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By

The Hon. Bertrand Russell

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THE PHANTOM SHIP.
Painted by Mary Bassett.

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BALDER'S DEATH.

BY CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

ARGUMENT.

THE first scene of this story is in the Heaven of Norse Mythology, or, to be more exact, in Asgard, the city of the Asas; and the characters are the Asas, the Norse gods, whose King is Odin. Asgard must be imagined as a golden city, not only paved with gold but piled with gold from the foundation to the pinacles of its palaces. It is a wonderwork of the most skilful of the giant race, the Jotuns, who were once friends of the Asas but are now foes, alienated by rivalry for power and gold.

In the scheme of the Universe, Asgard lies in the upper branches of the Tree of Life, where it rests at the top of the arch of Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge, by which the Asas descend to earth when they will, riding their horses, except Thor, who is so heavy that he would break through its ethereal substance. As far beneath the earth as Asgard lies above it, is the Lower World, called Hell, or Helheim, because it is the home of Queen Hel, a Jotun whose power is matched with Odin's and who will lead her kindred to attack him in Asgard as soon as she is able.

Hel is the daughter of Loke, the destructive spirit of Fire.

The Golden City of Asgard shines in splendor against a blue sky, and Odin, its king, is clad in a regal mantle of blue. Among his circle he is kingly indeed, a leader in battle, triumphant in single combat, astute in counsel, and a loving father to his heroes. All-Father is the name with which they chiefly honor him, but they add many other names in honor of his powers and exploits, such as the Many-in-One, Ygg (the Clear-Thinker), and the Wayfarer. Odin's sister, Frigg, is also his wife, and as Queen of Heaven is

justly honored, for she is wise and good. The son of Odin and Frigg is Balder, the best loved Asa in heaven. * Like Odin, Balder has many appropriate names, among which are the White One, the Peaceful, and the Father of Justice, for his palace has sheltered no evil. He is clothed in radiant white, and rays beam about him as from a sun. Balder is the glory of heaven. As is fit, Nanna, his wife, is like him though lesser, a moon-white Dis, and their union is the most perfect.

The nature of Loke is flame, and his color is flame; but Hel is death-white, and her heart is cold, as her kingdom lies cold in a region of eternal frost and snow. Hel is the most powerful of Loke's evil offspring. Her mother is no less hated, a Jotun witch named Angerboda, because she bodes anguish to all of her friends as well as her foes. This circle of destructive spirits, including also Hel's terrible brothers, the Midgard Serpent and the Fenris Wolf, bide their time to conquer both Earth and Asgard, mustering their forces in the Lower World and in the Mirkwood, where Angerboda's wolf-sons congregate. At Raknarok, the World's Twilight, they will issue forth for the final struggle. In the one great conflict that they have so far had with Odin for the rule of the world, Odin has been able to control them, casting the Serpent far forth into the sea, binding the Wolf Fenrer to a rock on a distant island, Lyngve, and banishing Hel to the Lower World, where in the lowest of nine gloomy circles she established her throne, called Despair. Hers is a sad, loveless kingdom, and she is the cold sovereign of the dead. The Weird Norns (Past, Present, and Future), made her supreme in the Lower World, and gave her permission to come to Earth only at midnight to select those who are to belong to her. Brave warriors are chosen by the Valkyrie, Odin's War Maidens, to be taken dying from the battlefield to Valhal, his Hall of Heroes in Asgard; but those who are cowards or who die at peace are taken by Hel.

The incidents in this story occur shortly after the Wolf Fenrer has been bound, when Loke and Hel have been balked in their purpose to capture Asgard by means of Fenrer's wonderful strength. The action begins on one of Hel's midnight visits to Earth to give warning to those whom she has chosen to die.

NOW the dusk and the nightfall were early
And the dawn 'was late in its coming,

Nature gives
signs that fore-
bode disaster.

And the days were so dark that at noontide
Deep shadows lay brooding in Valhal—

Strange sights ; and strange sounds smote the hearing,
 Low sougning and sighing and whispers.
 It shook the hearts of the hearers.
 Were Hel and her hordes from cold Helheim
 Stealing on Asgard in darkness?
 The eyes of the erewhile calm Asas
 Grew gloomy, and heavy their hearts were ;
 Sore troubled, they tossed on their couches.
 And, the first time in Asgard, one midnight
 A moaning and crying awaked them
 Fear sucked at their hearts like a vampire
 Then a wailing arose in Bright Broadblink
 Whence naught but joy's sounds had e'er issued ;
 And shrill, as pine shrieks when the lightning
 Has cleft to its heart, Balder shrieked,
 And the ramparts of Asgard echoed
 And its vaulting re-echoed his shrieking.

They groped their way through the dark,
 And as day broke in Asgard held council
 And heard Balder's dream,
 His vision of evil impending :

Balder's
 dream.

"All we love, all we hate were in conflict!
 The Gulph of the Nether World opened
 And Hel sought her lordto dwell with her
 And I was her lord, and must follow,
 For Death hurled his dart, and it hit me."

And Nanna, his spouse, where she lay
 With her flowerlike face on Frigg's bosom,
 His mother's, shuddered and sobbed
 Ere she spoke in accents complaining,
 "Aye, Hel came to Asgard, love-hungry :
 She sought her a lordshe craves mine
 Me she hates—O Father! O Mother!
 King! Frigg! Help our Balder
 Or Hel will yet hale him to Helheim!"

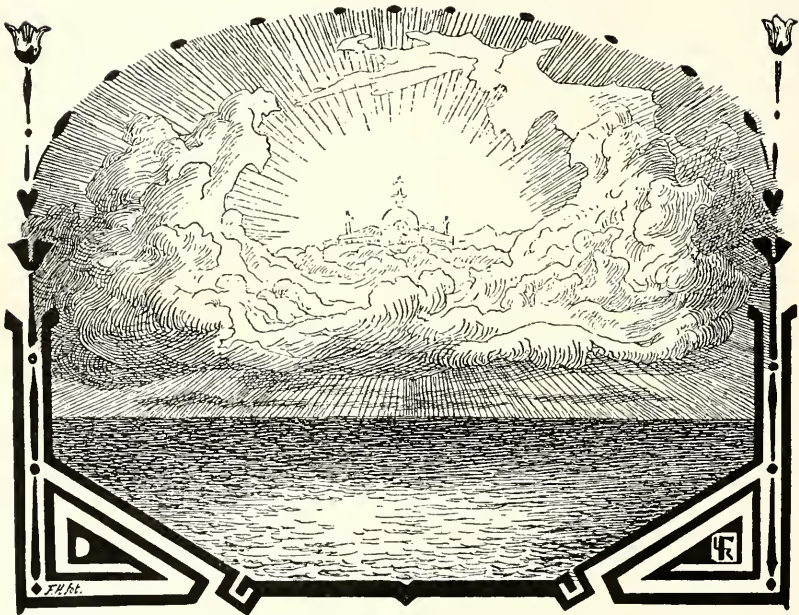
Nanna pleads
 for him.

And Frigg answered, comforting Nanna,
 "Dear child, who would harm our good Balder,
 Beloved Light of the Heavens?"

Frigg's answer.

If Hel does desire him—oh, surely
 She never will find one to slay him,
 For all in the world love our Balder!"

But still Frigg was troubled at heart,
 Asking why was his slumber afflicted
 With dreams that forebade disaster ;
 And Nanna, still weeping, repeated,
 "Hel will yet hale him to Helheim."



THE HEAVENLY CITY.

Odin departs
 to learn the
 future.

Then Odin, the wise, the Clear-Thinker,
 Who loved Balder more dearly than any
 For that best he knew his son's nature,
 So gentle and loving and peace-full,
 Arose and departed in silence.

Frigg's efforts
 to save Balder.

But Frigg, with the Asas remaining,
 Took oath from all Nature to spare him
 So that Hel could find nothing to slay him.
 She bound land and water with oaths,
 And gold, and silver, and iron,—

All metals, all earths, all plants
 That are growing or grown on the earth,
 In the air or the water; all birds,
 All diseases, all reptiles, all creatures
 That creep, walk, or fly, to earth's confines.

And again there was joy in the heavens,
 And a marvel it was, those glad days,
 To see how all nature loved Balder.
 They gathered a circle about him
 And, playful, threw missiles upon him
 In their sports on his plain, the fair Peace Place;
 And great was the honor they did him,
 Hewing, and hacking, and hurling,
 Most mighty, most skilful,—and harmless.
 Darts recoiled, and hard flints did not hurt him;
 Asa blades bit not, but rebounded
 Though keen and hero-like wielded;
 When it hurtled forth with his thunder,
 Thor's Hammer to Thor's hand returned
 And on Balder had left no more mark
 Than an arrow when cleaving the heavens
 Can leave on the air it has parted.
 Frigg smiled, Nanna laughed, and bright Balder
 Forgot his dream and its portent.

The fears of
 the Asas are
 relieved.

But Odin, All-Father, forgot not,
 Nor smiled, as he rode through deep valleys,
 Descending and dark, to the North,
 Swiftly his steed passed the landmarks,
 His Sleipner, fleet-footed and willing,
 Smiting the earth till it trembled
 With the beat of his feet, rune-enristed.
 For nine days successive down Helway
 He traveled, by bridges, o'er chasms
 And wastes, till he came to Hel's kingdom;
 And never he stopped or turned back
 Though her Hel-hounds he met, slaughter-craving,
 Foam-flecked and blood-stained and gaping,
 That bayed as he passed,
 And though bands of the Dead hailed him, wailing,
 But when Hell-walls loomed black through the darkness,

Odin journeys
 to the Vala

With towers and pinacles beetling,
 And heavy-barred Hell-gates denied him—
 Would he force them, again to face Hel?...
 To the East he turned Sleipner, to the death-house
 Where the Vala, a seersess, lay buried.

He practices
 his art to raise
 her from her
 grave.

Three times he circled around it,
 Three times in widening circles,
 And three times three, chanting Runes;
 Then, facing the North, a spell
 He pronounced, most potent, compelling,
 Until, in her grave, Vala wakened,
 And rose in winding-sheet swathed,
 And uttered unwilling,
 In accents grave-hollow, death-husky:

Vala speaks.

“My grave has been covered with snow;
 My grave has been beaten with rain;
 Upon it the night-dews have fallen
 As many a year I have lain;
 Pass onward, and leave me in quiet,
 Thou stranger—What is thy name,
 That hast wakened my ghost in its grave?”

Odin deceives
 her as to his
 name, and
 compels her
 to answer.

And Odin, the Many-in-One,
 Spoke the name he ever is named
 From that journey forth: “The Wayfarer, I,
 Veltam’s son; and of Hel I demand,
 And these benches with rings overspread.
 For whom is Hel’s banquet prepared?
 For whom are her couches o’erlaid?
 Speak, Vala, and tell;
 I shall bind thee with runes, that thou answer.”

He learns
 that Balder
 must die,

“The mead that stands brewed is for Balder—
 Let the race of the Asas bewail him!
 Now thou hast compelled me to speak it,
 And now let me lay me to rest.”

That Hoder
 will slay him,

But Odin: “Speak, Vala!
 I shall bind thee with runes, that thou answer,
 For yet I must learn of his slayer.”

And Vala :

“Blind Hoder will slay him,
Will send his glorious brother
To dwell in the halls of dark Helheim,
Now thou hast compelled me to speak it,
And now let me lay me to rest.”

But Odin: “Speak, Vala!

I shall bind thee with runes, that thou answer;



ODIN QUESTIONING VALA.

Thou still must reveal me the vengeance
That any may wreak on his slayer.”

“Young Vale and Vidar the ’vengers
Who his slayer shall slay.
Now thou hast compelled me to speak it,
And now let me lay me to rest.”

And that
Vidar and
Vale will
avenge him;

And Odin: “Speak, Vala!
The Maidens, three Jotuns—”
(Of the Wise Ones he questioned, the Weird
Ones

But when
Odin asks con-
cerning the
Norns

Who weave the web of the world,

Urd, and Verdand', and Skuld,
That-Has-Been, That-Is, and That-Shall-Be)

Vala knows
him for Odin,
and taunts
him with his
impotence.

But Vala broke forth when he named them,
"Not the Wayfarer—ODIN!
Now I know!—thou hast tricked me! . . .
Hel, help! I appeal to Queen Hel!
Go, boast of thy knowledge, exulting!
The Norns have his thread, and are weaving—
Can thy runes cast a spell upon Skuld,
Or alter a thread in the pattern
That Verdand' is weaving?
Hel, help! I appeal to Queen Hel!
To her the Norns gave dark Helheim,
And wanhope is thine in that kingdom!
Henceforth no more questions I answer
Till bondage be broken at Doom.
I sleep till the sound of thè Trumpet."

Then Odin withdrew him toward Valhal,
For Vala took refuge with Hel.
And, again for nine days, to the South
He rode; climbing the heights of his city
While he pondered what Vala foretold.

III.

Loke, dis-
guised as a
maiden

Now Loke, the evil, heard laughter,
As he lurked at the portals of Asgard,
And in his fell spirit most spiteful
Were the thoughts and the feelings that wakened.
Assuming the guise of a maid
That is free from all guile, to Fensal,
That fairest of gold-halls, he came,
Where Frigg sat with Nanna in converse:
"Mother, why are the Asas so blithesome?"
His tongue that asked it dripped honey.
The Mother of Asas made answer,
"Our Balder is safe from Hel's clutches;
Creation has sworn not to harm him,
The air and the earth and the water,
All life that is *in, on, or under,*"—

Questions
Frigg,

The honey-sweet voice interrupted,
 "What, *all* things have sworn it?"
 "The things I have spoken have sworn it,
 But now I bethink me, a thing
 That is growing nor *on* earth, nor *under*,
 Nor *in* air or water, nor *under*,

And learns
 her secret.



VOLUSPA.

But, sole of its kind, on an oak tree—
 The mistletoe twig—hath not sworn it;
 But weak is its nature, and tender."

He seeks
Balder, to
slay him.

Loke had what he sought, and went forth
Straightway to seek mistletoe growing.
From an oak tree he cut it, then hied
To the sports of the Asas in Peace Place,
Balder's broad, smiling Mead,
Where in midst of the Circle stood Balder,
The White, white-browed and white robèd,
Radiant, beaming around,
While about him flew missiles, played weapons
In that game that they made in his honor.
And as each play failed of effect
There rose shouts and applause from the players
So loud and so long that the Wayfarer
Nearing the portals of Asgard
Heard, and rejoiced that he heard,
For they told of the safety of Balder.

Odin returns
to Asgard, re-
joicing to
hear that Bal-
der is still
safe.

Loke per-
suades Hoder
to throw the
mistletoe,

Apart from the Circle stood Hoder,
The Blind, the twin brother of Balder.
The smile on his face spoke contentment
And pride in the prowess of Balder.
"And why do you not honor Balder,
Hoder?" said Loke; and Hoder,
"Because I am blind, and unable."
"Stand forth, then, and take thou this missile
And hurl with thy might; I will guide thee."
And Hoder, to honor his Balder,
Put forth all his might, and the mistletoe
Flew from his hand, Death's own dart—
And pierced Balder. . . .

