The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER

VOLUME XL (No. 10) OCTOBER, 1926 (No. 845)

CONTENTS

PAGE

Frontispiece. Inscribed Asoka Pillar.

Asoka: The Peerless Monarch of India. GLADYS BURRELL KIRBY *and* FRANK M. RICH 577

The Indian Reveals His Character. DR. GEORGE H. DAUGHERTY, JR. 596

Last Words at Death. WM. LOFTUS HARE 610

As a Naturalist Sees It. HARVEY M. WATTS 624

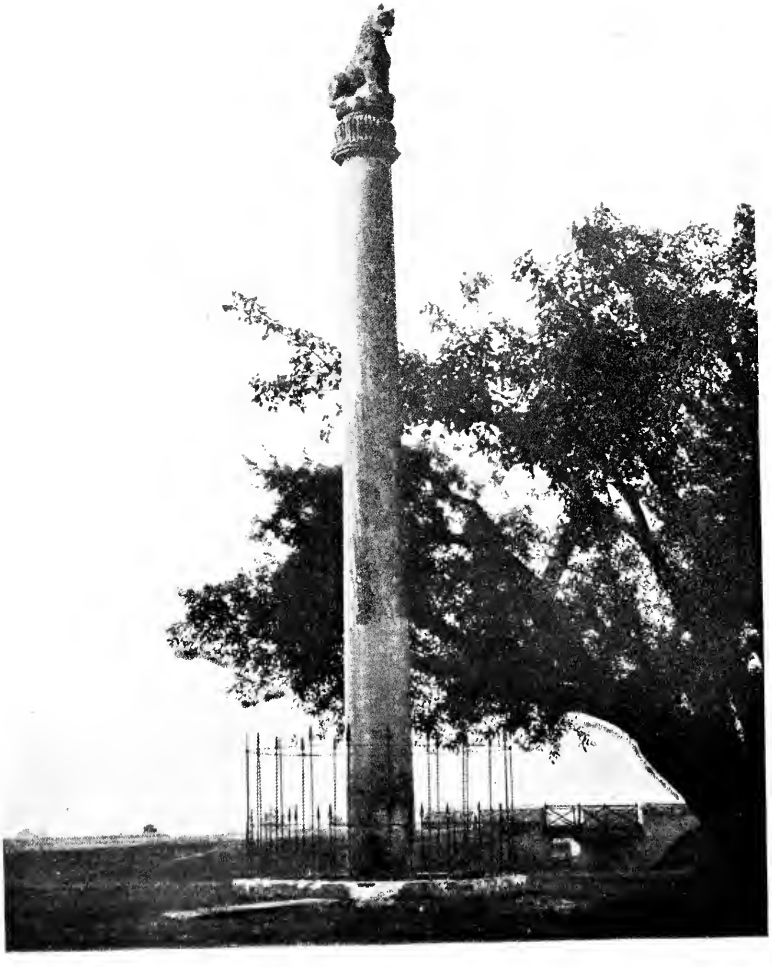
A Thorough Aesthetic Education. HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND 632

The Open Court Publishing Company

122 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Per copy, 20 cents (1 shilling). Yearly, $2.00 (in the U.P.U., 9s. 6d.)

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1887, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879.



INSCRIBED ASOKA PILLAR AT LAURIYĀ-NANDANGARH

(Reproduced from Vincent Smith's History of Fine Art in India and Ceylon.)

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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

VOLUME XL (No. 10) OCTOBER, 1926 (No. 845)

ASOKA: THE PEERLESS MONARCH OF INDIA

BY GLADYS BURRELL KIRBY *and* FRANK M. RICH

"QUICK! Look! The royal hunt! Chandragupta, the King! Make way!" From mouth to mouth, from stand to stand, the warning passed along, electrifying the sleepy Indian market place. Blinking venders, dozing over their wares, leaped to frenzied activity. Cloth merchants bundled off with their rolls of exquisite silk and linen. Lapidaries, with trays of precious stones, jostled snake charmers, basketing their treacherous playthings. Scribes overturned writing boxes, and jugglers their trumpery, in the rush to make room for a stupendous cavalcade.

Good reason the populace had to be agitated at the news. In these huddled quarters a near view of the terrible Chandragupta on a tiger hunt was a spectacle and an adventure.

In any age or country a royal procession has been a sensation for the masses. But probably no age or country ever produced anything quite so sensational as the one of this grim old monarch, who, 321 B. C., wrested authority from the unpopular Nanda king, united the fierce tribes of Northwest India under his standard, defeated the Greeks after the death of Alexander the Great, and made himself undisputed master of Behar, the ancient Indian Empire.

In the presence of the terrific Chandragupta, well might the populace temper their curiosity with discretion. A ruler who dared not shut his eyes to sleep by day, who changed his sleeping place every night naturally took no rash chances in passing through a crowd. He lived in a land where any wife of his, slaying him in his drunken stupor, would, according to an honored custom become the star favorite in the harem of the grateful and appreciative successor; so Chandragupta governed himself accordingly. All his subjects knew by reputation and experience how desirable it was, when their ruler deigned to show himself, to keep at a modest and respectful distance.

They huddled into corners and watched the hunting procession in silence.

The procession was led by a huge array of beaters with drums and gongs. Their duty it was to enclose a vast area of game land, and drive the quarry to the center for the king and his nobles to dispatch.

Next came a gorgeous retinue of attendants with silver censers, to weave an exquisite and intricate harmony of perfumes over the road which the king was to travel. In these days the art of olifactory entertainment had attained the skill and complexity of a musical composition. Chandragupta's band therefore played to his nose rather than to his ears.

The piece de resistance of the show was the third section—three hundred Greek amazons, huge women of prodigious strength, armed with bows, arrows and naked swords, who cut down without mercy any man or woman who approached the sovereign. In the midst of this company rode Chandragupta, dressed in finest muslin, embroidered with gold and purple, lolling in a golden palankin, festooned with long strings of dangling pearls, a tough old tiger in spite of this feminine finery, cool and commanding, but cruel and debauched. The amazons who accompanied him were the strange product of an outrageous surgical art, practiced upon girls in countries to the west, which altered their feminine form, and made them creatures of extraordinary size, cruelty and fanatical devotion. With such a bodyguard, never wholly absent from him, night or day, their wily master, Chandragupta, managed to protect himself from the kind of murder and intrigue with which he had raised himself to power, and with his fierce and loyal watchwomen saved himself even the irksome necessity of keeping sober.

Other spectacular features of the procession followed in long succession. There were more golden palanquins for subordinate rajahs from the provinces, with courtesans to fan and amuse these worthies, and carry long umbrellas to shade the lordly eyes. Here and there among the guards were men carrying boughs of trees, in which gorgeous parrots and cockatoos perched, and caused great astonishment along the way by the sprightly things they had been taught to say. There was an army of servants with wagons and cattle, ropes by the mile, staging and shelters to be set up in wooded country, and elephants for the hunters to mount in case tigers were encountered on open ground. It was a long and gorgeous cavalcade.

By far the most pleasing figure in the pageant was a young man in a palanquin behind the king's. He was a promising youth of seventeen or eighteen, reflecting in his fine countenance the high intelligence and character that were destined to make him one of the noblest rulers history has ever known. He was Asoka, the favorite grandson of Chandragupta, and already viceroy of the large and important province of Taxila. To be a favorite among Chandragupta's grandsons was indeed an honor, for tradition says that Asoka had ninety-eight brothers and sisters, and at this rate must have had several thousands cousins. The current price of wives was only a yoke of oxen, and eastern potentates invested generously.

The emperor rejoiced in Asoka, for the youth reflected the same quick, aggressive decision, and limitless force and ambition as his own. In return the Young Asoka made Chandragupta his model. He emulated the old grim master of millions, who fought armies and wild beasts for his work; and for his play, set bulls, elephants and rhinoceroses in the arena to fight each other. If a taste for these gory exhibitions was a strange schooling for the greatest humanitarian of all time, it is evidence that human nature is erratic and contradictory. The course pleasures of a brutal and sensuous court were high sport for the fresh young prince. He entered into whatever was afoot—work or war, hunt or entertainment—with a contagious enthusiasm that lent new zest to the jaded grandfather. Even the monotonous panic of crowds, always scurrying in fear, or grovelling in mock servility, became gratifying and amusing when the prince was near. Ordinarily, like grasshoppers, scuttling underfoot, they were an inevitable feature of movement.

Accustomed from birth to his grandfather's crowds, nothing in their behavior this day impressed the prince, till the procession had left the confines of the city proper and made its way through an outlying cemetery where mourning relatives had piously raised domes of stone or carefully wrought vases or stupas over the ashes of their dead. Squatting among the gravestones, and charred bits from funeral fires, a group of men had assembled around a young bhikshu who was addressing them. If he had met an excited throng of plebians, running or cowering in terror, it would have been a commonplace. To the prince, the astonishing thing about this assemblage was that they seemed to take no particular notice of the king's retinue at all. Their eager attention was fastened upon the monk, and upon those among his students who questioned, from time to

time, some point in his discourse. King, amazons and tigers were of no consequence to them.

The sight piqued the curiosity of the young Asoka. A rusty monk in a cemetery—what counter attraction was this that could eclipse a royal cavalcade? Asoka sent for one of the officers whose special duty it was to keep track of the arrival and entertainment of travellers.

"What sort of holy man is this, and what are his fellows doing in this place of the dead?" he demanded.

"He is a strange teacher from the west, Upagupta by name, son of a perfumer in Benares. He preaches the heretical doctrines of a philosopher whom he calls the Enlightened One. He spurns the teachings of the sacred Vedas, and blasphemes against the great gods Siva and Vishnu. Even the wise rule of His Majesty, your royal grandfather, is slandered. He has been forbidden entrance to the city, and so harangues among the tombs."

A curious smile flitted over the face of the young prince, as he dismissed the officer. Youth can be fond without being reverential. "This fellow's preaching must be interesting," he said. "I may wish to hear more of his strange doctrine.

As inconspicuously as possible he put aside his ornaments, and on some slight pretext slipped out of the hunter's train. He quietly moved round and took a seat among the young Upagupta's disciples. Upagupta, squatting in the center, was a striking figure in a tattered yellow robe, girdled with a leathern belt, and by his side the empty wooden prayer bowl of the Indian mendicant. His sunken cheeks and starved appearance showed that the bowl was seldom filled, but food was forgotten in the breathless intensity of his message. Young, eloquent, skillful, and aflame with zeal for the new gospel of service, he showed his hearers with consummate clearness the faults of their own lives and the way to better things.

"How common it is," he was saying, "to find both laymen and priests who think, 'What wonders I can work! See how I bend others to my will!' Vain braggarts do not undertake work because of some great purpose in view, some benefit to be accomplished. They think only in terms of their own honor and gain. Everything in their eyes is useful only as a pedestal to set them up above their companions.

"Show your true superiority, my brothers, by superior conduct, by the superior judgment you apply. Do not swell our own feelings

of self-esteem in the humiliation of your associates. If they are really inferior, lift them up, by your comfort and your charity.

"Order your lives so that your satisfactions will not depend upon petty bawbles and happenings that surround you, but in the great purposes and creations of your intelligence."

The bhikshu pointed to the tombstones around them.

"Before long this body will sink to the ground, as devoid of sense and worth as a piece of rotting wood. But ideas will remain. They will pass on to others, and others will put them into execution. The good ideas will become a line of virtuous deeds; the bad ones a succession of evil actions. Our duty is to do something not only for our own pleasures, but for the benefit of posterity."

The prince was tempted to put in a word. "Other bhikshus talk much of austerities and penances in this world, to obtain great happiness in the next. Is it to obtain union with Brahma that you lead this meagre existence?"

"I look for no recompense," Upagupta answered gravely, "not even to be born in heaven; but seek the welfare of my fellow men, to bring back those who stray, to elevate those who live in error, and to do away with the sources of sorrow and pain for the world."

"I fear your soft doctrine would be poor counsel for a prince," said Asoka, smiling.

"On the contrary," Upagupta returned, "there is every reason to think it is the only counsel that could possibly enable him to win lasting success. Conquer your foe by force, and you increase his enmity; conquer by charity, and you reap no after sorrow. A loving heart is the great requirement—not to oppress, not to destroy, not to exalt oneself by treading down others, but to comfort and befriend those in suffering. Here one finds the real satisfaction in life—loving among the hateful, sound among the sickly, generous among the greedy."

There was spirited discussion of these doctrines among the auditors and the samanna that would have amused and interested the prince. But tiger hunting, not philosophy, was the order of the day. The prince withdrew and followed the hunting party.

At the edge of the jungle Asoka met the royal company, storing the jewelled palankins and chariots and stalling horses and cattle in temporary shelters erected for their benefit. The favored few mounted the kneeling elephants and penetrated the deep grass and low bushes, where game driven in by lesser mortals might be dispatched. It was a sport of kings, and the young prince always took

his part with relish. But even in the excitement of the chase, the new phrases of the samanna, like the refrain of a foolish song, kept running through his brain. "Vain braggarts—no great purpose—only a pedestal—rotting log of wood—no recompense, not even to be born in heaven—conquer by charity, and you reap no after sorrow."

The hunt was little different from others the prince had enjoyed. The beasts and the beaters took the risks, the riders took the honor and satisfaction of striking the final blow.

Nightfall found the cavalcade returning to the spacious palace grounds, ornamented with stately trees, pools of vari-colored lotus flowers, ponds of goldfish and tortoises, and gardens of roses filled with deer, peacocks and parrots of gorgeous plumage. The prince hastened to his apartments, where he stretched upon a richly inlaid teakwood bed, piled with silken pillows. His personal servants, with jewelled flasks and ebony rollers administered upon his body one of those matchless symphonies of sensual delight, appealing not only to sound and sight, but to muscular sensation and the sense of smell, which were peculiar to the time and country. With all the refinements of their art they massaged his tired muscles, pouring out in careful succession the right proportions of vari-scented oils. As the attendants rolled and kneeded his flesh, an orchestra played, and twelve beautiful nautch girls, with filmy, spangled skirts and pearl-strung waists and shoulders, plaited a series of graceful postures, half dance, half pantomime, about the reclining connoisseur. All was tempered with exquisite harmony—the sheen of pearl against the brown transparency of naked bodies, the gold bands and crowns of flowers about the shapely heads, quiver of bangle, sweep of line and gesture, shrill of reedy pipe—all were part of a carefully wrought invention. Meanwhile the master of the wardrobe appeared with a habit of pure white wool, embroidered with lotus flower designs in threads of gold and silver. Two chamberlains followed with headband and girdle of scarlet silk, gem studded, and scarlet sandals of softest leather. Richly clothed, the young Asoka walked along the latticed galleries, down the stately staircase, across the threshold of alabaster, into the great hall of his grandfather's palace, where many nobles of the realm had gathered to pay homage to the great emperor and report conditions in various parts of the empire.

When gifts had been presented and accepted with all the formalities required by Oriental courtesy, Chandragupta ordered the per-

formers to begin their entertainment. Sword swallowers, jugglers, snake charmers, wrestlers, tiger tamers did their best to merit the applause of king and courtiers.

