper attitude, she who married again exposed herself to the penalty of eighty blows. Nor is there any doubt that the public regarded the widow with something of the contempt and horror bestowed upon her by the Hindu, for the *Lî-Kî* lays down the rule that no one should associate with the son of a widow unless he was of acknowledged distinction. In modern China the suicide of widows is a recognized custom, and is sometimes performed in public.²⁵ And yet the persistent will of women eventually wins, for the modern widow quite frequently remarries, but she is not allowed to use the red sedan chair, reserved only for respectable brides. However, the outward praise of men, including the remarried, is reserved for those widows who conduct themselves according to the ancient precepts as told by a portal raised to the memory of Madame Ping:

"Her virtue was pure, and her heart as cold as ice, for though left a widow at an early age, she declined matrimony a second time."²⁶

In the remarriage of the pagan Arab widow we find a hint of the levirate. Mohammed attempted to lighten the burden of widows somewhat, even while he placed restrictions upon them: "Such of you as die and leave wives, their wives must wait concerning themselves four months and ten days," the widow remarrying shortly or being married by her nearest male relative with or without her

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 464.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ W. A. P. Martin, *A Cycle of Cathay*, pp. 209, 273.

consent. Mohammed provided they were to have a year's maintenance "without putting them out of your houses," and that under all circumstances they were to receive one-eighth of the property left by the husband. His own bitter experience as a small orphan probably made a lasting impression, for his father's property went to Mohammed's uncles, involving him and his mother, Amena, in dire poverty and distress. That the position of the widow was an unenviable one was evidently recognized by people who made an effort to lighten the harshness of custom, as shown by the boast of some of the Pharaohs of the Old Kingdom, that they had protected the widow.

Of all the pathetic figures of history there is, with the exception of the illegitimate child, none more pitiable than the Hindu widow. Widow-burning in retrospect seems almost an impossibility, and yet it was and is, in the majority of cases, almost as great a horror for widows to live—for they die daily. Widow-sacrifice in India became, under perhaps the most unscrupulous of all priesthoods, a religious utilitarian institution. What has been proved to be a falsification of the Vedic texts,²⁷ taken in conjunction with the most fanatical of all combinations, religion and custom, was authority for what is the apex of the patriarchy. Even in the *Laws of Manu*, that most extreme of all misogynists, there is no authority for putting the widow to death, while in the *Institutes of Vishnu*, a later sacred writing, an alternative is offered the widow, "after the death of her husband, to preserve her chastity, or to ascend the pile after him." And, "Neither by sale nor by repudiation is a wife released from her husband; such we know the law to be, which the Lord of creatures (Pragâpati) made of old."²⁸

Manu, however, promises heaven to a virtuous wife, who constantly remains chaste after the death of her husband, even though she have no son. He thereby practically places her on the same footing with the thousands of Brahmanees who were chaste from their youth, and entered heaven without having continued their race while on earth.

The widow who flew into the face of society and ignored the behests of the priests was considered only one degree above the wanton woman, though this word was originally also used in the sense of "self-willed," suggesting an offense unpardonable from the

²⁷ *Rig-Veda*, Vol. VI, p. 48; H. H. Wilson, *Essays*, Vol. II, pp. 60-61, 293-305, etc.

²⁸ *The Laws of Manu*, p. 335.

age in which the African god, Mumbo Jumbo,²⁹ manifested himself in person to punish recalcitrant women, especially wives, up to those followers of precedent established they know not when. The great weapon used was ostracism, always the most effective, and with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause the Brahmans involved the members of the woman's household, thus succeeding in casting partly upon them also the odium of her second marriage, this second marriage giving her the opportunity of personal choice. It must be remembered that a marriage from choice was condemned by the priests as one of the four degraded rites.

Among those forbidden to attend a Srâddha³⁰ is the son of a remarried woman, her husband, he in whose house a paramour of his wife resides, the son of an adulteress, and the son of a widow. Manu states that a present given to a Brahmanee born of a remarried woman resembles an oblation thrown into the ashes, and that the remarriage of a widow is reprehended by the learned of the twice-born castes as fit only for cattle. In the full-moon sacrifice described in the *Sapatha-Brahmana*, the Brahman conducting the ceremonies tells the son of a remarried woman, "Avaunt! unholy one, *daidhis hazya* [literally, 'son of a remarried woman']." So that a woman who was brave enough to marry to suit herself, placed herself in the position of having her son rise up and curse her for having made his life a burden to him and condemned him even before he was born. And yet the average Hindu is unable to offer any better reason for the forbidding of marriage to the Hindu widow, except that "it has never been."

The development of races has differed in details, but we can scarcely doubt that they started out with very much the same fundamental ideas, ideas founded on fear. The Parsees, however, are franker as to the personal motive, a psychological opposition evolving slowly out of the original ghost-fear. According to their belief (*Pahlavi Texts*, Part IV, pp. 55, 58) a girl who has been given to a man with her parents' consent, never even having been betrothed to another, belonged with her children to her husband in both worlds. In one of the "Minor Law Books" remarriage appears to have been allowed, but this allowance is ignored, whereby history repeats itself regarding sacred tenets conducive to the happiness of women.

And what is the foundation of this custom in civilization? The Hindus believe that a girl married by the rite having the special

²⁹ H. Webster, *Primitive Secret Societies*, pp. 118-119.

³⁰ *The Laws of Manu*, pp. 103-108.

sanction of the priesthood, enters the kin of the husband for seven generations, and it is irreligious to change this relationship again because of consequences entailed which run seven generations into the future. This does not even depend upon the consummation of the marriage but upon the betrothal and wedding.³¹ Even, in fact, a baby-girl can be born a widow!³²

In 1881 in British India alone there were 20,930,000 widows, 669,000 under nineteen years of age, 78,976 under nine years of age.³³ Any woman who survives her husband is a hissing and a reproach to the community in which she lives, lower even than the pariah to whose scorn she is subject, yet whose very shadow as long as her husband lived would have defiled her. The *sati* is a "good woman," as opposed to the *rand* who survives and who is ranked with the female harlot. Incomprehensible as it may seem to us, it is the child-widow or the childless young widow upon whom the hatred of a community falls as upon the greatest criminal under the sun. The mother of sons, though a sinner, is a lesser one because she is the mother of males; the aged widow, having resisted numberless provocations and temptations, through her strength of character receives an involuntary respect; the widowed mother of daughters is a matter of indifference, and sometimes of genuine hatred, especially if the daughters have not been given in marriage during her husband's lifetime.

The widow who died knew for once the sweets of adulation. Her path to the pyre was an ovation, a public festival. The sick and sorrowful prayed to touch her, criminals were loosed if she but looked upon them, the horse she rode was never used again for earthly service. She was regarded as a divinity. Every appeal was made to urge her to death. She had before her one of her few chances of entering the paradise of Vishnu.

And why should the widow be sacrificed? The reason among the Hindus to-day is that widowhood is regarded as a punishment for some horrible crime or crimes committed in a former existence, such as disobedience or disloyalty to a husband or murdering him. And why should the community as well as her relatives be interested in her death? Because the relatives on both sides even unto the seventh generation, be they ever so sinful, would be saved. No wonder the surviving *rand* or "bad woman" is hated, when they could be received in paradise without an effort of their own by

³¹ W. G. Sumner, *Folkways*, p. 389.

³² Cornelia Sorabji, *Between the Twilights*, pp. 162-163.