And strikes
Balder down.

Balder's
dream is
fulfilled.

And again Balder shrieked, as that midnight,
And heaven re-echoed his shrieking
From rampart to rampart and vaulting
And again from the vault to the ramparts,
Through the Halls of the Heavenly City,
To Fensal, where Nanna and Frigg
Were weaving their wreaths, and to Odin,
Who had entered the gates of his City.

The grief in
Asgard,

Ah, who can tell of their grief!
Beyond power of speech was their sorrow,
And a deathlike stillness fell on them

As still Death had fallen on Balder.
 The Heavenly City lay hushed
 As the yard where the dead lie entombèd.
 But when dying—nay, *dead*, Balder fell,
 There rose wailing and groans from the Asas
 From throats that were strangers to weeping,
 From heroes of godlike endurance.
 Only Vidar stood silent, unshaken; Of Vidar, Tyr,
Thor, Vale,
 Tyr trembled; Thor shook like an aspen;
 Young Vale's breast heaved, tempest-shaken,
 And through his clenched teeth an oath rattled;
 Apart and unheeded stood Hoder, Hoder,
 His face as a ghost's strayed from Helheim,
 His blind eyes strained as if seeing,
 His white lips at horrible working,
 Form tense, hand at ear, forward bending.
 And then Father Odin descended, And Odin.
 And gathered his son to his heart
 And bemoaned him:

“Oh Balder, my Son, my Belovèd,
 Would that Weird had taken thy Father! Odin's lament.
 Full gladly—my life for thy life—
 Take it—Oh, would thou mightst take it—”
 Then his accents were lost in his sobbing.

And when Frigg and Nanna together
 Approached, Balder's wife and his mother— The grief of
Frigg and
Nanna.
 Too sacred their sorrow,
 Draw the veil and gaze not upon it. . . .

At last Frigg spoke: “Who will go
 And pray Hel to take ransom for Balder?” Frigg advises
ransom; but
Thor proposes
war.
 “*Give her ransom?*” roared Thor, “*Give her
 Battle!*”

I reed you, storm Hel and take Balder!
 We had better force battle to-day than wait longer—
 First, vengeance! Who was the slayer?”
 The red beard shook on his bosom;
 From 'neath brows beetling black as his storm-clouds
 Light leapt, levin-red, as he thundered.

His knuckles gleamed white
As he tightened his hold on the haft of his hammer.

Hoder confesses his act, and tells of Loke.

Then Hoder groped forward, bowed, broken,—
“I give myself to his ’vengers—
This hand was the hand that slew Balder—
But Loke’s the voice—his the purpose.”
And he told the tale of the slaying.

Loke pleads sanctuary

The Asas started for Loke
To tear him to pieces. “Peace Place!”
Cried Loke, “This is Balder’s Peace,
Where violence cannot be done
But vengeance will follow the doer.”
And Nanna pled, “This is Balder’s Peace,
Let no one profane it with vengeance.”
And escapes. So Loke escaped.
And again Thor thundered, “*Storm Helheim
And rescue our Balder!*”
And the Asas echoed, “Storm Hell!”

Frigg gives counsel,

And forthwith they had sworn and departed,
But that Frigg spoke, calmly and sadly,
“Nay, Asas, storm Hell not, for Helheim
The Norns gave to Hel till the Trumpet
Shall sound on the morning of Doom—
Ye must fail if ye go—but go one
And offer our ransom to Hel.”

And Hermod departs on the mission, while

And Hermod, surnamed the Nimble,
Said, “Frigg, I will go on thy mission,”
And Odin gave fleet-footed Sleipner
To Hermod departing for Hell.

The Asas deck the funeral ship.

Then the Asas bore Balder’s pale form
Where his Ringhorn lay, greatest of vessels,
And on its broad deck built his pyre
Of the boughs that they brought from the forest;
And there each laid a gift, jewelled armor,
Rich rings and brooches, vast riches,
To pile on his breast and about him.
There Odīn, bowed and sore grievèd,

Laid Draupner, the world's wealth and increase,
 His ring-dropping-rings, and spoke bitter: Odin gives
 Draupner;
 "Let Earth cease to bring forth her increase—
 Let all things with all be confounded. . . .
 Would that Time itself might run backward
 Or stop in its profitless courses."
 There Frigg laid her carpet of verdure Frigg, her car-
 pet; Fulla the
 grain.
 That covers the Earth; and Fulla,
 The yellow grain of the harvest.

And through the still watches of night
 When Nanna and Frigg sat beside him, Balder's death-
 watch is kept.
 Sad Sigyn came to her sister,
 The sad wife, truest and tenderest,
 That Loke abandoned in Asgard
 To wed the foul witch Angerboda;
 And Sigyn mourned beside Nanna
 For the wrong Loke did to her Balder.

And, late, Nanna slumbered; and sweetly
 Peace settled upon her pale features— Nanna's
 vision.
 A white flower silvered in moonlight;
 And speech passed her lips, to a Vision
 Addressed, and then she woke, joyful:
 "Dear Mother and Sister, farewell!
 Your Nanna may go to her Balder.
 Our lives were so closely inwoven
 That even in death we are mated—
 Give thanks to kind Verdand', the weaver!
 Dear Mother and Sister, farewell!"
 And again Nanna slept,
 And thenceforth did Frigg and sad Sigyn
 Keep deathwatch for Nanna and Balder.
 And when his great pyre was built,
 On the broad deck of Ringhorn, his vessel, She is laid be-
 side Balder on
 his pyre.
 By Balder's side they laid Nanna,
 Till the solemn rites should be rendered
 If Hermod returned from his Mission
 With refusal to Asgard from Hel.

IV.

In the meantime fleet Sleipner sped northward, Hermod's
 journey to
 Hell.
 And never he stopped or turned back

As he galloped through valleys, o'er chasms,
 Save once, at the Bridge, where a herald,
 Its keeper, called "Hail!" to challenge
 His passing. "I am Hermod! To Hel
 Is my mission, for Balder!"
 And ready reply came, "Pass on!
 It was over this Bridge he descended.
 God speed thee! Greet Balder!"
 And again vast stretches he covered
 Till the Walls and the Gates rose, of Hell.



HERMOD DEPARTING FOR HELL.

He enters
 Helheim

"Hail Hermod! hail Sleipner!" said Balder,
 And drew near with Nanna to Hermod
 To fondle the steed, as in Asgard
 Was ever his wont . . .
 But when he seemed to embrace them,
 His arms, they were naught but a shadow;
 And a shadow was Nanna, and shadows
 The ghosts that swarmed 'round them,
 Each bearing a brand on its forehead
 Of Hel's, the slothful, the craven,
 The wicked, but each with a hope
 In its eyes, and a light as in Balder's,
 For light still beamed from his eyes
 And a halo still circled his body—
 Heaven's Sun midst the shadows of Hell.

“Hail Hermod! Hail Sleipner!” said Balder,
 “But your journey to Helheim is bootless,
 Save that you may bear witness in Heaven
 When homeward you carry Hel’s message
 That love such as Nanna’s has might
 Far more than Hel’s hate, e’en in Hell.
 Bitter cruel is Hel, and unyielding—
 Accept not, believe not her promise,
 For hate fills her heart full of venom
 And distrust gnaws her vitals with anguish.

And receives
 Balder’s mes-
 sage to Asgard.

Since Nanna has come, Hel has hidden
 In Anguish, her palace in Nifhel,
 Where she lies enraged in Despair,
 For a hope that she trusted has failed her—
 The sight of love’s joy is Hel’s sorrow. . . .
 But let not the Mid-Earth and Asgard
 Grow gloomy as Helheim with mourning,
 Charge this on our loved ones, returning,
 And charge them to comfort each other—
 And charge them to comfort poor Hoder:
 Assure him I love him as ever,
 For unwitting he slew me. Forgive him,
 And when our last rites ye have rendered
 Let Nature increase and be joyous—
 To this end I send my best grave-gift
 Again to All-Father, his Draupner,
 His ring-that-drops-riches.”
 And Nanna added her grave gifts:
 “To Frigg I send back her soft carpet,
 May flowers blossom upon it;
 And to Fulla give back her gay girdle,
 The maid with the waving gold tresses.”

He returns
 his gifts.

And now Hermod continued his journey
 To offer Frigg’s ransom to Hel.
 Through Slid he swam, River of Venom,
 And kingdom and kingdom he traversed
 Till he came to the lowest and darkest,
 The Ninth, where Hel dwells in Anguish,
 Her palace, and feasts at Famine,
 Her banqueting-board, and rules

Hermod’s
 descent to
 Nifhel.

From Despair, her black throne, double seated
 And canopied, waiting a mate—
 (But a mate will there never be found
 To rule in that kingdom despairing,
 For sole of her kind is Queen Hel.)
 Delay, her man-servant, led him
 Across her threshold, Abysm,
 And her maid-servant, Slowness,
 Through portals and aisles, long approaches,
 Led him thence to her audience room.



THE SHORE OF THE CORPSES.

When Hel beheld Hermod approaching
 She rose from her couch, her hard Care-Bed,
 Where rest she had sought ;
 She ascended Despair, and, haughty,
 She spake as kings speak to war envoys.
 So deathlike her presence, so grewsome,
 Hermod's blood curdled cold, but he hailed her
 And delivered the message he bore her,
 His eyes fixed unflinching upon her,
 And besought her send Balder and Nanna
 To Asgard, and herself fix their ransom :

Hermod's
 message,

“Of the Asas choose any, our greatest—
 So dearly we love him—choose Hoder,
 Appropriate mate.” But Hel shuddered.

Bold Hermod spoke on:

"It is better for thee to give Balder,
For if Balder thou keep he'll oppose thee;
And all Hell will love him and hate thee—
And Nanna's he is."—Did Hel whiten?

Dead-cold was her voice as she answered,
"But does all Creation love Balder?
If all in the world of the living
Will weep him, take Balder, and Nanna;
Should any refuse, I will keep him."

And Hel's
answer.

The very ghosts in dark Helheim
Wailed loud when they heard her; gentle
Nanna

All things
weep for
Balder

Sobbed; and fleet Sleipner and Hermod
Shed tears as Hel's message they bore
Speeding back to the Mid-Earth and Asgard;
And wherever they passed Nature wept,
Hard stones wept, and metals, and plant life;
The mistletoe wept, and the oak-tree;
Wild beasts wept, and men, and the Asas
Who held funeral feast around Ringhorn.
And when they carried Hel's message
Wherever space stretched through Creation
There was weeping from all things that heard it.

And almost the Asas had hope
That fresh color had flushed his pale face
And that Balder was rising to greet them,
When a hag in her cave they espied,
Evil Thok, an old ogress.

"Oh Thok, weep Balder from Helheim,"

Except old
Thok,

They prayed; but Thok answered,

"With dry tears of Thok will weep Balder!
Old Thok never joyed in his gladness—
Let Hel keep what she has garnered!"

She was gone, and the echoes repeated,
"Hel keep what she has garnered!"

And again, "Keep what she has garnered!"

And again, "She has garnered!" and "Garnered!"

Then, harshly, a laugh without mirth,
A screech and a cackle—they knew—

Who is Loke disguised. "Loke's laughter, and we must miss Balder,
For Thok is Loke, who mocks us."

V.

When, hopeless and silent, at sunset
They wended their way back to Asgard
And gathered again at the seashore,
One met them who, helpless,
Awaited their coming, blind Hoder.
"Oh, warrior brothers," he prayed them,
"One who never could join you in battle
Begs a boon—do ye grant it in pity!
Deal me death, that slew Balder beloved,
And in Hell let me join him to comfort,
For he loved me, and loves, though I slew him.
Then slay me, and let me lie dead
By him that I love. . . . and forgive. . . .
Unwitting I slew him. . . . forgive!"

Hoder asks
for death,

And the Vala's
word is ful-
filled, when
his breast is
risted by Vale
and Vidar.

The plea of blind Hoder prevailed:
And young Vale and Vidar, in pity—
That thread by the Weird Ones was woven
And none could alter that pattern—
Deep-risted his breast with the spear-point
Till his spirit passed, to join Balder.
So atonement he made, and in pity
They bore him dead to high Ringhorn
And laid him, red-dyed, beside Balder,
And in pity they wept and bewailed him.

Farewells are
spoken,

And when the Tide had arisen
And the Deep and the Distance were calling,
A last time they bade Balder farewell;
Father Odin stooped and addressed him,
And, graving a mark on his forehead,
He set his torch to the pyre;
Then the winds and the waves took high Ringhorn,
And, flame-bound, westward it drifted,
Away—and away—from their ken,
To regions whence no man returneth.
And none saw the end, nor can tell it.

And the ship
drifts out with
the tide.

Surely, that was the float fraught most precious
Of all, in time past, and forever.

And when it had passed their horizon
And Day went, and Night came, blackshrouded,
Odin spoke: "Farewell, we must miss thee, Odin's
Farewell,
Bright son, our hope and our joy!
Now the Weird Ones have swept thee to Helheim. . . .
And wise is Weird with a Wisdom



ODIN WHISPERING RUNES TO BALDER DEAD.

That passeth our knowledge.
Let us bow our heads in submission. . . .
As Weird wills, so be it!

and resig-
nation.

"Come, Frigg; come, our children,
And let us comfort each other.
A word I whispered to Balder
And a sign on his forehead I risted
That will quell hateful Hel,
(A wise Word, fateful and runic,
The knowledge I added to knowledge

He gives hope
to the Asas,

What time I o'erhung the abysses)
 To assuage the rancor of hate
 And turn evil against the ill-doer.

And foretells
 Balder's
 glory,
 His attain-
 ment of wis-
 dom,
 And of the
 Blessed,

“Lo, a Vision is rising before me—
 Humbly I thank thee, thou Weird One!—
 I see Him, with sight that is certain. . . .
And not Death, but Life Everlasting,
 For His palace has sheltered no Evil!
 That Mead that Hel brewed, mingling floods
 Of all Fountains of Life, He will drink,
 And all Wisdom, all Good will be His.
 And the Dead that in love drink those waters
 Are His, the Redeemèd and Blessèd,
 For that Mead when they drink will transfigure
 Their ghosts, and new bodies will clothe them
 With Strength and with Beauty immortal.

His victory
 over Hel,
 And his king-
 dom of Alf-
 heim,

“Oh Balder, our White One, our Just,
 Though I gave my eye to buy Wisdom—
 That draught of the flood of Urd's Fountain—
 Thrice wiser art thou than thy Father!
 Hateful Hel can never subdue Thee
 To do her hard bidding. . . .her Lord,
 Whom she chose—and her Master!
 And when the World-Web has been woven
 And the fiery flames of Surt's vengeance
 Have climbed from Earth to high Asgard,
 When our Green Tree has sunk in gray ashes,
 Lo, thine the New Earth, the New Asgard,
 The new Dawn. . . the new Realm of the Spirit!