When this program was concluded a host of waiters entered with such a feast as only an Oriental monarch would provide. Served from golden trays of exquisite workmanship, there were curried peacocks, capon, antelopes, sweet cakes made of rice flour, figs, dates, sweetmeats, honey and wine. The feasters reclined upon couches in oriental fashion, and during the banquet other dancing girls glided among the revellers, with pretty wiles and graceful postures, sprinkling attar of roses over the company. As night deepened, myriads of bronze and silver lamps, hanging from the carved sandal-wood ceiling, gave the hall the appearance of fairyland. When the guests grew weary of amusements and muddled with wine, pearl-strung dancers charmed their departing senses with fondling, music and perfume.

The entertainment, which was a tremendous delight for those tired business men, Chandragupta's commissioners, on their infrequent visits to the capital, to be dreamed of and talked about for years, was a stale show for the prince. If tonight it had more than common in it to amuse and stimulate, it was by way of interpretation of the samanna's maxims of the morning. Why did the sword-swallowers paralyze their gullets, and snake charmers slyly extract the poison of their pets upon bits of meat and then provoke stinging bites upon their naked flesh without flinching? Why did jugglers and animal tamers endure years of toil and obscurity? Was it only to say, "See what wonders I can work!" Was it merely the pedestal that set them up above their fellows?

Asoka's mind turned from the overladen baskets of dainties to the little empty praying bowl of the ascetic. He could see the lean, earnest face of the young preacher imploring, "Order your lives so that your satisfactions will not depend upon petty bawbles and happenings that surround you, but in the great purposes and creations of your intelligence. . . . Ideas will outlast death. Duty is to do something, not for mere pleasure, but for the benefit of posterity. . . . Sound among the sickly, generous among the greedy." What a philosophy! The magnificent idealism of the teaching appealed powerfully to the natural idealism of youth; yet the full force and deeper meaning of the doctrine was not to receive serious consideration for years to come. But the words of a humble, outcast samanna had left their stamp upon a noble mind, and the effect was the most

epoch making and far reaching ever imparted by a single mind upon a single occasion in the history of the world.

Often in the days that followed the young prince hunted in the jungles of realm beyond which towered the white peaks of the Himalayas. Sometimes he used dogs after the manner introduced by Alexander the Great in the days when Asoka's grandfather had himself been a young prince. Asoka was interested also in falconry, and brought and trained great numbers of these hunting birds within the grounds of the royal palace. As time advanced, however, the fondness for hunting gave way to the more mature interests of the soldier. With his grandfather's generals in battle he always conducted himself so as to merit the approval of that critical judge. The momentary impression created by the samanna's preaching was apparently cast aside. His mind was upon war and the glories of war. One promotion followed another, first the vice-royalty of Taxila and later of Ujain. These were not given by the exacting king till justly won, as he wished in no way to injure his grandson's chances of becoming a great emperor in his own right. One of his first great independent undertakings was to build a royal road from Taxila to Pataliputra the capital, the first to be built in the empire. The grandfather, at the outset, skeptical about anything so revolutionary in the East, where abominable roads are an institution, finally came to recognize the value of good communication as an essential of good government, and secretly felt great pride in the young prince's enterprize.

In 298 B. C., Chandragupta died, leaving the empire to his son Bindusara, of whom we know very little, except that he died twenty-four years later, passing the empire intact to his son, Asoka. Curiously, the only record that remains of this twenty-four years is a letter from Bindusara to a neighboring Greek governor, Antioches, asking him, as a friendly favor, to buy him some figs, some raisin wine and a Greek professor. Antiochos replied that he was sending the figs and wine with pleasure; as for buying the professor, well, he was petrified with regret, but really that wasn't done among the Greeks.

For ten years after his accession, Asoka was occupied in governing the realm after the manner of his two predecessors. The efficient administration of so vast an empire demanded great industry and extraordinary ability. His grandfather had maintained an army of 600,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, 9,000 elephants and a corresponding number of chariots. Asoka continued this organiza-

tion, perfect in discipline and equipment. Chandragupta had imported skilled workmen from Persia and Greece to improve the art and architecture of his kingdom, but like many others with more means than culture, he was not the ideal patron of art. In attempting to control the details of the work, he sometimes gave such ridiculous orders that the workmen, in anger or ridicule, produces monstrosities so grotesque that even the most unlearned had to smile. Asoka, with better taste and finer appreciation, encouraged his workmen to do their best in their own way, and erected masterpieces of architecture that succeeding generations refused to believe had been fashioned by human hands. His workmen, for instance, succeeded in finding a brilliant polish for sandstone which no workmen in modern times have been able to discover.

The army and the extensive building programs necessitated enormous revenues. Taxes at their highest in modern times are trifling compared with the levies in Chandragupta's empire. Irrigating systems were government works, and a third of the crop was requisitioned in payment for water. Everything offered for sale had to be marked with the government stamp, and government inspectors, everywhere on the lookout in the markets, took a tenth of the price paid at every sale. All gambling was under government control. Officers furnished the devices, refereed the games and collected five per cent of the winnings.

Megasthenes, a Greek ambassador to India in the time of Chandragupta, sent back detailed descriptions of the land and its people which give us considerable light on the customs of this distant time and place. If we stick to the reports of his own observations, and leave out some of the wild tales that he says were told him about stones sweeter than figs or honey, serpents with bats' wings, which could pass overhead and rain down ulcers, dogs that bit so ferociously that their eyes fell out, men with eyes in the middle of their foreheads and with ears reaching to their feet, others with feet reversed and no mouths, for they lived on odors, gold-digging ants as big as foxes, who understood the value of their accumulations and chased away all visitors to their gold dust mountains, and like absurdities which are likely to season ancient accounts, we get a picture of a frugal, honest, orderly, temperate people, who safely left their houses unguarded and who had no lawsuits over grievances and disputes. There was a measure of self-government, but with it a strict accountability to the king and his commissioners, for the king had secret agents collect news of everything and pass it on to

their superiors, even criticisms of their own acts and the policies of the king that were in disfavor among the people. There were committees throughout the kingdom to provide accommodations for travellers, and incidentally to keep a sharp lookout upon them; others to register births and deaths, to license dealers, supervise manufactures, attend to government parks, buildings and repairs, etc. As the houses were mostly of wood, there was great need of good fire protection. Government agents saw to it that there was a fire-well for every ten houses, a supply of ladders, axes, hooks, and ropes, and a volunteer fire company always available.

A prodigious task it was to select and sustain reliable, competent appointees in all these positions, who could manage work efficiently and handle funds honestly. Where so much revenue had to be collected and spent, misappropriation was difficult to discern. As a minister of the time records: "Just as with fish moving under water, it cannot be discovered whether they are drinking or not, so it is impossible to detect government servants, employed on official duties, when helping themselves to money."

Asoka, while naturally mild and reasonable, did not lack force and severity when dealing with felons. With perjurers, tax dodgers and assassins, justice was quick and sharp. Cases were tried as they came up, night or day, without waiting, and the sentence executed on the spot. The administration of the sentence cost little and fell on all alike, for it was applied to the culprit's body, and ranged in severity from the cutting of the hair to severe bodily mutilation and death. There was no workman's compensation law, but whoever caused a skilled workman to lose a hand or an eye paid for the injury with his life.

For ten years, therefore, Asoka employed himself in maintaining good government in the realm that his grandfather had subjugated; then he began to look with covetous eyes upon Kalinga, an independent kingdom on the southeast. The longer he studied, the more desirable it seemed, and he could not rest till the way was clear to annex it to his own domain. With strategic speed and secrecy he marshalled his forces in fighting array and led it against the luckless country.

The infantry were armed with the peculiar Indian bows of prodigious size and strength. Too ponderous to be drawn by hand, they were rested with one end on the ground while the archer placed one foot in the middle and drew the nine-foot arrow back with both hands. The arrow left the bow with a force that no armour could

withstand. If the soldiers drew too close to use the bow to advantage, they exchanged them for huge two-handled swords.

Following the infantry came the horsemen, armed with lances and short bucklers, riding without saddles and prodding their horses with spurs and guiding them by reins attached to iron prongs in the horse's mouth. Finally came the 9,000 fighting elephants, clad in brazen armour, some bearing towers upon their backs, in which were concealed warriors, while other elephants followed carrying the army's baggage and supplies.

At the end of the long, six hundred mile advance, with the beating of brass drums and the blowing of conch shells, the mighty forces of Asoka rushed forward to attack. The inhabitants of Kalinga were entirely unprepared for the battle, nevertheless they dauntlessly sallied out to defend their city. The Kalingans were a simple people, in the arts of war inferior to their assailants. Although they knew the use of bows, javelins and slings and had horsemen of fair ability, they had nothing to match the chariots and elephants. Indeed, many among their number were rustics, clad only in the skins of animals and armed with pointed sticks. In an incredibly short time, however, they raised more than 600,000 soldiers, such as they were, and undertook to defend their country.

The two armies met outside the city and horrible carnage ensued. Asoka's scythe bearing chariots mowed down the Kalingan infantry as a reaper mows grain. The prancing horses, four abreast, trampled the almost defenseless Kalingans. Most ruthless and dreadful of all were the Indian elephants and their riders. These monsters in armour were invincible to lance, javelin or sword. The beasts had been taught to cut and thrust with huge scimitars which they carried in their trunks, and thus they annihilated almost as many of the enemy as the chariots. In the brazen towers on the back of each elephant crouched three archers, shooting right and left into the midst of the warriors below.

The Kalingans, beaten in the field, fled to the city and defended themselves as long as possible. But an enemy more deadly even than Asoka's forces stealthily invaded their camp. Famine and pestilence steadily wasted their strength and within a few days the invaders were able to complete their victory. A hundred thousand had been slain, 150,000 were prisoners. The rest were dead of disease, sick or starving. Asoka and his generals rode into the city to see the magnitude of their victory.

It was a personal triumph for Asoka. He himself had directed and won one of the world's great wars. He had gratified his ambition to enrich the state, and to extend the dominions of his empire. What was there to prevent him from becoming another even more glorious Alexander? Nothing, perhaps, but a few words dropped by an obscure beggar. As it was, however, no conqueror ever knew a more heart-breaking triumph.

What sights greeted his eyes! Everywhere he looked, disease and destruction had left their wake of suffering and despair. Bodies of the noble Kalingans, piled in heaps, lay in ghastly horror, gaunt forms struck down by pestilence and hunger. He wandered among endless thousands of blighted homes, unkept and forlorn, only to read a new tale of tragedy in every one. Here a wounded soldier, hacked by scythe or scimitar, had escaped immediate slaughter only to die of disease. There, the lifeless form of a woman, and clinging to her in helpless terror, the starved shadow of a living child. A soldier could endure the sights of battle, but who could look upon these widows dumb with anguish, wondering children, sick and helpless, and the staring, sightless eyes of the dead? A whole virile nation had been crushed and wasted.

Outside the gates of the city groups of weeping mourners were bearing their dead and erecting funeral piles for their cremation. Hundreds of columns of flame shot upward and long wreaths of black smoke commingled and intertwined. To the king's cultivated senses, the horror of the smell was even more appalling than the abomination of the sight. No skilled specialist among the perfumers tonight can concoct a symphony that will mitigate the noisome horror of this one. Asoka asked his generals to proceed without him and sat down alone upon a mound in the Kalingan cemetery. With startling realism the cemetery scene of so many years ago flashed before him, and he could hear the samanna saying, "How common it is to find both laymen and priests who think, 'What wonders I can work! See how I bend others to my will!' Vain braggarts do not undertake work because of some great purpose in view, some benefit to be accomplished. They think only in terms of their own honor and gain. Everything in their eyes is useful only as a pedestal to set them up above their companions."

The words of the samanna were calm and his manner gentle, but the message they carried stung the king like a white-hot sword. Never until this moment had he seriously considered the personal bearing of the instruction. Now every syllable rang with convic-

tion. "What wonders I have wrought! How I have bent others to my will! And, great Siva, what a pedestal!"

In this hour Asoka suffered the blackness of remorse as many another sinner before and since has suffered in the hour of his conversion. Then the more uplifting parts of the message gripped his thought. "Do not swell your feelings of self esteem in the humbling of your associates. If they are below you lift them by your comfort and charity. Conquer your foe by force and you increase his enmity; conquer by love, and you reap no after sorrow."

As he pondered the significance of the words, hope began to mingle with remorse, and resolution moved him to action. Still repeating the words of the samanna, which returned with ever-growing conviction, he started at a brisk pace toward his headquarters. "Show true superiority by superior conduct, by the superior judgment you can apply to living. Order your life so that your satisfaction will be realized in the noble creations of your intelligence." That was it! In the short years left to him, he would devote his authority and ability to intelligent, creative effort, and wipe out the stain of this hateful conquest. The remaining victories must be victories of great ideas. "Ideas will remain. They will be put into execution by others, in a line of virtuous deeds." Was it possible that the millions under his command could be kindled by generous motives as easily as they had been called to war? If so, what a transformation in his empire could be wrought! "A loving heart is the great requirement. Not to oppress, not to destroy, not to exalt oneself by treading down others, but to comfort and befriend the suffering." Already he caught visions of a marvellous revolution. The gloom gave way to a flood of spiritual exaltation. The very stones shouted in ecstacy. This hateful triumph of ambitious cruelty in Kalinga had shown him the way to a spiritual triumph of kindness and service throughout the world.

He returned to the capital, Pataliputra (Patna) an entirely different Asoka from the one that had sallied forth a few weeks before. His life henceforth was devoted to the service of his fellow men, the only military monarch on record who ever abandoned warfare after victory. In haste he sent couriers to find the monk, Upagupta, whose discourse had been instrumental in his great conversion. Upagupta, now like the king, a man of advancing years, explained that his sayings had been those of a more famous master, Gotamo, the Sakya sage, and together the emperor and he set about a study and interpretation of the great doctrines of the "Enlight-

ened One." The more he studied the traditions and the written accounts that were available, the more they captured his mind and heart. Immediately his enormous power and immense resources were employed to carry out the Buddha's teachings.

The first step was to reduce the sum of pain and misery in the world. For the millions of thirsty laborers, toiling over Indian roads in the tropic heat, he planted a continuous line of shade trees, and dug wells at frequent intervals. All over his own kingdom, and neighboring states as well, he set up hospitals, for suffering men and beasts. These became not only refuges for the injured and diseased, but training schools for nurses and physicians, and stations for the growth of healing herbs and the distribution of medicines, the first hospitals and medical schools in history.

Gotamo had said, "If a man will first make himself the model of what he would like others to be, then he can profitably undertake to mold others to his pattern. Perfecting himself, however, will constitute his most difficult task." Asoka therefore set the example in the humane treatment of animals by abolishing the royal hunt, and greatly reducing the use of meat on the royal tables. Sacrifices of most animals were forbidden and wild life protected, though not to the fanatical extreme reached in later centuries.