³³ H. T. Finck, *Primitive Love and Love Stories*, p. 660.

her death. And furthermore, she played with her own soul, showing the evil desire which was in her, for according to popular belief in India, there is no other heaven for a woman than the seat or mansion of her husband where she shares the heavenly bliss³⁴ with him, if she has been faithful to him in thought, word, and deed. A Hindu woman is independent of her husband in hell alone! Vishnu forbids the sacrifice of a kinsman; his wife alone may follow him on the path of Yama.

Not only religious tenets but dramatic and literary illustrations as well have been used to train women into conformity with specified conduct. As women, owing to their uncleanness, were excluded from the men's houses, temples, and holy ground in early society, so were they prohibited from participating in the drama, which is considered to have been of sacerdotal origin. The Tatu Indians have a secret society which gives periodic dramatic performances with the object of keeping the women in order. In this instance it is the devil that awes the squaws. The Guatala and Patwin Indians have dances performed by the assembled men to show the women the necessity of obedience. Numerous Sanskrit stories and dramas instil the same lessons, and that of the man who went to Yama and saw suttee widows sitting in bliss, conveys its own moral.³⁵

And what happens to the surviving *rand* freed by the British government? Her husband's elaborate funeral may last all day in the broiling sun. Of all present she is the one denied food and drink. She is the viper who has done him to death, no matter how youthful she may be, and he decrepit, diseased, insane, a drunkard, the lowest of the low in the moral world.

The great majority of Hindu girls, regardless of caste, are reared in the most profound ignorance. In a Hindu woman's life there are three honors or privileges to which she is entitled, ornaments, dainty food, and an occasional bow from the lord of all the earth. The widow, regardless of youth or age, is stripped of her ornaments and wears but one garment, red, brown, or white. Her great pride is her luxuriant hair, which, among the Brahmans of Deccan, is shaved once every two weeks. For a woman to have to part with her hair is one of the greatest degradations among the Hindus.³⁶ She is made unsightly so that she may be unattractive to every man who may see her. Her vanity and her pride are crucified daily. She has no part in family feasts or festivals. On auspicious occasions she must not show herself. A man will post-

³⁴ Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, *The High-Caste Hindu Woman*, Chap. V

³⁵ Tylor, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, 53-54.

³⁶ Sumner, *op. cit.*, p. 457.

pone his journey if his path is crossed by a widow at the time of his departure. Her life is made intolerable by hide-bound customs, the superstitions of her own family, and the hatred of her husband's relatives. Ease should on no occasion be hers. For a year she should sleep on the ground. Constant labor is her portion, with the fault-finding and abuse incidental to those whose lives and interests are confined and given up to pettinesses. She is allowed to eat but one meal in the twenty-four hours, and should fast frequently. She is forced to mortify her flesh. Her thoughts must dwell solely upon her departed lord, whom she has been taught to worship as a god-man and who has now become a man-god. As long as she lives she must never mention the name of another man; she must annihilate her instincts! The young widow is an object of suspicion to be closely guarded lest she bring disgrace upon her family. It is not uncommon for the widow to throw aside the restraint cast around her by superstition and to verify the teachings of Manu:

"It is the nature of women to seduce men in this world; for that reason the wise are never unguarded in the company of females."

Part of the ethical teachings of the Hindus deal with the widow: "What is cruel? The heart of a viper. What is the most cruel of all? The heart of a sonless, penniless widow." When the widow dies her corpse is disposed of with hardly any ceremony. The Hindu widow who marries is chased out of society. What is required of the Hindu widow? Absolute self-control in thought, word, and deed.

In a lower stage of society, when the esthetic taste is less well-developed but male importance is well understood, the wife suffers death under her husband's vanity, displeasure, or hunger and is eaten, as on the Fiji Islands:

"Vanity and love of human flesh will sometimes cause a man to kill and eat his wife; he accomplishes two things by this process, satisfying his appetite and establishing his reputation, he desiring to be known as a terrible fellow."³⁷

The crudity of the belief in a haunting ghost was obliged to wane as men advanced intellectually and religiously. It is true that the Chinese to this day often attribute a man's illness to the spirit of a former wife, as the widower as well as the widow in early times were accused of being the cause of the spouse's death. Broadly speaking, fear of the bride and fears for the groom developed

³⁷ Williams and Calvert, *op. cit.*, pp. 164-165.

marriage ceremonies into elaborate rituals, and as the religious importance of the husband increased under well-defined ancestor-worship, the wife became more and more absorbed into the husband's body. At a marriage in Issim, where the religious idea is not yet paramount, the bride and groom eat a fetish together as a token of friendship and as an assurance of the woman's fidelity to her husband.³⁸ Taking Rome as an example, however, we find the marriage by *confarreatio* fully developed, the most essential feature of which was the eating by bride and groom of a sacred cake, which established the unity of the man and the woman to such an extent that in life and death the wife was only part of her husband. This is the Japanese idea, the Chinese belief, and the Hindu sages leaving no doubt in the minds of their readers of the oneness of husband and wife, the historian teaches us that it is to the Aryan we must look for the reconstruction of our past and the foundations for our own beliefs.³⁹ It is also no stretch of the imagination which convinces us that the legal absorption of the Christian wife, as stated by Blackstone, found its rise in the total exclusion of women from inheritance as set forth in early Roman law, ecclesiasticism bringing to pass the legal as well as religious subjection of the wife.

Through this religious absorption of the wife we reach the doctrine of spiritual affinity.

There is perhaps but one other subject which so exercised the Fathers of the early Church as the widow. She not only wanted to marry, but men wanted to marry her, and the synods fairly bristle with threats against her unhaloed head. While it is apparent that remarriage is condemned in every one, yet it is the *sanctimoniales* against whom many of the canons are directed.⁴⁰ Such widows, if they remarried, according to Canon 104, Fourth Carthaginian Synod, were to be entirely shut out from the communion of Christians; those who, after once adopting the religious habit, refused to return to it, were to be shut up in a convent (Canon 5, Synod at Toledo, A. D. 656), and those who were negligent of their chastity (Canon 13, Synod of Burgundy, A. D. 671) were to have the same fate.⁴¹ Occasionally a less arbitrary spirit was exhibited, and at the Third Synod at Toledo, A. D. 589, *capitulum* 10, no widow is to be compelled to marry, yet on the other hand "they are at liberty to marry him whom they themselves freely choose," but any one who hin-

³⁸ Lubbock, *Uncivilized Races*, pp. 304, 364.

³⁹ Z. A. Ragozin, *Vedic India*, pp. 50-51.

⁴⁰ Rt. Rev. Chas. Jos. Hefele, *A History of the Christian Councils, from the Original Documents*. (Trans. W. B. Clark), Vol. IV, p. 456.