After
 Ragnarok.

“Sustain we ourselves and each other,
 And keep our world bright, as He bade,
 While we wait the blare of the Trumpet
 That summons Creation to Doom.”

So Odin. The Asas assented,
 And long as they sat at the seashore
 They spoke of those dear and departed,
 Of the conquest of Hel, and the Judgment,
 And heard Hermod rehearse of his journey—
 How the Dead, even then, loved their Balder
 And how Hel and her kingdom they hated.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR.

BY BISHOP WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN, D.D.

AS a religious movement Christianity started out with the view of promoting peace and good will among men, but ever since its triumph over rival interpretations of religion it has been staggering under an accumulating burden of responsibility on account of war.

The pretensions of Christians to a religion which promotes forbearance and peace must be so many by-words to Jews, Mohammedans and Buddhists, for they cannot help seeing that no other religionists have destroyed themselves and ruined their progeny by a murderous and calamitous warfare on any such scale as the one which Christian Europe inaugurated nearly three years ago on the slightest and most sordid of pretenses and which Christian America is in imminent danger of greatly enlarging and prolonging, for reasons which are certainly no more if indeed as justifiable.

From the beginning the attitude of the Christian churches in Europe has been a source of great discouragement to the lovers of our Zion, who have vainly hoped that its influence might yet be used as a power that makes for pacific measures, but the hearts of such must now sink within them because of the action of the great Federation of Christian Churches in the metropolitan city of New York of which last week's press gives an account. It voted overwhelmingly, 158 against 52, in favor of the extensive military preparations which are recommended by the belligerent enthusiasts who are trying to force our country into this war.

It is popularly supposed that Christianity has been the means of rendering war much less frequent and of greatly reducing its evils, but the sad truth is that the world has never seen as many wars or suffered as much by them as ever since the triumph of the Christian church with the accession in the year 325 of Constantine to the throne of the Roman Empire.

Nor was this more true of the age preceding the Protestant reformation than it has been of the period which followed it. Indeed quite the contrary is the case. The wars growing out of it in Germany alone resulted in the reduction of the population of that nation from thirty to twelve million in the course of the seventeenth century.

And Protestantism rather than Catholicism may justly be charged with the responsibility for the existence of large standing armies which, next to ignorance and superstition, constitute the most insuperable barrier to the progress of civilization. The empire of Rome, extensive and heathen as it was, never had one of more than half a million, but those of the Christian nations within the comparatively small territory of Europe have gradually been growing until even in times of peace they are sustained at the astonishing magnitude of fifteen millions, and the Protestant nations have by far the larger ones.

The chief combatants in the war that is now in progress, the most destructive in the history of the world, are Germany and England in which Protestantism predominates. Hungary is a stronghold of Catholicism, but the church of Russia is of the Greek catholic type, and allied with the church of England rather than that of Rome.

As for France, its religion, morally the best in Europe, is predominantly of the rationalistic or scientific character, not Christian in the theoretical sense, but preeminently so in the practical, the only sense which is of any real value or general interest to the world.

In a passage which is sure to become a classical reproach to belligerent Christianity, Mark Twain causes his angel of history and prophecy to give this ironic yet conservative and just expression to a melancholy truth:

"You perceive that you have made continual progress. Cain did his murder with a club; the Hebrews did their murders with javelins and swords; the Greeks and Romans added protective armor and the fine arts of military organization and generalship; the Christian added guns and gunpowder; a few centuries from now he will have so greatly improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time.

"It is a remarkable progress. In five or six thousand years five or six high civilizations have risen, flourished, commanded the wonder of the world, then faded out and disappeared; and not one of them except the latest ever invented any sweeping and adequate way to kill people. They all did their best, to kill being the chief ambition of the human race and the earliest incident of its history, but only the Christian civilization has scored a triumph to be proud of. Two or three centuries from now it will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christians; then the pagan will go to

school to the Christian—not to acquire his religion but his guns. The Turk and the Chinaman will buy those to kill missionaries and converts with.”

Humane readers who are Protestant church-members will blush (none more than Episcopalians, both Methodist and Anglican) when they see the names of their respective churches in the following shameful exhibit. Catholics will be spared, but only because their churches are not represented in the confederation.

	FOR WAR	AGAINST WAR
Baptist	16	1
Congregational	10	0
Disciples of Christ	3	0
Seventh Day Adventists	1	1
Protestant Episcopal	27	3
Reformed Episcopal	0	1
Evangelical Association	1	2
Society of Friends	0	2
German Evangelical Synod	0	1
Lutheran	14	7
Methodist Episcopal	23	4
Primitive Methodist	1	0
Moravian	4	1
Presbyterian	27	20
Reformed	19	3
Unitarian	1	0
Universalist	1	2
Union Protestant	10	4

Among the churches with a large membership the Presbyterian has the least to regret in connection with this showing, but it is a misfortune that it has twenty-seven votes or that any church has one vote on the wrong side.

The Presbyterian church also has the good fortune of having the most influential of all pacifists, Mr. William Jennings Bryan, as a member. But again it is unfortunate that Mr. Bryan did not get his pacifism from inside his or any church. The movement against war, like that against slavery, was started, as all reformatory movements have been, outside of the churches, or if inside, by heretics who were forthwith put out.

It is Holy Week. The week in which during many and long ages benighted people sacrificed their Christs to Shylock gods. If Jesus lived and was one of them, unhappily He was neither the first

nor the last, for there were many both before and after Him. Were they who superstitiously led these victims to their Golgothas greater sinners against humanity than those who are avariciously driving large armies of young men to the trenches, a wholesale sacrifice to the lords of power and wealth? No. Both are in need of the prayer, forgive them for they know not what they do.

A FRENCH NOVELIST ON ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION.

BY JOHN H. JORDAN.

THE Cecil Rhodes dream of incorporating the United States of America into the British Empire is cleverly outlined in *Le Maître de la Mer*, by Vicomte Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé, of the French Academy.

The novel was written to contrast French with American ideals, from the viewpoint of a Frenchman. In the leading character Archibald Robinson, the "Master of the Main," one cannot fail to discern the figure of the elder Morgan as seen through Gallic eyes.

It is this American magnate whom a self-anointed prophet of Rhodes imperialism endeavors, with fulsome religious cant, to interest actively in establishing a Pan-Anglo-Saxon world state. The little misunderstanding which led to the altogether regrettable American Revolution was to be corrected, and America, generously atoning for the sins of her Revolutionary fathers, was to take her pre-Revolutionary status in that blessed British Empire, bespoken of the Prophets, the real City of God.

The sixteenth edition of De Vogüé's novel, from which I have translated the following extracts, appeared in 1903. It is apparent therein, that the Frenchman possessed complete comprehension of the common aim of British and American imperialists. The ninth chapter is exceptionally interesting because of the fact that some of the men whose views are set forth therein, Carnegie, Balfour and Lord Rosebery, are still zealous and devoutly active in the cause. Lord Rosebery is to be our next British ambassador.

The story opens with a dialogue between the great American maker of trusts, and his loyal little Irish secretary, Joe Butler, in the office of the Universal Sea Trust on the Rue Scribe, Paris. The far-flung lines of this world trust are indicated by the conversation:

"Have you ordered the automobile, Joe? The minister expects me at nine o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"I have half an hour yet, Joe. What is there urgent in the mail this morning?"

"Here are the cablegrams from New York"; and the young secretary laid a bundle of dispatches on the desk.

"Nothing particular in last night's messages, sir."

"Then let us get down to the business I ordered centralized at Paris while I'm here. England? Nothing from Newcastle?"

"Yes, sir; a telegram from the manager of the Baltic Line. Counsel for the company accepts in principle the merger with the Universal Sea Trust, but he demands an increased dividend guarantee."

"All right. We'll pay what he wants. Wire him: 'Accepted.' Germany?"

"A letter from the Grand Master of the Court. The Kaiser will receive you the twenty-fifth at Potsdam, and will keep you for dinner."

"The twenty-fifth? That's bad; I must be in London the twenty-fifth for the meeting of the U. S. T. My yacht will be waiting for me in the Thames in the evening. I could dine at Potsdam on the twenty-sixth, I think."

"The Grand Master writes that His Majesty goes hunting the twenty-sixth."

"You can put off a hunting trip easier than a meeting which men come all the way from New York and Hamburg to attend. Call up the German embassy on the 'phone. Tell them I'll see the Ambassador this evening. He'll arrange matters. Russia? Have these slow-coaches answered yet?"

"Our agent writes that the Korean affair is under way. They will accept our offer at Seoul to lease the port of Chemulpo. They favor the construction of docks for our shipping in the Gulf of Chi-Li. The agent wants us to advance more funds again."

"Always the same! All right. Make him a draft, same as the preceding one. But serve notice on him that this will be the last if this matter of lease isn't signed at Seoul before January first. Have you a cable from our agent at Tokyo? The Japanese are with us in this matter, I think."

"No news to-day, sir; but the last communication from our agent was very encouraging."

"That's true. Nothing to fear there. They have a parliament

there. Our agent has seen the leading members and has the where-with. Portugal?"

"A long letter from Lisbon in regard to the concession of the quays of Macao."

"Do they think that I have time to read their long letters? Oh, pshaw! They don't seem to know that the telegraph is invented. What's the substance of the letter?"

"They seem decided to let us have the ground for the wharves, and even quite anxious to close. But they still haggle over the price of a few pieces."

"Close with them. We'll pay what they're worth. Wire Lisbon that I shall expect their representative here with a proper contract before the end of the week. Make an appointment with my two engineers for Saturday morning. Have them prepare to take the Chinese packetboat Monday. Cable Macao to have everything ready on their arrival to open the docks. Australia?"

"The parliament of Sidney is this week to discuss our proposition for the creation of the Sidney-Panama Line. The newspapers in the mail this morning give hopes of a favorable vote."

"What newspapers? Those on the pay-roll?"

"Yes, and the others, too."

"All right. From Koveit and the Persian Gulf we can't get anything yet, can we? Nor from the two inquiries I made on the coast of Africa, between Mozambique and Zambeze, between Mosamedes and the Congo. These matters from the Amazon and La Plata? Ah, I forgot; they deal with New York direct. Any other matters, Joe?"

"I beg pardon, sir; some disagreeable news; the Veritas Press Association confirms the loss of the steamer Mindinao in a cyclone. That vessel of the new San Francisco-Philippines Line and its cargo are lost."

"What? Two million dollars! Vessel and cargo, did you say?"

"It is more than probable that the whole crew is lost."

"Oh, the poor fellows! That's too bad. Cable San Francisco: 'Let the Luzon take the sea at once.' The service must not suffer any interruption."

These remarks were interrupted by the frequent ringing of the telephone and by clerks who brought in telegrams and visiting cards.

The office was simply furnished. Besides a great filing cabinet marked off with sections labled "America," "Europe," "Asia," "Africa," "Oceania," with pigeon holes for the whole world, there

were a few chairs, a typewriter and a sofa. The only pictures on the walls were the portraits of General Gordon, Cecil Rhodes and Livingstone. A copy of Captain Mahan's *Sea Power* lay on a desk beside a large Bible which a pioneer Robinson brought to America in the Mayflower. The author's descriptions of places are as carefully worked out as his outlines of the characters of the story.

The personalities are all clearly and distinctly drawn. There is a definite individuality about each which indicates that they were all copied out of life, with the alterations rendered necessary by the exigencies of the story. Thus in order to create the necessary heart interest, Robinson had to become a widower. Captain Louis Tournoël, who had conquered for France vast territories in Kanem and the Wadai near Lake Chad in Africa, and Madame Millicent Fianona, a charming young woman, the daughter of an English father and a Venetian mother, the widow of an Italian engineer who acquired vast holdings in the Argentine, complete the eternal triangle.

The description of Robinson recalls a picture very familiar in the public prints a few years ago. It will not be difficult to remember those "clear eyes alert under the vaults that protect them." We can see them again, as,

"deeply retreating under the bony prominence of the superciliary arches those eyes looked out like two birds of prey crouching in ambush in two holes in a rock. From the depths of their cavities their glance was thrown out like a lariat of the will, surrounding what objects it pleased on this terrestrial sphere and drawing them in by a powerful magnetic force."

And again we find

"the clear, hard eyes retreated in those deep orbits reminding one of two sparrow hawks in the cavity of a rock. They first perceive their prey on the horizon where its wing is becoming weak, and where, in fine, it battles without effective defense against the looting of its nest."

The whole world was filled with the fame of this commanding man. All the newspapers, even those away out in distant Egypt, were featuring his name in big headlines: Mr. Robinson was negotiating with a maritime company in Trieste; Mr. Robinson had bought docks at the port of Salonica; Mr. Robinson had organized

a new trust in New York; Mr. Robinson's yacht, the "Neptune"—I had almost said the "Corsair"—was spoken off the coast of Syria; the affairs of the U. S. T. had aroused lively debates in the House of Commons, in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris and in the parliament at Rome.

Mr. Robinson believed in publicity, in a world-wide propaganda in behalf of his interests much as does Lord Northcliffe with the suns and satellites of the American press and the American press associations on his string to-day. Robinson had three English editions of his *Oceanic Herald*, one in New York, one in London and one in Sidney. He published a Spanish edition in Buenos Ayres, a German edition in Hamburg, an Arabic edition in Cairo, a Turkish edition in Constantinople and a Chinese edition in Shang-hai. He founded a paper in Paris also, *La Voix de l'Océan*. He made editor of this sheet Emile Moucheron, a witty and clever Parisian journalist.

Moucheron delighted in haunting the office of his "boss" on the Rue Scribe, though he was looked upon by Robinson's loyal little secretary as a pest. On the day on which the story opens, Moucheron dropped into the office after Robinson had left to call on the French Minister of Finance, and made himself much of a nuisance to Joe.

"Morning, Joe; boss gone?"

"Yes; Mr. Archibald Robinson has departed....I thought, Monsieur Moucheron, you were going to bring that military officer expected by Mr. Robinson."

"No, Joe; that military officer has at this moment other duties. You will contemplate him before noon if he keeps his word with me. Be patient while your boss is making a few millions. He will make a few more millions at his little matinee with the Minister of Finance; that's where he's now, is it not? Ah, it won't take him long to do up that numbskull, Paphetin....I imagine I see Paphetin, the little provincial usurer, struggling in the clutches of the Master of the Main. Mustn't he be a sorry sight sitting in front of that fabulous man, the first of all the sons of Adam who ever possessed that absurd fortune, a thousand millions of dollars? Isn't it a fact, Joe, that Mr. Robinson is worth five billions of francs? Tell the truth!"

The secretary, always busy with his work, made no other answer than a shrug of the shoulders, in the bored manner of a man who is the target for the idiotic questions of an ill-bred brat.