Other heartless customs of Chandragupta and his predecessors Asoka discontinued. One was the curious horse sacrifice of ancient India. The game was to turn loose a magnificent young stallion, with a hundred older animals following to wander off at will. The king with all his army followed. If any force ventured to interfere, they fell upon them and engaged in battle. The horse, of course, might be judiciously guided into the domains of an enemy and so made the occasion of a welcome quarrel. After the ceremony, the horse was yoked with others to a gold car and sacrificed to the fire spirit. Instead of using these fantastic means to provoke war, Asoka's great concern, after his conversion, was to produce friendship and help for bordering tribes.

Even greater than Asoka's concern for the physical well-being of man and beast, was his concern for the general moral welfare. He longed to have all men fused, like himself, with Gotamo's ideals of service. Along with his "healing arrangements," therefore, and perhaps as part of it, he founded the greatest missionary enterprize in the history of the world. Eighty-four thousand missionaries he is said to have dispatched to different parts of India and in a surprisingly short time India and Ceylon had been converted to

Buddhist teachings. Through the influence of others sent to countries beyond, Buddhism in some form eventually extended over Burma, Siam, Cambodia, the Indian Archipelago, China, Korea, Japan, Mongolia, Thibet and other countries of Asia. According to Professor Mahaffy, Buddhist monks were preaching in Palestine and Syria two hundred years before Christ. Asoka's own brother and sister or daughter went as missionaries to Ceylon.

In his own kingdom, missionaries were not only moral instructors, but enthusiastic teachers of reading and writing. Where Megasthenes, two generations before, had found a people notably illiterate, now the ability to read and write was widespread. Through the written word, the king was thus enabled to speak to his subjects directly, and this he did by setting up stone pillars, carved with the messages he wished to convey. Tradition states that 64,000 of these memorial columns were erected, of which only thirty-five widely scattered ones remain. The others have been destroyed in one way and another—often by later Mohammedan fanatics, who could not read the inscriptions, and burst the huge stones with fire, to get the supposedly idolatrous objects out of the way. The remaining pillars, now readily deciphered by modern scholars, give a remarkable picture of this peerless monarch.

On one of them, he says, "In his majesty's opinion, the highest triumph is the triumph of principle. He considers profitable only what effects the future. He has raised this memorial so that his descendents may not feel it their duty to attempt new wars of conquest. If perchance they become involved in war, they should take pride in using patience and mercy toward their foes, always remembering that the only true conquest is the triumph of righteousness. Let your enthusiasm be directed toward constructive labor, for that alone brings happiness in this world and the next."

Again: "On the roads I have had banyan trees set out to give shade to man and beast, and every little way bowers of mango trees planted and wells dug, rest houses erected and watering places provided for the general enjoyment. A small matter, however, is this so-called enjoyment. The real merit in what I have done lies in the features that other men will adopt and emulate. In increasing measure they will learn to accept the wisdom of former generations, they will apply the learning of scholars, respect the aged, the Brahmans, the holy men, the unfortunate, yes, even laborers and slaves."

The time that Asoka had formerly spent in hunting he now devoted to pious tours of his kingdom—not with a company of nobles and huge retinue of retainers, as in his grandfather's day, but often with only a companion or two, going afoot from camp, dressed in the garb of a friar, and preaching along the way. The most famous of these pilgrimages was made about the twenty-first year of his reign, in company with his beloved teacher, Upagupta, to the places associated with Gotamo—his traditional birthplace, the Lumbino gardens, the famous Bo-tree where he received his great inspiration, his burial place, and others. At each shrine visited he had stupas or topes erected and inscribed with the words of Upagupta, as he presented them to his royal disciple. To Asoka and Upagupta, the stupa, or funeral stone, had very deep and sacred associations, hence this emblem became to the Buddhist what the cross became to the Christian. Each found his highest symbol of devotion in the chief memorial of his persecution. A cutting of the Bo-tree he sent to Ceylon, where it is still growing, the oldest tree known, and an object of deepest reverence to the inhabitants.

Asoka was eager to share his belief in the teachings of Gotamo, but he sought converts only by peaceful persuasion and reasonable conviction; he did not press the doctrines upon anybody by authority or the force of arms. Other sects were not only tolerated but assisted. The Jains for example, entertained religious views quite different from Asoka's, but he constructed places of worship according to their wishes, beautiful rock temples, still in existence, carved from solid stone and polished to mirror luster. Of the various beliefs Asoka said, "One ought not to glorify his own creed and belittle others' without reason. Let him be sure of the grounds for his criticism, for the other sects also deserve reverence for one reason or another. By regarding them kindly, he does credit to his own sect and others at the same time. On the other hand, by fanatical opposition, he discredits himself and does disservice to others."

Tolerant as Asoka was of creeds frankly different from his own, he had little sympathy with factions within his own church, who produced disunion on petty doctrinal questions or deceived the people with false beliefs. The king's patronage of religious teachers had induced evil men to assume the yellow robe of friars and give forth their own opinions as the teachings of Buddha. In the eighteenth year of his reign, therefore, Asoka called a council of one thousand leading elders, and with their help collected as much as possible of the actual sayings of Gotamo, in the language of his central kingdom

(Magadha) and this still remains the basic scriptures of southern Buddhists.

Asoka's labors in behalf of his faith does not seem to have interfered with efficient administration of the empire. Asoka followed the wise policy of giving his appointed officers great freedom in the management of their business. He allowed them room to exercise unlimited judgment and enterprize, as their individual genius or circumstances might warrant. He asked only for creditable results, without prescribing in detail how these results were to be brought about. He did not leave results to conjecture, however, but had thorough surveys and investigations of the work of his viceroys and commissioners made by a trusted board of independent inspectors or censors, who, from time to time, reported to the king conditions in every locality, even the morals of his own household. As a further guarantee or check-up on the promptness and virtue of his officers, he had a bell placed over his bed, wherever he slept, and connected by a cord to the outer courtyard, within reach of any citizen. Any one of high or low degree, who failed to get justice through the regular channels, was at liberty to ring the bell, Atri-fashion, and call the king's attention to his grievance. Doubtless, it paid commissioners to see that the king did not have to lose too much sleep on their account.

One point that Asoka made much of in his instruction to his officers, we of this day could profitably take to heart. He insisted that laws and ordinances were of small account; that good government must depend, not on external regulations, but in improved personal conviction, brought about by a study of moral truths.

If Asoka was exacting in his demands upon his officers, and insistent that they do everything possible for the public good, he was no less exacting with himself. "Whether I am dining," he said, "or in the woman's apartment, or driving, or in bed or in the garden, my agents are to report to me upon the business of the people. If fraud is committed, if by any chance I give a verbal order to one of my officials, and in carrying it out a dispute arises, I have commanded that the whole matter be reported to me at any hour and place. I am never fully satisfied with my efforts. I must do as much as possible for the welfare of mankind. The way to achieve this is by energy and dispatch."

Where Asoka felt that a great principle was at stake, he did not hesitate to go contrary to the popular will. His abolition of animal sacrifices undoubtedly shocked millions of his subjects, who consid-

ered this a deep religious obligation. The slaughter, nevertheless, was stopped. In matters of belief, Asoka let people think as they had a mind to; in matters of behavior, however, they must do as they were told. One of the deepest of popular prejudices which Asoka fought against was one that has crippled India for ages—the caste system. The aboriginal tribes on the borders of Aryan India were considered as less than animals by the Hindus, and treated with cruelty and disdain. Asoka's proclamation was: "If you ask what is the king's command with regard to the unconquered tribes on the frontiers or what does he desire these people to understand, the answer is—the king desires that they shall not be afraid of him, that they should trust him, and should receive from his hand benefits—not misfortune. They should grasp the fact that the king will have patience with them, and that for his sake they should do right, and so profit in this world and the next. Now it is for you to do your part to make the people trust me, and show them that the king loves them as himself, and that they are as his children." It is hard to see how this delicate matter could be handled in a more firm yet tactful way.

As the years advanced Asoka turned over the affairs of state more and more to his successors, and devoted more of his own time to the enjoyment of his religion. For long periods he even adopted the yellow robes of a begging friar, setting aside all wordly care, devoted his waning strength to spreading his favorite gospel of "love of duty, self-examination, obedience to principle, reverence for others, and hard work."

Where he died or how we have no means of knowing. The great builder and marker of shrines had no lasting tombstone over his own grave. Unfortunately Asoka's descendents were unable to maintain his spirit nor his power. Within fifty years, the last of the Maurya dynasty was slain by his commander-in-chief and the empire crumbled to pieces. The forces of reaction set in. Culture declined. Buddhism, with its rejection of magic, cruelty, caste and superstition, and its emphasis upon right ideals and practical philanthropy, died out of popular favor in the land of its origin, though continuing to spread in lands of its adoption.

The wonder is not that Asoka's life and influence were so soon forgotten but they lasted as long as they did. If the downward recoil of his people from the high standards he set for them seems sudden, it is only because of a principle that the great Gotamo made plain, and Asoka often repeated: "It is what people do for them-

selves that counts, not what others do for them." Asoka, in a reign of over two score years, did great things for his nation and for the world, attaining centuries of progress in as many years, but even his long reign and his heroic exertion were not enough to teach the world to adopt and carry out these policies on their own initiative. Thanks to a few other men like Asoka, it is a lesson we are slowly and unsteadily learning to apply.

Through the dim distance of the ages, then, we glimpse the noble figure of one of the greatest kings in history—a strong man of high ideals, unflagging diligence and pious devotion. Reared himself in an atmosphere of colossal intrigue, cruelty, extravagance, voluptuousness and oppression, he became a paragon of honor, humanity, simplicity, purity and service. He put himself at the head of an unpopular reform begun by an obscure sect in his own country, and made it a world religion numbering more nominal believers than any other. The enormous taxes that he levied were returned to the people in magnificent buildings, monuments, and other useful public works. Not only was he centuries ahead of his own times in establishing hospitals, roads, groves, schools, disarmament, and the fruits of industry and tranquility, but perhaps centuries ahead of our times in promoting speedy justice, universal industry, democratic toleration, mobilization of initiative and intelligence of subordinate officials, and charging them not merely with responsibility for the detection and punishment of wrongdoing, but with the obligation of using anticipatory instruction and guidance by which wrongdoing could be prevented. The admonition that we find oftenest repeated by him is, "Let small and great exert themselves."

The most modest estimate of his life work and statement of his ideals is the one he makes himself: "Former kings have brought divers blessings to mankind as well as I. My special thought has been to educate men to a devotion to principles of honor. What are these principles of honor? Reverence, useful labor, kindness of heart, liberality to others, loyalty to fact and personal integrity.

"There is no charity like the charity founded upon these principles; no such friendship, no such brotherhood.

"Both this world and the next are hard to master, save by intense love of duty, searching self-examination, strict obedience to principle, deep reverence for others and plenty of hard work."

His last words were, "Through exertion comes the great reward; it cannot be obtained by position or influence. The humblest man, if he will exert himself somewhat, can win great future bliss."

THE INDIAN REVEALS HIS CHARACTER

BY DR. GEORGE H. DAUGHERTY, JR.

THE character of the North American Indian has long been the subject of controversy. The early Spanish explorers of America were in some doubt whether the natives were actually human. The Pope ruled that they were human and should be treated as such; but the explorers and their successors did not heed this injunction very well. By the eighteenth century, however, it was the style for romantic philosophers like Rousseau, most of whom had never even seen an Indian, to extol him as a noble savage, an undefiled, metaphysical super-man. These philosophers advised their contemporaries to lead the Indian's happy life, but none of the philosophical gentry ever tried the experiment themselves.

The colonists and hunters who actually came in contact with the Indian were nearly unanimous in the traditional opinion of the "pesky redskin," who was only good when dead.[1] Today this view seems to be gradually dying out in favor of the "noble savage" idea. There are many earnest people who still regard the Indian as a once-happy and undefiled son of nature, now soiled and ruined by disgusting civilization.

Which, if either, of these views is correct will be revealed by the following analyses of aboriginal compositions in which the Indian speaks for himself. It will be noticed that the selections chosen are all either songs or speeches. These types of composition, especially the former, were much more religiously guarded and handed down, orally of course, among the tribesmen, than were legends and tales. Each tribe carefully preserved its songs as a precious heritage which another tribe could not borrow. This feeling was partly due to the belief in magical properties of many songs, especially those inspired by dreams. Each individual tribesman also had his store of songs

[1] See Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail,* Thomas Y. Crowell & Co New York, 1901, pp. 292-293.

which he himself had composed and which no one else could sing without permission. Especially good songs were sometimes bought and sold. Thus there was a primitive copyright law. The result of this regard for songs is that many of them have descended almost unchanged for generations before being noted down by expert ethnologists. Such songs therefore reveal the true heart and soul of the red man better than would any amount of theorizing by white men.

Indian speeches are, of course, much harder to obtain than songs. Most of them were uttered on special occasions. Not being recorded in writing, they quickly were forgotten. Some few which were recorded by white men have been greatly changed by the transcribers who desired to improve them. The fact remains that the Indians were notable orators, as even their worst enemies testify. A few of their great speeches have come down in accurate form, and also serve as an index to the nature of those who uttered them.

One of the most disputed questions about the Indian's character is his reputation for being a ferocious and cruel fighter. Many people, some of whom should know better, maintain that in ancient America the inhabitants lived very much at peace; and that it was the villainous white man who taught the Indian how to fight and to practice all the other vices. Dr. Joseph K. Dixon even goes the length of saying: "There are many cogent reasons for the belief that before the coming of the white man there were no general or long continued wars among the Indians. There was no motive for war."[2] The falsity of such an assumption is manifest in some of the very speeches cited by Dr. Dixon. Statement by Chief Apache-John:

"The first thing I can remember is my father telling me about war. . . . We were then moving from place to place, and the old people were constantly talking about war. That was the school in which I was brought up—a war school."[3]

Statement by Chief Runs-the-Enemy: "After we had killed Custer and all his men I did not think very much about it. The soldiers fired into us first, and we returned the fire. Sitting Bull had asked

[2] *The Vanishing Race*, p. 23. Even if one lays aside the pessimistic but probably correct generalization that no group of human beings could exist together very long anywhere without finding numerous motives for war, the statement of Dr. Dixon is entirely erroneous. Dr. Dixon reasons that because weapons were crude, and fighting was often done hand to hand, quarrels must have been few, and casualties light. The absurdity of such reasoning needs no further comment. See also Parkman, *op. cit.*, pp. 253-4, and p. 265ff.

[3] *The Vanishing Race*, p. 46.

us and all the tribes to make a brave fight and we made it. When we had killed all the soldiers we felt that we had done our duty, and felt that it was a great battle and not a massacre."[4]

Fighting, to the Indian, was a keen enjoyment. The causes for wars between pre-Columbian tribes were exactly the same as those for wars between whites and Indians, and even between nations of Europeans—encroachment on hunting grounds and individual acts of aggression or revenge by members of either party.