⁴¹ Hefele, *op. cit.*, II, p. 418; Vol. IV, pp. 474-475, 480.

dered a virgin or widow from remaining unmarried, was to be excommunicated!⁴² It is evident that the idea of affinity was not universally accepted even by the orthodox, though on the other hand it was carried to an extreme, partly due to the teaching that marriage was a lower state than virginity, owing both to the belief in the uncleanness of women and that marriage was inherently impure. It was held that marriage between those having spiritual relationship was more repulsive even than a close blood-tie, so that a man who acted as sponsor to children could not marry their mother, nor could a girl marry her godfather.⁴³ The idea of the close bond of the formally betrothed as held by the Hebrews and others is also carried out, for matrimonial contracts could not, e. g., on account of illness, be given up at the will of the parties, while a man who married the betrothed of another during his lifetime, could be punished as an adulterer.⁴⁴ The old levirate marriage became incestuous under the new teaching, and every man was forbidden to marry the widow of his brother. It was spiritual affinity which gave rise to the famous law regarding the "deceased wife's sister," whereby every Englishman was forbidden to marry his sister-in-law, the repeal of which caused such lively if not learned discussions in Parliament a few years ago. Canon 61, Synod of Elvira, forbids the marriage of the deceased wife's sister, this prohibition, however, appearing to have been first promulgated at Cæsarea, while another canon makes it appear that to break this rule and to have a concubine besides a wife are only equally offensive.⁴⁵ It may be that such was the case, for the same canon (53) which forbids the marriage of a sponsor and his godchildren's mother, states that the "spiritual relationship is higher than the bodily."⁴⁶ It appears also that the widow of a sub-deacon, exorcist, or acolyte, whether she was a *sanctimonialis* or not, was forbidden to remarry under penalty of being imprisoned in a convent, and at the Council of Auxerre A. D. 578, the widow of a priest was specified in like manner (Canon 22). Penalties also attached to the clergy who espoused this relict, and those clerics who ventured to do so were to have the lowest place in clerical service. To marry a widow killed advancement, and the preliminaries to the enforcement of the celibacy of the clergy in the Latin Church is sounded when it was decreed that those

⁴² Hefele, *op. cit.*, Vol. IV, p. 419.

⁴³ Hefele, Canon 53, *op. cit.*, Vol. V, p. 231. Crawley, pp. 117-118.

⁴⁴ Hefele, Canon 11, Second Synod at Orleans, A. D. 533, *op. cit.* Vol. IV, 187. Canon 98, Trullan Synod, *op. cit.*, Vol. V, p. 236.

⁴⁵ Hefele, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 164; Vol. II, p. 429; Vol. IV, pp. 91, 378.

⁴⁶ Hefele, *op. cit.*, Vol. V, p. 231.

who received higher orders were not to continue in married intercourse with a widow, priest or deacon who remarried being excluded from communion until they separated. One canon condemned the widow of a bishop, priest, or deacon who married a second time, to be shut out from the church and to be denied communion until she lay upon her deathbed, while discriminations made against a cleric who married one who was not a virgin, a deserted woman, or a prostitute, show that public opinion was not yet formed as to the unfitness of the immoral woman for matrimony.⁴⁷ A bishop who knowingly married any to whom marriage was forbidden was to be punished, while those so married were considered in *bigamia successiva*, and no priest was to eat at such a marriage feast. We get another glimpse of affinity in Canon 72, Synod of Elvira, in the fate decreed upon a widow who, having sinned with one man, married another; she was never to be admitted to communion even at death, and excommunication was meant to ostracize sinners in this world and to damn them in the next. Her husband, if baptized, was subject to a penance of ten years for having married a woman who, properly speaking, was no longer free.⁴⁸ Tertullian forbids second marriage for both men and women, nor were widows twice married admitted to an order, as, in the words of Tertullian, "it behooves God's altar to be set forth pure." St. Jerome gives reluctant permission for any widow to remarry lest she do worse, while under Theodosius and his successors such prohibitions became so stringent that they entailed the forfeiture of the dower of children of the first marriage.⁴⁹

The result of such teaching was not only that the order of deaconesses was composed principally of pious widows, once married, and that the vowesses as a class continued to exist in England until the conclusion of the sixteenth century,⁵⁰ but that in the Middle Ages all men saw in any widow a naughty woman or a hypocrite, who was recommended to frequent none but deserted churches and to contemplate the crucifix during the night. During the Renaissance the widow who remarried was scarcely tolerated,⁵¹ but this probably applied especially to women of the Latin races.

⁴⁷ Hefele, *op. cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 5, 10, 15, 113, 408, 413, 454; Vol. II, pp. 386, 387, 419-420, 421.

⁴⁸ Hefele. *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 415; Vol. I, pp. 224-225, 226-227; *ibid.*, 167-168, note 1.

⁴⁹ Goodsell, *op. cit.*, pp. 159-160 (Muirhead, *Historical Introduction to the Private Law of Rome*, p. 388).

⁵⁰ F. J. Snell, *The Customs of Old England*, pp. 11-12.

⁵¹ R. de M. la Claviere, *Women of the Renaissance*, pp. 129, 133-134.

A Spanish widow rarely married. She was a marked object and must comply with certain petty regulations. Marriage among the early Saxons was allowed the widower at the end of one month, but by law the widow who married within a year forfeited her dower, and after the Norman conquest the Church seized the land of erring widows who married before the end of the first year. Late in England, if either of the contracting parties had been married before, sacramental benediction was not accorded their union, nor was the care-cloth held over the bride and groom as was customary in first marriages.⁵² The care-cloth is said to have been used to hide the blushes of the unsophisticated, if conscious, bride, but in the case of the widow, a hardened creature, it was useless. This was, however, assuredly not the origin of the use of the care-cloth, which doubtless had its source in one or more fears connected with marriage and the opposition and danger arising from the powers of evil, averse to the propagation of those taught to worship the powers of good. At Lübeck in the Middle Ages even if a young widow married, the occasion was made an excuse for an uproar before the house, and the groom was forced to stand at show on a certain four-cornered stone in the midst of noisy music, to "establish a good name for himself and his wife."⁵³ Homilies as to conduct and bearing of widows were written by prudish gentlemen, desirous of enhancing the decorous behavior of the much-bereaved widow:

"When God takes away the mate of your Bosome, and reduces you to Solitariness, he sounds you a Retreat from the gayeties and and lighter jollities of the World, that with your closer Mourning, you may put on a more retired Temper, stricter and soberer Behavior, not to be cast off with your Veil, but to be the constant Adornment of your Widowhood."⁵⁴

We also find spiritual affinity troubling the Mormons, for while *The Book of Mormon* forbids a man to have more than one wife, Joseph Smith had a revelation on July 12, 1843, permitting polygamy, and in the celestial marriages thereafter celebrated the wife became joined for all eternity to one husband.

Remarriage was probably regarded, especially for a woman, by

⁵² Goodsell, *op. cit.*, pp. 194-195. E. J. Wood, *The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries*, pp. 245-246. J. C. Jeaffreson, *Brides and Bridals*, pp. 95-96.

⁵³ Quoted by Sumner, *Folkways*, p. 370, from Barthold, *Hansa*, Vol. III, p. 178.