“Five billions! And twenty years ago he lodged at the sign of the moon. . . . The Master of the Main has conquered the artist, the poet which I flatter myself to be. Yes, when the current of life does not overwhelm me I am, above all, a poet—And you understand how I have been charmed by this miraculous fisherman, who casts his golden nets across the boundless main—hello!—there goes an Alexandrine! And not half bad at that. I’ll make a note of it. Strange, is it not, how they come of their own accord when you speak of this epic man? Yes, epic! He has rehabilitated the billionaire, Joe. With him the caitiff capitalist enters into the great Heliconian heritage. He is Homeric! He is Æschylean, I tell you! Of this Master of the Main the ancients would have made a myth, a demi-god! No sooner do I see him than I dream of all the heroes of the Neptunian cycle, the great conquerors of old Ocean magnified by history and legend; Jason, the Argonauts; Xerxes, scourging the seas for resisting him; Solomon, equipping vast fleets which brought back gold and aromatic spices from Ophir and Asiongaber; the Vikings, his real ancestors, driving their caravels to the conquest of the world; Charles V and his empire on which the sun never set; Philip II, bending the waves under his Invincible Armada, but what do they all weigh together in the balance with Archibald Robinson? Ferry-men all! . . . He wills it, and behold, he seizes all the oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Arctic and the Antarctic; all the seas, the Black, the Red, the Yellow; all the bays, all the shifting sands of the seas; all harbors, all the shipping. Who has said that God thinks by planets? Very well! His most colossal creature Archibald Robinson, thinks by continents! It was he of whom Job spoke: the Spirit that was going to raise up the Leviathan! It is in his eyes that is to be truly seen

“‘an ocean vast,
And forested with many a mast.’”

“Robinson has always had my esteem,” he continued; “because he drives his dollars and does not let his dollars drive him. These are his soldiers that he leads to conquer the globe. He manœuvres them gloriously as Alexander his phalanx, Cæsar his legions, Bonaparte his half-brigades. He is the modern *Imperator*. . . . He gives us gratis—and, by the way, it is the only thing he does give away gratis—the spectacle of his inimitable life: yesterday in the depths of the Far West with some gigantic scheme on foot; this evening at the Opéra de Paris, surrounded by a court as cunning, as servile as that of Louis XIV; to-morrow under some impossible tropic,

designing the port he wishes to establish among the savages. He does all things; he sees all things; he knows all things!"

With a rapid movement that Joe could not prevent, the indiscreet Moucheron took up the big volume lying on the table. The book opened in his hands at a page marked with a piece of paper; that paper was the stub of a check torn from an old check book. . . . The pencil of the reader copied upon it in a hand that was fine and firm this quotation from the English text of the page it marked:

"Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which can not be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them 'Ye are not my people,' there it shall be said unto them, 'Ye are the sons of the living God.' Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land: for great shall be the day of Jezreel.—Hosea, i. 10-11."

"Admirable!" cried Moucheron; "a verse of the Prophet Hosea on the stub of a check! That's the man to a T!"

Joe quickly seized the volume and locked it in the cabinet. . . . "Come now; don't get angry; don't put on your scandalized look! Now, Joe; on the level: is it true that Mr. Robinson has paid three millions for the picture gallery of Count Leon Abrabanel, who failed in the slump in steel? Don't get mysterious. It's useless. Your boss can't sneeze but all Paris knows it. Exact information on the place where he has dined is worth more than a bale of the plans of the minister. From messenger boy to emperor all the readers have but one desire: to see the Master of the Main, to be presented to him, to obtain a word from this dictator of imaginations. Louis XIV I tell you. Does he travel? Sovereigns say, 'Hist! St!' The greatest welcome him as an equal, the least as a master. And the fair ladies—should he ignore them, great and little? Eh, Joe? That's right. Who's asking you questions? Don't blush, you modest Mohawk! put on your savage look again. It is well known that Robinson is above human weaknesses as he is above all the feeble words our admiration stammers out."

To Parisian society also, Robinson made a powerful imaginative appeal. At the Opéra de Paris, where he was the guest of the Duchess de Jossé-Lauvreins, a most sensible and admirable American lady,

"The entry of a great sovereign would have produced a less im-

pression. The person of the arch-billionaire Robinson acted like a diamond stone on the eyes of all that it attracted."

Wagner's *Walküre* was being presented at the Opéra, but the gods of Valhalla drew less attention from the audience—or, rather, spectators—than did the loge of the De Lauvreins.

"Oh, oh!" said Olivier de Felines, "there's His Majesty, the Master of the Main, with our good Duchess Peg. She does not ignore her national glory. She was not long in installing him on the column of Vendome."

"I got booked up on Robinson over there," said Napoleon Bayonne, the banker, who had just returned from the United States. "I didn't have much trouble. They call him the 'megatherium' of speculation, as they say in their Yankee jargon. He is a person quite disconcerting for our ideas. No one knows the end of the enormous business he brews. No one can give the precise figure of his fortune which, indeed, he can not tell himself. The popular imagination gives him a billion dollars. . . . Thanks to the ascendancy he has obtained over all his associates, Robinson directs as an autocrat such groupings of capital as would have appeared fabulous some years ago, and there is nothing to hinder the estimation of his wealth at five billions of francs, a sum which is practically unimaginable, yet credit for which this industrial sovereign could find in the different banks of the two hemispheres. You cannot always discern the guiding purpose in such enterprises; many of them would be incomprehensible if they were meant only to make money. What is his aim, then? A mystery.

"If there be anything concealed about the business affairs of Archibald Robinson," continued the banker, "there is certainly none in his private life: that is broad daylight to all New York. . . . Archibald himself passes as a pietist; he is one of the pillars of the church."

"A pillar of gold!" interrupted Felines.

"Yes, and he contributes liberally to societies of ethical culture . . . he frequents the elegant drawing rooms of New York and Newport, preferring the society of the professional beauties, as they say. Robinson appears at their dinners and takes them for a cruise in his yacht; in that gallant company he lays aside for a few days the heavy burdens of his industrial empire."

The *mystery* which Napoleon Bayonne, banker, thought he

had discovered in Robinson's motives seems partially revealed in the American's relations with a certain Englishman, Hiram Jarvis, a political Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusade of Anglo-American imperialism, the annexation of America by England, the organization of a great national trust or merger.

Robinson, while awaiting a visit from the prophet of imperialism, sat in his office re-reading a letter he had received from his expected visitor. The letter was dated the previous month and bore the postmark of the Cape:

"You are only half convinced, my dear Mr. Robinson; the force of the idea seizes you, yet you resist its final consequences. You believe in what was the faith of all the heroes of our race since the first and greatest prophet of this faith, Oliver Cromwell; you believe in the reality of the providential mission of the English-speaking race. You have understood and you have translated into your acts the apt words of your Emerson:

"The Saxons, for a thousand years, have been the leading race and by nothing more than their pecuniary independence. What they wish is power—the power of giving body to their thought, of quickening it in flesh and bone; for every man of clear mind such is the end for which the universe exists.'

"It should appear to you now at the summit of wealth and of power to which the Divine Will has lifted us all, the hour has struck to prepare for the federation of the Anglo-Saxon people. We owe to the world, since we have the imperial responsibility of this world, the mission of raising it up into dignity. It can progress in peace only under our scepter of righteousness and equality. It knows this; it expects of us the blessings which we alone can bestow. If you took a vote of all the sons of Adam to designate among the human races the one best fitted to establish over them the reign of justice, liberty and peace, every one of them would naturally first name his own race; but the second choice would, no doubt, be the Anglo-Saxon.

"It should be united to respond to this universal desire. Your bigoted individualists battle against the evidence. The American people is not ripe, you say, for this close union in which we shall accomplish our common destinies. You wrong the good sense of that people. Its eyes will be opened to the light which already opens our English eyes, since they see the universe with a positive knowledge of the future.

“How is it that they do not see what is written in letters of fire in all the recent facts of history? Under Anglo-Saxon flags a third of the white race lives and labors, a half of the colored men who inhabit the planet. We have wound the world in the wires of our cables; we have bound around its body the electric belt on which our thought circulates. We are the supreme guardians of the water ways. We own all the gold fields except Siberia. We have created the greatest amount of organized force which has ever been at the disposition of a single race; we have grouped all the sources of human activity for a pre-determined end.

“Our material power, however, is little in comparison with our moral power. According to the profound words of Wise, we are ‘an evangelical combination.’ Gladstone expressed the same truth in a different way when he said: ‘Our race can claim the right of founding a sort of universal church in politics.’ In the unity of this civic church the negligible differences of sects, constitutions and diverging interests disappear. It brings to mankind the living God, disfigured everywhere else by gross superstitions. It gives men justice and freedom, order and well-being. The antagonism of interests seems irreducible to you. O, man of little faith! Do you think that this mere incident can break those permanent bonds, the community of origin, of language, of political aims or of religious sentiment? From Edinburgh to San Francisco, from the Cape to Sidney, are we not all in the same measure the children of the Bible, of the Magna Charta, of Shakespeare and of Cromwell?

“Look at the modern world: every effort of our times makes for the unification of races of the same origin, of the same language. And will the most coherent race escape this law?

“It is a distant dream, say you. I repeat what James Russell Lowell wrote to William T. Stead in his letter on the same subject: ‘All the good things we have in the world to-day began by being dreams.’

“But union is not a dream; it is a fact of approaching realization. Do you remember a discourse delivered to the students of Glasgow in which Lord Rosebery drew a magnificent picture of what might yet come to pass?—the trans-Atlantic exodus of the greatest sovereign, the greatest fleet, the most venerable government in the world, immigrating solemnly into the other hemisphere under the vigorous embrace of a younger world; England, remaining a historic shrine, the advance guard in Europe of the Empire of the world.

“The noble lord enumerated the advantages of this extra-

ordinary revolution; he said: 'In order to secure these immeasurable blessings I could even tolerate the thought of the English parliament sitting in the District of Columbia.'

"One fact is possible—it is already a living fact—when men speak of it so enthusiastically and no longer oppose to it anything but the cold sophistries of reason. 'Our ideal will be a reality some day; it will be concentrated in the precision of one grand political fact; everything tends toward the materialization of this generous idea.'

"Who was it who said this not long ago? Mr. Balfour. You will not accuse him of being a dreamer, I believe; nor Lord Derby, either. You and I were but children when this positive statesman wrote to Dr. Dillon: 'The highest ideal which I can foresee realized in the future for my fellow citizens is when we shall annex the American Union to form one great federation.'

"Cecil Rhodes did not doubt this—Rhodes the greatest worker for English destiny. The lesson of facts corrected him little by little from his first aversion toward any American partnership, from his blind confidence in exclusive British supremacy. To his eyes the union of all English-speaking nations would be an end so great that it would justify any sacrifice for England. He could not without anger think of the *schism* of the eighteenth century, or of the ignorant and stupid statesmen who bear the responsibility for it. 'They should have been assassinated,' he often wrote. He would accept the merger of the Empire and the American Union, 'to rebuild the City of God,' as he said in 1889, to reconstruct an equivalent for the church of the Middle Ages on foundations as large as humanity. It was then that he wrote to me about his favorite project; the establishment of the 'Association of Auxiliaries,' a secret society which he wished to found on the plan and with the essential rules of the Jesuit order; it was to be recruited from among the multi-millionaires of the English language to work throughout the whole world at the great work; the fusion and extension of the dominant race. Often since then I have said to myself that this man of genius had a foreknowledge of your advent, my dear Mr. Robinson.

"Millions of eminent Englishmen think as he; like our Chamberlain when he cried out before his audience in Toronto: 'I refuse to speak of the United States as a foreign nation; we are of the same race and of the same blood; we are branches of one and the same family.' But you doubt that this thought is propagated over your continent. What? Have you not heard the authorized voices

which return the echo? I will cite only two; you will not refuse to hear them. Your letters have made known to me your admiration for Captain Mahan; his book is your compass, his maxims regulate your enterprises. Do you forget that by our people he is looked upon as the restorer of the American marine, the oracle of all Anglo-Saxon seamen? Have you not read his plea for the Anglo-American union? In fine do you recall the resounding confession of faith of one of your peers, the wealthy and wise Carnegie? Read over the affirmation he makes in his latest article:

“Let men say what they will, but I affirm that as surely as the sun in the heavens shines over England and America, so certainly will it rise some morning and shine joyously again over the states united anew in the British and American union. And that is going to be produced quicker than you of the old world imagine. The idea of the union will be welcomed with enthusiasm in America. No party would oppose it; each would attempt to surpass all others in their approval.” What do you say to these formal assertions by one of your great captains of industry,—Carnegie?

“No; that is not a dream: Roman peace re-established over the globe by the Anglo-Saxon judiciary. You shall see realized the prophecy of John Harrington in his ‘Oceania’: ‘What would you think if the world should see the Roman eagle once more? It would grow young again and resume its flight. If you add to the propaganda of civil liberty that of the liberty of conscience, this empire, this patronage of the world is the kingdom of Christ!

“It is for you, dear sir, to take the first place in the choir of men of good will. You are already making use of the faith of which you are yet in doubt; your useful acts prove your entire intellectual assent. I hope that it shall soon be given me to affect this complete assent.”

At this point of his reading Mr. Robinson was interrupted. The door opened admitting the expected visitor.

He was a very tall man with a high forehead and a drooping of the lower jaw which revealed at times the ferocious teeth of a young wolf. Behind his monocle, incrusting in the superciliary arch, the left eye shone with the brilliancy of a carbuncle. A whitened globe rolled in the orbit of the other eye extinguished by some malady. A long yellow beard fell very low on his chest, and rolled its waves with capricious opulence which would make Michelangelo's Moses jealous. And it was of a prophet of the old law that he made you think, this one-eyed, bearded, high colored athlete, with a blaze of inspiration in his remaining eye, and something of

the frank and candid man in the shape of the skull, in the smile of the mouth so formidably armed. It was astonishing to see him, in place of classic drapery or of the shaggy coat of a John the Baptist, wearing these modern things, the monocle, a traveling coat of cheviot with square plaids which he carried on his left arm.

His flashing eye rested on the master of the house.

"Mr. Archibald Robinson, I believe?"

"Correct. Mr. Hiram Jarvis?"

"Himself. At last."

Mr. Robinson broke the silence. His words fell slowly, hammered out by intense conviction.

"I have been reading your letter over. My first word should be an expression of gratitude. You have given a new meaning to my life, a rational employment of this great fortune which weighs me down. From the day I began to read your writings I said to myself: 'Here's a man who turns my activity toward the end which it has been seeking. I have made more than one attempt to meet you, Mr. Jarvis. Three years ago while in London one of your courageous articles drew down upon your head that unjust condemnation. I went to find you at Holloway prison. They refused me admission. Then I decided to write you.'

"And I, sir, had my eye on you. I saw your power turn about in the void like the stone cast by the sling of which the psalm speaks. I foresaw in it an elect instrument to accomplish the destinies of our race."