Any authentic tribal history is likely to be a very blood-stained chronicle.[5] A particularly notable military organization was the great offensive and defensive league of the Iroquois. These politic savages solemnly, perhaps sincerely, stated that they went to war "in order to end war." It was said of them that their career "was simply terrific. They were the scourge of God upon the aborigines of the continent."[6] Even among the sedentary and comparatively peaceable pueblo tribes in the southwest a proof of continuous warfar is seen in the cliff dwellings. These were designed to resist attacks by the more nomadic tribes.[7]

In connection with the Indians' general leanings toward warfare it may be added that among them there were degrees of bellicosity. Some of the Delawares appear to have had more peaceful dispositions.[8] Certainly they held a curiously anomalous position of "peace makers," or inter-tribal arbiters during the great days of the Iro-

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 178.

[5] See accounts of any tribe in the *Reports of the Bureau of Ethnology.* For those who like that sort of thing, Warren's "History of the Ojibway," *Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society*, Vol. V is to be highly recommended. It is quite the goriest book I recall ever to have read, and one of the most interesting of Indian histories.

William Warren, born 1825, was the son of a three-quarter Ojibway woman and a white trader. He received a good education, served in the Minnesota Legislature, died in 1853. He spoke Ojibway fluently; and though young achieved fame as a writer and authority on Indian culture.

See J. Fletcher Williams, "Memoir of William Warren," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, Vol. V, pp. 11-19.

[6] L. H. Morgan, *Ancient Society*, p. 70, quoting General F. A. Walker, in the *North American Review*, April, 1873, p. 370, note 1. See also Horatio Hale, *The Iroquois Book of Rites*, Philadelphia, 1883, pp. 88ff.

[7] A. F. Bandelier, *Final Report of Investigations Among the Indians of the Southwestern United States, Carried on Mainly in the Years from* 1880-1885, Part II, Cambridge, 1892, pp. 17-18. The same author (*Ibid.*, pp. 21, 24) remarks instances of pueblos abandoned on account of enemy attacks.

[8] "Hodge's Handbook of the American Indians," Bulletin 30, *Bureau of American Ethnology*, Vol. II, "Algonquin Family," p. 43.

quois league. This position carried no honor; it was forced on them by the ferocious Iroquois who scornfully dubbed them "the woman tribe," and heaped other insults on them.[9]

The ferocious side of the Indian's character, his thirst for vengeance, as well as his savage sense of justice are all startingly expressed in the famous speech of Logan. This speech has been described as "perhaps the finest outburst of savage eloquence of which we have any authentic record."[10] It has been so widely celebrated and quoted that the attending circumstances are well worth repeating. Logan was an Iroquois chief who figured prominently in the Indian wars before and after the American Revolution. He was celebrated for his splendid appearance and noble qualities, as well as for his loyal friendship for the whites. This friendship was turned to bitter hatred by a terrible and ghastly piece of villainy. During the campaign known as "Lord Dunmore's War," in 1774, a party of frontiersmen under one Greathouse, of infamous memory, murdered all of Logan's kinsfolk. These Indians, believing Greathouse to be friendly had come to his camp to trade. "The whole party (of Indians) were plied with liquor, and became helplessly drunk, in which condition Greathouse and his associated criminals fell on and massacred them, nine souls in all."[11] This abominable deed was inspired by previous Indian outrages: it was, perhaps, no worse than many another perpetrated by both sides, before and afterwards. Nevertheless, it was especially instrumental in stirring the Indians to fury. The succeeding war was bloody, and was signalized by several brutal massacres committed by Logan. When peace was finally made, Logan refused to come to the council. Lord Dunmore, the governor of Virginia, "was obliged to communicate with him through a messenger, a frontier veteran named John Gibson, who had long lived among the Indians and knew thoroughly both their speech and their manners. To this messenger Logan was willing to talk. Taking him aside, he suddenly addressed him in a speech. . . . The messenger took it down in writing, translating it literally, and, returning to camp, gave it to Lord Dunmore. . . . The speech when read proved to be no message of peace, nor an acknowledgement of defeat, but instead, a strangely pathetic recital

[9] Beauchamp, "A History of the New York Iroquois," *New York State Museum, Bulletin* 78, pp. 281-2.

[10] Theodore Roosevelt, *The Winning of the West*, Vol. I, New York, 1897, p. 237.

[11] Roosevelt, *op. cit.*, p. 208.

of his wrongs, and a fierce and exultant justification of the vengeance he had taken. It ran as follows:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."[12]

Similar in tone is a letter by Logan, previously dictated to a white prisoner who wrote it out. On his (Logan's) next (war) expedition this note, tied to a war club, was left in the house of a settler, whose entire family was murdered. It was a short document, written with ferocious directness, as a kind of public challenge or taunt to the man whom he wrongly deemed to be the author of his misfortunes. It ran as follows:

"Captain Cresap:

"What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek, and

[12] Roosevelt, *op. cit.*, Chapter IX, pp. 217ff. and especially pp. 236-7-8.

The authenticity of Logan's speech was for a time the subject of controversy. I have followed Roosevelt's account because he goes into the matter fully, giving unquestionable proofs of Logan's authorship (see *Ibid.*, Appendix F, pp. 347ff.). It is noteworthy that Logan mistook the real murderer. Col. Cresap was a celebrated frontiersman who had led a massacre of Indians just previous to the outrage against Logan. He was therefore blamed by the latter and other Indians, for both attacks. Attempts to discredit Logan's authorship are mainly directed toward vindicating Cresap. Roosevelt proves that Logan could hardly have known that Cresap was not concerned. He also adduces evidence that the speech was given almost literally as Logan spoke it. See *Ibid.*, p. 237, note 2, and Appendix F, pp. 352. "Logan's speech can unhesitatingly be pronounced authentic."

took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry, only myself.

"July 21, 1774. Captain John Logan."[13]

Some of the reasons for the Indian's love of fighting are plain to see in the above documents. Further justification or condemnation of his unquestioned cruelty, his more than occasional treachery need not be detailed here. The present discussion is limited to the effect of a war-like environment on Indian utterances. The following selections, not so fiercely poignant as the preceding, still carry echoes of the war whoop.

"On the mountain tops was a yellow spider magician, upon whom I cried for help. He went to the enemy, darkened their hands and their bows, and made them grow weak as women. Then he pushed us on to destroy the enemy. We rushed upon the Apaches and killed them without difficulty. With gladness in my heart I gathered the evidences of my victory and returned home."[14]

"I make him bite the dust,
The Wapeton Sioux
When I see him."[15]

"The Sioux women pass to and fro wailing.
As they gather up their wounded men the voice of their weeping comes back to us."[16]

But the Indian, even on the war path, did not always continue in this strain. Occasionally even the bravest fighter grew weary of the hard campaign. The following is an echo of nearly any soldier's thoughts on outpost duty at night:

"Well
a wolf

[13] Roosevelt, *op. cit.*, Chapter IX, pp. 217ff.

[14] Part of an ancient traditional war speech of the Pima tribe. Quoted by Frank Russel, "The Pima Indians," *Twenty-sixth Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 364-5.

[15] Ojibway war song. Quoted by Frances Densmore, "Chippewa Music" II, *Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin* 53, p. 70.

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 115.

I considered myself.
And yet
I have eaten nothing
and
I can scarcely stand."[17]

He also grew homesick, and heartily wished himself out of the war and back safe with the girls of the village.

"The women have gone to gather wood
And are having a joyous time chatting around the trees,
While here, very miserable am I, walking."[18]

When "the boys" struck up this mournful strain the leader of the war party tried to cheer them up with songs supposed to reflect the sentiments of the Indian maidens.

"*Ena!* The one I wish to marry has gone to war.
Ena! The one I hate has not gone forth, but remains here."

"The one I was going to marry
is gone again (on the war path)
it was I whom she meant by saying this."[19]

Slackers who stayed at home were properly derided by the hardy warriors:

"Although Jinguabe (man's name)
A man considers himself
his wife certainly takes all his attention."[20]

After his campaigns were over, the old brave manifested a spirit which shows him blood brother to all soldiers, past and present:

"A warrior I have been.
Now it is all over,
A hard time I have."[21]

[17] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," *Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin* 61, p. 345.

[18] Alice C. Fletcher, "The Omaha Tribe," *Twenty-seventh Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology,* Part I, p. 119.

[19] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 373.

[20] Densmore, "Chippewa Music" II, p. 90.

[21] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 459.

[22] *Ibid.*, p. 459ff.

"Mighty, mighty, great in war
So was I honored:
Now behold me, old and wretched."[22]

To their real friends the Indians were neither stolid, secretive nor treacherous. Within the tribe and towards honored strangers they maintained a curious code of etiquette. Even trifling affairs were conducted, not with stolidity but with much pomp and ceremony. Almost any sort of action involving several individuals was preceded by the inevitable council with its code of harangues and songs.[23] Methods of greeting, especially if the visitor came on business, were formal and preceded by a portentious silence. Elders were accorded respect, and were the officials to receive delegations. Women were in some cases accorded ceremonious deference, especially among the Iroquois. Even the postures assumed by individuals, if the occasion was a formal one, were prescribed by custom.[24] The eason for this ceremonialism in matters large and small is to be found in love of display and personal aggrandizement. "Among some tribes every movement and gesture and expression of the male seems to have been affected or controlled with the view to impressing spectators."[25] Selections illustrating grand councils and rituals are reserved for Chapter VI. Minor instances of ceremoniousness are somewhat hard to find. A short quotation from the proceedings of an Iroquois council illustrates some of the assertions made above.

"Hail, hail, hail! I come again to greet and thank the kindred!
Hail, hail, hail! I come again to greet and thank the women!
Hail, hail, hail! I come again to greet and thank the warriors!
Hail, hail, hail! I come again to greet and thank the League!
My forefathers—what they established—
Hearken to them—my forefathers."[26]

Perhaps a better instance is the quotation, given by Beauchamp, of the procedure of an Iroquois council with certain Frenchmen. ". . . The reply of the Iroquois to the French was prefaced by six

[23] McGee reports that among the Sioux an elaborate and strict code of social minutiae was rigorously observed. "Siouan Indians," *Fifteenth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, p. 169ff. See also Horatio Hale, *The Iroquois Book of Rites.*

[24] W. H. Miner, *The American Indians,* Cambridge, 1917, pp. 31ff.

[25] W. J. McGee, *op. cit., loc. cit.*

[26] Beauchamp, "Civil, Religious, and Mourning Councils," p. 401.

airs or chants, which had nothing savage and which expressed very naively (sic), by the diversity of tones, the different passions they wished to represent. The first song said thus: *O, the beautiful land, the beautiful land, which is to be inhabited by the French. . . .*

In the second chant the chief intoned these words: *Good news! very good news!* The others repeated them in the very same tone. Then the chief continued, *It is all good, my brothers, it is every way good that we speak together; it is wholly good that we have a heavenly speech.*

The third song had a grace given it by a very melodious refrain, and said: *My brother, I salute thee; my brother, thou art welcome. Ai, ai, ai, hi. O, the beautiful voice! O, the beautiful voice that thou hast! Ai, ai, ai, hi. O, the beautiful voice, O, the beautiful voice that I also have! Ai, ai, ai, hi.*

The fourth song had another grace by the cadence which these musicians kept, striking with their feet, their hands, and their pipes against the mat, but with such good accord that this noise so well regulated made a harmony sweet to hear; these are its words: *My brother, I salute thee: it is all good; unfeignedly I accept the heaven which thou hast made me see; yes, I agree to it, I accept it.*

They sang for the fifth time, saying, *Adieu to war, adieu to the ax; up to the present time we have been insane, but henceforth we will be brothers; yes, indeed, we will be brothers.*

The last song had the words: *To-day the great peace is made. Adieu to war, adieu to arms: for the whole affair is beautiful throughout; thou dost uphold our cabins when thou comest with us.*

These songs were followed by four beautiful presents.[27]

It was this same love of display, amounting to braggadocio which inspired the stoical or defiant attitude of warriors in the face of privation, suffering, and death.

"You emulated me, and now you are weeping, *He ya tha tho e.*
Among the surrounding tribes I only am the brave. *Ha ha!*
You tried to be like me; behold you weep your dead. *Ha ha!*
Where do I send them when I come?
Where do I send them when I come?
To their graves!
I send them, *ah, hae, thae he thae he thae!*"[28]

[27] Beauchamp, "Civil, Religious, and Mourning Councils," pp. 435-6, quoting *Jesuit Relations* 1611-1672, Quebec, 1858, *Relations of* 1656.

[28] Fletcher, "Omaha Music," p. 254.

"My friends, do not flee.
I am strong hearted."[29]

"The Crow Indians
rushing to fight
I a Mewatani
took courage."[30]

There were numerous times when the grandiose brave relaxed. The stolid and gloomy warrior whom the white man met at the council fire was quite a different individual at odd hours with his fellow braves. Nearly every village had a lodge or club house where the warriors gathered to smoke and have a social time in the evening. According to those few white men ever privileged to visit the soldier's lodge all taciturnity and formality was abolished. The noble red men amused themselves just like any group of jolly bachelors, or married men on a holiday. They spent their time chiefly in gambling, drinking, smoking, and especially in the telling of risque stories and jests. It is said that not a woman in the tribe could escape ribald comment.[31] Unfortunately, the white auditors at these sessions have not seen fit to record the material they heard.

Humor is, of course, a very fragile thing. The jokes of one people or age appear dull, flat, and boreing to another. Even individuals differ on this score. We are assured that the Indians had a sense of humor, but our search for evidence of it is likely to be in vain. One infers that their jokes were somewhat elementary. Major General Howard reports: "The Nez Perces laughed among themselves at the queer ways and looks of the white visitor. They made merry over the white man's odd whisker's, and compared his forehead to the peculiar front of some bird, or pig, or sheep. A bald head was full of suggestions to them. It seemed to mean deception, untruthfulness, or signified what they called a 'piked tongue.' These conclusions were derived from their experiences with bald-headed men whom they had met in council, and whose promises were never fulfilled. They laughed heartily as children do, at small accidents which occurred in their games and sports. I noticed everywhere

[29] Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, p. 109.

[30] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 395.

[31] J. Owen Dorsey, "Siouan Sociology," *Fifteenth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, p. 225. Major General O. O. Howard, *My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians*, Hartford, Conn., 1907, pp. 556ff. Natalie Curtis, *The Indian's Book*, pp. 7-8.

among the Nez Perces a *badinage* as frequent, as hearty, and as amusing as that among college students. . . .[32] Many times I have seen Apache chiefs laugh out at sudden surprises until they could hardly breathe; I have seen them roll on the ground and bend themselves double in the excess of their merriment."[33]

This is the sort of thing they laughed at. "Pranks are usually played upon a boy on his first war excursion. The first night (of the narrator's first war expedition) one of the warriors said, 'take this pail and run down that path for water, it is far.' I set out briskly only to step in a deep pool of ill-smelling mud. About this I was teased, and all manner of jokers were made. Of course, the warriors knew the pool was there. They joked about my new paint, my new way of deceiving an enemy, my new perfume (love medicine), and so on. Finally one man in a very solemn manner conferred a new name upon me—Stinking-legs. From that time on, all of them called me by that name."[34] The narrator of the above incident achieved in turn a great reputation as the wag of his tribe. His jokes were decidedly Chaucerian.