⁵⁴ Emily C. Parsons, *The Old-Fashioned Woman*, p. 102, note 1, from *The Whole Duty of Woman*, p. 93.

those so desperately in earnest to prevent it, with something of the fear with which a savage dreads the breaking of a taboo. It is to be noted that good works for the benefit of others was not the main idea in the founding of the various orders, nor did the idea that an elderly woman should wish to spend her life with a special companion to whom she could confide her joys and sorrows, appear to be comprehended. Under ancestor-worship the necessity of children had been so strenuously cultivated that women were regarded merely as a necessary vessel to people the world. Religious utilitarian marriages to produce heirs to keep the souls of the departed in bliss, and civic utilitarian marriages to produce citizens for the State, did not take conjugal affection into consideration, and utilitarian marriages of all kinds prevented the growth of romantic love everywhere. Marriage in the religious sense was followed by marriage in the civic, and woman was the field whereby offspring should be reared for those two purposes. Both of these precepts were somewhat lost sight of in the course of time, but we can find the lingering on of the idea that marriage is for the production of children solely, in the fact that many people to-day do not appear to understand that two people should marry for their own personal happiness when there is some reason to believe the marriage may prove childless. The idea of marriage as a source of happiness and the completion of the lives of two beings did not occur to our ancestors. While the sexual license accorded men has been detrimental to the race and the curtailment of the sexual liberty of women has been of unintentional benefit to it, yet it is scarcely possible that the racial instinct would be as powerful as it is in the normal person if the individual were intended to have no rights. Children fulfil a marriage and keep the selfish element from attaining the ascendancy, but children alone will not make a marriage happy. As we lose our false shame of the body, marriage will reach a status not yet attained or attained by very few only in opposition to current uninvestigated beliefs accepted by the conventional who are often unconscious hypocrites. Women have everywhere been considered the evil principle in society, this belief by no means being dead in Christian countries, and in the early Church and well through the Middle Ages it was strongly current. In desiring to marry again only what was considered the lowest motive was imputed to the widow—for there is nothing to be ashamed of in the racial instinct in itself but only in its abuse.

The prohibitions placed upon the widow to-day among the more advanced of the Christian nations have ceased to be religious and

legal hindrances and have become social formalities. It is bad taste to marry within a certain specified number of months. She is still a slightly marked figure in the social world, less free than a widower, whose comparative license allows him to act more naturally. To develop naturally is taboo to women.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LIBERAL.

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

I.

A FEW days ago I was wandering about a Washington Club in search of a chair and a good reading light. In my hand I carried Volume I of Lord Morley's autobiography.¹ Here I ran into one of the ablest men I know in America, now working for the government on problems of reconstruction after the war. He is a man who reads everything worth while. So I asked him if he had read Morley's Life.

Yes, he had read it. We agreed that it was refreshing and stimulating. Then he made the following comment:

"I confess I prefer this sort of thing to most of the writing of the younger generation. Intellectually it is more honest. In fact during the last year I have oriented myself afresh. I find that I am really a Mid-Victorian."

Precisely what my friend meant by that last remark I do not know; but I think I can surmise the essence. I think he meant that the world must go back to the older Liberalism before it can go forward.

Morley remarks: "Critics to-day are wont to speak contemptuously of the Mid-Victorian age. They should now and then pause to bethink themselves." Morley was reared on the "unadulterated milk" of the Benthamite and Cobdenite word. And he is still orthodox in his political faith.

II.

Morley's idea of Liberalism is comprehensive. It is to him more than a creed. It is bigger than the party cry "Free Trade, Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." He says, "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root. It stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. . . . Treitschke, the greatest of modern absolutists, lays it down that everything new that the nineteenth century has erected is the work of Liberalism."

¹ *Recollections* by John, Viscount Morley, Macmillan Co., 2 vols., \$7.50.

He looks back at the Victorian epoch as at a Golden Age. "Those years—say from 1860 to 1890—were animated, hopeful, interesting, and on the whole, either by reason of, or in spite of, its perpetual polemics, a happy generation. Only those whose minds are numbed by the suspicion that all times are tolerably alike, and men and women much of a muchness, will deny that it was a generation of intrepid effort forward." . . . "Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country at least it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of proportion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, 'The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.' This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration was another."

In that many-sided generation Morley played a conspicuous and important part. He was born in Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838. Of Morley's forebears no more need be said than that he sprang from a homely but sturdy stock of the north of England. His father, a surgeon of local repute, was a native of Yorkshire, and his mother was a Northumbrian. His schooling was of a solid kind, first at the University College School in Blackburn, then at Cheltenham College, and then at Lincoln College in Oxford. He underwent thorough drill in the classics, mathematics and history. His first profession was that of a man of letters. He worked as free-lance on a number of London publications and produced several books, mostly biographies,—on Burke, Walpole, Voltaire and Rousseau. He was editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and later of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He edited the notable series of volumes on *English Men of Letters*. In 1883, at the age of forty-five, he went to Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne. His ability, although not of the showy variety, won him recognition and in 1886 he became

Secretary to Ireland. In 1908, after a service in the House of Commons of twenty-five years, he went to the Lords. He spent several strenuous years as Secretary of State for India and pushed through the very important reforms which helped to liberalize British rule in India at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century. In 1910 he went to the Privy Council. He resigned from the Cabinet at the outbreak of the European war in 1914.

It is of this career that Morley writes. He has moved in an atmosphere of large affairs for many years. His tone is always high-minded and generous. His acquaintanceship with the people who count in England and on the Continent has been extensive and he has the advantage of knowing both the political chiefs and literary mandarins. He speaks well of friend and foe alike, of Liberal and Tory, of Little Englander and Imperialist.

Before Morley finally secured a seat in the House of Commons, he stood twice unsuccessfully, once in Blackburn in 1869 and in Westminster in 1880. Both of these attempts were forlorn hopes. This experience reminds one of Disraeli's first futile attempts to enter Parliament. Indeed Morley's political career finds parallels in those of Disraeli, of Bryce, and of numerous other Englishmen. He begins as a humble but able commoner, devotes long years to political toil, and although he never compromises his ideals, is rewarded at the last with a place in the peerage. Such careers disclose clearly the real secret of England's strength. The English political and social system draws to it, and makes use of whatever ability and character there is in the kingdom. Emerson compressed the reasons for British success in an epigram: "The history of England is aristocracy with the doors open."

III.

In his early days Morley wrote articles on assignment for a weekly journal. He remarks: "Another contributor was the important man who became Lord Salisbury. He and I were alone together in the editorial anteroom every Tuesday morning, awaiting our commissions, but he, too, had a talent for silence, and we exchanged no words, either now nor on any future occasion, though, as it happened, we often found something to say in public about each other's opinions and reason in days to come."

There can be no doubt that this is England. A great deal of the charm of Morley's reminiscences consists of the side-lights he throws upon English life in its better-bred and serener phases. With Morley the reader dines at the Atheneum, lunches at the

Carlton, wanders about the lobbies of the House of Commons, and spends a week at the seashore or on a hilltop in Surrey. He takes dinner with a carefully culled group at George Eliot's, spends a Sunday afternoon with the circle collected by John Stuart Mill, or runs down to Brighton to argue for a day with Herbert Spencer. In a lonely sea-coast town in the north of England, he discovers a young man fresh from Oxford who knows six languages and who, in that remote corner, keeps burning a solitary lamp of learning. He spends many week-ends at English country houses and now and then runs over to Paris or some other city on the Continent. It is a life of which the most marked characteristic is leisurely intercourse and conversation on high topics. "Grey and Haldane came down to us at Wimbledon for a night and we set the world to rights. You know how easily that is done after dinner, and over a flagon of sound wine."