"You never believed, did you, that I was a stupid monopolist of money? My will was first applied to the conquest of riches; I found in this the same athletic pleasure that I did in foot ball; a pleasant expenditure of my energy. Then I loved the dollar as a good workman loves a tool for the work he has to do with that tool. It has been said of me by way of praise that I drove my dollars and did not let my dollars drive me. This was not always true. For a long time they led me toward a goal I knew not."

"Dollars are often intelligent," Mr. Jarvis broke in; "they are the servants of a pre-established thought."

"You know," replied Mr. Robinson, "how I discovered and acquired in the west immense deposits of coal; how from a small employe they have made me a great capitalist. It was necessary to transport my coal to the works in the east; to the coasts. I had to build railroads and afterward to buy up those of my competitors. I did this cursing the necessity that forced me to it. My railroads have heaped up my coal in the ports and also the products of the

mills which I built to utilize this fuel. I found I was compelled to charter boats to export to the old world this stock of overproduction; compelled also to neutralize the competition of the old steamship lines by grouping them under my flag."

"Yes, you have marched like a Napoleon, trailed by the tyranny of his victories from the Rhine to the Danube, from the Danube to the Niemen; forced to grow every day, so as not to lose all."

"Some believe that I have squeezed the European companies to compel them to come in in spite of themselves. What an error! The greater part of them have come to me unsolicited to beg me to take them in, to protect them against a ruinous competition."

"Just like Napoleon; the little German states threatened by the bigger came to him and asked him to be the protector of the Germanic confederation."

"Up to that moment," the financier continued, "the variety of those occupations sufficed to occupy my mind. I passed from one to the other; the newest was the most exciting. But a day came when the crude output of activity paid for the effort which it imposed upon me. Alone, after the death of my companion, deprived of children, I had no one to whom I might leave my fortune which was accumulating day by day. That evening I went down deep into my heart; I recollected the word which the popes pronounce at the ceremonies of their enthronement when they cast fistfuls of gold to the crowd: 'Gold and silver were not made for my pleasure.' I saw growing up with my acquisitions the terrible responsibilities of political and social power which they imposed.

"Powerful indeed is he who produces and transports in great quantities wheat, coal and iron; he unchains wars and makes them cease; he stops or precipitates the movements of life. A true master of the lot of men more, perhaps, than the tyrants of other days. I felt myself become king. What use was my royalty? They say we are a great capitalistic state. That's a mistake. That state which would be founded upon money alone could not exist. For every American worthy of the name money is only a means. The truth is that our capitalistic state is the servant and assistant of a real country, of a race, of a sentiment which binds millions of hearts. Our business affairs, which would have appeared colossal to those of the ancient world, would be very contemptible if they were not in reality the affairs of all the Anglo-Saxon race. This I have commenced to feel confusedly; your writings, your letters have revealed it to me."

"You no longer doubt it, then?" inquired Mr. Jarvis. The

setting of his jaws expressed the visitor's satisfaction. "You understand now the greatness and the urgency of the task which I have forced upon you."

"Yes, but I do not go so quickly nor so far as you. The call of immediate interest is all powerful over the practical mind of our people and American interests are often opposed to yours. Moreover, our people feel that they are called to play a preponderant part in the century which is now opened. It will not tolerate the shackling of its members, nor that its Titanic force be chained. Under the stars that govern us the descendants of old England have changed more than you imagine, my dear sir. They care nothing for things that are dear to your heart; and if they claim a place among the nations that have fashioned the destinies of humanity, it is to stamp it with their own mark, to procure what they passionately desire, a history of American achievement, an American patriotism."

"They will recognize the common interest of the race. They will raise up a racial patriotism," the bearded prophet responded with fire. "Must I tell you the names, the expressed declarations of those who already recognize it? Is not Carnegie, who is so explicit with my idea, a leader of men? Does he not also know American men?"

The king of capitalists gave a smile of condescension.

"Carnegie has acquired a comfortable little competence. He can philosophize at his leisure. He has not my weighty responsibilities. Do you remember," added Mr. Robinson, "the words that were the occasion of the schism between Israel and Judah? The young people who surrounded Rehoboam made him say 'My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins.' Young America thinks the same when she compares herself to her English grandmother."

"Give me the book of Chronicles, and I will answer you," replied Mr. Jarvis. He had seen the Bible on the desk; he opened it; the scrap of a check came under his hand. He read the text written in pencil on that paper:

"Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land."

"What need have I to answer?" he cried in an accent of triumph. "He who has selected this oracle has conquered the truth. His timid reason still resists, but his heart is won. To be positive

of this I have only to look at the pictures of your counsellors; the modern heroes of the race have spoken to you."

He pointed with his finger at the portraits on the wall, Livingstone, Gordon, Rhodes—the apostle of the Paladin, the creator of empires. "Listen to what this great calumniated man has to teach you. Like Jehovah he breathed his soul into the dust which he had formed. He formed it alas! with blood and tears 'to extract gold from it,' thought the superficial judges. The gold he piled up only to build of it the temple of the mind. This rough artisan who labored crudely with crude material, was a fervent adorer of the mind. The world now knows to what end Rhodes had destined his riches to the last shilling: to create civilization, thought, light in the chaotic empire he had raised up from nothing. You are one of his spiritual brothers, Archibald Robinson. I have seen him struggle against his British prejudice as you against your American prejudices; he hesitated long also before surrendering himself to the great idea. Like you he actively employed it before he believed in it."

"I will do the same, Hiram Jarvis. I have told you my objections. But you have guessed that I desire that future as much as you if I dare not hope it to be so near, so certain as it seems to you. Perhaps we shall yet see fratricidal struggles between the members of the Anglo-Saxon family. They have ears and they hear not. What matters it? The defeats of individuals make for the victory of the race. Let us act as if the ideal were to become real to-morrow. Moreover, I repeat it, this ideal which I have received from you has given a sense and a purpose to my life. It is a sufficient reason for acting according to your inspirations. Have I not obeyed you when you have commanded me to subordinate everything to the conquest of the seas?"

"It is not mine but the clearest law of history you have obeyed. *Sea Power*, the book which is the regulator of Anglo-Saxon effort, has taught it to you."

Mr. Jarvis pushed Captain Mahan's book upon the table.

"Ephemeral illusions," he said, "tents pitched for a night, great establishments which the conquerors have made upon the earth. The seat of continued power is on the ocean. So long as they hold the sea little states will defy great empires and command the world: little Greece, Tyre, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, Portugal, Holland. If Rome triumphed over Carthage, if she became the Roman Empire, it is because she seized the sea from her enemy. The Spain of Charles V was shipwrecked miserably when she

ceased to be the mistress of the seas. Napoleon gathered all Europe under his eagles; he possessed nothing because the inexorable sea remained ours. It was not Russia that vanquished him; it was our maritime power. Wellington was only a projectile shot from our ships."

"The real lesson of history," added the American; "the new Germanic Cæsar has learned it; see his efforts to dispute this power with us."

"Thanks to the constancy of our fathers," continued Mr. Jarvis, "we have known how to remain masters of the sea through all the vicissitudes of time; this is why to-day we are masters of one-third of the solid surface of the globe. But the great weight of the oceanic masses is becoming too heavy for the little isle to bear alone. Our children must aid us; our big daughter who faces both oceans must run her thread over the waters where our meshes are too loose. Mahan has seen it well, and having seen it that good Saxon is one of us; he stands with us for the union."

"Mahan is right," replied Mr. Robinson, "but what he has not seen is the subordination of his military power to the economic power. His war vessels and yours are only docile conveyors of my commercial fleets. Whither I call them they come, like hounds running to a hunter when he whistles. If I did not call them they would have no excuse for existing; they would no longer be built; on sea as on land, business rules the world. It commands political power, armies and navies."

"Well said, my dear sir; and that is why I do not cease to cry out to you in the name of the imperial interests of our race: Prepare ports, merchant fleets, wherever you foresee a great development of commerce. On desert shores, where one day the wealth of continents shall flourish, sketch the maritime cities of the future; lift up from their ruins those which the carelessness of their ancient possessors abandoned to you. What flag shall float over the soldiers who shall come to guard our prizes? The Union Jack? I do not know; but I do know that Anglo-Saxon flags will extend their power over all lands and waters on which you will harvest riches."

"You ask a great deal of one man. Do you not fear to waste his efforts when you press him to turn one portion of his activity over Lake Chad in Central Africa?"

"I ask him to make a most urgent effort. Why? Have you divined my thought?"

"It is a good proposition," said the financier, "but—I am not sure of succeeding. My projects are at the mercy of a man,

the only man who, at this moment, can assure its realization; the only man who knows all the secrets of the unknown land; the sole master before whom the aborigines will bend. This man resists me; his energetic opposition may ruin our hopes."

"Have you not a hundred means of reducing him? Money—"

"Money has no hold on him."

"Ambition?"

"His is of a peculiar quality; it is disinterested, chimerical; constrained by as rigid rules as those of a religious order. I am thinking of other means. One should always seek the means to move a man: woman—"

Mr. Jarvis frowned as he gravely recited the sentence of the Wise Man: "'Give not the power of thy soul to a woman, lest she enter upon thy strength, and be confounded. Whoever engages himself with her shall not escape and shall not re-enter into the ways of life.' If our poor Rhodes has not accomplished his great designs"—he looked at the portrait with sorrow—"it is because he had the misfortune of weakening before women. He died prematurely, the victim of the artifices of woman. Beware of the eternal enemy, dear Archibald."

His single eye scrutinized Mr. Robinson's face with an inquisitive interrogation, as if it wished to read down into the bottom of his soul. The American tranquilly sustained the inquisitorial gaze. He said:

"Woman is a dangerous instrument that you must know how to use without hurting yourself."

"Good-by," said Mr. Jarvis solemnly. "This moment will be reckoned historic: as much so as the moment when Rhodes and Stead finally met. Like us they sought each other without knowing it. Anglo-Saxon imperialism was born of a reciprocal effusion of their hearts. It is ours to complete what our precursors outlined. Idea and action meet a second time to beget prodigies. Good-by. I don't know when I shall see you again. I am going to Russia. I am bringing there to prepared ears words of Christian peace which our reign should assure to the earth. Upon my return you shall, no doubt, have left for America. May the good Lord bless your endeavors as He blessed those of Caleb and Joshua!"

They took a long handshake. Hiram Jarvis re clothed his great body, threw his plaid over his left arm and went away.

* * *

The disillusionment of the American financier came a few

months later, when the London papers brought the news to Robinson in Egypt that Jarvis, who had so solemnly warned the Master of the Main against the sinister power of woman, had taken a second wife home to the spouse of his youth, and the three had joined the Mormon church. Almost coincident with this news in the newspapers was the arrival of a letter to Robinson from the Prophet of Imperialism urgently advising the financial colossus to abandon all other enterprises, even that of annexing America to the British Empire, to join the Mormons, become a great leader of a maritally emancipated people, a worthy successor to Brigham Young.

As he tossed the letter from him in disgust, Robinson said to his wise little secretary, "All men are fools, Joe."

If the temperament of Hiram Jarvis can be called romantic, then his character also helps to heighten the contrast between the romantic and the practical in the story. On the one side we have the practical Robinson and the equally practical American duchess, formerly Peg Gillespie, the daughter of a Michigan millionaire, whose millions formed no bar to the affections of a young French nobleman whom she married. The duchess is the most lovable character in the story. A woman of great kindness of heart, keen intellect and quick decision, she gave valuable guidance even to the personification of practicality, "Robinson Chrysoe," as the French wits called him. Possessed of great national pride, she never seemed to have been deceived by the imperialistic illusion, but remained ever distinctively American.

Captain Tournœl and Madame Fianona show us the romantic temperament. Tournœl, in spite of his dashing success as a soldier, is a petulant prig who in an atrocious fit of jealousy deserts his sweetheart, abandons her to his rival and takes to the desert. Of course, she marries the impecunious conqueror in preference to the billionaire, but not until first, with the assistance of her kind friend, Peg, she gently influences his rival to make a man of him by rendering him assistance and by abandoning the opposition which Robinson had, under the influence of Jarvis and with the aid of a venal French ministry, set up in Africa against Tournœl, and which had put the African hero up a blind alley.

Madame Fianona is an exquisite creature of extreme delicacy and sensitivity. She seems too ethereal for this terrestrial world, and she would be lost without the unselfish friendship of the generous-hearted duchess, at whose solicitation Robinson, in the face of the rejection of his proposal, rehabilitates the estates of Madame Fianona in the Argentine, to her happiness and that of the jealous

and suspicious little French captain on whom she bestows her hand.

Madame Fianona's English relatives are sketched in a few bold strokes. She went to the Isle of Jersey to visit her father's brother, an old officer of the Indian army who was living in retirement near Saint Helier :

"There the Major took care of his rheumatism under the umbrageous protection of two Methodist old maids, who constituted themselves guardians of both soul and body of their relative. They looked with an eye of alarm upon the visit of the stranger, the daughter of a queer man, expatriated for love, severely judged in the family that cared little for him. They suspected and condemned in advance 'the daughter of that Italian woman,' as they called her in a tone of reproach. These words called forth in their hard souls all sorts of sensual and diabolical images, all the troublesome impurities of the tainted blood. Duly instructed by the keepers of his conscience, the Major received his niece with that English aridity that would make a ball of teak wood green with envy. . . . The young widow explained the critical situation in which she found herself since the death of her husband ; she tried to interest the only natural protector who was left to her. She obtained from him some valuable observations on the ignorance of cattle raisers in the Argentine and elsewhere, as they did not employ good English methods ; and some uncomplimentary reflections on persons, of whom there is a great number, who, having received the inestimable privilege of being born of English blood, with a comfortable allotment of English reason, nevertheless do not know how to use this prerogative to govern visionary husbands in badly matched marriages into which a culpable derangement of the imagination has cast them. . . . The second interview was as glacial as the first ; the same wooden face, the same armor of defense and offense. The young woman understood the folly of further effort. She might as well attack with her weak little hands the granite foundation of the island. She bade adieu to the Major, to the two dragons that defended him against the imps and snares of Belial. And it was with satisfaction she went away the day after on the express boat St. Malo which brought her back to her friends."

Among the other secondary characters may also be mentioned old General Muiron, who fears the young officer is forgetting the lost provinces in his obsession over there in Africa :

"If you could give me all the empires of Asia and Africa, I

would not accept them for a hectare of the land where I fought when it was ours and which I left conquered, mutilated in my soul but sustained by a tenacious hope."

It is not difficult to see in good old General Muiron the aged General Mercier, official prosecutor of Captain Dreyfus and brother of Cardinal Mercier, now of Belgium.

The venality, insincerity and pusillanimity of the temporizing French ministry appear in the treatment it accorded the young African hero.