"A favorite trick of mine was often played upon visiting strangers, especially upon dignified old men. I would invite the guest to my tepee to feast with a few of my friends. Then I would pretend to quarrel with my woman and we would fall to fighting. The others would try to separate us and so all begin to struggle, taking care to fall upon and thoroughly mess up the puzzled visitor."

At other times, this jovial medicine-man would disguise himself as a member of an enemy tribe, and run off with some one's horse. After leading the pursuing party a dismal chase he would sneak back to camp and tie the horse up as before. When the discomfited search party came back, "then there was great uproar and jesting."[35]

Another Indian joke was to sing incongruous words such as:

> "I suppose I'll get drunk if I take one drink;
> If I get drunk, take care of me."

[32] Hardly a strong recommendation. D.

[33] *Op. cit.*, pp. 553-555.

[34] Clark Wissler, "Smoking Star, a Blackfoot Shaman," *American Indian Life*, p. 50-51.

[35] Wissler, *op. cit.*, p. 59. One would think this rather a hazardous type of humor, likely to be rewarded by an arrow in the back, if the pursuing party ever came within shooting distance of the joker.

to a very touching melody of the love-song type.[36]

"With all the things that come with old age
I look like a sea parrot with white patches
on the sides of my head.
Try to grow old as quickly as possible,
I look so handsome."[37]

Another sign by which we recognize the Indian as a very human brother is his habit of making love songs. These are not particularly varied; most of them celebrate the lover's anxious vigil while waiting for his sweetheart, or his loneliness while she is away.

"I go around weeping for my love."[38]

"Throughout the night I keep awake
Throughout the night I keep awake
Upon a river I keep awake."

This song is worth quoting on account of the appended Indian explanation: "I keep awake all night long on the river. Only one reason. I got to find my sweet heart. The word is not there, but we understand it. . . . Perhaps her family has gone away. Perhaps mebbe she said she would meet me and something happened so she couldn't. I don't know; but we know; but we know that the man who made this song was looking for his sweetheart, and we do not need the word there. Now you see—Why does a man keep awake all night when he wants to sleep?"[39]

A few other phases of Indian romance are also revealed in these songs—some of them almost significant enough to be ballads:

"You desire vainly that I seek you.
The reason is,
I come to see your younger sister."[40]

"Well, when I was courting,
'Horses you have none,' to me was said
therefore,
all over the land I roam."[41]

[36] Burton, *American Primitive Music*, p. 166.

[37] Densmore, "Conscious Effort Toward Physical Perfection Among the Makah Indians," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. XXV, N. S., Oct.-Dec., 1923, p. 564.

[38] Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, p. 221.

[39] Burton, *American Primitive Music*, pp. 150-151.

[40] Densmore, "Chippewa Music," II, p. 218.

[41] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," p. 396.

The lady's point of view is also given. Sometimes she, too, mourns for her absent lover. According to a Siouan story one young woman grieved excessively over her lover, killed while on a war party. "Sometime afterward in the course of tribal wanderings a camp was made at the place where, according to the report of the war party, the young man had been killed. Dressing herself in her best attire, the maiden went to the edge of a cliff, and after singing the following song and giving the shrill 'woman's tremolo,' jumped into the river below:

"He is gone to war
you said.
I love him
I am sad."[42]

In other songs the lover is rejected with scorn:

"I will not, I will not have him,
Because he is too old.
His head and shoulders are good looking,
But I will not have him anyway.
Because he is too old."[43]

At the marriage there was celebration and rejoicing. The following really beautiful epithalamium was composed by the Taensa, a tribe of the lower Mississippi:

"Tikaens, thou buildest a house,
Thou bringest thy wife to live in it.
Thou art married, Tikaens, thou art married.
Thou wilt become famous;
Thy children will name thee among the elders.
Think of Tikaens as an old man!
By what name is thy bride known?
Is she beautiful?
Are her eyes soft as the light of the moon?
Is she a strong woman?
Dids't thou understand her signs during the dance?
I know not whether thou lovest her, Tikaens.
What said the old man, her father,

[42] Densmore, "Teton Sioux Music," pp. 494-495.

[43] Densmore, "Conscious Effort Toward Physical Perfection Among the Makak Indians," p. 565.

When thou askedst for his pretty daughter?
What betrothal presents dids't thou give?
Rejoice, Tikaens! be glad, be happy!
Build thyself a happy home.
This is the song of its building!"[44]

Many other phases of Indian character are revealed in these songs. Those of the women alone should be made the subject of a volume. The songs of children might easily occupy another. The above selections will, it is hoped, illustrate the human side of the Indian, and reveal how intimately he spoke and sang of the joys and sorrows of his daily life.

[44] Brinton, *Aboriginal American Authors*, p. 49.

LAST WORDS AT DEATH

BY WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE

THOSE who have observed carefully the phenomena of death, and noticed particularly the moral and psychological reactions that accompany the physical process, tell us that where death proceeds from natural causes, and in some other instances, a concentrated memory occurs of that which has been most significant in life. And this is not surprising. The one about to die has lived in virtue of a will-to-live which, from beginning to end, has unconsciously sustained its energy, while the consciousness has experienced the love of life uniting with the deeper urge of the unconscious; and now the moment has come when, willingly or with resistence, life has to be relinquished. The time is short in which the will has to be adjusted to the new physical conditions which must bring death The vanquished one has to see all things in a fresh system of relations; a new proportion must be given to the life as a whole and to its various parts; the will-to-live has to be laid down. It is not easy thus to reverse the system of values life has approved and to deny that which has hitherto been so strongly affirmed. Yet as Death stands over us he commands and we must obey.

There are many varieties of Death, which I do not propose to discuss here; but there are two great classes into which death may be divided, namely those where the departing one is reconciled to death and those where he is not. The latter class is no doubt the larger of the two and perhaps complete readiness for death is rare. Yet it is obvious that this readiness alone robs death of its sting.

So far as my knowledge extends the literature on death is singularly insufficient. It may be due to professional etiquette that doctors, who should have great experience, seldom write or speak of death. Novelists treat the subject sentimentally and throw little light upon it. Scientists are so occupied with life that they rarely look her sister in the face. Even philosophers neglect death, despite

the fact that Socrates said that the wise man's life was a preparation for death—a remark that would seem morbid if it came from any man less robust than the old Athenian. Yet, in view of what I have said above it would appear that if reconciliation to death be desirable and possible, the sooner it is effected the more satisfying it will be. A man who embraces life so ardently and never gives a thought to death finds himself taken unawares, suddenly; even if his life has been good and useful the blow appears to him undeserved and is received with rebellion. What an unappropriate ending to a good life! How much better to have added wisdom to mere goodness and to go out of life by consent.

But Socrates was wiser than he knew in this as in most other things. The reason why a philosopher's life should be a preparation for death can be found in physiology as well as in psychology and morals. *Necrobiosis*, or death-in-life, is the biological process by which our bodies are built up. From the very first minute cells are thrown off from their parent stock, and, in differentiating, die to give a basis to the growing and changing organs of the body. Death and life run neck and neck in our bodies for the greater part of our existence, and life is eventually defeated. To understand this *necrobiosis* and to adapt oneself consciously to it is a matter of physical and spiritual hygiene.

In the literature of death I sit at the feet of three masters: Chas. S. Minot for physiology; Leo Tolstoy for psychology and Schopenhauer for philosophy.[1]

Religious literature furnishes of course, a rich volume of fact in regard to the ways in which men meet their end, and religion itself may be described, in one sense at least, as a reconciliation with death. Even this, however, is too great a theme for my present purpose which is narrowed down to the consideration of the last words at death of some of the greatest men of our race. Even this will be found a sufficiently arresting theme.

[1] C. S. Minot, *The Problem of Age, Growth and Death* (John Murry); *Master and Man, The Death of Ivan Illych, Sevastopol* are good examples of Tolstoy's treatment; Schopenhauer's *Basis of Morality* (Allen & Unwin) is perhaps the best statement on the subject, though his disciple Deussen treats of it concisely in his *Elements of Metaphysics* (Macmillan).

The Last Words of the Buddha

There is probably in all the literature of death no more sublime picture than that exhibited of the end of the Buddha in the *Maha-para-nirvana Sutra*. Devoid of the cruel horror which accompanied the martyrdom of Jesus or the noble tragedy of the end of Socrates, the departure of the great Indian teacher was everything that a death should be, and can be. It was natural, timely, expected and acceptable. Moreover, it was made the significant occasion of the concentration into a few calm and powerful words of the fullness of wisdom gathered in a well-spent life. It is to this aspect that I desire to call attention.

The Buddha had begun his career at the feet of great teachers whom he had nevertheless been led to abandon. No vicarious wisdom or works could save him from life's suffering. A man must, in himself, said the Buddha, find the saving truth; he must be enlightened within. "Be ye lamps unto yourselves: hold fast to the Truth as to a lamp," were his penultimate words, spoken a few minutes before he passed away. The last words were like unto them: "Behold now, brethren I exhort you saying Decay is inherent in all component things! Work out your salvation with diligence."

In order to realize how completely appropriate were these sentences to close the book of the Buddha's teaching I reproduce from the work above named the following colloquy without further comment:

"And the Blessed One called a certain brother and said: Go now, brother and call Ananda in my name, and say, Brother Ananda, the Master calls for thee. Even so, Lord! said that brother in assent, to the Blessed One. And he went from the place where the Blessed One was; and when he had come there, he said to the venerable Ananda: Brother Ananda, the Master calls thee. Very well brother, said the venerable Ananda, in assent to that brother. And he went up to the place where the Blessed One was, and when he had come there, he bowed down before the Blessed One, and took his seat respectfully on one side.

"Then the Blessed One said to the venerable Ananda, as he sat there by his side: Enough, Ananda! do not let yourself be troubled; do not weep! Have I not already, on former occasions, told you that it is in the very nature of all things most near and dear to us that we must divide ourselves from them, leave them, sever our-

selves from them? How, then, Ananda, can this be possible—whereas anything whatever born, brought into being, and organized, contains within itself the inherent necessity of dissolution—how, then, can this be possible, that such a being should not be dissolved. No such condition can exist! For a long time, Ananda, have you been very near to me by acts of love, kind and good, that never varies, and is beyond all measure. For a long time, Ananda have you been very near to me by words of love kind and good, that never varies, and is beyond all measure. For a long time, Ananda, have you been very near to me by thoughts of love kind and good, that never varies, and is beyond all measure. You have done well Ananda! Be earnest in effort, and you, too, shall soon be free from the great evils—from sensuality, from individuality, from delusion and from ignorance!

"It may be, brethren, that there may be doubt or misgiving in the mind of some brother as to the Buddha, or the truth or the path or the way. Enquire brethren, freely. Do not have to reproach yourselves with the thought, Our teacher was face to face with us, and we could not bring ourselves to enquire of the Blessed One when we were face to face with him!

"And when he had thus spoken, the brethren were silent. Then the Blessed One addressed the brethren, and said: Behold now, brethren, I exhort you saying, Decay is inherent in all component things! Work out your salvation with diligence!

"This was the last word of the Perfect One!

"When the Blessed One died, of these brethren who were not yet free from the passions, some stretched out their arms and wept and some fell headlong on the ground, rolling to and fro in anguish, at the thought: Too soon has the Blessed One died! Too soon has the Happy One passed away frm existence! Too soon has the Light gone out of the world! But those of the brethren who were free from the passions bore their grief collected and composed at the thought: Impermanent are all component things! How is it possible that they should not be dissolved?

"Now at that time the Mallas of Kusinara were assembled in the council hall. And they took the perfumes and garlands and all the musical instruments and five hundred suits of apparel, and went to the Upavattana, to the Sala Grove of the Mallas where the body of the Blessed One lay. There they passed the day in paying honor, reverence, respect and homage to the remains of the Blessed One with dancing, and hymns, and music, and with garlands and per-

fumes; and in making canopies of their garments and preparing decoration wreaths to hang thereon."

The Passing of Confucius

K'ung-fu-tze—to give him his proper name—was not the founder of a religion, but occupies a position in the Chinese mind as great as that of any man, greater than most. He was a backward-gazing renovator of all that was conceived to be good in the conduct and custom of earlier sages. With characteristic zeal he collected all he could, rejected all he dared, and re-presented to his contemporaries a well-designed discipline for every phase of life. Necessarily this ethic was founded upon a definite philosophy which as to its main principles was rational and intelligible. The metaphysical part of it was traditional and not the invention of Confucius. The universe was maintained by two complimentary forces, *yang* and *yin*, which penetrated all phenomena and interpenetrated each other. *Yang* is spiritual, *Yin* material; relatively one good and bad, strong and weak, male and female—and so on. The realm of *Yang* contains all the *shen* or superior spirits and that of *yin* the inferior *Kwei* This dualism introduced a perpetual struggle, in which man was to identify himself with the *Shen* and *Yang*. Born naturally good, as Confucius believed, man suffered declensions, but by a proper mode of life he could lift himself from being an "ordinary man" to become a "superior man."

In detail the teaching of Confucius was nothing but an optimistic appeal to all men thus to live and thus to die. His hope was that death should find him with duty done so that he might pass beyond with no regrets.

"The burden of the scholar is heavy and his course is long. Perfect virtue is the burden which he considers is his to sustain: is it not heavy? Only with death does his course stop: is it not long?"—(*Analects* VIII, c. vii.)

"The body and the animal soul go downwards, and the intelligent spirit is on high."—(*Li-Chi* VII, i. 7.)

"That the bones and flesh should return to earth is what is appointed. But the soul in its energy can go everywhere: it can go everywhere."—(*Li-Chi* II, ii. iii, 13.)

"The intelligent spirit is of the *shen* nature and shows that in fullest measure; the animal soul is of the *kwei* nature and shows that in

the fullest measure. . . . All who live must die, and dying return to the earth. The bones and the flesh moulder below and hidden away become the earth of the fields. But the spirit issues forth and is displayed on high in a condition of glorious brightness."—(*Li-Chi* XXI, ii. 1.)

"When a bird is about to die, its notes are mournful; when a man is about to die, his words are good."—(*Analects* VIII, c. iv. 2.)

It is unnecessary to add to these few passages any others explanatory of the Confucian view of death. They are colored by the fundamental philosophy of the *Yi-Ching* or Book of Change. Impermanence was as much noticed by Confucius and his disciples as by The Buddha. To understand scientifically the nature of the changes which life exhibits was the intellectual task of the sage; to be reconciled to them, and to death the most significant of all, was his moral duty.

Confucius had a long and hard life. Successful at first as an administrator and statesman he sought to apply his ethical system with great thoroughness. But failure overtook him in his later years. At fifty-six he entered upon a futile attempt to induce state after state—to the number of forty it is said—to accept him as a teacher or minister. This wandering lasted for fourteen years and drew to his side some thousands of disciples among whom was an inner circle of affectionate students, including his only son.

A story is told in the *Li-Chi* of one of these disciples who had learned his Master's lesson very well. He was lying very ill in his chamber and was being watched with care by his relatives and friends. "What do I seek for!" he said, "I want for nothing but to die in the correct way." That perhaps is the last refinement of the Confucian morals—to die in the correct way!