Near the end of 1904 Morley visited America in company with his friend, Andrew Carnegie. He rather agrees with Arnold that the most interesting thing on this continent is Quebec, that unassimilated colony that still speaks the French of Louis XIV. His observations on the American Republic are kindly and free from the taint of patronizing. He spent a week or more as the guest of Roosevelt in the White House. When he left the American shore, he was asked, "What is it that has impressed you most during your visit?" and he replied, "Undoubtedly, two things: the President and Niagara Rapids." Morley's observations on Roosevelt himself are plain-spoken. He says: "Not often have I passed a week so interesting in the chief figure and the striking circumstances around him. It was impossible, and we did not try, to be unconscious of the fact that something or another had drawn him and me into two different political schools. The President had shown himself both student and writer enough to have been a power in professional letters, if he had liked. His political premises and axioms, as I ventured to think, came from overpowering energy of physical temperament rather than from firm or exhaustive ratiocination."

Morley had occasion to taste the characteristic hospitality of America. His most illuminating comments on America are set forth in his account of an after-dinner speech he made. "I had the honour to attend a powerful public feast one evening at New York, on which the comment next day was that 'Demosthenes and Cicero were great orators, but neither of them ever addressed an audience good for a millionth part of the minae, drachmae, sesterces, or

whatever else stood for the dollar in the currency of Greece and Rome, represented in the assemblage addressed by Mr. Morley last night.' It was no business of mine to discuss the right of a man to be rich, or of a community to admire wealth acquired. . . . This at least was clear to the most casual observer with any knowledge of the contributions of the magnates round the tables toward endowment for great common purposes, that private munificence moved by the spirit of high public duty has never been shown on a finer scale than by American plutocracy working in a democratic atmosphere. Materialist, practical, and matter-of-fact as the world of America may be judged, or may perhaps rightly judge itself, everybody recognizes that commingled with all that is a strange elasticity, a pliancy, an intellectual subtlety, a ready excitability of response to high ideals, that older worlds do not surpass, even if they can be said to have equaled it."

IV.

Morley's volumes are rich in vignettes of contemporaries both early and more recent. He gives us admirable pen pictures of Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Henry Sidgwick, Cavour, Mazzini, Cobden, Gladstone, Roseberry, Harcourt, Campbell-Bannerman and numerous others. There are some curious omissions; for example Lloyd George is not mentioned. His character sketches are shot through with shrewd observations on character in general and particularly on the foibles of statesmen and politicians.

In his early days Morley was an intimate friend and disciple of John Stuart Mill. The following passages portray that high priest of rationalism: "Carlyle says of Mill's talk that it was rather wintry and 'sawdustish'; we may forgive the old prophet for this passing fling of a splenetic moment, for he admits the talk was always well informed and sincere, and passed the evenings in a sensible, agreeable manner. So it did, and much more. Mill was Carlyle's first and long his only friend in London, and not only lent him his great collection on the Revolution, but gave him, 'frankly and clearly, and with zeal all his better knowledge than my own; being full of eagerness in that cause, as he felt I should be. He would have made any sacrifice for me and what I had then most at heart.' It was Mill who first set him on Oliver Cromwell. Not so wintry, then, after all. Meredith, who did not know Mill in person, once spoke to me of him with the confident intuition proper to imaginative genius, as partaking of the Spinster. Disraeli, when Mill made an early speech in Parliament, raised his eyeglass,

and murmured to a neighbour on the bench, 'Ah, the Finishing Governess.' We can guess what they meant. Mill certainly had not Bacon's massive cogency, nor the concentrated force of Hobbes, nor the diversified amplitude of Adam Smith. That is true enough, but then no more was he shrill or teasing on small points, or disputatious for dispute's sake, or incessantly bent on proving or disproving something. Yet he could be both severe and plain-spoken as anybody in Parliament or out, and knew how to run an adversary clean through with a sword that was no spinster's arm. . . . Mill would take endless trouble to procure the reversal of an inhuman sentence in a police court; he abhorred insensibility to the sufferings of our fellows in the lower order of creation. . . . From anything like literary vanity no mortal could have been more free. He once told me that after revision and re-revision of a piece of his own, he felt so little satisfied of its exact conformity to his purpose, that he could only bring himself to send it to the printer by recalling how he had felt the same of other writing that people thought useful. Apart from this, which is a secondary point, we met a personal modesty that almost spoke the language of fatalism. This was one of his attractions—so singular a contrast to the common self-applause that exaggerates a secondary service into supreme achievement, or sets down good fortune to one's own foresight and penetration. . . . I do not know whether then or at any other time so short a book ever instantly produced so wide and so important an effect on contemporary thought as did Mill's *On Liberty* in that day of intellectual and social fermentation (1859). It was like the effect of Emerson's awakening address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society in New England in 1832. The thought of writing it first came into his head in 1855, as he was mounting the steps of the Capitol at Rome, the spot where the thought of the greatest of all literary histories had started into the mind of Gibbon just a hundred years before. . . . The little volume belongs to the rare books that after hostile criticism has done its best are still found to have somehow added a cubit to man's stature."

The following glimpse of Thomas Carlyle is interesting: "You walked away from Chelsea stirred to the depths by a torrent of humour. But then it was splendid caricature: words and images infinitely picturesque and satiric, marvelous collocations and antitheses, impassioned railing against all the human and even super-human elements in our blindly misguided universe. But of direction, of any sign-post or way-out, not a trace was to be discovered, any more than a judicial page, or sense of any wisdom in the judicial,

is to be found in his greatest pieces of history. After the grand humorist's despair was over, it was a healthy restorative in passing homeward along the Embankment to fling oneself into the arms of any statistician, politician, political economist, sanitary authority, poor-law reformer, prison-reformer, drainage enthusiast, or other practical friend of improvement, whom genial accident might throw in one's way."

A considerable portion of Morley's biography is taken up with long struggles of Gladstonian Liberalism to force home rule for Ireland through Parliament. Morley was Irish Secretary for many years and knew Charles Parnell as well as any other Englishman. Of him he says: "For myself, in our protracted dealings for some four or five years, I found him uniformly considerate, unaffectedly courteous, not ungenial, compliant rather than otherwise. In ordinary conversation he was pleasant, without much play of mind: temperament made him the least discursive of the human race. Apart from the business of the moment, he contributed little, because among other reasons he had no knowledge of common education and the man of the world. He would speak of his interest in finding minerals to work, and of experiments in assaying; but his schemes did not go far, and came to little. For personal talk he had little inclination, nor was he apt, as most politicians are, to run off into critical comments not always good-natured upon individuals. He took little interest or none in that buzz of miscellaneous talk about individuals which accounts for so much of the tidal agitations of the parliamentary world. Of the Catholic priests and prelates, and the Roman Conclave, he found no more to say than that he was not in the least afraid of any of them. He was one of the men with whom it was impossible to be familiar. . . . His sympathy with the misery of the Irish peasantry was real and it was constant, though he was too hard-headed and too disdainful to make a political trade of this sympathy, or even to say much about it. A general liking for his species he neither had nor professed. Of merely personal ambition, whether in its noble or its vulgar sense, he had, I think, little share or none. He had taken up a single cause against enemies who seemed invincible; his people had given him their trust; he bent his whole strength on winning; he was as confident as his nature would allow him to be confident of anything that his arms would conquer; for laurels he did not care. I have been at his side before and after more than one triumphal occasion, and discovered no sign of quickened pulse. His politics were a vehement battle, not a game, no affair of a career. . . . A secret consultation with a

Conservative viceroy one day; with a spy from a murder club in New York the next; with a Whig Catholic Bishop in Ireland the day after. The irony of it gave him no private enjoyment; irony was not in his line; the phantasmagoria was all in the day's work. The mixture of the calculating spirit of an election agent with violence, and of invincible pride with something like squalor, made an amazing paradox. We have to remember that he was a revolutionary leader, using constitutional forms, and no varnish of respectable words can make him anything else."