The scenes of the story are laid in an ever-changing panorama beautifully presented in colorful words of vividness yet delicacy. The reader is carried through changing scenes from Buenos Ayres to Paris, the romantic Jossé castle on the Loire, to Jersey, Montorgueil, the castle of John Lackland, on a cruise on the Mediterranean, on a trip up the Nile to Cairo, on a visit to Memphis and the mummied silences of Sakkarah, the older Sakkarah pyramids, the Great Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Tombs of the Khalifs at Cairo, the Mosque of El-Muaiyad which Robinson offered to tear down and make over into a castle for his bride in the orange gardens of Roda, and he is led back again over the Mediterranean once more.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Many thinkers are dreaming of a time when mankind will be organized into one great civilized empire, when war will be abolished and one language spoken all over the surface of the earth. The idea is grand and there is no doubt that it will finally be fulfilled. It is the tendency of history. Just as in the development of antiquity the Roman empire with the Latin tongue spread all around the Mediterranean Sea, so recently the white nations have taken possession of one continent after another and at last all will be one race, one civilization, one language and one empire; directed from one central capital by one administration, guided by one international parliament.

Of course the one language must be the English tongue and the one empire is to be Great Britain. The beginning of this world-union has been made; its foundation is laid; it is the confederacy of the British Empire. There is one gap in it—the United States which constitutes a large English speaking territory not subject to Great Britain. But that can easily be recovered if the inhabitants of the United States are only sensible enough to see the advantages they would gain by returning to their mother country. It was a

foolish hardheadedness of theirs to long for independence and fight for what they called liberty. They would have remained better off under the benevolent sway of England. But the past shall be forgiven if they but return. And they will be willing to return, if they are but educated up to the higher level of British ideals.

The feasibility of this plan has often been discussed in private circles of English patriots, and literary expressions of it have sometimes appeared in unofficial publications.

The ideal of this humanitarian world-union took deep root in the heart of Cecil Rhodes, a man of great business enterprise and unusual foresight. He was successful in South Africa but found himself hampered by the local interests of the Boers who misunderstood his good intentions and therefore had to be brushed aside. The result was a conflict that led to the Boer war. We may pity the Boers, but local interests in the path of empire must be compared to the buffalo that stands on the railroad track.

The next step was to consolidate the British empire. This was undertaken by eliminating all those tendencies which aimed at the independence of the colonies, especially in New Zealand and Australia. Efforts in this direction were quite successful, although there was always the bad example of the United States flourishing in its independence.

The United States ought to be coaxed again into a closer union with the British empire, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes recognized that the easiest and smoothest method would be by friendship and persuasion.

For the accomplishment of a reunion of the United States with the new British empire Mr. Rhodes himself established one very efficient institution, the Cecil Rhodes scholarship, which brings a large number of young American students over to Oxford under very favorable conditions. These students must not only be promising scholars, but also and mainly good "mixers," young men of strong character who are likely to become leaders among their comrades and to exercise a large influence in whatever part they are to play in later life. They are to imbibe British ideals in Oxford and carry the blessings of the Oxford atmosphere back with them to their American homes.

Cecil Rhodes left other legacies to serve the same general end, and among these are funds devoted to the purpose of forming public opinion in the United States. This is a most subtle, and perhaps also the most effective, way to accomplish the recovery of the rebel colonies, and this last one, involving the service of the press, has

played an important part in the recent development of English world politics.

A former number of *The Fatherland* (Vol. IV, No. 7) contains an article under the title "The Great Conspiracy Exposed" by Fred-eric Franklin Schrader which discusses "Cecil Rhodes's Secret Will" and points out that the result of it is "treason from American lips," in quotations from speeches welcoming the reunion of the United States with the British empire. So it is pointed out that "the Rhodes poison is working."

The article "A French Novelist on Anglo-American Union" by Mr. John H. Jorden, is of unusual interest because it presents an extract from a novel published as early as 1903 by a Frenchman who shows an unusual acquaintance with Anglo-American conditions—the plans for an Anglo-American world empire and the methods how it is to be brought about. It is both instructive and interesting to see how these notions were already alive in the minds of Englishmen as well as Americans and that Cecil Rhodes has been only a powerful leader who by his enormous wealth has done more for the accomplishment of these designs than any other, though he was after all only one among many.

The French author, Viscount de Vogüé, sketches the proposed coalition between England and the United States in forcible lines and Archibald Robinson, an American multi-millionaire represents a type which is by no means impossible. But we would say that the author makes one most obvious blunder in having Mr. Robinson's English adviser, Jarvis, join the Mormon church with great enthusiasm and religious zeal, as it seems, mainly for the sake of marrying a second wife with the full consent of the first one who agrees with him in his religious views. One who knows anything about the Mormon church and English conservatism would know that such an incident would border on impossibility. A French author naturally exaggerates Anglo-Saxon eccentricities and makes typical what is really the peculiarity of a limited section.

LA BELLE ROSALIE.

BY WILBUR BASSETT.

WIND-SHELTERED by white cliffs and rock-perched beyond the grasp of channel waves nestles defiantly the quaint fishing town of Dieppe. Her cobbled streets run precipitously to her harbor, and when the fishing fleet is out the sweet calm of surrounding fields vies with the quiet of her ancient churchyards. Widows and

wives and sweethearts of sailors live in the sturdy little houses, and the odor of fish and of cordage loiters in the smoke from their chimneys. It is a great day in Dieppe, for three ships are to sail for the western fisheries and La Belle Rosalie, the beautiful new barkentine, the pride of the town, is to begin to-day her maiden voyage to the Azores. Sailmakers and riggers hurry busily about her decks. Caulkers' hammers resound from her planks and the yo-hos of stevedores echo from hold to lighter. François is there, proud of his new short jacket. To-morrow all Dieppe will see that he is no longer a fisherman's boy but an able seaman, a wheelman in the starboard watch of La Belle Rosalie. To-night he will say good-bye to Maria Batiste, proudly and confidently. He will tell her to make her wedding clothes and be ready to go with him to the altar of the little church when La Belle Rosalie returns.

And so the morning comes and all Dieppe gathers to see the little ship break out her canvas and begin her life. Casks of purple wine and sacks of fresh vegetables, bouquets of flowers and little gifts of apparel are hurried aboard in late boats, and as the ship warps out of the road-way, the busy mates hurry weeping mothers and sisters and proud fathers over the side into their boats. Sweethearts say farewell and exchange little icons of the heart and of the church, and as the sails fall from the brails and yards are mast-headed to the shrill pipe of the boatswain, La Belle Rosalie heels gently to leeward and is away. It is a proud moment for François, for he stands at the wheel where all may see him, and though he looks straight ahead, he sees out of the tail of his eye that Maria Batiste is there at the pier's end waving tremulous adieu amid the throng. Thus cheered by gifts of love and voices of proud encouragement, La Belle Rosalie wafted by favoring breezes draws away into the sunlit sea.

Months pass with coming and going of ships; summer drifts by in the lap of sunny seas, and no word comes back from La Belle Rosalie. Day by day Maria wanders along the white cliffs and strains her eyes across the misty channel in quest of the trim hull and tapering spars. Daily she leaves her sewing to wander restlessly along the wharves and question the lounging mates and sailors, but no gossip of distant ports or scrap of fore-castle yarn tells aught of the missing ship. Many ships come back broken and buffeted by the seven seas, and many homes are saddened by the grim reports of wreck and storm, but never a word from La Belle Rosalie. Bells are tolled and tapers burned for many a sturdy sailor and prayers for his soul are wafted to the dim rafters of the

little church, but no prayers are said nor tapers burned for those sailors of the barkentine who might be dead for aught men know.

Maria, like some restless spirit, wanders from church to harbor, her white lips drawn with pain, her eyes lustrous and spiritual with the light of fasting and of prayer. November comes with falling leaves and the moaning of channel storms and still no news of the missing ship. The second day of that month is the day of the dead or All Souls' Day in the gentle English phrase. It is the day of the lost at sea, which the Roman church has set aside for intercession for the repose of the souls of the dead. While it is yet dark, Maria slips to the door of her cottage and stealthily throws back the bolt. But after her hastens a figure that stops her at the threshold and with tearful persuasion seeks to bring her back. It is her sister, who day and night has sought to curb her restless wanderings and lead her mind away from ships and sailors back into the quiet channels of her former life.

"It is the day of the dead, sister," says Maria, "and I must watch for La Belle Rosalie. She will come back to-day and I must be waiting for François." And so shivering with cold and apprehension, the sister follows on down the cobbled street. Riding-lights wave spectrally in the breaking darkness, but there are no other signs of life in harbor or town. The misty stars are nestled deep in the close-drawn canopy of murky sky, and upon the gray beach the slender swell is breaking without light or sound. The great red eye of the port light opens and closes lazily and wanes into impotence at the coming of dawn, like some fabled monster of the night whose power ceases at the break of day. Shadow and form, hull and pier and sable, that in the darkness cast their mysterious forms across the sea, fade imperceptibly into the grayness of sea and sky and cliff, and the two silent figures by the shore draw their shawls about them and shiver in the damp shroud of all-enveloping dawn.

It is the hour of visions and of dread, when graves yawn forth their dead, when vampires and were-wolves flit abroad and witches brew their spells; but beyond is the dawn of the day of All Souls, and out of the darkness of preceding night should rise the star of a new and holy day, laying the spirits of the evil dead and wafting prayers for the righteous to the throne of heaven, rolling back the mists of doubt and despair and bathing the earth in the sunshine of arisen hope and faith.

There is no movement among the wan draperies of fog, the spectral sea seems to have vanished and all the universe to be resolved

into impalpable and eerie vapors. Even the hoarse groan of steam whistles from far out in the channel seems to bring but a tenuous murmur to the ear, as though no voice of the material world might harshly penetrate that mystery. Silent gulls on spread wings soar by like birds upon some dim and ancient kakemono. It is the moment before dawn; the threshold of the mystery of birth. Eastward a dim effulgence radiates from somewhere in the unknown beyond, wavering, uncertain, and scarcely sensed, seeming but a thinning of the mist. Dim pathways of light run through it like candle lights on some dull pewter urn. Slowly the light grows, sluggish but irresistible, till each particle of suspended moisture seems to glow in iridescent sheen.

The two silent figures turn dilated eyes toward the dripping light and seem by contrast to stand in shadow, facing the coming of some unearthly transformation. Breathless and nerveless, wrapt in the mystery of the moment, Maria Batiste points a white finger toward the gateway of light. "There," she cries, "she is coming, La Belle Rosalie!" Her finger traces in the mist the outline of a graceful hull; tall, tapering spars emerge from shadow lines; gossamer sails sown with myriad pearls of moisture float from shining yards. There is no sound of waters beneath her forefoot, no curl of broken spray, no line where hull and water meet, only a darkening of the grayness through which hull and spar and sail move spiritwise. The anchor-falls are rigged, a boat swings at the davits and figures in glistening oilskins peer from the rail expectant for the familiar harbor. Soft blue lights seem to waver from truck and yard-arm, but there is no sound of creaking block or vibrant halyard.

With one bound the light of dawn leaps upward. Cliff and sea start into life. The misty pulse of the deep and the breath of the dawn wind stir slumberously. Maria has fallen on her knees. "There, there is Francois, he stands at the wheel. But see how pale he is!"

Of a sudden with the rush of dawn and the awakening of day comes the deep voice of the church, the call to early mass, the death knell of night and of doubt, the first summons of the day of All Souls. The mists roll back silently, and with them into tenuous space fades La Belle Rosalie.

* * *

NOTES ON PHANTOM SHIPS.

The annals of the sea contain many apparently authentic ac-

counts of sea apparitions. They are reported with much detail and with that certainty which indicates that they are not merely creatures of the storyteller's art, but are reports of actual experiences of the narrator. Such stories naturally divide themselves into two classes, one relating to phantoms which foretell wreck and disaster to the observer, and the other class represented by those spectral ships which convey warning or tidings of wreck or disaster already accomplished, and thus enable the observer to escape a like fate. The first class of vessels is essentially evil, while the second is kindly and beneficent.

The vast body of data accumulated by folklorists and by societies for psychical research cannot well be ignored without examination, and may even be considered sufficient to make necessary a scientific explanation of apparitions. "The multiplication of the phenomena puts them on the same footing with meteors and comets and all other sporadic or residual facts. Their regular occurrence after a definite type suggests some other law than hallucination, extensive as that is. The collection of a census of events would satisfy science of the need of investigation at least, and that indefinitely. Ridicule after that would only indicate the cries of a dying philosophy." (Hyslop, *Psychical Research and the Resurrection*, p. 380.) If the study of data concerning the ghosts of men has led to any definite conclusion as to the reality of these phenomena, may we say that that conclusion is as applicable to phantom ships as to phantom men?

Our story of *La Belle Rosalie* was first made known by Amélie Bosquet in *La Normandie Romanesque*, and more recently brought to light by Fouju in *La revue des traditions populaires*, Vol. VI, p. 416, in the series "Legendes normandes du musée de Dieppe" under title *Le vaisseau fantome*, and finds its counterpart on many seas. We shall refer to those reports only which have been made by careful and trustworthy collectors.

In Scotland a sailor of seventy years told Walter Gregor of two fishing boats which left Broadsea together for Aberdeen. When they were away a heavy blow came on, and the little craft driving under bare poles in a smother of rain and sea lost sight of each other. After many hours the storm abated and one of the boats was approaching the harbor of Aberdeen at night when the form of the other boat was made out ahead of it passing safely into the harbor. This guidance the astonished sailors were able to follow safely into the harbor. On shore none saw the leading ship and no such ship anchored there. It was believed that at the time the

lost fisherboat foundered in the storm many miles at sea, for she was never again heard of (*Revue des traditions populaires*, XI, 330).

An apparition observed by many was seen at Porz an Eokr in the Isle of Batz. A ship appeared there in the early morning while fishermen and coasters were busy with their nets and sails. Sailing well into the harbor in view of all she was observed by many, and so near was she that the voices of her officers, and her hail with the query where to anchor, were plainly heard and marked by their accent as those of islanders. Then from the sight of all she faded away like smoke in the wind. The awe-struck islanders had noted that she was the ship which had wintered in that harbor, and were not surprised to learn later that at the moment the apparition had appeared in their harbor this ship had been lost at sea.

A similar incident is cited in that curious old sea chest *The Log Book*. In the palmy days when the Dutch were bringing home the wealth of the Indies in their ponderous hulls there sailed from Rotterdam in the month of May 1695 the good ship Van Holt. Voyages were long in those days, and when the Van Holt squared away to the South the tearful wives and anxious merchants of Rotterdam expected more than one May would pass before the Van Holt was again sighted from their lookout. Time passed with the coming and going of ships, and no news of the Van Holt. Winter storms blew up the channel and down from the Baltic, and one day as the gale was at its height anxious lookouts made a ship in the offing. Straining under storm canvas she was seen to stand for the harbor with the appearance of distress. As she came nearer the familiar hull and rig of the Van Holt were made out, and then in the wrack of clouds or the maw of the sea she was swallowed up. Landsmen said she had gone down in the gale, but wise mates lingered over their flagons that night, and told the story of the wraith of the Van Holt. Wherever the Van Holt was that night in her long journey to the stormy cape, it is hardly to be credited that she was off her home port unreported and unexpected, and as no wreckage came ashore and no news of the Van Holt ever came back to Rotterdam it was and is believed that somewhere in the broad ocean the Van Holt was lost on the day her wraith was sighted off the harbor of Rotterdam. (*The Log Book*, 1827, p. 337.)