The death of Confucius at the age of seventy-seven was in every-way "correct"; as said above his last words were good and completely in harmony with his life's teaching. Theoretically an optimist who believed the best of the universe and of man he was at death naturally pessimistic at the prospect of his failure to accomplish in his nation all that he had once believed possible. The following is the story of his end:

"Confucius rose early one day and with his hands behind him, and trailing his steps, moved slowly about near the door, singing:

'The great mountain must crumble:
The strong beam must break:
The strong man must wither away like a plant.'

Having thus sang, he entered and sat down opposite the door. Tsze-kung had heard him and said to himself, "If the great mountains crumble, to whom shall I look up? If the strong beam break on what shall I lean? If the wise man wither like a plant, whom shall I imitate? The Master, I am afraid, is going to be ill.' He then hastened to the house. The Master said: "Tsze, what makes you so late?' Referring to the traditional preparation for burial he then recounted a dream of the preceding night. 'I dreamt that I dreamt that I was sitting with the offerings to the dead by my side. Alas! intelligent rulers do not arise! And what king under heaven is now able to take me as his Master? I apprehend that I am about to die.

With this he took to his bed, was ill for seven days and died.—(*Li-Chi* II, i, ii, 20.)

As in the case of the Buddha, the disciples of Confucius were not clear as to the proper demeanor; they were in perplexity as to what dress they should wear—he had given no instructions. Tsze-kung said, "Let us mourn for the Master as if we were mourning for a father but wear no mourning dress." His disciples wore their head bands of sackcloth to express the real feeling of the heart when they went out. One of them recalled the words of the Master that exceeding grief with deficient rites was better than little demonstration of grief with superabundant rites. Confucius disliked those who wailed in the open fields. Evidently he wished that people should mourn "correctly."

The Dying Jest of Socrates

It has often been remarked that the last words of Socrates are singularly puzzling. Let us remember what has happened during the thirty days preceding his death; he has been visited by many friends while in prison and the discussions have been for the most part of a religious and philosophical character, mainly about the soul, its nature and life after death. Man, he says, is a prisoner who has no right to run away; he is a possession of the gods. Socrates is certain that he is going to a place where live the wise and good, better than those he leaves behind, and therefore he does not fear death. The true philosopher is always dying and life is the best when the soul is most freed from the concerns of the body and is alone by herself. There is talk about medicine and healing. Puri-

fication (*katharsis*), a technical term, long in use in the Pythagorean philosophy is said by Socrates to be the separation of the soul from the body, for the soul is of the nature of the unchangeable and the body of the changing; the soul rules and the body serves, the soul is in the likeness of the divine and the body of the mortal. In every way therefore we can be quite certain from Socrates' discourse, and what is said about him by the narrator, that he was reconciled to death. The closing scene when he drinks the hemlock, his kind words to the jailer who administers it, his rebuke to those who were weeping—all go to show that he had reached that super-earthly state of consciousness which indicates a readiness for death.

A philosophy of Death figures largely in the earlier writings of Plato, associated with the person of Socrates. There can be no doubt that the old man addressed his judges in the manner depicted in the *Apology*:

"The fear of death, O Athenians, is nothing else than to appear to be wise, without being so; for it is to appear to know what one does not know. For no one knows but that death is the greatest of all goods to man; but men fear it as if they well knew that it is the greatest of evils. . . . I shall never therefore fear or shun things which, for aught I know, may be good, before evils which I know to be evil."

"Moreover, we may conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things: either the dead are annihilated or there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation—as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream—death would be a wonderful gain. . . . Even if death be a thing of this kind I say it is a gain. But if on the other hand death is a removal from hence to another place, and that all the dead are there what greater blessing can there be than this?"

Here Socrates breaks out into rollicking rhetoric at the prospect that lies before him of cross-examining all the great men of the past—especially those who have been unjustly put to death! In most solemn vein he falls back on his own inner convictions, in the absence of rational knowledge, "that now to die, and be freed from any cares, is better for me."

The same arguments are repeated with elaboration in the *Gorgias* where Socrates describes the myth of judgment in Hades. In the *Phaedo* the death scene itself is described in Plato's immortal words, which reflect the earlier expressed views of Socrates on death.

And the boy having gone out, and staid for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who bought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, "Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matter, what must I do?"

"Nothing else, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose." And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, neither trembling, nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, "What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?"

"We only pound so much, Socrates, as we think sufficient to drink."

"I understand you," he said, "but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure hence thither may be hapyp; which therefore I pray and so may it be." And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far, most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping, but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer; but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito even before me, when he could not restrain his tears had risen up. But Apollodorus even before this had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present, except Socrates himself. But he said, "What are you doing, my admiable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women, that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omen. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up."

When we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But, he, having walked about, when he said that his legs were growing heavy, laid down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval examined his feet andlegs; and then having pressed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it; he said that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs; and thus going higher, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said, that when the poison reached his heart he should then depart. But now the parts around the lower belly

were almost cold; when uncovering himself, for he had been covered over, he said, and they were his last words, "Crito, we owe a cock to the God Aesculapius; pay it, therefore, and do not neglect it."

"It shall be done," said Crito, "but consider whether you have anything else to say."

To this question he gave no reply; but shortly after he gave a convulsive movement, and the man covered him, and his eyes were fixed: and Crito, perceiving it, closed his mouth and eyes.

There are some enemies of Socrates who point to these last words as an indication of superstitious fear; others, his friends, think the sentence an anti-climax unworthy of the great heights their master had reached. They would much rather he had said some great thing on the level of his recent utterances than to pander to a priestly claim, which his life and teaching regarded lightly.

No apologies are needed. I am going to suggest that when the words are properly understood they are wonderfully appropriate; they do not represent a sudden remembrance of a temple debt he had forgotten to pay which afflicted his conscience just as he was about to enter the presence of the gods; on the contrary he had only a moment ago contracted the debt! In his deeply humorous way he sees the hemlock as a medicine completing his life-long process of purification (*katharsis*) and he wishes to communicate the happy thought to Krito, who perhaps may not have quite understood its whispered tones: *O Krito*, he seems to say, *for this draught of medicine and for this freedom from my cares I owe a sacrifice to Aesculapius the god of healing; will you see that it is paid?*

Any friend would answer as Krito did: *The debt shall be paid.*

Many a man before now has jested with his last breath, for the sense of humor belongs in a certain way, to the highest life; it was therefore fitting that Socrates, gifted with irony as he was, should, out of the tragic crisis of his struggle with the world, extract an inward smile. If therefore we have rid the memory of Socrates of the stigma of cowardly superstition, we may the more easily assent to the words of Phaidon:

"Such was the end of our friend, concerning whom I may truly say that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and the justest and the best."

Christ on the Cross

The problem of the "last words" here is more difficult than in the earlier examples already discussed, partly on account of the wealth of theological tradition that has grown up around the "sayings from the cross," and partly from the differences in the gospel narratives. I do not propose to consider either doctrinal or critical questions more than is necessary to present the facts in the same manner and for the same purpose that has been pursued hitherto.

There are four separate records: Mark gives one sentence and one inarticulate loud cry: Matthew gives the same two almost *verbatim*. Luke adds two more of singular and convincing beauty while John records three minor sayings.

The teaching of Jesus is so familiar that one might be excused from the attempt to summarize it for the purposes of this study, yet it must be admitted that this very familiarity works against clarity and uniformity of understanding. Death was a constant theme with Jesus but was handled by him in a less logical manner than Socrates and less coldly rational than the Buddha. His attitude is prophetic and apocalyphic and his words are poetic and mystical. The Old Testament differentiation of "the death of the righteous" from the death of the wicked pervades the discourses of Jesus on the subject, albeit there is a singular resemblance to the relative values placed on life and death by Socrates. In several passages in the Gospels the Lord speaks of his own approaching death and, quite apart from the question of miraculous prevision, there is little doubt that he felt his challenge to the world would lead to his martyrdom at its hands. Yet he clearly viewed this event, though bitter in itself, as a glorification of his person, his mission and his Father. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men to me," he said to the people, "the time is come for the Son of Man to be glorified." And of Peter he "indicated the kind of death by which that disciple would bring glory to God."

All this goes to show that the Christian view of death resembled the Socratic view in so far as a special significance was given to it when suffered for a righteous cause: it became glorious and it glorified the cause. Nevertheless it is worth remarking that this view was new and not in conformity with the later Jewish ideas; there death is an evil only mitigated by the promise of a resurrection. And as for "the death of the Son of Man" there is no sign of it in the

Apocalyphic writings where that great figure is most clearly delineated. In *The Book of Enoch* and all the dependent apocalypses the Son of Man is a conqueror, a judge, a ruler, not a martyr. Why then do the evangelists strive to prove that the death of Jesus was inevitable? As the Son of Man he ought not to have suffered thus! Their typical figure is "the Suffering Servant of the Lord" drawn by Isaiah II. Their philosophy goes back to the thought of Job, where the righteous man is seen crushed by the world but nevertheless remains inwardly faithful to a higher power; he knows that his redeemer liveth. It was not mere death that made the martyr glorious, but steadfastness in death, triumph over death. "To him that overcometh" were promised such gifts that the world could neither bestow nor take away.

In this atmosphere we must move when we listen to the last words of Jesus; they become more immediately impressive and intelligible.

It is impossible to determine at this date the degree of authority that shall be awarded to the recorded words themselves: all we can do is to receive them as they are and examine their significance. If they seem to have value and consistency that is an argument for their genuineness. Further we cannot go, except to emphasize the appropriateness of the sayings to the general teaching of Jesus.

(1) On the way to the place of crucifixion following Jesus was "a great multitude of the people and women who bewailed and lamented him." He said to them:

"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. . . . For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?"—(Luke xxiii. 28.)

The saying indicates two things; first that Jesus has "overcome the world" and needs no tears; but secondly, that this is only a beginning of the sufferings that must come to the righteous as the result of a contest with the world. As a prophecy it was sufficiently fulfilled.

(2) Arrived at Golgatha the soldiers crucified Jesus who said: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."—(Luke xxiii. 34.)

He did not, indeed, weep for himself but for those who pierced his hands and feet. It is the most sublime prayer in the whole gospel story. It calls down mercy upon those who, from the viewpoint of the cause, are the instruments of the greatest error of the age. Serving the prince of this world the soldiers knew not their deed as

evil nor could they see how it was immediately to be turned to the glorification of their victim and the God he claimed as Father. Their commander, the centurion, did not wait long before he had to confess, "Truly, this man was the Son of God."

The words reflect in smallest compass and greatest power the Christian ethic of love and forgiveness to those who seek to do us evil, and are a perpetual challenge to our weakness, vindictiveness and hypocrisy. In them the whole Sermon on the Mount is preached again from the accursed tree.

(3) Similarly, the pure gospel is given to the two thieves crucified beside the Lord. They heard the cruel taunts of soldiers, chief priests, scribes, elders and people hurled at their suffering companion, who answered no word of complaint. It was not long before one of them, more compassionate than the other, learned his lesson swiftly and received the comforting response:

"Verily, I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."—(Luke xxiii, 43.)

He too had conquered death ere it conquered him. He, a malefactor, had entered the Kingdom of Heaven before the "righteous" men of his race—as Jesus said would be the case. In his own bone, he felt the pains of his deliverer from an evil worse than pain, and was helped through the gate by his compassion and his faith. Hour by hour Jesus was being glorified the more, and one who has first reproached him lived long enough to bless him.

In this short sentence is concentrated a dozen of the discourses of Jesus: here beside him is the lost sheep, the lost son whose return gives joy to the angels in heaven. It was to such as this robber that the gospel was to be preached; to this sick man rather than to the hale.

(4) Here we may consider the short words addressed to his mother and his young disciple which Weymouth interprets, I think correctly, thus:

"He is now your son; she is now your mother."—(John xix. 27.)

If so, there is more than the mere commendation of mutual care of two beloved ones. At the last as at the beginning, there is teaching of the universality of relationship which makes us all sons to all mothers, all mothers to all sons. It was the teaching which came from his boyhood's life, and, although it gave offence at that time, it indicates now an ultimate valuation upon human affection which make us all one family.

(5) The next saying presents many difficulties, first, as to its actual wording and secondly as to its meaning. Mark and Matthew give us the sentence:

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—(Mark xxv. 34, Matt. xxvii. 46.)

And immediately tell of the man who ran to fetch vinegar. John accounts for this action by the cry, "I thirst!" while a spectator misunderstood the words, "Eloi, Eloi," to be a call for Elijah. When we eliminate these two minor ideas we are left with a tragic cry more poignant than any in sacred history. It ought not to be difficult to understand and sympathize with the emotions of the sufferer. Jesus had staked so much and lost, apparently all. Had he really been abandoned? Some Gnostics say that it was at this moment that the cosmic Christ withdrew from the person of Jesus and left him to die on the cross. It is hard to believe this, especially as its acceptance involves so much else that is still more hard to believe. Madam Blavatsky provided another solution by translating the words, "My God, my God, how hast thou glorified me!" Such a triumphant saying would be welcome to those who wish to relieve Jesus of the stigma of weakness; but no English translator supports it. The Septuagint of Psalm XXII corresponds closely to Canon Cheyne's, "O my God! to me give ear; Why hast thou forsaken my Soul?" We must leave the words as we find them, and allow them to be entirely appropriate to the agony of death.

(6) The last saying brings us out of all doubt; at the moment of liberation Jesus says:

"It is finished (John xix. 30); Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."—(Luke xxiii. 46.)

Mark and Matthew record no words but a cry with a loud voice, while Luke preserves a sentence resembling words from Psalm XXXI, rendered by Cheyne: "To thy keeping I commit my breath, my deliverer, thou faithful God."

The actual last words enshrine the whole Christian teaching of faith in God through life and death.