About 1873 Morley made the acquaintance of Joseph Chamberlain. He was associated with Chamberlain for more than a decade as political ally. Later Chamberlain developed strong unionist and imperialistic views and, politically, broke away from Morley. Their personal friendship, however, persisted through their party dissension. The references to Chamberlain are always pitched in a tone of affection and admiration. "Now, as when later he came into wide popularity and power, he had none of the childish and overdone discretion in which politicians of a certain order are apt to flatter their self-importance. He could be as secret as anybody when he pleased, or when secrecy was a binding duty toward other people. But he was an open man, a spontaneous man. I have always thought of him, of all the men of action that I have known, as the frankest and most direct, as he was, with two exceptions, the boldest and the most intrepid. This instinct was one secret of his power as a popular leader. When he encountered a current of doubt, dislike, suspicion, prejudice, in some place of some section of his party, his rule and first impulse was to hasten to put his case, to explain, to have it out. This gave him a character that was, as might have been expected, a genuine source of strength, apart from keenness of dialectic. . . . People who are careless about using right words called him cynical, when they meant no more than caustic, just as they clumsily call a touch of irony a sneer. He was impatient of those clever men, more numerous than we suppose, who have an unlucky aptitude for taking hold of things by the wrong end. Of equanimity he had not more than his share, but then this virtue is not always a mark of strength; perhaps less often so than not, in spite of Aristotle. He was a master of self-control if occasion demanded. When he was busy on temperance and the Gothenburg system, we had one of our talks with Carlyle. The sage told him that he rejoiced that this mighty reform was being attempted; then all at once he took fire at thought of compensation for the dispossessed publican, and burst into full blaze at its iniquity.

Fiercely smiting the arms of his chair, with strong voice and flashing eye, he summoned an imaginary publican before him. 'Compensation!' he cried, 'you dare come to me for compensation! I'll tell you where to go for compensation! Go to your father the devil, let him compensate you'—and so on in one of his highest flights of diatribe. Chamberlain, still as a stock, listened with deferential silence for long minutes, until he was able in patient tone to put the case of the respectable butler whom a grateful master had set up in a licensed and well-conducted tavern: was Mr. Carlyle sure that to turn him out, bag and baggage, was quite fair play? And so on through the arguments. The old Ram Dass with the fire in his belly attentively listened, and then admitted genially that he might have been all wrong. If Carlyle had been an angry public meeting, Chamberlain's methods would have been the same. I once saw him handle a gathering of exasperated shipowners in my constituency at Newcastle with equal success. Of the small personal jealousy that is the torment of men who lack confidence in their own qualities, it is little to say that Chamberlain had none. From that root of evil nobody in the world stood clearer. . . . His annual holiday was a matter of principle; it was a needed refreshment of spirit. We made a dozen or more expeditions abroad together. Friendships do not always survive the ordeal of long journeys. We two underwent the test year after year without a ripple. He was a delightful companion, patient, good-natured, observant, interested in pictures, buildings, history; alert, and not without a pleasant squeeze of lemon to add savour to the daily dish. We had not an insipid hour. . . . In after-years Mr. Gladstone found a standing puzzle in the long intimacy between Chamberlain and me. 'You are not only different,' he used to say: 'man and wife are often different, but you two are the very contradiction.' Of these contradictions I must obviously be the last person in the world to attempt a catalogue. Looking back I only know that men vastly my superiors, alike in letters and the field of politics, have held me in kind regard and cared for my friendship. I do not try to analyse or explain. Such golden boons in life are self-sufficing. The general terms of character are apt to have but a lifeless air. Differences as sharp as ever divided public men by and by arose between us two on burning questions of our time. Breaks could not be avoided; they were sharp, but they left no scars. Fraternal memories readily awoke. As his end drew near, we sent one another heartfelt words of affectionate farewell. Meanwhile for thirteen strenuous years we lived the life of brothers."

Of certain living Liberals Morley remarks: "Since 1886 had sprung up, among a younger generation of Liberals, a small new group that was destined as time went on to exert much influence for good or evil on the fortunes of their country. They were a working alliance, not a school; they had idealisms, but were no Utopians. Haldane, Asquith, Grey, Acland, had the temper of men of the world and the temper of business. They had conscience, character, and took their politics to heart." Asquith he calls a "truly satisfactory man." Again he observes: "The understanding and affinity between Asquith and me, from the intellectual and political point of view, is almost perfect. He is more close in expression than I am, but we both have in different ways the *esprit positif*; we are neither of us optimists; we start from common educational training, though his was in the critical hours of education much better. . . . Asquith is an excellent talker—not glittering nor fascinating, nor exactly winning nor inspiring, but genial, clear, competent, and above all, always hitting the nail on the head."

His references to Sir Edward Grey are equally complimentary. "Grey followed Percy, in that curiously high, simple, semi-detached style, which, combined, as it always is in him, with a clean-cut mastery of all the facts in his case, makes him one of the most impressive personalities in Parliament. Or must I qualify that immense panegyric of mine? He has got no great ample pinions like Mr. Gladstone; he hardly deserves what was said of Daniel Webster, that every word he used seemed to weigh a pound. Still, he is a remarkable figure, wholly free from every trace of the Theatre; and I confess it warms my heart to think that we have two men like Grey and Percy to fill the seats of Power in our country, when the time comes." Of this younger generation of Liberals Morley also remarks: "As it happened, in the fulness of time our distinguished apostles of Efficiency came into supreme power, with a share in the finest field for efficient diplomacy and an armed struggle, that could have been imagined. Unhappily they broke down, or thought they had (1915), and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine."

This Liberal leader does not reserve all of his compliments for members of his own party. He is equally warm in his tributes to many of the Conservatives. Toward Disraeli he speaks with uniform courtesy. "Disraeli was climbing his giddy ladder up to the high places to which his genius and persistent courage well entitled

him. . . . I have a considerable liking for Dizzy in a good many things: his mockery of the British Philistine, his aloofness and detachment from hollow conventions, and so forth. How on earth such a man ever became an extremely popular Prime Minister, I can never tell."

He several times mentions his respect and fondness for Curzon. "You will be sorry, as am I, to hear that Curzon writes of himself to me as an invalid. You may have seen that he was seriously bruised in a motor collision some time back. He is now off on a voyage for some months, as I understand. I cannot help a great liking for him, an admiration for his gifts that is not far from affection."

He speaks in the highest terms of Minto, who was Governor General of Canada, and later Indian Viceroy. "A viceroy needs to be a judge of men, whether with dark skins or white, and Lord Minto mixed tact and common sense and the milk of human kindness in the right proportion for discovering with what sort of man he had to deal. He liked people, though he did not always believe them, and he began by a disposition to get on with people as well as they would let him. If he found on trial what he thought good reason for distrusting a man, he did not change. His vision was not subtle, but, what is far better, it was remarkably shrewd. . . . We were most happily alike, if I may use again some old words of my own, in aversion to all quackery and cant, whether it be the quackery of hurried violence dissembling as love of order, or the cant of unsound and misapplied sentiment, divorced from knowledge and untouched by cool comprehension of realities."