The British ship Neptune (Captain R. Grant) was reported as an apparition at St. Ives on the same day that she was wrecked at Gwithian three kilometers distant (*Mélusine*, II, 159), and was spoken the day before on the Cornish coast, disappearing suddenly when a boat attempted to board her (Hunt).

Even the stern divines of Puritan New England in colonial days confessed their belief in the phantom ship. Cotton Mather tells of such a craft which was spoken of from the pulpit in New Haven. A new ship left that port in January 1647, for her maiden trip and was never again heard of. Six months later, after a thunderstorm about an hour before sunset, a ship like her was seen sailing up the river against the wind. Drawing nearer, she gradually disappeared and finally vanished altogether. Thanks were offered in the pulpits of New Haven that God had granted this confirmation of the fears of the townspeople.

A Salem divine of the eighteenth century is reported to have vanquished a similar specter. A ship cleared on Friday from that port for England, having among her passengers an unknown man and a girl of great beauty. Being unknown and unlike the staid Puritans of Salem, it was feared they were witches or demons, and many refused to sail with them. The ship was lost at sea, and reappeared off Salem after a three day storm with the strangers plainly visible on her deck. Before the prayers of the minister the ship faded away. (Drake, *New England Legends*.)

* * *

These instances illustrate the class of apparitions which appear but once, and then in the home harbor, at or about the time of dissolution. There is another widely known class of ship apparitions which return on the anniversary of their wreck, or haunt the place of wreck or the home harbor.

On our own coast such a one is the Alice Marr seen off Cape Ann. She is thus described in E. N. Gunison's *The Fisherman's Ozon Book*:

“Ever as rolls the year around,
Bringing again her sailing day,
Rises her hull from the depths profound
And slowly cruises the outer bay.

“Not a word of her master's fate,
Only a glimpse of sail and spar
Not a word of crew and mate—
This is the ghost of the Alice Marr.”

An Indian woman in a spectral canoe is seen to plunge over St. Anthony's Falls in the Mississippi River. She is a wife who committed suicide there after a vain journey in search of a recreant husband. (Emerson, *Indian Myths*, p. 149.)

Two pirates are said to appear annually in the Solway. Legend

has it that two Danish pirates who had gained their riches and power through a contract with the devil were according to contract finally wrecked there. At the bottom of the harbor these two ships remain intact and fishermen avoid the vicinity for fear they will be drawn down to join the revelling crews. On dark and stormy nights work is done aboard them, and once when a magician struck them with his oar they rose to the surface with all sail set and stood out over the Castletown shoals. On the anniversary of their wreck they come in, and re-enact the scenes of their wreck. (Cunningham, *Traditional Tales*, p. 338.)

Danish sailors have long feared such an apparition. It often happens that mariners in the wide ocean see a ship, in all respects resembling a real one, sailing by and at the same instant vanishing from their sight. It is the spectral ship, and forebodes that a vessel will soon go to the bottom on that spot. (Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, II, 276.) The Flying Dutchman is a similar omen. So the Maoris have often seen a giant war canoe on Lake Tarawera which disappears when hailed and always foreshadows volcanic eruptions, or other great catastrophes.

French fishermen at Heyst see a phantom ship which they call the Concordia and which is known by its redcapped trucks. On the approach of a tempest this grim monitor passes along the beach from the great dune of Heyst upon the sands lying between the sea and the dunes. Her appearance is rather good than evil as she gives warning to the small coasters and fishermen of approaching danger.¹

This is one of the most interesting of land and sea ships, of which we speak elsewhere. Hunt cites several such, one being connected with the story of a young man who turned pirate, and whose ghost often appeared in his pirate craft off the harbor in uncanny gales, sailing against wind and tide. Like other sea specters he is accompanied by a dog. Spectral ships sailing over land and sea were formerly known in Porthcurno harbor, and were said to foretell by their number the strength of an approaching enemy, or the number of wrecks to be expected.

In the Solway appears a spectral ship which marks for destruction the vessel which she approaches. It is the ghostly bark of a bridal party maliciously wrecked, the spectral shallop which always sails by the side of the ship which the sea is bound to swallow.

¹ A. Harou in *Revue des trad. pop.*, XV, 9; *ibid.*, XVII, 472: "On dit que le navire de feu (Concordia) monté par des hommes rouges part de la dune du Renard et suit la bord de la mer, n'y eut it que deux centimetres d'eau, et pourtant c'est un trois-mats."

(Cunningham, *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*.)

A Highland parallel is the Rotterdam, a big ship which was lost with all on board and whose spectral appearance with a ghostly crew is a sure omen of disaster. (Gregor, *Folklore of Northeast of Scotland*.)

Such a ship is also known in Gaspé Bay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence though no portent is drawn from her appearance. She is described as a quaint old-fashioned hull with huge poop and fore-castle, and queer rigging. From her ports and cabin windows lights are seen and her decks are crowded with soldiers. An English officer with a lady on his arm stands on the heel of the bowsprit and points shoreward. Suddenly the lights go out, shrieks are heard and the ship disappears. It is said to be the ghost of a flagship of Queen Anne sent to reduce the French forts, and lost with all on board. (Le Moine, *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, p. 36.)

From the same locality come the stories of the ancient caravel which still sails across the Cadelia Flats, and of the spectral light which marks the spot where the privateer Leech was destroyed in Chester Bay.

An ancient Japanese legend gives an account of one of the few actively dangerous phantom ships with the recipe for avoiding her lures. She is an ancient war junk, and her spectral character is made known by her lack of halyards. To be safe one should sail into her, when she will disappear. The sea will be filled with the forms of her men who cry aloud for dippers with which to bail out the sea. The wise fisherman will throw them dippers with pierced bottoms lest they cast the water upon his own ship. (Naryoshi Songye in *Annuaire Soc. Pop. Trad.*, 1887.)

Many spectral ships carry lights, and spectral lights mark the resting-place of wrecked pirates and wizards. Pirates on the coast of Cornwall followed such lights many miles to sea only to have them slip away when approached.

Similar fleeting lights are pointed out by "Maggie of the Shore," a well-known Scotch witch, and such appearances foretell wreck. Near Stanard's Rock in Lake Superior a green light is said to hover over a ship wrecked there, and a figure is seen praying there. It is said that the drowned never rise from this spot.

Along the coast of Cornwall floats the Fraddam witch in a tub formerly used by her in her incantations, with a broom for an oar and a crock for a tender. The unfortunate who see her will

soon be drowned. Her tub is to be classed with the fleet of devil ships.

There are several interesting instances in which the spectral ship is a psychopomp or soul-bearer independent of her identity as a ship. Thus near Morlaix in Finisterre they say that lost ships return to haunt the coast with their ghostly crews of the drowned, and these ships are said to grow larger from year to year. (P. Sébillot in *Revue des traditions populaires*, XVI, p. 230.)

Near Dieppe, on the same coast, appeared the "Phantom Boat of All Souls' Night" and other soul-ships like La Belle Rosalie. (Chapus, *Dieppe et ses environs*.)

French fishermen consider All Soul's Day, *le jour des morts*, a day of bad omen and seldom go to sea upon that day. Fishermen of the south of France fear that on that day they will see unpleasant sight or bring up skulls or bones upon their hooks. (Sébillot, *Le Folk-Lore des Pecheurs*.)

On the coast of Rhode Island is seen the tragic specter of a burning ship. The apparition is well known as "The Burning Palatine," or the "Block Island Phantom," and is variously accounted for. The best-known story of her is that embodied in Whittier's poem, according to which the Palatine was a Dutch emigrant ship bearing many well-to-do Hollanders bound for Philadelphia. The captain was killed by a mutinous crew who starved and robbed the passengers. The ship was cast upon Block Island, and since that day the specter of a burning ship has frequently appeared.

"And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be fine
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the Blazing wreck of the Palatine."

Another legend told by Whittier is of the "Dead Ship of Harpswell," seen off Orr's Island on the Maine coast:

"What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land.

"For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore

She drifts again to sea.
 No tack of sail, nor turn of helm.
 Nor sheer of veering side;
 Stern-fore she drives to sea and night
 Against the wind and tide.

“Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
 Your grey-head hints of ill;
 And over sick beds whispering low
 Your prophecies fulfil.
 Some home amid yon birchen trees
 Shall drape its door with woe;
 And slowly, where the Dead Ship sails,
 The burial boat shall row.”

Closely allied to these specters which haunt the home port or the place of disaster are the many ghostly ships seen only at long intervals or raised by magic. Such is the spectral lugger with all sail set, seen on a pool on Lizard Promontory in Cornwall (Bottrell, *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall*) and the spectral smuggler seen near Penrose on the moor in a spectral sea.

In the Canadian story of the La Chasse Galerie, Sebastian Laclelle is said to have been an Indian who was to have married Zoe de Mersac in the year 1780. The day before that set for the wedding he went hunting and was lost. Since that time he has been seen passing over Askin Point on the Canadian shore, his spectral canoe buoyed in clouds, his coming announced by the barking of his dog Chasseur. (Hamlin, *Legends of le Detroit*, p. 126.)

Such spectral canoes served in Canadian fancy to bring the spirits of living lonely trappers and voyageurs from the vast wilderness of the West to join their friends and families on Christmas eve.

“Then after Pierre and Telesphore have danced ‘Le Caribou’
 Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded Loup Garou
 Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with prow turned toward the East,
 Bringing the western voyageurs to join the Christmas feast.”

Near Prenden in the Baltic is often seen a phantom fisherboat with nets spread. When approached it disappears. (Kuhn and Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen*, p. 78.)

So there are vague rumors that the Griffin, La Salle’s first sail on the Great Lakes, suffers from the curse of Metiomek, and is still cruising in northern Lake Michigan.

Columbus was accused by mutineers of having summoned the

ghost of a caravel with Escobar in command. Fairy literature has many such examples. In an Ojibway tale a fairy Lohengrin in a spectral canoe appears at the moment when a maiden is to be sacrificed to the spirit of the falls, and acts as her substitute by drifting over them. (Lanman, *Haw-hoo-noo*.)

There yet remains that large group of spectral appearances which may well be classed as optical illusions. A few instances will suffice to illustrate their nature and circumstances.

An Ayr legend of the early eighteenth century tells of a ship called the Golden Thistle which, having unsatisfactory winds, stopped at the Isle of Skye, and there procured from a witch a bag of winds tied with human hair. Sailing away thus equipped she passed near the Blue Crag of Ailsa. Here in the spectral dawn the superstitious captain, deceived by the reflection of his own ship, made hail, and the crag re-echoed his name and destination. The terrified man believed he had seen the wraith of his own ship, and soon died in the delirium of brain fever. (*The Log Book*, p. 293.)

A spectral ship often seen at sea proves on approach to be a rock, and is believed to have been a slave ship thus transformed by a magician who killed all the negroes and jumped overboard. (Schmidt, *Seemanns-Sagen und Schiffer-Märchen*.)

Explorers of the French Geographical Society encountered in Africa the belief in such an apparition which was so real that they were obliged to secure the services of a fetich doctor. This apparition appears before sunrise during the rainy season in Lake Z'Onangue. A great ship with many masts seems to come from the enchanted or sacred islands in the middle of the lake. After some minutes many white men are seen to ascend her shrouds; guns are fired and the ship disappears. The natives say this tells the presence of a ship at Cape Lopez. The fetich doctor from the bow of the explorers' boat offered brandy and biscuit to appease the enraged spirit of the islands. (*Bulletin de la Soc. Geog.*, 1889, p. 304.)

A fatal apparition known a century ago as the Black Trader is said to have foretold by the number of lights burning along her deserted decks the number of lives demanded of the ship which was unfortunate enough to sight her. (*Log Book*, p. 99.)

When the Melanesians saw ships for the first time they believed them to belong to ghosts and to foretell famine (Codrington, *The Melanesians*) and the first ship apparition of Europe was a plague ship.

Captain Slocum, the well-known "Single-hander," thus describes an incident of his return in a canoe from the South Atlantic

where his ship the Aquidneck had been wrecked: "A phantom of the stately Aquidneck appeared one night sweeping by with crowning sky-sails that brushed the stars. No apparition could have affected us more than the sight of this floating beauty gliding swiftly and quietly by from some foreign port. She too was homeward bound. This incident of the Aquidneck's ghost, as it appeared to us passing at midnight on the sea, left a pang of lonesomeness."

Without further multiplication of instances, we may look into the psychology of the belief and its physical explanations. That it still holds a powerful place in the minds of men, there can be no doubt. Poor and industrious as are the fishermen of the Flemish coast, they seldom venture out on All souls' Day because of the living fear of such an apparition. They say that on that day, November 2, there appears near the shore a spectral fisherman who will carry away forever in his nets all the living who look upon him (*Rev. tr. pop.*, XV, 317; cf. Kuhn und Schwartz, *Norddeutsche Sagen*, 78). Prayers, incantations, and amulets are still employed the world over to defend against such mischances.

The cases we have cited may well be divided into three classes: specters which haunt the place of disaster and death; specters and apparitions which appear at various times and in various places; and apparitions admitted to be optical illusions.

Of the first class we have seen that the attendant circumstances are similar to those reported in connection with accounts of ghosts which appear in and about the abiding place of the individual in his lifetime. One theory advanced by psychology to explain these apparitions is the theory of the projected self or the embodied thought. May we then extend this theory to the wraiths of inanimate things? The scientific theory of phantasms of the dead is not mere metaphysical dogma, but is founded upon a wealth of well-attested data gathered by trustworthy observers.

It appears from a scrutiny of this material that such apparitions are in almost every case the wraiths of those who have died violent deaths under circumstances of great distress and excitement. "The phantom of the dead is produced under the most favorable circumstances. The objective senses are being closed in death. The emotions attending a death by violence are necessarily of the most intense character. The desire to acquaint the world with the circumstances attending the tragedy is overwhelming. The message is not for a single individual, but to all whom it may concern." (Hudson, *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, p. 300.)

These being the conditions, it is suggested in theory that this

thought upon which the agonized mortal centers for the moment his very being, somehow takes material embodiment by reason of its very intensity. If we accept this theory of embodied thought as an explanation of human ghosts, may we not logically extend the reasoning to the ship-specters we have noted?

We find that the human ghost is clothed as in life, and has all the material accoutrements of its human original. We read of the ghost of a drowned sailor appearing at the bedside of his mother overseas, his yellow oilskins dripping with brine. We read that on the eve of the dissolution of some fine ship her form was seen off her home port.