AS A NATURALIST SEES IT

BY HARVEY M. WATTS

WHATEVER a scientist, a biologist, or, to use the more general term, a naturalist, may think of the great civilizing value of the various religions of conduct, as developed by man from prehistoric periods on, he cannot but be amazed today at the cocksureness with which some of those defending dogmatic Christianity seem to believe that they have saved the day for their cults by frankly abandoning what they term very loosely the lay-science and the lay-history of the Bible, its "Mediterranean ignorance" in an endeavor to stress what is called its "divinely inspired spiritual message." Intelligent as are these various leaders in those denominations who assume to be more broad and more open-minded than their more dogmatic brethren, they do not seem to understand the inexorable implications, the inescapable dilemma of their admissions. It is apparent that with them the wish is father to the thought when they loudly cry out that there is "no conflict between Science and Religion," since when this statement is made from the pulpits or from the rostrums of science—and there are more "collegiate" scientists who are as fond of saying it to save their skins, their jobs, as are the pulpiteers—in every instance it does not mean and cannot mean that there is no conflict between science and dogmatic Christianity.[1]

[1] Despite the fact that a number of able scientists connected with educational institutions were not afraid to appear in favor of evolution and all its implications at Dayton, nothing was so full of menace in the Scopes case than the cowardice of certain other biologists, geologists, and naturalists who, in the face of assertive orthodoxy, either kept silence or played into the hands of the bigots by using the misleading phrase—weasel words, indeed—that science and religion were not in conflict. Even some of those who were conspicuous in their defense of evolution later fell back on this phrase when they were criticised, although their whole argument and their actual attitude precluded them believing what their Fundamentalist critics assumed that they believed that their researches were not in conflict with dogmatic Christianity. Indeed, many

For there is, indeed, an irrepressible and irreconcilable conflict between the conclusions of science and all so-called "revealed" yet probably man-made religions, not excluding Christianity, that the world knows of at this precise period of its history. Indeed, all that such a phrase can honestly mean is that there is no immediate conflict between the observed facts of nature and religion, only if one conceives of religion as some vague philosophic statement of a Final Cause and an Active Design in the development of the universe and man's relation thereto. For with all the familiar physical, personal deities of the past, sciences is in flat contradiction and as to there being any living, loving Personality, in the orthodox Christian sense, back of any Final Cause science is frankly skeptical, since, confronted by the illimitable extent of the universe whose make-up and motions under the reign of universal law are quite ascertainable, all the anthropomorphic personal deities of old, whether they be of the Plains of Shinar, the Valley of the Nile, or of the heights of Sinai, of Olympus, the Mount of Zion, or the Mount of Olives fade away. Moreover, no reasoning from the facts of nature justifies science today, therefore, in inventing any new deified personalities to explain the universe merely to satisfy the whim of those for whom the older mythologies still have a superstitious appeal. Science, indeed, repudiates the maudlin reconcilers and is never so much in opposition as when it keeps its serene counsel in the face of blatant orthodoxy broadcasting exultingly its obscurantistic ignorance from a thousand pulpits.

It is perhaps, too much to expect absolute candor in religious discussions. There are too many vested interests that have to be protected and too many positions that have to be supported. Hence, one is not surprised, though somewhat outraged, at the spectacle of certain doctors of divinity endeavoring to ward off the attacks of science by using smooth and specious words, rhetorical soft sawder, by adroitly claiming that the Church is not only not afraid of science

of the heresy hunters went about quoting Professors A, B and C as saying, "the natural sciences and the literal Bible are in perfect harmony." That the professors have indulged in vagueness to protect themselves in their positions and in their work from pulpiteering antagonists is part excuse, perhaps, and naturally they do not care to be hounded to death, as Burbank was, or removed from their positions by reason of a clamor directed at their honest convictions. But while this attitude may explain it cannot justify the action of those who have seemingly given in and bowed the knee to intolerance which, as the naturalist knows, is based on sheer humbug and appalling ignorance.

but indeed views modern science as the very hand-maiden of a restated and broader faith. There are also unfortunately so-called men of science who, likewise, use ambiguous and ingratiating phrases and are traitors to frankness in their seeming admissions that revealed religions are not subject matter for laboratory research. But nothing, surely, since rhetoricians played with the blessed word "Mesopotamia," nothing has equalled the blind confidence with which those who somewhat faintly are aware of the impregnable position of modern science, and who wish to protect dogmatic Christianity from attack, feel they have settled everything by admitting that Mediterranean ignorance of natural phenomena, or knowledge as they like to put it, can be jauntily abandoned by Christianity. That these fairly intellectual prelates do not see the implications of their frank admissions, their forced concessions in the face of the facts of modern science which they feel the Church cannot any longer fight, is one of the most curious phenomena of today. Their seeming unconsciousness of the dilemma which impales them on both horns is remarkable. Take, for instance, a recent declaration of Bishop William T. Manning made in St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New York, in a Lenten discourse entitled "What We Believe About the Bible Today and Why We Believe It." This seemingly frank declaration of the Bishop contained, among other things, this paragraph: "The Bible teaches Religion. It does not undertake to teach Science. It is the spiritual message of the Bible which is inspired, not its scientific allusions which naturally reflect the knowledge of the time." So! Is there no memory here of that old reconciler Gladstone, who was so completely demolished by Huxley? Is Bryan so soon forgotten? For, of course, Bishop Manning did not think it worth while to point out that not only the various communions of the Christian Church in the past but very large bodies of these communions today believe that the Bible does not reflect merely the human knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, of the time in which it was written, but is completely, divinely inspired through and through, from beginning to end. And, as they assert, is as inspired in its teachings of history and science as it is in its so-called spiritual message which is the only thing that Bishop Manning wishes to save from out its contents as having meaning for this day and generation. A naturalist, however, would point out that the real fact is that the advance of all science has compelled the intellectuals of the Church, most reluctantly, to take the attitude that Bishop Manning takes as to the errancy of the Bible in matters

other than its spiritual message. He would agree with the Bishop that it is quite true that the Bible, representing a series of works by human beings, produced over many centuries, does reflect the unscientific attitude and the ignorance as to all natural phenomena of the periods during which it was written. He would agree that the Mosaic cosmogonies, the geocentric ideas as to the earth being the chief thing in the universe and all the suns and moons and stars being but a certain decorative background for its theological ideas as to the importance of the earth and man, have been quite disproved by science and have naturally brought it about that intellectuals, such as Bishop Manning are forced to yield along these lines, in order, as they see it, to save the Bible for the educated man of today and so find it necessary to say what the Bishop did in his curious Lenten discourse.

But these concessions do not stop the controversy. They only give it another angle for the honors are far from being with Bishop Manning, since the true naturalist cannot but point out that if the Bishop extricated himself from impalement on the horn of one dogmatic dilemma he cannot extricate himself from the other horn and that is that, as a study of comparative religions reveals, the Bible in its spiritual message is no more divinely inspired than in its secular. This is the issue that is really before the world today: that the theology of the Bible is as unsound as its admittedly incompetent science. It is this implication, which is truly inescapable, that Bishop Manning and all those who represent him shrink from accepting. Naturally, the hopelessly orthodox of all the Christian communions get over this difficulty by simply standing by the Bible in all its aspects and make this acceptance a matter of faith and a mystery which cannot be penetrated or understood by man or by his science. This is, of course, a familiar and an understandable position if a fatuous one, but it is the position which is being and has been successfully attacked by science. For the crux of the issue is that when the intellectuals and the modernists in the various denominations so frankly and almost glibly sacrifice the so-called "Mediterranean science," in order to hold to what they call the spiritual message of the Bible, they argue without their host, since some of the most important fundamentals of this false science, which they abandon as untrue, are the essentials of the dogmatic spiritual beliefs that are the main message of Christianity. In accepting evolution and in admitting that the cosmogonies of the Bible that would preclude a belief in evolution can be abandoned by the devout of today,

it is overlooked that the Semitic legend of Adam and Eve cannot be jettisoned since a belief in the Adam and Eve legend, or in the two contradictory legends of Adam and Eve that appear in the Bible,—admittedly reflecting the ignorance of Semitic and Mediterranean people as to the origins of life and of human beings,—is the very foundation of the Pauline theology of the Incarnation which is historic Christianity. That St. Paul in basing his teleological and theological arguments for the Incarnation and for the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth on the supposed sacrosanct and infallible old Sumerian-Semitic story of Adam and Eve reflected the Mediterranean and Mesopotamian ignorance no true scientist will dispute. He will, therefore, hold Bishop Manning cannot get rid of the one dilemma without involving the other. And the naturalist will point out that the religion of the Bible is as much subject to the investigation of science and of qualified acceptance and rejection today as is the secular science of the Bible which is now so frankly abandoned by the intellectuals and the modernists in the various Christian communions. For, hide the fact as it may, just as the Church has had to acquiesce in the newer conception of the universe and all those things growing out of the development of the earth as a somewhat insignificant dust speck with millions of solar systems and millions of suns whirling in what is essentially illimitable space, so it will have to deal with the revelations which science is today making as to the origin of all religions. And though in the face of an unparalelled recrudescence of old time bigotry in Catholic and Protestant communions by which the older orthodoxies are being passionately reaffirmed, the odds against science in general are not so formidable as they seem to many in these days of Dayton trials and anti-evolution laws.

That the rationalizing prelates and modernist doctors of divinity seem to be able to indulge themselves in vain delusions in an effort to save what they consider the spiritual message of the Scriptures which they only consider Holy in one aspect is, after all, a small matter. For, if they know anything they know that the comparative study of religions and the comparative study of Biblical texts reveal the Bible as a man-made work and not as the inerrant inspiration of an omniscient, omnipotent deity, and Judaism and Christianity as developing along the familiar lines of all other religions, not unlike those that Christian dogmatism so freely describes as false religions. For these comparative sciences reveal that man, in an endeavor to give mystic and miraculous virtues to his own practical

inventions, in a very frenzy and ecstacy of self-abnegation ascribes to the most abject of deities all the cult obligations, customs and ceremonies which he has himself worked out in travail these thousands of years. It is not God, nor the gods, but man who has invented all the litanies, all the liturgies, all the literature, all the theogonies, all the deities, creating them, indeed, in his own image more or less glorified; all the poetry, all the prose, all the arts, all the humanities, all the consolations in an endeavor to invest these so-called "divine" inventions which however are really all his own with beauty and a compelling appeal of love and light. And he has also invented all the laws and codes of ethics and morals, all the religions of conduct developed through the life and utterances of human beings who have assumed the role of prophets and teachers, sublime or otherwise. Consequently, instead of ascribing moral codes, such as the Ten Commandments, to the necessities growing out of human experience they are claimed by the myth makers to be the direct revelation of divinity and essentially miraculous as are also all the taboos and all the don'ts of all other cults. And, naturally, the origin of all the founders of the various religions is invested also with a miraculous glamor and every teacher and prophet, about whose personality crystallizes a religion, is assumed not to have been born in ordinary generation, but to have been the product of the extra and supernatural relation of divinity to human beings. Virgin or miraculous births are common to many beliefs and have endowed numerous founders of religion with attributes of godhead. To all this, which might be called, and which often is in the humorless discussion of the day, an almost grotesquely obstetrical conception of religion, science very flatly, through biology and through its comparative study of religious origins, declares that these outgivings are all man-made and "inspired" only in the sense that any work of creative human ability is inspired.

To sum up, science faces both the dilemmas presented by Bishop Manning's statement and refuses to be impaled under one or the other. Science, viewing the Bible as man-made, listens somewhat contemptuously to the constant disparagement of science not only by Fundamentalist divines but by other prelates who ought to know better, and by certain week-kneed scentists affecting a false humility, and is particularly impatient of those who believe they are defending the faith by loudly proclaiming the disingenuous argument that because geologists, physicists and biologists may differ honestly as to the age of the earth and the determining methods of evolution,

the only alternative is to accept blindly a worn-out Sumerian-Semitic legend of a world created in six days, culminating in Adam and Eve! And science is even more impatient of the equally specious claims made in so many Fundamentalist pulpits today that archaeology and historic research "confirm" the Bible. Science frankly admits this "confirmation" but in a wholly different sense from that in which the pulpiteers present it to their bewildered auditors. As a naturalist sees it, in the proper logical sense, the science of archaeology and of comparative history and the science of comparative religions and the science of comparative texts "confirm" the Bible in a nowise different manner than modern investigations confirm Hammurabi, the Babylonian and Egyptian writings, Hesiod, Homer and Herodotus, or any of the Greek and Roman myths, legends and beliefs as to the origin of man, the origin of their deities and their civilizations. In these "confirmations" which indicate all these Scriptures as man-made, a naturalist, however, sees nothing derogatory, nor does anyone worthy of the name of an equipped scientist deny the ethical value of or that there were and are magnificent consolations and civilizing influences in all these man-invented cults and religions, though the part man played in them is ignored, degraded and despised for dogmatic purposes by Christian theologians. As William James once pointed out in determining the values of the various religions and the civilizing effect of their codes and consolations, Christianity naturally is placed on the highest plane. But science values these consolations for their approved results as man-made institutions, knowing that there is nothing supernatural back of them, the beliefs being nothing more than human altruism in its most appealing and transcendant aspect, the result of man's humanity to man reflected in the practical codes and in the most idealistic of the beatitudes. As to secular science itself the naturalist knows that the illuminating fact is that it is through the unparalleled physical discoveries of science that man has been spiritually emancipated by beng freed from the abject fear of nature over which he has acquired dominion by his own unaided efforts. In the face of this, when somewhat impertinently asked by orthodoxy today to affirm its attitude toward a possible personal deity behind the mechanism of the universe, science honestly takes the agnostic position and declares "it does not know." This is not the same thing as saying that it cannot know or may not know sometime, though there is nothing which Fundamentalism so misrepresents as this agnostic position of science which Fundamentalism interprets, because it is fearful of

the real implications as meaning that science is incompetent to judge of Christianity or of any religion. It refuses to see that, on the contrary, as to the inadequacy of the Mediterranean religions to explain the universe science sees displayed, as it were, in the book of Nature the old familiar inscription, writ larger and more luminous than the vision that Belshazzar had, conveying to the squabbling Christian secretaries the inescapable warning: "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!*"

A THOROUGH AESTHETIC EDUCATION

BY HARDIN T. MCCLELLAND

KINDERGARTENS, so far as their usual practice goes, are not the first dispensaries of knowledge to children. True, they teach a sort of abecedarian rote about certain simple things of every-day life, but it is more artificial than natural and hence is not the *real* kind of knowledge. To either teach or be able to understand the real kind of knowledge direct contact with what is being taught is always required, for then it is that the faculties of the mind actually obtain a grasp or tangible comprehension of what it is dealing with.

When first we dig our toes into the wet sand of the seashore and pick up a clear and shapely pebble or perhaps a gnarled shell now and then—that is the beginning of Life's symbol. It is also the beginning of wonder, knowledge, wisdom and reverence. Some of our companions, however, might make it a matter of great business and pride, assuming that here are laid the richest treasures of the ocean, all its shores and reefs and cavernous depths well sampled and represented in these few finite specimens. Others will take it all as a matter of daily fact and customary viewpoint, feeling that this is a scene and an experience probably as important, but quite sensibly no more so, than any other of the numerous incidents and outooks of life. While still others will exercise that rare combination of aspiration and sensible interpretation which does not minimize the ideal possibilities nor exaggerate the actual proportions of what passes before them or within the scope of their observation. They will have some more or less accurate intuition that the great expanse, tides, depth, calm, storm, wealth and power of the ocean are emphatically there, but what a poor, narrow trifling grasp of their majesty and magnificence we can have who only see as far as our local horizon.

It is these latter who came closest to touching the secret spring which releases the eternal answer to Nature's sublime riddle. They seem strangely capable of bringing with them a persistent function

of sanity and emotional balance, knowing somewhat of the true expanse and majesty of the ocean compared with what we can see from our humble threshold, the unimaginable depths as compared with the petty shallows of human diving acquaintance, and the unexampled variety of submarine life and specimens of rare treasure as they would most likely appear to us if brought to the surface and set alongside of these few meagre-meaning and all-barnacled shells which we take such pains to gather and use for bricabrac to adorn our worldly refuge. As I say, this latter group of Evolution's children has the proper attitude of playing on the seashore of life and knowledge. But it is in an apparently hopeless minority compared with the two former sorts. Let us look a little further into the analysis of the situation and see which group it is to which we ourselves belong.