In a vivid little sketch he depicts the parliamentary manner of Arthur Balfour. "Balfour's favourite weapon was the rapier, with no button on, without prejudice to a strong broadsword when it was wanted—and for fine point and edge his nearest rival was Sexton on the Irish benches. For so fine a performance—and it was one of his finest—as Mr. Gladstone's (March 3, 1890) when he swept away the ragged, dingy tapestries of the Parnell Commission, the Irish Secretary could never be a match. His eye for the construction of dilemmas was incomparable, and the adversary was rapidly transfixed by the necessity of extricating himself from two equally discreditable scrapes. To expose a single inch of unguarded surface was to provoke a dose of polished raillery that was new, effective, and unpleasant. He revelled in carrying logic all its length, and was not always above urging a weak point as if it were a strong one. Though polished and high-bred in air, he unceremoniously

applied Dr. Johnson's cogent principle that to treat your adversary with respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled. Of intellectual satire he was a master—when he took the trouble; for the moral irony that leaves a wound he happily had no taste. . . . It was not surprising that, in Burke's famous language about Charles Townsend, he became the delight and ornament of his party in the country, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence, and clouds of incense daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers."

v.

Lord Morley's autobiography is well worth reading for its inherent interest and its vivid pictures of men and politics in the last half century. One lays it down, however, with a sense of disappointment. Perhaps it is not fair to quarrel with Morley for failing to give us advice on to-day's problems. An elderly man in his recollections must necessarily face the past. And yet the reader cannot help but regret that this noble-minded Liberal has no constructive suggestions to offer either for the future peace of the world, or for the future structure of society.

From this point of view Morley's attitude toward the Great War is unsatisfactory. He is not, of course, in any sense a partisan of Germany. He wrote in his diary in 1908, "Anyhow, I'd rather have parliamentary rule with all its faults than Prussian bureaucracy." But war in the abstract Morley detests. He declares that its "very essence is the disintegration of common fundamentals" and that it "ostracizes, demoralizes, and brutalizes reason." With such sentiments few Americans would disagree. Nor would they dissent from his indictment of secret diplomacy: "Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath?" America, however, is hoping with all its best ideals and aspirations for a better world after the present holocaust. Morley has little better than cold water for the bright hopes of those who look forward to a league of nations. He observes: "In our present overwhelming days such hope as is left to Europe and America seems to yearn for some formal confederacy of States that shall keep the world's peace. There are many reasons for suspecting illusion. The dream is old, and historic awakening has been rude."

Morley's attitude on the economic and social changes of the

coming century is scarcely more heartening. He sees no great promise in the newer socialistic ideals. "If it comes, the substitution of the State in the administration of capital for the Manchester gospel of individual self-help will mark an epoch as does the Reformation or the French Revolution—each of them associated with long, vehement, confused struggle, neither of them ending in unclouded blessings."

Morley none the less cannot be unaware that the Manchester school has lost its authority. We no longer look for guidance to the principles of *laissez faire* or of non-intervention, nor to the vague formula of the greatest good to the greatest number. What the world really needs is a new liberal vision, a new interpretation of social harmony. Morley apparently feels that the spirit of the old Liberalism is sound and vital enough to organize the new era; but he nowhere gives us any indication of how we can translate the precepts of Cobden and Gladstone into a program that will meet the needs of to-morrow. Possibly Morley in some later work will give us a program of this sort. We can, at any rate, say that the new society will be fortunate if it comes under the guidance of men of his mould.

GOD AND SATAN.

BY F. W. ORDE WARD.

IT seems more than probable that the idea of a Devil is one aspect of God, chipt off, so to speak or abstracted from the totality. The vision arose from an unjustifiable separation between the two great constituents of love—namely justice and mercy, a foolish and fatal dichotomy, and from the innate tendency of the human mind (as psychology shows) to dualize things, instead of resting in opposites. Dichotomy is so easy and convenient though superficial, like the dilemma the joy of all feeble thinkers. So we gradually obtained two distinct and hostile deities confronting each other—God the true Infinite, and Satan the bad or false Infinite. But why this monstrous and unreasonable divorce?

"Finis nosse Deum, principiumque Deus."

"A Deo omnia incipiunt, in Deum omnia exeunt."

Yet we shall see presently, as we proceed in the course of our inquiry, that this divulsion of the two component factors was quite inevitable.

and if there had been no Devil, man would have found it necessary to invent one, as an explanation of whatever seemed imperfect, ugly, or wicked in the world, and to save his own face. Such a creation was obvious. It is the fashion now with many who like to be considered advanced in their opinions, to repudiate as an absurd lingering survival often with much indignation the fact of a Devil, and to set in his place a Principle of Evil, a singularly vague and vicious abstraction. This hardly appears to be a working hypothesis, it is rather an idle hypothesis, a bloodless bogey or phantasm. It is but a pitiful personification of a "pseudo-concept" which, while denying the personality of the Devil, practically confesses it. For the so-called "Principle of Evil" actually impersonates what it abhors. It meets us as a colorless ineptitude that bears no relation to any kind of thought which is dialectical or nothing.

We shall now first have to inquire into the meaning of God, and we shall discover in Him the *coincidentia omnium oppositorum*, or the sum of all contradictions. Were He not this, how could we possibly explain Evil? Let us begin with the assertion, which is Scripture as well as fundamental, that God is Love. Everyone seems from the beginning to have taken for granted that we instinctively understood the nature of what was termed Love, which they supposed to be a weak and washy benevolence toward all men and toward all things. But the least reflection will show the absurdity of this notion. We are by no means born into the world with a ready stock of cut and dried interpretations of facts. Instead of Love being a simple matter, it is the profoundest of all vital problems. To feel an emotional tenderness sometimes overflowing in tears, does not constitute such a sublime and complex subject. It embraces heights and depths beyond calculation, and far above the petty arithmetic of every-day chatter—it is a calculus of the Infinite. We must perceive at once, that, if God is Love, His title contains abysses and ranges of thought past all imaginings. The infinite and the infinitesimal must here unite. Love never was and never could be pure unmixed kindness. No doubt, God is merciful, but He is also and equally just. No doubt He is tender, but He is also and equally severe. No doubt, He is kind, but He is also and equally cruel. And still He remains Perfect Love. The so-called Evil in the world assuredly should convince any one accessible to reason that the namby-pambyism, the feeble forgiveness, the unjust and impossible amiability in these thoughtless days usually attributed to God, possess no foundation whatever. On the contrary, He is just because He is merciful, He is cruel because He is kind, He is severe

because he is tender. Were He otherwise He could not claim our worship, and it is certain that He would not receive it. "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." The mawkish and maudlin sentimentalism of the twentieth century does not understand this. But the prolonged agony of the present terrible war, in our fight against beasts and devils, will teach us better, and should teach us the truth. That which we should immediately condemn as laxity of principle and practice in a neighbor, we should not expect or praise in God. Even the greatest gentleness, when the occasion arises, exhibits "the wrath of the lamb." And the Christ Himself, while meek and lowly in speech and in Spirit, could be sometimes, a "consuming fire." We are told expressly that He carried a rod as well as a staff, a sword as well as an olive branch, and He used the one no less than the other. For in the hour of need His *verba* were *verbera*. Jesus likewise armed Himself with a scourge and employed it ruthlessly at least on two occasions recorded in the Scriptures. We may choose to think differently, but however much we whine and whimper and appeal to a sickly compassionateness and a criminal leniency, we shall appeal in vain. God governs according to eternal laws, and if we violate His laws we must take the consequences. Causes work out their natural and inexorable effects, and our sorrows though genuine cannot avert the pains and penalties inextricably involved. God's tender mercies are over all His works, but if He were not sometimes pitiless, they would not and could not be so—universal and really kind.