If we say that the death struggle of the sailor lad brought forth that all-conquering agony of purpose to communicate for the last time with the distant mother, and that that thought took form in the ghostly visitor at her side, may we not say the same for the ship? Certain it is that in the hour of wreck and death the scores of hapless passengers and sailors turn with an agony of yearning toward the familiar home harbor they may never see again. Their very souls strain with that desire to carry over seas the news of the terrible ending of the voyage.

I am aware that this theory of the embodied thought sounds very Platonic and metaphysical, and that it leaves pertinent queries unanswered. Another theory more readily grasped would account for the phantasms of the dead on the hypothesis of the visualization of a telepathic message received by the subjective mind. In the present state of psychology we may consider either right, or both wrong, or find a Scotch verdict, as we will.

Of the class of wandering and recurrent ships, we can only say that perhaps they lie midway between the real wreck-wraith and the optical illusion. The optical illusion finds its explanation in the well-known phenomena of refraction, mirages, and looming. Aside from these, however, there are many other phenomena of the daily life of the sailor which readily form the basis for such belief. Sea novelists have painted terrors which seem fantastic to landsmen, but which have for the sailor the full force of sober truth. In the uncanny spectral nights of the tropics when the sea burns with phosphorescence, and the sounds of creaking timbers and idle blocks echo like spirit voices; small wonder that the burdened eye of the sailor sees unearthly visions and his strained ear hears unearthly voices. What sailor who has boarded a derelict green with the deathdamp, or an abandoned ship whose silent fore-castle and empty falls tell their story of mutiny or despair can ever

get the grewsome vision out of his eye? What lookout who has started from his doze to see a lofty ship pass silently across his bows without sound or hail can ever forget the stifling terror of his fears, or drown the thought that he has seen a phantom? Sight and sound aloft and aloft are to the sailor as trail and track to the woodsman, eloquent of meaning. His perception in times of calm or storm is open wide to the slightest sound or sight that may foretell coming change. To this consciousness cloud and mist shapes, mirages, and the thousand sights and sounds of the ever shifting panorama bring many extraordinary and inexplicable things, which are stored away in memory, and find their expression in the tenacity with which sailors cling to their belief in the "supernatural."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A HINDU CRITICISM OF MRS. BESANT.

Mrs. Annie Besant has published an attack on Hinduism in *The Commonwealth* of Madras, of which she is the editor, and Mr. M. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar has written an answer which is very severe. By stating the case in his own words we leave it to our readers to form their opinion. In the form of an open letter he accuses her of meddling with affairs which are no concern of hers and in which she has no right to intrude as a reformer. He writes: "Not till after I read your Foreword and Mr. Johan Van Manen's article... did I realize that there were more [insane] persons outside the asylum than in it. 'By examining the tongue of a patient,' says Justin, 'physicians find out the diseases of the body and philosophers the diseases of the mind.' For some time past your tongue has been talking more and more at the head's cost."

Quoting from a Jewish sage, Rabbi Ben Azai, he gives Mrs. Besant advice as follows: "Give your tongue more holiday than your hands or eyes."

We have no doubt that Mrs. Besant has the best intentions to promote much-needed reforms in India, but whether her attempts are directed by wisdom and discretion is another question. At any rate she has offended leading Hindus, and one result is seen in this pamphlet before us, entitled, *An Open Letter to Mrs. Annie Besant, Being a Reply to Her Attacks on Hinduism*. M. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar, the author, calls himself, on the title-page, "a humble appendage at the gate of Pachaiyappa's College, Madras."

The case which Mr. Aiyangar makes may be set forth by a few quotations. He says:

"It is true, as Steele says, that 'all a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother;' as we believe it is true, your claim to be heard on the Hindu marriage question will depend not a little, if not entirely, upon the proofs you can give of your successful training in those four universities. Have you graduated in those

universities? Have the sages, saints, and heroes who preside over the destinies of those universities granted you any diplomas? Are you authorized to wear the gowns and hoods which are the badges of those universities? Unless and until you produce these credentials, whatever else you may produce, you have no *locus standi* in the parliament of gods or men. Satisfaction in this particular will make up for deficiency in aught else; non-satisfaction, naught else can make up for."

After a detailed summary of parts of Mrs. Besant's autobiography, which he rates somewhat lower than the Confessions of St. Augustine, he says: "You are so eager to force on us your own views of these details without gracefully leaving us to form our own view."

The Hindu thinker sums up his view of her right to pose as a reformer in these words:

"Thus on your own showing and according to your own admission, *as a daughter* you hastened the death of your idolized mother; *as a wife* you were very unsatisfactory from the beginning, and were legally separated from your husband; *as a mother* you resolutely turned your back upon your own children, and sought solace in becoming a mother to all helpless children; and, last but not least, all orthodox society in your liberty-loving land of birth turned up its nose at you. So you stand convicted out of your own mouth. The presiding deities of the respective universities have not thought it fit to honor you with their diplomas. As an undutiful daughter, as a disobedient wife, as an unnatural mother, you have put yourself out of court as regards the question of your right of being heard on the Hindu marriage problem. That you have qualified yourself otherwise is beside the point; nay, it is worse—it is 'putting out the natural eye of one's mind to see better with the telescope,' as Carlyle says.

"If one may speak what many feel, in the name of my revered *guru*, the late Yogi Parthasarathy Aiyangar, and of the orthodox Hindu society whose humble slave I am, I arraign you, madam, not only before the bar of your own quiet conscience (though 'quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,' as Byron says), but of public tribunal, on the ground of ignorant and wanton interference in our social and religious questions—ignorant in the sense that, not having lived the life you should, you lack that within you which would enable you to see and judge that which is without you, and wanton in the sense that you want to see your ignorance acting unfettered, cost what it might,—an interference which is all the more regrettable and mischievous, considering your reverence for our customs and religion so long professed."

This may be enough to characterize the pamphlet, which however contains many items regarding the difficulties involved in the child marriage problem and the caste system of India. Mrs. Besant's friends will naturally regard this defense of Hinduism as uncalled for, but the pamphlet will give the unwelcome reformer much food for thought, and proves that the mere introduction of western ideas is not sufficient to work any far-reaching reform.

The letter is a pamphlet of 140 pages, with many quotations not only from Hindu sources but also from a wide range of western literature and Christian philosophy. The publisher is M. C. Narasimhacharya of 14 Baker Street, Madras, E.

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES.

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. Edited by *Louis H. Gray, A.M., Ph.D.*
Vol. X. North American. By *Hartley B. Alexander, Ph.D.* Boston:
Marshall Jones Company, 1916. Pages, xxiv, 325.

In his introduction Professor Alexander makes quite clear the distinction between the mythology of the North American Indians and mythology in the classical acceptance of the word. He is careful to explain just how far each tribe or each clan can be said to have its individual mythology. He claims now but a provisional value for his work, since so much literature is constantly being produced on the subject. He therefore modestly endeavors to confine himself to a descriptive study and bases the study upon local rather than chronological divisions. Chapter I treats of the tribes of the far north, the Skraeling, which the Norsemen found in 1000, and the Esquimaux tribes. The next two chapters treat of the concepts common to the forest tribes: the Manitous, the Great Spirit, the powers above and below, the cosmogony of Iroquois and Algonquin, the various sun myths and the story of Hiawatha. Next we have the cosmogonies, the animal stories and wonder tales of the Gulf tribes, and then the myths and religious ideas of the Great Plains tribes, introducing especially the idea of medicine, the importance of the sun, earth, and corn, the morning star, the elements and the mystery of death. The next tribes are those of the mountain and desert, the locality of the Great Divide, and we read of the gods of the mountains and the denizens of the world; spirits, ghosts and bogies, prophets and the ghost dance. In this division we find the Navaho myth of creation, and the Apache and Yuma myths. The next chapter is devoted to the Pueblo Dwellers, and includes beside the Pueblo cosmology rituals and mythical cosmogonies of the Sia, Hopi and Zuni tribes. The last two chapters deal more particularly with the tribes of California and Oregon, and their conception of Totemism and tutelary powers.

One of the many sections of popular interest is that on "Hiawatha" dealing with the sources for Longfellow's poem which is shown to have centered a number of cosmogonic myths around one traditionally historical figure. As the section is brief and contains much that is probably unknown to many readers of "Hiawatha," we shall here quote it in full (pages 51-52):

"Tales recounting the deeds of Manabozho, collected and published by Schoolcraft, as the 'myth of Hiawatha,' were the primary materials from which Longfellow drew for his *Song of Hiawatha*. The fall of Nokomis from the sky; Hiawatha's journey to his father, the West Wind; the gift of maize, in the legend of Mondamin; the conflict with the great Sturgeon, by which Hiawatha was swallowed; the rape and restoration of Chibiabos; the pursuit of the storm-spirit, Pau-Puk-Keewis; and the conflict of the upper and under-world powers, are all elements in the cosmogonic myths of the Algonquian tribes.

"Quite another personage is the actual Hiawatha of Iroquoian tradition, certain of whose deeds and traits are incorporated in the poet's tale. Hiawatha was an Onondaga chieftain whose active years fell in the latter half of the sixteenth century. At that time the Iroquoian tribes of central New York were at constant war with one another and with their Algonquian neighbors, and Hiawatha conceived the great idea of a union which should ensure a uni-

versal peace. It was no ordinary confederacy that he planned, but an inter-tribal government whose affairs should be directed and whose disputes should be settled by a federal council containing representatives from each nation. This grandiose dream of a vast and peaceful Indian nation was never realized; but it was due to Hiawatha that the Iroquoian confederacy was formed, by means of which these tribes became the overlords of the forest region from the Connecticut to the Mississippi and from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna.

"This great result was not, however, easily attained. The Iroquois preserve legends of Hiawatha's trials; how he was opposed among his own people by the magician and war-chief Atotarho; how his only daughter was slain at a council of the tribe by a great white bird, summoned, it is said, by the vengeful magician, which dashed downward from the skies and struck the maiden to earth; how Hiawatha then sadly departed from the people whom he had sought to benefit, and came to the villages of the Oneida in a white canoe which moved without human aid. It was here that he made the acquaintance of the chief Dekanawida, who lent a willing ear to the apostle of peace, and who was to become the great lawgiver of the league. With the aid of this chieftain, Hiawatha's plan was carried to the Mohawk and Cayuga tribes, and once again to the Onondaga, where, it is told, Hiawatha and Dekanawida finally won the consent of Atotarho to the confederation. Morgan says, of Atotarho, that tradition 'represents his head as covered with tangled serpents, and his look, when angry, as so terrible that whoever looked upon him fell dead. It relates that when the League was formed, the snakes were combed out of his hair by a Mohawk sachem, who was hence named Hayowentha, "the man who combs"—which is doubtless a parable for the final conversion of the great war-chief by the mighty orator. After the union had been perfected, tradition tells how Hiawatha departed for the land of the sunset, sailing across the great lake in his magic canoe. The Iroquois raised him in memory to the status of a demigod.

"In these tales of the man who created a nation from a medley of tribes, we pass from the nature-myth to the plane of civilization in which the culture hero appears. Hiawatha is an historical personage invested with semi-divinity because of his great achievements for his fellow men. Such an apotheosis is inevitable wherever in the human race the dream of peace out of men's divisions creates their more splendid unities."

The volume contains 38 full-page illustrations, including 16 colored plates, and at the end there is a colored map of the linguistic stocks of North America, which was prepared originally by Major J. W. Powell of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and has been revised by later members of the staff. ρ

Edmund Hewavitane, a wealthy furniture manufacturer of Colombo, Ceylon, the brother of the Anagarika Dharmapala, died in prison a year or two ago after a trial for treason and shop-breaking. He was not condemned on good evidence but for the reason that he was the brother of a Buddhist missionary and under the suspicion of being anti-British in his sympathies and general conduct. The court assumed that he had been implicated in the attempted sedition and had encouraged a mob of shop-breakers to loot the store of Mohamado Yusuf, the owner of a Moorish shop in the neighborhood of his own residence.

The widow, Sujata Hewavitarne, published a "Humble Petition" to the Right Honorable Andrew Bonar Law, then secretary of state for the colonies, to have her husband vindicated, because, as she claims, he was absolutely innocent of the crimes for which he was condemned. Judging from the defense the judgment against him seems to have been made in a state of fear of an anticipated rebellion on the part of the Singhalese against the British government, for the charge that Mr. Hewavitarne took part in the looting of the store is based on evidence quite contradictory to the facts. The store was looted, according to the evidence presented by Mrs. Hewavitarne, at half past ten, and Mr. Hewavitarne arrived in a motor car about 12. The witness against him claims that he saw the mob and encouraged them to proceed with the looting, while according to other evidence he arrived in the city after the looting had been done, and when he saw rioting going on in the streets he delayed at the station, not going to his home until later, at about 12 o'clock. The widow complains not only about the unfairness of the trial, but also of the ill-treatment of the prisoner and his exposure to infectious disease after he was removed to prison, the fact being that he contracted enteric fever there and died of it in a few days. The aged mother of the deceased as well as his wife and brothers who tried to comfort the patient in his last illness, were badly treated by the authorities of the prison, and the widow now claims that men of this character should be removed from the control of the prisons. The Anagarika Dharmapala has many friends all over the United States and in other parts of the world, and we expect that they will sympathize with him in the affliction which has fallen upon his brother's family. It seems incomprehensible that a family so prominent among the Singhalese as the Hewavitarne are reported to be should be treated with such cruelty, and an explanation can only be found in the fear aroused in the British colonists in Ceylon through the riots of the Singhalese, and the idea that a further spread of them must be stopped by the severest methods. κ

Mr. Peter Filo Schulte, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa (P. O. Box 43) has written a pamphlet entitled *Protest Against the Cruel War*, in which he presents a plan for international government as a means of attaining peace. His hope of seeing in the immediate future an international government established according to his plans is very small indeed; all he claims is that reason dictates this as the most feasible plan for attaining permanent peace. After we have planned according to reason there remains human opposition to overcome. If any one knows of any better plan than his for attaining peace he would be glad to hear of it. The pamphlet is written in as simple a style as possible. Its statements are positive and definite. The author has made a special study of the questions, What is reasoning? How must one conduct the thoughts to attain truth? And after much thought he has solved the question to his entire satisfaction. The pamphlet may be obtained of the author directly, at the special price of ten cents. ρ

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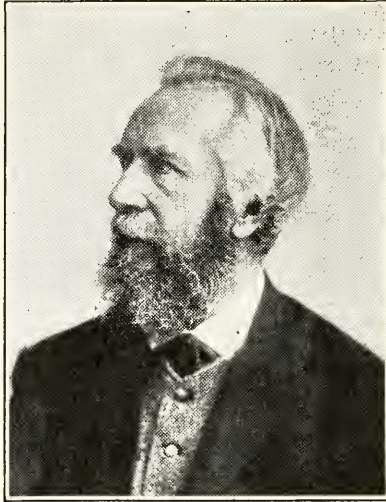
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