Dropping the symbolism and speaking in terms of modern thought our very first observation is that there is an appalling amount of garrulity and empty iteration about the aims and methods of modern aesthetic education which is bound to get on the nerves of any honest knowledge-seeker. And if he is thus disgusted and disaffected at the initial stage of his enlightenment, how can we expect him to survive normally and go on to the higher stages of ennoblement and transfiguration? Five hundred years before the polite age of Confucius and his political patrons the philosopher-viscount Chi Tzu was asked about silent example as an educational method, to which he replied that "a teacher's personal example gives the superior instruction, what he talks about gives the inferior instruction, and where there is too much talk a shallow instruction is sure to follow." What a clear perception of the true educational method and valuism; what an ancient anticipation of modern fallacy in nearly everything we try to learn from others! Surely it is an item of sad commentary to note that we must turn back the mottled pages of western world's vaunted educational progress three thousand years and change hemispheres altogether in order to learn a truth which applies with such remonstrant fitness to the cultural curricula of today.

Knowing as we do, or at least should with all the vast machinery of assistance at hand, that nothing is truer nor any oftener quoted as proverbial than the fact that the more raucous and blatant an age becomes, the farther removed from inward culture and spiritual power are its practice and exemplary instruction of the eternal values. It can teach no ideals or morals any nobler than its own and

if it is bent only on gross vulgarian aims whatever it teaches its youth will be but little different and certainly of no nobler example. With us in America today I believe there is yet time for revision and rehabilitation, for we have turned in the direction of decadence and delinquency, not so much for any deliberately vicious purpose as yet, but largely for that threadbare but trifling excuse "that it is more profitable." What is any more imbecile and fickle (to say nothing of its being superficial, selfish and irresponsible) than this sophist alibi of "the profitable"?

Just here enters the ethical criterion of all our conduct and expression, the spiritual element which alone can really animate and justify both Morality and Art. No program of education is complete and the resultant culture is neither thorough nor aesthetic without full functioning of this spiritual element and the rigorous application of the ethical criterion to all the deeds and duties of man. Under such a program of true cultural aspiration the educational approach would take place through aesthetic contact and a moral atmosphere. The various sorts of knowledge are to be analyzed, not in how they are derived, but in how they are applied; they are to be valued, not in how difficultly they were wrested from the secret bosom of Nature, but because they *can be used* to worthily expand and constructively benefit the cultural sphere of human life; and they are to be synthesized in that philosophic syncretism whose insular validity rests on spiritual facts and moral delicacy. The ultimate thing to know in life is how to come by a noble and enduring, not a vulgar, trifling or impotent, purpose or ideal. All other knowledges and pursuits will take color and complexion from this, provided we have it to start with; but we will not have it if our characters are weak, selfish, worldly, or if we let ourselves be cowardly, lazy or dishonest. The various sorts of beauty, inspiration and noble spiritual expression should be properly appreciated also, to the end that the analysis, valuation and creative emulation we are inspired to make will serve to validate and further man's destiny beyond the narrow material world. Any capacity or ideal less than this, even up to the point of thinking and believing certain fond but illusory notions, is just that far short of man's proper spiritual exercise, and cannot serve justly nor with cultural efficacy the normal function of knowledge in the world of conscious evolution. The moral aim of knowledge, like that of life itself, is that it shall be used, neither as a scepter of bigotry and oppression nor as the perfunctory bauble of fools and knaves, but for the enlightenment

and ennoblement of man. It is enough that we are all as yet mere children in knowledge without being so foolish also as to aggravate and pejorize the situation with our hoydenish conduct.

Veneer-culture is the incorrigible child of every vandal age, and ours is certainly fast coming to be a consummate age of vandalism and spoliation. Too much stress is put upon "teaching what is practical," leaving the young barbarians of school-age still crude and untaught, and never telling the unsophisticated student that the really practical does not include epistolary deceit for paternal favors, expedient opportunism after economic livelihood, false publicity on one's income-tax report, nor the universal ravinage of industrial commercialism. Thence when allowed to grow up under such hypocritical tutelage, no wonder the poor numskulls in later life think that all the sciences have only a materialistic validation or worldly utility, that all the arts are industrial and subject to financial exploitation, that there is nothing so noble or refined that they cannot work some sort of mercenary mischief upon it. What a pretty pass for an age of Power and Progress!

Too little emphasis is put upon teaching what is truly beneficial to the individual and hence ultimately beneficial also to society at large. Too little attention is given to the selection of teachers who can bring a sturdy personality and inspiring personal example to the classroom or lecture-hall; and practically no instruction is provided which would call out the better nature of the student and expose him to direct contact with activities which are ethically noble, ideal for character-building, aesthetically inspiring or otherwise urgent of honest creative effort toward artistic taste or originality, thorough mental gymnastic and intellectual training, and devout spiritual affections. We too readily let the divergency of culture serve as an excuse to dodge the aids and action-patterns counselled in the days of sovereign wisdom and reverence, as when in twelfth-century Japan, the cartoonist priest Tobasojo with his vigorous deer-hair brush used to ridicule his brethren for their Buddhist follies, and draw for their "better instruction" the scenes of heroic valor in the romantic past. So too does our artistic genius suffer a certain lack of delicate discretion and creative perseverance, for long since the exacting days of Mill, Ruskin and Rosetti our educational methods in art as well as in every other sphere of man's active spiritual interest have gradually ceased to be sincerely noble "endeavors after perfection in execution." We still have mad anxiety for production, but we are not so careful to demand that there shall be sincerity

of function, nobility of motive, or perfection of execution in the making of our goods. Our chief insanity looks only for vendible values and has no eye for features which do not resemble the materialist's worldly fallacy of putting quantity before quality in art production.

Our schools and colleges and universities nowadays seem incapable of turning out anything but rote scholars, copy writers, and empirical philosophers. There are always, and too significantly from the point of view of an autotelic moral aesthetic, more mechanical engineers than creative artists, more sham psychologists of salesmanship than real psychologists of human imperfection and cupidity. We are almost hopelessly lost in a maze of special handicrafts, industrial arts, useful sophisms, applied sciences of this fad or that cult, all madly clawing and climbing over each other trying to crash the gate of predatory success. We do not recognize that the true cultural path is still open, even readily visible and beckoning to the keen-minded who see it leading back to the pristine thoroughness and perfection of artistic principles in life and the education which prepares properly for life. Their faculties are alert to the situation but they are powerless to turn the vulgarian away from his worldly passion. This is why the common burden of their plaint is that our age is alarmingly deficient in spiritual power, that it is even on the verge of actual delinquency from the simple lack of a durable foundation in moral and aesthetic education.

By the term, moral aesthetic in education, I do not mean merely a studious training in the history and technique of ethics or art-theory, but a replical cultivation of all the innate powers of human faculty and creative genius so that some dependable guarantee may be had that the student will go forth from his studies with a conscientious aim to keep his love of beauty pure, to give spiritual expression to whatever originality his nature contains, and thus to live according to the morally beautiful Christian principles laid down in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago. I mean the balanced development of man's internal economy, not the selfish imbecile adornment of his body or his house with trappings of luxury and extravagance. And by internal economy I mean his functions of head, heart and hand in all his thoughts, affections and achievements, his receptive-analytic, affective-emotional and creative-energetic powers howsoever they are expressed through his faculty for objective perception and subjective discrimination of whatsoever comes under the category of the Beautiful and Sublime. In my sense of the terms a

thorough aesthetic education (partly supplemented by artistic parentage; fortunate circumstances, congenial friendships, and personal competence) is what gives us moral and intellectual, as well as pure or artistic and applied or industrial genius. Genius is *made*, cultivated from grandfather's cradle to grandson's maturity, and never born into the world by chance. There is no tychism of genius any more than there is a tychasticism of the works of genius.

The truth then, not often glimpsed and less often fully appreciated, is that genius as an aesthetic center of spiritual development is consciously made, not suddenly born nor inspired by momentous miracle. Of course there must be present the inclination and the will-to-do, the artistic nature and disposition toward beautiful things must be there first; so that, with these and starting early enough, artists and creative thinkers can be produced instead of ditch-diggers, professional politicians, vulgarians and jazz-babies. Genius in any sphere of human accomplishment does not cease its endeavors with what is merely adequate to the occasion; it endeavors to go further, even trying to execute perfection itself, realizing the Beautiful as being far nobler and more universally sought after than the merely practical or expedient. Anything less than Beauty, Purity Truth, Sublimity, howsoever elegant or sensuously appealing, are considered neither satisfying nor inspiring, and the apparently eternal quest continues. If it were humanly possible to give concrete expression to such an idea as that of absolute perfection, or even to realize its *whole* significance in one single ecstatic conception, creative genius would be at the end of its perennial quest. It is just this unattainable ideal which keeps true art and genius alive, ever lured to match wits with the Divine Genius of Nature and the Overworld. An ideal of this scope and nature is *required* to be sufficiently cosmic and non-human to always be just a little beyond the reach and probable ambition of men, so that their attempts to realize it will not conflict nor conspire with the skill-limits of their creative genius in its true aesthetic function.

It is a function which exists for every good and noble cause, being in no way restricted to the arts of form and color, melody and rhythm, symmetry and perspective, although it does very often carry these same credentials to apply in other fields of artistic activity. It may be observed openly at work in developing the finesse of French literary criticism, in giving accurate terminology to English-American philosophy, in harmonizing the methectic rationale of Italian science, in reviving the religious naturalism of Chinese poetry,

or in extolling the political honesty of Australian laborites, and even going so far as to present some figurative design showing the exact proportions of law and largesse in each situation; but in any case we can see that the ground plan of *aesthesis pro alloi* (feeling for others) serves for both Morality and Art, and may be traced through every process of creative action.

* * * * *

For one thing I believe that a thorough aesthetic education would gradually tend to rejuvenate our modern philosophy out of its passe biologism and blase psychologism which try to make us think that it is a general intellectual gymnastic whose procedure abounds in favors one way or another to this or that school of thought, this or that age of culture, this or that national esprit. Like Flaubert's acrobatic allegory, it is too much an apprentice-philosophy to the motives of some other movement which is a departure from the spirit and procedure which should work together in a really mature and independent philosophy; such a precocious condition being usually apparent as soon as we examine into the circular assumptions on which the clumsy apparatus is dragged along, vainly anxious to keep up *some* appearance of membership in man's cultural progress. The aesthetic touch would render even a real philosophy more vital to the affairs of men because it would bring out the romantic idea which gives charm and inspiration to everything we recognize as true and good and beautiful. And through this it would color all our educational programs with the good counsel that humble wisdom is better chosen than proud knowledge, remembering well the old Samurai motto of "Wide Spaces: Small Voices"; that is, the more we experience and understand, the less we say about what others ought to think or do.

However, in our humanistic dilemma of external perfection and internal conflict, of material organization and spiritual chaos, the specious necessity too often comes forward with the demand that cultural education, too, and the nobly reflective instruction which is fundamental to it, must be cast down, trampled upon, and despoiled of its charms and virtues. But we are in no such mood of treachery; we know that this false exigency results only from our blind and blundering commercialism, and in such knowledge of the whole commercialistic hypothesis. Cultural education does well to aim toward an aesthetic morality, but it will also do well to begin with a very careful but determined war on all those cheap and mer-

cenary practices which make man the vulgar worldling that he is. It might, right at the outset, have to make some adequate preparation for combatting what Professor Sumner called "the innate laziness of human nature." In short then, a truly cultural education will lay large store by the requirements of Morality and Art; it will consist in a thorough training in the general principles of life and conduct and a thorough exemplification in the specific principles of the beautiful, noble and sublime; and its aim will be symmetrical development, so far as they themselves will consent and co-operate, of everyone who has the desire to experience and the capacity to appreciate all that is understandable and beneficial in the general structure as well as the particular functions of Art, Science, Philosophy, History, Ethics, Religion, the whole sphere of the Humanities in fact, and how to think and plan and work and create a better world in the light of their common idealism and aspiration.

The fundamental point of beginning is not to bother with aesthetic priorities or critical hermeneutics but to make stern decision in favor of the artistic viewpoint, to start right out by being somewhat of a spiritual esthete oneself and take up that romantic position of love and aspiration toward all Beauty, Truth and Righteousness which is itself a creative center capable of turning a whole nation's history to better account. From this new intellectual viewpoint and affective position we will be able to see intelligible signs of moral and aesthetic principle which we overlooked before, we will begin to make fairly sensible interpretation and perhaps occasional artistic expressions of our own, and before long we will find ourselves growing gradually capable of all those cultural refinements of affection and creation which mark the soul of all artistic taste and genius. That is, we ourselves would begin to live the aesthetic life in some appreciable degree identical with the ideals of those whom we look to as the world's great masters in Morality and Art. And in so doing we would soon discover that we were required to be more than mere dilettantes and casual connoisseurs; in order to fully *live* the aesthetic life we would have to also embrace their eternal viewpoint, partake of their consecrated function, and make similar constant resort to the peculiarly wise innocence of their alert minds and courageous hearts. Possibly we cannot yet approach to any very adequate emulation of their skill, achievement or constancy of creative production; but we can certainly be of similar general attitude and approximate their general capacity for refined conception and artistic expression.

Thus, the common man will be conducting his life as one of the fine arts, just as he has for so many centuries been conducting it as one of the industrial arts. He will not longer demand of his life sensory satisfaction and physical comfort alone, nor will he rest content with simple and ephemeral art productions wherewith to satisfy his erstwhile mediocre taste; but he will instead honestly endeavor to reach up in a certain adequate and measurable degree to the exalted plane of the masters who are the ideal instructors and exemplars even to those who *do* produce the simpler and more popular works of art. Hence, even to be an ordinary everyday connoisseur in the historical and cultural finesse of life as one of the fine arts, one must take his ground and basic training in those principles adopted by the great artists of history, in those modes of living which are proven to be the true aesthetic practice because they have endured the eristic erosion as well as the critical corrosion of one hundred centuries.

But to emulate the masters themselves in the very perfection of their moral and creative art—this is a note of rare decision and devout ambition indeed. One thing is certain in the conduct and idealism of such a high-aspiring one: he will leave all the vainglory and vendibility of the modern vagaries in art to those tyroes who are more opportunistic than artistic in their tastes and motives. His best attention will be turned rather to those age-old and securely established principles of virtue and beauty which the artistry of ten thousand years has extolled and exemplified in every possible aspect and sublimation. The one prevailing reason why he chooses to take refuge with them is because they have no ephemeral variation nor illusory artifice in which to play him false or truant in the perennial art of which he has announced himself a champion, even a martyr if the raucous vandalism of the age demands such penalty for righteous and artistic living.

It is in this sense then that I am trying to outline the conduct of life as one of the fine arts, or as Soren Kierkegaard naively named it by equal power of anagoge, the aesthetic life. For, when we come to think of it under the aspect of cultural education, it is the duty of every man to himself, his community, to the world and to God, to live the *good·life* as best he can; to know the wild naturalness and experience some of the ideal emotions of that first *real* religion that was actually *lived* in Galilee.