Men have fancied they could mend matters and clear the subject, by attributing all the so-called Evil (of which very much indeed is far from Evil) to the Devil, and all the supposedly good things to God. The result has been a painful surprise, in this violent disruption of the Deity or the Divine Conception. What does Benedetto Croce say in his last great book, *Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept*? His pronouncement is unequivocal and unambiguous. "Every one has in him evil, because he has good," p. 98; Satan is not a creation extraneous to God, nor the minister of God called Satan, but *God Himself*. If God had not Satan in Himself, He would be like food without salt. An abstract Ideal, a simple ought-to-be which is not and therefore impotent and useless. The Italian poet, who has sung of Satan as "rebellion," and "the avenging force of reason," had a profound meaning when he concluded by exalting God as "the most lofty vision to which peoples attain in the force of their youth," "the sun of sublime minds and of ardent

hearts." He corrected and integrated the one abstract with the other, and in this way unconsciously attained the fulness of truth. "Thought in so far as it is itself life. . . .and reality. . . .has in itself opposition; and for this reason it is also *affirmation* and *negation*; it does not affirm save by denying, and it does not deny save by affirming." We see now that it does not help us or simplify the question before us by dividing the Godhead and eliminating the disagreeable fact of Satan.

"Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret."

It is not by ignoring the tiniest constituent of any substance or fact that science can advance. It may be true, but we don't say it is, that *de minimis non curat lex*, but it is damnably false to maintain *de minimis non curat scientia*, or God.

This miserable partition of the two vital and necessary elements must be held responsible for the unquestioned fact that, neither the ordinary interpretation of God nor that of Satan has been acceptable to the vast majority of human beings in all times and throughout all civilized space. God has never been given as a Working Whole, as the complete Love whom we could all unanimously respect and reverence and adore. He has been a truncated deity, imperfect, indefinite, and impossible. To be robbed of his sterner attributes was to depreciate and degrade the remainder. And when He was left with the Staff alone, worshipers missed the supplementary Rod. The shepherd's crook, without the accompanying sword, left an emasculated, praeterhuman, and praeterdivine deity. If the present terrific war has taught us one thing it is that religion must be reconstructed from its very foundations. No more abject whimpering, wheedling devotion, no more spurious gratitude that is but a lively expectation of future favors, but a robust and strenuous faith in a perfect and uneviscerated God. The old theologians first disemboweled the Deity, and then offered the forlorn residuum for us to hold in honor. Our new thanksgiving must assume the virile form of thanks-living. Of course the present conception of the Devil to a great extent is a lineal descendant or derivative from the Puritan belief. We find now a natural reaction. But, as always, the recoil has gone much too far, and the pendulum of thought has swung round to the very opposite extreme. And, in the same way, the conception of God has reached to a violent antagonism of the Puritan idea, which was anything but weak. The Supreme Being has been watered down to the uttermost dregs of Deity, and turned into a nature absolutely feeble and contemptible. To call

such a God by the immeasurable name of Love, is a pure libel or indeed a plain contradiction in terms. He no longer works by laws or the uniformity of the cosmos, a measured and definite action and reaction, but by ill-regulated affections, by caprice and an arbitrary Providence. He denies in every manifestation by an unbalanced conduct, all the most vital essentials of His character. He ceases to respect justice, and obeys the whim of the moment, in conforming to certain pious shibboleths which have been christened orthodoxy. Thor and Odin would be far preferable to such an odious creation of modern religion, which puts in the bankruptcy court the Infinite and the Eternal, and liquidates His noblest attributes. Such a monstrosity is worse than any Devil, One who is at the mercy of any peddling prayer and foolish cant formula.

Accordingly, we have now to abolish the Devil as a personal being, and restore him to his proper place in the Godhead, whence he should never have been torn. In his ultimate nature, he merely represents the justice of God, as the complement of His mercy, which can never stand alone by itself. That is to say, we must whitewash the Devil, and show he is not as black as he has been painted. No logical mind can reasonably postulate two Gods, the one of light and the other of darkness, like Zoroaster, in spite of J. S. Mill. Were this really a philosophical truth and were Zoroaster a true prophet, there would be no cosmos but only an *acosmos*, a welter of hopeless and helpless confusion—everlasting and universal chaos. No doubt, Satan must be deified himself and proved to be no longer a Principle of Evil, but a worthy and worshipful component of the Godhead. He is Divine from one point of view and in a certain fundamental aspect, which cannot be separated from other aspects and elements. He is emphatically good, and necessary to the Supreme Totality. The human hunger for a cheap and easy way, as it was supposed, in religion, broke up the Deity into antagonistic parts, and then isolated one fraction as the Devil, and threw on his head the onus of all Evil, in order that men might think themselves better than they were. This appears to be a relic of polytheism, an outrageous superstition which has been imposed on us by the religionism of our obtuse ancestors. We have no Devil worse than ourselves, and our own aberrant hearts. *Pectus facit diabolum*. But “resist the Devil and he will flee from you.” Because he possesses no real existence, and only flourishes on idle fears and the sufferance of fools. He is clearly superfluous and as we know—*entia non multiplicanda præter necessitatem*. Face him boldly and he fades away immediately into the dim shadowland

of the ghosts, the blind phantasmagoria that shelters in suspended solution all the old and pitiful unrealities of religion. And then Satan remains far more magnificent than even Milton's sublime conception, the hero of *Paradise Lost*, as the true Rod of God, while His mercy continues to be the Staff. For they co-exist, they co-operate, and the one without the other has no meaning or value—just because God is Infinite Love.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE BOOK OF THE OPENING OF THE RICE INSTITUTE. 3 vols. Houston, Texas. Pp. 1100.

The Rice Institute of Houston, Texas, has raised a stately and indeed a most worthy monument of its existence by publishing a three-volumed account of its opening ceremonies which constituted "an academic festival, held in celebration of the opening of the Rice Institute, a university of liberal and technical learning founded in the city of Houston, Texas, by William March Rice and dedicated by him to the advancement of letters, science and art." The first volume is adorned with two photogravure reproductions of portraits of the founder. The frontispiece is an ideal and sympathetic portrait of Mr. Rice when a young man, and the other shows the same features strengthened into maturity. Other inserts of this volume are facsimile engravings of the invitations issued and responses received from many universities and learned societies of Europe and America. It also contains a complete list of the delegates and the program of addresses, toasts and dedicatory exercises which constituted the opening exercises on October 10, 11 and 12, 1916. The other two volumes are devoted to the inaugural addresses on the fundamental sciences, the liberal humanities, and the advancement of modern learning presented at the Institute by its distinguished guests on the same occasion. These are accompanied by excellent photogravure portraits of Professors Altamiro y Crevea of Oviedo, Borel of Paris, De Vries of Amsterdam, Jones of Glasgow, Kikuchi of Tokyo, Mackail of Oxford, Ostwald of Leipsic, Ramsay of London, Störmer of Christiania, Volterra of Rome; also Benedetta Croce, editor of *La Critica*, and the late H. Poincaré of Paris. The volumes are crown octavo, buckram bound, and the composition and press-work by the De Vinne Press are almost perfect.

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